

LINDEN BARK

Vol. 13.—No. 3

Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Missouri, Tuesday, November 7, 1933

\$1.00 A YEAR

News from the Dean's Office

Dr. Gipson has been very busy this week seeing students with low grades. All in all she thinks the freshmen have started this year very well. Some of them have excellent grades. It seems that they are well on their way to fulfill the expectations of the schools from which they come. Seventy per cent of the freshman class are from the upper third of their high schools and all indications are that they will do the same high quality of work in college.

Next week will be the meeting of the State Teacher's Association in St. Louis which Dr. Gipson will attend for several days. Also there will be a luncheon Friday afternoon at Washington University for the deans of the various state institutions.

Founder's Day

The one hundred and seventh anniversary of the founding of Lindenwood College was celebrated Thursday, October 29, by the students and guests. The main event of the day was the presentation of Music Hall by Dr. Roemer to Mr. Thomas, director of music.

"The Value of Music" was the subject of a short but very interesting talk in the dedication program by Mr. Richard Spamer of St. Louis. The invocation was given by Dr. Case. Following this the choir sang the anthem, "God, Thou Art Great" by Spohr. Dorothy Martin sang a vocal solo, "Ave Marie" by Gounod, accompanied by Allie Mae Bornman, and Edith Knotts played the violin obligato. Dr. Roemer gave the dedication prayer.

Luncheon was served at 12:45 o'clock in Ayres dining hall to faculty students, day-students, and guests. The menu consisted of chicken salad, French-fried potatoes, peas and carrots, olives and pickles, cranberry sauce, ice cream, cake and coffee.

During the luncheon each of the classes, starting with the seniors, sang its class song and the entire group joined in singing "School of Our Mothers", "Faculty Song", "Lindenwood Loyalty Song", and others. Frances McPherson accompanied.

COLLEGE CALENDAR

Tuesday, November 7:

5:00 p. m.—Music Recital.

8:00 p. m.—Mrs. Diana Watts.

Wednesday, November 8:

6:45 p. m.—Y. W. C. A.

Thursday, November 9:

11:00 a. m.—Dr. Thurton P. Terhune, "Causes of the Gathering Storm."

Sunday, November 12:

6:30 p. m.—Rev. W. L. McColgan.

Thursday, November 15:

11:00 a. m.—Emily Grant Hutchings, "Four Centuries of Art at the Chicago Fair".

Friday, November 17:

Freshman Dinner-dance.

Professor Mueller Speaks on Russia

Believes U. S. Recognition of Soviet Imminent.

One of the most interesting talks of the year was given Thursday morning, October 26, at 11 o'clock by Professor John W. Mueller of Oregon who spoke on "The Political Organization of Soviet Russia." Prof. Mueller is well known in this vicinity. He spent a large part of his early life in St. Charles and his father is a teacher at the Lutheran Day School. Prof. Mueller teaches sociology at the University of Oregon but is now on a sabbatical year of leave. He spent his summer in Germany and Russia and brought firsthand information to his Lindenwood audience.

For sixteen years, he said, Russia and America have not been on speaking terms, but not long ago President Roosevelt invited that country to send to America an ambassador to patch up the difficulties, and Russia has accepted the invitation.

Prof. Mueller, discussing the contradictory and puzzling reports given out about Russia, said, "If we are politically sophisticated, we will be able to judge all sides of every question." If a Russian who has come over here to investigate our so-called depression would ask a successful business man about it, he might believe that the depression was in the minds of the people. But if another Russian would ask an unsuccessful man or one who has lost all of his money through the depression, he would hear an entirely different story. The different conceptions these two Russians would have of the American depression, correspond to the different conceptions the outside world has of Russia.

"The Russian himself is much like us, perhaps a little more shabbily dressed but with the same feelings; he loves his wife, children and neighbors. There is no great gap between his fundamental desires and ours, although there are races of every type in Russia, dark, light, oriental, western, and there are hundreds of languages.

"What does communism mean to this conglomerate race? Probably what democracy means to us. We do not have the same democracy as Thomas Jefferson did. To the Russians communism is more than a political theory; it touches morals, families, and every aspect of human life."

There are two classes of theories at the base of communism, the Bolshevik and the Menchivist. The Bolsheviks are dominant working men and desire out-and-out revolution.

There are three divisions of government: the Communist party, composed of the Bolsheviks, the Soviet party, which means council and is a pyramid organization meeting in Moscow; and the third Internationals, who are the labor union. "The Communist party in Russia is the gang that gets things done. It is to Russia what Tam-

(Continued on page 2, Col. 1

Sophomore Day

Freshman Transformed Into Slithering Frogs

Back of this peculiar creature in white would probably be standing two or more severe looking individuals, also dressed in white and wearing blue jackets. Thus was the freshman day spent in abject slavery to the all-powerful Sophs. At five in the afternoon, the freshmen were called to the gymnasium. Some crawled, some ran, a few hopped, but most of them stiffly hobbled! There they were becomingly forgiven by Helen Lightholder. Later in the dining room they were presented, with a rose as a pledge of good fellowship from their one-day masters. And now forgive me, while a tired Soph sleeps!

"I am a frog, all agog in a fog; I slither in slime; I quiver my spine, I shiver before the sophs," resounded throughout the beautiful autumnal campus at an early hour on the morning of November 2.

As early as three o'clock alarm clocks of cautious freshmen who had been commanded by their sophomore masters to awaken them, began clanging, and frightened freshmen tumbled out of their bed, groped for green caps and blue scarfs and awaited the ordeal ahead of them.

The activities of sophomore day commenced on the quadrangle at six o'clock. The freshmen were mustered into line by stern sophomores, forced to form a square, and then squat with faces facing outwards. Sophomores, the masters of the day, attired in their royal blue jackets and white skirts stood guard over them in their performances. Freshmen were asked to "slither" at the command of any master. The quadrangle was dotted with green hats bobbing up and down with freshmen executing spring dances, carrying thimblefuls of water, and skipping backwards and forwards.

At seven the freshmen, hair parted on both sides of their heads and minus any make-up reported to their assigned sophomore masters and commenced their toil of the day. From then on until five o'clock the freshmen's every moment and energy was subject to a sophomore's will, a will which often assumed rather stern and capricious aspects.

The usual eleven o'clock assembly was devoted to a play given by the freshmen under sophomore direction, a woody play with woody objects.

At five o'clock tired freshmen, who had undoubtedly worked harder and exercised more violently than at any time since their arrival, dragged themselves over to Butler gymnasium, gave a last slither for the sophomores and were absolved from their bondage.

The climax of the day came with the presentation by the sophomores of a rose to each freshman. As the soft tones of "thoughts of friendship expressed in a rose" echoed throughout the dining room the tears of vexation of the day were replaced by tears of forgiveness.

Mary Willis Heeren Hallowe'en Queen

Pirates, prisoners, chinamen, angels, and old-fashioned ladies composed the crowd that assembled in Butler gymnasium Friday night, October 27, at eight o'clock to pay tribute to the Queen of Hallowe'en, Mary Willis Heeren. Her blonde loveliness enhanced by a striking blue taffeta an aisle between the masqueraders, by her maids of honor, Betsey Sherman, Marjorie Hickman, Reba Shwalter, Olive Diez, Margaret Barber, Mary Nelle Patterson, Elma Cook and Louise McCullough.

She was escorted to her throne at the north end of the gymnasium where the royal crown was placed upon her head by Betsy Sherman. Then, after receiving congratulations, she joined Dr. and Mrs. Roemer in leading the grand march.

Later in the evening the dancing was halted a few minutes to award prizes to the owners of the cleverest and prettiest costumes. The prize for the cleverest was given to Carolyn Hoffman who had contrived an outfit of a shy country girl well endowed with freckles. The award for the prettiest costume went to Harriet Judd, wearing a beautiful flounced and ruffled dress of a lady of long ago. Prizes were also awarded to the impersonators of "Our Gang", Flora Mae Rimerman, Biolet Wipke, Mary Roberts and Geraldine Robertson.

Among other clever masqueraders present were Mary Erwin and Jane Laughlin attired as young, self-conscious school girls with hair in numerous braids, an abundance of freckles, slips showing, and high top shoes.

Three prisoners attired in the traditional striped prisoner's garb also attracted considerable attention as they marched around the gym. Others displaying originality in costumes were Betty Hart as an angel, Betty Butler as a dashing pirate, Madelyn John as a Chinaman and Ernestine Thro as an attractive young man in evening clothes.

Refreshments, consisting of cider and doughnuts, were served during the evening. The party, which was under the auspices of the Y. W. C. A., was one of the most entertaining of the season.

Buy your Annual Now.

SECRETS

Mmmm! The annual office is simply bursting with secrets about this year's publication. The editor and business manager have been "in the know" for some time now and hint that this annual is to be different from any the college has ever had. As far as we can gather, the big secret is something about, by, and for the whole school, celebrities of all the classes being well up in the foreground. For the convenience of the practical early birds who heed the good old 1933 slogan—"BUY NOW!"—there will be an annual sale in front of Dr. Gipson's office Wednesday, November 8, from two to five-thirty o'clock. The price will be \$3.50 and, irrespective of inflation or other government maneuvers will mount steadily toward the \$5.00 mark if you delay. So, with apologies to Mr. Roosevelt, we shout "BUY YOUR ANNUAL NOW!"

Linden Bark

A Weekly Newspaper published at Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Missouri,
by the Department of Journalism.
Published every other Tuesday of the school year.
Subscription rate, \$1.25 per year.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
Sarah Louise Greer, '34.

ASSISTANT EDITOR
Mary Cowan, '34.

EDITORIAL STAFF

Polly Atkinson, '36. Evelyn Wood, '36.
Katherine Henderson, '35. Mildred Rhoton, '36.
Marietta Newton, '34

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1933.

"Oh, Autumn! why so soon
Depart the hues that make thy forests glad,
Thy gentle wind and thy fair, sunny noon
And leave the wild and sad." —Anon.

"We Count Our Blessings. . . ."

November is here; the month of thanksgiving. So natural is it for human beings to take all gifts and blessings for granted that it is a good thing that we have time occasionally to stop and remember. Why should we be thankful? First and last, we are thankful for friends and we are especially thankful that we have a friend such as Mrs. Roemer to guide and help us. She is always ready with a pleasant smile and greeting for every girl. We can depend upon her and know that she will do her best for every one of us. She has set a high standard of conduct for our school which it is a privilege to uphold and certainly something to be proud of and to be thankful for.

Echoes or Armistice

November 11, 1933, shall signify to us simply another Armistice in which at the blast of an eleven o'clock whistle we turn towards the east, reverently bow our heads and attempt to focus our minds on some very dim images of soldiers long dead? Perhaps if the soldiers chance to be brothers, fathers, or relatives the significance will strike a deeper note, yet to the majority of us it shall only touch the surface, a surface which needs to be penetrated thoroughly by something other than the shrill note of a whistle in an America filled today with distant yet distinct rumblings of war.

That Armistice, that whistle, should sink into the very heart of Americans of 1933 just as the call to its country's service pierced the hearts of those soldiers after the glamor of war had passed on. It should bring home the dreadful realization of the horribleness of war, which we have heard of, seen pictured, read of and now hear faint yet nearby rumors of again.

No longer is it the older generation that shall bear the weight of war. They have faithfully born their share. They are the ones that have turned towards the east with tears in their eyes—tears not of pity but of sorrow and actual grief. It shall be our turn the turn of youth to support a war if war is what we wish. But if that is not what we wish, it will fall to us to avert war, to fill our minds with peace instead of conflict. We, alone, must see that the quiet peace of an Armistice is never disturbed by the noise of our guns shooting and killing men. Then even if tears do not spring to our eyes on Armistice Day—then if the soldiers of 1914 seem very distant, it does not matter greatly, for we have kept our faith with them. We have not killed their brothers, their sons or their relatives for whom they fought. We have allowed them to lie peacefully unhampered by shrill shots or the groans of the dying.

We have conquered the world temporarily by arms, President Wilson said of the World War in his Armistice address to Congress November 11, 1918, but we shall have conquered it permanently by earning its esteem. Then only shall Armistice be ours to share with those dead. It shall be ours in which not only to recall the dead when that eleven o'clock whistle shall blow, but to recall the thousands of living whom we have saved by our doctrines of peace.

(Continued from page 1 Col. 2)

many Hall is to New York; the only difference is that the communist party is an accepted organization and Tammany Hall has to do things on the side.

The big question is can communism exist in Russia and not in any other country? It is predicted that Germany will be the next to fall or rise, as the case may be, too communism. The third Internationalists are trying to start a world-wide revolution, which the majority of the Russians do not believe in.

While Prof. Mueller was in Russia he visited one of the Collectivist homes, where boys and girls were living. In this home they had their own library and their own organizations. If they worked they did not keep their own salary but put it into the hands of a treasurer. If a boy or girl needed a new pair of shoes he or she told the treasurer. If more than one needed shoes, it became a case of who needed them the most. The

children all live together in a sort of apartment where there are special nurses to look after them. Prof. Mueller was there when they came into lunch. They all washed their hands and combed their hair before they sat down to eat. Before the revolution, he said, such children never cleaned up or washed more than once or twice a year.

The Russian child is not taught fairy stories in school; the school deals with more material things. Professor Mueller said he had often heard the children talk about the five year plan and how they had learned at school to make the chickens lay more eggs. Everything is for the betterment of their country as they see it.

Prof. Mueller questioned in conclusion, "What would happen if the United States went communist? We would first have to liquidate Messrs. Ford, Mellon, and others. Moscow would probably be the capitol of the world and we would not think any more of fighting Germany or other countries than Missouri would think of waging war with Illinois."

Diseases Classified

By Dr. Stumberg

"Disease", said Dr. Stumberg in his talk to the orientation class, is something that every human being is subject to." It may be occupational, nutritional, bacterial, constitutional, or glandular.

Occupational diseases are those which are contracted from the work in which a person is engaged. Examples of people subject to occupational diseases are coal miners, men working in lead plants, and men working in the stone quarries. Nutritional diseases are those which are caused by the lack of some of the more vital food elements. There are a great number of bacterial diseases, ones that are caused by a bacillus. These diseases spread rapidly and may easily be transferred to people who are in close contact with the infected person.

Some individuals are fortunate enough to have a natural immunity to certain diseases; however, when the immunity is lowered the individual succumbs. Immunity is acquired as a result of having had a disease or having had artificial immunity.

Under the parasitic diseases there are two which are quite dangerous. Both of these, elephantitis and malaria, are carried by the mosquito. The disease known as hookworm is contracted by going barefoot. The larvae gain entrance into the system through the soles of the feet, work their way to the mouth through the bronchial tubes, are swallowed, and then are taken to the intestines where they hook themselves and remain. It is a most peculiar and dangerous disease.

Miss Kohlstedt Describes Library to Freshmen

In her Orientation lecture given Thursday, October 5, Miss Kohlstedt, librarian, attempted to orientate the freshmen to the library. Her first task was an explanation of the rules of the library pertaining to the checking out of books and the library hours. She then mentioned the more important reference books and briefly summarized the material to be found in them. Included among these were the outstanding dictionaries and encyclopedias of every field. Miss Kohlstedt explained the Dewey Decimal System used in the cataloging of books, thereby also giving the arrangement of books in the stacks. The remainder of her lecture was occupied with directions as to the use of the card catalogue and the location of books by call number in the stacks.

Disarmament Resolution Adopted by Students

Quite apropos of the times was the resolution passed in the Friday morning assembly, October 6. This resolution, which pertains to the vital question of disarmament, is being proposed and passed by colleges throughout the United States as a manifestation of youth's sentiment in regard to this matter. It was read by Theo Frances Hull, president of the International Relations Club. Dr. Appleton head of the history department explained the resolution briefly.

Sympathy in Bereavement

Sympathy is felt among all at Lindenwood for Mr. Motley in the death October 27, of his brother-in-law at Carruthersville, Mo., and for Miss Wayne in the death of her niece.

What Constitutes

A Good Reader?

"If you had lived 600 years ago, what would you have done?" was Miss Parker's question in her orientation lecture. You probably would have taken care of the sick and learned to sew, but your knowledge of reading would have been quite limited. Even the great ladies of that period knew little of reading and writing. Today, however, it is considered a tragedy for a girl to be lacking in her education, and especially in reading, which is education's tool.

There are many ways in which to train yourself to be a good reader. The first is a curiosity that makes you eager to find answers to the questions that arise in your minds. The highest form of curiosity is a hunger for truth. If you are interested in your own life, you will read such things as will give you information concerning it.

The second way to make yourself into a reader is to cultivate your ability to create sense images in your mind as you read. Next to curiosity, this power is the most delightful thing. The reading of good books will help you assimilate the images that you have collected. Your life can be made doubly interesting by your imagination. Through the use of it you can intensify the experiences you have already had. Try to develop discriminating images.

A very valuable possession is a sense of humor which enables you to see the proportion and comparison of elemental parts.

A good many college students do not indulge in the power of reasoning and consequently cannot analyze for themselves the more difficult books. Reading is of three kinds: high gear, in which it comes so easy for you that it is unnecessary to look up the meaning of certain words; second gear, in which the reader must verify the meaning of certain words; and low gear, in which it is necessary to read the work several times before getting its entire significance.

Try to make yourself a good reader, one that can read a book with ease and understanding. Then reading will become a pleasure as well as a benefit.

Dr. Ennis in Orientation

Dr. Ennis in her lecture to the class of Orientation, Tuesday, October 17, spoke of biology and its divisions, botany, zoology, physiology and anatomy.

She mentioned the methods of studying plants, which included gardening, plant breeding and ecology, the relations of biological study to the environment, and the study of life processes.

Plants and animals, she said, in many ways are similar. In the first place, cells, which were first isolated by Hooke in 1600, are a composite mass which make up all living matter. These cells are composed of a nucleus, chromatin cytoplasm and vacuoles. Both plants and animals reproduce either by sexual or asexual reproduction or fission. Plants commonly reproduce asexually and both plants and animals use the process of respiration.

The development of cells by way of mitosis was explained fully and clearly by Dr. Ennis, and slides were shown to illustrate the lecture.

BUY YOUR
ANNUAL NOW

Verse by New Members of the Poetry Society

ROUND

By Evelyn Brown

That patient, intermittent "Swish,
Swish,"
Is the only sound,
In this hushed middle night,
Accompanying the solitary progress
Of the street sweeper.
Looking from my dark window,
I see his figure in dark silhouette
In the white moonlight,
Leaning obliquely against the oppo-
site obliqueness of the broom he
pushes,
Sweeping the gutter.
My thought rests and is strangely
somehow comforted
In the repetition of that patient
"Swish, Swish,"
The gentle featheriness of the
pepper trees
Hangs in a quiet blessing.
The leaves of the palm trees
Glisten under the white moon,
The street is clean for tomorrow,—
Ready for the incessant "Swish,
Swish" of tires.

PRISONS

A little bird mistakenly
Had darted from a spreading tree
Through doors that hung asway,
And seeking then the precious light
Had flung himself in rapid flight
Against a windowpane.
The lower sash was partly raised
And yet the fledgling, hurt and
dazed,
Dashed at the glass again.
And I, who could have helped him
fly
To sweet release, stood helpless by,
Because he feared my aid,
Until repeated effort brought
The outlet he so bravely sought
To blessed open day.

MOON FLASHES

Deep within the green of clustered
low-growing branches
Creeps a subtle ribbon of light—
Not venomous but wary—
Wary that some of its fellow mates
May glide into the clustered bower
Ahead of its glowing, showing light.
Shimmering on the quiet waters of
the lagoon
Lies a sheet of white glare
Swaying slowly—not riotously,
Sinking under inky wavelets
To penetrate down into the quiet
water desert
To peer at the gloomy, roomy black-
ness.
From the small clear drop of dew
resting on a leaf
Shine bright sparks—glistening—
Another solar system formed,
And as the dew drop breaks into a
flowing river
Flashes of lightning appear,
To light the endless, friendless way.

FANCIES

In this green-dappled bower, where
the leaves
Make a wierd tapestry of emerald
light,
As though the flickering flame that
noon receives
Fell from a tall stained window's
arching height,
One could imagine dryad, sylph, or
sprite

Gamboling and leaping and winking
in impish glee
At men who stare and pass, but
cannot see.

DWELLERS ON THE MOUNTAIN

Dorothy Tull

We are the dwellers on the moun-
tain. Here
We live as humans lived when life
was new,
When men were simple and their
children grew
Close to the earth, and never
thought to fear
The kindly wilderness, but learned
to hear
The vital music of the earth, the
true
And awful accents of the sky, and
drew
Calm meanings from the life that
was so near.
We of the mountains, rooted in the
soil
Whence comes the strength of
cedars, and the dear
And tender gentleness of curling
grass
Can stand and calmly watch the
ages pass—
Our hearts are simple and our
eyes are clear—
Here in the hills we are so near to
God.

BLIND

An old, old man
Stands on the gray rocks,
So firm he never feels
The wind that wraps his gray cloak
close around him
And whistles finely in his long gray
hair.
The children come
And play about his feet.
His long, cool fingers touch them
gently,
And his dark, wrinkled face softens
with a slow smile.
And a youth comes
And sits silently for long hours,
Looking up into the strong old face
And listening with clear, wide-open,
wondering eyes.
For the wisdom of a thousand years
Is in those dim gray eyes
And that slow voice.

Once a prince came
From a far-off land—
A mighty prince—
A prince of wealth and pretensions.
But when he came to the hill
Where the old man stands,
He saw only a cedar tree
With a twisted trunk
And gray branches waving
Against the sunset.

A PRAYER FOR THESE TIMES

By Dorothy Tull

O sea,
Mother of the world,
Source of all life—

O sea,
Sea that surrounds us in cloudy
vapour,
Sea that flows in countless rivers
beneath our feet—

O sea,
Infinite and eternal,
Sea whence we came—
Take us back to yourself.

We are still your children,

We are still a part of you;
It is still your blood that flows in
our veins—
But it is soiled with earth
And darkened by smoke.

O sea,
Take us back to yourself;
Wash away the soot from our blood;
Dissolve the steel that has grown
into our hearts
And the gold that blinds our eyes.

Then fling us up on the shore of a
new world,
With your strong purity in our
veins,
And your infinite wisdom in our
hearts—
And let us live again.

HOW TO CLIMB LIKE A LADY

By Kathryn Fox

If you have worn the seat out of a
pair of overalls, skinned your knees,
torn your shirt, and lacerated your
back climbing a mountain, this article
isn't meant for you. This information
is for the uninitiated. Personally, I
feel that I have climbed enough moun-
tains to be an authority on the sub-
ject.

Before climbing a mountain it is
necessary to spend a long time plan-
ning what clothes to wear. There are
several things not to wear. You may
as well take my word for this, and
save your clothing bills. Don't wear
shorts. Don't wear riding boots and
breeches. And don't wear a skirt.
Blue overalls are the only thing which
will protect you in any degree from
cuts and scratches and still get you
where you are going. Even in them
you will be bruised and bloody from
the waist up, and from the knees
down. Don't wear a hat or a hair
net. You will pull it off, or at least
tear it on a tree. Wear your father's
(or husband's) oldest shirt, for you
will tear it to ribbons. As for shoes,
tennis shoes are the only solution.
Boots slip on the rocks, and oxfords
have a magnetic attraction for gravel.

You had better get up about four
o'clock in the morning to dress, for
then you will be sure to be comple-
ely clothed, tennis shoes laced, and
shirt sleeves rolled, by at least seven.
That allows you time for primping
and finger-waving.

If you start throwing a few simple
things together for lunch at seven,
you can probably be on your way
about ten-thirty. After you make
sandwiches you will remember that
you have forgotten to make the potato
salad. When you have boiled pota-
toes and found you are out of mayon-
naise is a good time to decide to just
put in a little fruit, because you won't
be very hungry anyway.

With the lunch in a paper sack in
one hand, and a flash-light in the
other (you just might find a cave),
and a kodak slung over your shoulder,
you are ready to confront the moun-
tain. If you are not too tired after
your early morning exertions you can
even start climbing.

When the paper sack breaks within
the first two hundred yards, don't be
discouraged. Don't try to stuff the
lunch back in the bag or down your
shirt or in your pockets. Just sit
right down where you are and eat.
Sandwiches are always better before
the bread has crumbled away and the
ham has gotten mixed with the pea-
nut butter. Besides, then you will
have one hand free to hoist yourself
up steep places.

Having eaten your lunch, the next
step is to put your foot down hard on
a cactus plant, or else to catch it be-
tween two rocks, nearly spraining a

toe. In either case you can sit down
and nurse your foot until your lunch
has settled.

By the time you have climbed up
one side and slid down the other side
of twenty or thirty boulders you will
no doubt be scratched and panting.
This is a good time to stop and rest,
using the excuse that you need to
wipe the blood off your scratches. If
you are still out of breath when you
have made yourself rather less grue-
some looking, you can waste a few
more minutes taking snapshots. There
are no other excuses for stopping half
way up a mountain. When these are
exhausted you may as well go on.

You will find that the last two or
three hundred yards of any mountain
are the steepest. Avoid the fatal
error of stopping just beneath the
summit and gazing wistfully upward.
If you once stop, you will probably
stay stopped—and wouldn't that be a
shame! So near the top, too!

Having slid and crawled and jumped
between and through and over boul-
ders, you will find yourself at the top.
Eureka!

This is a good time to find that you
have lost your flashlight. Careful!
If you lose your temper you may fall
off the mountain.

BOTH BETTER DEAD

By K. Fox

A brother and a sister
Separated by adoption, grow up
apart.
She knows years of beautiful ad-
venture,
While he lives lonely and misun-
derstood;
Yet still they love each other.
At last they meet, and as they
talk
All else, seeming trivial, falls away.
Lost in their understanding
Each bears the weight of both their
minds,
A load too great for one.
Feeling so deeply they grow wild-
eyed, morbid,
Yet happy in their love.
And then he goes his way.
What is there left for her?
No other love can count,
Nor can her life be happy
When his is not.
Both better dead.
So she rages as his footsteps die
away.
Then, repents, for they were made
For finer things than death.
Much better live and grasp the
fleeting beauties of this mundane
world
Than die and never know them.

TEMPER TANTRUMS

By Gayle Spicer

I hated that teacher. The longer I
sat, the more convinced I was that
I never had liked her, and that no
matter what she did in the future, I'd
never, never even try to like her or
be nice to her. I didn't want to cut
out little birds and animals; I wanted
to build a castle. I was glad I had
thrown the scissors at her, but I did
not like to sit on a chair with a sack
over my head as punishment.

My thoughts were on everything
but how sorry I should be feeling
about what I'd done. I could imagine
what each one was doing; we did the
same monotonous things every day.
The teacher (to this day I can't re-
member her name) was smiling and
nodding, trying to act as though
nothing out of the ordinary had hap-
pened; Hillis was being piggish about
the train, as usual; Amy Jean was
dressing the big cardboard dolls which
she so much loved and which I

thought were so silly; when I thought of Caroline, I held my breath in rage. I never had liked Caroline—which made it rather inconvenient when she didn't like me, because she lived just two doors from our house. She was a snub-nosed, wiry-curled, angelic blond little Hollander who thought she was the whole cheese. People always admired Caroline, but I was fully aware that my gangling, skinny legs, homely features, and stringy hair were things to pass over without comment. Caroline was always shown off in singing and dancing when we had visitors at the school, but my sole point of superiority was the ability to make worse faces than anybody else. Just then I knew she was thinking up what she'd say to her mother and mine about how "Gayle was naughty today." I muttered to myself all the horridly lovely things I'd like to do and say to her on the way home if it weren't for the fact that her mature nine-year-old brother Nicky called for us every day.

For several years after that, one outburst of temper was much like the next. At school almost anything would occasion a scene. If my piece of chalk was smaller than someone else's, if I wasn't allowed to feed the goldfish at just the moment I thought they were hungry, if the teacher wouldn't let me pass out the books on just the day I took the notion I'd like to, things—whether they were words or objects—began to fly, and into the closet I went. There I had a perfectly lovely time revenging myself; I thought the meanest things I could think of. But it did more than just think, for I remember once finding half a box of blackboard chalk, and grinding it to powder under my heel, wishing with all my might that the teacher were inside the sticks.

At home, things were somewhat different. The punishment seat was the bottom step of the stair. I still remember every detail of the wallpaper opposite me. It was green and cream, and I could make nothing of the pattern but the green worms we used to step on when we found them on the lilac bushes. The fairy stories I used to make up would, I am convinced, stand against the bloodiest Jack, the Giant Killer ever told. I was always a huge giant going around stepping on people I didn't like until they were as squashed as the worms. However, Gramp usually interrupted my lovely trains of thought. Each time I heard him come limping, I made a firm resolution not to let him make me laugh this time. Direful and vengeful thoughts were more to my liking, and I wanted to be angry. But Gramp knew his methods well, and always softened me, against my will, with candy. His unfailing supply of candy is what I remember most vividly about Gramp. It might have been chocolate drops yesterday; today there was no telling what it might be—peppermint sticks, corn candy, licorice dolls, or little paraffin bottles filled with colored sugar water. So always, before he had sat down beside me, my mind had, half reluctantly, and half willingly, begun to leave my fairy tales, and before five minutes had passed, I was laughing at his

the belief. When I was in the fourth grade, a new principal. The first day he was there I was sent down to his home, and I wonder the principal what I'd living. I would trot down stairs—steps, a landing, and nine more keep th it was; I had counted them the han to the office to report. But girl nee Orr was not one to be disobey—she told is many had found out I hadn't one nee who

really minded it before; the former principal and Miss Orr had been anything but bosom pals, and but scant attention was paid to any complaint Miss Orr made. But that day I went with reluctant steps. Perhaps this Miss Harvey didn't know how mean Miss Orr was, and how she shouldn't pay any attention when someone was sent down. Whether Miss Harvey had her own ideas of how to deal with such cases as had to be sent to her, or whether she was merely over-rushed in trying to get settled, I don't know. But without asking me why I had come, she sent me on errands. I carried notes for her all the rest of the afternoon. From that time on, Miss Harvey was my only friend at school. When classroom work became dull, I often planned things so that I would be sent down to her.

How it was that I didn't immediately use tantrums for ulterior purposes at home, I don't remember. I was in the seventh grade when my first and last attempt was made on the family. I don't recall the occasion, but I had previously set a very elaborate stage for the performance. Father, for whose benefit the act was given, saw through it, and gave me the only whipping I have ever received. When I protested that I was no baby, to be punished that way, he replied that all he had to go by was actions, and he always believed his eyes.

At that instant I began to see how infantile it really was to lose control of myself so often. I began an attempt to be more reasonable. After so long a period of willful indulgence, the task was not an easy one. However, the next summer my father and I were alone quite a bit, and he helped me inestmably. I remember his saying to me on one occasion, "It's not losing your temper that matters so much. It's your outward showing of it. Your fault is in dwelling on your anger too long and intensely. You need to get your mind on something else. That is what you did when Gramp told you stories; that is what happened when you ran errands for Miss Harvey. You will be happier if you can, when you begin to feel stormy, find something to do which will occupy your whole mind."

I have found this to be very true. If I can make myself play tennis, see a movie, or read a book, the greater part of the struggle is over. However, there are still times when slamming doors and throwing things serve the purpose best.

SUMMER NIGHT

By Helen Thomas

We had been swimming the lake since sunset, when the water had rippled with silver, lavender, and black. With the end of light in the west, the far, smooth surface of the lake had sunk into a blue-black void, less real than the distant sky. We had swum in a little lighted area, in shining black and green water that reflected golden shafts and revealed the sheen of white bodies through its dark clearness. We had swum and played until we were tired.

And then we rode home in the close, friendly night, sharing its quiet and rest. Under a nearer sky filled with stars, we moved swift and smooth, meeting the cool air, itself full of calmness. Into the dark of our quiet, occasional headlights swooped and passed in a flash. As the car swept up a steep, winding road, a wooded hill rose gray across the black depth of shadows in the valley below, where tall, dim trees guard-

ed even more still.

From the stretch of level highway a sprinkle of yellow lights appeared on the east edge of the wide, vague circle of the horizon: the city—remote and incomprehensible. We came over a small hill to see, just above the lights, a rose glow like ruddy smoke from a fire. Breathless, we watched a late moon rise, a great tipped oval of color.

Then quickly we were at the edge of the city and the moon was lost behind the trees and buildings. Glaring lights, so small in the vastness of the night that surrounded them, made little bright worlds of their own in great flour mills, soap factories, oil refineries. We crossed the river, shining black and pierced by deep, shimmery needles of reflected light, fun to watch, each with its own reality on the shore above. The city drew us on into its confinement of brilliance and sound. We swung down streets bright from street lamps, hurrying traffic, electric signs, shop windows. There was no sky. From down town we turned through less noisy avenues and were home at once.

There on the lawn, again in the darkness, we looked up to see through the leafy trees the moon still red with a shade of orange flame; and the stars shone numberless. Dark blue night—silence. And peace was with us.

MY FIRST EXPERIENCE

IN MILKING

By Erma C. Schacht

People who have milked cows all their lives don't think much about that task; others who are trying to milk a cow for the first time don't think so much of it, either. At least, the latter was true in my experience of that type.

Ella, my sister, and I were looking through a picture book on a late afternoon in autumn and were enthusiastically admiring the brightly colored pages, only to be cruelly interrupted with Mother's command to set the table for the evening meal. Conforming to rule, we coaxingly attempted to have her release us from this heavy duty. Why, no mother in the world should expect her little girls to do anything so difficult! It would absolutely be a crime to make us put aside our book for five whole minutes and help her.

However, when we saw that her persistence prevailed, we asked if there were not something else we might do, rather than this abominable daily chore. Would we, then, prefer to prepare the meal itself? We decided that would take too long and be too hard. We might wash and dry the dishes after we ate if we wished. Of all the horrible things on this earth, there positively could not be any punishment more severe than to have that drudgery inflicted upon us. No, never; a hundred times would we rather set the table than wash dishes. But surely there was something else that we might do. (We would find some way to evade setting the table.) Nevertheless, there was nothing else which had to be done, Mother said, except to milk the cow, and Daddy would do that when he came home.

Simultaneously we grasped at the opportunity: we, Ella and I, would milk that cow. What fun this new adventure would be! Anyway, we'd always wanted to know just "how it was done." All Mother's efforts to discourage us were in vain; so she laughed and told us that she would set the table in exchange for our milking the cow, and in addition to that,

she would give each of us a bright new penny when we came back with the milk. How perfectly everything was developing. We would each get a penny just for having a jolly time.

The thought didn't occur to us that there were some things we should know before going into a limited space with the cow, but we grabbed a milk bucket and dashed out the doorway before Mother could have a chance to change her mind.

Once within the shed, though, our enthusiasm for that sort of adventure started to dwindle. Lengthening shadows, pestering flies, and the stalker form of the Jersey cow keeping his distance from us, foreboded a more difficult job than we had anticipated. And soon enough did we learn that it would not be so easy to approach the cow as we might have hoped. The swishing of her tail, too, held many terrors for us; left and right it went, sometimes brushing our faces and sometimes our hands. Though the building was small, around and around that shed she went, sometimes boldly, usually fearfully in trying to make her stand still.

But we did finally succeed in getting her cornered. Now that she was there and realized that two girls could not hurt her, she stood quietly while we scrambled to bring the pail there before she could move again. Ella got on one side of her and I on the other with the bucket between the two of us. Now again there was hope and we energetically set ourselves to the task.

However, here was our greatest disappointment: no matter how hard we tried, not a drop of milk could we produce. Why, that looked so simple when watching others! But for some reason, the very same operations did not bring the desired results for us. Perhaps some neighbor had come in before we had and stolen our milk. At least, we couldn't understand why we got no milk from her.

But before we could fathom this puzzling question, an unseen fly must have terribly annoyed the cow, for she swung her tail fiercely and waddled around. Moreover, she put one foot in our milk pail! Of all the unkind things, that was the worst we could imagine. Oh dear, what should we do? We were afraid to strike her for fear she would become angry. We feared to attempt to lift her foot out of the bucket lest she trample upon us. But we would not go home and admit defeat!

Finally, after vain efforts to restrain our tears, we burst out weeping as if our hearts would break. We had failed to procure the least sign of milk; the bucket was evidently none the better for the rough manner in which it had been used; and, above all, we would not receive our pennies. Oh, what a bitter world it was! If only we had done the usual duty! Then we would have finished long ago without having experienced these terrible disappointments.

On one side of the shed stood the cow contentedly with her foot in the pail; Ella and I were huddled together at the opposite wall. Neither changed our positions for seemingly hours, but as it was nearly dark and the atmosphere was considerably cooler, were presently cast aside our pride and decided to admit our defeat.

Red-eyed, we walked into the kitchen without a word. Daddy was now at home, too, which meant one more person to know of our failure. We had braced our spirits, but when Mother, with a smile, asked where the bucket of milk were, we could no longer choke back our emotions.

Buy your Annual Now.

Rev. H. Thomas in Vespers

Explanation of Book of Ezekiel

"We are lucky to have this interesting preacher and scholar come to talk to us to-night" was the way in which Dr. Roemer introduced Rev. H. Thomas of St. John's Lutheran Church, St. Charles, in vespers Sunday night, October 22. Rev. Mr. Thomas' text was taken from Ezekiel, especially those verses which describe the vision of Ezekiel, which he read. Ezekiel is very difficult for the average person to understand, but Rev. Thomas gave an excellent explanation of it. The ancient Jews were advised not to read Ezekiel until they were were eighteen years old, for it was too complicated for a younger person. Ezekiel in his writings tells very little about his private life; only in three places does he mention it. In all his other writings, he writes only of the worship of God. Ezekiel, with his countrymen, was taken by King Nebuchadnezzar into exile in Mesopotamia. The Jews, felt that as a nation they were wiped out; they had lost all their possessions and property, and were exiles, dominated by people whom they despised.

The only person not dismayed was Ezekiel. He knew that God would make good his promise to Abraham. The faith of Ezekiel, as it was told by Rev. Mr. Thomas, shows forth in his writing. The book of Ezekiel is full of mysteries similar to those in the book of Revelation. In his vision, he is in a large valley filled with dead bones; a command comes to him to preach to the bones. He considers this very strange but does it and is rewarded by a rattling of bones and then by seeing them take shape and form bodies, but they were still dead. Then another command came: "Preach to the wind." He obeys and when the wind blows the dead bodies become living people. This prophecy said Rev. Mr. Thomas, is not limited to the people of Israel, for it means new life to every people of earth.

Paul said, "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt live." By nature the minister said, we are dead like the dead bones and we shall not live until we surrender our lives to Christ. If a man die shall he live again. The ancients said "No" and many modern skeptics agree but only those who do believe in God and resurrection know the full joy of life. In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Thomas quoted the beautiful and peaceful twenty-third psalm.

Dr. Dewey to Speak for Education Week

Dr. Dewey helped in the celebration of Education Week in Missouri, beginning October 23, this time being set aside by the State for discussion of educational problems, the most important of which is, of course, the problem of finances. In almost every city in Missouri meetings of civic clubs are being held in the interest of education.

Dr. Dewey made three speeches on the general subject, "The Crisis in Education in Missouri". He spoke at the St. Charles Exchange Club, to the students at the Jefferson School, and to the McKinley P. T. A. The idea in this work, Dr. Dewey says, is to try to show people what a serious crisis this country is facing in education. The public must realize that if they want education they must fight for it; the teachers cannot do it alone.

ANNUAL NOW
BUY YOUR

Freshman Style Show Staged by Y. W. C. A.

Interesting and original was the way in which the Y. W. C. A. presented the freshman beauties to the school Wednesday night, October 25, in Roemer Auditorium. Directed by Miss Stookey, the plan was that of a Fifth Avenue modiste displaying her loveliest gowns to a charming but exacting patron. The master of ceremonies was Louise Paine who imitated a radio announcer and pointed out celebrities in the audience.

As the curtain opened, Madame Rene (very effectively portrayed by Florence Wilson) was telling her customer, Miss Goldberg, (Ruth Schaper) about all the ravishing new models she had. Ruth, attractively dressed in dark green and brown, played well the part of the sophisticated young society matron.

The first model brought forth by Mme. Rene was Betsy Sherman, the attractive little red-haired freshman. Betsy wore chartreuse crepe trimmed in silver. With her long, flowing dress Betsy wore rhinestone earrings, silver slippers, and a white fur evening wrap. This dainty miss hails from Lexington, Mo. But wait, as Frances McPherson continued the music the audience saw a tall girl dressed in cardinal red velvet. She had a lovely clear profile and jet-black curls. Her only adornments were red and silver slippers, diamond bracelet and ring, and an ermine wrap. This, one learned, was Olive Diez from St. Louis.

And still a different type of beauty—this time it was Louise McCulloch from Marianna, Ark. Louise, tall, stately, and very blonde, was dressed in black velvet and ermine and the effect was extremely beautiful. As this blonde model stepped out, there came from the other side of the stage a girl with nut-brown skin, shining black hair, and dark eyes who was dressed in white satin. Her red lips and wonderful turquoise Navajo Indian wedding necklace and bracelet lent the only colors to the picture of black, white, and brown which was Reba Showalter.

The next of the models was Elma Cook, a black-haired young lady wearing a gown of rose and silver. Gracefully, she took off her white evening wrap and displayed the striking back of her gown. As Elma stepped off the stage, Mme. Rene called Marjorie Hickman, a piquant blonde model dressed in a simple but striking black velvet frock with rhinestone accessories and a wrap of white fur.

The next attractive freshman model was Marjorie Barber, a slim lovely young person in coral and silver, white mitts, and a white wrap. Marjorie's hair was braided around her head in a distinctive fashion. The last but by no means least important of this fascinating parade is the graceful Mary Willis Heeren, Hallowe'en Queen. Dressed in a sheath-like frock of sapphire blue taffeta, very becoming to her type of beauty, Mary Willis was indeed lovely. The finale to this entertainment was a parade of all on the stage once more: blondes, brunettes, and red-heads, who certainly do credit to this year's freshman class.

Practice Teaching Begins

The girls doing practice teaching in the St. Charles high school this semester are: Margaret Blough, physical education; Marietta Hansen, English; Georgia Lee Hoffman and Susan Lischer, home economics; Mary Morton, English; Grace Ritter, American History; and Alda Schierding, Latin.

Dr. Case in Vespers; "Codes" His Subject

"Codes" was the topic chosen by Dr. Case in his vesper service, Sunday evening, October 29. He discussed the importance of codes in our life today, of their frequency in conversation, and the kinds of codes there were for the many kinds of people, comparing these modern codes with the ancient ones. Jesus of Nazareth used codes two thousand years ago when he first began to teach. Early in His ministry He was surrounded by followers who did not understand exactly what He was teaching but who were nevertheless attracted to Him. He summoned a council for the purpose of finding out whether his followers knew what the code was about and weeded out those who were unfit to follow the code.

The word "Blessed" is stressed in the code of Jesus. The Greek word meaning happiness does not mean external pleasure and joy but happiness of internal condition and character. His code says nothing about a pay schedule for those who share His enterprise; they are to go without money. Although the Beatitudes suggest that they will inherit the earth, this does not mean property.

The code of Jesus emphasizes qualities of spirit and character which we must have before entering the kingdom of heaven. One of these is to be poor in spirit, or to have a divine discontent in life or to have a weakness but conquer it. Another is "blessed are the weak, for they shall inherit the earth." There is a gentle unconcern about what will happen to these individuals; they are meek, as Abraham Lincoln was meek. We know what he suffered, yet he was unconcerned about what people said against him. There is a tremendous strength to that type of character. Jesus placed the whole hope of His program on such men as these, whom He could trust in all of His work.

Dr. Case closed his talk with an account of the acceptance of the code. Jesus invited them to accept it, and He bled with them, but He did not at any time conscript them.

B-a-r-k-s-!

Don't you just l-o-v-e the story (or have you heard it?) about the little freshman who just can't understand why everyone at this school goes out of his (or her) way to be nice to her? Why, all the faculty call her by her first name, Dr. Roemer even asked her to eat at his table, and Mrs. LeMaster treats her just like a daughter!

And then there was the cute child who believes in putting the members of the faculty to good use. The other night at the table she said, "I am afraid to go off campus, but as you go by the beauty shop you can take this money for me." It's a lucky thing that that member of the faculty was good-natured.

Naturally you have seen Mac's new ring which she acquired last weekend. Imagine her embarrassment when, upon showing it to a certain frank Junior, that person almost choked and managed to yell, "Oh, where did you get that awful thing!"

If someone doesn't watch Bo Kingston she will burn herself to a crisp with acid in Chemistry class. Of course you have heard about the bath she gave herself in acid last week, eferging from the classroom looking as if she had taken part in a war.

Dance Program Presented on Founder's Day

On Founders' Day, the alumnae and guests of the college witnessed a program of dances presented by the physical education department under the direction of Miss Stookey, head of the department.

Mary Helen Gray presented "Train-istic." Edna Buenger gave the dance, Lightholder and Louise Paine appeared in a number titled "Skyscraper-istic." Oona Buenger gave the dance "The Jade Pirate" and Ruthelaine Smith appeared in several numbers, "Lazy Bones", "Easy Motion", and "Jarabe Tapatio". Mildred Rhoton, in two solos, interpreted a modern tap routine and "Hungarian Rhapsody". Niski Brittan presented the dance of "Despair". Guenivere Wood and Cornelia Austin appeared in "Voodoo Impressions". Guenivere Wood and "Black and Yellow Tap." Mildred Rhoton also appeared in a "Choral Toe Ballet" with Ella Margaret Williams, Camille McFadden, and Betty Morgan.

Most of the students who appeared on the program are new-comers to Lindenwood.

Campus Diary

By P. A.

Friday, October 29:

Dear Diary,

To the gay shrieks of masqueraders and the wail of saxophones the annual Hallowe'en dance began. On this auspicious occasion the queen, Mary Willis Heeren, was announced. Because she was chosen by student vote she would have to be lovely and he really was! It must have been a very close contest, though, judging from her charming and gracious attendants, who were the other contestants. The judges must have had a hard time choosing the funniest and most original costume, too, because they were all clever. Finally the "Our Gang" impersonators won first prize for the best group, Sue Perrin first for the most original, and Carolyn Hoffman won first for the funniest.

Wednesday, November 1:

Two things of importance today: For the faculty and the Seniors was the Senior-Faculty tea. For the Sophomore and Freshmen it was Silence Day. My roommate, a very modest senior, said her classmates were all charming hostesses at the tea. Her modesty this time was indeed great as everyone seemed to have a glorious time, and didn't leave until five minutes of six.

As for the sophomores and freshmen—more of the proverbial. The freshies walked behind the silent sophomores murmuring audibly things they'd longed to say for some time, knowing their erstwhile enemies could say nought, but also they were dreading the results of the morrow!

Thursday, November 2:

The annual freshman Dread Day and the sophomore Glory Day! Imagine strangers' surprise upon entering the campus to find some hectic young lady with braided hair, topped by a green cap of startling hue, who would come galloping up and kneel before said visitor, saying in a shaking and unsure voice,

"I am a frog
All agog
In a fog,
I slither in slime,
I quiver my spine,
I shiver before the Sophs."

Sidelights of Society

Dr. and Mrs. Roemer and Mr. Motley recently had a very enjoyable trip to the Ozarks. First, they visited Lincoln's restored tomb, Lincoln's home, the capitol, the House of Representatives, and the Senate. The little home where Lincoln lived, and the entire little village has been restored by the state of Illinois. The store in which Lincoln worked is complete, even to the strips of bacon on the counter. The inn where Lincoln met Ann Rutledge has been restored and converted into a museum. In most of the houses are cribs and trundle beds. Mrs. Roemer said that one of the most interesting things she saw was a number of dolls dressed to represent the women of Illinois from the time of Mrs. Lincoln and Mrs. Douglas to the present day.

Alpha Sigma Tau Meeting

Alpha Sigma Tau, honorary scholastic fraternity, met Thursday evening in the college club room. Dr. Roemer gave an informal talk on "The Revolution of Education." The college student would, he said, in the future be judged by her ability and accomplishment instead of the number of hours credit she had earned.

Jacqueline McCullough was pledged to membership.

Officers for this year are: president, Sarah Louise Greer, vice-president, Theo Hull, and secretary and treasurer, Jane Laughlin.

Music Sorority Meets

Delta Phi Delta, national public school music sorority met in the Y. W. C. A. parlors Tuesday, October 31, at 5 P. M. Blanche Edna Hestwood, president, took charge of the meeting. Miss Manning, sponsor of the club, gave a short talk on "The Harmonica Club in the Schools". She also read an article on "Helps for the Public School Music Teacher". Blanche Edna Hestwood played Prelude and Fugue in B flat major. Following the program the group sang part songs. Refreshments were served at the close of the meeting.

Commercial Club Meets

The Commercial Club met Tuesday afternoon in the Club rooms. There was an initiation of new members. Lenore Schierding read a paper on "Women in Business". One of the most interesting phases was the part the women are taking in the field of banking. Velda Wagner, the president, presided over the meeting.

League of Woman Voters

Thursday, October 26, at 6:30 p. m. The League of Women Voters held a tea for faculty and new girls interested in the League. Peggy Blough, president, welcomed those present and introduced Dr. Appleton, the new sponsor of the League. Dr. Appleton made a short talk on The Modern Aspect of the Women Voters of America. Refreshments were served.

Studying the World

Sixty-five students signified their interest in the international affairs of the world by attending the International Relations' Club tea given in the Library Club rooms Tuesday, October 31, at 6:30 o'clock.

The new members were welcomed by Theo. Hull, president of the organization, who outlined the purpose and aims of the club. A short talk was then given by Dr. Appleton, the new sponsor of the club, on international relations as they exist today. Coining

such words as "smallen" and "biggen" she applied them to the world of the fifteenth and twentieth centuries. It was in the fifteenth century, Dr. Appleton stated, that the world was "biggened." It is the people of today, of the twentieth century that have "smalened" this world so that now foreign neighbors are moving in "across the street", next door and around the block from us." Dr. Appleton also discussed briefly the international relations of the countries, Germany and Japan.

Refreshments were served and the new members enrolled.

Address Before Teachers

Miss Hankins, head of the classical languages department, will represent Lindenwood College at the State Teachers' Association which is to meet in St. Louis November 9-11. Miss Hankins will speak at the meeting of the department of classics to be held at the Jefferson Hotel, November 10, at 10 o'clock in the morning. Her subject will be "The Roman Treatment of History in Bas-reliefs."

Latin Club Plans

Pi Alpha Delta, honorary Latin fraternity, at its first meeting of the season, elected officers for the year as follows: Nancy Montgomery, president; Evelyn Fox, vice-president; Marie Brink, secretary; Alda Schierding, treasurer.

Pi Alpha Delta edits a paper, "The Roman Tatler", which shows how widely classical material is used in everyday life and literature. Miss Hankins, head of the Latin department, is sponsor.

Pi Gamma Mu Initiation

Pi Gamma Mu, national honorary social science fraternity, held a meeting in the college club room Tuesday, October 24. Seven new members, Sarah Louise Greer, Lois Gene Sheetz, Grace Ritter, Rachel Snider, Mary K. Dewey, Virginia Porter, and Lillian Wilson were initiated. Pi Gamma Mu was especially honored by Dr. Appleton's acceptance of membership.

After the initiation some of the plans for the year were discussed. Definite announcement of the year's activities will be made later. At the close of the business meeting refreshments were served.

Wednesday morning in chapel the seven new members were introduced by Dr. Schaper, representative of the national chapter, and Mary Cowan, president of the Lindenwood chapter.

Miss Morris said that as soon as she reached home last summer, she resolved to do two things during her vacation. The first was to go to school and the second was to learn to bake angel-food cake. However, before she did either of these, she purchased a car for recreation and drove every morning and afternoon. She attended the summer term of the University of Iowa and collected material for her classes this winter; but her Saturdays were devoted to cake-baking and she says that she can really bake good cakes now and—better still—that if any one doesn't believe it, she will prove it.

Miss Hankins enjoyed very much spending her summer quietly at home in Webster Groves.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas spent three weeks in Colorado Springs, Colorado, this summer.

Miss Allyn, head of the Commercial Department, had a most delightful vacation during the summer months. First she visited the Exposition of a

Century of Progress; from there she went to White Fish Bay, Wisconsin, where she spent a few weeks with friends in their summer home. Miss Allyn then went to Jacksonville, Illinois for a while, concluding her summer with studying.

"I spent most of my summer in the West", Miss Gordon said, "and had a wonderful time". She visited various points of interest in Colorado, Pike's Peak and the mountains in and around Denver, and spent a week camping on the Continental Divide and other interesting spots. She then went to Wyoming where she visited the mountains and Yellowstone Park. Montana was her next stop and she spent a week there on a ranch. On her return trip she came through the Cascades, across South Dakota and followed the Missouri Valley down to St. Joseph, and then came on to St. Louis.

Miss Tucker had a very interesting summer visiting Torch and Mullet Lakes and Les Cheneaux Islands in Michigan. She returned to Chicago to visit the World's Fair.

Miss Dawson spent her summer vacation on a farm in Fredericksburg, Iowa.

Miss Wurster visited the Chicago World's Fair during her vacation.

Miss Kohlstedt, librarian, spent the summer in her home in Philadelphia, Pa., with the exception of a week which she spent at the Chicago World's Fair.

Miss Eggmann, assistant librarian, was in Carlinville, Illinois, most of the summer. She, like many others, spent one week at the Chicago World's Fair.

One of the most interesting vacations of the summer was that of Miss Anderson, head of the Home Economics department, who spent the summer visiting Oregon, Washington, Idaho, and the western part of Canada.

Poetry Society Meets

The first meeting of the college Poetry Society was held in the club rooms, Thursday night, October 19. The faculty members present were: Miss Dawson, sponsor, Miss Parker, and Miss Stumberg; and the student members, Sarah Louise Greer, Mary Cowan, Katherine Henderson, Edna Hickey, and Kathryn Fox. Two new members, Evelyn Brown and Dorothy Tull, were taken in.

Mary Cowan resigned from the position of secretary-treasurer and Katherine Henderson was elected to take her place. Original compositions were read and discussed.

WHO'S WHO?

Yes, she's a music student—one who, while shoving back huge handfuls of curly brown hair and uttering mumbled incantations to the muses of poetry and song—or somethin', can toss off a class, sister, or rose song in simply no time at all. We usually arise and cheer when she starts to play, which isn't a phrase from an advertisement. Incidentally, she's a senior class officer, who admirably holds up her end of the receiving line on state occasions. And can she croon those negro lullabies—at three o'clock in the morning—or are we wrong again?

A CHARACTER SKETCH

By Leonore Schierding

An energetic figure, he passes along the street. His arms swing as regu-

larly as the pendulum of a clock. With a debonair air his hat perches upon his little, round head and his smile never wavers. Anyone who did not know him would say that he was rather "a man of the world".

One thing about him simply fascinates me, I am always expecting him to trip over his own feet, for his shoes are so large that they actually turn up at the toes. He is constantly moving, peering here and there among his pupils, his short and stocky figure a menace to an inattentive child.

BRAUFMAN'S

Afternoon Tea, Dinner and Formal Frocks

That are Fashion Leaders in their field

New Fabrics, New Colors, and attractively priced

\$10.75 to \$18.75

Street & Campus Dresses

Soft woolens—Knitted Fabrics

—Silks—Smart Styles—

Featured

\$7.85 to \$16.75

Braufman's

Corner Main and Washington

Ahmann's News Stand

Magazines - Stationery
Sporting Goods

Listen to Campus Chatter Standard Drug Store

(Next door to Woolworth's)

Where Friends Meet Friends

FURNITURE DEALERS

Steinbrinkers

FUNERAL DIRECTORS

STRAND THEATRE

TUESDAY—WEDNESDAY

Alice Brady—Mage Evans

Phillips Hodes—May Robson

"BEAUTY FOR SALE"

THURSDAY

Double Feature Program—

Peggy Shannon—Sydney Blackmier

Lois Wilson in

"THE DELUGE"

also Bob Custer, Western Star in
"SCARLET BRAND"

FRIDAY

Double Feature Program—

Valina Banky in

"THE REBEL"

also Anita Humes—Adolph Menjou in
"THE WORST WOMAN IN PARIS"

SATURDAY NIGHT

Janet Gaynor—Warner Baxter in
"PADDY, THE NEXT BEST THING"

MONDAY, NOV. 13

Sally Eilers—Norman Foster in

"WALLS OF GOLD"

also Jack Hoxie, Western Star

"VIA PONY EXPRESS"