

LINDEN BARK

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News from the Dean's Office

The Dean reports that everything is going along smoothly, and the girls have settled down to their second semester work quite easily. First semester grades are out and the students are showing mingled joy and lamentation over them.

Student Recital Enjoyed by Lindenwood

The students' music recital, presented Tuesday, February 7, in Roemer auditorium was of well selected numbers and displayed the technical skill and appreciativeness of the musicians to their best advantage.

In the first piano selections Delphia Biggs played Sonata No. 3 by Haydn. She had a good touch and clean-cut tones. Betty Patton offered "Valse—Impromptu" by Liebling, which she played with feeling and understanding. Alice Belding interpreted two numbers of Schumann and Beach with poise and certainty of touch.

Carol George sang Roland's "Down in the Forest". It was done gracefully and her tones were of a complimentary quality. Mary Frances Butler gave a splendid interpretation of two songs with remarkable clearness and understanding.

Rachel Hinman played two difficult selections very well and exhibited a great deal of skill. The numbers were "Bourree, B minor", by Bach-Tours and "Mazurka, A minor", by Chopin. Julia Ferguson offered "Valse, A major", by Rachmaninoff, which she played beautifully.

"Concerto" for two violins and "Piano" by Bach was splendidly played by Margaret Love, Kathryn Eggn and Doris Oxley.

A. A. Musical Comedy in Rehearsal

"The Treasure-Hunters" to be
Presented February 24.

The entire college is looking forward to the annual musical comedy entitled, "Treasure Hunters" which will be presented February 24, at eight o'clock in Roemer Auditorium. The comedy is sponsored by the Women's Athletic Association under the direction of Miss Margaret Mantle Stookey, and the dramatic part is under the direction of Miss Mary McKenzie Gordon.

"Treasure Hunter" consists of three elaborate scenes. The first scene is in a South Sea-Island setting with sand, water, sky and palm trees. The second scene is a Deep-Sea Ballet with Mermaids, deep sea fish, coral and other aquatic characters. The third scene is on the deck of an old pirate ship with another pirate ship in the distance. The comedy as a whole has an intensely romantic atmosphere. Helen Lightholder, Mary F. Comstock, and Betty Hoover take the leading parts in the story while

Faculty Recital Praised

Miss Gordon presents The
"Romantic Age".

On Friday evening, February 3, Miss Mary MacKenzie Gordon of the Oratory Department was presented in recital in Roemer Auditorium. Her interpretation of "The Romantic Age", by A. A. Milne, was one that should warrant complimentary comments wherever it was heard. The play was full of clever and scintillating remarks that added a vivaciousness only more enlivened by the appreciation of the reader.

The story is of a young girl, Melisande Knowle, who lived in a world of romance and dreams. Her rather practical mother had found for her a manly young Englishman whom she thought her daughter should be more than interested in. But Melisande was looking for someone in blue and gold, and when he finally came to her in the moonlight she rather feared that she had been dreaming after all. Love found a way and romance was victorious; Gervasse Mallory became the betrothed of Melisande.

Miss Gordon showed a very distinct appreciation of the English point of view. She frankly admits that she loves the English people and their style of talking. Perhaps this in some way accounts for the skill in which she achieves the interpretation of their style of speech. Mrs. Knowle was such a charming old aristocrat that in spite of her rather mid-Victorian ideas one could hardly help loving her. Bobby Coote, as a rather affected young man, was perfection himself. Melisande and Gervasse were so wholly unaffected and so loving in their natures that one felt that it would really be shame if anything should ever happen to their romance. And we know that they are going on always in the Romantic Age.

Miss Gordon's gown was admirably appropriate for the play. Black background with white dots for the material of a very simple and plain dress trimmed with a huge white organdie frill around the neck, standing out on the shoulders. The back was cut low and lined with white organdie frills. At the waistline Miss Gordon wore a black patent leather belt. At the end of the performance Miss Gordon was presented with many flowers.

Louise Paine, Betty Reed and Etheld Gross are the leading comedians.

The following girls are giving the principal dance parts: Harriette Anne Gray will do a primitive South-Sea dance entitled "Savage", and a Modern Deep Sea Dance; Dorothy Hope Miller will do the "Pirate's Daughter" and a "Cambodian dance". Both Miss Miller and Miss Gray will take the principal parts in the toe ballet, "Coral".

Kathleen Breit will do a typical South Sea Island dance from Velebes. Martha Dean Stanley will present a "Voodoo Devil" dance with a grotesque mask designed especially for her by Peggy Blough. Julia Ferguson will do a Balinese solo and Albertina

"What Religion Really Means To Me"

Rev. J. C. Inglis Gives His
Interpretation.

Rev. J. C. Inglis of the Jefferson Street Presbyterian Church spoke at Vespers on February 5. Mr. Inglis chose as his subject "What Religion Really Means to Me." It seems that some persons are very hazy upon the subject and never say what they really mean. First, in understanding religion one must deal with several misconceptions—things that might drive us away from religion.

In the first place it is a misconception to think that religion is some kind of organization which takes joy out of everyone else's good time. In the Puritan and Victorian periods are the best examples of this misconception; that is, the people that came over and settled as Puritans in the Colonies were persons who were kill-joys. The reason for it goes back to the old country where there was such licentiousness that the Puritans endeavored to swing the pendulum the other way.

In the Victorian period an age of suppression held sway and people were supposed to hold back their natural impulses. They did not admit things to be as they really were.

Religion is an escape-mechanism and builds the ability to stand up against things. This brings in the highly mystical and ritualistic life, trying to escape the eventually reality. America hoped that she could override her problems by throwing away escape-mechanisms.

The next misconception is the inability of nations to bring their problems into religion. There are many things done in the name of religion that have nothing to do with religion.

Man needs the ritual that the church afforded him. When it was taken out of the church many secret societies grew up with qualities of the ritualistic in them. Man must have within his heart something of the mystical, ritualistic, and beautiful.

John the Apostle stood before the people and tried to make them see the startling facts and realities of the possibility of seeing a new heaven and a new earth. Through all of these things and through the knowledge of God may we be able to build that new heaven and new earth.

Margaret Love played a violin solo before the address.

Flach a Bolangi Bubble dance.

With a cast of the above dancers the Physical Education department supervised by Miss Stookey promises one of the best features of the year. An outstanding number that will be presented and is being looked forward to is the "Water Study", by Harriette Anne Gray. It is done entirely without music. The movements simulate the waves of the ocean. This is a Dorothy Humphrey dance which is being used now on Broadway in the new production "Americana".

V. Sackville-West At Lindenwood

Distinguished Novelist Charms
Lindenwood Students.

Lindenwood faculty and students were charmed with Miss Victoria Sackville-West, who addressed the student body on "The Modern Spirit in Literature", Tuesday evening, February 7. Her perfect nonchalance and poise will remain unparalleled in the memories of less sophisticated Lindenwoodites throughout their generation. Miss West said she thought that she had been born unpunctual, but that she certainly had not expected a Chicago storm to delay her in making an appointment at Lindenwood. However, her audience, after an hour or more's wait, felt only remorse to think that such a distinguished guest should have to be rushed from the train to address her audience without her dinner or an opportunity to change from her traveling clothes, rather than any feeling of regret upon having to wait for her. Although Miss West apologized for her "get-up", as she called it, which consisted of a beautiful green traveling suit and brown English oxfords, everyone admired it. Her shiny black hair, brushed back from her forehead, served as a perfect background for her exquisitely rosy English complexion. Now, Lindenwood girls can cease imagining and actually visualize the proper hue and texture described in all English novels of all the heroines.

Dr. Gipson introduced Miss West in a brief and appropriate manner as Lindenwood's "distinguished guest". Those who were thrilled by Miss West's appearance were fascinated by her voice. She spoke slowly and distinctly in a low, well modulated tone with the most beautiful English accent Lindenwood girls have ever heard. She was understood without difficulty, because her words were well chiseled and her diction perfect.

Miss West said, upon beginning her lecture on "The Modern Spirit in Literature", that everyone would agree that something very extraordinary has happened to present day literature, and has startled and upset grandparents all over the world. She approached her subject from three angles: the manner of the modern spirit; the method of the modern spirit; and the matter of the modern spirit.

Miss West said, "By the manner, I mean the outward and visible signs of the modern spirit. There are not as important as what lies underneath, but can not be entirely ignored. Gertrude Stein and James Joyce, examples of the modern manner, are not writing as Dryden did, and our first desire is to laugh at their works. But I do not think their superficial change of language is so very important. Patterns of works should not be pushed too far; words have to have meaning, whereas a painting depends on design and pattern much more than on meaning."

Here Miss West read a few lines

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TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1933.

Linden Bark:

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways,
I love thee to the breadth and depth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of being and ideal grace.
I love thee to the level of every day's
Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight:
I love thee freely, as men strive for right;
I love thee purely, as men turn from praise;
I love thee with a passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith
I love thee with a love I seem to lose
With my lost saints—I love thee with the breath
Smiles, tears, of all my life—and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Sonnets.

Freshman Achievements Rank High

The Freshmen Class of the College is always one of the most interesting on the Campus. Before them is the prospect of four years at Lindenwood and with each year they will come to appreciate all that has gone into Lindenwood to make it one of the finest colleges. They come to the college with some idea of what it is really like, and after a few weeks they are wrapped up in the life of the school.

Each girl contributes to the college life and receives much of value in return. From the various sections of the country the girls have come. The greatest distance is represented by the girls from Texas, New Mexico, and California.

They are well represented in all the affairs on the campus. In retrospect, they crowned a lovely Queen at the Hallowe'en dance and had equally as lovely attendants; throughout the year they have contributed many articles to the College publication, the Linden Bark. The prize winning Christmas story was written by one of the class, a story of the section of the country in which she lives; just recently the magazine section of the Globe-Democrat carried a full page article and picture of one of the girls, telling of her eight months stay in Russia as a guest of her father; and still more recently the Freshman formal dinner dance of the past week end proved the ability of the class as hostesses and entertainers.

Looking ahead we prophesy writers coming from that group, at least one mistress of ceremonies, as was evident from the entertainment on Founder's Day, and several first class dancers. There should be quite a cast of actresses, and some possibly in the role of actors, as shown by the "sudden" acting of Peggy, the interested young suitor, the butler and others of the cast of that delightful play "All of a Sudden Peggy".

There can scarcely be mentioned any social or scholastic accomplishment of the college this year without bringing in the splendid talent and willing cooperation of the Freshmen Class. Although your number may decrease in the next few years, Freshmen, the responsibility to carry on the traditions of Lindenwood rests with you. Your prospects are the envy of every girl who knows that her participation in the events of the college must be as an on-looker.

Women in Public Life

A few years ago women were granted the right to vote and today the world has embarked upon a woman's age in public life. Susan B. Anthony and Carrie Chapman Catt were pioneers of the suffrage movement. At present the National and College League of Women Voters are outstanding promoters of women in politics and public life. Lindenwood girls appear vitally interested in voting and the important phases of public life, and delegates attend conventions and League meetings in generous numbers. The girls are alive to the important questions of the day, are well read, and discuss these questions adequately and intelligently. They have quite the "we moderns" spirit.

In the past age it has been the custom for women to be only homemakers but the modern husband has discovered that his wife has as many talents and ambitions as he has. And the wife of this day has decided that she can have a husband, a home, and a career and intermingle public life with her household duties nicely. Colleges are beginning to offer splendid training for this public side of the question. Women are proving themselves capable of occupying some of the world's most famous positions. Some of the leading intellectuals are Alice Longworth, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Jane Addams and Ruth Bryan Owens. Dr. Florence Sabin has attained a name for herself in the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt is a leading charity worker, political committee woman, and an admirable public figure.

Since the girl of today has advanced from the mid-Victorian idea of homemaking as a single career to a more spectacular position of public work, the world may look forward to a woman president of the United States some day.

Campus Diary

By A. M. B.

Monday, February 6.—Another week. The day dawned bright and happy. Now, that sounds right poetical. You know, I really must be getting my poetry into work again because it will be Spring soon now, and in the Spring one must use poetic phrases. I said the day dawned bright, but in what a mess it ended! Rain and cold! Br-r-r! Isn't it queer how nature does surprise one? People are forgetting me again and I'm not getting any mail. Soon, I'll be driven to my yearly occupation of clipping coupons in the magazine. Then I'll get some mail. I'm all a twit waiting for "Vicky" tomorrow night. I do hope she won't mind the familiarity of address, but really there is no use of being formal.

Tuesday, February 7.—The height of my ambition is to walk on to the stage in Roemer Auditorium and in the middle of my little speech excuse myself, to run and get a hanky to blow my little nose, then nonchalantly lean on the reading stand with my suitcase hanging on my arm and calmly survey the mob. While I'm talking I'm going to play with the light and turn it off and on for the amusement of the audience. After all it would be different and many speakers are so commonplace in what they do. Miss West was charming in that she did everything with the greatest nonchalance. I even liked her "get-up," as she called it; why be like everyone else when you can be yourself? That is evidently her policy. Now, all you girls who have had parents to stay in the guest room in A'vres better write home and tell them that the very same room that they occupied in Lindenwood was also occupied by one of England's most eminent authors.

Wednesday, February 8.—Didn't you like the picture of Dr. Roemer and Kurt on the front of the Bulletin? Y. W. meeting this evening. The girls that lead those discussions have to have real brains. Helen Everett almost forgot to make the announcement. She thought that no one saw her slip out and down stairs after Chapel began. But she didn't fool us at all. The Dean makes her nightly announcement in the Dining Room about sleeping with the windows open too wide. Wouldn't it be terrible if some one should become so thoroughly frozen that in the morning when she woke up she wouldn't be able to move? But I guess if she were in that bad shape she wouldn't be able to wake up either. Cheerful thought. Winter is upon us in a big way! I'm still glad that I don't live at the North Pole.

Let Not The Weather Cool The Heart

Who is the most "r'un-atered", pampered, besieged man on campus today? No, not Frank, but St. Valentine himself. He certainly had a universally appealing idea, when he first presented his lady-love with "Hearts and Flowers" on the fourteenth of February—a few centuries ago. The event was transformed immediately into tradition and he is the one person that will never lapse into senility.

Ah! 'tis sweet to see the pleasure-worn smiles on the faces of our comrades, who barrel mail and packages out of the Post Office, but oh, how sad to glimpse the ones whose love's labours, in correspondence, have failed to ripen. There should be a national demand, incidentally, for more men like St. Valentine.

Hearts and fond messages were ushered in by a cold wave, but there's no doubting their warmth. Hot or cold, there's nothing we like better than the red hearts (unless it's the bonbons under the hearts.)

St. Valentine did his part in tipping off the young bloods this February 14, and if they failed to retaliate, it's not his fault. Besides, there should be plenty of "I can't give you anything but love" sentiment to spare.

Thursday, February 9.—Another very intellectual week. This morning I learned about Florentine Art. My, oh My! I guess that my esthetic sense is just sort of lacking, that's all. If it gets any colder, I simply won't be able to stand it. Just about the time I get acclimated to the conditions of one room it is time to change classes and I must go and start all over again. The truth will out. Another Senior with a romance. There is a certain Senior who tells tales of an engineer. For further information apply on Second floor Butler. I've been trying to think of all the worth-while things that I've done this week and I'm just about to conclude that my constructive life is rather scant. "When I consider how my life is spent." Spent is right. Spent or spend. Now, we're getting technical.

Friday, February 10.—I went to the Freshman formal thoroughly convinced that I would want to stick my little head in a bucket of water and leave it there when I came home and I wasn't a bit disappointed. It seems that Santa Claus remembered everyone but me when he was bringing new formal for Christmas gifts. Did you ever see so many lovely dresses? Well, I'll be optimistic and hope that someday I'll have a pretty dress too. Good old Pollyanna. It was a lovely party. The Freshmen should be given a rousing cheer on their ability to be excellent hostesses. My feet are so awfully tired tonight I don't feel as if I'll ever be able to walk naturally again. I'm quite sure that I won't get over the limp that my big toe causes now on account of the fact that someone couldn't recognize my foot as a foot and not as a part of the floor. Next time I go to a dance I'm going to wear a sign on both feet identifying them as such!

Saturday, February 11.—One thing nice about Saturday is there is always so much doing. Excitement! Oh you have no idea! My day of rest is generally on Saturday instead of Sunday. Then on Sunday I argue with myself and eventually convince myself that it being a day of rest I should not work. I don't. The result being—Monday morning, no lessons. I'll be giving away the secrets of my success if I'm not more cheerful. I feel awfully clean this evening after spending most of the day renovating the room, my clothes, and then performing abolutions on myself.

Sunday, February 12.—Another exciting day. About all I ever do is to rest up to get enough energy to go to meals and after getting the energy to eat I use it all in the process of eating so that I must rest until the next meal. In other words, a very animal-like existence, nothing but eating and sleeping. Vespers tonight was very interesting. Rev. Mr. McColgan always gives a worthwhile talk on something that can be applied to one's everyday existence. And so the day and the week comes to an end. I'll away to bed and more sleep.

THE SCOTCH SISTERS

By Mary Helen Gray

Every time I go to the old-fashioned, two-story, red brick house I get a new little thrill of pleasure. It is not alone for the house itself, although it has in it many things of peculiar interest, but for the two mellow Scotch maiden-ladies who reside there. Their Scottish tongue and manners at once transport your thought to their patriarchal highland.

Miss Jean is a tall, thin, energetic lady with snapping brown eyes and wavy, white, bobbed hair. Her chin is a determinate feature of her face which gives indication of her will and persistence. Her hands, though marked by hard work, show plainly that she is an artist. A very gay person, she loves to buy new clothes, usually frivolous and of bright colors—red particularly.

Miss Agnes is the elder of the two and, while her face is more stern, she has the same sweet disposition that her sister has. With her straight, white hair done high on her head and her stately bearing she reminds you of a true queen. Miss Agnes might be called retiring, at least while her sister is around, but in reality she has a very strong character.

These sisters are strict in their views. They were brought up by a duty-loving father who saw that they walked five miles to school every morning and also made it a rule for the family to walk to church every Sunday. When they were in the height of their youth these two girls left the old country to come to Kansas to take care of their invalid uncle. Their ignorance of the ways of this strange country brought to them many misfortunes, but the sterling quality of their character carried them through without their becoming bitter or cynical toward life.

While the Scotch people are notoriously famed for their thrift, these sisters are two of the most generous people I know. They explain that it is only in the Aberdeen locality that the extreme poverty causes the extreme penuriousness.

Jean and Agnes bicker back and forth, having their little jealousies and differences but they are never disagreeably quarrelsome when in company. They both have an innate sense of fairness and, since theirs is a joint income, if one gets a new dress the other one does too. Jean likes watermelon and Agnes likes cantaloupe so they get watermelon one time and cantaloupe the next.

When you sit down to tea with them and eat Scotch scones and shortbread they regale you with many delightful and unusual Scotch anecdotes, never leaving you bored or solemn for a moment. A typical story is this:

"Sir Harry Lauder and Carrie Nation were on the same train one day and Carrie Nation saw Sir Harry Lauder smoking. She snatched his cigarette from him and threw it out of the open window, saying she was strongly opposed to smoking. He then snatched her poodle from her arm and threw it out of the window. At the next station they saw the poodle run up, and what do you think he had in his mouth? The cigarette, you say? No, his tongue!"

And so they go on living—two lovable old souls. Eccentric? Yes, what of it?

A JANUARY SWIM

By Helen Thomas

The one form of recreation that has afforded me greatest pleasure throughout my high school days and even now, had I the opportunity to indulge in it, is what we commonly

termed hiking. A hike meant a ramble in the woods, pasture, or along a creek with or without a lunch fixed on the spur of the moment and carried in a shoe box. A few of us girls have roamed all the hills and ravines in the vicinity of the town, and some places hold a permanent charm from memories of many incidents and associations. The season, the hour, or the day made little difference; all day long on Saturday in the early spring was best. And for me there must be running water somewhere in the course of the trip, for water is the life of things; and when the creeks are dry, the fields turn brown, and the ground cracks, then I do not like to go hiking.

It was on one of these hikes taken in the middle of winter, on January thirty-first, to be exact, but when the weather was mild and patches of the last snow were still lingering in the low or sheltered places, that I with two chums set forth for a full day's outing. With an eagerness for action we proceeded to our favorite resort, a piece of timber land along a small, picturesque stream that is fed by springs. We found that a thin layer of ice still encrusted the surface in the shallow places. Once I trusted my weight too far and broke through the ice to the wetness beneath. We followed the creek from its mouth at the river up to the big spring, which runs into an alcove among the rocks. The water was deeper there, probably above our knees, and no ice was on it; but it was clear with a bright, sparkling clearness.

It was nearly midday when we went a little distance above this and came to the "hole", a pool miniature in area, but deep, almost over our heads. The water here looked almost limpidly clear, with its crystal pure, green depth. It invited us. Now, after hiking, swimming has been the greatest joy of our days, but had always previously been confined to the summer season. However, there was nothing conventional in our attitude toward the sport. We were kindered spirits, full of vigor of the day—and the water invited us. At first it was a suggestion, an idea played with. That fresh, lucid water. Then decision; and quickly our clothes were all on the ground. For a moment we felt the cool, brisk air on our bodies. Then we plunged swiftly into the icy, sudden coldness. It was just a shock, a single stroke, and we were out again in the bright sun, every nerve keenly a tingle, so that our flesh was stinging. Oh, the thrill, the exhilarating refreshment of the sensation. It was pure physical delight, but it seemed spiritually uplifting, so penetrating was that feeling like triumph and freedom. And I suppose it was our youth.

A RUSSIAN MARKET

By Wilma G. Hoen

A jostling, turbulent crowd mills within the gates of the Suchre Bachne Market square in Moscow. Robust peasants throng together selling and buying wares. Tiny booths dot the entire place. All display goods ranging from fine embroideries to boiled cabbage. In some one can buy anything in pins, ribbons, threads, buttons, all notions; in others knick-knacks and trinkets that are painted in colors so brilliant they would delight any oriental. Peasant women whose red-kerchiefed heads bob as they jabber unceasingly shove and push around those stalls displaying food. There are no glorious, golden heaps of vegetables or baskets of sweet smelling fruits. Instead, the odor of onions and garlic, of stale meats upon which flies feast greedily, of fermented milk, and sauerkraut

pervades the air. However, the most fascinating articles are not those sold in stalls, but those sold by the vendors in the open. Old Tartar women sit cross-legged on the ground. Before them are scattered on dirty white towels a variety of miscellaneous articles. There are beautiful candlesticks carved from gold, broken bits of plate, strings upon strings of beads, tacks and nails, coarse rope, and valuable jeweled rings. There they sit, their bright skirts of red, yellow, and green spread out about them, their grayish black hair hanging in long braids down their backs, and their eager black eyes, the only active feature of their impassive dark faces, searching patiently for customers. Great, uncouth bearded Russians loudly voice their wares. Some sell household possessions. One amiable-looking fellow stands guard over a copper samovar. Another placidly eats a plump cucumber as an American eats bananas. Near him, sitting on her bag of sun-flower seeds is a sweet-faced, crippled old lady. She is dressed in tattered black, even to the shawl tied in Russian style around her head. Her blue eyes twinkle and the weak, parchment-thin lips curve in a smile as she watches two husky chaps talking as only Russians know how, thrusting sunflower seeds into their mouths as if into a coffee grinder and as quickly spitting out the husks. Not far away stands a man obviously out of place. He is tall and dignified. His face is clean-shaven; his mouth is strong and firm; his nose is delicately shaped; and his eyes, the true indication of a man's character, are deep blue, but not so deep that that hurt, puzzled expression such as wells up into the eyes of a dog punished for a deed he cannot understand, cannot be seen. In his hands, beautiful artistic hands, he holds three icons. These represent the last of his civilization, the last of the life that was his. Beside that gentleman a repulsive drunken man guffaws raucously. Occasionally above the jangle and uproar of the market rises the perfect harmony of the song of the marching soldiers, marching onward toward their goal.

BELLS

By Julia Ferguson

Bells come chanting o'er the half-dark town,
Hour bells slashing through the awesome still;
Old bells warning of the coming cold;
New bells asking what the wind last told;
Young bells singing that all life is rhyme;
Long bells moaning the restlessness of time;
A late bell clanging that the new hour's begun;
Seven o'clock bells pulling night down on the town.

ALONG THE RIVER

By Barbara Everham

A pale yellow canoe drifting along a rippling blue water, reflecting an azure sky and white, billowing clouds; tall, graceful weeping-willows with long slim arms which trail lazily down; the clear, soft notes of wood pee-wees calling to their mates, the angry cries of the frightened blue-jays, and the songs of busy martins, all living along the running river; the ringing of an axe of firewood; the rushing of cars on a nearby highway; the thundering notes of a distant train hurrying through the hills; the murmur of people in the cabins among the trees which line the bank; the high shrill laughter of happy children playing in the water, and the bark of excited dogs; all are typical of the calm waters of an Ozark river.

WATCHING THE CLOUDS, ALONE

By Mary Louise Wood

Near the edge of our old apple orchard was hidden an ideal spot to which I would often sneak away. There, where the shadows of the foliage made the earth look freckled, I snuggled down in a small patch of goosegrass to be alone with a book and several large red apples. The only interruption of the stillness was the warbling of a little brown wren which hopped about excitedly on a near-by fence.

After a time, as I became bored with my hero's love making, I put the book aside and gazed at the fleecy clouds as they slowly moved across the azure sky. Upon first glance they appeared to me like huge, fluffy pillows. How I envied the angels their pillow fight. From all appearances it must have been a rough and tumble battle, for feathery wisps were scattered all about.

Tiring of this thought, I presently noticed that the clouds had taken on new shapes. Over there above the barn a hideous sea dragon had reared itself into the air. As the wind carried the clouds onward, it lunged forward and fell as though it had been struck fatally by some unseen assailant.

My attention was then drawn to a magnificent piece of sculpturing chiseled in glistening marble. The well-molded features of an old man reminded me of Hawthorne's story-book character, the Stone Face. This figure soon dissolved into the countenance of the "lazy farmer", a well-known personage of the weekly farm paper. His kindly face beamed from over his snowy white beard as he contentedly puffed his corn cob pipe. A dilapidated straw hat appeared upon his greying head. It was as though the pages of the *Prairie Farmer* had opened up before me.

For a short period of time the billowy clouds drifted about in a disorderly fashion. Unable to discern anything in particular I munched my remaining half-eaten apple and aimlessly turned the pages of *Little Women*. When once more I looked at the clouds, I was surprised to see a whole circus paraded before me. Humpy camels ambled along changing into lumbering elephants as they went. Queer shaped roly-poly clowns were bouncing about, and by stretching my imagination I could even see them jump through hoops. Dancing horses pranced after them and were followed by odd-looking cages presumably containing wild animals. Perhaps no one else would have ever recognized in these crude cloud inventions the *Rewaysantit-9kl o etaoin uppp* members of a circus troupe, but I found it great fun to pretend that Barnum and Bailey had been transported to the sky.

Again the scene changed and this time many chubby boys and girls were romping in the snow. Little Eskimos, all of them. They were dressed in wintry furs, and piled the snow high in igloo-shaped mounds. Suddenly a large black cloud came swiftly into sight, and like a hovering mother schooled her children home before her. Following in her wake came large, wailing drops of rain which sent me racing to the house to avoid the downpour. My cloud revelations had come to an abrupt end.

HURRICANE

By Winifred Diehl

The wind stopped. The trees twitched shining blades in the lurid light. Perfect oval diamonds dropped from the points of the needles. Tip, tip, tip, the drops tinkled as they

touched the leaves; only this tiny sprinkle was left of the downpour.

The bay was calmer now. Wave followed wave washing in a swirl on to the beach and sucking back again. Swish, swish, swish sounded the tiny drops as the breeze swept drapery after drapery of them across the water.

The wind was quiet; the bay was shallow and its drumming low; the only sound was the tip, tip, tip, of the drizzle and the drip,—drip, drip—the syncopated note of the dropping diamonds.

A sudden gust of wind! The trees bent before the gale. Crack, a branch broke. The trunks see-sawed, ground, moaned, and groaned together. Whee-ee-o. The whistling became a screaming, squealing, screeching, on a higher key. A long minute of greenish yellow light was followed instantly by an ear-splitting car-ar-ak.

The rain rushed down in torrents torn by gusts of wailing wind. Rivulets became rivers swirling and whirling as they rushed.

Boom, boom, boom, pounded the mighty mountains of water as they hit the beach. A steady roar of the rain blanket as it splashed into the wrathful waters served as a background for the boom, boom, boom.

The wind whined in the pines, screeching and screaming; the trunks groaned and moaned together; the bay pounded its deep bass against its roar.

For hours the hurricane raved and ravaged until its wrath was worn, then, as suddenly as it had come, it slithered away.

A MEXICAN MARKET

By Allaine Dunn

Brown, greasy skins; black, straight hair; fat, sloppy bodies; small, beady eyes—these outward characteristics made up those seven or eight old women who leaned lazily against an adobe wall. They had been sitting there since morning, and there they would sit until evening took the light away. Chattering and screaming like so many monkeys, children ran and played around them in the gutter; if it should be called that. And the thought of food was most repulsive to the visitor! So unsanitary and sultry, yet the Mexican market in Juarez, Old Mexico, proved to be of astounding interest.

It was a low, squat, wooden building which housed the stalls of the market. Resembling a tent with the many flaps turned up, to a stranger it looked very unstable and weak, but it had stood many years and would continue to do so for a great number to come. The atmosphere was heavy and extremely unpleasant. But the numerous things! Everything from food to furniture was sold under that one roof. Grandmas, gay young things, and small boys shouted their wares at the tops of their voices.

Here was a stall hung with pottery of all kinds. Huge jugs and small jugs; tall vases and smug vases; cooking utensils and dishes for the bet of tables—all rubbed elbows in a nonchalant way. Some were gayly painted with gaudy Mexican designs, while others were plain in their commonplace brown.

Baskets piled everywhere! Works of art in red weaving with intricate designs, they displayed the cleverness of the hand. Even furniture had been fashioned by hand. There were wee little baskets just large enough to hold a very small button. And there were huge baskets such as one sees gracing a stately front porch.

That favorite Mexican food, the red pepper, was very much in evidence. It hung in its long, fiery bunches, each trying to be longer than the other. The red redness of their skins gave

one a hot sensation in his mouth.

To delight feminine hearts, there were tables and booths devoted to that lovely embroidery work which the dark-skinned woman has made famous. Exquisite cobwebby stuff which looked so fragile as to blow away at a breath edged table linen and towels. Huge hand made bed spreads of tatting hung in sharp contrast on rough, brown boards. Some of the work, it must be admitted, was soiled, but one could not fail to recognize the infinite patience which had gone into these pieces of needle art.

The toys would have charmed the American child. Practically all of them were made to represent some phase of daily life. There were minute dishes and dolls. Also the wee, reed chairs and tables told of the steadfastness of the Mexican band.

But let us speak of the people? There were not many customers; however no one seemed down hearted at this lack. Each salesman in his stall chattered amiably with his neighbor. Here sat a very, very old gentleman fast asleep with his pipe almost falling from his thin lips. A vivacious young lady flirted daringly with a handsome fellow who had a long red scarf tied around his waist. Most noticeable of all were the multitudes of children. Everywhere they darted about, black eyes fairly popping with mischief. Some were splendid examples of health, while others were thin and consumptive looking little things with sticks of legs ad arms. Occasionally one caught a glimpse of a red-head or a blond among the dark ones. None of them had had a bath in several weeks surely! As for the elders who stood in groups outside of the building, they were talking and gesticulating in a wild fashion. When the white stranger came near, those black, black eyes would flash sullenly, and a silence of evil intent would stop the chatter. It was very seldom, though, that a visitor was molested. His money was too precious.

MY MARTHA

By Jeannette Schellenbarger

Martha fell last night injuring her dignity, I fear. George has gone into mourning for her. He doesn't know she just fell from the wall, I can tell by the sadness of his smile that he thinks she is gone forever. It was not my fault that Martha left her usual place on the wall, but maybe you'll think it was.

It was the wind that did it. I heard the moaning outside my window. It seemed to me the night was begging admittance at my window. I love to let the wind into my room, to feel it ruffle my hair against the pillow as if it had hands that were at one time gentle and rough, to feel its coolness and to breathe its fragrance. Whether it whistles or wails, wind is like music to me. Yes, I love the wind. And for that reason I opened wide my window and crept into my bed. There was a breathless moment, and then the wind rushed into my room.

I heard the tapping sound of my mirror as it hit against the wall. I knew it was swaying dizzily. I heard the pictures leave their places, where they had been held with glued paper. The paper made a pleasing little noise as it tore. I heard the pages of a book flapping, and then the book close with a "bang". Some papers blew across the room to find refuge in a protected corner. I speculated idly on whether it was my Spanish paper or a letter I had forgotten to put away. Gently they lulled me to drowsiness. I fell asleep. Martha fell while I was sleeping.

I awakened happy because the wind was still shrieking and playing noisily about my room. I looked around at

the familiar pictures. Edward was there, smiling his joy at the night of lovely wind. The little girl and her cat looked at me as though indifferent as to whether I flooded my room with moonlight or wind. George looked unusually sad. I am used to the Father of Our Country looking careworn but I had never seen him so sad before. And then I understood. The wind had torn Martha from the wall, and George did not know I would put her back upon it.

I've heard that the night has a thousand and one eyes; but that is true only on moonlit nights. On windy nights there are a thousand and one hands snatching at everything in the way.

SPARROWS

By Kathryn Fox

Beneath a solitary bush
Sleek brown sparrows cuddled by
soft brown earth
Twitter amiably, like old ladies at
tea.
At my coming they flutter to a
branch.
I stop, become silent.
One cocks his head;
He knows I am not motionless for
long.
And then they fly—settle higher in
a tree.
Pretty freckled things!
More quietly I go on.

ARRIVAL

By Dorothy Du Quoin

The train pulled into the gloom of early morning, and with a chug and jolt spilled out its passengers. Then passengers consisted mostly of young girls, scrambling among luggage, calling and laughing, their breath floating outward in a silver stream, meeting with the cold morning. The small station was almost invisible with dark spots looming large into the greyness. A hill rose on one side, while an incline sloped on the other. Anything could have come bolting down that hill, or suddenly shot over the top of the incline. Shadows peeked from around corners. The river lay smooth and drab, with its mammoth black bridge stretching above. The distant whistle of the train thrust upon us the realization that we were completely alone. The screech and roar of departing taxis broke the silence, carrying us away from that oppressive spot. But going through the quiet, narrow streets of the town, the feeling of fear and anxiety remained. If there were only someone on the streets—some life besides our own! Something would surely occur to break this spell. Speeding around corners, passing intersections, we covered the ground. Finally the cab pulled up before the pretentious building and girls and baggage rolled out.

Nothing had happened.

MY REDUCING

By June Goethe

"If you could add a little here and take off a little there," I commented to my reflection in the full-length mirror, "you might wear a bathing suit and still concentrate on your swimming." For who can perfect her back-stroke while attempting to keep some extra avoirdupois submerged? It was comparatively simple, after a steak and potato dinner, to vow that I would live on vegetables and orange juice.

When I staunchly refused hot biscuits at breakfast the next morning, I marveled at my will power which, in spite of frequent lapses, had certainly performed nobly. At lunch, I chewed

on celery while the rest of the table devoured date pudding and asked if I felt well. Dinner was the big temptation. I wondered if the figure of Venus herself was half as important as mashed potatoes and gravy.

During the next two weeks, my mind and tongue had become so focused on a certain phrase that when asked even concerning the weather, I would automatically answer, "No thank you, I'm on a diet." My roommate began to study me closely as though observing the habits of a biological specimen. She also feasted mercilessly on the date-bars from home and rejoiced in their so outliving the last batch.

Many a time I speculated on just how many more bites the seven glut-tions at my table could force down. But they performed manfully and left me to contemplate on capacity and eat unbuttered bread.

It was the evening preceding the banquet that I once more donned my bathing suit for a second inventory. I scrutinized the too-familiar figure and, crossing my fingers, assured my reflection that it was growing so slender as to almost appear "skinny". This would never do. I breathed my first breath of relief (I had come near to forgetting its meaning).

When I assure you that even raw carrots would have excited me, you can picture my satisfaction at sitting down to chicken patties, vegetables, potatoes and gravy, coffee,—yes, and hot biscuits, nuts, and ice cream. A new optimism swept over me. The world was really bright again. Life was truly worth living for—if there was ample food for inducement. I firmly advocate a week's fasting for anyone who might wish to experience a genuine satisfaction at the sight of aven celery and tomato juice. It's worth it in spite of the disastrous result in regard to swimming. There are other sports anyway!

AN ALARM CLOCK

By Lenore Schierding

With a dominant note of authority off goes the alarm. A sleepy-eyed individual with a thunderous look of wrath upon his face emits a series of unfavorable epithets. The alarm momentarily ceases to regain its lost breath: there comes a slight snore from the occupant of the bed. "Big Ben" again begins its tirade of abuse. To get up and shut it off seems to be the only remedy.

An alarm clock is to me one of the "unpleasantries" of life. A loud, clattering, nerve-racking voice is sure to ruin my temper for the rest of the day, and is enough inducement for me to "get out of bed with the wrong foot." It is indeed an unpleasant interruption into my dream-filled sleep to be rudely awakened, not by an unpretentious call, but by an imperious command.

From the mechanical point of view an alarm clock is just a harmless piece of machinery, consisting of numerous wheels and springs encased in a round structure, on the same principle as that of a miniature hat-box for the new Easter hat. On the face of this so-called clock are written the first twelve numbers one learns in the kindergarten, and it is over these numbers that the small, narrow hands race in order to reach in the least possible time the moment for the ringing of the alarm.

It always satisfies my imagination to think that within that clock lives a very old, withered "grouch" whose chief diversion is taking the joy from life. He cunningly waits until one is peacefully sleeping, then whirls the hands of the clock to an hour early in the morning, and with a fiendish

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Faculty Recital

On Friday evening, February 17, Miss Eva Englehart and Miss Mary Cracraft will appear in a faculty recital of piano solos and readings. The appearance of both of these teachers is one of the welcomed occasions of the year, and we are anxiously looking forward to hearing them. The program follows:

Piano—	
Fantasia in C Minor.....	Bach
Sonata, Op. 10, No. 2.....	Beethoven
Allegro—Allegretto—Presto	
Miss Englehart	
Poetry Group—	
Ballads—Old and New	
King John and the Abbot.....	Selected
The Ballad of the Harp Weaver.....	
Edna St. Vincent Millay	
Unusual Verse Patterns	
Tarantella.....	Hilaire Belloc
The Fifteen Acres.....	James Stephens
Poems For Fun	
The King's Breakfast.....	A. A. Milne
Day Dreams.....	Dorothy Parker
Portraits	
Patterns.....	Amy Lowell
The Creation.....	James Weldon Johnson
Miss Cracraft	
Piano—	
Mother Goose Suite.....	Ravel
Sleeping Beauty in the Woods	
Beauty and the Beast	
Empress of the Pagodes	
Etude Tableau, Op. 33, No. 6.....	Rachmannioff
Prelude (from Suite Pour le Piano.....)	Debussy
Miss Englehart	
One Act Play—	
A Marriage Has Been Arranged.....	Alfred Satro
Miss Cracraft	
Musical Reading—	
Story—Oscar Wilde	
Music—Liza Lehmann	
Miss Cracraft and Miss Englehart	

Miss Parker Reviews

Noel Coward's "Cavalcade"

Miss Alice Parker of the English Department gave an intensely interesting review February 9, at 8 P. M. at the St. Charles Public Library. Her review was on "Cavalcade", a play by Noel Coward, the English playwright. The play is "a pageant of thirty London years" from the Boer War in 1899 through the World War to 1930, our own time. This play has been produced in motion pictures where it is even more successful than it has been on the stage. The film is booked to appear in St. Louis in the near future and it will be of special interest to see the picture after having heard the review.

Miss Parker with her distinguished and charming manner, made the review very enjoyable to all who attended.

Girls Seriously Discuss

Religious Problems at Y. W.

Margaret Hoover conducted a discussion of religious problems at Y. W. C. A., held in Sibley parlors, Wednesday evening, February 9. She dealt with the social and individual aspects of the subject, both of which are arousing much discussion and comment in the present day.

The social problem is whether or not it would be wise to unite the various religious divisions into one church and have this accepted by everyone.

The individual problem is whether prejudice, instilled in the hearts of many, against other beliefs than their own, should be tolerated.

Margaret handled the subject very interestingly, and her talk was enjoyed by everyone present.

Occupational Bulletin Board Interesting Women Studied

The Occupational Bulletin Board just outside Dr. Schaper's office has recently been changed. There is some very interesting material there that is really worth taking a few moments to read.

An extensive account about the life and work of the late Martha Van Rensselaer, who died May 26, heads the list. Her death was a loss not only to Cornell University, where she was employed at the time of her death, but to all the women of the United States. Her objective was to improve the home and working life of women and to better the care of children. Her work was not limited to Cornell, for she served as member of the executive staff of the United States Food Administration for the greater part of the war; was; home-making editor of "The Delineator"; and assistant director of the White House Conference and Child Health and Protection, 1929-1932.

An article of Managerial Positions is very interestingly written, in which is told that in a recent survey of San Francisco and the Bay Region, the positions involving managerial duties which women hold in food-serving institutions both commercial and non-commercial are of three types mainly: manager, dietitian or food director, and director of housekeeping. This field is promising, but as yet the need for trained women is not fully recognized and the work is still unstandardized.

The assertion that woman is successfully competing with man in nearly all phases of aviation is being considered as real truth, especially since Amelia Earhart established a new record in her latest exploit of flying the continent in nineteen hours without a single stop.

Engineering is fast becoming a popular field for women workers. Ranking high in the field is Dr. Lillian Gilbreth, the best known woman engineer in the world, having as her special field, industrial engineering. Quite an interesting article, entitled "Women Engineers" is posted. Mechanical Engineering is also gaining recognition in the eligible fields for women. There are few in the United States, but there is a good account of Margaret Ingels, who was the first woman to win recognition in engineering fields as an authority on air conditioning. She was the first woman to receive the degree of M. E. from the University of Kentucky.

There is a new Guidance Leaflet on "Chemistry and Chemical Engineering", and a picture of four interesting Norwegian Railway Women.

SPORTS

From the Physical Education department comes the news that the basketball tournament has only two more Mondays to finish the games, February 13 and 26. The last report shows a victory for the "T.N.T.'s." over the "Blue Streaks" with a score 17-9, the "Pirates" victorious over the "Blue Devils" with a 35-6 score, and the "Alley-Cats" have a 13 point score over the 8 point score of the "Bulldogs".

The new Life Saving Class has an enrollment of 30 students, some reviewing the work and others are in the class for the first season. The class will finish with the regular test later in the Spring. The students of the class as well as many of the other girls are looking forward to the demonstration that is given by the field representative of the Red Cross and Miss Marie Reichert. The students invite you to observe the class.

Good for Relaxation

Reviewer Enjoys Vachel Lindsay
By M. M.

If you are in a Don Quixote frame of mind try reading Vachel Lindsay's "A Handy Guide for Beggars". Even Vachel Lindsay feels this way about his little handbook, for he dedicates it "to all the children of Don Quixote who see giants where most folks see windmills", and he specially mentions the runaway boys and girls getting further from home every hour, the budding philosophers who realize that every creature is a beggar in the presence of the beneficent sun, and the heretics of whatever school to whom life is a rebellion with banners. His rules for the road include, 1—keeping away from the cities, 2—keeping away from the railroads, 3—having nothing to do with money and carrying no baggage, 4—asking for dinner about quarter after eleven, 5—asking for supper, lodging and breakfast about quarter of five, 6—traveling alone, 7—being neat, deliberate, chaste and civil; 8—preaching the Gospel of Beauty. Lindsay most amusingly describes his experiences while trying to live up to this code.

Lindsay, as you know, contributed something new to poetry with his sweeping rhythms, almost jazz effects. Since his work was somewhat out of the ordinary it was slow in taking hold its editors and publishers who argued that the public did not want that sort of verse. Lindsay, however, had great faith in his type of poetry and set out on a tramp afoot exchanging his verses for bread and proving that the public did like and want his verse.

In the short prose account "A Handy Guide for Beggars" Lindsay's experiences while on the road are told in a sprightly fashion that is amusing even when a touch of the cynical creeps in. As is to be expected from his lowly manner of travel tales deal with people belonging to the lower strata of society but with all its va-

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WHO'S WHO?

All good things come in small packages, so they say. It seems to be true in the case of this fair senior. Little and blond, with bright blue eyes that have a delightful habit of twinkling right out at one in a cheery and friendly way. There is no doubt of the fact that she has brains and possesses no little literary ability. A member of the Bark Staff and also of the Annual Staff. Humor editor! She won that place by her undying desire and ability for punning. Yes, she's funny; not peculiar but funny of the Ha-Ha type. Ask her Butlerite friends and they'll all give an excellent report as to her ability to keep them in rollicking laughter for hours on end.

She has a good deal of dramatic ability, too. One finds her playing the eccentric character parts in the big plays of the year. This year she was made a member of Alpha Psi Omega, a new and distinctive honor that asserts recognition of her dramatic accomplishments. In plays she manages to completely disguise herself so that one hardly recognizes her. But still we all know her there, just as we know her now from this bit of description.

She comes from Trenton, Mo., and though she has been here at Lindenwood only two years she has made a place and a name for herself on this campus. Have you guessed? She lives on Butler second. Answers to the name of "Little Moore". And now you know, of course.

Attractive New Books Found In Library

Recently the Library has gained a large number of new books. Among them are some new German books, French books, and Latin books. There are nineteen new biographies, including ones of George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, Roger Williams, John Milton, George Eliot, Thomas Carlyle, and Jane Austen.

Among the list of new fiction are: Bentley, "Inheritance"; Bridge, "Peking Picnic"; Burke, "The Flower of Life"; "The Sun in Splendour"; "The Wind and the Rain"; Cather, "Obscure Destinies"; Cokoe, "Stories of the old Dominion"; Deeping, "Smith"; Gabriel, "I, James Lewis"; Galsworthy, "The Awakening"; "To Let"; Garnett, "The Grasshoppers Came"; Glasgow, "The Sheltered Life"; Gibbs, "Undertow"; Heyward, "Peter Ashley"; Kaye-Smith, "Summer Holiday"; "The London Omnibus"; Melville, "Romances"; Page, "Wild Horses and Gold"; Priestly, "Faraway"; Sackville-West, "The Edwardians"; Walpole, "The Fortress". In this new group are some 130 new books. Lindenwood should feel justly proud of this addition to its splendid library.

B-a-r-k-s-!

Did you see the notice in the Bark about Spring had already turned the corner? Evidently the writer must have made a mistake—for Spring evidently turned the corner up a blind alley and beat a quick retreat—oh, well, why not have more winter—bigger and better winters is my motto—might as well, since you can't do anything about it you know.

I was asked to come into a room this morning to see a couple of parasites (pair of sights) and they really were!

If it gets much colder the faculty will have to tuck us in instead of just telling us how to regulate the windows.

Last week was a big week for the ask-collector at the library.

V. Sackville-West said that in writing poetry one just ran one's mind backward. When I start doing that I get back to the goody-woody vacations.

Did you hear about the purse-worser? Much worse now in time of depression.

Catherine Kuster certainly is enlightening upon the subject Miss Sackville-West's husband was broadcasting Tuesday night. You haven't heard? Why she said it was the radio.

Come over to Butler and play "tired elephant." Jeanette can show you or Martha is free all day Tuesday or Thursday—both are good "tired elephants."

I knew Pocohantas had a John Smith but I've just heard Isabell has me, too.

Embarrassing moments in the life of Annette Chapman—one was when she missed the chair in class the other day. Poooor Nettie

This paper was started a long time ago. It was run by a horse—whoa, Nellie, your paper is getting scandalous.

COLLEGE CALENDAR

Tuesday, February 14:
Alpha Mu Mu Tea, at 4:45.

Thursday, February 16:
Piano Recital in the auditorium at 11 o'clock.

Friday, February 17:
Faculty Recital in the auditorium at 8 o'clock.
Miss Lucille Cracraft, Oratory.
Miss Eva Englehart, Piano.

Sunday, February 19:
Pev. Mr. A. J. Gearheard, pastor of the Fifth Street Methodist Church, speaker at Vespers, at 6:30.

Sidelights of Society

**Four New Members
Into Pi Alpha Delta**

Pi Alpha Delta, the honorary Latin sorority, held its initiation of new members at a meeting, Monday night, February 6, at 6:30 o'clock, in the Library club room. Four new members entered the sorority: Nancy Montgomery, Marie Brink, Evelyn Wood, and Wilma Hoen. After the initiation ceremony refreshments, consisting of butterscotch pie and coffee, were served, and plans were discussed for future meetings.

Beta Pi Theta Meeting

Beta Pi Theta, national french fraternity, met in the club room Wednesday afternoon for its regular meeting. Virginia Keck, president of the organization, began the program by singing the chapter song. Following the song, Albertina Flach and Eleanor Kriekhaus reviewed the book "Wagner" by Guy de Pourtales, a French book taken from "The French Book of the Month Club" list. The roll was then called by the secretary, Mildred Reed, and the members answered with a French proverb. To conclude the program, Harriette Gannaway gave a book review of the novel, "Farinet" by C. F. Ramuz.

These books may be read by any one in school who applies to the club.

Miss Marjorie Wycoff, who was one of Lindenwood's popular Juniors of last year, was seen on the campus February 9.

International Relations Club Held Debate

The International Relations Club met in the college club rooms on Thursday, February 2, at 5 o'clock.

A debate was given by members of the Far East Class on the subject, "Is Japan Justified in Her Recent Actions in Manchuria". On the affirmative side were Isabelle Wood, Harriette Gannaway, and Theo Frances Hull. Jane Bagnell, Annette Chapman, and Melba Garrett comprised the negative side. No decision was given. It was a very interesting debate which lasted throughout the hour.

Mu Phi Epsilon held their first meeting of the year Thursday, February 2, in the College Club Room. This meeting was a business meeting and plans were made for a tea to be given on Valentine's Day.

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from one of Gertrude Stein's poems, and then said, "I couldn't read much of this without going mad". Sometimes, however, Miss West continued, in Joyce's works his words do suggest something, in spite of the fact

that they are sheer nonsense. For example, the words 'irk-day' and 'folly-day'. One can see what he is up to by using one's imagination. What he has said in the modern manner is simply this, 'Work day and holiday'. Work is usually irksome, therefore he used the adjective, 'irk' instead of 'work' and the same with 'folly' and 'holiday'.

The second angle of approach, that of method, is more important. If you have read modern authors, and one really should call them advanced or experimental authors, such as T. S. Eliot or Virginia Wolfe, you have noticed that you are expected to take leaps in your mind to fill in the gaps the authors have left. Mr. Eliot, for instance, has, as all of us have, certain ideas, experiences, and associations, on which he writes. These are his as a personal possession, and he alone has the key to them. Therefore it behooves him to make them clear to us. Your day-dreaming is intelligible to you alone. In order for others to understand it, you have to offer explanations and fill in the gaps. The process of writing poetry is not unlike daydreaming. The poet furnishes you with the key.

"The modern poet does not give the key, which is the main difference between the old and the new method of writing poetry. We get used to the different methods gradually. It is true that the vision of the artist is always in advance of the vision of the non-artist; and that the poetry we could not understand a few years ago is plainer to us now.

"This method of writing by suggestion is an attempt to get away from the realism that has swept the country so completely. The modern writer does not fill in every detail, any more than the modern painter fills in every eyebrow. I find this method much more exciting than was the old. There is a reason for this apparent selfishness on the part of modern authors that makes him scornful of whether his audience understands him or not. This reason is an exaggerated sense of the author's own privacy.

"One-hundred years ago, writers wrote for the cultured, because society at that time was divided into two sections: those who could read and those who could not. To-day an author doesn't know in the least for what class he is writing. His book is just as apt to be picked up from a Railroad News Stand as any place else. Indeed, writing is as public as broadcasting. This has driven the more sensitive writer to write only for the more acute reader and for his own enjoyment, which has brought about a profounder method of writing than mere effects of style.

"The matter in the modern spirit of literature is the real soul and spirit of it all. With the passing of the old Victorian passivity and certainty in the acceptance of life without asking any questions whatever, has come an age of disturbance. Mr. Darwin's theory of religion created doubt in many minds and got people in such a furor that now they don't know what to believe. These doubts, along with many others which have been growing rapidly all the time, received their final push with the war.

"It is my business to see how all this effects literature. An author may shut himself up in his study, but he can't draw himself entirely away from the world. The old theory that, 'God in his Heaven; all's right with the world', is true no longer. God may be in his Heaven, but all is not right with the world, and modern authors are not going to pretend that it is. The idea today, that a writer is not going to shirk any truth no matter how unpleasant, leads me to hope that a reaction will set in for the better".

The applause of the audience expressed better than words, the appre-

ciation and enjoyment of Miss Sackville-West's lecture. At the reception given for Lindenwood's distinguished guest in the club room after the lecture, the students were able to see her closer. Mrs. Roemer and Dr. Gipson stood in the receiving line with Miss Sackville-West. After meeting guests and students, the authoress very kindly autograph her books for her most ardent admirers. And the Dean was heard to say, "Miss West, your signature is so much more legible than most artists who have been to Lindenwood and signed our books".

Those who heard Miss Victoria Sackville-West will never forget her for her charming manner, fascinating personality and excellent address.

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riety and different aspects. One goes with Vachel Lindsay from Florida to North and South Carolina and up through Tennessee and Pennsylvania being introduced to the characteristics of the country as well as the characters.

Don't such chapter headings as "The Man With the Apple-green Eyes" and "The Gnome" entice one to reread what would inspire such a title? Besides, the stories are told in that half-rebellious, rollicking, spontaneous, amusing manner of Lindsay. After a hard days' work this "Handy Guide for Beggars" is recommended for reading.

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delight takes up his little iron hammer and begins striking the gong with the avidity of a starved person ringing a dinner bell.

Many unpleasant incidents of life have to be taken with a sense of humor, so why not try taking the matter of an alarm clock in the same manner? Perhaps relieving your tense feelings in regard to an alarm will have a soothing effect upon you for a few weeks. Try throwing the clock at some convenient object, but don't do that unless you have the money with which to buy a new one; otherwise, put it out of reach, for the temptation to throw is very hard to conquer. Try drowning it in a pitcher of water; this usually is effective unless you have a superior type such as mine; mine only yelled all the louder until it was rescued from its "watery grave."

Much has been said about "patience and forbearance in times of troubles," and I regard an alarm as a thing of trouble, but I have still to meet the person who can be patient and forbearing in regard to an alarm clock on a cold winter morning.

**Bright Prospects For 1933
Edition of Linden Leaves**

Mary Ethel Burke tells us that work on the Linden Leaves is progressing rapidly, and members of the staff are at present busily engaged in writing the copy. The pictures have all been made, except those of the queens. Miss Stookey is making up the athletic pages, which, from what we hear, are going to be unusually attractive this year, featuring scenes from the spring pageant and various other sports and dance pictures.

The business managers, Theo Frances Hull and Marietta Hansen, are exerting all of their persuasive powers in getting ads for the annual, while Gretchen Hunker and Betty Hart confine their efforts to finishing up the literary pages. Mary Ethel says that the new layout for organization of classes, adopted by the staff this year, will be very different from last year's plan. The division pages will be colored, as previously, but there will be no colored views.

Besides the pictures of last year's

clubs, sororities, and fraternities, this year's Linden Leaves will contain pictures of three new organizations, Tau Sigma, the dance sorority, the college Poetry Society, and Mu Phi Epsilon, the new honorary music fraternity.

There will be another annual sale soon, and Mary Ethel hopes that at that time, everyone will place her order for a Linden Leaves.

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THURSDAY

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FRIDAY NIGHT—SATURDAY MAT.

"THE ANIMAL KINGDOM"
with Ann Harding—Leslie Howard

SATURDAY NIGHT

"NO MORE ORCHIDS"
with Carole Lombard