

LINDEN BARK

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News from the Dean's Office

Six weeks exams are over now and the grades for the first semester division are to be in the office the first of this week.

Dr. Gipson wishes to call special attention to the new catalogue and view book which the college has recently put out. There are several new features in both of them that will be of interest to everyone.

The North Central Association of Secondary Schools and Colleges is to hold a meeting in Chicago in the near future. The subject of the discussion is to be current problems facing the schools and the Dean wishes to attend.

College Catalogue Presents Courses And Activities of Year

Announcements Made of Reduced Tuition Prices.

The Lindenwood College Bulletin, which is just off the press, has many unusual attractions for the coming year. It contains the annual catalogue of 1932 and 1933 and the announcements for 1933 and 1934. At first glance one is immediately attracted by its lovely old rose cover. The academic gray and brown covers that might frighten newcomers are discarded. A bright, cheerful cover that appeals to the feminine heart takes their place.

Not only does the cover attract but the book itself is changed. On delving through its pages the striking feature that one discovers is the substantial reduction of expenses. Other rates such as private instruction in music, art, and expression are lowered considerably. Many new items of interest which have never been mentioned before are included in the book. A few courses are changed.

"Russia in the Twentieth Century" is one of the new courses offered. There are also several classes adapted to the need of those who desire to teach.

The catalogue as a whole is very attractive, and will appeal to any girl interested in a college education.

New View-Book Out

The stately columns of Alumnae Gateway is the first picture one sees as one opens the new View-Book of the College for 1933-34. As one turns over the pages many familiar people and places greet the eye. The portraits of Dr. and Mrs. Roemer, Dr. Thomas, and Dr. Gipson are there, new and old views of the various dormitories and buildings on the campus follow. A glimpse into the library is seen. At the tables and the librarian's desk there are girls and much activity indicative of real work.

Pictures of the gym appear, decorated in its party clothes, plays, and even the May Fete with the crowning of the Queen as the culmination of

Missions In India

Miss Margaret Wobus at Y. W.—New Officers in Charge.

The Y. W. C. A. Services were held in the College Club Room, Wednesday evening, March 8. The new officers were in charge of the meeting and Miss Margaret Wobus, missionary from India, gave an account of the Evangelistic movement in that country. She has just returned to the States for a vacation for the first time since 1906. Her experiences are, in truth, a revelation of the native life and religion of India.

"The first movement toward establishing missions in India", she said, was in 1868. A German founded a mission 300 miles from Calcutta in the central provinces, but was not able to keep his post long and was forced to leave the country. He returned home but found no rest and was compelled to try and return to the suffering people. He started a society and sent out ministers to locate in new places. They were real messengers of God, for the journey was long, and their mission perilous. He, himself, went to Bombay and joined a society that was already well established. From there he was sent out into a virgin field—about 150 miles from Nacpou—where he obtained 1200 acres of rice land from the English government, and from that one station eight stations have since sprung up.

"Each station or mission controls the village and owns a chapel, boys' home, and dispensary. It was only where missionaries used to go that there were schools, but today England has scattered schools throughout the country.

"The missionary of today, despite the prospects of a higher civilization, can still do evangelistic work, for the main object is to teach religion, no matter how far out in the jungle, nor how dangerous the regions."

Senior activities. New pictures of the science laboratories, the typing room, the art and dramatics studios, the sewing room, the kitchen, the gym with a basketball game in full force, and girls on horse back give a definite insight into campus activities.

Most of the pictures are new, having been taken last fall. Here one may locate one's friends in all their prime and glory. Further on in the book are pictures of various Sophomore and Freshman classes on their day of distinction. There are peeps into the rooms of some of the dormitories. If one looks closely one might be able to discover just to whom the room belongs, by the picture of the favorite boy friend adorning the dresser. Pictures are there of the campus in the winter and in the summer seasons, when nature adorns it with all its beauty so that there is no doubting the fact that Lindenwood does have the loveliest campus any of us have ever seen. Wait till you get your View-Book, for it's really something worth waiting for.

Mrs. Thomas Speaks On Anarctic Explorations

Mrs. Sophie B. Thomas of St. Louis, who is very much interested in explorations, presented an address on Antarctic Explorations before the Lindenwood audience, Thursday, March 2.

"In all walks of life", she said, "brave men and women sacrifice everything for ambition and fame. And the explorer is the bravest among the brave, for he dares to discover lands, advance science, and benefit mankind. The explorers of the polar regions suffer more and are more enduring, for they spurn comforts and face cold and hunger to reach their goal.

"The Antarctic is a great continent of snow and ice. It is a desolate, uninhabited region of blizzards and snows, but it has a magnetic drawing power and fascination for explorers. The eighth wonder of the world is the Ross Ice Barrier. It is 450 miles in length, 400 miles wide and 180 feet high, and in the part near Australia little or no plant life exists.

"There have been three successful expeditions to the Antarctic. Each explorer used his own method of reaching it and overcoming the great difficulties of the trip. In 1910 Capt. Robert Scott, a brave and honorable gentleman, was confident he would reach his goal, the bottom of the world. He set out on his voyage with nineteen Manchurian ponies and thirty dogs and small water sleds, but terrible storms and hindrances kept him from planting the English flag on the Pole until the middle of January, 1913. He suffered untold agonies and hardship. Many explorers in the group were killed.

"The same year, Capt. Amundsen from Norway decided to discover the South Pole, so that he would have funds to discover the North Pole. He used different methods and had little difficulty in reaching his destination. He was cleverer and more experienced than Scott, he made preparations to the most minute details. He even had special food prepared for the dogs. In 1911 he was the first one to reach the pole and, knowing that Scott was on his way, left letters of welcome for him.

Sixteen years later, Richard Byrd conquered the South pole by air. He had three aeroplanes, while the dogs, sleds, and supplies were taken south on two ships. Besides establishing "Little America" he photographed and mapped this region, which was unusual in the way of exploring. The conditions of the land can now be clearly seen.

Annual To Appear Early in May

From the editor of the "Linden Leaves" comes the report that two thirds of the Annual is at the press and that the book will be out the first week in May. Some fine snapshots have been handed in for placement in the book. The entire college had the privilege of being represented in

Discovering Truth, Value of "The Driving Force"

Rev. Mr. John C. Inglis, speaker at vespers Sunday night, March 5, had for his theme "The Driving Force" in the present generation. This driving force that expresses itself in action is the element that makes this age one of the finest in which to live. "Heretofore", said Rev. Mr. Inglis, "Men were content with conditions as they were. Now there is a driving force in the human soul of man that sends him out to discover truths and values for himself. In the final analysis, all that America means and holds sacred is this driving force that is back of each of us.

"It is when this force comes against conflicting forces that complications arise. It is easy for a doctor to treat certain diseases when they occur one at a time, but when complications set in, then there is difficulty. And that is our life. Cross currents of many different forces arise, out of which we have to accept many which we do not want, in order to get the mood.

"Dr. Parkes Cadman in a recent radio address said, 'We cannot find international life without spiritual life.' This is very true, for there are two levels in human life today: the economic level, which is material, and the moral level, which is social. We must raise our moral level and lower our economic level in order that these two planes may come out more even.

"The first Egyptian tablets that were excavated were mere tablets of strange letters, but the driving force that makes us do so many things led on to labor many hours over these apparently incomprehensible letters until understanding finally came. Now with the key that the scholars worked out, the tablets may be read without difficulty.

"Wherein lies this driving force today? The answer may be found in the New Testament. For certainly there must be something that corresponds to a spiritual ideal. To be religious is to use all that you have in sharing with your fellowmen. The driving force that you find in the New Testament will be a help in all trouble and all despondency, for in this book is found the life of Jesus, Who dared to face life in all its grim realities. Get a concept of the Jesus of the New Testament, not of the Old Testament; He is not as the stained glass windows have represented Him, but is a Man of strength. Out of His teachings will come a true idea of what a spiritual and religious life should contain.

"When we see and know Jesus, we will have a place in His Kingdom, and there will be that strengthening of character that will cause us to share."

these informal snaps which are sometimes much more characteristic of the students than any formal settings. The quotations under the seniors pictures are quite characteristic and some are famous quotations applied to the upperclassmen of Lindenwood.

Linden Bark

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TUESDAY, MARCH 14, 1933

Linden Bark:

Slayer of winter, art thou here again?
O Welcome, thou that bring'st the summer nigh!
The bitter wind makes not thy victory vain,
Nor will we mock thee for thy faint blue sky.
Welcome, O March! Whose kindly days and dry
Make April ready for the throstle's song,
Thou first redresser of the winter's wrong!
—William Morris, "March".

Botanists on Campus in a Glee

With the coming of spring, the botany classes, under the supervision of Dr. Ennis, are gaining pleasure as well as knowledge in their frequent field trips. On sunny days, one will doubtlessly see groups of ambitious botanists examining the trees and shrubs on the campus for signs of buds. Occasionally, an over-enthusiastic Freshman can be heard screaming a discovery to the rest of the group, whom she has left behind. Notebooks and pens are anxiously brought out to record the discovery, and the class proceeds to other parts of the campus.

The roses, which, in the late spring, are spectacles of extreme loveliness are a source of undying interest to the students. These bushes were almost all given to the college by a former Lindenwood girl, who is now living in California. Very appropriately, she is called the Rose Lady.

Besides the joys obtained from watching the budding plants, the biologists find other interests in their trips. At this time of the year, the birds are coming back from the south to nest, and frequently the students disregard their study of plants for a few minutes to listen to the song of a robin. The spring air is also welcomed, and the botanists are envied by their less-fortunate class-mates, who must remain in class rooms while they spend a pleasant hour out-of-doors.

Self-Service Is The New Goal

The tendency of the modern world is to think, work, and accomplish things for ourselves. This is not an idle, unthinking hour in the modern generation. People have undergone bankruptcy, the loss of their homes and their livelihood, and have been turned into the streets. A few have jumped out of the window, but the majority have emerged from the wreckage with a better inner-sight into the great problems of the day than ever before. People are learning to economize, to purchase necessities, and to omit luxuries. But it took a depression to teach them the lesson.

Many of the wealthier people now realize that they can be as happy in a small apartment as they previously were on a great colonial estate. The world is learning that there is something higher in life than huge manors with winding drives, and that walking is better exercise than riding in expensive limousines.

Miss Sackville-West mentioned the closing of her large estate and stated that she was enjoying living in a smaller home. Castles, palaces, and manors have been closed in England, and America is learning also. In the South there are homes that are said to be mortgaged for four times their worth. Every day some home or estate gives up the ghost. Everyone is standing on his own feet and learning all the arts of self-service. Is it not a good thing to be dependent upon yourself?

The age of self-service is here. American people are developing a democratic spirit in regard to self-sacrifice. It would be sad indeed if we had accepted the depression in the light that a Chinese aristocratic lady did. She married a fellow Chinaman who was poor, but she discovered that soon after marriage she was going to be forced to do her own housework. Her long fingernails were the pride of her life as they designated to her countrymen that she was of the aristocratic class and she had never had to work. When she was forced to cut her finger-nails, it was more than her dignity could possibly endure. One day while her husband was away she committed suicide.

In this new age when someone complains about not having service, tell them to serve themselves. Keep apace with the tendency of the modern world to accomplish things for yourself.

Why Wear Green On "St. Pat's Day?"

March 17. Next Friday, St. Patrick's Day. Just what does the celebration of St. Patrick mean? Gather around, Lindenwoodites, and we'll tell you a story.

Many, many years ago over in the old country, Ireland, there lived a great man named St. Patrick. So great is the mass of legends connected with this man that some have been led to question his very existence. It is almost impossible to fix a date for his life. Whether he was born or died on March 17—whether he really lived or not—whether he who is credited with all these stories is one man or two, are questions with very doubtful answers. There is no other saint about whom so much uncertainty exists. It is supposed, however, that he was born about A. D. 386, a native of Tours in France and a nephew of St. Martin.

The story is, that when Patrick was sixteen years old he was carried away by pirates and taken to Northern Ireland to be sold as a slave. Eventually he became a noted Christian Evangelist to the heathen in Ireland and

Campus Diary

By A. R. D.

Monday, March 6, 1933—Rain, rain, rain! What a beginning for a week of hard work. Mr. Motley apparently felt no ill effects from his Inaugural Day Celebration, for he was on the job as usual today. That was really the crowning event of the year, when he came driving the white mule on the campus early Saturday morning, to the strains of "Happy Days Are Here Again", and my, how gracious he was in posing for snap-shots. This has indeed been an exciting week-end, for after going to the city and spending all my money, it wasn't a very comfortable feeling to come home and find that all the banks have gone on a "Spring Vacation" for about a week. Here I am stranded on about seventy cents. Oh well, life's like that.

Tuesday, March 7, 1933—The new viewbooks and catalogues are out. Hurrah, the tuition is lowered! What a break, for those planning to come back next year, as "Ole Man Depression" has treated us all pretty dirty. Some of the Seniors are considering taking a post graduate course, I hear, in order to take advantage of the reduced rates. Spring vacation seems to be uppermost in every one's mind. Some Freshmen even have the number of hours and minutes counted (from lack of something to do). No mail and another rainy day are not very conducive to an already disagreeable mood.

Wednesday, March 8, 1933—Everybody is really "up in the air" now. Today Dr. Roemer announced in chapel that there is a possibility of abolishing Spring Vacation this year and getting out of school four or five days earlier in June. And what a ball that started rolling! If you chance to hear a very heated argument, no doubt it is an upper classman trying to convince a Freshman that she can wait until June to see her parents and best boy friend. At my table, there is one little girl who thinks it will be almost impossible. That's all right, Velda, bear up. Walter Hampden is the main attraction in St. Louis right now, and many L. C. students and faculty members were lucky enough to get to see him.

Thursday, March 9, 1933—What a gorgeous March day! Just try a walk to town, girls. It does wonders and helps drive the blues away. This afternoon I was walking to town with the little girl that has already been described in the "Bark" as being so "innocent looking", and she was telling me of a remark that one of her classmates had very absently made in class today. The story had almost reached a perfect ending when my little walking companion out of a perfectly clear sky said, "Wouldn't you think she would have caught'n on?" This was almost

rose to the rank of bishop.

He is accredited with having founded 365 churches, with a school to each church. He organized at least one archiepiscopal see; consecrated two or more bishops; established one or two colleges; and in general civilized the people.

The most popular legend of all about him and his marvels was that he chased all the snakes and similar vermin from Ireland.

Like the Salvation Army of today, legend says he always had a drummer boy go before him or pounded his own drum to attract attention. He told his followers that he was going to the high hill to preach and would drive all of the snakes from the country. He beat so energetically upon the drum that he broke its head. The Irish were ready to scoff, especially, when one large fat snake slithered down the path with eyes distended satirically at St. Patrick. However their laughs soon ceased when a miracle occurred—an angel appeared, mended the drum, and suddenly the snakes all disappeared as if by magic. The Drum-Drummer of Ireland instead of the Pied Piper of Hamelin!

The symbol of the wearin' of the green for St. Patrick is the Shamrock, a plant bearing three leaves upon one stem as a symbol of the great mystery of the Trinity.

Since St. Patrick is the patron saint of Ireland, all Irishmen celebrate this day, March 17, wherever they may be, with parades, dances and parties. All you good Irish, don't forget to wear your best green gown March 17.

too much, since she is a student of English Lit. and Contemporary Lit. Lindenwood's Pavlova (Harriette Anne Gray) was awarded the A. A. cup which was awarded each year to the Phys. Ed. major ranking the highest scholastically in that department. And she has already found good use for the cup. Just ask her.

Friday, March 10, 1933—No excitement especially today, but oh, tonight! I shall never forget it. About 9:30 tonight, when everyone was the busiest, there was heard on third floor Sibley the most bloodcurdling screams which caused every one to come running out of her room ready for most anything, only to find that one Junior had a mouse in her room, and she was more afraid of the mouse-trap than of the mouse itself. Never mind, Carlson, mouse-traps are dangerous weapons—be sure you don't get caught.

Saturday, March 11, 1933—A trip to St. Charles is all I can afford this Saturday, and I'm afraid that trip will have to be confined to visiting the ten cent store. The stores can always be depended upon to have something new and attractive, and this time it is white pigskin gloves. How I wish my birthday hadn't just passed. And another shop has some darling blouses that would be just the thing to wear with my white skirt on hot days. But I must hush talking of new summer clothes when the banks are being so "impudent" to us. Who knows, I may have to resort to the South Sea Islands for the summer if the depression continues.

B-a-r-k-s-!

Nowadays even the cotton in all wool suit has a sheepish look.

Have you heard the new bandage song? "Begauxe I love you". And the osteopath song "I Rub You Truly."

We had a discussion as to what to call Danzig, the city under international rule. We finally decided on Danzig, League of Nations.

Also, "I'm Danzig With Tears in My Eyes."

Wouldn't it be fun to give a modern version of *Othello* and have pink kleenex floating around for the handkerchief?

Did you hear the story about Ben-Hur, son of Ben-She and Ben-Himself?

Another tongue twister is to say Wheat Fields—it easily comes out as Feet Wheels.

One man claims all men are brothers under the skin. If that is true, all women must be sisters, under the powder.

"Happy Days Are Here Again"

Mr. Motley proved himself a man of his word and a good sport on Saturday morning, March 4, when he drove the white mule around the campus. True to his promise that if the Democrats won the national election he would ride the mule, on Inauguration morning he carried out this promise. His entourage included one white mule, one spring wagon, one trumpeter, and one helper.

Just after breakfast the tune of "Happy Days Are Here Again" was heard floating up from the direction of Eastlick gates, and what an amusing sight greeted everyone who ran out to see the attraction! Along came Mr. Motley, puffing at his Sherlock Holmes pipe, driving a white mule, and doffing his hat to the spectators, who gave him a large ovation. His trumpeter, Clarence Wessler, made himself quite red in the face playing the theme song of the delegates to the Democratic National Convention at Chicago. Mr. Wessler is known at Lindenwood through the St. Charles Foot-Warmers who play for its dances. Every so often Mr. Motley had to halt for some girl to take his picture. The Prince of Wales had better look to his laurels as the world's most photographed man.

After Mr. Motley rode around the grounds twice and saw that the mule was going to behave, he came around a last time on the mule's back. It seems that this little twenty-year-old animal has a habit of running away, and young Herbert Horstmeier rode on the back of the wagon so that if the mule should become fractious he could jump off and grab his head.

Mr. Motley also drove downtown with his party. As he passed by the police station he made a U-turn, at the same time shaking his fist at the officers of the law. This was too much for the chief of police, and his henchmen, after receiving orders, placed Mr. Motley on the radiator of the police car, Clarence Wessler inside, and brought them back to Lindenwood.

His reverence for the administration of government and his optimism as to the future Mr. Motley expresses in the eflag-draped picture of President Roosevelt which hangs in his office. If more people had his faith in the future, conditions could not help booming.

SPORTS

Honor Trophies To Four Athletes

On Wednesday, March 8, the Lindenwood Athletic Association held an assembly to award the trophies of the department for the semester.

Harriette Anne Gray was given a loving cup, awarded for having the highest scholastic average for those majoring in physical education. Dorothy Hope Miller was second, Edna Buenger third, and Helen Lightholder, fourth.

"This year the T. N. T. basketball squad" as Peg Blough said, "seemed to have exploded". Peg awarded to this team a loving cup for being the all school champions. Helen Lightholder, the captain of the team, received the cup.

The annual Thanksgiving Hockey game was held a little early this year, but nevertheless the competition was great. The cup was awarded to Helen Everett, captain of the Sophomore-Senior team.

This year, as means of stimulating the sale of the musical comedy tickets, a prize was offered. Geraldine Robertson was given a small token in appreciation of the large number of tickets she sold.

Early St. Charles And the Southwest

By J. McC.

"Recollections Of The Last Ten Years" by Timothy Flint, Alfred A. Knopp, New York, 1932.

"Recollections Of The Last Ten Years" presents to those students of American history and literature interesting as well as authentic material on the early Middle-West. The "Last Ten Years" refers to the years 1815-1825 which saw the author Timothy Flint making trips on the Ohio from Pittsburgh to its junction with the Mississippi to St. Louis and down to the Gulf. Flint, a Presbyterian clergyman is an interesting character in himself, satiric and sarcastic but always optimistic even in the severest of conditions. His "Recollections" are in the form of letters written to a cousin living in the East who had inspired him to write them, even those when he was physically ill.

His eastern material begins from the time he left Massachusetts to journey through the Middle-West. He describes the country around Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, and Lexington, before coming out into the Mississippi valley. Of interest to students is his description of St. Charles when there was a thought in the minds of the founders of Lindenwood that there might someday be a college here. Flint saw savage Indian tribes, woods, prairie and the muddy water of the Mississippi uncrossed by steel bridges. He says, "I cultivated a small farm on the beautiful prairie below St. Charles, called 'Point Prairie'.

"The English, when they sneer at our country, speak of it as sterile in moral interest. It has, say they, no monuments, no ruins, none of the massive remains of former ages; no castles, no mouldering abbeys, no baronial towers and dungeons, nothing to connect the imagination and the heart with the past, no recollections of former ages, to associate the past with the future. I have been attempting sketches of the largest and most fertile valley in the world.....The rivers of Europe are rivulets in comparison to the Mississippi." And so he compared the lakes, the forests, the prairies. "We have prairies.....There we see the sun rising over the boundless plain, where the blue of the heavens in all directions touches and mingles with the verdure of the flowers. It is to me a view for

more glorious than that on which the sun rises over a barren and angry waste of sea. The one is soft, cheerful, associated with life, and requires an easier effort of the imagination to travel beyond the eye. The other is grand, but dreary, desolate and always ready to destroy." Flint indicates the evidence we have that a previous culture existed here, that of the Indians. He writes as a true patriot thrilling the hearts of all Mid-Westerners. His entire book is as full of beautiful description as the preceding view of the prairie. The reader will enjoy his Indians, negroes and pioneers.

To read the "Recollections" is to appreciate the heroism of the pioneers in carrying culture into a land which had little need of it: to love the man behind it and to enjoy oneself.

INTEREST AWAKENED

By Carlene Hoyt

Le Roy was a boy's name, but it fitted her perfectly. She was fifteen, and to-day, for the first time in her life she had listened to the flattering story of a mirror. It all came about accidentally. She was running across the room, when suddenly she slipped on a rug and unexpectedly fell against the long mirror of the closet door. Instinctively she grabbed the knob for support, and came face to face with herself in a glass made misty by the short gasps of breath which she could not control. She was in a hurry—and yet this mirror fascinated her. It whispered to her that dark blue eyes expressed hidden emotions, and that thick eye-brows with little points were bewitchingly elf-like. And perhaps, after all, that heavy brown hair pushed carelessly back from a high forehead was charming in its disarray. The glistening red lips—especially the full lower one—pouted for kisses.

Le Roy, as if a little hypnotized by this sudden realization, loosened her fingers from around the knob. Slowly, with eyes half-closed, she drew nearer to her reflection and kissed her trembling parted lips in the cool, blurred surface of the glass.

In bewilderment she asked this new Le Roy why she felt no shame. She was actually happy, although a little surprised that she had not realized her good points sooner. Neither parents nor classmates had told her that she was pretty—her parents, because they did not want her to become vain, and the classmates, because they knew she did not care for flattery. Surely that was it. The new boy in her English class, Bill Halworth, from a military school, had smiled at her when she recited the memory work—"Friends, Romans, countrymen—." She had thought nothing of it yesterday, but now she understood. Tomorrow she would smile at him tragically, and with heavy eye-lids pretend to hide coquettish eyes. What fun this would be, besides being excellent practice for her future career! She had just decided to become a famous actress.

The next morning Le Roy's mother was greatly surprised when she had to call her daughter only twice. Usually she murmured "Le Roy" softly once, and then screamed "Leee Rooy!" at least four times before her sleepy child would condescend to stir even slightly.

Le Roy hid her sweater and skirt in her dresser, for she had made up her mind to wear her silk polka dot dress. She kicked her school oxfords under the bed, then smiled slyly at herself in the mirror before opening the door and reaching up on the top closet shelf for the box which held the shiny new high-heeled pumps—her first pair. At last she was dressed. Her parents were downstairs

eating breakfast, so Le Roy slipped into her mother's room. She applied a generous amount of lipstick, powder, and rouge to her face; turned her long eyelashes up with a little vaseline, and actually bathed her ears with "Miracle Pefum". Then she noticed a pair of crystal beads and ear rings. When these were on, she felt quite satisfied with her appearance. By this time the door bell was ringing. With a hasty good-bye to her parents, she grabbed her coat and ran down the stairs.

Mariane, one of her classmates, was at the door. Le Roy always walked to school with her, but once there, promptly forgot her—because you know, Mariane was too femininely fluffy. But to-day Le Roy smiled a bit enigmatically.

Mariane spoke first. "You don't think we're going to be late, do you?" Le Roy answered with a flippant "Who cares?"

They had not walked very far when Mariane brought up the subject of "that new boy from military school."

"Oh, you mean Bill Halworth," answered Le Roy. And in even sweeter tones, "He asked to take me home in his car after school." Le Roy did not think this such a bad lie. Of course he had not as yet, but he would before the day was over. There was no doubt in her mind about this.

"Le Roy, why didn't you tell me? I didn't think you even cared about going with boys." Mariane admired her friend, although she was a little jealous too. "But how long have you known him?" She could not resist asking that.

"Really, Mariane, what difference does that make?"

Finally they reached the school. Before long the hour hand pointed to eleven and Le Roy was sitting in Miss Whitcher's English class. Bill was smiling at her and she was happy. Then she noticed he was writing a note. Her heart beat madly, but she raised her eyebrows slightly as if bored. Bill handed something to Julia. Then it passed in turn to John and Mariane before the note reached Le Roy. She was angry at herself for the slow blush that was covering her face. She opened the note and read—

"Ma Chere,

Pourquoi vous ne dinniez pas avec moi? Bill"

It was terrible French, but even if it had been good, she could not have understood it. She admired his intelligence and smiled in his general direction. Then she lifted her shoulders and raising her eye brows in a slightly sophisticated manner, deliberately smiled at Jack.

After class Bill met her at the door. "Well, Le Roy, can't you make up your mind to have lunch with me?"

"Why, yes—Bill".

They walked across the street to the drug store and were soon seated in one of the small booths. After their order was taken, Bill leaned confidentially toward Le Roy.

"You know", he said, "all the boys told me that you were a keen fellow—easy to know, and none of that silly flirting business, so I thought I'd ask you a serious question. I know you don't care a darn thing about dances—but I'll just have to bring that up.

"Oh yes," breathed Le Roy ecstatically, "what dance?"

"Well", he answered, "it's given by the military school I used to go to. I asked Mariane, but she won't go unless you go, too. I know a fellow who will take you."

Le Roy gasped.

"I realize how you hate dances", the boy continued, "but be a pal and go. You can see how I like Mariane".

The girl felt stifled and defeated, but she would explain to Mariane some way. "Yes, I'll go", she said.

COLLEGE CALENDAR

Thursday, March 16:

11 A. M.—Oratory Recital.

Friday, March 17:

8 P. M.—Orchestra Recital.

Sunday, March 19:

6:30 P. M.—Rev. A. J. Gearheard.

Sidelights of Society

English Fraternity Gives Tea.

Sigma Tau Delta, honorary English fraternity, held its annual tea for the members of the Freshman and Sophomore classes with high standing in English subjects Thursday, March 2, at 5 o'clock in the Club room. Dean Gipson, Miss Dawson, and Miss Parker were the faculty members who attended. In the receiving line were Miss Parker and the officers of the fraternity, Ella McAdaw, Betty Hart, Mary Cowan, and Marietta Hansen.

After the guests had assembled, delicious sandwiches, dainty cookies, nuts, mints and tea were served by the members of the fraternity. Ella McAdaw read the requirements for membership in the organization and welcomed everyone present to work toward admittance. Elizabeth Combs announced the Freshman Medal Contest, which is sponsored by Sigma Tau Delta, for the best theme written by a Freshman. Sarah Louise Greer closed the meeting by reading some delightful poems, the work of Padraic Colum, the Irish poet.

Delta Phi Delta Initiation

Dr. and Mrs. Roemer, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, and Miss Manning were the guests at the Delta Phi Delta initiation meeting and bridge party February 28 which was held in the Club Rooms from 5 until 7:30 o'clock. The following girls were initiated into the sorority: Dolores Fisher, Kathryn Eggen, Edith Knotts, Allie Mae Bornman, Martha Zak and Betty Patton. The initiation was followed by supper and then bridge.

Dean Gipson went in to St. Louis Sunday to have a short visit with a brother, Mr. J. H. Gipson. Mr. Gipson, the head of the Caxton Publishing House, came through St. Louis on his return from New York and Washington. Attendance at the Inauguration and a conference with Senator Borah were two of the interesting bits of news he had concerning his trip. Dr. Gipson also saw her other brother, Mr. L. H. Gipson, who is connected with Lehigh University.

Students Hear Walter Hampden

Several Lindenwoodites had the honor and pleasure of hearing and seeing Walter Hampden in his performances of "Hamlet" and "Capon-sacchi" in St. Louis last week. Mr. Hampden presents more of the text of Hamlet than is usually given. He does this so that the action may be fully coherent. His performance of Hamlet is the one that is supposed to have gained him fame and leadership on the American stage. "Capon-sacchi", a play of a very different nature and style, won the praise and applause of all. It is taken from the story of Browning's "Ring and the Book". The hero Caponsacchi moves through the story of a pure, ardent love that leads to tragedy. All of the girls who were present report a very enjoyable evening or afternoon. There are even some who in these days of panic managed to scrape together enough to see both performances. Quoting the Dean one may say of them that they "enjoyed a real dose of drama". Some of those who attended were Betty Hart, Mariette Hansen, Virginia Keck, Betty Fair, Francille Clark, Helen Furst, Margaret Hoover, Arametha McFadden,

Helen Bloodworth, Nancy Watson, Shirley Haas, Sarah Louise Greer, Isabel Wood, Lillian Nitcher, Annette Chapman, Maurine McClure, Lois Gene Sheetz, Carlene Holt, Anna-Marie Balsiger, Lois Burch, Wilma Hoen, Margaret Blough, Ruth Adams, Marie Blaske, Jacqueline McCullough and Gretchen Hunker.

Music Societies Initiate

A joint meeting of Mu Phi Epsilon and Alpha Mu Mu was held on Tuesday, March 5, in the College Club Room. Allie Mae Bornman, Blanche Onda Hestwood, and Kathryn Eggen were initiated into Alpha Mu Mu. The girls pledged for this national honorary music society were Virginia Krome, Martha Zak, and June Goethe. Activities for the semester were discussed.

Mary K. Dewey and Alice Kube spent the week-end in Cairo, Ill.

Emily Runnenburger spent the week-end in St. Louis.

Harriette Gannaway was visited by her parents, who spent the week-end with her.

Janet Winnet was a guest of Rosamond Penwell at her home in Pana, Ill., last week-end.

Jane and Marion Tobin spent a most enjoyable week-end with their family in Springfield, Ill.

Lucille Morley had Louise Paine, Nancy Montgomery, and Betty Aylward as her house-guests in St. Louis last week-end.

WINDY LINDY

Question and Answer Column

Dear Windy:

I have noticed that some of the closets in the students' rooms are always so full of dirt. I cannot account for this, and even though they are swept out on one Saturday, by the next the dirt has accumulated in great quantities. Could you give me some help in solving my problem?

A Dutiful House Mother

Dear House Mother:

Has it occurred to you that the students are probably sweeping the dirt from their room into the closet all through the week. The best solution would be to present each student with a dustpan and show them where the ashcan is kept.

Dear Windy:

So many people consider Friday to be a day of ill luck. I have never put any faith in this superstition, but would like to know in what this queer idea has its origin?

Unsuperstitious Ann

Dear Unsuperstitious Ann:

Good for you! Any one who doesn't believe in all these silly traditions and superstitions is to be complimented on their common sense. The superstition which attributes ill luck to this day of the week may have been originated among the Norsemen. With them Friday was sacred to the goddess, Freya, the northern Venus, after whom it was named. Anyone who undertook a journey or devoted himself to business projects on this day was looked upon as dishonoring her, and she was known to avenge herself by overwhelming him with misfortune. Among Christians, this irrational fear of Friday as a day of ill omen is no doubt associated with the death of Christ.

Dear Windy:

Just another argument between two college Freshman brought this letter to you, Windy. I think my friend must have her Zoology and Botany mixed

up, because she insists that there is an umbrella bird, and I am sure she is thinking of an umbrella tree. However she says that you will be able to convince me that she is not dumb enough to mix up birds and trees.

U. Tellus.

Dear U. Tellus:

Your friend is not so dumb at all Miss Tellus, because there is most certainly an umbrella bird which lives in South America. It is about the size of a crow with glossy black plumage. The umbrella bird is so named because of its large umbrella-like crest which droops forward so as nearly to conceal the bill.

Dear Windy:

Another victim of the depression must come to you for help, Windy. I have several hats from last spring which are quite good yet but somewhat out of style. One, a tan felt, is shaped something like the popular sailor but still doesn't look right; Another, a dark blue, which matches my suit, has the tricorn effect. My tan shoes are also rather scuffed up. Have you any suggestions for a poor student like me with last year's wardrobe to make over?

Miss Seamstress

Dear Miss Seamstress:

Probably the sailor-shaped tan hat could be easily enough made more stylish looking by cutting down the crown to give a more flat appearance and with a new band of twisted colored yarn, would look quite new. The tricorns have certainly been rushed and faded out quickly, but don't you think with the small crown, the piece making the tricorn could be cut down and arranged as a tiny brim around the hat, and with a touch of red ribbon would be very stunning. Why not have your tan shoes done over in dark blue and wear them with your outfit? Now get to work, Miss Seamstress. Er,—do I get a commission?

LINDENWOOD CURIOSITIES

By Ruth Cooper

On the slope of the hill across the campus creek is a curious barn. No one is ever near it, nor can anything be seen inside it. Sitting at one side of a big field, this building is a good city's block distance from any other. With its open door, and hangar-like structure, it gives a very temporary appearance; yet it has been there at least two years. Maybe someone knowing more about a farm could point out the usefulness of this empty barn. But to me it is still an unexplained curiosity.

Some of the radiators in Sibley are real curiosities. Of some period years ago, they are constructed of pipes, held together by slabs (the only truly descriptive name) across top and bottom. My radiator is four pipes wide and sixteen long; I've counted them often. The stubby legs hold up the bottom slab just high enough to allow shoes to sit underneath, and warm themselves on zero mornings. Although perforated, the flat top makes a fine drying shelf for a washing. At other times it is handy as a picture rack. The two gadgets with which to regulate the steam entrance offer a complication much more interesting than an ordinary radiator. Altogether, the virtues of this curiosity are not to be overlooked.

I would like to write a story sometime on the "Tragedy of the Hidden Chandelier". The sad tale would concern the chandelier on the ceiling of the auditorium stage. Evidently it was there before the curtain and other lights. But now the curtain hides it from the audience, and it is never used for lighting purposes. To be sure, it matches the chandeliers of the rest of the auditorium, and is a

very good-looking one, but it seems almost deserted.

Forbidden doors appeal to everybody, I guess. The doors to the library basement vault hold a special interest for me. Beyond those gray barred doors there may be nothing at all, but I like to imagine a great vault with bonds and money galore, stored in many safety boxes. Sometimes the sound of a typewriter seems to come from inside that room, making it all the more mysterious. But rather than learn an unromantic actuality, I think of that door as another mysterious curiosity.

Jean struts across our lovely campus, swinging her long arms rhythmically, and crooning inharmonious snatches of a weird song. The sudden sniggering of two girls behind her rises unexpectedly, making a quick blush come to her cheeks.

—Elenora Linck

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