

LINDEN BARK

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Spring Vacation Date Announced

Dr. Roemer announced in Chapel, March 13, that the Spring vacation will be given this year, as previously, but it will be changed from the catalogue date. It will begin April 13 and continue over Easter. This announcement was joyfully received, and it is with extreme pleasure that the spring vacation is anticipated.

Spring Play Is Ready

Farce Full of Fun To Be Presented by Dramatics Department.

The dramatics department is always presenting something very interesting in the way of entertainment. This coming Friday night marks another achievement for the year—"Tons of Money" to be presented as the Spring play.

It is a farce in three acts. The title of the play would naturally indicate that it might well fit in with the season of the year and so be even more effective. It centers around the life of Aubrey and Louise Allington, who are of an old English aristocratic family once wealthy but now suffering from the "depression." So we find them in a huge English home with lots of hills, lots of servants, and no money. If Aubrey were to die, the estate would be inherited by a young cousin in Mexico. So it is planned that Aubrey should die and reappear as the cousin. Now if you want to see how the death is planned and executed, don't miss the play.

After he dies he has his reincarnation and suddenly appears as the cousin from Mexico. Another person gets the idea of masquerading as the cousin and so we have two George Maitlands'. Not only two, but three, for the real George appears on the scene. Complications galore and ludicrous situations evolve. From here on the action becomes more and more complex and one wonders just how it is all going to end. How it does end is with Aubrey under the piano, not a very dignified position or place, but it seems to be the only refuge from his wife's ideas.

The play should be one of the best of the year. Everyone is invited to attend and give the girls the cooperation that they have given in their practices for the big performance.

"Come Trip The Light Fantastic"

Harriette Anne Gray, the head of Dancing, has posted on the Physical Education Bulletin Board the names of the girls who received points for membership in the Athletic Association by passing the Dancing Test. The names are as following: Mary Comstock, Virginia Ellis, Mary Helen Gray, Lois Elaine White, Anita Davy, Helen Lightholder, Dorothy DuQuoin, Nelda Mae Party, Guinivere Wood, Miriam Green, Marguerite Echlemer, Ella Margaret Williams, Betty Morgan, and Camilla McFadden.

Banking Problems Explained

Dr. Schaper Talks to Students Who Vote.

The League of Women Voters at its meeting last Tuesday heard Dr. Schaper give a very enlightening lecture on the present financial condition of the country. Dr. Schaper included in her talk the history of our present banking system and its implications in the light of recent developments.

Dr. Schaper said, "We must take a tentative attitude, for the magnitude of the problem is so great and the chances for change so probable, that it is difficult to make any definite statements. To understand the present financial problem, we must make a pre-historic study of two aspects, first, a survey of our banking system, and second, our economic phenomenon or business cycle.

"Our banking system began in 1791, at which time the first concerted effort was made to establish a bank, under the leadership of Alexander Hamilton. Since that time banking has divided itself into four distinct periods. First, the period of centralization, 1791 to 1836; second, the period of State banks, 1836 until after the Civil War; third, the period of the Federal Reserve System, from its establishment in 1913 until 1932; fourth, the period in which we now find ourselves, that begins in 1932 with reconstruction taking place.

"The second aspect is the phenomenon of the Business Cycle which consists of the eddying and flowing of prices. The Business Cycle is characterized by four stages, namely, depression, crisis, prosperity, and crisis. We have been in the depression stage and have just entered the crisis that comes just before an upward turn. There have been 30 or 35 business cycles in the history of our country,—a surprisingly large number. In England the cycles are of a much longer duration than in America.

"The causes of our present financial condition may be classified as remote and immediate. The remote causes are, first, the presence of fear, fear that prices will continue to descend in value, which is always characteristic of a crisis; second, fear of our economic order; and third, the problem of settling the tariffs of the nations of the world. The immediate causes are, first, the fear that was stimulated by the behavior of the National City Bank of New York City and other such examples by banks all over the country; second, the change of administrations; third, the unfortunate workings of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation; and fourth, hoarding.

"On the heels of hoarding, over half the states, 25 in number, had declared a Bank Holiday. March the sixth the President declared a national holiday to protect the Federal Reserve Banks. To become a member of the Federal Reserve System a bank must subscribe 6% of its

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Rev. W. L. McColgan Speaker of Vespers

Book of Jonah Interpreted

Rev. W. L. McColgan, speaker at vespers service Sunday evening, March 12, interpreted the book of Jonah. He believes the book has suffered unintentional violence by its defenders. The reason for argument is the improbability that a fish could swallow a man. "To me the fish is only a symbol of the part background plays to help in the moral trend", said Rev. Mr. McColgan. "The individual may interpret the story literally or figuratively. Christ often spoke in parables, and whether this is a parable or not, is not certain, but the message of the book is still there. William Jennings Bryan and Clarence Darrow had an argument over the book of Jonah and the splendid Mr. Bryan missed the point of the story.

"To me the message of the book", continued Mr. McColgan, "is that it is a difficult thing to disobey God. Jonah was bidden by God to go to the city of Nineveh and warn the citizens of their wickedness. Instead, Jonah went in a ship in the opposite direction.

"The theme of the book of Jonah is shown in the lives of many people. Lord Byron experienced all the pleasures of life but he lived in violation to God. In the sunset of his life he knew great romance. He had sown seeds of youthful folly but reaped the harvest in the winter. Consider the story of David. He was a man after God's own heart. He fell into sin and he never ceased grieving over this violation of God's will. Judas was a man of great possibilities, yet his life was blasted because of his ways. Theodore Dreiser has had much publicity. He does not know a sacred life thought. He has persuaded himself that there is no God.

"Jonah, also, came to grief when he disobeyed God." From the interior of the great fish he cried out to God, and he was forgiven for his sin. There were the children of Israel who were always seeking false gods but who came back to the real God. We are told in the story of Augustine that he was a careless sinful man, but later he received God and became a righteous man. John Henry Newton sailed seven seas, and by the grace of God he wrote many fine hymns. Oscar Wilde was cast into prison for his evil doings and later he knelt before the throne of God and found the light of life through Him."

"God justly forgives our sins. The spiritual message of Jonah is that the wages of sin are horrid. Stanley Jones, in speaking of his worldly travels has said that every nationality has an image of God in its own racial color. But the effectiveness of God is not limited by racial color. When we shall stand before God, the redeemed will come from all directions of the earth."

In conclusion, Mr. McColgan said:

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Anna Marie Balsiger in Graduate Recital

Senior Presents Zangwill's 'Melting Pot'.

Anna-Marie Balsiger gave as her graduation oratory recital March 13, "The Melting Pot" by Israel Zangwill, involving a cast of eight characters five of whom were "dialect characters."

Anna-Marie wore a beautiful white lace evening dress with a soft rose colored belt and bouquet of rose colored flowers in the back. The novel sleeves were clever and smart.

The first act took place in the living room of the Quiano home on an afternoon in February. This home, as the reader said, was a mixture of "old Jewish and new American." In this home is the combination of three nationalities, Mendel, the uncle; a Jew; David, the nephew, a Russian-Jew; and Kathleen, the Irish servant.

David was a wonder child in Russia, a self-taught violinist. Vera Revendal, a young settlement worker, a Russian revolutionist who, if she had not escaped, would probably have been sent to Siberia in exile, came to see David about playing in a concert for the poor children of her settlement.

David, just returned from having played to a group of crippled children, was very excited about his own music and said "God gave us something to dance with," for the crippled children had danced with whatever part of their bodies they were able to move. They enjoyed it to the greatest extent because they were able to understand it since they had only "hunched-backs and not hunched-brains."

David had come to America after a terrible massacre in Russia. He said "It was Heaven to come to America." He had composed an "American Symphony" in which he felt that he expressed his feeling that the United States was God's crucible—the melting pot out of which would come the true American citizen.

David had never been able to quite forget the terrible memory of the massacre on Easter Eve in which his family were murdered before his eyes, and when Vera told of her birthplace, he forgot himself and told that this was the place where his family was killed.

David refused to be sponsored by a rich man who did things only for the pleasure of money, but he gains the approval of Pappelmeister, a marvelous master-musician. After he left, Vera and David learned that they loved each other and their past life and nationality would not affect them.

Mendel would not allow his nephew to marry a Russian because of her nationality and his own religion. David renounced his religion and his family for the love of Vera.

Baron Revendal told his daughter that she must choose between her two suitors. Vera chose by saying to David in the words of Ruth, "Your

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Linden Bark

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TUESDAY, MARCH 21, 1933.

Linden Bark:

If there were dreams to sell,
Merry and sad to tell,
And the crier who rang the bell,
What would you buy?

Thomas Lovell Beddoes, "Dream-Pedlary".

Vernal Equinox—Merely A Big Word For Spring

"And do but see his vice,
Which is to his virtue a just Equinox,
The one as long as the other."

These words Shakespeare put into the mouth of Iago in Othello, II, iii, which indicates the knowledge that during the period of the Equinox, the days and the nights are of equal length. The vernal equinox occurs on March twenty-fifth. The autumnal occurs around the twenty-second of September. To most of us the vernal equinox means the beginning of spring and after that we can wear light summer clothes and be in seasonal style. To others the vernal equinox means that the sun crosses the equator at this time or point. Where the equator is located is still a mystery to us, for we see no line as we cross it on an ocean liner on a southern cruise. We can be scholarly by saying that the sun crosses the celestial equator.

Dryden in the Hind and Panther III says, "The Wind, 'tis true, was somewhat high, but that was nothing new. Nor more than usual equinoxes blew." Unlike Shakespeare, Dryden is wrong in his assumed knowledge of the equinoxes. For fifty years weather conditions have been tested at the time of the equinoxes. For fifty years weather conditions have been tested at the time of the equinoxes and found to be no different then than at any other time. Gales do not blow.

In another literary connection we have the reference Emerson makes to the equinoxes. In Milton's Works (Bohn) Chap. III, he says of Milton, "He believed his poetic vein only flowed from the autumnal to the vernal equinox."

God's World

"In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love"—so they say. But the most of us nature-loving souls are impressed with the beauty of nature as it is unfolded to us in the man and in the earth. We see the cardinal; and the buds popping out on the bushes, Mother Nature in all her glory putting on her new spring robes. And then we are possessed with a desire to be out in all this loveliness, to enjoy it to its depths. So we go for walks, sit on logs, and stare at the beauty all around us. In the meantime what happens?

It seems that school continues just the same and we are supposed to be interested in it and do our work as before. That generally is the thing farthest from our minds. But all this revelation of God's great power should be an incentive to do better work. We should come back from a tramp in the woods with our minds cleared and our spirits bubbling over with lovely, new ideas that will lend inspiration to what we do.

Spring fever is generally thought of as a general all-around laziness that results in getting nothing done. But why shouldn't the tables be turned and have it be a general activity that results in much industry and really constructive endeavor? There's really little or no reason why such should not be the case. No one will deny that inspiration adds a real zest to labor. Make the inspiration of Spring and its beauty serve a real purpose.

It would be nice if we could have our classes out on the campus. Imagine an English class of some sort, lazily stretched out of the quad under a budding tree. On this particular day nothing but really beautiful literature should be studied, things that reveal an author's insight and perception of all that we have in life when we give so little for it. Such a class could go on for hours and hours.

It's grand to be alive on such days as we are having now. One never wants to have to leave this earth. All enmities and quarrels are somehow melted away. As one swings along—yes, really swings—one speaks to every and any person that one meets. It's not such a bad old world after all.

Spring....Flowers....Green trees....Green lawns....Blue skies with wisps of clouds....Perfumed air....Happiness....Sunshine....Laughing boys and girls....Jacks and marbles....Skating and jumping rope....Fun....Beauty....God's power....."O World, I cannot hold thee close enough."

Birthday of Lindenwood's Versatile Founder

To the pioneer statesman, to the fur trader and Government Indian Agent, and to the Founder of Lindenwood College, we bow in love and reverence on the one hundred and fifty-first anniversary of Major George C. Sibley's Birthday. For on April the first, in 1782, in a New England town (Great Barrington, Mass.), a little babe named George was born.

Little did his mother suspect that the tiny child in her arms would someday be given the title "Major"; little did she dream that he would become the Founder of Lindenwood and live in the heart of every girl who

Campus Diary

By A. R. D.

Monday, March 13, 1933—Another gloomy Monday. I've almost begun to think that is another Lindenwood tradition. A grand day to accomplish things (especially sleep). Incidentally, I almost slept through the Physical Ed. Class. Dr. Roemer gave us one of his ever-pleasant surprises today when he announced that Spring Vacation would be postponed until April 13. Now more letters begin to go home to tell of new plans. Anna Marie Balsiger gave her oratory recital tonight and in her very charming manner, once more crowned herself with glory.

Tuesday, March 14, 1933—Student chapel today—and for once, no campuses were read—must have been because of Secretary Love's sprained finger, or maybe we're just naturally gettin' good. League of Women Voters meeting this afternoon in the Club Rooms, and there was a large number out to hear one of our favorites. Dr. Schaper, talk on "The Banking Moratorium." After leaving the meeting, I heard one girl say that "By all means, Dr. Schaper should have a position in Roosevelt's cabinet. I think that would be a good idea, myself, and maybe she would give her old students a job.

Wednesday, March 15, 1933—Another six weeks is over and the little white cards are appearing in the mail boxes. Some of the girls got so weak when they saw a little white card in their boxes they could hardly stand up. It was only a false alarm, because it was a notice to settle their bank accounts. Shame on you, Miss Waye, for scaring them so. We changed tables, in the dining room tonight and everybody was dressed up to make a good impression on the hostess. That won't last long though. Y.W.C.A. meeting in the Club Rooms and there was an unusually large crowd out. Six new members were taken into Pi Gamma Mu today—some more smart Juniors and Seniors dragging down new honors.

Thursday, March 16, 1933—Dramatic Art Class gave oratory recital in Chapel this morning, and as usual, the program was good. International Relations Club met this afternoon in

the Club Rooms. Don't we have a good joke on one of the Juniors in Ayres? It does seem, Dorothy, that you would learn by now to tell if your shoes match or not.

Friday, March 17, 1933—St. Pat's Day. There must be quite a few true representatives of the good old Irish nationality from the number of green dresses that appeared on campus today. Tonight the College Orchestra gave its annual concert. Kathryn Eggen was the soloist and played a very beautiful violin solo. Hoover, we didn't know you were such an expert "flutist", and we bet you would be really good at jazz.

Saturday, March 18, 1933—Diary. I'm afraid you will have to suffer from the lack of something to tell you this week-end. I'm so poor, I can't go any place, and every body else seems to be in about the same boat, so here we stay at the good old school till we get some greenbacks from home. The Anatomy Class went on a field trip to Washington U. today. That's something!

Rachmaninoff Concert Outstanding in Season

In interviewing several Lindenwood students who attended the recent concert of Sergei Rachmaninoff, renowned Russian pianist, it was learned that the entire concert was exceedingly well received.

In appearance Rachmaninoff is quite tall and inclined to be rather stooped. It is the general consensus of opinion that almost all musicians wear their hair rather long, but Rachmaninoff proved to be an exception in this respect, for his hair was cut very close to his head.

The great master of music appeared much at ease before his audience and was more informal than most guest artists. This was evidenced by the fact that he recognized the Concert Master and was very gracious in giving encores.

The listeners were held spellbound by his superb interpretations. He made an exceedingly striking appearance as he sat at the piano, leaning toward the keys, but with back held rigid. The concert was one of the most outstanding of the season and Rachmaninoff's talent was praised highly by all who heard him.

Mrs. Rachmaninoff was present at the concert and occupied a box with Mrs. Vladimir Colschmann.

has attended his school and reaped the bounty of his goodness.

Then the adventurous and ambitious youth left his home very early and came to St. Charles, where he soon learned the code of pioneers and the customs of the Indians. He later became the United States Commissioner to the Indians, as a reward for his faithful service and a recognition of his insight and ability. At one time he was stationed at Arrow Rock where he superintended a fur trading store. It was not until a great flood delayed his furs from reaching St. Charles in time for the spring market, that Major Sibley decided to abandon the fur trade and establish a college for young ladies in St. Charles,—a rather advanced idea for 1827.

Six years after Missouri was admitted to the Union, Major Sibley and his wife, Mary Easton Sibley, were impressed with the need for a school in the sparsely settled Southwest for the higher education of young women. A beautiful site was selected, overlooking the Missouri, in a forest of linden trees. The forest of trees suggested the name—"Linden Wood." Here in St. Charles, the first capital of the commonwealth, Mrs. Sibley conducted the school for many years. From Major Sibley's diary it is learned that young women came by stage from all parts of the State and the surrounding country.

Today we honor Major Sibley and Mary Easton Sibley whose vision of a great school has come true. From the first log cabin to the massive heights of Sibley, and from Sibley to the many buildings around it, Lindenwood has steadily progressed! A growth which each year pays added tribute to its founder, Major Sibley.

Very few St. Charles people can remember Major Sibley, but from the "Recollections of Major Sibley," the following excerpt is taken. "The latter years of his life were spent in retirement on account of ill health. As a child I was a frequent visitor at the Sibley home. Major Sibley was a frail, delicate-looking man. His eyes were blue, and his hair white. He was very quiet and dignified, and I was rather afraid of him, which I need not have been, for he was the kindest of men."

The appropriate quotation inscribed on Major Sibley's tombstone, "Return unto thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee," truly expresses the sentiment of everyone who has either known or heard of Major Sibley.

YEARS AND YEARS

By Mary Louise Wood

On the broken and grass-grown brick walk beside the summer house, sat a little girl of, let us imagine, four years. The weather being unusually warm, she wore only a brief white combination suit which was fast taking on a darker shade as a result of her play. Her small bare feet were very dirty, and she wiggled her toes unconsciously in the dust, letting the cool dirt sift pleasantly between them. In her hand she waved an old-fashioned black stove brush which she had evidently taken while her mother was in the front of the house. Her hair, pinned with a large hair-pin in a knot on the very top of her head, gave one the suspicion that she might have experimented with the barber's shears herself. The small, freckle-dusted face glistened with prickles of perspiration, and on the left cheek was the smudgy print of her grimy little hand. In spite of the dirt, which I am now inclined to believe that most children love, she grinned mischievously as the milk pan pinched her chubby leg.

A little girl walked sedately down the wide front steps of the porch. Although she carried herself with the air of a charming young debutante, I am sure she was only about eight years old. She wore a dainty, peach-voile dress with small, angora designs. These furry patterns reminded one of a soft, cuddly little kitten. In fact, she called this dress her "Kitty dress". Her hair lay in softly curled ringlets on the back of her head, and a large, apricot taffeta hair-ribbon puffed on one side. Little sparks of fire snapped in her eyes as she excitedly tried very hard not to run, but to take tiny steps as she had seen her mother do. She held her head high and smiled an unaffectedly sweet, childish smile, which showed only the faintest hint of a dimple. Just a little girl simplicity, but how cool and refreshing!

Tearing through the dusty country roads sped a black sport roadster, a pretty, carefree girl at the wheel, and beside her an immaculate young man in white flannels. Her hair straying from beneath her pert, cream-colored felt hat whipped about her face in little strands. Rosy cheeks and a full red mouth gave evidence of health and happiness. There still remained the faintest hint of a red-headed, freckled-faced little girl. Clear, brown eyes were hidden by dark, curling eyelashes. The chic lines of the brown and white linen sport dress clung to her, and blended with her eyes and hair. Gay banter and utter abandonment shut out the sordidness of the world, of which these two were unaware.

RAGS AND POLISH

By Virginia Ellis

On my circuit with the rag-man, I entered a home, which was to me an illustrious place. There were no butlers or maids but still there was a magnificent air of luxury pervading the room. A kind lady asked me to come in while I waited for her contribution to our stock. The smoothly polished kitchen floor when likened to our badly-splintered one at home, mirrored all objects resting upon it. A tiny sentimental breakfast nook adjoined the kitchen. The sunlight streaming through delicately ruffled curtains changed to a medley of yellow, pink, and green. It skimmed an immaculate cloth and blinked its way into the remote corners of the kitchen. A spotless granite kettle was bubbling on the stove. The whole appeared rather fragile to me when I thought of our kitchen at home with its old-fashioned cook-stove and the heavy iron bean-pot steaming upon it.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCE

By Lois Gene Sheetz

I am interested in many people and many things, but above all I am interested in myself. (Come now, be frank, isn't it that way with you?) For that reason I have taken a great amount of pleasure in compiling the following groups of detail concerning that person, Lois Gene. It will probably bore you mightily, (and why not—it isn't about you, is it?) But it may start you on a consideration of your own personality and give you a half-hour or so of pure joy.

We need not feel that we are unnatural egotists because of our self-interest. It is perfectly ordinary and understandable. After all, we live with ourselves constantly; we know every foible and quirk of our Nature; we rejoice in our triumphs; and we are fearful of failure.

I am disgusted with Me at times and overly-proud of Me at other times, but I am not ashamed of Me.

There is nothing I enjoy more than a bowl of pop-corn, a comfortable chair, a good light, a warm room, a radio playing Chopin, Liszt, Tschai-cowsky, and Mendelssohn, and a nice, cheap, oriental mystery novel to read that will require no thought on my part. Rain beating against the window helps too.

After reading a Lloyd C. Douglas book, do you feel a desire to go out and right the wrongs of the world? I do, but it never comes to anything. I have decided that you can't receive spiritual instruction from other peoples' experiences—you've got to figure it all out for yourself.

My favorite authors are: Dumas, Sinclair Lewis, Shakespeare, O'Neill, Sax Rohmer, Clarence Kellard, Stephen Leacock, Percival Wren, and Edna Ferber. The only poems I enjoy are The Rubaiyat of Khayyam, "Congo" by Lindsey, and "Kubla Khan" by Coleridge. The Wizard of Oz was my best beloved book for a number of years.

Work is a disgusting, unsatisfactorily waste of time. I hate to work. But I do. Now why should I force myself to do something that I do not like? Think of all the hours and days and weeks that I might be having a good time.

I am ambitious at times but never very intensely.

I am very fond of my father, my mother, my half-sister and of most of the members of my family.

My favorite foods are asparagus, sweet corn, and hamburgers, and the greatest of these is hamburgers.

My greatest weakness is susceptibility to flattery. I fall for even the most obvious sort. I believe that tendency betrays the presence of an active inferiority-complex in my personality.

I have a horrid, deep-seated, mean, petty, little fear of Organized Authority. I find it almost impossible to break even the smallest rule of any institution to which I may belong. It is not that I am good or moral, it is merely that am fearful.

I intensely dislike pseudo-cynics.

I think I shall hate being old. Youth is such a grand time. I resent having to give up dolls, roller skates, and tomboyish behavior. But even now I find that I have outgrown things that three or four years ago amused me—and it makes me angry. Eighteen was my favorite age and here I am twenty! Ugh!

Cab Calloway fascinates me. My preference among his pieces is Minnie.

I wish my eyes were big and black—but they're an indeterminate mixture of green and gray. Also I should like to have red hair—and mine's a mousey brown.

My favorite comedians are the Marxes. I attend their shows alone,

because I embarrass my friends with my boisterous mirth. Ed Wynn and Eddie Cantor are also nice.

I love most music, and I am at present in the Chopin-adoration stage. For several years it was Rachmaninoff and the Russians. Next year it will probably be Mozart. I wonder if I shall ever reach the "Nirvana" of Bach. Maybe so, but it will take a number of transmigrations.

I like to argue about politics and religion, and I think that gossip is the spice of life.

I cry when I hear Massenet's "Elegie" or The Hallelujah Chorus.

I think that the first word primitive man uttered was "I".

RUN CHILD, RUN

By Julia Ferguson

Run child, run!
Be coy with the wind!
Let your fancy listen
To his subtle elfin love-song.
Learn with him the thrill of
rhythm—
Run child, run!

Run child, run!
Worship thou the moon.
Dance barefooted
On cold white marble
In the haloed moon's cathedral—
High.
Run child, run!

THE CONNOISSEUR

By Ruth Cooper

Among the ideas of college life which I held previous to participation in it was the conception that a hobby was the mark of the college girl, as was the raccoon the mark of the college man. Much time, therefore, was spent by friends and family in deciding this great question. For what was to be the subject of this hobby, or collection? What species of animal or plant was to be gathered in numbers? Goats? No, too scarce. Monkeys? Too hard to handle. Dogs? Well, everyone has dogs. But they were the favorite. Why not one breed? I have it, Scotties, the cutest of all dogs! So at last it was decided; Scotties were the chosen people. I could hardly wait to reach school, so that I might start, for I was to be a real connoisseur, and my collection the envy of all my collegiate friends.

During the first week of school, I managed to find five dogs, which were entered in my catalogue as Scotties. Now, live Scotties at home were entirely black and very small; surprisingly enough, all the china ones I could find were white or gray, mixed with black. Still the cocked ears and wise eyes showed that they were Scotties, nothing else.

At Christmas time, the collection numbered ten. How bored my family must have been, hearing about that superior collection! Nevertheless, the talking brought results; two February boxes from mother and aunts brought more black and white, cocked-eared dogs to sit on my book case. My own dog funds seemed small all second semester, so the only reinforcements came from others. When June came, I packed sixteen Scotties in towels, sweaters, underwear, and stockings. Although a great bother, my bookcase had been carried home in the car, so the usual shelf was ready for the dogs as they were coaxed out of their various wrappings. After two hours' work, I proudly called the family to see the display, set up just as it had been at school.

Pride indeed goeth before a fall. Perhaps all older brothers are domineering, scornful, and yet worshipfully respected by younger sisters. At any rate, I am sure mine is far superior to the usual brother in all three virtues. He has always had the

power to make me feel a mere youngster, or a rather tolerable young lady, by just one remark. Imagine, then the feeling of that poor freshman, glorying in her college acquisition, at being informed, in a patronizing tone, "Why, those aren't Scotties, 'cept those two; they're just plain, old everyday terriers."

Well, I still have my—dogs. In fact my collection still sits on the bookcase, but alas, the individuality is gone. For on the second shelf sit, lie, and stand a family of picedogs, a greyhound, a family of bulls, a little Boston bull, a fox terrier, and a nasty Pomeranian.

PRACTICE ROOMS

By June D. Goethe

The ascending scale tones of the piano sounded with the precision of a clock's tick. From far in the distance came the unsteady wails of a violin. A wavering soprano attempted an arpeggio; faltered; slipped; but, with noble persistence, began a second arpeggio. Suddenly, like a breath of spring air in a stifling atmosphere, rich, tremulous cello tones vibrated through the confusion. Full and deep, the strains of melody flooded the room. The rest faded into obscurity. Then like a rude interruption again sounded the piano—descending scale steps, dissonance, like a dismembered callope.

SMOKE

By Betty Galford

Swirling, gray mass,
Lazily rising from the soot-covered
flue,
Gently floats away
One way, yet another
Over gay-colored roofs,
Drabs-shingled steeples,
Settling down on fresh-washed
clothes,
Making gray smudged spots.

ON A NIGHT LIKE THIS

By Clara Alice Kerns

On a night like this
I'd like to dance with fairies
On a tiny, elfin hill.
I'd tie a scarf
Of tinkling hairbells
Round my waist;
Put soft, white
Lady-slippers
On my feet
And dance and dance
Until I fall exhausted
On the ground.

Then I'd lie in the deep,
Cool grass
And make faces at the moon
Behind a cloud.
The stars would rock merrily
At the moon's unrest,
And one,
In his attempt to see
What sort of creature I must be,
Would fall,
A fiery dart,
A shower of gold and red
Against the dark blue
Velvet of the sky.

On a night like this
I can't help but think
How small I am.

GROWTH

By Betty Galford

Buds,
Naked, delicate sprouts;
Blossoms,
Pale, pinkish-white, fragrant;
Leaves,
Wide, hand-shaped, shady;
Branches,
Bare, mud-brown, ugly.

Read The Linden Bark.

SKETCHES

PREFERENCES IN STORMS

By Betty Reed

Take, yes, gladly take all South Sea hurricanes and put them, if you will, in adventurous tables: mountainous waves, coral reefs, shattered ships, and desert islands. And you may also keep biting blizzards for melodrama: snow drifts on the prairie, impassable roads, a child dying from scarlet fever, a manly hero fighting his way to the doctor. Weather all wind storms, too, and build a mystery: muddy tracks, lightning flashing through deserted rooms, a shriek rising above thunderous roarings. All these I willingly grant you, but leave me a summer squall.

A lake, I'd prefer, a dock, some wind, and hard, stinging raindrops. If my wish is not too great, touch the lake with white-capped waves: tie securely around the dock posts an enormous rough-woven towel, and an aged gray sweat-shirt or a weary-looking flannel robe; cunningly hide between the diving board and dock some deformed, curling-toed, battered, clopping oxfords; of utmost necessity, bless me with a bathing suit and a sturdy companion. Your duties are finished; no need to show me the usage of my tools.

We'll find pleasure, my companion and I; we'll find sport and adventure battling the waves. Of course we realize that the waves will be victorious, that we'll climb, chattering and breathless, the dock's rickety ladder—one step, at least, missing; but we feel strong, and young, and courageous when, by pulling our mere arms or simply flopping our heels at frequent intervals, we occasionally slip through those frothy water-walls. No doubt but that we'll gasp, wriggle, rub smarting eyes, choke, sneeze; yet emerge laughing! Although the power embodied in these waves submerges us, we feel strangely important that occasionally we, less than "two-hundred-pounders", may rise to the top, or perchance grasp an instant's calm among the furrows of the moving waves, dotted by small, sharp rain arrows.

When we must finally ascend this particular wooden ladder, the wind will rush at our cold, wet cheeks, and we, too tired and breathless to navigate ourselves further, yet too cold to remain motionless one instant, shall fumble for our clothing which the breezes seem determined shall sail over the water. Trudging slowly, even painfully, up the path towards home, we shall look back without regret, philosophize a little about our adventure, push back the wet, wind-stung locks, and laugh in the face of the hard blowing rain. Rushing towards our stuffy, warm, comfortable friends we shall repeat our gay escapade; but they, looking through the gray rain-blotched window at dripping wind-bent trees, cannot understand, and wish the squall to leave as hurriedly as it came—always a finishing touch to any fine storm—in order that there be sunshine and sleepy peace again. Though silently, we are the ones who may laugh!

NIGHT WATCH

By Betty Reed

He felt as if he should apologize for the click of the door shutting behind him. He glanced guiltily at his shoes, outlined by watery gray pools. Even the papers crackled in his coat when he jerked it off. Swiftly, mechanically he climbed the three steps, turned down the left corridor, then swinging right, marched up a longer stairway. If his heels would only cease tapping on each stone step! Again walking down a corridor he constantly realized that only his

movements disturbed the utter silence.

The place was suffocating! Even the dimly glowing bulbs stifled him, but through the cracks in the door just ahead, light glared white-hot. He paused. From the other side of that firmly closed door he could hear starched aprons crack, low murmured orders. Noting the room's number, he bit his upper lip and hurried on. squeaks approached him, the squeaks that only rubber soles can make when hurried. He nodded to the hot-faced attendant cautiously balancing an instrument tray in front of her. Another starched cap bent over red-lined charts on the little table fitted in a corner at the right. Here he stopped to speak a low greeting. The light looked friendly, alive. Here was another human to break the dull quiet, but he hastily moved on.

Automatically he stopped before a certain door, stared anxiously at it, as if the wood itself could answer his silent question. Then squaring his shoulders he almost ran to the small waiting room, quickly sat down on the edge of the hardest bench and glared absently at the ceiling. Abruptly rising, he snatched a magazine from the center table, resolutely selected the most comfortable chair, deliberately settled into it, and turned the magazine pages, but he did not relax. Forward, then backward he flicked the pages, suddenly rose and crossed to the window. At least the cool pane was not suffocating, and the darkness outside did not oppress him. Several blocks away a street car ran noisily, its wheels beating rhythmically against the rails. His own fingers kept time to that rhythm as they drummed on the sill. Behind him, only a pen scratching the charts at the little table could be heard, only dim lights shone in the hot darkness, but outside even the drizzle looked animated. Definite steps sounded close behind him, steel clinked in the instrument case as it thudded against the table. Tremblingly, anxiously he turned.

THE WHARVES

By Betty Reed

We shall not bother with neatly gang-planked steamship piers beside which smart, stream-lined vessels calmly repose. No, we shall wander farther down the ocean's irregular wooden shore to the massive, dingy industrial wharves.

jutting outward, stretching their charred arms upon the turquoise sea, the docks stand patiently, wearily, eternally. We leave the roughly paved shore street to advance upon them, these wide-spaced, dingy piers whose monstrous thick, black, shiny-barnacled posts support gray-brown, neutral colored, time and weather worn boards, splintery because heavier cargoes have been dumped upon their already heavy, thick, dented surfaces, scratching and roughing them; but plodding feet soon smooth out these irregularities.

Looming massively from the middle of one of the wharve's sides, or rising at the end of the pier, according to varying structures, a dark, musty warehouse appears, its smoke-grey walls and deep-coated, dusty, opaque windows contrasting to the chalk white gulls that circle it, dipping now to skim the water's edge, now ascending swiftly to round the sharply profiled corners of the warehouse.

Slowly and ploddingly a boat puffs into the little harbor formed between two extending wharves. While its engine grinds to a stop, when the heavy rusted chains are slung around the dock posts, we rush near to watch the unloading of its cargo. From its dull gray coloring we recognize a government coaler. As the ship sidles up to the wharve's edge,

three greasy-clothed sailors leap the crevice between the two massive structures, and securely loop the deep-notched ropes which fasten the crude, narrow gangplank to the dock. Immediately a growling and creaking announces the ascent of the ship's crane whose rope-fringed, heavy iron hook swings dockwards to catch the steel-bound barrels lined along the pier. While more sailors alight to aid the loaders in rolling oil barrels down the warehouse's slanting entrance, some of their lazier ship companions sprawl idly upon coils of rope resting on the deck, and draw from the pockets of their battered, rolled-legged trousers, short black pipes of flattened packages of cigarettes. Leaning upon their elbows they smoke and watch the spectators. No crisp, super-efficient, brass-buttoned, blue uniformed sailors scurry across these decks. Instead a huge, overall-clad, jersey-shirted fellow with a close, bristly haircut commands in barking tones the toilers, some of whom occasionally cease juggling or tying oily barrels to rest on the wharve's edge, cooled by the shadow which the sombre warehouse casts. Dangling their feet over the edge, they too draw out their pipes, glancing down reflectively upon the dark, sooty water, occasionally catching rainbow color streaks from the sunshine striking the oiled water surface.

From another nearby dock we hear commotion which announces a fat, squatty, puffing tug. White smoke curls drifting upwards to meet the clouds promise us another unloading from the ship now farther out in the harbor. Black-haired, half-clad, sweating yellow sailors impatiently wait their native vessel and its spice, silk, tea and curio casks. Grimy oriental letters above its wide door relieve the dingy black coat of this wharve's warehouse. But the tug crew affirms that the Asiatic steamer will not scrape the dock's side for another hour; we must hurry along, since a fresh sea breeze and distant salless spars proclaim the entrance of a northern fishing vessel a few wharves away.

I SHUT MY EYES

By Betty Reed

I shut my eyes as I sit beside the organist on his bench, yet the world before me does not disappear. When the long thin pipes behind us first vibrate, I catch stray memories. On another day, I should never recall these hazy imprints, but today's dampness dulls the hollow clearness of his tones which resound from the pipe stacks, from the church's shadowed entrance, from the dusty last row of choir pews behind the altar. I distinctly remember how the organist's pale-orange hair contrasted with the darkness of the room. As he smoothly wanders from one melody to another, my recollections roam over multitudes of little feelings: soggy, thawing earth just outside, not yet at a gummy, adhesive stage, but barely pliable, irregularly dented where the McCarthy boys' feet have followed the short-cut to school; the cold moist touch of the lobby's stone floor when we placed our books there; the weather's penetrating chill (we thought today would be gentle); a sharp whiff of new varnish on the scuffed rows; a dry sweetness, seemingly from the roses of last week's wedding; waxy odors from the candelabra on the nearby window; another smell of damp cloth—moisture must have seeped through the windows onto the blackish green matting of the walls beneath. Louder swifter notes resound, then silence. As I slowly open my eyes, I see, yet lose my other world.

THE SUNLIT TABLE

By Wilma G. Hoen

A wave of Crimean sunlight fell upon the table, its dirty spotted linen and greasy besmeared china. The cabbage and vegetables that half filled the soup plate gleamed in the golden rays. The sun made a tiny rainbow of each drop of grease clinging to the sides of the bowl and the great silver spoon. Upon the dirty cloth near a crumpled napkin lay broken pieces of hard black bread. From the doorway black, eager eyes peered hungrily at that hunk of bread and the golden vegetables. Furtively they glanced around at the other people calmly eating their noonday meal in the Sevastopol restaurant, and at the waiters hurriedly bearing from kitchen to table glorious bowls of steaming hot soup. Then a dirty brown body stole noiselessly to the table, sat nervously on the edge of the chair, and ate rapidly the cold soup, keeping those black eyes ever alert. A tiny, grimy hand clutched the black bread; then two sturdy legs carried him swiftly away. The wave of sunlight now danced merrily upon the table devoid of food, upon the gleaming dishes.

A MAN CARRYING A LANTERN

By Naomi Bigum

The old hired-hand stumbled along the lane leading to the barn with a lantern swinging from his hand. Upon reaching the gate he rested the lantern on the post. While he unfastened the chain I could see his face in the dim lantern glow. His shaggy, white hair stuck out from under his worn cap and clung to his weather-beaten, wrinkled face, which seemed kind and a trifle sad as his feeble old hands fumbled with the lock. The faded blue eyes, the bushy eyebrows, the slightly crooked nose, the thin, compressed lips—all showed that the hired-man was growing old. I am almost certain, however, that I saw a twinkle in those faded blue eyes of the gate swung open and, taking down his lantern, he shuffled slowly toward the barn. As he moved farther down the path, all that I could see was part of the old man's shadow and a small yellow light hobbling along in the darkness.

RAIN

By Edna Buenger

The world was in the process of taking one of its many baths as Jane plowed up the muddy lane. Above her the sky, a blank sheet of grey torn through at short intervals by racing cracks of lightning, poured down its contents; around her the thunder rolled and rumbled, echoed and died away only to be followed by more rolling and echoing and dying away until the whole world seemed to be a large drum upon which the gods were angrily and discordantly beating. The wind, discontented and boisterous, bent the oaks and elms before him making their wet, dripping leaves flatten and turn inside out like umbrellas on a windy day. Down the muddy lane rushed streams of water cutting deep ditches on either side and leaving a muddy, trembling ridge in the center upon which Jane slipped and stumbled as the wind buffeted her from side to side and pinned her streaming raincoat to her legs. She stopped a moment to look through the sheet of rain at a drenched, grey little shack a few yards away whose smokeless chimney rose above its slanting roof, a tumbling blotch against the leaden light of the sky. Lightning, and wind, and rain flashed, and blew, and stung the stumbling girl and the tumbling shack as the twilight fell like a wet blanket over a wet world.

Student's Recital

Advanced Music Students Give Delightful Program.

The students' recital given Thursday morning, March 9, at 11 o'clock was well received by the audience.

Helen Atwill, in a lovely gray outfit with red trimmings, rendered the first piano selection, "English Suite No. IV" by Bach, in which she showed fine finger work and technique. Albertina Flach, also in gray, next played "English Suite No. V" by Bach and "Etude Op. 25, No. 6" by Chopin. Both selections were done extremely well. The subjects were brought out brilliantly and showed true artistic ability.

Two violin selections, "Berceuse" by Tor. Aulin and "Improvisation" by Saenger were played by June Goethe, who looked lovely in a black dress. Her first number was done especially well. She played it in a sweet, melancholy manner and showed much feeling. In "Improvisation" her tones were more vivacious and brilliant. Dorothy Martin in a burgundy red crepe dress sang two vocal solos. "Pleading" by Kramer was sung with soft sweet soothing tones. Her other number "Love is the Wind" by McFayden was in more rapid movement.

Eleanor Kriekhaus, also in burgundy red played two piano selections. Her numbers were "Etude No. 3, M Major" and "Etude No. 23, A Minor," both by Chopin. In "Etude No. 3" she started very slowly and softly and gradually achieved a brilliant climax. She had a firm touch and played both pieces exceptionally well. The concluding numbers on the program, "Etude No. 4, C sharp Minor" and "Etude No. 12, C Minor" were played by Doris Oxley, who dress. Her technique was admirable.

The program was immensely enjoyed and Lindenwood is looking forward to more entertaining programs equalling this one.

Big Game Hunters

A live ground-hog, which is making its home in the Zoology laboratory at present, is a source of interest to the science students. A contribution from Ruth Giese's brother, the ground hog will be used in the science show.

"We plan to have the exhibition in April," Miss Rutherford says, "and among other displays, we hope to have a raccoon, a coyote, and an eagle."

The show will undoubtedly be very educational, and everyone is looking forward to it with interest.

Miss Rutherford also asks, if anyone knows of animals that might be obtained for use in the display, that she see Betty Fair before the first of April.

The embryology class has been rising early this week in order to observe the chicken eggs with which they are experimenting. At the end of twenty-four hours, thirty-three hours, forty-eight hours, and seventy-two hours, the eggs are broken open and the embryo removed. In this way, the development of the chick is recorded.

Human Peaches Not Only Ones Surviving Cold

From what the Bark reporter has gathered, the fruit crop this year will quite probably be a very good one. Mr. Ed. Doerrie, who is in charge of the Lindenwood farm, says that the crops, as a whole, are doing nicely. The peaches are the only fruit that have been injured, so far, by cold weather, and aside from this, he believes that the country will have unusually fine crops this year.

Dr. Dewey Addresses Young People's Assembly

Dr. Dewey attended the meetings of the Department of Superintendence at Minneapolis last week, and says that it was one of the strongest meetings of its kind that he has ever attended. On February 24, Dr. Dewey spoke to the Benton School P. T. A. on "What Does a Crisis in Education Mean to St. Charles?" He spoke to the Lincoln P. T. A. on the same subject on March 10.

Dr. Dewey addressed the Young Peoples' Society of Giddings Church in St. Louis, last Sunday night on the subject, "The Church Serves Silliman." Silliman is a missionary college at Dumaguete, Philippine Islands, which Dr. Dewey has visited. In his talk, he told the young people about the service rendered to the natives by this college.

Variety of Life In Caesar's Day

An interesting feature of a recent Roman Tatler was a commemoration of the death of Julius Caesar. It was entitled "Beware the Ides of March" the famous quotation in warning to Julius Caesar by the Soothsayer. The Tatler contained some poetry, parodies, and amusing bits written in connection with Caesar. One was "What the Student Remembers". "All Gaul is divided into three parts." "Caesar built a bridge and destroyed it the next day." "Et tu, Brute." Julius Caesar depicted the arch type of all times, the Dictator. Pictures representing scenes from his life from 80 B. C. to 44 B. C. were also featured.

The current Tatler is entitled "Women's Features". One article tells of the archeological findings of a Pompeian lady's rings and bracelets as she had apparently left them lying on her dressing table. Portraits of famous women appear, and little articles such as "A Poem to Dido", "The Legend of the Lilacs" and "Matronalia", the Mother's Day of the Romans.

"Fortune is a woman. You must seize her and beat her"—Benito Mussolini.

Do Your Shoes Fit?

Ask the members of the 75 Club who visited the factory

Miss Ada Tucker took her textile class on a field trip to the International Shoe Factory in St. Charles, recently. The class was conducted through the factory and shown how shoes were made from the time the leather is first cut until the polish is applied to the finished product. Each girl noted the part of the factory that interested her most. One girl remarked that she noticed the picture of Clark Gable posted along the wall in front of many of the workers. She wondered why his picture should be so inspirational.

Other girls noted the intricateness of the machinery, the systematic organization of the work, the way the eyelets were put in the shoes, and the number of hands each pair of shoes passed through before they reached completion.

The class was impressed with the speed and accuracy in the factory. The girls came back wearing souvenir pins with the number 75 on them. This signified that the girls were members of the 75 Club, which is an organization of the International Shoe Factories designating their intention to manufacture 75 million pairs of shoes in the next year.

Favorable Report On Student Teaching

Dr. Dewey Pleased With Work of Lindenwood Students.

A favorable report has come from Dr. Dewey concerning the practice teaching at both the high and grade schools. "On the whole", he said, "the girls are doing very nicely. They are quite interested in their work and are getting a great deal of pleasure from it."

The girls who are teaching at the high school are as follows: Agnes Bachman, Eutha Olds, and Margaret Hoover, home economics; Doris Elliott, English I; Harriette Ganaway, American Problems; Ruth Giese, German I; Madeline John, Physical Education; and Elizabeth Vance, chemistry. At the Benton school, Jane Boone is teaching English, Anita Crites, reading; Ethelda Gross, reading; Ruth Greisz, reading; Evelyn Knippenberg, English; Katherine Simpson, reading. At the Lincoln School, Eleanor Hibbard is teaching reading, Anna McGregor, language; Arametha McFadden, art; Lucille Meinholtz, arithmetic; Jane Tobin, geography, and Noveta Wilks, history.

The girls at the high school, who teach one or two days a week, completed six weeks of observation and are now doing actual teaching. The grade school practice teachers, who report every day, have been teaching for about two weeks, having completed four weeks of observation before beginning the actual teaching.

The students believe that this type of work offers an opportunity for a better knowledge of education, because it is practical. There is nothing theoretical about it. The practice teachers, the grade girls in one group and the high school girls in another, have a conference once a week with Dr. Dewey, at which time they discuss the various school problems which arise. Dr. Dewey also visits the classes of each girl and goes over her at a private conference. At the present time twenty-five girls are registered for teaching positions, and recommendations are being collected and made ready to send to prospective employers.

WHO'S WHO?

There is a little (lady in Ayres and by little I mean about five feet two) who seems to spend most of her time going to the city. When she gets back she always has lots of stories to tell about one of her "cases" or the latest exhibit at the Art Museum. Social service and art claim most of her attention, as is shown by the books and the modernistic pictures which are scattered all over her room. For some reason or other, part of the artistic (?) decoration of the room is composed of a whole herd of pink elephants that wander over the walls, the ceiling, and the furniture.

Afternoon coffee parties, at which people consume great quantities of chocolate in the form of fudge and cookies, are quite frequent. Due to a lack of cups with handles, these gatherings are very exclusive. Another favorite pastime is the popular one of working jig-saw puzzles.

The International Relations Club has this girl for its vice-president, the Athletic Association has given her the nerve-racking job of collecting the dues, and Pi Gamma Mu leaves its programs to her and the rest of the committee. See if you can guess who's the Who's Who.

Read The Linden Bark.

How Would You Feel?

Madeline Hansen Gets Word From Family in California.

The recent earthquake in California may have caused many of us much anxiety over our relations and friends, but what if it had struck your home town? Wouldn't we all be on the verge of losing our mind, if our mother and father were there, and we hadn't received any word as to their safety? Madeline Hansen received a telegram from her parents in Long Beach Saturday evening stating that everything was all right. A letter followed later in which her father told of the destruction and death in the city.

The Municipal Auditorium, which stands out in the water along the water front, was greatly damaged and many of the large buildings in the downtown district, besides thousands of homes, were shaken until the walls crumbled. Her father stated that the Navy was doing splendid work in cleaning away the debris from the streets and helping the homeless, of whom many were housed in their cars on vacant lots. The city is being kept out of confusion by restrictions issued to keep people in their own districts.

Madeline also received the sad news that two of her friends had been killed in the quake. What a feeling it must be to think that one must go home in June to what, you could say, is a new city!

B-a-r-k-s-!

This examination will be conducted on the honor system. Please take seats three apart and in alternating rows.

Intermediate French class:

Dr. Evers: Miss Johnson, translate "Monsieur, what do you wish to eat?"

Miss Johnson: "Monsieur, qui voulez-vous manger?"

Dr. Evers: "Aie, aie,—a cannibal."

And then Dorothy Holcomb has been taking the place of the absent-minded professor. She has been wearing for three weeks a pair of shoes that weren't mates. Imagine wearing one long vamp and one short vamp shoe and not knowing the difference. Ring the bell for Dorothy this week. She wins the prize gold cookie.

Prof: "Give me a sentence using the word flippancy."

Student: "O. K. let's flippancy if I pass."

The other day one of the girls suggested that I use this as a Bark. It seems that they were having spare ribs for lunch—even as you and I—when one of the members of said family pulled out a "spare rib"—No he didn't swell out his chest and say "oh, see what a big boy am I," but in the more fashionable terms of Jig-sawry said "I wonder where this piece will fit."

It seems that one of the seniors as well as Napoleon met defeat—and what feat—at Waterloo.

Imagine the bad moment one has when after having practiced for weeks pronouncing the word ir-revelent to find the night of the recital that it is ir-rel-avant. Ooooh, what a life!

She said: "Promise to love me."

And he answered just like a man. "I promise to love you till my death. Cross my heart and hope to die."

COLLEGE CALENDAR

Tuesday, March 21:

5 P. M.—Student Recital.
6:30 P. M.—Commercial Club.

Wednesday, March 22:

5 P. M.—Triangle Club.
6:45 P. M.—Y. W. C. A.

Thursday, March 23:

11 A. M.—John George Bucher, "Germany".
5 P. M.—German Club.
6:30 P. M.—Poetry Society.

Friday, March 24:

8 P. M.—Spring Play, "Tons of Money".

Sunday, March 26:

6:30 P. M.—Vespers.

Sidelights of Society

Beta Pi Theta Elects Officers

Beta Pi Theta, honorary French fraternity, met in the College Club Room, March 9, at 5 O'clock.

Virginia Keck, president, conducted the meeting. The following officers for next year were elected: Betty Hart, president; Mary Irwin, vice-president; Eleanor Head, secretary; Margaret Ringer, treasurer; Ruth Cooper, corresponding and alumni secretary; Virginia Kochendorfer, sentinel; and Ruth Adams, head of music.

Betty Hart reviewed "L'Ombre" by Carco, from the French Book of the Month Club. French games were played and the members answered to roll call by reciting each a French proverb.

Y.W.C.A. Holds Informal Meeting

A very interesting informal meeting of the Y.W.C.A. was held in the Club rooms last Wednesday. Making the meeting all the more informal the new president forgot to have the doors unlocked so the members were forced to wait for a little while on the steps outside the room. Eleanor Foster gave a very amusing reading, "An Encounter with an Interviewer" by Mark Twain, which not only was very comical but gave some good pointers on how to get rid of reporters.

Kappa Pi Pledges Active

The pledges of Kappa Pi, Constance Venable, Louise Snyder, Elaine Slot-hower, Louise Allewel, and Isabelle Orr, are very busy working on a Kappa Pi poster, the completion of which is an added requirement for initiation to the fraternity. They are also looking forward to a visit to the Art Museum in St. Louis, where the picture "Whistler's Mother" will be on display shortly.

Pi Gamma Mu Pledges

At the Wednesday morning chapel, six new members were announced and presented by Pi Gamma Mu, national honorary social science society. They were: Jane Bagnell, Betty Hart, Alda Schierding, Lillian Webb, Marietta Hansen, and Lucille Chappel. This is indeed an added honor for these Juniors and Seniors, as the academic requirements are very high for entrance into this organization.

The Freshman members of the Clothing and Textiles class will give a spring style show in the Home Economics department, Friday morning between the hours of 10 and 12. This is an annual affair, and will be given under the direction of Miss Ada Tucker. Twenty girls are taking part and will display the suits and dresses that they have made in the department. The materials are all wool,

many of them having large sleeves, beige and gray being the dominating colors. Visitors will be welcomed at the style show.

Mrs. Blough gave a surprise birthday party for her daughter "Peg" at their home in St. Louis last Sunday. The guests included Betty Brown, Jane Bagnell, Elizabeth England, Annette Chapman, and Anna-Louise Kelly, a senior at Lindenwood last year. Everyone reported a fine time, and "Peg" was quite happy with a beautiful corsage of gardenias.

Martha Duffy spent the week-end at her home in Trenton, Mo.

Alice Rice Davis had as her guest for the week-end, her mother, Mrs. Frank M. Davis of Richmond, Missouri. On Sunday, they were guests at tea at the Bellerive Country Club in St. Louis.

(Continued from page 1, Col. 2)

capital stock to the Federal Government through the purchase of Government Bonds. In return the Government allows this bank to issue Federal Currency. There are 12 main Federal Reserve Banks which have to keep a 40% gold proportion for all the currency that is out. And 35% of the deposits must be backed up with gold. When the banks began to close it was estimated that the 40% standard had slipped, but in reality it never got below 60%.

"We are concerned with what our money will buy. During the last week with everything locked up, the financiers have had a chance to check up on their system. This was a wonderful opportunity really to study the problem, for while the examiners have been working the machine has been stopped and more blunders have been avoided. Since the Federal Reserve System had 20% more gold than they needed, they could issue that much more currency. This currency is needed because the money is being hoarded. The upshot of the whole affair is this, on March 3 the government could have issued \$3,000,000,000 more currency, and that is where some of the new currency is coming from. The banks have been buying Government Bonds, therefore, more dollars can be made on those. We are temporarily off the gold standard now, but it is only for a short holiday.

"The course that lies ahead is an uncertain one. We will have to have more emergency acts. The last ten days have been the saving of the country financially, but there will be some suffering. However, not as much as there would have been, had there been no moratorium. The tragedies will come in the state banks, for unless some of them are helped by the Federal Reserve Banks, they will never open. This brings up the question of Centralization of Control.

"I predict that within the next five years, the United States will adopt the Branch Banking System, already proved successful in Canada, England, and Australia. England has not had a single bank failure since 1890. After branch banking will come an adjustment in our whole monetary standard. Stabilization of the dollar based upon the general price level will take place, along with a sensible scheme of tariff, and something must be done in regard to debts."

(Continued from page 1, Col. 4)

people shall be my people." David insisted that a sea of blood could not be spanned. He told her that on Easter, the Russians cut out his father's tongue and then massacred his whole family. He had escaped

only because of the wound in his shoulder and had been left as dead. He then told how he had forsaken his own religion and his race for her.

"America—David's crucible of God—the melting pot—Where all the races and nations come to labor and look forward."

The interpretation of the eight characters with their varied and complex dialects, together with the poise and charm of the reader, made the recital most enjoyable and showed that Anna-Marie has excellent oratorical talent.

Anna-Marie received numerous bouquets, gifts, and much applause of spontaneous approval.

(Continued from page 1, Col. 3)

"Jonah was much concerned when the City of Nineveh did not fall in forty days as he had prophesied. The Lord told him that they had been forgiven of their sins. Jonah never was great enough for the ministry. The way of a man who goes adverse to the commands of God must face horror."

ELEVEN O'CLOCK IN THE DORM.

By Jane Hawkins

A few minutes before eleven o'clock the shrill ring of the warning bell pierced the scattered giggles, shouts, and ejaculations bursting from the inner walls of the dormitory. Only for an instant were they interrupted, and then—hastened footsteps, creaking floors, slamming doors, various belated "goodnights", and perhaps the wails of an iron bed as it cringed beneath the weight of a buxom young lass. Confusedly, the conglomeration of sounds diminished and at length subsided as the lights were extinguished and voices hushed to a whisper.

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Ham Sandwiches!!

But we do have the smartest
PIGSKIN shoes imaginable, in
white, black and parchment.

Have you your DUNDEER SANDALS AND OXFORDS? They have been adopted for campus footwear, by leading schools everywhere. In white and Elk

at

\$2.25

HUNING'S

(Clip this ad)

... Our Treat ...

To Introduce Our Delicious
Sugar Cured Baked Ham
SANDWICH

Present this Coupon with 5c and get our regular 15c Best in Town Sandwich.

Standard Drug Store

Present bearer with one regular 15c Best in Town Ham Sandwich for 5c.

(Clip this ad)

STRAND THEATRE

TUES. and WED. March 21 and 22

Those Two Great Comedians
LAUREL and HARDY

In a Comedy Feature
"PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES"
also
Comedy—Cartoon—Novelty—News

THURSDAY, MARCH 23

Double Program
John Mack Brown—Marjorie Beebe
in
"FLAMES"

also
Edna Best—Hebert Mashall
in

"MICHEL AND MARY"
Admission: Adults 15c; Children
under 12 years 5c.

FRI. NITE—SAT. MAT.—March 24-25

Another Road Show Special
"STRANGE INTERLUDE"

with
Norma Shearer—Clark Gable
also
Comedy—Cartoon—News

SAT. NITE, MARCH 25th

An Actor Everyone Should See
LEE TRACY
in

"CLEAR ALL WIRES"