

LINDEN BARK

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News from the Dean's Office

Dean Gipson's opinion was asked concerning a recent Press report, quoting President Lowell of Harvard University, as to student ability.

According to President Lowell, the American college student of today is superior to his predecessor of a generation ago; the college students as a whole appear more mature than a generation ago in their outside interests as well as their sense of proportionate values.

Dean Gipson agreed with President Lowell, and also added that because of the fact of the economic situation of today, students realize the value of a college education and apply themselves much more seriously than ever before. Dr. Gipson stated that final grades from the examination reports have proved very high which also goes to support the above statement.

The important news from the Dean's office is that of grades and schedules in trying to get the students adjusted for the new semester—1932.

New Members Received Into Two Classes

Two of Lindenwood's classes have been enriched for the second semester by the acquisition of three new girls. The senior class receives Miss Helen Press of St. Louis, Missouri. Miss Press attended Lindenwood during the years '27, '28, and '29 and since then has spent a year at Washington University in St. Louis, and at Elmhurst, Elmhurst, Illinois. The class of '32 is glad to add to its graduating roster a student who found Lindenwood so much to her liking that she prefers a degree from it.

The Freshman class welcomes two new girls: Miss Annie Lou McClure, of El Paso, Texas and Miss Mary E. Keiling of Elsberry, Missouri. Why should Lindenwood be depressed when girls still come from as close home as Missouri, and as far from home as Texas to make Lindenwood their school-home!

Medals To Be Won

At the Wednesday chapel Margaret Jean Wilhoit announced the plan of Sigma Tau Delta, National Honorary English Fraternity, to sponsor a writing contest for members of the Freshman class. Either prose or poetry will be acceptable. All girls of this class are urged to participate. Three medals are given for reward. A gold medal will be bestowed for the work considered best, silver for second, and a bronze medal for the third best. It is a very high honor to receive one of these medals, but the Freshman should be well represented in this contest.

Dr. Ralph T. Case read a short psalm encouraging his hearers to look toward the light, though in this time of depression all seems dark.

Helen Traubel Lauded

Noted Soprano Appears Here Tuesday Evening

By D. H.

The music department presented a most delightful soprano, Miss Helen Traubel, and her accompanist, Mrs. David Kriegshaber, in a recital Tuesday night, in Roemer Auditorium to the faculty and students.

The artists were introduced by Mr. Thomas who explained that Miss Traubel was a native of St. Louis and had been very outstanding in the musical circles there as well as in other cities, and Mrs. Kriegshaber was pleasantly remembered as the accompanist for the Steindel Trio.

Miss Traubel's delightful personality and smile lent charm to her beautiful tones and marvelous control of her voice which was almost a mezzo in quality.

Miss Traubel opened her first group with two lovely resonant numbers. The first, "O, mio amato ben" by Donaudy was a fine example of Miss Traubel's volume and masterly control. "Nebbie" of Respighi was based on a low rising theme that was climaxed with high fortissimo tones which gradually died into a lovely, low ending. This composition expressed a great deal of feeling and artistry in the shadings.

The last two numbers of the group were French, the first being the delightful "Si mes vers avaient des ailes" by Hahn which was sung in a beautiful melodious way that was very effective. Miss Traubel's interpretation of the last number, Rabey's "Tes Yeux" seemed to have been especially enjoyed and the applause which she received was accepted in a most gracious manner.

Miss Traubel sang Elsa's "Traum" from Richard Wagner's opera, "Lohengrin" as her second group. She displayed a splendid dramatic interpretation in this operatic gem and her high, clear tones were beautiful.

The third group were all German selections. Mendelssohn's lovely "Auf Flugeln des Gesanges" (On Wings of Song) was the first of these. The second number was Schubert's "Ungehduld" which was a contrast with its agitated allegro movement to the preceding soft delicate number. The last numbers of the group were Strauss' "Allerseelen" and "Zueignung" into which she put much soul and feeling. This group was enthusiastically received and she encored with a delightful Brahms number.

The last group opened with the grandiose "Bitterness of Love" of Dunn followed by Hgenfritz' beautiful setting to Shakespeare's lyric, "Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind" which was most popular with the audience. Perhaps the most delightful and charming number of the program was the following number, "Annie Laurie". This sweet old familiar song was sung with much resonance and feeling so that it was very effective. Miss Traubel concluded her program

Mr. Miller's Sermon

A Life of Service is Useful And Happy

Rev. Mr. C. W. Miller of the Kingshighway Baptist Church in St. Charles spoke at Vespers, Sunday night, January 24. Mr. Miller chose his scriptural text from the writings of the Apostle Paul, "For we are his workmanship, ordained by him unto good works."

Mr. Miller opened his sermon with the popular example of work while in college. He pointed out that everyone likes to study, whether to their minds it be a pride or a disgrace, and to study hard. It is through the medium of study that we gain strength and efficiency. He said:

"Paul says we were saved for a life of service. God laid a plan for this life of service in Jesus Christ. Just as the architect, the artist, and the author must have a plan for his work, so God planned ours. In the heart of every individual who accepts Jesus Christ as his savior there is a desire to live a life that would please Jesus. Each life is a separate entity with unique possibilities. Paul said, 'Every man shall work out his salvation with fear and trembling.' So shall you and I be saved the sorrow and disappointment of those who have not found the way.

"Every individual who spends much time in prayer is a powerful personality. Prayers should be made expectantly. A life yielded to God is useful and happy."

Musical Comedy Cast Announced

Hello everybody! This is station L. W. A. A., Lindenwood Women's Athletic Association, announcing the presentation of a Musical Comedy, "Christina of Greenland" on Friday evening, February 19. There will be a great deal of singing, original dancing, and good action. Rose Keile announces the cast as follows: Christina Aalborg, Marjorie Wycoff; Ralph Winslow, Mary Louise Bowles; Peder Aalborg, "Shing" McKeenan; Mrs. Aalborg, Lucille Chappel; Lord Doolittle, Gretchen Nitcher; Theima Larsen, Joanne Achelpohi; Milton Blair, Jane Warner; Capt. Boyd, Rose Keile; Anna Thorsen, Helen Reith; Pat, Edna Hickey; Ag-Wah-Woo, Helen Morgan; Iggi-Moo-Moo, Shirley Haas; Igorinsky Russovitch, Barbara Hirsch. Miss Lucille Cracraft is directing. So keep the date in mind and tune in again for more information concerning this popular event.

with that brilliant number of La Forge, "Song of the Open" which was a fitting climax for her program. This last group was encored with "Now Sleeps the Crimson Petals" by Quilter. Throughout the program Mrs. Kriegshaber gave Miss Traubel splendid support by her fine accompaniment.

Real the Linden Bark.

Dr. Morize's Talk

French Professor in Chapel

Dr. Andre Morize of Harvard University who spoke at Lindenwood Thursday, January 21 on "American Education as Seen by a Frenchman", is a Frenchman, a professor of Modern French Literature who has been in this country for fourteen years. He is an interested student of our educational system with which he has been connected.

Dr. Morize contrasted American educational methods with European ones, pointing out the prejudices which exist in European minds about educational systems. "In France", Dr. Morize said, "the watchword of all educational organization is centralization. In every school and university in France every student in the respective grades studies the same books, the same exercises, at the same hours, even the examinations being the same. Since all education is supported and directed by the government, rigid conformation to this principle of centralization is possible. In France private individuals do not contribute or endow educational institutions as so many wealthy Americans have done, the recent Harkness Endowment to Harvard being an example. A second essential difference between the educational systems is the insistence upon a strong foundation of general culture and Greek and Latin culture. And a third difference is in the stages of scholastic learning prevalent in France and America. In France there are only three stages of education: l'ecole premiere, or primary school, which corresponds to the American grammar school, lycee, or secondary school, which has rigid discipline and a monotonous uniformity of educational courses, and the university. In America there are grammar schools, high schools, four years of college, and graduate work. The four years of college which is a combination of recreation and education is unknown in France."

Dr. Morize sees many advantages in our system and institutions. "There is an astonishing freedom of material and physical organization which allows expansion and growth. Harvard University is not the same now as fifteen or even five years ago. We are privileged here to work in excellent buildings and libraries with splendid equipment and favorable conditions for successful study. Free play of body and mind is encouraged and college life made as attractive as possible. Nine-tenths of American college students do not realize the little amount of actual time they spend in studying and the large amount of time that they spend in extra-curricular activities.

"A second advantage which American education offers is the attention given to practical knowledge. Care is taken to provide for the students courses which may be appli-

(Continued on page 6, Col. 4)

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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
Frances Kayser, '32

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TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1932.

The Linden Barks

Tomorrow's fate, though thou be wise,
Thou canst not tell nor yet surmise;
Pass, therefore, not today in vain,
For it will never come again.

Omar Khayyam, Bodenstedt's translation

Lincoln, The Man Of The People

All America pauses on the twelfth of this month in respect to Abraham Lincoln. Each one of us has heard of his humble birthplace, of his days as a rail-splitter, and thence of his entry to the White House. It is one of the most familiar stories of history and it is not our purpose to repeat the facts so well known to every thinking American.

Each of us has a visionized picture impressed on our mind from tender childhood. What a huge rugged character he must have been! We think of photographs of the awkward giant, think of his six feet and four inches of loosely knit muscular figure.

Lincoln has won his way into our innermost hearts by the many anecdotes concerning him. There are tales of honesty and tales to which we respond with an amused chuckle, for he possessed a ready wit; and there are those of tender pathos, which appeal to us very much.

Lincoln, the man, has won admiration from the days of his youth until today. He had one thing that all girls crave. Today it is known as tact and in more statesmanlike terms it is known as diplomacy.

Lincoln has been eulogized enough throughout the ages. That is not the purpose of this article. We just wish to pause and think a minute of this wonderful pilot on the stormy cruise our nation took in its youth. In the words of Emerson "In four years, four years of battle days, his endurance and his fertility and resources and magnanimity were sorely tried and never found wanting. There by his courage, his justice, his even temper, his fertile counsel, his humanity, here stood a heroic figure in a heroic age."

Perhaps if the pilot were steering the ship today we would not be having such a rough voyage. Perhaps if Milton were living now he would write a sonnet to Lincoln such as he wrote to Cromwell and perhaps say

"Lincoln, Thou should'st be living at this hour!
America hath need of thee!"

Would that 1932 had the good pilot born to America in 1809.

Do You Remember?

Do you remember 'way back when it was the thrill of thrills to come to school on the morning of Feb. 14, and see that perky little red covered box all beribboned and beruffled sitting over in the corner looking all mysterious and evrything? Valentine Day! The biggest day of the year for all little girl students in the school. Everybody simply endured the bulk of the day until that red letter hour after all classes were over and the teacher assumed that beneficent smile which meant, "Now we can open the Valentine box!" Every few minutes some bashful young swain would sneak up to the front of the room, and with a half apologetic air deposit a contribution in the vault of his affections. As he walked back to his seat a darting glance full of meaning was sent in the direction of some long yellow curls and blue eyes full of mischief that danced on the opposite side of the room.

Some few very proud ones held out their offering until the very last minute so that every one in the room might see the beautiful white box which encased a frilly piece of paper all covered with lace and little hearts that read "Let me be your Valentine." And much was the conjecture that went on in small whisperings as to who was to be the lucky recipient of the lovely fifty cent valentine. For, of course, the girl who received such a lovely gift in testimony to her popularity in the class must let the donor carry her books home from school, and much would be the teasing that went on the next day—and maybe for several days to come.

Who were to be the monitors and have the calling out of the names? Surely such an honor must be decided by election, and no presidential campaign was ever carried on with the solemnity with which the monitors for the Valentine Box were chosen. The pretty little girls wore their very best smirks, and the not-so-pretty-ones tried to look indifferent and as if they didn't care that the silly old boys didn't buy dinky little old valentines for them.

Teacher looked very happy and well pleased because the little stack on her desk kept growing larger and larger. Everyone had saved their next-best for teacher, because the very-best must go to the particular boy-or-girl friend. After it was all over everyone tried awfully hard to keep from looking self-conscious after such a dose of sentimentality.

After the elementary school stage the sentimentality was even worse for instead of the old-fashioned valentine the gift must take the form of a dozen

Pi Alpha Delta Initiates

Pi Alpha Delta, honorary Latin fraternity, held its regular meeting at five o'clock on Wednesday, February 3, at which time seven new members were initiated with a very impressive ceremony, and were presented with a white rose, the flower of Pi Alpha Delta. Following the initiation, refreshments were served, and a social hour was spent. The new members are: Susan Jane McWilliams, Carlene Holt, Helen Zimmerman, Alda Schierding, Evelyn Fox, Jane Spellman, and Katherine Simpson.

Lindenwood Appreciation

By L. N.

The other day I heard one of our best music students say she didn't think Lindenwood appreciated anything "really good". But she was certainly wrong for have you ever seen a more appreciative audience than that which Miss Helen Traubel had here Tuesday night? Did you ever see a more spell-bound audience than Miss Traubel had while she sang Elsa's "Traum" from Richard Wagner's opera, "Lohengrin"? Or did you notice the tears that came to a few of the older members of the audience when she sang that lovely old favorite, "Annie Laurie"?

Miss Traubel looked lovely in a very plain black gown, with three lovely brilliant flowers on it. Mrs. Kriegshaber wore a black dress also with brilliant stripes on the sleeve. The two of them produced a lovely black and silver effect on the stage.

I would like to see that girl that made that remark sometime and ask her if she still holds her opinion of Lindenwood girls being bored by anything good. I should like to go down the list of Miss Traubel's numbers, explaining after each one the degree of appreciation there was. Of course things are appreciated . . . just bring Lindenwood some more people like Miss Traubel and see if they are not as well received.

Blues for Spring

Very gratifying is the return of individuality in the matter of spring hats. Although the very first buyers will be showing the tricorne and the derby these have run their course with the fashion-sighted. New versions of the youthful and ever popular beret will be important. They may be decorated with a feather quill standing up with a dash, or slanting downward over the ear, according to which line suits one best. One particularly flattering model is the one of soft felt formed into a beret on the right side, round and flat as a disk, and to this there is added a funny little brim which makes a vizor over the right eye and runs up to a point on the left showing beautifully dressed hair. To accentuate the high point a bow of felt loops at the topmost point on the brim. This hat will be popular and will be displayed with many slight but interesting variations. The small hat has been approved by the large majority for years, and its style importance this spring will be a boon to many. There will also be many sport hats with wide and floppy brims.

"Blue is the most important spring color development as yet," (reads a wire from Paris direct to your Bark). "There will be variations of navy, a bright navy, dusty blue, and cornflower. Red and black will be a smart combination, and beige is definitely returned to for street wear."

There will be scores of new bags on the market immediately, pert little bags, sleekly sophisticated evening bags (old gold mesh takes first honors here), and chic sports costume bags. Although every girl should have one good quality bag to go with her best street outfit, it is smart to buy several less expensive bags in order that each dress may be either matched or a bag on hand to harmonize with it. Accessories make the outfit. It is interesting to note that blue-spring hats are being used with black bags, black shoes, gloves, and purse.

Read The Linden Bark.

roses or a heart-shaped box of candy, or at the very least a telegram or two. And what fun, for there were always two or three girls who ran a race to see who could be remembered the most extravagantly. Woe to the particular swain who failed to remember such a momentous occasion.

Four years of that in High School, and then what happens at the college level where there are no pretty beribboned boxes, and a cynical attitude is popular among the young attendants? Valentine Day? Poo! Poo! What sickening silliness! And the young ladies turn up sophisticated noses and treat February 14 as if it were any other uneventful day of the school year. But at the end of the day if accident carries their eyes toward a calendar how many of them remember with a little sinking feeling of a day lost, the fun Valentine Day used to mean, and how many of them will wonder if possibly a little sentimentality in the day's work might not help relieve the deadliness of a rather monotonous routine?

After all there's nothing to be ashamed of in a little honest feeling expressed in a little out-of-the-ordinary way. Perhaps if more people were given to expressing a few more beautiful sentiments instead of so many detrimental ones we might not be on the verge of going to war today, and the sacrifice of so many lives might not be entailed if more people could remember there was a February 14 on the calendar, and that it is the symbol of love.

In Memoriam, Col. James Gay Butler

Soon Lindenwood will commemorate the dedication of Butler Hall which took place on February 15, 1915. Colonel James Gay Butler was the donor of this hall. He is spoken of as one of Lindenwood's greatest benefactors, for not only did he give the college a building, but he willed four million dollars to be used to further the educational advantages of women.

Colonel Butler was born in Saugatuck, Michigan, January 23, 1840. He became a student at the University of Michigan until the start of the Civil War, then he joined the ranks of the Northern Army. After the war Col. Butler came to St. Louis to engage in business. He made a large fortune in his establishment a large tobacco manufacturing business. It was during these years that Col. Butler and Dr. Samuel J. Nicolls became such good friends. He was also a member of the Board of Directors of Lindenwood College. Col. Butler was the best loved visitor at this time. It became his greatest joy to entertain the girls at dinner parties, and to give them favors. He seemed to enjoy the students immensely.

Colonel Butler lived to see the laying of the cornerstone of the Butler building. It is in honor of this friend, this benefactor, that we will observe the memory of the dedication of Butler Hall.

TWO SONNETS

LAMENT TO AN UN-
FAITHFUL LOVER

By Em Ja

Oh you who make my heart beat
slow and cold,
Oh you who put a weight in it like
lead;
Alas, you've made my world so grey
and old!
To you my own heart's blood I
gladly fed.
I do not see the wonders of the day,
My eyes are shadowed now with
tears of truth,
I can not sense the beauty of Fall's
array,
I feel as one who overnight lost
youth.
Oh you whom I once trusted, heart
and soul,
I have found to be false in word and
deed;
What have I ever done that you
take toll?
I've never hurt you, that fact you
must heed.
If I be judging you wrongly,
dear one,
Truth from your lips will fill
my heart with sun.

GLAD! !

Red leaves from autumn's cape lie
at my feet,
The beauty of the season thrills me
through;
No woes for me as long as life is
sweet,
And you love me as much as I love
you.
My heart skips gaily on just like a
brook,
My head securely floats above the
skies;
The whole world appears rosy when
I look,
I can't think of a thing that I de-
pise.
To dance, to sing, to live is my de-
sire,
To give to those whom life has dealt
harsh blows;
That they too may for happiness
aspire,
And in the midst of happy ones
pose.
Oh love and youth are gifts
from Him above,
And I am glad I'm twenty and
in love.

DELUSIONS IN A MONASTERY

By Mary Louise Burch

The melodious chant of male voices
resounded into the tiny vestibule of
the chapel. Through an inner door
passed a long-cloaked figure with
sandaled feet and shorn head. Such
a young man appeared and ushered us
into the sacred calmness of the clois-
ter. Intricate carvings and perfectly
shaded colors presented a solemn
beauty that I could not fully grasp at
one glance. In the center of the room
rose an ornate altar, reaching to the
ceiling. It was resplendent with fine-
ly-wrought gold in minute carvings.
Twelve gold lamps, symbolical of the
disciples of Christ, hung around the
altar about midway between the ceil-
ing and the floor.

On two sides of this central altar,
facing one another, were yet other
altars. We wandered toward one of
these as the young man began in his
crisp, precise voice to explain the
various things we were seeing. My
eye had found a beautiful painting on
the wall and I was gazing intently
when I felt a hand on my shoulder.
I turned to see the last of our party
crawling through a low entrance-way
into a dimly-lighted cavern, which

was the altar of the sepulchre. The
guide was motioning for me to follow.
My glance dropped to the length of
my legs and I hastily attempted to
form a mental picture of my ungainly
self wriggling through that aperture.
After an ungraceful squirm I stood
upright in a low cavern. My friends
gave me an imploring look as I turned
to see a figure representing Christ
stretched on a bier. I looked at their
faces again with an expression on my
own as completely awe-inspired as
theirs. Turning to lead the half-
kneeling, half-crouching procession
back into the chapel, my knees quiver-
ed a little as a sense of having to trod
on holy ground swept over me.

We crossed the chapel and ascended
a stairway to another place of wor-
ship. Here was a frieze of the cruci-
fixion of Christ. Realistic colorings
made the figures more vivid and a
softening blue light over all created
an illusion of unearthly light. The
guide again brought me from my
heavenly trance by a touch on my
arm. I turned to see the others on
their way toward a stairway having
over it the inscription "The Grotto of
Nazareth". A chain across the en-
trance was released by the guide and
our little party descended. On reach-
ing the last step I turned to see the
guide replacing the chain. Were we
being conducted into this underground
passageway to become nuns and
monks? This idea, in spite of its un-
usual interest, was not particularly
fascinating. I decided to take a
chance on emerging still a free-born
American woman, and stepped into a
dark, narrow, gruesome passageway.
"You are now", said the guide, "in the
catacombs. These are built exactly
like those of Rome where many
Christians died as martyrs". Perhaps,
like those Christians, I might have
given myself as a martyr to some
noble cause. As a child I enjoyed
visualizing myself as a sacrificial, tor-
mented soul. What could be more
realistic than to die and be buried in
one of the cavities in the wall of the
passageway as had these Christians
of old Rome? I peered into a cavity
half-expecting to see the rotting
bones of some Christian martyr.

As we groped one by one through
the passageway, suddenly I felt a hand
grab mine. I almost screamed, but
looked down to see the form of six-
year-old Raymond, "Mary, keep me
with you", he said. I held on tightly
as we proceeded. A more than wel-
come scrap of dim light appeared at
the end of a blind alley. There in a
glass case was the grotesque figure
of Saint Benignas, a martyr to Chris-
tianity. The guide was too willing to
tell us that the existing remains of
this saint were in a leaden box, en-
closed in the waxen figure. We left
Saint Benignas and followed another
passageway. Soon we met Saint Ce-
cilia with her head hay-severed and
the blood trickling, Saint Sebastian
with darts sprinkled over his body,
and a sculptured group, representing
a French artist's conception of Hell.
I was so hardened at these numerous
harrowing sights that I would have
welcomed a lone wandering through
the real catacombs themselves. A tiny
reproduction of the Nativity was
rather nerve-calming after what we
had just seen.

After an upsetting bump against the
rough wall in another dark passage, a
glare of light set my eyes twitching.
The guide had reached the top of the
stairway and, much to my relief, was
loosening the chain for us to pass
through. We crossed the cloister
again, passed through the vestibule
and outside where there were real
sunshine and trees. I looked, half-
expecting to see the waters of the
Tiber and the dome of Saint Peter's
Cathedral in the distance. But no—

there was the car where we had left
it, and I could see the obelisk of the
Washington monument instead of
Saint Peter's. My hand was damp
and sweaty as Raymond was still
holding on tightly. When we reached
the end of the walk I turned back to
see the building of this twentieth-
century monastery. It was quite un-
imposing considering what one could
see there. I had always had romantic
fancies about the monasteries and
nunneries of the Middle Ages and had
half-regretted that I had missed out
on living while they flourished. Why
should I long for the Middle Ages
when I can have such an experience
as this in our own capitol city?

SPONDEE

By Louise H. Walker

Pat! Pat! Pat! Rain drips down,
Hits roofs, taps bricks,
Drops down, slaps down
Pat! Pat! Pat! Rain slips down.

THOUGHTS WHILE RIDING
ON A CHAIR AT NIGHT

By Sue James

I wonder if I look as funny when I'm
asleep as some people do. Do I sleep
with my mouth open? Will those
women behind me never stop talking?
What's that one just said?

"Well, now, when my husband dies
I'm going to leave his room just as it
is and close the door and never enter
it again."

The other woman thinks that is a
good idea, maybe she will do the
same. I think the man across the
aisle from them is as disgusted as I
am. This is the third time that he
has gone to get a drink in order to
escape their loud voices. Each time
he returns he gives them a half-
angry, half-imploring look, then
settles back into his chair to try again
to sleep.

I think the man across the aisle
from me is a travelling salesman. He
is spotlessly dressed in spats, a derby,
and he has opened his sample case
twice to look at the hosiery.

"And it is the only medicine that
helps me at all. The name of it is—

The man in front of me certainly
looks funny with his hair mussed up,
his collar and tie off, and in his shirt
sleeves. However, he may not look so
funny with his hat and coat on. I see
he has a derby, and it isn't so bad
looking. And his overcoat is of a nice
tweed.

"Then you add some butter and a
pinch of salt and stir well".

I wonder where that poor old
woman is going? That must be her
son who's telling her good-by. She
looks as if she would like very much
to cry.

Why do they turn off all the lights
on the train except the one that
shines in my eyes? These seats are
rather comfortable when they are put
back, but I wish my legs were longer
so I wouldn't have to stretch so far to
the other seat. The train makes a lot
of noise, but I can still hear those
women talking. One has a child and
the other a dog, but according to the
two women they both need the same
amount of care.

"I have an awful time finding some-
thing for Fuzzy to eat. That new dog
food makes him sick."

"Well, Ella's such a sickly child
that anything she eats makes her
sick."

There is no need for me to spec-
ulate about their lives as I do about
those of the other passengers on the
train, because they have no hesitancy
in telling each other about their pri-
vate affairs and I can't help hearing
them. However, one of the loud-talk-

REFLECTIONS ON PEOPLE
WHO ASK FOOLISH QUESTIONS

The most annoying and irritating
people in the world are those who al-
ways have a perfectly pointless ques-
tion to ask; that is to say, they never
ask anything vital or even necessary.
This fact is usually a very obvious in-
dication that they are rather sense-
less themselves and never think in
terms of importance. It is probable
that they talk just to hear themselves
talk or to get you to ask a dumb ques-
tion too, just to be sociable.

These individuals (but they really
don't possess that certain quality
which characterizes individuality) are
astoundingly prevalent in college cir-
cles, and it is always advisable to
avoid them (although this success is
almost impossible) as best you can.

Did you ever have a girl burst into
your room just at the point when you
were about to bring your English
theme to a dramatic climax, and hear
your visitor say, "Oh, are you writing
something?" That happened to me
not long ago. Immediately my
thoughts vanished into thin air, but
instead of grabbing the nearest book
in sight and throwing it at her with
vicious satisfaction, I displayed my
most polite smile, and said, "Why,
yes, I am." Oh for the nerve to give
vent to my real feelings!—Last week,
I fell all the way down the stairs and
cut a deep gash in my knee. Looking
up, I heard someone say, "Did you fall
down?" Words failed me at this
point. With an excessive effort at
self-control, I mustered up enough
energy to limp painfully upstairs and
doctor my knee.—And then there's
the girl from my home-town, who,
when I tell her that I went to a
friend's funeral while I was at home
last week-end, replies, "Oh, did he
die?" (I don't even need to attempt
self-control in this case). I had a
sophomore ask me this question the
other day: "How long should a five-
minute speech be?" I didn't even an-
swer her, but I wondered how she
ever became a sophomore.....

I've tried to squelch people of this
type by disguised looks, silence, and
other ingenious, though unsuccessful
methods; but they continue in their
futile inquiries, nevertheless. Perhaps
they could be disposed of by sending
them to some uninhabited spot where
there would be no one but themselves.
But then, poor things! they'd prob-
ably talk themselves to death.

THOUGH SUMMERS PASS

By Martha Mason

Though summers pass and winters
come again
Though youth gives way to age and
peace to strife,
Do not despair and hope this world
to change.
What is thy will against the will of
life
So take each moment as it comes
to thee
In golden flood of low or in dark
grief
And live each one as doth a wild
fowl free,
For moments on this earth are all
too brief.
Wilt thou have passed thy life in
futile ways,
Just making light enough to find
thy tomb
And nought but smoke commemor-
ate thy days
Like as a candle penetrating gloom?
If thoughts are good and each thing
said is true,
What things to thee can winter's
fury do?

ing women is getting off at this sta-
tion—now, perhaps, I can go to
sleep.

TOMORROW

By Martha Mason

Faded red hair—
Like ashes glowing with hidden
embers
Or faded poppy petals drooping in the
sun.

Golden locks turning grey—
Like silk in summer's corn
Or sand caressed by moonbeams.

Black hair with silver sheen—
An etching,
A raven and a swan.

TAKING THE HURDLES

By Margaret Walker

In ten minutes the hurdles would begin. All of us were mounted and ready; the tension ran high in the inclosure in which we were gathered. The horses seemed to be catching the general excitement of the humans on their backs. Casey, the groom, was petting and coaxing Patchen "to be calm", and telling me not to worry because "he would come through like an angel." I wasn't worried because from time to time, I had caught the calm deep in those brown eyes of my horse and had faith that he would carry me over.

A stir ran through the crowd. The gate was open and we were going out into the track which was blackly lined with people. In contrast with the black was the white of the hurdles stretching away.

In an instant the whistle blew; the first horse started and topped all the hurdles but two. I was scheduled as second. Patch seemed to sense my faith in him and went to the starting line with the utmost confidence. He steadied himself once and we were off. Straight between the runways of the first hurdle we went. We were over with never a click of heels on the top bar.

We went for the second one. Just then, for the tick of a second, my brain stopped registering but started to work again with double speed. Straight between those two points of ears was a little child who had gotten onto the track and was so terrified by the oncoming horse that she was frozen where she stood. If I had tried to stop, it would have meant probable death for all of us. Suddenly something told me (perhaps a laid back ear of Patchen's) to have faith in my mount and we could do it. Closer and closer we came to that tow head, and at that instant I gave Patch the signal to jump. Up we went and over and left the infant still standing. We couldn't stop—the next hurdle was too close. Again the signal. This time we soared up, up, until it was more like flying itself. Then the brown earth rose up to meet us. Again no clack of heels on the bar. The long gasp of the crowd resolved into a rumble, grew to a roar, and the roar merged in with the thudding of the horse's hoofs as we went on like a blur of black over the next four hurdles without touching.

WIFE'S DIRGE

By Martha Mason

Alone thou left me while thou sailed
the seas
Thy wild uneasy spirit to appease.
All alone and waiting,
Wind and stormy waters hating,
Hoping that each mellow breeze
Might calm my mind of all unease
Bring thee back on evening's tide
With me ever to abide,
Billows then replaced by trees,
Moaning winds by humming bees.

EUGENE O'NEILL'S PLAY,
"EMPEROR JONES"

By Margaret Ringer

Since there has been so much interest in the black race as depicted in drama, because of Marc Connelly's play, "Green Pastures" which is soon to be played in St. Louis I thought there might also be some interest in another play which deals with negro life. Eugene O'Neill's "Emperor Jones" shows the irony of the negro's attempt to imitate the white man and his civilization. This play was first produced by the Province town Players November 1, 1920. It is a comedy notwithstanding the fact that Jones, the principal character, dies at the end. This play is not divided into acts according to the usual rule in drama, but into eight scenes.

Jones, around whom this play is built, is a negro Pullman porter who has had to leave the United States because of a murder which he has committed. At first we dislike Jones, but as the play proceeds we are forced to admire his cleverness, which he says he has learned "on de Pullman ca's listening to de white quality talk." He has come to the West Indies and has made himself Emperor of the negroes. O'Neill clearly gives us an idea of Jones' religion when Jones says, "I se after de coin, an' I lays my Jesus on de shelf for de time be-in." In the first scene of the play, Smithers, a crooked white trader, warns Jones that the negroes have gone to the forest and are planning to kill him. Jones is confident that he will not be harmed, since the negroes believe that he can be killed only by a silver bullet. We are forced to admire Jones when he leaves his self-made kingdom and flees into the forest in the same nonchalant way in which he gained it. Putting on an expensive Panama hat he goes out the door saying to Smithers, "So long, white man! See you in jail sometime, maybe!"

The rest of the play takes place in different parts of the forest. In scene two Jones is wandering in the forest trying to reach safety so that he can get to the foreign bank where he has all his gold deposited. He meets with the "little formless fears" but he destroys these unpleasant children of his imagination by shooting one of the five lead bullets in his revolver. He is keeping a silver bullet lost for himself. In scene three he comes upon Jeff, a negro porter he has killed with a razor, shooting dice in the forest. He dispels the vision by again shooting his revolver, after saying, "Nigger, I kills you once. Has I got to kill you ag'in? You take it then". In scene four he relives that part of his life in which he murdered the white convict guard. Jones sees himself sold as a slave in the fifth scene and in the next he is forced to join a slave ship. Jones is transported to the Congo in the seventh scene. Here he is summoned by the Witch Doctor to be a sacrifice to the crocodile god. He kills the crocodile with his last bullet, the silver one. In the last scene the negroes are shown waiting for Jones at the place where he entered the forest, for he has traveled in a circle. Shots are heard and when Smithers asks Lem, how he knows Jones is dead, the old negro replies, "Lead bullets no kill him. He got strong charm. I cook um money, make um silver bullet, make um strong charm, too."

Although O'Neill pays no attention to the unity of place in this play he has perfect unity of time and action. This play is written in a quite different pattern from most plays, but it cannot be said that Eugene O'Neill did not follow the fundamental laws of drama.

THE CONFESSION OF
A SLEEPY-HEAD

By Noveta Wilks

Oh, what a terrible thing it is to be a sleepy-head! All my life I have had a tendency to sleep just a few minutes after the morning call. My parents have reprimanded me for this many times and term it laziness. But in the winter it is comfortable and warm in bed, while the room is probably cold; and in the summer the cool breezes blow across my body. Why should I, in either case, leave a comfortable repose for a place that is much less pleasing? This sleepiness is a daily occurrence; consequently, I have thought deeply on the matter, and after years of silent deliberation have come to some definite conclusions.

We are all familiar with the adage, "The early bird catches the worm". Here we have an innocent worm arising early only to be devoured by a bird. If the little worm had remained in bed perhaps he would still be alive and happy. In that case was it intelligent to be an early ariser? Again, there is that maxim that is quoted to me very frequently, "Early to bed and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise." The earlier I arise the more indisposed I feel. A few evenings ago I retired early, thinking I would arise the next morning at five o'clock and study for examinations. When the alarm rang the next morning, I felt as if the world were turning the wrong way on its axis, and I would suddenly be hurled into space. What a terrible feeling! My entire day was ruined; I decided that the one and only way to start the day wrong was by arising early. Then, to be wealthy one must usually give his best to his work. Who can do this if his eyes are only half opened? Coffee is oft-times used as an eye opener, but it is hard on the nerves, again proving that early arising is injurious to the health. As for the wisdom resulting from early arising, in my estimation the wisest men have enough mental capacity to value a good sleep in the morning.

Each day I doubt more and more the importance of arising early and by the time Gabriel blows his horn for me I am afraid I shall ask to sleep just a little while longer, so that my time in eternity will not be started in the wrong way.

IS IT REALLY REDEEMING

By Dorothy Rush

I heartily believe that I am gifted with at least the one good virtue of generosity. If one is to believe a fortune teller, this fact is true, as the grimy old gypsy woman solemnly characterized me as having that outstanding quality. I am sure that she was right, for she was the typical palm-reader with a few tusks so often mistaken for teeth, a wrinkled face, and a general air of mystery.

A few months later an incident proved that there was truly a vestige of this trait in my character. I had saved many nickels for quite a while to buy a particularly fascinating green and yellow scarf that had little dogs chasing smaller cats around the border. So when my pet rival in school had the presumption to ask to wear my scarf on an all-day hike, I greatly desired to answer with an emphatic, "No!" But mothers always arrive on the scene all too suddenly and at the most critical moment. Being a good friend of this person's mother, my own dear mother came forth with, "Dorothy will be delighted to let you wear the scarf." Although I could not protest, my heart was as black as a very dirty furnace.

About a week later the scarf, or its

few remains, was returned. Certainly the dogs must have overwhelmed the cats and a terrific struggle ensued, for the border was practically in shreds! Her version was "a nasty, old snag on a tree that pulled the scarf slightly." Naturally I have my own ideas (I can see her tearing my treasure to pieces with a smirking grin on her face). If my feelings had been turned into actions she would have met an instant death, but remembering the words of the gypsy and my outstanding generosity, I decided to live up to these expectations. To make it real in this case, I generously allowed her to live. Never since have I been tested, and because I live on margins, I shall use this as proof of my redeeming virtue of generosity.

Doomsweek—Here!—Gone!

By P. Hartt

Friday—One semester over! I really can't say I'm elated over next week. The law of compensation keeps right on working. I feel relieved about having no more papers for at least a week, but ha! what do I have instead—finals! I don't have any Tuesday, but can I sleep late? No! I'll probably have to study, the point being, will I? The more I think about it, the more I think I won't. But why should I think about that now? That's my trouble, I think 'of the wrong things at the wrong time; anyway, I've decided to sleep till noon on Tuesday morning.

Monday—One final finished. It wasn't bad at all, but how was I not being domestically inclined, to know what per-cent of a family's income was supposed to be spent for this, that, and the other thing. Not having anything else to do but study for exams, our suite relaxed and spent the evening laughing.

Tuesday—I just knew that something would happen to that plan to sleep late. I had a terrible dream last night—at least it was terrible to me. I dreamed that I was a trapeze-jumper. For any one more athletic than I, this wouldn't have been such a nightmare, but to me, who can't jump higher than a foot and a half, it was misery. If my friends could only have seen me swinging up in the air and jumping from trapezes over bars and around poles! I'm glad they didn't, though, because my facial expression must have been terrible if I looked like I felt. I woke up just as I was ready to make a standing dive into flames. When I did wake I was so dizzy from swinging around that I was glad I didn't jump into the flames or I may have had blisters on my feet.

Friday—I'm still alive after the strain. Everybody has gone away for week-ends, but we're not going in until tomorrow. I didn't know that Irwin Hall could be so quiet. We discussed economic conditions tonight. If some of the faculty could hear some of our discussions on various topics I think that we would improve our grades some. But then there's satisfaction in knowing something that you don't get credit for. Was that last statement the truth? Imagine a man going around knowing new things that no one around him is aware of, and remaining quiet. When we were children we used to run to tell people things that they hadn't heard—and we still do.

Monday—After a perfect week-end I found it a little hard to feel exactly as if I were in a class room. All my classes are interesting for this semester—and I had more fun cleaning out my notebook to get ready for my notes for this semester. I must read "Hamlet" so, diary, I'll stop for tonight.

BETTER ASK BELINDA

Belinda regrets that she is unable to answer all the questions sent in to her at this time, but she will get around to them. Keep right on sending questions. For the sake of convenience, have your questions put in post office box 284.
Dear Belinda,

I have a round face and large blue eyes, a rather small mouth, and a small pug nose. On which side should I part my hair? It is blond and very curly. I would like to look sophisticated.

Sue

Dear Sue,
You might comb your hair back from your head and then you wouldn't have to worry about a part. About trying to look sophisticated, do you think you're the type? Write to me again.

Belinda

Dear Belinda,
Please tell me how I could become more popular? I got only three long distance calls this week.

Ruth

Dear Ruth,
Well, since there are seven days in the week I would suppose that seven calls a week would be one hundred per cent popular, or do you think a girl should have twenty-four calls a day—one for each hour? It couldn't be worked down to minutes, and seconds are entirely out of the question. Let us assume the first condition to be what you desire, then you would want four more calls a week. You might put in long distance calls for yourself and run up to your room real quick until the phone rang for you. This might create a rush, you know. Write to me and tell me how this plan works out.

Belinda

Dear Belinda,
I am very disturbed. All my friends have gone crazy! They sit all day long tailor-fashioning winding a needle in and out, in and out material. It is very hard to get a friendly word out of them or even a smile. What shall I do? They say they are making a quilt.

Yours,
Oso Blue

Dear Oso,
Don't you think you should change your environment and get away from crazy people? You may go crazy too. I judge from your letter that you are the athletic type of girl, and that your friends are more domestic. Get out and walk and exercise. That's what you need to get your mind off these crazy friends of yours. Eat lots of oranges and drink milk and maybe you will change your attitude toward them.

Belinda

Dear Belinda,
Why, after spending the week-end, did I forget to get off the train at St. Charles, and go on to St. Louis?

S. J.

Dear S. J.,
In the first place you must either be in love or very absent-minded, and in the second place the conductor must have been the same way to let you go on when your ticket was to St. Charles. You aren't in love with the conductor, are you?

Belinda

Dear Belinda,
Why is a girl riding on the train apt to find a brother-in-law among the waiters? At least, he had the same name.

S. H.

Dear S. H.,
Augustus was my grandfather and

Dr. Tupper Speaks on Chino-Japanese Situation

One of the most interesting Y. W. C. A. meetings of the year was held last Wednesday night when Dr. Tupper gave a brief but complete review of the Chino-Japanese situation in which the world is now so concerned. China and Japan have become prominent in the world's affairs only in the last century, for both nations were closed politically and economically to foreigners until the middle of the last century when Perry of the United States suggested that Japan allow the foreign traders and merchants to enter. Trade treaties and valuable economic relationships have been established between the two countries and the rest of the world. Japan, in contrast to China, began to westernize immediately upon coming in contact with the western world, and in the last century has developed into one of the world powers, a nation powerful enough to triumph in war against the enormous nation of China and of Russia. Its navy now is ranked as the third largest in the world. The small group of islands upon which the Japanese people live has become inadequate for their large and increasing population, and Japan is anxious to secure territory on the mainland. Korea has become a possession of Japan and several other small pieces of territory are now under her political and economic influence.

China was a closed nation until the last century, indeed until the world powers insisted that trade and economic privileges be allowed them, and China granted several of the powers extra-territorial rights in which the foreigners have introduced foreign law and jurisdiction. A number of civil wars in China have weakened her power to control the advance of the foreigners; for example, the Boxer Rebellion in 1900 was unsuccessful. During the World War, Japan, ever-anxious to secure a more permanent foothold on the mainland, took advantage of China's weakened condition to force the head of her government to sign the "Twenty-one Demands", one of which required that the lease on the Liaotung Peninsula which Japan had taken over from Russia as a result of her victory in the Russo-Japanese War be extended to 1985. In several conferences since the World War China has protested in the League of Nations and other world assemblies that the treaty of the "Twenty-one Demands" was illegally forced upon her "at the point of a gun" and that the Liaotung Peninsula should be returned to her. Japan has continued to expand into Manchuria in spite of China's protests. Last fall a fishing disagreement in which both Japanese and Chinese were killed and the death of a Japanese soldier in Manchuria precipitated actual fighting. Japan immediately sent troops into Manchuria to protect her properties and interests. China appealed to the League for assistance in controlling the situation and the League voted, but not by unanimous vote since Japan would not vote against herself, that Japanese troops should be removed from Manchuria by November 16. Denying the legality of the League's vote, Japan refused to obey the order, and further disturbance between the two nations over the Manchurian railroad, for which neither will take the blame, was begun. Japan hurried more troops into

Apollo was my cousin but that's no sign I'm a Greek. What's in a name? The Greeks had a name for it.

Belinda

Nelly Don Styles

Notable Display of Many Fashionable Fabrics

New spring styles, colors, and fabrics were shown Thursday night at 7:30 o'clock in Roemer Auditorium sponsored by the Nell Donnelly Dress Factory. As Mrs. Donnelly was unable to be here, Miss Holt from Kansas City explained the interesting and unusual points of the dresses. Misses Reno, Utterbach, and Albright of St. Louis assisted Miss Holt. Girls who acted as models were Jane Laughlin, Millicent Mueller, Frances Neff, Jane Babcock, Miriam Runnenburger, Minna Krakauer, Barbara Butner, Margaret Ethel Moore, and Dorothy Miller.

Miss Holt said that this is a favorable spring for wash materials. And her statement was proved by the lovely models shown. Linen seemed to be favored by Nelly Don in her dresses. Burnt orange and brown linen make a very striking ensemble. The jacket was brown with touches of burnt orange on it. Another clever suit shown was a brown and white linen suit. The skirt yoke had a zipper touched up by yarn pom-poms. The waist was of white mesh. The bolero jacket was featured in a blue linen suit. The blouse was pink with a plaited frill and an inset of lace on the sleeves. Several of the newer meshes were shown. A perfectly plain coral mesh with insets of lace in the yoke made a practical model.

A two-piece Promenade mesh of green had a clever jacket of the same material embroidered with yarn flowers of a contrasting shade. An Airway mesh with bias lines had capulet sleeves embroidered with blue dots. A soft cowl neck made this dress especially feminine. Another new material shown was a light green dress of spun rayon. This dress had diagonal lines. Crystal buttons gave a distinctive touch to the model.

A Sunday morning frock of red and white checked gingham was very dainty. Bias trimming, applique on the pocket, and the organdie on the sash made this dress unusual. The last model to be shown was a green smock that just shouted an air of Greenwich village. The pocket was a palette with smudges of yellow, red, and white.

the area and fighting began. China's protests have been ignored by Japan, who explains to the League that "this is not war; it is merely fighting." In the last week some Japanese monks were killed in Shanghai and Japan has laid seige to the part of Shanghai around the International Settlement. The fear is that during the "gentle skirmishings" around the International Settlement the armies will violate international law and the world powers will be forced to take a hand. America and Great Britain have sent notes to Japan requesting that hostilities cease temporarily, that a neutral zone be established between the two armies, and that countries in the dispute agree to allow a commission appointed by the League of Nations to investigate and settle the dispute. Japan has answered that it is impossible for her to submit to the suggestion as this is purely a local matter between China and Japan which should be settled by the two nations themselves, and hostilities have continued.

Dr. Tupper's discussion of the situation was particularly interesting to the numerous Lindenwood girls who are now intensely interested in following in current events the development of the peace movement, peace conferences, and disarmament.

ON THE CAMPUS

The sudden cold wave seems to make the western girls feel at home, the southern girls wish they were home, and the Missouri girls get suddenly patriotic and insist that this is unusual weather for their state.

Nice feeling to know that a new semester is starting and that just at present there are no term papers to write and no finals to study for, isn't it?

Despite the low temperature, Spring Fever has overtaken many girls as far as planning new spring clothes is concerned—Nelly Don is probably partly responsible for that.

After having been home between semesters a lot of girls have turned to a new page on the calendar and begun to count the days until March 24.

Is This Spring Weather?

Believe it or not, Mr. Groundhog says it is

Hail Mr. Groundhog! Arising early on his day of national recognition and attention, February 2, he was faced by a gloomy, foggy atmosphere which quickly dismissed any chance of a shadow. "No sun this early," thought he, and retired to perform his morning duties, whatever they might be.

During the course of the morning occasional peeks above the tip of his hole disclosed no noticeable change in the looks of things. However, just about noon a change did come in the form of a drizzling rain, not unpleasant in itself, but bringing with it a cold, cold wind which caused Mr. Groundhog's peeks at the outside world to be very brief. At twelve o'clock, when he pranced about above his underground home there was no possible chance of a shadow being cast upon the ground.

Throughout the afternoon Mr. Groundhog kept an eye on the weather, wondering all the while if the sun were playing a trick and saving his rays for a later part of the day. But no more attention for Mr. Groundhog and his weather predictions was to develop. The day grew foggier and foggier.

Perhaps he decided the people upstairs were spoiled from the Indian Summer weather that prevailed during the winter months, perhaps he decided that Spring should come early for Leap Year, no matter what his conclusions were, his duty was done. So, being well satisfied with the part he had played, he marked one more year down on his calendar of weather predictions, and retired for the evening, looking forward to continuous spring weather.

WHO'S WHO?

If you can't guess this one, you're deaf, dumb, and blind! You hear plenty about her popularity and wit, if you're not too dumb to listen when Lindenwood's 400 talks, and you must be blind if you haven't stared at her and her gorgeous clothes. She's a Senior—the dear old class of '32 has class, my dears—and one of the Four (or Five) Horsemen—women, or what have you, on third floor Irwin. If you need the hint, she's tremendously interesting in bacteriology and it is whispered that she carries microbes around in a wastebasket when nothing else is handy! Her nickname suggests intoxication, and whoops! is she ever intoxicating! Huh! did you say "Gin"? Well, so did I!

COLLEGE CALENDAR

Tuesday, February 9:
5 p. m.—Music Students' Recital.
Thursday, February 11:
11 a. m.—Oratory Students' Recital.
Friday, February 12:
Annual Board's Benefit Picture Show at Strand.
Sunday, February 14:
6:30 p. m.—John G. Neidhardt, "Epic Cycle of the West—Lyrics"

Sidelights of Society

Classes have started and when they have not gone exactly as desired, grumbles may be heard about how unlucky we are. But in reality we should save our sympathy for others who need it more than we do. Ruth Kelley has been quite ill for almost three weeks, and now is recuperating from an appendicitis operation. Sue Taylor has also been among the indisposed, making it necessary for her to go home one week ago last Friday. Sue returned to school Sunday, and we hope that it will not be long before we will see Ruth among the crowds at chapel, classes, and other places haunted by Lindenwood girls.

Did someone say that members of the female sex can't make up their minds in a hurry? Whoever said that had evidently not heard of the three Ayres girls who decided between 1:14 and 1:16 on Thursday, January 28, that they would go to Chicago to the home of one of them for the week-end, and who left at 5 p. m.

Ayres Hall was practically deserted the week-end between semesters, for many of the girls who couldn't go to their own homes visited someone else. Helen Stewart Purvines, Helen Reith, Betty Hart, Margaret Carter, Terry Blake, Kathryn Leibrock, Jacqueline McCulloch, and Mildred Reed went home; Rosine Saxe visited her aunt in Chicago; Neva Hodges visited Jane Tobin in Springfield, Illinois; and Helen Furst and Madeline John went with Marietta Hansen to her home in Chicago.

Miss Anne Gauss, secretary to Dr. Roemer, has been ill for some time. Mrs. Charles Zeisler, who was formerly Dr. Roemer's secretary until her marriage, is substituting for Miss Gauss.

Esther Groves and Elizabeth French spent last week-end in St. Joseph. Elizabeth visited Frances McPherson who was a sophomore here last year.

Peggy McKeel was the guest of Mrs. J. Leech of Blytheville, Ark., in St. Louis last week-end.

Margaret Hill went to her home in Council Bluffs, Iowa, for the week-end.

Catherine Marsh spent last week-end with Mary Garnett Baird in her home in Excelsior Springs.

Mary Helen Kingston, Shirley Haas, Roslyn Well, Carolyn Frasher, and Sarah Louise Greer spent the week-end between semesters at the home of Jane Laughlin in Kirksville, Mo. Several dances and luncheons were given in their honor.

Mildred French visited Jane Ford, a Freshman at Lindenwood last year, at her home in Kansas City for the week-end.

Jennie Jeffries was a week-end guest of Betty Barker in Bonne-

Terre, Mo.

Betty Burrows spent the week-end in St. Louis with friends from her home, Omaha, Neb.

Eva Mae Livermore and Louise Condon went to Omaha, Neb., last week-end. Louise is not returning for the second semester.

Kathryn Hull visited friends in Cincinnati, Ohio, for the week-end.

Mary Louise Burch, Pauline Kolb, and Betty Sinclair spent the week-end with Agnes Baehman at her home in Salem, Illinois. Evelyn Keck joined them for the return trip Sunday morning.

Recently eighteen members of the sophomore home economics class of the St. Charles High School, under the direction of Miss Scott, visited the Lindenwood Home Economics department. They were conducted through the department's room by Miss Anderson and Miss Tucker and Miriam Runnenburger and Barbara Ringer. A special feature of the visit was a display of a model problem meal demonstrating the amount of foods containing the constituents of milk necessary in a meal to make up for the absence of milk. Other interesting problem meals have been worked out by the department, special attention being given to the foods in the proper meal for a child, as well as in that for an adult.

How the Faculty Move To and Fro

"Dee", "Blue Streak", "Whoopie" are all teacher's pets

What has been cluttering up the campus but the various and sundry conveyances of the faculty? Nothing but a few hundred girls, but this last was beside the point. The time has arrived for an explanation of the phenomenon (when is a phenomenon not a phenomenon?). Upon interviewing a few members of the faculty they were found to be unabashed and even loquacious on the subject, and the reporter departed and turned to the library for further enlightenment, even unto the Saturday Evening Post.

Does Lindenwood know that Dr. Case wheels himself about in "floating power"? This all steel body which is stayed in its floating about at the will of the driver by its invisible hydraulic brakes has also "free wheeling". Ogden Nash has just released a new book explaining the latter term. The name of this strange conveyance is "De Soto" which really is not so strange at all. However, we're sure Dr. Case thinks of it in no such prosaic terms; probably it's just "pal" or "Dee" to him.

Dr. Dewey, one of the valued new acquisitions to Lindenwood this year, fancies a black "Chev" which he drives himself.

Miss Mitchell was next accosted. It seems that she travels with Dr. Tupper in her Chevrolet. Satisfactory person, Miss Mitchell. She was asked, "Well, what about it?" She replied, "It runs".

However, Miss Stumberg also drives a Chevrolet and seems to really care, so information was collected on the subject. It runs from sixty-five to seventy miles per hour. If Miss Stumberg wishes to travel any slower (which is unthinkable) she walks. It has a smarter Fisher body. Smarter than what? One can't be positive. Probably the Fisher body which Dr. Stumberg drives. The Buick of the latter is, however, "a magnificent friend." The magnificent friend is called "Whoopie" after a production

Globe-Democrat Occupies Modern New Building

By Marietta Hansen

Though one may have no interest at all in newspapers or newspaper work, it is an absolute certainty that he would be fascinated by a trip through the Globe-Democrat building in St. Louis. This building has been occupied only a little over a month, is one of the most modernly-equipped in the country, and has a floor space of seven and one-half acres.

The day we made our trip, the guide took us to the sixth floor in an elevator, and then began an explanation of news articles from their assignment to their appearance in the finished paper, an explanation which was completed on the first floor.

Several floors are taken up mainly with the offices of officials, and offices of telegraph and news associations. On one floor are rows of linotype machines which set up the type for all the articles and advertisements that appear in the paper. These machines have about them something uncanny, something which cannot be understood even as it is explained. The lines of type which it produces are set up in to columns, each of which has a printed copy made on a small hand press, and is then read for typographical errors.

After an entire page is set up it is brought to bear with great pressure on a specially constructed sheet of cardboard, so that each little letter leaves its own indentation. These cardboard sheets are placed in machines in a semi-circular position and molten lead is added, giving as a result an exact copy of the original page, in lead. These are placed on the rolls of the printing presses, and when ink has been applied and paper passed over them the page is printed. At one end of each press is a machine which folds, cuts, and counts the papers.

Although nothing connected with printing of news may be of interest to one, a trip through the entire building would be amply repaid by the privilege of seeing in action the presses which print the colored comic section. As six colors are used, each page must be passed over six different rollers from each of which it receives only one color. To watch the pages receive their figures, a little at a time, and to see them "come out" with each color perfectly placed, gives one a feeling of—well, marvel.

starring Eddie Cantor which appeared two years before or after its purchase.

Miss Parker drives a blue Ford known as "Blue Streak" or "Sweet Chariot". Need more be said?

Miss Reichert's car is too new. It wouldn't be "white" to slander it yet. Just a hint—it, too, is a Chevrolet.

Miss Wooster drives a Ford and has for the past three successive years. Her present automobile is less than a year old. It has two doors, as many and more windows, and all the other parts which go to make up a Ford of just that type.

That was as far as the reporter could interview in a short five minutes, and he sincerely hopes some benefit may be derived from the above article if it be only hope to some poor freshman who wonders if she is the dumbest person in the world.

COME!
To the Musical Comedy
"Christina of Greenland"
February 19
Admission 50c

Distinguished Guest Here

Count Rene D'Harnoncourt was a visitor on this campus Sunday night. Count Rene has earned great praise in the art world in the United States for the splendid Carnegie Exhibit of Mexican Arts which he collected during a five year sojourn in Mexico through the inspiration of Mr. Dwight Morrow, then ambassador to Mexico.

The exhibit was put on display in the Forest Park museum in St. Louis last Thursday, and the Count will lecture there.

Count Rene has been asked to make his display and lecture to Lindenwood in the near future. If he is able so to arrange his time that he can come out during some assembly period, Lindenwood will hear him.

(Continued from page 1, Col. 4)

cable to practical living. In France such things as building, architecture, and business methods are not taught in the universities of lysees."

Dr. Morize's one outstanding criticism of our system is the lack of care appalling gaps in the average ordination of subject matter. "There university student's education. Such contrasting courses as tea-room management and French poetry may count toward a literary degree and many of the elective courses are chosen to fit some vacancy in the schedule or to allow some outside activity rather than for the knowledge offered. Add a little here and there, Dr. Morize said, "then turn a crank and if nothing has gone wrong in the meantime, out rolls an A. B. or B. S. degree."

"The American system could not work in France and the French system certainly would not be popular or successful in America, but each can learn from the other and cooperate, as has been done in the last twenty years. The American students' faith in the organization and paper efficiency of their system is its most valuable advantage."



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STRAND THEATRE
TONIGHT and WEDNESDAY
"SHANGHAIED LOVE"
with Richard Cromwell—Noah Beery
Sally Blane

Thursday, February 11
Lew Ayres—Anita Louise in
"HEAVEN ON EARTH"

Friday Night—Sat. Matinee
Benefit of Lindenwood College—
Linda Walkins—John Boles
Greta Nissen
"GOOD SPORT"

Saturday Night, February 13
Marian Marsh in
"UNDER-18"