

LINDEN BARK

Vol. 10—No. 19.

Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Mo., Tuesday, March 8, 1932

PRICE 5 CENTS

Shakespearean Recital

Romeo and Juliet Delights
Lindenwood Audience

On Friday evening, February 26, Miss Mary McKenzie Gordon, head of the Department of Oratory, made an interesting departure in the line of faculty recitals by presenting the Shakespearean classic, "Romeo and Juliet". Miss Gordon is the first to attempt a full Shakespearean drama before a Lindenwood audience, and her stupendous success has been ringing over the campus since her presentation Friday night.

With a clear character interpretation indicative of careful analysis and much thought the famous characters of "Romeo and Juliet" assumed life-like proportions and acted their drama as vividly before the audience as if they had been presented in costume by different actors. Romeo, the lover; Juliet, the practical beloved; the playful Mercutio and more serious Benvolio; Friar Laurence, the ever-present help in trouble; Tybalt, the impetuous, and Juliet's nurse, who is deserving of a niche in the Shakespearean Hall of Fame, all assumed living aspects through the medium of the reader and projected themselves over the footlights into the consciousness of the listeners.

Mercutio's famous Queen Mab speech beginning, "O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you", was given with particularly beautiful emphasis, and the fantastical element which was a poignant part of Mercutio's appeal dominated the audience completely with its spell. The always beautiful lines, "What's in a name? that which we call a rose, by any other name would smell as sweet"; elicited a ripple of recognition response from the listeners.

Dressed in a light shade of pink, Miss Gordon's lace dress fell in straight simple lines to the floor, barely revealing the tips of a pair of intriguingly pink pumps. The pastel shade emphasized her dark beauty to perfection, and lent a romantic air to the romantic selection she had chosen. Evidences of Miss Gordon's popularity and recognition of her ability poured over the footlights in the form of multitudinous offerings of flowers of every hue and description, roses of every shade vying with the humbler but more colorful spring flowers for eminence.

It Won't Be Long

Dr. Roemer announced in chapel Friday, February 26, the various rates which the Wabash railroad is giving this year for the Spring Vacation. To the girls who will remain at Lindenwood for the vacation, Dr. Roemer extended an invitation for them to be his guests. Consequently everyone has a lot to look forward to, whether they are going home or remaining at school, thanks to Dr. Roemer's kind generosity.

Alpha Sigma Tau Holds Formal Pledging

At a meeting in the club room Thursday, February 25, Alpha Sigma Tau, honorary scholastic fraternity of the college, welcomed its new pledges. After the short service Lois McKeehan, president of the society, introduced Dr. Gipson, who discussed the significance, standards, and purposes of Alpha Sigma Tau. Dr. Roemer and several members of the faculty attended the meeting and joined in the informal discussions. Charlotte rousse and coffee were served.

The new pledges, who were recently announced in chapel, are: Mary Ethel Burke, Mary Louise Burch, Mary Jean Clapper, Betty Fair, Sarah Louise Greer, Betty Hart, Theo Frances Hull, Erna Karsten, Mary Jane Laughlin, Catherine Marsh, and Isabelle Wood.

Joint Meeting of Sigma Tau Delta

Chapters of Lindenwood and Harris
Teachers' College Visit Shurtleff
College, Alton.

The Lindenwood chapter of Sigma Tau Delta attended an interesting joint meeting of the Shurtleff College and Harris Teachers' College chapters of the fraternity at Shurtleff College in Alton, Friday afternoon, February 27.

Miss Alice Parker and Gladys Crutchfield drove the girls of the Lindenwood chapter, who were able to go, to Alton early Friday afternoon, and the meeting was called at 2:30 o'clock in the parlor of the girls' dormitory.

The program was opened with a solo, "Homing", sung by Madeline Bolin. Then Miss Bertha Ferguson gave an interesting address, "The Legacy of George Washington", that was apropos to the recent bi-centennial celebration.

After the address the three chapters gave reports of the work they had done and Margaret Jean Wilhoit, president of the Lindenwood chapter, told of the work of Kappa Beta chapter. This was followed by several members of each chapter reading one of their original works. Frances Kayser read an editorial, representing the field of Journalism; Gladys Crutchfield read some polyphonic prose; Edna Hickey read two of her lyrics; and Margaret Jean Wilhoit read some free verse she had written. Besides the types of writing represented in the Lindenwood group there were short sketches, essays, and more poetry from the other organizations.

After the program a delightful reception was held and refreshments were served.

The meeting, although short, proved very successful and the Lindenwood representatives reported a delightful afternoon.

The invitations for the joint meetings of Sigma Tau Delta in the three

City Lindenwood Debate

Washington University Team Meets
Lindenwood There

The debating team of Washington University and that of Lindenwood held an inter-scholastic debate Thursday night, February 25, on the Washington U campus, in which the question debated was: "Resolved that congress should enact legislature providing for the centralized control of industry." Washington took the affirmative, with Miss Katherine Jones and Miss Linna Thomas upholding that side; Lindenwood took the negative side in which Margaret Jean Wilhoit and Mary Louise Burch participated most successfully.

Summarizing, the Washington University team brought out the following arguments: Each individual is working all alone. Competition sets in; overproduction and individualism have brought about this fact. Only through cooperative methods can this over-production and individualism be surmounted and overcome. The first step would be to make an inventory of the nation's standing. Different evils of present system were spoken of, such as waste and mal-distribution of wealth. In answer to these, a universal supply system was suggested. This system would save the United States tens of thousands of dollars a year. Another suggestion was a higher limit for the Child Labor Laws.

The argument against the above summarized talks was taken by Lindenwood's team. The following is a collaboration of the two ten-minute speeches: "Economically, sociologically and psychologically speaking industry cannot be taken over by the government. Over-production cannot be paved by plan. Let the government regulate the laws for the industries but we cannot let them run them. Our very economic life is one of individualism—if we would do away with that we would have no economic life." The human angle was then spoken of. First, if we should have centralized control of industry we would have a case of every one working for the government. Secondly, a means of independence would be stifled and there would be a stifling of competition. Through the present situation we have acquired the combination of natural and artificial forces. The dictatorial efforts of government would hamper man. What an uproar there would be, without individualism!"

No vote was taken on the debate. The decision was left to the audience.

chapters are reciprocal. Last year Lindenwood was the host college and next year Harris Teachers' College in St. Louis will hold the meeting.

Those who attended from Lindenwood were: Miss Parker, Dorothy Winter, Frances Kayser, Gretchen Hunker, Gladys Crutchfield, Edna Hickey, and Margaret Jean Wilhoit.

Christ's Place In Our Lives

Dr. D. M. Skilling speaks at Vespers

Dr. D. M. Skilling, of Webster Groves, Mo., Vice-president of the board of directors of Lindenwood, spoke Sunday evening, February 28, at the vesper service, Rev. Mr. Gause Little, assistant at Brown Memorial Church of Baltimore, Maryland, was the scheduled speaker of the evening, but since it was impossible for him to be here, Dr. Skilling took his place.

Dr. Skilling took his text from Luke 2:41, concerning Jesus' trip to Jerusalem when he was twelve years old. This text gives an insight into the boyhood of Jesus, of which we are told very little.

There were three feasts which the Jewish men had to attend. The women sometimes accompanied them, so Mary and Jesus went with Joseph. Since Jesus was twelve, it was time for him to go to the temple, register, and study and know Old Testament Scriptures, for the Jewish race was insistent that the boys learn these well. From all the different towns, people went to the feast. Jesus went in with students of law, teachers, who were interested in him because he asked them questions as well as answered. After the people had remained there a certain number of days, they started away from Jerusalem. The party Jesus was with had traveled a whole day, probably talking about what had happened and not thinking of Jesus. When night-time came, Mary and Joseph began wondering where Jesus was; they became disturbed because they feared they had lost him. Jesus was the most important person in the group because he was the Son of God—our Savior, who came into the world as a child, grew up as other boys did, and now at twelve years of age, meant everything to the people. Dr. Skilling brought out the fact that Jesus Christ is the most important person of whom we should think. What if he had not come? The finest books would never have been written—for the greatest things were written through the inspiration of Jesus Christ. If he had not come we would not have the Golden Rule. If he had not come, where would the great art of the world have been? Some of the noblest pictures of the world are those which artists have tried to paint of Jesus Christ and of what he has done in the world. What of architecture? The finest buildings of the world, the great cathedrals, have been prompted by Jesus Christ. Every city has its churches which would not have been had it not been for Jesus Christ; he is our greatest friend and our divine Savior. It is possible for us to be so busy with our daily tasks that we lose Jesus; we may lose him and not know we have lost him. The travelers lost him and took it for granted he was along. The world today has taken for granted that Jesus

(Continued on page 6, col. 3)

Linden Bark

A Weekly Newspaper published at Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Missouri, by the Department of Journalism.

Published every Tuesday of the school year. Subscription rate, \$1.25 per year, 5 cents per copy.

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Frances Kayser, '32

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TUESDAY, MARCH 8, 1932.

The Linden Bark:

Ah, March! we know thou art
Kind-hearted, spite of ugly looks and threats,
And, out of sight, art nursing April's violets.
Helen Hunt Jackson.

Our Graduating Class

Who says the Senior Class is not a successful and popular body? The reason for these high achievements is an eleven-letter word, cooperation. All through the four years of close intermingling, whether it concerned social or more serious problems, the girls of the class of 1932 stuck together. As in all classes, there are the various cliques. It is impossible to avoid such friendship clans. But when the Senior class undertook a project—small or large—cliques were forgotten and the class pulled as a whole toward the success of the undertaking.

There could be many other reasons enumerated for the success of this class. But aside from the largest point—cooperation, there is another of almost equal importance. Interest for every member is a natural and unselfish feeling furthered by the Senior Class. Honors and important positions, which are plentiful among the Seniors, are as pleasing to all as to those who receive them. Never was a Senior known to lose interest in her fellow classmates, or to fail to congratulate when congratulations were appropriate.

Soon June will arrive and the graduates will depart to the many states that are represented at Lindenwood. The majority of girls will be on the look-out for a prospective position. Many professions are ready to be represented by this class. Everyone realizes that positions are "few and far between", especially those realize this who have been fast and furiously applying. But the Seniors will not be daunted. The cooperation and interest that has been the reason for the success experienced throughout the four years at Lindenwood will be carried out by each individual Senior to her particular locality. If she hears of a position especially suited to one of her classmates, will she sit back and keep mum? Certainly not. The spirit of the Senior Class will be carried out into life, and the interest instilled during four years of close companionship will be shown by aiding each other when the opportunity is afforded.

The Benefits Of Alpha Psi Omega

Alpha Psi Omega, the honorary Dramatics Fraternity of Lindenwood, is one of the highest type organizations on campus. All over the country, there are active chapters of this fraternity, which is attempting to prolong the life of drama on the legitimate stage. Requirements for membership into Alpha Psi are very high; a certain number of lines in plays are required and a maintenance of high grades in all subjects.

The Alpha Psi Chapter at Lindenwood has a membership of nine girls, all of whom have done outstanding work in the Dramatics and Oratory Department. Each year, Alpha Psi gives the Christmas play and the Commencement play. It also sponsors but does not take part in the Spring play.

Through the establishment of chapters of this fraternity in colleges throughout the country, an almost national interest in Drama is created among the college students. By producing and sponsoring plays of the best type, an appreciation for the best in Drama is built up and this will continue even after the students are out of school. In this way, more people will become concerned with the necessity for the survival of the legitimate stage, and it will not disappear.

If it were not for fraternities of this kind, Drama would probably become extinct except as it is found in motion pictures. Alpha Psi Omega is becoming outstanding for its work on college campuses and incidentally its benefits are far-reaching and permanent.

Lindenwood Ever In The Alumnae's Hearts

Few of us ever stop to think of the interest taken in our school by those girls and women who have graduated in past years, our Alumnae. We have all heard statements similar to this one, "I never realized what I was in school how much it meant to me, but now I have graduated I would give anything to be back again."

Most of our Alumnae feel this way. They made friends whom they wish to keep, and they are all bound together by that common tie—Lindenwood. Thanksgiving, Founders' Day, Graduation time, all see the coming of many visitors, among them a large number of old students who are still actively interested in their Alma Mater. The Bulletins and Linden Bark are read eagerly and any bits of news from the campus are welcomed by our Alumnae at any time.

Evidence of this interest is found in the fact that Nelly Donnelly, an Alumna of Kansas City, gives prizes to students of the Home Economics department for outstanding work. Those interested in dress designing are greatly encouraged with the example of Nelly Donnelly's success before them, and her obvious interest in the work they are doing.

Numerous Alumnae Clubs are organized in cities both near and far away. Meetings and entertainments are always well attended, for the Lindenwood

Miss Denyven Speaks

Advertising Writer on Globe-Democrat Very Interesting.

Miss Marion Denyven, advertising writer in the publicity department of the Globe-Democrat, talked to the Journalism class on Tuesday morning, March 1, on advertising.

Advertising, she said, is one of the youngest professions, as it has only been during the last twenty years that it has really had power. Some form of advertising, however, has existed always, but only during the last 75 years has it been developed. In 3000 B.C. in Egypt, there was an advertisement for a runaway slave. The Carthaginians used to build big bonfires when they would land on a foreign shore to carry on trade.

In order to advertise wares, merchants used to walk about and exhibit what they had to sell, then came the period of the town crier. When shops were opened up, criers went about the streets verbally advertising. With printing came the rise of the printed advertisement. During colonial times there were advertisements for such things as runaway slaves, property sales, auctions, and legal notices. After that came the period when commodities were advertised. Now, everything is advertised. Schools, churches, banks, and even communities such as California and Florida are given advertisement.

In 1850, newspapers and magazines made large scale advertising possible. With the development of electricity, the building of railroads and development of the manufacturing industry, advertising became a necessity. The development of reading and writing made this advertising possible through the newspapers. Advertising has raised the standard of living, in that it has enabled people to know what necessities and luxuries there are. The hot air furnace was invented in 1835, but it was not until sixty years after that, that it was known. Advertising has also raised the health standards.

The last twenty years have been the greatest for advertising. Many women have come into the field. Best & Company in New York employ Mary Lewis at a salary of \$50,000 a year in their advertising; Mrs. Charles B. Knox, left a widow, carries on largely through advertising of the Gelatin company; Stern's in New York employ Mrs. Hamburger who is great in the field of advertising; Mrs. Erma Proetz of St. Louis has three times won advertising awards; Hazel Ludwig of St. Louis is an outstanding advertiser in research department of Vandervoorts; Mrs. Paul Donnelly, a Lindenwood graduate, who has done much of her work through advertising has been successful in the Nelly Don dress establishment; Margaret Fishback, of Macy's in New York has done clever advertising in verse. Her verses appear also in the New Yorker.

Some of the places where women in advertising are found are in the department stores, manufacturing companies and advertising agencies. In order to take up advertising a woman should be able to write, should have some kind of specific training in domestic science or fashion, and should have a curious and exact mind. For her background she should have a course in Journalism, know the funda-

Noted Trilogy Shows Consequence Of Hate

By M. H.

Each of Eugene O'Neill's plays emphasizes one emotion and his "Mourning Becomes Electra", a trilogy composed of the three plays "Homecoming", "The Hunted", and "The Haunted", is entirely based on hate. The hate is within a family circle and brings about the destruction of each member.

The scene of the play is laid in a small Eastern town during the years 1865-1866. Lavinia Mannon and her mother Christine, who have never had a feeling of love for one another, are awaiting the return from war of General Ezra Mannon, their father and husband. Lavinia, who has always given her father the love his wife lost soon after their marriage, is anxious to see him; but Christine dislikes the thought of having him at home again and fears he shall find out about her affairs with Captain Adam Brent. Following the suggestion of a servant Lavinia accused Brant of being the son of her father's uncle, who had brought disgrace upon the Mannon name by marrying a Carmack nurse girl, and finding this to be true tells her mother that she will tell her father about it.

On his first night at home Ezra dies as a result of poison Brant had bought and his wife has given him during a heart attack. Christine knows her mother has done this and when her brother Orin comes home from war tells him about it and about their mother's affair with the son of the man who had disgraced the name of Mannon. The two of them follow Christine when she goes to her lover's boat, and after she leaves Orin shoots Brant and then rifles his cabin to make it look like a burglary. When Christine hears that Brant is dead she shoots herself, and from then on Orin seems to be somewhat out of his mind for he feels he is the cause of his mother's death. There had really been a great deal of love between them. For about a year Lavinia and Orin travel and when they return Lavinia promises to marry Peter Noles, who has always been in love with her. Orin finally kills himself, and soon after Peter accuses Lavinia of having had an affair with a man while she was on her trip. Because she realizes it would be unfair to him to let him marry her with all her hatred and all the family ghosts, she tells him this accusation is true. The last scene of the play shows Lavinia going into the house from which she shall never emerge, and where she shall pay the penalty for all her hate by living her life out with only the Mannon ghosts.

mentals and theories of advertising, be a reporter so that she has a nose for news, take several English courses, read many books, especially the best sellers, have a knowledge of Latin, history, and psychology. Artistic ability is important, but not altogether necessary. Being a clerk in a store is a good experience, because it enables one to know the desires and buying habits of women.

Miss Denyven then gave some points for a woman's success in business. These are: learn how to get along with men, be cheerful, be interested in your work, be a good sport, develop your personality, and be loyal to the firm for which you work.

Alumnae are interested and loyal. The St. Louis Club awards an annual prize in the art department for an outstanding piece of work.

The extent of interest taken may be judged by the number of Alumnae Clubs found in various cities. Organized clubs are found in Belleville, Ill.; Chicago, Ill.; Dallas, Texas; Des Moines, Iowa; Hutchinson, Kansas; Indianapolis, Indiana; Kansas City, Mo.; Little Rock, Ark.; Moberly, Mo.; New York City; Omaha, Neb.; Oklahoma City, Okla.; Phoenix, Arizona; Pine Bluff, Ark.; St. Charles, Mo.; St. Joseph, Mo.; St. Louis, Mo.; San Diego, Cal.; San Francisco, Cal.; Texarkana, Ark.; Tulsa, Okla.; and Wichita, Kansas.

GOSSIP

By Virginia Sterling

Time: The present.

Place: Living room of Mrs. Wolf.

Characters:

Susan Wolf

Ella Tate

Kate Pendleton

Jerusha Patterson

Mrs. Wolf, the minister's wife.

Bessie, the maid.

As the scene opens, Susan, Ella, and Kate are all seated in Susan's living room. They are women about fifty years old who have been friends for many years. Susan is a pleasant, motherly looking woman, Ella is a thin, frail little woman who feels sorry for everybody. Kate is a rather ordinary sort of person, but very nice and pleasant. Today is their weekly day for club.

Susan: Haven't we been having lovely weather this week?

Ella: Oh yes indeed, it's been so nice for the garden. Tom has been working in it every morning.

Susan: I was afraid it might rain today. I was telling Bessie this morning.....Telephone rings. Oh, excuse me a moment.....Hello.....Oh yes, dear.....I see.....Well, that's perfectly all right.....You have? Oh, I'm just dying to hear it. You don't say? Yes, Yes, Mrs. Blake was there too.....All right.....Hurry up.....Goodbye (turning to her guests. That was Jerusha. She's been delayed, but will be right over. Says she has something to tell us.

Kate: What is it

Ella: Gossip, probably.

Kate: Of course, just leave it to Jerusha.

Susan: Well, it's about the new minister, that's all I know.

Ella: Oh, it is? I think he is such a nice young man. He came to see Mrs. Wilson when her dog died and she was in bed for three days. His sermons are awfully modern, though, and he doesn't quote from the Bible very much.

Kate: That's the young age we are in. However, I certainly don't approve of the way he conducts prayer meetings. He makes it like a social gathering. The idea of discussing Ethel Barrymore when he should be thinking of the poor missionaries.

Susan: Let's start our bridge game, girls. Jerusha will be here by the time we are ready. (She rings a bell and Bessie appears). Bessie, you may bring in the table and cards now. Ella, isn't that a new dress? It's quite becoming.

Ella: Yes, thank you. It's a McCall pattern and was easy to make. I was afraid this red flowered print would be too bright for me, but Marie says that it isn't.

Kate: How is Marie now? It doesn't seem possible that she's old enough to be married. I remember when she was a little tyke and you used to bring her to club with you. Ella. (Susan and Ella both laugh, reminiscently.)

Susan: It just doesn't seem possible, does it? It seems only yesterday when our children used to give shows in the back yard. Remember? (They all laugh). The door bell rings and Susan gets up to answer it.) That's Jerusha, I expect. (She opens the door to admit Mrs. Patterson, a rather stout, but dignified woman, who is very elegantly dressed. She is about fifty years old, but still very energetic and interested in everyone's affairs.)

Jerusha: Hello everybody, did you think I was never coming?

Kate and Ella: How do you do, Jerusha?

Susan: Here, give me your hat and things and Bessie can take them upstairs. (Bessie has just finished setting up the bridge table in the middle of the room and now comes over and takes Jerusha's things. Susan spreads

the cards over the table and the others draw.)

Ella: Well, Kate, I'm your partner.

King of diamonds high? My deal then. (She shuffles and deals the cards).

Susan: Tell us the news, Jerusha.

Jerusha: In just a minute. Wait till we bid.

Ella: One heart.

Susan: What cards! I'll have to pass.

Kate: By.

Jerusha: Two clubs.

Ella: Two hearts.

Susan: Pass.

Kate: Two no trump.

Jerusha: Oh, Well, you can have it, Kate.

Susan: Jerusha, don't keep us in suspense any longer. What is all this gossip you are so excited about.

Jerusha: (Setting herself in her chair). Just as I was getting ready to come over, my neighbor, Mrs. Stone, dropped in for a few minutes. She went to the reception last night at the parsonage and wanted to tell me about it. I didn't go because I had such a dreadful headache. Patricia, my oldest girl, went and had a lovely time. She thinks so much of the new minister and his wife. Anyway, Mrs. Stone told me a secret about the minister. I was just stunned, yes, actually stunned when I heard it.

Kate: You don't say. What was it?

Ella: Oh, I think Mr. Gray is such a fine young preacher, surely—

Jerusha: Well, I did too before, but now I don't know what to think.

Susan: Well, for pity sakes, do go on with your story.

Jerusha: While Mrs. Gray was talking to the guests and telling them about her genuine Heppel white chair, Mrs. Stone saw the minister go out into the garden. She started to follow him because she wanted to know how much money the Ladies' Aid should send to the Orphans' Home, when she saw him disappear and whisper to some one behind the rose bushes.

Kate: (excitedly) Oh—o—!

Ella: Very shocked. Mrs. Stone didn't stay there and listen, did she?

Jerusha: Yes, she did.

Ella: Oh, how rude!

Susan: What did he say?

Jerusha: (Triumphantly). He was making love to some girl.

All: (In amazement). Oh!

Jerusha: But that's not all. He kissed her.

Susan: How terrible!

Ella: I can't believe it. Mr. Gray is so sweet.

Kate: Who was the girl?

Jerusha: I don't know. She couldn't see her very clearly. She said it sounded as if the girl was crying. Mr. Gray told her to be brave, that things would come out all right.

Ella: What did he mean?

Kate: Of all things.

Ella: Poor Mrs. Gray. And she seems to be such a devoted wife too.

Susan: Oh dear, what a scandal!

Jerusha: Well, girls I don't blame Mrs. Gray as much as I do the girl. She must be some hussy. She couldn't have allowed him to be as intimate. She certainly must have encouraged him or he wouldn't have said anything. No telling how long it's been going on.

Ella: I can't believe it. A scandal, and on such a nice young man too.

Susan: Who on earth do you suppose is the girl? She must have been very ill-bred. Let's see, she probably goes to our church if she was at the reception.

Kate: Did Mrs. Stone tell you anything else?

Jerusha: No, she was so horrified after that, that she went back into the house. She said the minister came back into the house later as if nothing had happened.

Kate: Well, I think Mrs. Gray

should be told, so she can find out who this impudent young thing is that her husband is making love to.

Ella: Oh, it's all so cruel. I feel sorry for the poor girl. What if it had been Marie. (Almost on the verge of tears).

Jerusha: Well, believe me, my daughter would never do such a thing. Patricia thinks too much of her mother. But girls, I think we should find out who this girl is. I have a suspicion.

Susan: Who?

Jerusha: That Turner girl. Remember when she vamped old man Roberts because she thought he had money? It would be just like her.

Kate: I can't imagine Elsie Turner going to a church reception though.

Susan: Well, you never can tell. If she gets interested in a man she'd do anything.

Ella: Oh poor Mrs. Gray. I wish— (Doorbell rings and Susan gets up to open the door. There on the threshold is the minister's wife, a pretty, sweet young woman who has a very refined manner. The others all look somewhat surprised and confused).

Susan: Oh, how do you do, Mrs. Gray? Won't you come in.

Mrs. Gray: How do you do? I just thought I would drop in to see you a few minutes about the Sunday School picnic. (Sees the others.) Oh, I didn't mean to interrupt your bridge game.

Susan: (hurriedly). Oh, that's perfectly all right; we were rather tired of playing any way.

Kate: Yes, do come and sit down. How do you feel after the reception? I enjoyed it so much.

Mrs. Gray: I'm glad you did. Everyone seemed to have a good time. Mr. Gray always likes to entertain his parish. He had a fine time last night chatting with the guests. (At this Susan and Jerusha exchange glances with raised eyebrows. Oh, Mrs. Patterson, I had almost forgotten to tell you, I found your daughter's handkerchief out in the garden by the rose bushes this morning. She probably dropped it last night at the reception when she was out in the garden. (She opens her purse and takes out a pretty white linen handkerchief with Patricia Patterson embroidered in the corner, and hands it to Jerusha who sits staring at it incredulously. She opens her mouth in confusion, gulps, but can say nothing. Ella, Kate, and Susan gasp in surprise and Mrs. Gray looks at them, bewildered.)

(Curtain)

FIVE MINUTES OF DESPAIR

By Mary Kay Dewey

As her name was pronounced she confidently rose from her chair and walked toward the stage, but as she climbed the last few steps all happiness deserted her and terror took its place. The perspiration from her hands smudged the ink on her cards. There seemed to be numerous racing pulses all over her body.

She cleared her throat and addressed the swimming sea of faces before her. "Ladies and gentlemen," her voice sounded shrill, high, and unsteady and not at all like her own. Her knees knocked so that she could hardly stand on the platform. As her nervousness increased she found flaws in the dress so carefully chosen for the occasion. She knew it hung too long in the back, and as she glanced at her notes she noticed that Grandma's fingers had clumsily twisted the lace under her brooch. "Perhaps as in no other day or age we students of the graduating class will have need of initiative and courage." Courage ebbed away and she grew weaker; the very sound of the word was frightening. "We shall have before us the task of righting the economic and social world that

was turned topsy-turvy by the last war." Her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth, her lips were dry, and she wildly wondered if she would be allowed to drink from the pitcher on the speaker's table.

With a rabbit-like movement, she shifted her cards—and droned on. In five minutes of eternity she gathered only enough to finish her speech in a final flurry of words and to step back and rather limply sit down.

A KISS

By Roberta McPherson

A kiss is such a dainty thing,

A dash, a flash of joy,

A brush of lips and finger-tips—

Pray whom does it annoy?

If osculation is a crime,

Then I'd be a sinner all the time.

A dainty miss, a moment's bliss,

Pray what's the harm in just a kiss?

MINER'S ROW

By Virginia Lee Porter

Outside, the cold wind was blowing the drizzle of sleety rain with driving force, causing even the sorrowful looking dogs to run home to their warm places beneath the porch. The melting snow scattered over the rough brick walks was not snow, but slush mixed with tattered chewing gum wrappers and soot. Across the street, some one had washed and hung out greyish clothes which flopped in the wind like helpless souls, forsaken by their owners. Perhaps the trees would have been dripping mournfully if there had been any trees, but only the sombre walls of the dirty brown houses were to be seen all up and down the street. All were squatty little huddles and could hardly be called houses. The small plots of ground, where grass should have been, were only sloughs of mud and water. The windows of many of the buildings were broken, patched only by old, ragged quilts of gray or brown.

That afternoon, the houses were still more alike because of their desertion. The street was silent and dejected—all but one hut, which was the center of a slow, sad movement. In front were parked cars, not the luxurious limousines of the rich, but small broken-down Fords of the working classes, together with makeshifts of all cars which would run. At the head of a line of cars stood the high, black hearse, overshadowing the others with its importance. Men in their best black or blue serge suits were huddled in small groups on the side walks, each one sending anxious glances toward the house which seemed to be the center of all the suppressed emotion. Through the windows could be seen the poor, bare rooms filled with red-eyed women. From the back rooms where the family had gathered, trying to comfort each other, came the heart-broken cry of the mother, saying over and over again, "My baby! My baby! Oh, give me back my baby!" Refusing all comfort, she was looking at the wall with that blank, anguished stare of one who is not able to cry. At last the time came; the pompous undertaker entered and closed the coffin, silently motioning the people away. Every one turned toward the parents who went out slowly into the street. After some time, every one was seated, and the cars, headed by the hearse, moved wearily down the street.

The crowd had gone from the little house, and all was quiet again. Nothing disturbed the silence except the howling of a forlorn little dog, whose master had—gone. The only thing that gave a touch of color to the drabness was a faded rose petal—withering and dying away.

A RED LEATHER BOOK

By Esther Groves

"Lonesome?"

A masculine voice jarred Bobbie's thoughts. All the lovely designs she had been imagining on the bare hospital walls fled at the rude interruption. She glanced toward the door and saw a young man standing there, smiling.

"A little", she answered.

"May I come in, then? My mother is next door but the nurse just chased me out. I'm Jimmie Colbert and you are Bobbie, the adored of the hospital—right?"

"I know you already." Bobbie happily watched the young man slouch into the only comfortable chair the room offered. "Your mother sent me your book of poems yesterday by the nurse and you had some of them marked—especially 'Congo'. I know exactly what kind of a person you are."

"Don't hold that against me! If you ever saw for yourself how exact those words are, you'd like them, too."

"Then you've been to Africa?"

"Yes. Want me to bring you a nose-ring tomorrow? I really have a nice one. Of course, it would fit your neck much better, but perhaps we could tie it on your nose with—say pink ribbons from behind the head."

"I can see myself," Bobbie laughed. "A study of a girl wearing an African nose-ring and dainty pink ribbon while confined in the solidly sober St. Lake's Hospital."

"A sense of humor in a place like this? You are funny as well as beautiful. We will get along great; that is, if you'll lie still, look sweet, and not argue with me. May I come back tomorrow and listen to your jabbering?"

"I'd love it."

Every day Jimmie came and with each visit the two were drawn more closely together. They discovered that Jimmie was going to school with a friend of Bobbie's. The boy could tell enchanting stories, too, about countries abroad that Bobbie wanted to visit when she was well. Only once had they quarreled.

Down the corridor was a man who had become a dope fiend because of taking the drug to relieve horrible pain. One night he dragged himself, on crutches, down the hall to the medicine cabinet. Tearing frantically at the lock of the cabinet he had almost succeeded in opening it when an interne discovered him. In the struggle of getting the frantic man back to his room the interne had injured the man's tubercular leg.

Jimmie, in explaining the story to Bobbie, had said, "That's what the devil deserved; only a weak character would let himself get under such an influence."

"Why Jimmie, he couldn't help it—the doctors started it by giving him shots."

"Bobbie, how silly! You should know better than that. Why you've gone through pain and haven't become a doper—Why should he? It's the same principle!"

"No, it isn't. Don't you—"

Roughly Jimmie broke in, "Let's stop this. After all, you're too young to see it as it is."

Bobbie felt somehow as if she had betrayed a friend. She was furious at Jimmie's narrow view-point, but let the matter slip by.

However, the next morning Jimmie came earlier than usual and found Bobbie writing in her treasured red-bound diary.

"What do you write about in a place like this?" he asked curiously.

"Everything I think about."

"Let me see it."

"No!"

"All right—don't hold it as if you're afraid I'll eat it. I won't. Put it down here."

Obediently Bobbie laid it on the bedside table. The next instant Jimmie had it and, opening it at random, began to read:

"Jimmie was sweet yesterday. He brought—"

Laughingly the boy glanced at her. Bobbie's face was white—she was breathing hard.

"Put that down!"

"Why Bobbie, it's nice. I want to see what—"

"Jimmie, give it to me! I won't let you or anyone read my diary." Bobbie was screaming now. Vainly she tried to force herself to a sitting position. Her arms were extended beseechingly to Jimmie.

"Please, Jimmie please! I can't get up."

"Don't. I like this—now hush until I finish."

"Are you going to give it to me?" Bobbie was hysterical.

"No!" Jimmie answered.

Quickly Bobbie picked up a glass. "I'll throw this—you need to be killed—you're cruel."

"Oh Bobbie, I didn't mean for you to feel so badly. Stop crying. Here is the book."

Jimmie placed the book on the table and smiled at the girl. But her face was cold—hard.

"Get out of my room. I hate you."

These were new words for Bobbie.

The smile vanished.

"You mean that?"

"Yes."

Jimmie's temper surged. The blood rushed to his face—guiltily. Quickly he marched out of the room—as suddenly as he had first come.

Bobbie turned her face to the blank wall—crying.

CAN YOU?

By Edna Hickey

Can you see light in a darkened hall,

When you doubted that the light,
Ever existed in life at all?

Can you walk in the deep of night,
Holding your faith with vacant
space,
And not give yourself to clinging
fright?

Can you grasp a formless empty
place,
And find that you are looking now,
Into the vivid eyes of the Unknown
Face?

Do not make a useless mocking
vow,
Know there is truth, but ask not
how.

DUST

By Betty Murdoch

The walls were a dusty gray. Spider webs laced the ceiling with old thread. A blue haze dimmed the light trying to pass through the window panes. The color of the wood work was not discernable through the even covering made by an accumulation of many winds. One could write his name in the dust on the table and chairs. The sound of the wood came through the stringy carpet as one walked across the floor. A rusty stove that stood in the corner looked as if it would begrudge every degree of heat that escaped its iron enclosure. Everything was slumbering in a blanket of dust, and not caring. This—all this—was to be Mary's new home. She looked around in hopelessness and despair, then suddenly sat down on the nearest chair,—and—looked around again hardly believing what she saw.

LADY

By Edna Hickey

Will you walk with me, Lady?
Oh—I'm sorry. I shouldn't ask.
Of course the hard ground
Will bend your fine heels!
Indeed! Your fine heels!

You may walk with me, Lady,
But you won't—you daren't.
The swinging trees will drop
Leaves on your curled hair!
Indeed! Your curled hair!
The trees are annoying? Indeed?

And the ground is ugly and black?
Your fine heels—your curled hair—
Better annoying trees and black
grounds!
You mayn't walk with me, Lady!

THOUGHTS WHILE IN
THE INFIRMARY

Well, I never thought that I would come to this! Being put to bed! What on earth could be worse? Even the time I picked to be sick is bad. Dr. Roemer is having that dinner party for our Ethics class tomorrow night. I guess there isn't a chance of getting out of here tomorrow. Looks as if the rest of the class will have to do enough eating for themselves and me too. I wonder just how long I will have to stay here. Too bad that I didn't have a glass of ice water or something to put the thermometer in so that my temperature would have been normal.

Here comes Nursie. If she gives me any more medicine or pills I think I will scream. The pills aren't so bad because you don't taste them, but the medicine is awful.

What a surprise. Instead of the medicine Nursie brought me a nice big glass of good rich milk. Wonder if everyone gets milk around here, or if I just look as if I needed it. I hear other glasses clinking around, though, so I guess milk is one of the things that go with being sick.

It isn't late, but I think I will try to do a little sleeping now. It certainly is a treat not to have to open a window and then hurry to jump in bed before you get cold. Nice and quiet around here too. That should be a big help to the sleeping.

Ohhhh! What a night that was. I have never had such a good sleep. There goes everyone hurrying across the campus to breakfast. It is plenty cold and dismal this morning. You can rest assured that I don't envy them. It is really something to have your breakfast served to you in bed. Eating in bed was always one of my weaknesses.

Here it is time to take another dose of medicine. I hate to leave this book long enough to bother with the nasty stuff, but I guess I will have to. I guess I should be studying instead of reading for pleasure. Who wants to study when she is sick though? I don't. I am enjoying this murder story too much to put it down and try wading through a text book.

Ten o'clock. Here comes Nursie with another glass of milk. This is just too much. I was beginning to think that service was a thing which people around a boarding school had never heard of.

Visitors! They couldn't stay long but every bit helps, you know. Such a room-mate as I do have. She brought me a whole armful of books to read. I never will get around to studying. I can make it all up when I get out of here. If I am supposed to rest I really ought to do it in a big way.

Lunch in bed. What a relief not to have to be walked all over to get my mail! Usually I am so worn out by the time I get out of the mob in the

post office that I don't even care about reading my letters, if any. This time I got the full benefit out of them, though.

Sunshine is very good for one, so Nursie says. My bed is now pulled over in front of the window where I can get all the sunshine a Missouri winter can gather up. That good old drowsy feeling is settling down on me now. No one would ever know the difference if I took a wee nap.

Caught in the act. Nursie came in with a nice dish of ice cream she made herself and found me asleep. For some reason or other I didn't mind being aroused from my slumbers. Oh well, who would mind when the one who aroused them had a dish of ice cream to offer? I'm beginning to think the infirmary is a pretty nice place after all. I wonder if everyone knows what fine treatment you get around here.

There goes Jane across the campus. I guess she is on her way to the dinner party. I sure would like to go, but I can't. The only thing that is worrying me now is how long Nursie will let me stay here. Instead of that glass of ice water I was wishing for, I think I will have to get a cup of coffee. Just in case the old temperature should go down.

A SONNET

By Martha Mason

Thy face to me is but a stage of
life;
Each scene is pictured in thine eyes
and smile,
Each joyful moment and each day
of strife,
Each thought of love, each hard and
painful trial.
With such a mirror is it not unwise
To dream too much of things thou
ought'st not to,
Or cover actions wrong with fool-
ish lies
And keep thyself from being ever
true?
And yet the name of love can
change a face,
As spring can change the work of
winter's rage,
As soft sweet breezes barren trees
embrace,
As readers turn an unappealing
page.

Then as to me thou lookest
from above,
Do I just see an Angel, changed
by love?

TRANSITORY AGONY

By Betty Wilson

Shuffle—Shuffle—click—shuffle—
There went another poor victim to the operating room. I flexed my knees and drew them up. Oh! the awful heat of a hospital bed. Mosquitoes hummed exasperatingly around my face, and I couldn't lift my hand high enough to swat them. The room was ribbed with waves of heavy heat. My head felt larger than a mammoth cabbage, and twice as heavy. I wished my head were a cabbage, for a cabbage can neither think nor feel. That faint but persistent buzzing in my head was driving me mad. Confused with the buzzing was a tense crackling and grinding, so reminiscent of the horrors of the operating room two hours back. I ran a thickened tongue experimentally over my upper teeth. They felt like so much crockery. The doctor must have deadened the nerves while working on my nose. Why hadn't he mercifully deadened all my nerves while he was about it? The nurse entered the room briskly, healthily, painlessly. I experienced a wildly unreasonable desire to kill her, to kill anything. I gritted my senseless teeth. She hovered over me a second. A tiny prick in the arm and then—blessed oblivion.

Enter March, With Days of Wonder

By S. L. G.

Tuesday, March 1. Did rise regretfully this morning and struggled pathetically through numerous classes. Was startled out of a most enjoyable nap in chapel, this being ye famous Student's Day and what not, by Dr. Case's proclamation of the Bible prizes, Judge Holtcamp's and Dr. Roemer's. Subsequent announcements of Lindenwood athletics did cause some stir among the assembled gaping students, especially upon proclamation of the forthcoming ping-pong tournament unprecedented in college annals. La, La—has it come to this? This eve did attend the tournament and was properly astounded at the skill some fair members of the teams did demonstrate.

Wednesday, March 2.—Am most discomforted this morn. what with the weather chilling my bones and all. Have been accosted once too many times with the plea to "Buy a ticket for the Modern Language Plays from me?" Was most exasperated with the last solicitor and did fairly shout in the trembling child's pink ear that my ticket had been cached most securely in my jacket pocket since its purchase many days ago.

Thursday, March 3.—This morn at the assembly hour of eleven was most agreeably pleased with Dr. Kroeger's recital on the piano which so graces our stage. Music doth always stir extreme responses in my bosom. Accordingly did sit enraptured the whole hour, hardly glancing from the man's most fascinating hands. This noon hour was aggrieved by lack of post. Frequently most important dispatches have failed to materialize when I muchly did need their cheer. This eve did behold the startling apparition of a small boy with orange-spotted tie and astonishing shorts cavorting with a huge India-rubber globe. Was quite undone to see not far behind him a fairy princess fitting along with a dashing cabbellero in a gold-trimmed sombrero! La, these language plays.

Friday, March 4.—This morn did find myself accosted with a most upsetting examination along lines of which I knew little, very little. Am still exasperated with my lack of savoir faire. This eve did go with some of my doubting friends to be a few short hours in Spain, France and Germany. Was nonplussed by my stupidity of comprehension, have since comforted myself with the sage observation that others wore the same blank expression. Did enjoy the actions muchly. And so to bed.

Saturday, March 5.—This day did bring one of the most interesting dreams it has been my privilege to witness this year. "The Green Pastures". Religion of the darkies has been one of my hobbies these many years, and did sit with mouth agape and eyes astare at this most excellent play. As usual was much disgusted with the atmosphere of the smoky city where the play must needs be presented, and did lose little time in leaving it after purchase of some small articles after the matinee. It pleases me to write this as a most outstanding day.

Sunday, March 6.—Did arise yawning and lie myself to church and dinner in a sort of daze. Lenten season has subdued some of my contemporaries considerably, much to the authorities satisfaction. Again was most disgusted with the astounding emptiness of my life after viewing an empty post box. This eve the Rev. Inglis did interest me greatly. A most interesting man.

Monday, March 7.—Am recovering slowly from the strain of the week-

Y. W. C. A. ELECTS

At the weekly Y. W. meeting, March 2, an initiation service was held for the installation of new officers and cabinet members who will head the organization next year. The service was made more impressive by the fact that those who took part wore white. Madeline Johnson presided and read the purpose, or Y. W. pledge, and the members repeated it after her. Th pledge is, "We, the members of the Y. W. C. A. of Lindenwood, unite in the desire to realize full and creative life through a growing knowledge of God. We determine to have a part in making this life possible for all people. In this task we seek to understand Jesus and follow him."

The new officers who were installed are: Jane Bagnell, president; Helen Morgan, vice-president; Maude Dorsett, secretary; and Barbara Hirsch, treasurer. The new Cabinet members are: Virginia Turner, social chairman, social service chairman, Marjetta Newton; International Relations Chairman, Edna Hickey; Publicity committee, Helen Everett; Arametha McFadden; Music chairman, Nancy Watson. Her committee consists of Jane Warner and Dorothy Palmer.

The Faculty Advisory Committee for next year has as its members: Dr. Terhune, chairman; Miss Gieselman, Miss Morris, Miss Jahn, Miss Rutherford, Dr. Case, and Miss Allyn.

The new officers will now be officially in charge for the remainder of the year. The old and new Cabinet will work together for one month after which the new Cabinet will enter on its new duties alone.

WONDER WHY?

Teachers assign six-weeks' exams when I have spring fever?

Bunny and Glen wore bow-ties to dinner Monday night?

Dr. Case gave a logic student a puzzle to work and part of second floor Butler nearly lost their minds?

I forgot to say "Rabbit" the first thing when I woke up this first day of March.....guess I'll have bad luck all month now.

Eight Omaha week-enders were conspicuous by their absence in French class Monday?

Shakespeare didn't alter his statement concerning "young men's thoughts in spring" and say something about the way girls' schools mail boxes come overstuffed in spring?

Some of the people in the Shakespeare class I know fall asleep on ten lines of Shakespeare? (I wondered this the day after Miss Gordon's recital).

Mary Norman threatens to do something drastic (go bare-footed) if someone will not go to the city with her?

Jane and PeeWee look relieved? Rose Keile can't talk above a whisper?

Madeline Johnson looks so tired and yet so happy the Monday after a week-end?

Shing received the name that puts her in a precarious position as to the Manchurian situation?

Mary Louise Bowles doesn't roller skate?

I don't stop....."That's all, folks.... This **Lindsay Crosby** speaking—Thank you until next week in this same column.....Thank you!"

end. Did rise reluctantly to start this discouraging week. These wintry spring days do upset my resolutions most disgracefully. No events of the day. And so to bed.

Educational Conference

Dr. Dewey Attends National Meeting of Educators.

Dr. Joseph C. Dewey, of the education department, attended a meeting of the Department of Superintendents of the National Education Association, held at George Washington University in Washington D. C. on February 22 and days following.

This meeting was attended by a number of public school officials and also college teachers of education. The big topic which ran current through all the speeches was the relation of the school to the present crisis. Most of the speakers emphasized the fact that the school must carry on in spite of the depression. Depression should not be allowed to spoil the good work of the school. Education in the present prepares for the future, and those being educated now should not be deprived of any of the opportunities they might have.

Some of the important men at the conference were: John Dewey, nationally known, who said that teachers have been "muzzled" and so cannot solve the problems of the world; Prof. Robert Murray Haig of Columbia University, who stated that the tax reforms will benefit the school in that they tend toward economy without danger; George D. Strayer, an outstanding authority on education, who raised the question "Can we afford not to maintain the school?"; and Boyd H. Bode and George S. Counts who discussed the question of freedom in learning versus indoctrination. After the discussion just mentioned came a round table discussion. Some of the outstanding men in the discussion were: Meikeljohn of the University of Wisconsin; Freeman of the University of Chicago; Horn, of the University of Iowa; and Newlon, of Columbia University. They came to the conclusion that a certain amount of indoctrination is necessary in order to impress the basic facts of social living, and that freedom in learning came after the instilling of these basic facts through indoctrination.

While Dr. Dewey was in Washington he visited several points of interest. He attended Congress in session, he visited the White House, he saw the Washington monument and the Lincoln memorial, and he went to Mt. Vernon.

Dr. Dewey, however, stated that he was glad to get back to work, "as one generally is". He feels that his trip was a very beneficial one, but he was anxious to get back to see what his one hundred and sixty-two people at Lindenwood are doing.

Commercial Club Meets, Plan to Attend Theatre

A meeting of the Commercial Club was held last Wednesday in the club rooms where business and social matters were discussed as well as a most interesting and entertaining program exhibited.

President Gladys Crutchfield presided over the meeting. Among the main and most interesting features were the discussions of respectively by Phillis Boman and Mary Bulpitt on the Police Court and Business Women in the World.

Social discussion also took place as to attending a theatre within the near future. Outside of the fact that the club will take in either Barretts of Winpole Street or Green Pastures nothing definite has been decided.

ON THE CAMPUS

Everyone coming from six weeks exams and absent-mindedly counting the daffodils blooming in front of Butler.....A trip to the city to buy a red, white, and blue scarf.....A fishing trip by moonlight.....Ping Pong Tournament.....What a darling cup.....Increase in mail as Leap Year Dance invitations go out.....Flare of extravagance as allowances come in.....Increased breakfast attendance from first floor Butler.....Aggression in the Current History class.....Waffles in Foods Class.....Three weeks.....That means more to Lindenwood than it ever did to Ellnor Glyn.....Haggling over railroad rates.....Anna Marie gets a box of "food", which turns out to be Kleenex and Cold Cream.....Apply to first floor Butler on how to interview Maude Adams and Otis Skinner.....March comes in like a lion.....Thoughts of Spring remain in the closet with our new clothes.....Famous birthdays are approaching.

Triangle Club Pledges At Interesting Meeting

At the monthly meeting in the college club room Thursday, February 25, of the Triangle Club, honorary society of the science department, three new pledges, Helen Reith, Nelle Thomas, and Margaret Thompson, were introduced.

The program of the club was devoted to a study of the life and achievements of Michael Faraday, famous chemist whose 100th birthday was celebrated by scientific societies throughout the country last year. Betty Fair gave a short review of the chemist's interesting life. Maurine Brian reviewed one of his scientific books, and Jane Laughlin gave excerpts from the diary which he kept in great detail. Mary Helen Kingston explained and demonstrated a few of Faraday's outstanding experiments.

Gazing Around On The Campus

Crocuses are coming up. . . .
Dandelions are coming out. . . .
The thermometer is going up, maybe
Who said there was a depression?...
New spring clothes coming out. . . .
Song writers getting more romantic
First robin coming out each morning, as a habit
Vicious lion promising us a lamb for the end of the month. . . .
But aren't you glad you're alive?

WHO'S WHO?

"Beautiful but dumb—"; there's nothing to it! She's plenty beautiful but so far from dumb. A blonde that combines personality with a figure, and a lovable disposition with all the superior qualities. Let's try a few hints—she's a Junior, and this is her second year at Lindenwood—she lives on third floor Sibley, and that should be a dead give-away in itself—of more than usual interest those blonde locks have recently been introduced to a set of hair-pins, and all her friends are becoming accomplished in the art of coiffures—sad but true she just must be interested in Biological Science—and we have it on good authority that she's sadly spoiled (why not?)—but most interesting of all she signs her name "M. Caroline". Can you imagine who?

COLLEGE CALENDAR

Monday, March 7:
5 P. M.—A. A. Board Meeting.
6:30 P. M.—Student Council.

Tuesday, March 8:
5 P. M.—Alpha Psi Omega.
6:30 P. M.—Pi Alpha Delta.

Wednesday, March 9:
5 P. M.—Triangle Club.
6:45 P. M.—Y. W. C. A.

Thursday, March 10:
11 A. M.—Lecture, Mr. Ellsworth, "The Joy of Writing."
5 P. M.—Spanish Club.
8 P. M.—Lecture, Mr. Ellsworth, "The Personal Washington."

Saturday, March 12:
8 P. M.—Leap Year Dance.

Sunday, March 13:
6:30 P. M.—Vespers, Mr. Kenaston.

Music Students Give Recital

Another very interesting recital was given by the music students Tuesday afternoon, March 1, at five o'clock in Roemer auditorium. The program for the most part was composed of modern numbers and descriptive selections.

Alice Belding, one of the St. Charles pupils, played for her second time this year, on the recital, opening the program with two of Poldini's numbers. The first one, "Little Story of the Elves Op. 59 No. 2" was played with a clear technique and fine feeling and as usual was a well-liked number. The second one was "Japanese Etude" This number was very accurate and showed the expression characteristic of the first.

The next piano number of the group "Sicilian Serenade", by De Loone was played nicely by Kathryn Burkhart. The number was very tuneful and had a definite swing.

The following number, "Scenes de Bal", of James Rogers consisted of five parts, each brought out very distinctly. Number one, "Orchestra Prelude" consisted of heavy chords and splendid interpretation. The second one was the "Waltz" and it was very tuneful and had a nice swing. "The Singing Bird in the Garden", the next one of the group, was picturesque and displayed delicate, even thrills. The last ones, "Remembrance" and "Gossips", were also interesting and completed a selection that was colorful and delightful. This group was played by Blanche Edna Hestwood, who has appeared before on recitals this year.

The song group was begun by Georgia Wise, who sang the old Italian number of Scarlatti's "O Cessate di piagarmi", and Woodman's "A Birthday". Georgia has a sweet lyric quality and in the second number her stage presence was fine. Her expression was also excellent.

Jane Warner next sang two beautiful and tuneful numbers. The first one was Ross' "Dawn in the Dessert" and the second, Mana Zuccas' "I Love Life". Jane sang these melodious compositions with fine tones and her low ones were especially lovely.

The last piano number was Bach's "Prelude and Fugue, D Minor W. T. C.", played by Nancy Watson. Her technique was clear, definite and firm and she brought out every note. This is a very difficult number to play. Interestingly, Nancy has very good stage presence.

The concluding number of the program was the Allegro movement of the "Concerto, No. 9" by De Beriot played by Edith Knotts. She played with some very fine, full tones and the number was quite delightful. Edith's sense of pitch was especially good as shown in the difficult octaves and sixths.

Dr. Case Announces Annual Bible Prizes

Tuesday morning, March 1, Dr. Case announced the nature of the competitions which are sponsored yearly by the Bible Department, and for which this department offers prizes.

Dr. Roemer annually offers to members of the three upper classes, a prize for the best paper written on an assigned Biblical or religious topic. This year the topic chosen is "Religion and War." The time limit for this competition is from the present time until Friday, May 20.

The second contest is open to members of the Freshman Class only. Judge Charles W. Holtcamp, as a memorial to his daughter, Dorothy Holtcamp Badgett, provided an annual memory verse award which specifies fifty definitely required verses, with the choice of additional ones left to the individual. Prizes of twenty-five, fifteen and ten dollars are offered for the winners of this contest.

The winners of these two contests are announced as a part of the commencement program of the college.

Pi Gamma Mu Discusses Science

Pi Gamma Mu met in the club room Wednesday, March 2. The program was an interesting group of talks on recent developments in the various fields with which social science is vitally concerned.

Eleanor Eldredge presented a resume of events in connection with world peace movements this month. Frances Neff's talk was concerned with developments in contemporary economics. She selected and presented material explaining the recent work on the problem of insuring against bank failures.

Virginia Green gave a talk on a new invention in the microscope line, the ultra violet ray microscope. This microscope is a great step in biological equipment. Dorothy Winter, in the field of psychology, presented a talk on "Woman's Objective Dependence on Man."

From the field of education, Lois McKeehan spoke on "The Teaching Degree" as set forth in a recent article by Professor Otto Heller.

Notice The Library Bulletin Board For News Of The Day

The library bulletin board is one of the most interesting features on the campus, and it is all too little observed. On this bulletin board are articles of the greatest significance in current cultural and political developments. Miss Kolstedt chooses book reviews, drama criticisms, features articles, and news clippings of the highest and most comprehensive type to fill her bulletin board. If a great drama is playing in St. Louis you may be certain that there will be an excellent review of it on the library bulletin board. This is true also of political events. The Chinese war developments are summarily presented in a thorough article. There is a review of one of the new best sellers. There is an article on Westminster Abbey and the work that is being done on it. Washington is, of course, in this his Bicentennial, a topic of much discussion, and the bulletin board has articles about this great man presented by some of the greatest men of our day. The library bulletin board is frequently changed, and it is very well worth one's time to keep in touch with the most important news and views of the day through this medium.

The Merchant of Venice Praised and Criticized

Prominent Campus Figures Questioned As to Their Reactions

The advent of "The Merchant of Venice" in St. Louis, gave rise to a great deal of righteous aesthetic animation on this campus, and a great number of people proceeded cityward to see the great Maude Adams and the great Otis Skinner. The fact that Maude Adams made her return to the stage in this particular play after a thirteen years' absence did much to intensify the interest, especially among those who have been theater-goers for years. Otis Skinner, known to all, has never failed to attract a considerable following.

The consensus of opinion has been rather "con" than "pro" among those people who have been questioned in the matter.

Miss Schaper declared that the Skinner interpretation of Shylock was "outside an appreciation of the culture of his day." Shylock was a bloodthirsty, inhuman tyrant in this latest presentation. Shylock may more accurately be pictured as the typical Jew of his day, reacting as that Jew might logically be expected to react. Such was the interpretation given the famous character by George Arliss. Miss Schaper expressed nothing but delight at Maude Adams' work.

Lois McKeehan said an interesting thing: "Maude Adams did not fit the role of Portia. Rather than make herself 'Portia' she made 'Portia' Maude Adams." However, "Shing" was emphatic in her praise of Miss Adams. "Shing" also noted with the aid of her opera glasses that the Shakespearian costumes were fastened with zippers! When Antonio dramatically bared his breast in the court scene he merely pulled a zipper.

After the play Lois McKeehan, Barbara Hirsch, and Jo Swaney went behind the scenes with the humble hope of having their programs autographed by Miss Adams. When the maid returned from Miss Adams' dressing room, she brought three autographed pictures!

Margaret Ethel Moore, while praising the beauty of the costumes and the scenery, particularly that of the last scene, complained that the acoustics were poor.

Anna Marie Balsiger stated that this was an entirely different presentation than the former presentations of the play. She said it was too modern. However, she liked the beautiful costumes and the good lighting effects, and the swaggering and swash-buckling of Skinner. She added that Maude Adams was too emotional in the court scene.

Margaret Jean Wilhoit liked the pageantry and the use of Italian music. "However," she said, "the presentation did not recreate 'The Merchant of Venice' for me as dramatization should. I like to think of Shylock as a tragic hero, and here he was almost boisterous." She added that she thought "Portia" much more youthful and reserved than Maude Adams and that she enjoyed seeing Maude Adams and Otis Skinner more than *The Merchant of Venice*.

(Continued from page 1, col. 4) is here and then is living contrary to his laws.

"If we have been neglecting the Christian life," said Dr. Skilling, "We should go back and find Jesus. Nothing is more fatal than to neglect our Christian duties. While we are young is the time we should be in touch with the vital things of religion so we can resist temptations later on. We

Department of Oratory Displays Ability

An Oratory Recital was held in Roemer Auditorium Thursday, February 25, at eleven o'clock.

Virginia Sterling read, "Peggy" (A Carolina folk play) by Harold Williamson. This is a very interesting local color play, involving humor as well as pathos. It deals with the poverty of the working class. Peggy, the pretty daughter of the family, is forced to marry, to save her family. Her father has been stricken with a "misery" of the heart and has died.

"Fancy Free" by Stanley Houghton was read by Maxine Bruce. This was an English play concerning a matrimonial mix-up. Both the husband and wife are concealing the fact that they are being mixed up in an intriguing affair. They meet at the same hotel. Finally the wife decides that she loves her own husband best.

Elizabeth Middlebrooks read "The Beau of Bath" by Constance D'Arcy Mackaye. This was an interesting reading concerning an old oblesman who falls asleep in his chair and dreams of all the beautiful things that happened to him in his youth. Elizabeth read this play in a soft and effective manner.

may be sorry too, as they were, if we have lost Jesus. Let us love him more, serve him more faithfully, and get right in our own religious experience".

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with

Dolores Del Rio and Leo Carrillo

FRI. NIGHT—SAT. MATINEE
JACKIE COOPER

in
"SOOKY"

SATURDAY NIGHT
WILLIAM POWELL

in
"HIGH PRESSURE"
with Evelyn Brent