

LINDEN BARK

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News from the Dean's Office

Dr. Gipson is very busy this week interviewing the Seniors. She is trying to make a complete record of what they have accomplished in their four years at college. She is also interviewing the Juniors, in view of their requirements for next year.

Next week Dr. Gipson will attend a meeting at Tulsa, Oklahoma. It is a section meeting of the American Association of University Women.

Six weeks tests are being anticipated and grades come out very soon. Dr. Gipson expressed hopes that spring fever will not effect the splendid grades made by students the first six weeks of this second semester.

Major Sibley Lives Again

Tuesday night, April 5, Dr. Gregg addressed the chapter of Alpha Sigma Tau on a subject pertinent to the heart of every Lindenwood girl—data gathered on the life of our founder, Major George C. Sibley.

During her Easter vacation Dr. Gregg visited many points of interest which she charmingly enumerated in her informal discourse before the chapter members. Her first stop was the historic spot, Arrow Rock, where stood the original Fort Osage. The old Arrow Rock Tavern has been preserved by the state organization of the Daughters of the American Revolution and the hostess of this delightful inn, Mrs. Biggs, was the means of Dr. Gregg's finding many interesting points in and around the town.

After a short stay here Dr. Gregg went on to Marshall, but found no information pertaining to her particular cause until she had traveled as far as Lexington where there were many interesting records of the land owned by George Sibley in a beautiful spot about twenty-two miles out of Lexington.

The town of Sibley itself where Dr. Gregg next journeyed has a genealogy of great complication. After many complex situations arising from such events as the earthquake in 1811, the subsequent founding of the town of Madrid, the trouble with the government over a financial difficulty and final selling of the land to satisfy governmental claims, a certain Archibald Gamble bought the land and laid out the town of Sibley.

While Sibley was originally intended to become a city of some importance the larger towns absorbed the bigger events and the town today consists of a General Store and several scattered houses. There remains only the spot where the Sibley cottage stood, but some very interesting information was gleaned from the local residents and the inscriptions on the old tombstones in the ancient cemetery.

Dr. Gregg also visited the old Harmony Mission where Sibley is said to have been of great aid to the starving missionaries, but little of any value remains of the original buildings.

First Junior Recital

Thelma Harpe and Doris Oxley give most brilliant recital.

The first of the upperclass recitals of the year was held at 4:45 Tuesday, April 5, in Roemer Auditorium, and was one of the sure signs of spring, when musical activities rapidly lead up to Commencement. The two Juniors giving this recital, Thelma Harpe and Doris Oxley, most certainly set a high standard for the following recitals to attain. Both are outstanding members of the music department and the delightful quality of the recital was expected, judging from their recitals of last year and the number of programs on which they have appeared. The program, for the main part, consisted of the well-chosen classics and a touch of the modern.

Thelma Harpe opened the program with the well known "Prelude and Fugue, B flat major" from Bach's Well-Tempered Clavichord. This was an indication of the technical ability displayed all through the recital as well as the splendid interpretation. Bach's style was brought out beautifully by very distinct voices and the number was highly appreciated. The second of this group was the difficult "Theme and Variations, Op. 19, No. 6" of Tschalkowsky. This composition, with its unusual brilliant parts in which fine technique was used, and sweet melodious sections in which Thelma played with intense feeling, was a delightful addition to the program.

Doris Oxley then played her first group composed of the "French Suite No. 5, G major" of Bach and two Chopin Etudes, the "A flat major, Op. 10, No. 10" and the "C major, Op. 10; No. 7." In the first, the Allemande movement was very clear, rhythmic, and was gracefully rendered; the delicate trills throughout made it delightful. The Courante movement was lively and brisk and the interpretation was greatly aided by brilliant finger action. The voices were well brought out in the Gavotte which was quite stately in manner, and the Gigue was charming with its splendid technique and especially its finger force. The first Etude was a beautiful melody in which a flowing effect of smoothness was attained by a difficult wrist movement, moving tempo, and a delightful interpretation. The second one was similar as to technique and difficulty, only heavier, showing the piano mastery of Chopin in his interesting and brilliant way.

The first two numbers of Thelma's second group were also Chopin Etudes, "E major, Op. 10, No. 3" and "E minor, Op. 25, No. 5." The one in E major was delicate and of a slower tempo with an abundance of feeling and richness, and the later chords were beautiful with their contrasting soft ones. The other was characterized with grace notes and vivaciousness. Parts of it were much like one of his waltzes and with the staccato notes and unexpected phrases it was very effective.

The next number was Strauss'

"Religious Realities"

Rev. Mr. Inglis' sermon, with Hebrews as His text.

The Rev. John F. Inglis of the Jefferson Street Presbyterian Church spoke at Vesper services Sunday evening, April 3, on the inspirational subject, "Religious Realities." Mr. Inglis took as his text words from the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, dealing with the destinies of the immortal Abraham when it became necessary for him to make an economic adjustment comparable to that disruption which is taking place in our lives today. Regardless of the fact that civilization had reached a high peak in the time of Abraham, the restlessness of his people necessitated his considering a change in his ways of living, and forced him to consider the possibility of building on a new foundation. This situation has been carried over to some degree in the modern crisis we are facing today, and while we have never been able to build upon concrete examples of the past we can profit by the historical examples that have gone before us.

Mr. Inglis said, "We have discarded from the past economic orders everything but the arts. We cannot build upon the past although we can take suggestions from that which has gone before. We can take one of three attitudes toward facing life as it must be lived. We can ignore the fundamental facts of living; we can let events fall where they may and make the best of it; or we can face the facts of living and work out a definite philosophy to guide us in the future.

"American historians have taken on a pessimistic attitude, as has seemingly every one else, instead of doing as Abraham did and turning our faces to the unknown armed with the knowledge of a 'religious reality.'

"Many of us could profit by a more intensive study of the Bible. Often we think ourselves familiar with its content when in reality we possess but smatterings of knowledge gleaned from the wayside of other people's familiarity. If there is anything comparable to the comfort of a religious reality people would do well to find it, and to carry over into their own lives the courage to face a transition as strong as that inward conviction which was Abraham's. The power of religious reality has driven people from time immemorial to find rest; so many material things have failed that now is the time to grasp something that will not de-materialize within one's eyes. Instead of tearing down ideals as was the former goal of the Humanist group, we are now trying to build a foundation to live upon in these times of stress and strain. It is time to become conscious of the God who led Abraham."

"Dreaming" and consisted of gorgeous harmonies and melody, and was interpreted with depth and beauty of touch. The concluding number of Thelma's was "The Irish Washer-

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Easter Services Are An Inspiration

Dr. Roemer gives message and Choir sings "The Risen King."

Palm Sunday vespers was characterized by two of the most delightful events that have graced Sundays during the entire year. It was not a program made up of the talent of the surrounding or outlying districts. The first event was the Easter cantata and the second Dr. Roemer's Easter message, "Resurrection Now."

Under the direction of Miss Gieselman the choir presented that lovely cantata, "The Risen King," by Schaecker. The introduction of the cantata was sung by the chorus, "This is the day the Lord hath made." There was a delightful contrast between the strong, joyful motif and sweet, low, mournful motif. The story of the Resurrection was sung. A pleasing combination of chorus, trio, and solo distinguished the cantata. "With loving hearts and laden hands" was sung by Dolores Fisher, Mary Louise Bowles, and Maxine Namur. "They have taken away my Lord," was sung by Mary Louise Bowles, and "He whom ye seek is not here" by Alice Denton. The finale was a chorus number, "Unto Him who loved us."

Dr. Roemer's message was convincing, inspiring. He said, "The Resurrection is the cardinal principle of the Christian church. By the Resurrection, it is proven to men that they shall die to live again. If this life is all, is it not merely an enormous joke? In the victory of the Resurrection, people rejoice."

"The Apostle Paul was the practical theologian of the Bible. It was he who exhorted to the Christian life exemplified by Jesus. Are we living the risen life on earth today? Again, it was Paul who said, 'If ye are dead in Christ why are ye subject to rules?'

"This philosophy is practical. It means the emancipated life. Today we are in bondage to standardization, slaves of convention, and we follow convention rather than spirit. Lawrence Dennis in his book, 'Doomed,' said pertinently, 'What we need is leadership of spiritual life rather than business life.' Ninety-nine percent of the people don't think; they are under the bondage of no thinking. We are the slaves of ambition and mere vain toys. We must give reason for the faith we follow. The depression will be a potent factor in taking some of this selfishness out of us. Recently a member of the House of Representatives said that we are further in the depths of Communism than any country except Russia. A law was proposed which stated that if a man were to leave an estate of over five million dollars, sixty-five per cent of it should go to the government. We must rise beyond materialism to ascend.

"The risen life is ambitious. Paul said that we must seek those things that are above highest ambition. We must have a program and a goal, striving to adhere to the mark of life

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Linden Bark

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TUESDAY, APRIL 12, 1932

"There is no frigate like a book
To take us lands away,
Nor any coursers like a page
Of prancing poetry.
This traverse may the poorest take
Without oppress of toll;
How frugal is the chariot
That bears a human soul!"

—Emily Dickinson.

Sophs Climax Year With Prom

And now, besides saying it to the birds, the bees, the flowers and the trees, we say it to the Sophomores. Take off your hats, cheer your loudest, cheer, and sing your sweetest song to the class of '34. Do you realize what they've done. No, not any more than any other sophomore class, but they've followed the precedent, and that's something.

To be able to put a bunch of wild and woolly freshman down; and refine them first to cotton; then make celanese out of them, with prayers and hopes, for the next year, that they will return as sophomores, as fine a silk as the last sophs, would be the blessing of the class of royal color and blood.

Such are the trials and "tribs" of the sophomore class—do you wonder they have gray hair?

To pay homage to themselves and their royal blood, as all "kingly" peoples do, they must do their utmost in every way. They must live up to their true letter of sophistication—which in the true sense means "wordly wise"—nine out of every ten have it—rather think they have—but all they have is—let's see—call it constitutional fortitude or nerve.

To top the cake with whipped cream, the sophomore class furnishes its Victorian and governing year with the SOPHOMORE PROM, in all the pomp and fashion of a glorious occasion. A successful year, from beginning to end, made so by a successful class:

So everybody—the depression's over—ring out the bells—
Hail you purple and white so true!
Hail to the Sophist 3—2! 1!

April Is Memorable In American History

April, the month now beginning, seems to have been marked of the year for the occurrence of memorable, epoch-making events. 'Twas in April, '75, that a Boston silversmith made the midnight ride to warn the New England countryside that the Red Coats were marching on Lexington and Concord. Many significant incidents in our national history took place in April. The inauguration of Washington opened the first period of United States political freedom. In April, 1865, the end of the Civil War came. Fifty-two years later Woodrow Wilson, in that month, declared war on Germany, and the greatest war in history was entered by the United States—and we are still immediately alive to the tragedy and drama of that conflict.

April nineteenth is observed in England as Primrose Day in commemoration of the death in 1881 of Benjamin Disraeli. Disraeli's famous career as prime minister has been often dramatized. It is only lately that there have been many revivals of the story, and there has been much praise of the drama. The cinema interpretation of George Arliss has been a favorite topic this winter.

In this month a few years ago, Perry discovered the North Pole.

The month contains over one hundred anniversaries including the birthdays of eighty famous men and women. Among these are Shakespeare, Defoe, and Wordsworth.

And dear unto our kittenish souls, April Fools Day is celebrated. April used to be the first month in the year. Some simple folk could not revise their schedule when the new arrangement was made and continued to celebrate the advent of the New Year the first of April. Thereupon jokesters seized the opportunity to play tricks upon them and thus the tradition of the day.

Why the Decrease in Sending Easter Greetings?

For reasons which are causing much speculation in certain circles, there seems to have been a decrease in the number of Easter Greeting cards sent this year. In former years it has been the custom at Eastertide, as at other holidays throughout the year, to send decorative cards of greeting and best wishes for the holiday season to one's friends. Although the sending of Easter cards was not as generally popular as the sending of Christmas and New Year greeting cards, still in the last few years the custom has been growing. This year's almost total neglect of the Easter season, other than in religious connections or in the advertisements of the fashionable haberdashery establishments, has occasioned many guesses as to the underlying reasons.

Some of the more economically minded speculators have suggested that our scape-goat depression should receive the blame. Undoubtedly the lack of

Talk On Modern Art

Mrs. Hutchings Gave Illustrated Lecture

On Thursday morning, March 30, Mrs. Emilie Grant Hutchings gave a lecture in Roemer Auditorium on "Significant Currents in the Art Stream." Mrs. Hutchings is head of the Narcissus Club of St. Louis, art critic on the "Globe-Democrat" and has been abroad many times. She has been coming to Lindenwood for eight years with her lectures.

Mrs. Hutchings said that her purpose was to show "what modern art is and how it got that way." Modern art is art that grows out of our own time; each era brings its own modern art expression, which is the forerunner of civilization. The modern art of today is a protest against art, symmetry and beauty. A movement was started about 1905 called the "Society of Wild Beasts." Its aims were to destroy preceding art. Because there was no market for pictures from the French school, they set up rules which were the reverse of those employed by the French school. Three outstanding currents in this movement were getting a hearing, being heard, and advertising. As speed is the dominant symbol of this generation, it is reflected in the art. Mrs. Hutchings said, "The old walls and roofs of convention are tottering about us." She compared this to an eruption of Vesuvius.

The first picture Mrs. Hutchings showed was painted by a prominent painter of St. Louis, in Pompeii. It is an emblem of the strong stage of development of Roman art. The scene, through a Roman arch, looks toward Vesuvius. The art, color, atmosphere and the line of the picture are conservative.

The second picture was a great contrast to the first. It was the "Barbaric Legend", painted by Paul Gauguin. It is very representative of the movement started in 1905. Another picture shown by Mrs. Hutchings, to represent the modern government, was called, "The Goldfish" by Matisse. This shows a revolt from stiffness and prudery to the exact opposite.

Some of the curist pictures shown by Mrs. Hutchings were interesting, although it was almost impossible to distinguish what they were. Among these was one entitled "A Young Girl". Mrs. Hutchings explained this by saying laughingly, "Who cares what it means? It expresses emotions." Another of these, "The Dance of the Spring", is done in one range of colors and is supposed to represent Ponce de Leon hunting for the spring of eternal youth. The color of the picture is intoxicating.

One especially interesting picture shown by Mrs. Hutchings was Franz Marc's production, "Fire-frightened Horses". The background is conventional and symbolizes fire. Three horses are in different positions; one which is maddened is turned toward

Sir Herbert Ames.

Noted Lecturer, Speaks

Sir Herbert Ames, the well-known authority on world-wide politics and activities, was the guest of the International Relations Club and the Student Body on Thursday evening, March 31, when he spoke in Roemer Auditorium on "Has the League of Nations Failed in Manchuria." Sir Herbert is a Canadian although at present he lies in the United States. He has had a long and varied experience in public service. In 1919, he was invited to assume the post of Financial Director or Treasurer of the League of Nations Secretariat then being organized in London. He filled this position from 1919 to 1926. During the past three years, he has twice visited Geneva, helping up to date on all League activities.

In his talk on Thursday evening, Sir Herbert said that it is too early to say whether the League has failed or succeeded. But we can review its actions and draw our own conclusions. He gave a short outline of the main articles and stipulations of the League Covenant. Both China and Japan had signed the Covenant. The United States did not join; President Hoover said that we did not join because public opinion would suffice to check violence in our hemisphere.

When Japan started the trouble with China last September, it was thought that settlement would be made easily. However, all steps that the League took were ignored by Japan, and the trouble continued. If Japan had brought her grievance to the League instead of fighting over it, things would have been different. Most of the trouble and all of the embarrassment could have been avoided. It soon became apparent that Japan did not intend to live up to any agreements made in Geneva, for the agitation has continued.

The League has succeeded in unifying all the world against Japan and condemn her actions. This acts as an example to other countries who might have been anticipating following Japan's actions. Nothing Japan gets or does by force will be recognized by any country. Sir Herbert stated, Japan will wake up to find herself isolated—an outcast. If the League were not here to coerce opinion, Japan would go on, uncensored by the world.

the fire, one has felt the heat and stoops to drink, and the other has not sensed the fire and is turned away from it. This picture expresses action, symbolism and design.

After showing more pictures, Mrs. Hutchings said in conclusion that as time progresses, the ugliness and distortion is becoming exhausted and there will be a movement back toward beauty. "The basis of all real art is nature, and the basis of all real civilization is character."

Read the Linden Bark.

financial prosperity could affect such extravagances as greeting cards, especially when postage must be considered, but it is hard to believe that the American people would stint a small expenditure for an occasion so bound up with their religion, if their emotions on the subject were genuine. It is true, however, that the mental depression and lack of spiritual exuberance which has come from our economic depression may have crushed out any sentiment which the American people as a whole could feel this year. A more likely explanation is that many people who are now watching their expenses closely for the first time have realized the needless waste and confusion caused by a deluge of greeting cards sent through the mail each holiday season.

A suggestion advanced by a few of the more cynical young moderns is that this decrease in the sending of Easter cards is an indication of the decrease of American religious fervor. They would have us believe that our neglect of the Easter season as anything but a time in which to demand new spring clothes from our hard-pressed parents is but another triumph for America's growing materialism. Be that as it may, less and less interest is being taken in the outer evidences of the Easter season, although this year we never before saw a more general religious observance. Perhaps the mass is repudiating outer meaningless sentimentality and searching for the deeper significance of Easter.

BLACK VASES

By Sarah Louise Greer

Arlene walked slowly down the mirror-lined reception hall, conscious of the reflected Arlenes accompanying her. Slowly she turned her small, oval face toward each reflection, critically surveying the slender, lovely figure which unbelievably was hers. Sometimes her mirrored loveliness startled Arlene. Her perfect, shining head rose on a soft white throat from the gleaming folds of black around her shoulders. Its graceful tilt was eloquent; its too perfect poise revealed the woman's extreme egoism. The tiny silver quill in the dull black beret settled daringly over one eyebrow seemed to stiffen proudly when Arlene's glance approved its smartness. The instep of her small foot, shadowed by the swaying, persuasive folds of her all-black dress, arched gracefully as Arlene walked over the deep-piled, purple carpet in the hall.

The reflections were gratifying, she admitted, smiling slightly. She had achieved the sleek, sophisticated effect expected of the wife of the town's richest man. Again she would dazzle the stuffy literary club, whose boresome sessions she detested. One must have somewhere to go, Arlene conceded to herself, and it was true that the humble members of the circle appreciated her presence. Their envious silence on the occasion of former well-timed entrances was sufficient proof of that. Then, too, it was always the charming and lovely Arlene whom they selected to entertain celebrities or to preside in aloof exquisiteness over the tea-urn and inevitable vanilla wafers.

Today was an occasion on the club's and Arlene's calendar. The great Carl Fritsch was to be their guest. As a poet Fritsch was famous; as a man he was notorious, notorious for his deadly appeal to women. It was because of the subtle challenge of the man's reputation that Arlene had become suddenly interested in that afternoon's reception. She had been thinking of it for days, and now as she moved down the long hall, in her mind she formed future romantic scenes in which she and Carl Fritsch were together in a moonlit French garden, his lips close to her pale yellow hair

Still smiling slightly, Arlene paused in the arched doorway of the club-room, conscious of the excellent frame its heavy purple velvet curtains made for her blonde beauty. The room was crowded with the colors of many dresses and the noise of women's excited voices. The little groups of talkers did not separate nor turn to the slender figure in the doorway. Their eyes were on the tall, browned poet quietly standing with his back against the old-fashioned marble mantle piece.

Arlene frowned an instant; her smooth white forehead wrinkled unbecomingly, and a peculiar greenish glitter flashed in her deep blue eyes. The calm brown eyes of the poet looking over the heads of the stodgy intellectualists saw the hard glitter and the impatient gesture of the woman's slender hand. Immediately Arlene smiled. The silver quill in her smart beret quivered with the sharp upward jerk of her head. Graciously she extended her hand to the stiffly-corseted dowager who came to meet her and allowed herself to join one of the little groups. For several minutes Arlene was careful to avoid the poet's level eyes, which she felt gazing at her. Then casually the woman turned her lovely face directly toward the great Carl Fritsch. He was talking with great enthusiasm to a thin, colorless woman of middle age! Arlene bit her tender lip until its redness faded to

purple.

During the hour that followed, the wife of the town's richest man suffered miserably. Carl Fritsch, the poet, had enchanted even the dullest member of the club. They stood and listened breathlessly while he talked, answering their questions with fascinating personal anecdotes. Arlene was ignored. After that one significant look when she had entered the room, the man had glanced at her only a few times. It seemed to Arlene that with those calm brown eyes he had challenged her, the only beautiful woman in the room, and then rewarded her with absolute indifference. Arlene felt humiliated and angry, but still strangely attracted to the man. A few minutes ago when they had been formally introduced with the aid of the well-corseted dowager, the poet had silently looked at her for a long moment before murmuring a conventional response. The meeting had been little like Arlene's imaginings. She had winced and turned away as soon as possible, peculiarly angry with herself.

Now that some of the crowd had left, the woman abruptly deserted the little group, in which she had been only half-interested, and sank gracefully onto a damask divan. She closed her splendid eyes from feigned fatigue, knowing the attractions of an attitude of even momentary repose. She hoped that the pale yellow afternoon sun coming through the creamy marquises on the wide windows veined her delicate eyelids with gold. Self-consciously Arlene fluttered her dark lashes and saw the poet, Carl Fritsch standing alone in front of her.

He spoke in a low voice, "Please do not move. The sun has glorified your beauty as its own." The poet's brown eyes smiled at her. To Arlene it seemed that they smoldered with the divine fire of genius face to face with beauty. Her white hands slid to her throat and she rose as if hypnotized, unable to speak, conscious only that he had acknowledged her golden and white loveliness.

The poet murmured, "In that black gown you are to me a slim black vase. . . . Yes, a slim black vase holding the white and yellow lily which is your head. Remember that; it is what Carl Fritsch has said of you!" Across the room his secretary signalled to him it was time to depart. He bent over her hand briefly. "Goodbye," he said. "In you I have found the physical reality of an imaginary woman in one of my recent poems. Please read it in this volume after I am gone Then you may hate me and I shall not know." His smile was strange, but Arlene took the proffered little book of poetry. It was enough that she, Arlene Hollingsworth, was the embodiment of a woman about whom Carl Fritsch had written.

When he had left, she stood there in the sunlight thinking of what she had said. She was very gentle with the curious women who surrounded her, chattering and questioning. To them she answered, "He has written a poem in this book which he says might have been written to me." The women were awed by the spiritual expression on her lovely face. Slowly she opened the little volume to the title poem, "Black Vase," and in her mellow voice began to read:

"When I saw you standing
Tall and slender in your shimmering
Black gown,
I thought; 'She is a slim and shining
Black vase,
And her golden, glimmering
Head is a white and yellow lily,
Rising slowly.

Then I loved you blindly,
Seeing not the ugly, squirming
Green worm
Crawling behind your white petaled
Forehead.

Yes, you are a slim black vase,
But the shining white lily that
Should be yours to hold forever is
Worm-eaten."

The woman stood for a moment puzzled. Then she raised her eyes to her reflection in the mirror over the mantle piece against which the poet had leaned. Slowly the poet's words came back, "Then you may hate me, but I shall not know I shall be gone!" With a stifled scream of rage, Arlene hurled the book against the mirror. Suddenly she saw a jagged crack across the glass

TO T. D.

By Betty Hart

I see you standing there,
In the glare of the street-light,
In the coolness of the moon-light,
In the brightness of the sun-light,
In the softness of the fire-light,
I see you standing there.

I hear you calling me.
In the sighing of the pine-trees,
In the laughter of the rain-drops,
In the murmur of the sea-shell,
In the whisper of the stars,
I hear you calling me.

I know that you are gone.
By the sadness of the moon-light,
By the shadows in the pine-trees,
By the emptiness of laughter,
By the longing in my heart,
I know that you are gone.

I know you will not come again.
By the ashes of the star-light,
By the weeping of the rain-drops,
By the silence of the sea-shell,
By the loneliness of heaven,
I know you will not come again.

MONOTONY

By Carlene Holt

Lifting her head from her book and glancing out from her window, she saw that the sky was gray and the earth below a faded brown. Tall trees—slim, half starved, raised their bare branches as if reaching, or at least praying for the sunshine. They, like the girl, seemed darker after the previous shower. Out there all was quiet. Inside the room she could hear the ticking of the clock, and when she listened more carefully—the pecking of a typewriter in another room. However, the continuous buzz-like ringing in her ears bothered her much more than these material sounds. Thoughtfully she closed the book and pressed a finger tip on each eye lid, as if she could shut out all unpleasantness by a gesture. When she felt the cool, damp air breathe upon her forehead, she dropped her hands upon her lap. She wished that the air might have come to break the monotony, but she felt it go away. The yellow window curtains quivered and were quiet. She knew that she would not be nearly so bored if it were spring and sunshine outdoors, or even if she had the memory of exciting days. They said she was young—if sixteen be young—yet she felt old, since it seemed she would always be sitting, waiting for something that would never happen.

A SUNDAY TRIBULATION

By Jean Campbell

His appearance on the stage made me think of an old black spider crawling out on the floor. A stiff white shirt and an ill-chosen green tie emphasized his garb of conventional ministerial black. A swallow-tailed coat swooped behind his spindle-like legs, accenting their unusual skinniness. They were so tightly enclosed in the dark striped trousers that the bony knees pushed out, and his feet looked much longer because of the thin ankles and heavy-soled black shoes. His head drew the most at-

tention: hair not quite all gone, spoiling shiny rendez-vous for flies. His ears stuck out, coming to queer points like the ears of elves, and as if to stress his forcefulness, they wiggled emphatically. His forehead, narrow and protruding, terminated in bushy, iron-gray eyebrows. Rimless glasses re-enforced his queer eyes. His long nose was pulled down as though from smelling an unpleasant odor. His mouth continued the downward lines of his nose, and wrinkles ran from the corners of his nose around his mouth, pulling its narrow line into an expression of sneering distaste; and as he delivered his sermon, unsmilingly, mechanically, in irritatingly smooth tones, his lips smacked as if for self-applause while he uttered words of exposition on his scripture, with no special ideas. When he became unusually perturbed, his large-knuckled fingers wagged under his nose; the crooked fore-finger pointed in a jagged line before him. He continued to expound, and to become more chalky, and older looking, and much more unpleasant as he continued.

OLD BROWN HOUSE

By Mary Ethel Burke

Long low house all old and brown,
That the winds and the storms just
can't blow down;
Most of your windows have no
panes,
Stuffed up with rags to keep out the
rains.

From a brown-black chimney only
half there
Yellow smoke rolls into the air.
To the tireless patter of small
brown feet
Three brown doors furnish rapid
retreat.

A piano inside bangs "Silent Night."
On a tumble down porch two children
fight,
And an old brown man with soft
white hair,
Promises stories to quiet the pair.

Near a large grey barn that's tumbling
down
An unused car rests rusty brown.
Beside the house is a broken chair
A thin brown girl with her babe sits
there.

Long, low house all old and brown
That the winds and the storms just
won't blow down;
As long as a brown soul dwells
within
You shelter him, though brown and
thin.

ILLUSION

By Catharine Marsh

(For Virginia)

Your smile betrays you; you have
seen a flower,
A rose, to be exact. I think I know
Just how its petals droop, and what
a power
Of sweetness winds will carry when
they blow
Afar. Who walks this way will flicker
half
A smile, or set their mouths to hide
a sigh
They cannot help. How hard it is
to laugh
Except with twisted lips, when
roses die!

But have I told you what you will
not see
Because you sigh but still keep
walking on?
Now wait, oh heartless, watch the
soul of me
That dies a little for each beauty
gone.
I count each brown-edged petal as
it goes,
And laugh at you—who thought it
was a rose!

ADVICE

By Martha Mason

Think not of parting from thy maid
As if all joy from life would fade,
What is a moment's emptiness
When soon thou sharest life's hap-
piness?
When she departs, her thoughts of
thee
And thine of her, will make time
flee,
Will keep the loneliness away,
And make tomorrow seem today.
So pine not now, nor shed a tear
For absent maid, so sweet, so dear,
But think of quickly passing hours,
She'll come in spring, to bring thee
flowers,
Hand in hand with youth's caress,
Hurt not, nor changed by time's im-
press.

INCENTIVE

By Catherine Williams

Br-r-r-ring! The alarm clock was
ringing but the little roll of blankets
did not stir. Silence for a minute,
and then again came the mad cry.
This time a shock of yellow hair
popped out from one end of the heap
on the bed and two grimy hands rub-
bed two swollen sleepy eyes. Skeet
for the life of him could not think
what was making that awful racket.
Then he remembered. It was the
alarm that he himself had set. Keep-
ing the covers around his neck, he
managed to sit up, to reach one arm
out, and turn the thing off. A slight
squeaking of the bed springs, a jerk
of the covers, and Skeet had once
more disappeared. All was silence for
a short interval.

"Skeet," came a cry from some-
where. It was a feminine voice, pitch-
ed to its most piercing tone. "Skeet",
get right up. Don't you go back to
bed again!"

"Yes'm, I'm almost up now." But
Skeet had again merely stuck out his
head to shout back to his mother. The
window was wide open and an icy
blast of air rushed over his bed. His
nose was cold. He stuck one arm out
again, but quickly drew it back under
the covers. "Good old bed", he
groaned.

Skeet was awake now. It was just
Kittim pwiowl eehaeclik drTr(emaaD9
will power he lacked. After all, why
should he hurry? Getting up meant
freezing—until he got that window
pulled down. It was not right for any-
one to get out of a warm place into
such a cold one anyway. He distinct-
ly remembered hearing that at school
School! That was another thing. Get-
ting up would just put him nearer go-
ing to school and listening to Miss
Simms all day.

"Skeet". This time Skeet sat up-
right, for now he heard his father's
menacing voice. "Skeet, will you
please hurry? Your mother has break-
fast almost ready."

"Yes sir, I'm almost ready now." As
he spoke he gave a dive for the win-
dow and slammed it down. There was
no time to stand and shiver now. Off
went the outing pajamas and then he
was cold. He grabbed his underwear
and started pulling. This task took
real skill. The idea was to pull on the
underwear without losing the stock-
ings that still clung to its dangling
legs. Just a little more—ah, success.
With a couple of extra tugs underwear
and hose were on safely. From then
on the progress was not so fast. The
room was warmer and the incentive to
hurry decreased. The pants came
next. Then Skeet pulled a clean shirt
out of the dresser drawer. Funny how
the buttons were always too large for
the buttonholes. But he supposed that
women invented that idea. It would
be just like them. The top button
proved to be the most stubborn, so

after a little effort, he just left it un-
done and tied his tie over it.

Everything was in his pants pock-
ets that he needed. He reached low to
make sure that the knife he had
traded for the day before was still
there. He guessed he was ready now,
all right. But he almost forgot his
hair. That was quickly taken care of
with one stroke of the hair brush. He
started for the door and remembered
that he still wore his bedroom slip-
pers. But they would do until after
breakfast. But wait, he had not even
turned on the water in the bathroom.
He ran in and splashed water all over
the bowl to show that it had been used
and then wiped his hands on the
towel to moisten it. Then the wash
cloth was put under the faucet and
wrung out. The cloth touched the
tip of his nose, each cheekbone, and
each ear very lightly before he placed
it on its hook. Now, he could say he
washed everywhere.

With three bounds he reached the
door and threw it open. They were
eating pancakes downstairs, and he
loved them.

ON MY BED

By Ruth Cooper

All day long my French doll sits
and stares at the wall, the door, or
the dresser. Against her rather yel-
low, cardboard skin the scarlet of her
cheeks and lips contrasts startlingly;
yet, with the immense blue eyes and
long lashes of real hair, the face is a
pretty one. A pink straw hat holds
in check the long blond curls, and
rolls back off the face as do the lat-
est creations at Palm Beach. Banded
in pastel-shaded strips on skirt, col-
lar, and sleeves, the pink organdie
dress stands out almost as stiffly as
the huge bow. The wide bertha col-
lar perks up from the shoulders, but
crosses smoothly in front to form the
yoke and to enlarge into the bow,
forming a fine background. Spike-
heeled pumps and a choker of tiny
pearls complete milady's finery. And
still she sits, rigidly motionless, and
stares.

HE CAN SMILE

By Katherine Simpson

As the organist plays the prelude,
the mellow notes of the instrument
hush the congregation. A sacred still-
ness fills the air. The sun, coming
in through the stained glass windows,
makes lovely patches of soft colors
on the walls. The chair sings a fami-
liar hymn as they take their places.
The minister opens his door and goes
slowly toward the pulpit. He begins
the Lord's Prayer. The people follow
him as best they can. With the
"Amen" the congregation shake off
the holy atmosphere and flop into
their former seats.

Now everyone must get settled for
the sermon. Amid much squirming to
the right and to the left, coats are re-
moved. The ushers, deciding that it
is too warm, open the windows. The
women look at the offenders with
malignant glances. The wiggling be-
gins again, and continues until huge
fur collars protect sensitive throats.
The minister looks inquiringly at his
audience. He wonders if they are
ready to listen to the Scripture.

Some of the men, who have started
to doze, awake with a slight jump as
a fist accents a particular verse. Soon
they nod again; and, although punch-
ed by conscientious wives, refuse to
lose an hour's sleep. The passing of
the collection plate causes little dis-
turbance; there is not a great deal to
put in it. As the sermon progresses,
a baby decides he wants attention.
Healthy howls follow this resolution.
Mary Ann of the primary department,
who has been industriously decorat-

ing the fly-leaf of a hymnal with a
crayon, turns in her seat and sticks
out her tongue in the general direction
of the tiny disturber.

The minister remains calm, and de-
livers his message. At the end of the
service, he hastens to the entry of the
church. Holding his Bible under his
left arm, he extends his right hand
in greeting and smiles as he shakes
hands with each member of his con-
gregation.

MORNING SCENE

By Betty Barker

A small white dog ran around the
corner of the house. He paused and,
looking up at a window, barked. He
stood still for a minute, then walked
over to the bird bath. Standing on
his hind feet, he placed his fore paws
on the edge of the bowl and lapped
up some water noisily. He raised his
head when a little fox terrier came
pattering down the brick walk, then
left the water in a great hurry and
went down the walk with the other
dog.

An elderly Negress came out of the
white-shingled laundry carrying a
basket full of wet white clothes. She
put it down under the clothesline,
picked up a sheet, shook it, and hung
it in the sun. The sheet flapped in
the wind as the two little dogs hesi-
tated at the laundry door. The old
washerwoman bent over to take a
towel from the basket and turned
around to see the dogs disappear in-
to the laundry. Waving the towel, she
started at the door. The dogs ran out,
yelped when they saw her, and scam-
pered to stand behind a tall boy who
had just come up the walk. He laugh-
ed as he bent over to pat the dogs.
The old colored woman frowned, then
grinned at him, and went back to her
clothes, muttering to herself.

The boy, followed by the dogs, went
up the steps of the back porch. He
slammed the screen door, and the
dogs sat on the top step to watch a
fussy robin bring her twittering fami-
ly from the old elm tree to the bird
bath. The screen door slammed
again, and the boy ran down the steps,
whistling. The dogs saw the bunch
of jingling keys in his hand, and raced
out to climb onto the seat of the green
roadster at the curb. The boy got in
and started the engine. The roadster
moved with a pop from the exhaust
and soon disappeared down the street.
The robin took his family back to
their tree, and the yard was quiet
again.

THE PENITENTES

By Ruth Adams

The Penitentes, who were formerly
from Old Mexico, create and arouse
much interest in New Mexico and the
southern part of Colorado. They are
very devout Christians, who believe
in torture for the repentance of their
sins. During Lent they deprive them-
selves of warmth, clothing, shelter,
and even food. A week before Good
Friday they go up in the hills to their
sanctuary, which is called "Sango de
Christis," and pray for three or four
days. On Good Friday they start to
torture themselves, walking on cactus
slashing themselves, and cutting each
other with sharp stones. Saturday
night before Easter they build large
bonfires and form their gruesome pro-
cession. They march through their
small village, wailing, crying, and
praying, while they slash one another
with sharp knives and long whips.
This procession circles through the
town many times. The weaker ones
fall out of the line, writhing and
twisting on the ground. These fallen
ones are scorned by survivors, who
kick and curse them. By morning
more than half are squirming in pain

on the cold ground. The other half
are staggering, one after the other, in
line, muttering their strange prayers
with their bodies a filthy mass of
blood. The smell of the dried blood
mingled with dust is very offensive
and disgusting. During the day the
few stronger ones, in their great
agony, beat themselves even harder.

Easter night the torture stops. The
agonized Mexicans then fall on the
ground in deep pain.

Monday morning the Penitentes
somehow crawl back to their adobe
hovels, where they lie torn between
life and death. The ones who do not
survive this self-torture are buried
during the week. A pile of rocks and
a black wooden cross mark their
grave.

SMALL TOWN DEPOT

By Barbara Bennett

I took one last glance at the drab
little station before I went speeding
away toward the north. I saw the
cheap novelty stand, a part of it, that
was shoved into the corner next to the
tracks, and the gum-chewing, rather
low-caste blonde who presided over
it, flirting with any man who chanced
to pass that way. Then I saw the old
ticket agent, aged in service, as he
nodded to some patrons just as old
in patronage. In the center of the
room stood three short rows of un-
comfortable seats. A few people
were sitting stiffly erect in them, at
brief intervals casting anxious glances
toward the solemn ticking clock. The
room was dull, and cheap, and tawdry,
and smelt of tobacco and cheap pow-
der. It was a pitiful makeshift for
something that would be greater.
Yet, it was another station, a small-
town depot on one of the big railroad
lines; and for me it was home, too.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON BOAT

By Winifred Diehl

The pier on a Saturday afternoon
displays a brilliant array of expectant
and idly curious inhabitants of the
summer resort.

An early evening breeze whips the
bright silk skirts of the women and
linen trouser legs of the men who
stand talking in groups. From the
diving-boards farther ashore swim-
mers in dripping bathing-suits trail
out in twos and threes, stopping
occasionally to watch a fisher throw a
cast-net. A chatter of excitement
rises from the platform below where
several little negro boys are netting
a crab. The baggage truck lumbers
past on its rusty tracks—a sure sign
that the boat is three minutes out.
With a clatter of runway boards the
last taxi-touring car takes its place.

A toot, toot of announcement, a
clanging of the captain's bell, the sud-
den churning of the paddle-wheel, and
the big boat comes to a shuddering
standstill. The darkies' warning as
they throw out the gang-plank pre-
cedes the sudden onrush of passengers
that crowd, shoving, jamming down
the plank onto the pier. The groups
of expectant chatterers of a few min-
utes before are now a mass of delight-
ed children welcoming in loud voices
the tired husbands and daddies who
are to spend the week-end. Taxies are
hurrying off with the few confused
new residents. Suitcases, trunks, and
boxes are being hastily cast into the
truck or hurried into the baggage
shed.

The swimmers go back to their div-
ing, the fishers go back to their poles,
and the boat tugs playfully at its
ropes. Gradually the pier regains a
semblance of calm as the happy
groups trail off down the pier to a
peaceful week-end.

Read the Linden Bark.

BETTER ASK BELINDA!

I would know that Spring is here even if I were stranded on one of those dark brown islands north of Siberia. (I've often wondered why Siberia is such a terrible shade of brown on so many maps.) Most of the letters this week seem to concern the heart. I have tried to be as rational as possible in answering these letters.

Dear Belinda,

I am between the devil and the deep blue sea, as it were, but don't let me be facetious. The point is that I thought I was very much in love with Bill, but here I am letting my love flow toward a boy I met during Spring vacation. Do you suppose that this means that I am fickle?

Mimi.

Dear Mimi,

Yes, my dear, I believe you are of a fickle nature, but you are a woman, aren't you? Keep up your correspondence, with Bill, though, because when Spring is over, this Spring-vacation affair may wear off.

Come again.

Belinda.

Dear Belinda,

I have always wanted curly hair, but my mother told me that I should be satisfied with the kind I have. I've tried using curlers at night, but I can't sleep with the little things sticking into my head. My hair gets tangled and my room mate has to get up and take the curlers off for me. This makes her grouchy, but I still want curly hair. Can you help me?

Faithfully,

Naomi Bell.

Dear Naomi,

What about a permanent wave, my dear? If you have trouble carrying on a conversation with people, a permanent is also an advantage. You can always tell about how many times you were burned and how many shades lighter your hair is. Then too, you can turn the subject in that direction by starting a conversation about books, and then say, "I read the most unusual book while I was having my permanent." You can mention the name of the book and then start in on your trials and tribulations. If the permanent idea doesn't suit you, I might suggest that temporarily you move your bed nearer that of your room mate so that neither of you will have to get up to get the curlers out.

Belinda.

Dear Belinda,

I am sixteen years old, and I think I'm attractive, but I'm not popular. I've tried so hard to make myself agreeable but every time I hit someone on the back he moves away. What shall I do?

Hopefully yours,

U. Snodgrass.

Dear U. Snodgrass,

All I can say to you is that perhaps you hit too hard. It may hurt, you know.

Belinda.

Dear Belinda,

What am I to do? I am constantly annoyed by the attentions of a young swain. Every day I get a letter from him. He considers himself very much the poet. He calls me his larkspur—he loves to see it growing at his feet. What am I to do about these obnoxious attentions? I must get out of it gracefully.

Hopeful.

Dear Hopeful,

My dear, I think you should write and tell him that he reminded you of a tiger lily with a snake coiled beneath it. Many kinds of larkspur are poisonous, what do you suppose he meant by calling you a larkspur? Please

**"Dual Life", Sophomore?
As Diary Tells It**

Tuesday, April 5—Ho Hum! This spring weather makes "schooling" practically impossible—or rather more impossible. Oh well, one can console oneself with the thought that "it won't be long now." We had an Alpha Sigma Tau meeting and heard a very interesting talk by Dr. Gregg. I'm beginning to really appreciate just how much Major Sibley accomplished.

Wednesday, April 6—And do I have many classes? Besides being a student in one place I have to become faculty at another—a la the St. Charles High School. I wonder just what I thought of teachers when I was "young"—perhaps it's better I can't remember, at least I shan't develop an inferiority complex over it since I can't seem to remember.

Thursday, April 7—I was told it rained during the night and this morning was so nice for sleeping. Those eight o'clock classes have the habit of getting in one's way quite often. Chapel today was very good—oratory. And speaking of plays, *Morning Becomes Evening* is all that could be expected of Eugene O'Neill. While it startles the public now, it probably will be forgotten in about ten years.

Friday, April 8—The last day of the week but there's no rest for the weary—tomorrow is the Soph Prom, but it will be worth the work. We started this afternoon, and stopped—I've forgotten when. But I think I could write an interesting psychological account of just how the working man feels about long hours of digging ditches and what not! I'm dead-tired. Diary, good night—there'll be big times tomorrow!

Saturday, April 9—I told you so! The Prom was perfect and everyone looked so nice—including our old friend the Gym, and the favors were darling. Why can't we have one of those every week? Except I would suggest just saving the decorations over from one time to the next—in fact, I would insist upon it.

Sunday, April 10—I have accomplished nothing today in the way of studying—"the morning after the night before." Dr. Kenniston spoke at Vespers—he's always so interesting. Of course my good intentions to accomplish much after Vespers went "hoosy"—the day was not saved from being a total rest period. We walked around to see the various "dates", and then to bed!

Monday, April 11—Mondays get bluer and bluer when one is supposed to have lessons prepared and one does not have lessons prepared. Perhaps I'd better turn over a new leaf but it's too much trouble. The Seniors are beginning their play—try-outs and what not! Wonder how many Ethel Barrymores we'll find hidden in that class! Time will tell!

Come again, this sounds interesting.

Belinda.

Dear Belinda,

I have Spring fever, and can't do a thing about it. I'm tired of studying and of doing everything. If I didn't have classes, I think that I would even get tired of sleeping.

Colled Heat.

Dear Colled Heat,

So you have another name for Spring fever. You are adapting the wrong psychology, my dear, by thinking of yourself as Colled Heat. I would suggest that you try gulf, tennils, sassafras bark tea, sulphur and molasses, or lots of ice water, but first of all make up your mind that you're not going to have Spring fever. I doubt if any of these will help, but they are suggested remedies.

Belinda.

**Poetry Society
Recognizes Lindenwood**

At the Friday, April 1 chapel, Dr. Gipson certified that all girls who are to obtain certificates and at the end of the year should see Mr. Motley concerning the number of invitations they desire.

An extended time has been given to all the Freshmen who wish to supply material for the Sigma Tau Delta Medal contest. The time limit is now April 22, at 5:00 p. m.

It was announced that Lindenwood college has been invited to join the College Poetry Society of America. This is a distinguished organization having such well-known members as Edna St. Vincent Millay, Sara Teasdale, Robert Frost, John Nefhardl, Carl Sandburg, and others. A meeting was called to organize this society.

Mr. Thomas announced that a series of diploma recitals has started which represents the peak of work done by the department for the year. Every one is invited to attend these recitals, given at 4:45 every Tuesday.

Music Department Active

With spring the music department activities pick up added momentum and from now on until the close of school the practice pianos and "do, sol, mi, do's" may be heard in a lusty fashion all over campus in preparation for the spring musical events.

April 14, Lindenwood's Alpha Mu Mu chapter is to be host to Mrs. George W. Lamke and Mrs. Ethel Knoblock Hayward, representatives of the Mu Phi Epsilon, leading music fraternity in the United States. For a long time this organization has been interested in Lindenwood music talent and the feeling has been reciprocal.

On this date the annual Alpha Mu Mu Thursday morning chapel program is to be given and the national headquarters in Chicago is sending these two representatives, Mrs. Lamke, past national president of the chapter and a resident of Clayton, Missouri, and Mrs. Hayward, province president of this district, who is a resident of St. Louis, and one of its finest violinists, to hear the program and meet the girls.

These outstanding women will be Lindenwood's luncheon guests, and afterwards a reception at one o'clock will be held in the club rooms for the members of Alpha Mu Mu and the music faculty. This will provide an opportunity for much interesting information which is almost impossible to obtain by correspondence.

Other outstanding events on the musical calendar are the second semester orchestra concert to be given the evening of April 22, a Tuesday afternoon recital in Sibley Chapel April 12 by Audrey McAulity at the organ and Katherine Davidson on the violin, and the recital of April 19th to be given by Jacqueline Vanderliur and Tearte Seiling.

(Continued from page 1, Col. 4)

set by Jesus Christ. The risen life is one of affections, set your mind upon it. Love is the greatest power in the world. Where the heart is, there is the mind. Love the higher things rather than the lower things. As the airplane looks down on Lindenwood and eyes it in its true proportions so must follow Paul's teaching to look down upon things from the higher, the more comprehensive standpoint, the Godlike standpoint.

The choir concluded with three very striking anthems. The first of these was that popular and familiar one, "Were You There," by Manney; the second the unusual and glorious "Spanish Easter Procession" arranged by Gaul; and the last "Hark! I Hear a Strain of Music" by Marzo.

WONDER WHY?

So many people were late to their classes the Wednesday after vacation. Virginia Baker's termites died.

Lois McKeehan is practically penniless.

Maurine Davidson doesn't like the idea of Saturday field trips anymore. Mary Norman is so anxious to go horseback riding.

The robin desired entrance into the Philosophy class Monday morning.

Bunny Roberts is an early riser. Barbara Hirsch is such a tease.

Betty Wilson bought new shoes, Spring vacation.

ON CAMPUS

Spring Fever.....spring clothes.....spring flowers. Campus full of beautiful moonlight nights going to waste, everyone roaming about campus at six-thirty—and moaning when the bell rings.

Formals.....Laughter.....male voice.....What is it? The Sophomore Prom.

Calendars being scratched again—why? Only eight weeks more. And in the meantime Juniors and Seniors are being kept busy with practice.....after practice.....after practice.

Who's laughing—now stop it! You Freshmen and Sophs! You'll be the next victims. Oh boy, oh-boy, oh, boy.

New Honor Members

Pi Gamma Mu Elects Thirteen Girls.

Pi Gamma Mu, the National Social Science Honor Society, has recently elected thirteen new members. This society has for its members students in all of the Social Sciences, such as sociology, anthropology, economics, commerce, business administration, law, political science, history, psychology, education, philosophy, ethics, religion and biology. Only Junior and Senior students are eligible for membership. The purpose of the organization is the inculcation of the ideals of scholarship, scientific attitude and method, and social service, in the study of all social problems.

A business meeting was held April 7, at which the new members were initiated and the officers for the coming year elected. Plans are being made for a social meeting late in April or early in May at which there will be an out of town lecturer.

The girls who were recently chosen to membership are: Shirley Haas, Isabelle Wood, Margaret Omohundro, Betty Fair, Pearl Hartt, Elizabeth Wheeler, Elizabeth French, Marjorie Wycoff, Jennie Jefferis, Miriam Runenburger, Mary Chowning, Evelyn Kauppenberg, and Florence Schnedler.

WHO'S WHO?

She is blond (natural), under 29, sings as she rises, uses Colgates, owes her beauty to Pouds (unauthentic). She has a divine sense of humor, but laughs silently with her head tilted far back. She has another side to her personality. She is exquisitely pensive at times, and makes a splendid appreciative audience. Her talents are along literary and artistic lines, but she is chiefly known for her great ability of making friends. Her name suggests a Biblical character—her abode is on third floor Irwin—she is chiefly seen with the younger French sister. P. S. her favorite flower is larkspur.

Read the Linden Bark.

COLLEGE CALENDAR

Tuesday, April 12:

4:45 p. m.—Junior recital in Sibley chapel with Katherine Davidson, violinist, and Audrey McAnulty, organist.

Thursday, April 14:

11:00 a. m.—Music recital in Roemer auditorium. Alpha Mu Mu Day.

Friday, April 15:

8:00 p. m.—Oratory recital by Dorothy Holcomb, "The Prince Chap," in Roemer auditorium.

Sunday, April 17:

6:30 p. m.—Vesper services.

Sidelights of Society

Everyone is glad to see Mrs. Roemer well again and prominent in the activities of the school, after her recent illness.

Dr. Linnemann was guide and chaperone last Saturday to a large group of students from the Art Department, who filled a bus, going in to the St. Louis Art Museum, to see the Carnegie International Exhibition, which they greatly enjoyed.

Mr. and Mrs. Tweedie of Jefferson City, Missouri, have announced the engagement of their daughter, Lillian, to Mr. T. C. Bruere, Jr., eldest son of Judge and Mrs. T. C. Bruere, Sr. of St. Charles, Missouri. Miss Tweedie is studying in the music department of Lindenwood and taking post-graduate work, having graduated from the academic department some years before. Mr. Bruere's sister, Clarice, who also attended Lindenwood and has since been prominent in dramatic and musical circles, has recently announced her engagement to Mr. Bernard L. Thompson of Kansas City, Missouri. Miss Bruere studied voice and dramatics in New York City and received much acclaim in the musical comedy, "Three Little Girls." Of equal interest to Lindenwood was the announcement of the engagement of Ruth Bullion, of Little Rock, Ark., class of '29, to Mr. James Bruere, also son of Judge and Mrs. T. C. Bruere.

While plans for the three weddings are not definitely announced they will probably be affairs of the June social season.

Mrs. Underwood, head of the department of journalism, gave a very delightful luncheon Thursday to Mrs. Roemer and the students of the department. There were about fifteen members of the present journalism department and a number of others from the "Bark" staffs of other years. Two tables were set. Mrs. Underwood presided over one, and Mrs. Roemer over the other. Each table was decorated with a lovely yellow floral centerpiece and dainty placecards. The luncheon was three course; the first of these grapefruit cocktail, followed by a chicken course and a salad and finished with ice cream. Gaiety reigned and everyone had a delightful time.

Rosalie Glenn's sister and a friend drove down to see her a week ago Saturday, and took her and two of the other girls into the city for the afternoon.

Dorothy Hope Miller and Juanita Meckfessel, who live in University City, spent the week end following Easter vacation at home.

Mary Jane Carson spent the week end of the 2nd. with Winifred Diehl at the latter's home in St. Louis.

Marjorie Steele of Webster Groves,

and Irma Klingel and Virginia Sodemann of St. Louis, spent a recent week-end at their homes.

Students' Recital

A student recital comprised the March 17, Thursday morning assembly program for the first time in several weeks. Several of the numbers were classical with enough modern to give a sense of balance.

The majority of the numbers were for the piano, and the opening group consisted of three compositions. Emma Jo Swaney played as the first two, Bach's "Prelude and Fugue, D Major" from the "Well-Tempered Clavichord" and Chopin's "Impromptu, A flat Major." In the first number, clear, distant voices were brought out and the finger action of her technique was very fine, as were the strong chords at the close. The "Impromptu" was rhythmical and tuneful with a delicate middle part very typical of Chopin's loveliness.

The last number of the group, "Rondo a Capriccio, Op. 129" by Beethoven, played by Allie Mae Bornman, was highly enjoyed by the audience because of its familiarity and because of her interpretation. The tempo was well marked by the bass clef and the runs throughout rippled in a capricious tempo. The developments of the time in the various keys were most interesting and Allie Mae's technique adequately filled the requirements of the number.

The violin group, played by Kathryn Eggen, was composed of Boccherini's "Rondo" and Czerwonky's "Village Festival." These were the only violin numbers on the program and were well received. The first number was played very beautifully despite the difficulty of the bowing and double stops. The plaintiveness of the theme between the typical rondo movement made the number very expressive. The other selection was modern and picturesque, beginning with the double stops on the D, E, and A strings to represent the tuning of fiddles, and continuing in a lively fashion.

The next piano group opened with Margaret Brainard playing "Nocturne" by Grieg. This pictured a lovely night in sad melodic tones that were interpreted with much feeling and depth.

This was followed by the Allegro movement of Beethoven's "Sonata, Op. 31, No. 3" played by Jane Thomas. This is one of the lesser known sonatas of Beethoven's but nevertheless it is quite lovely. Jane interpreted the number, as usual, very well and brought out the numerous lovely harmonies.

The last group was vocal, was sung by Alice Denton in her usual delightful manner. The first was a French number, "Plaisir d'Amour" by Martini and was very smooth and consisted of beautiful subdued tones. The last number was "Do Not Go, My Love" by Hageman and had a sad minor theme with a touch of the dramatic very well expressed.

Assistance in Minstrel Given by Lindenwood Girl

Madeline Johnson, who is doing practice teaching at the St. Charles High School, recently assisted Miss Regan of the Physical Education department at the High School in directing the choruses in the Annual Minstrel Frolic given by the students last Friday and Saturday night. One of the outstanding features of the Minstrel was the Cadet Tap Dance which was very well received by the audience. Madeline had entire charge of this dance.

The excellent music in the minstrel was directed by Mr. Skinner and Miss Criswell, of Lindenwood.

Home Ec. Enjoys Lecture

Mrs. Johnson, of Stix, Baer, and Fuller, gave a very delightful talk to the Home Economics Club Wednesday afternoon, April 6, in the club room, on the period styles in interior decoration and the combinations of periods that are particularly smart and beautiful. The talk was informal, and Mrs. Johnson was asked several questions. She also colored her talk with many interesting anecdotes from the various periods. One in particular was rather strange and romantic. Louis XVI had prepared a castle for his mistress. The mistress, upon seeing the castle, turned up her nose. Thereupon the proud Louis called in the foremost artisans of the realm, and the work was redone in a very sumptuous style. This particular incident originated the famous Louis XVI style.

Mrs. Johnson, in introducing her talk, gave a warning that one should never try to confine a room to one period. The primary reason for the undesirability of this is the fact that a slave to one period is seldom able to pick up an interesting lamp or picture which she may happen upon, because it probably will not be of the period. The first and most important aim in furnishing a room, is that of giving the room as much utility as possible, and second is in making the utility as beautiful as possible. It is not particularly smart to conceal modern conveniences in a period room for the sake of preserving the atmosphere. The sensible thing to do is to put the lights and other modern inventions in plain sight.

The first period Mrs. Johnson discussed was the Jacobean, which, roughly speaking, lasted from 1603 to 1688. This period style was brought about through a number of influences. During James I's reign England was centered up, on art. Then came Cromwell and the suppression of art. With the return of Charles II, who had been in exile in France, a love of beauty was revived. Thus the period came to use large and bold design, heavy, massive furniture, vivid colors, and East Indian rugs and embroidery.

Mrs. Johnson went on through the William and Mary Period, the Queen Anne, the Chippendale, the Georgian, the Early Colonial, and the later Colonial. The story was very picturesque. The rise of women to prominence in the matter of decoration brought the use of softer colors and the introduction of comfort. Each period was directly influenced by the person for which it was named except, possibly, the Georgian. Mrs. Johnson's talk was full of stories of modern ingenuity in producing the old effect on a large and inexpensive scale.

Read all ye Faithful

—Announcements

The last "annual" sale was announced Tuesday morning in chapel. Wednesday and Thursday were positively the last time annuals could be bought.

Lois McKeehan announced the 13 pledges of Pi Gamma Mu, the national honorary social science fraternity on the campus, Wednesday morning in chapel. Dr. Gipson told of the interest displayed in the new College Poetry Club of America. A chapter of this club will be established on the campus very soon.

Miriam Runnenberger, as president of the Home Economics club on the campus, invited the entire faculty and students to attend the meeting of the Home Economics club which is reported elsewhere in these columns. Helen Everett announced the meeting of the Y. W. C. A. to be held Wednesday, at which Edna Hickey would speak.

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woman" by Sowerby. The familiar old tune was embellished, so to speak, with odd bits of harmony, and with the aid of elaborate technique, and made a delightful number of modern brilliance. Thelma showed unusual strength in this.

Doris opened her second group with Leschetizky's "Intermezzo in Octaves", a well known and loved selection. The octaves were all very light and perfect in their carrying of the melody and the bass rolled with richness. An enlivening tempo was kept up throughout. "The Temptress" of Godowsky obtained a very different time effect. The whole number was peculiar in the fascination carried by its lightness and grace.

The concluding number was the third movement of the "Concerto, G minor" by Mendelssohn which Doris played with Mr. Thomas at the second piano. This movement was as highly successful and beautiful as the first movement which she played on a recent Chapel program. The tempo was racing and with the difficult finger action gave it much brilliance. Toward the conclusion the first lovely theme was brought in again and in its entirety a nice mutual feeling was expressed. This was indeed a strong climax to the program.

Both of the girls looked lovely in their blending dresses of pink and blue, against the stage which was decorated with baskets of pink roses, and both played with admirable stage presence.

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STRAND THEATRE

TONIGHT and WEDNESDAY

Gary Cooper—Claudette Colbert in
"HIS WOMAN" with
Richard Spiro, a little 9 months old baby who made a big hit; almost got away with all honors as decided by patrons in theatres throughout the country.

THURSDAY

Lois Moran—Charles Bickford in
"MEN IN HER LIFE"

FRIDAY NIGHT—SAT. MATINEE

"NO ONE MAN" with
Carole Lombard—Paul Lukas
Ricardo Cortez

SATURDAY NIGHT

"AFTER TOMORROW"
with Charles Farrell—Marion Nixon