

LINDEN BARK

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News from the Dean's Office

This week Dean Gipson says she has been confined almost entirely to interviewing the freshmen, and to attending various committee meetings relative to the beginning of the new school year.

She also stated that notices have been sent out that the first six weeks' marks are to appear October 26, with the six weeks' examinations beginning next week.

The Dean added that the annual staff has met with the faculty committee and plans have been made to keep up the high standards of recent years.

Annual Staff Announced

The staff of the college annual, "Linden Leaves" was announced by Dr. Roemer in chapel Wednesday. It is: Editor-in-chief, Jane Tomlinson; Assistant editor, Mary Ethel Burke; Business manager, Eleanor Eldredge; Assistant business manager, Marjorie Wycoff; Literary editor, Margaret Jean Wilhoit; Assistant literary editor, Gretchen Huncker; Humor editor, Lillian Nitcher; Organization editor, Dorothy Winter; Assistant organization editors, Virginia Keck, Maude Dorsett, Helen Morgan, Ruth Cooper; Art editor, Mary Norman Rinehart. Assistant art editor, Winifred Bainbridge.

What A Mannequin!

Lindenwood follows the fashions assiduously. She has now donned her new fall frock, and it is really a beauty. If you have passed along the fashionable boulevards lately you have surely observed the trend society has taken toward the new front paneling effect on these new soft woolsens that simply everyone is wearing. If you haven't noticed the new garment Lindenwood is wearing, and you must before the fall rains simply run the colors into a riot, by all means stand out on your dormitory steps early tomorrow morning and take a look. The background is a soft grass-green, the loveliest color imaginable, and the most delightful touch is a band of creamy white circling the skirt in a band effect around the bottom. But the cutest thing is the great group of vari-colored zinnias that is embroidered on the left hand side just above the waist-line. They are a mass of color, no two of them alike, and the effect is startling. Not content with such a tricky arrangement the designer has added another clever touch on the lower right hand side just above the wide white band. Haven't you visions of a few bright red cannas peeping from among the folds of such a lovely soft green skirt?

What other school in the world is dressed so beautifully to welcome the many campus visitors and to delight the eyes of the permanent.

New Minister at Vespers

Rev. McColgan Speaks on Youth

Lindenwood welcomed for the first time Rev. W. L. McColgan, the new minister of the First Presbyterian Church of St. Charles, Sunday night, October 4, when he delivered the sermon for vespers.

Rev. Mr. McColgan took as his text, Timothy 4:12, in which Paul tells Timothy "Let no man despise thy youth."

He explained that each generation thinks none too highly of the next one and is continually saying "people aren't what they used to be." This doubt and askance dates from the time of Abraham and there are three ways for youth to meet such a challenge.

In the first place, according to the speaker, we are to live with idealisms and visions that older people can't but admire. It is characteristic of young people to have ideals. Quiet moments of solitude and thoughts are necessities as are dominant motives, according to psychologists. And we have but to realize the potentialities of our consecration to Jesus Christ.

Secondly, we should have characters that cannot be despised. Characters are wrought only through great experiences and a Christ-like character can be acquired only by experiencing Christ as Moses and Paul did.

It was pointed out that in the third place we should lead lives that will not let the world despise our youth. The Greek torch relay was given as an example to explain the torch of life to which Americans are heir, the burning light of truth handed on from the ancient Christians.

In closing he insisted that as a group of people we should have a name that would honor our youth and Christ and this could only be obtained through Christ.

Rev. John Inglis, assistant pastor of the Webster Groves Presbyterian Church, led the responsive reading.

The special music consisted of an anthem by the choir and a solo by Dolores Fisher.

Senior Class Chooses Officers

At a recent Senior class election, Lois McKeenan of Hot Springs, Arkansas, was unanimously elected President. This is the third consecutive year that Lois has headed her class. Elizabeth French of Roswell, New Mexico, was elected Vice-President. Laura Hauck of Greencastle, Indiana, is the new Secretary and Maurine Brian of Sumner, Illinois is the Treasurer. Following the election of class officers, a class sponsor was chosen. Miss Mary Gordon of the Dramatic Department was unanimously elected to guide the class through its last year as she has so successfully guided it through its first three years.

Founders Day A Gala Day

Plans Made For Entertainment and Sports

Great fun, sports, and entertainment are in store for us on Founders Day, to be observed October 22. This is a day in which every family member, student, and visitor will take a part.

Mr. Richard Spamer, the fine arts critic from St. Louis, will give an address at the eleven o'clock assembly. In view of other talks made by him we are sure that this will be an interesting treat.

The Board of Directors are expected to visit us also. In their honor and in honor of the day Miss Walters is planning a special luncheon at one o'clock.

The Athletic Association and the physical education department under the direction of Miss Stookey have made some interesting plans for the play day which is to be held in the afternoon. "A team for everyone; everyone for a team," is the motto for the event. All afternoon classes will be excused and the student body will report to the auditorium at 1:30 for division into color teams, headed by the members of A. A. and physical education majors who will have charge of games. There will be a series of quiet games for the faculty, visitors, and some of the students. In this group are archery, dominoes and forty-two, checkers, croquet, golf, hop-scotch and jackstones, horse-shoes, marbles, and quoits. The active games will be tennis, volley-ball, kick-ball, bat-ball, and end-ball. Probably there will be a series of individual stunts, such as headstand, knee-dip, crane-dive, cart-wheel, Indian wrestle, frog-dance, rooster fight, rabbit dance, and crab-race. Each color team will have a few minutes in the schedule. One of the biggest events of the afternoon will be the student-faculty baseball game at 3:30. May the best team win!

At eight o'clock in the auditorium Madame Helen Traubel, soprano, will give a recital. Madame Traubel is from St. Louis.

With these events promised all Lindenwood waits in anticipation for Thursday, October 22, 1931, the date set aside for the observance of Founders Day.

Freshmen Elect Officers

In a recent meeting of the freshmen class the following officers were elected: president, Marye Priest, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma; vice-president, Anne Briscoe, Carrolton, Missouri; secretary, Alice Rice Davis, Richmond, Missouri; treasurer, Marjorie Steele, Webster Groves, Missouri; pianist, Lucille Hausenbiller, St. Joseph, Missouri; song leader, Jane Warner, Fort Collins, Colorado; cheer leader, Maxine Wallace, Chicago, Illinois.

The freshman sponsor is Miss Marie Reichert.

Dr. Lowe Speaks at Thursday Chapel

Curiosity, Dreams, Adventure, —Big Items in Life.

Dr. Arnold H. Lowe, pastor of the Kingshighway Presbyterian Church of St. Louis, was most heartily welcomed by Lindenwood when he gave an address Thursday during the eleven o'clock chapel hour.

In opening, Dr. Lowe made the statement that curiosity is one of the most enjoyable things in life; the type of curiosity wide and unlimited.

The evidences of man's continuous desire to reach out is shown through history. Many great sacrifices have been made just for the sake of going out of narrow frontiers. Dr. Lowe then illustrated this point in the field of medicine, saying that we find men have been curious in every realm of thought.

He said that "even our own country is an epic of dreams" and not "a child of any naturalistic tendencies." In fact men will never be happy without curiosity.

Then he compared our individual lives to an adventure. "The world inside us is very little different from that of the outside". Our ideas of adventures change as they pass, with one adventure taking the place of another.

However, according to Dr. Lowe, it takes much more maturity to realize one can sail the high seas and meet romance as well in the heart as anywhere in the world.

The heights in our own lives, which are really mountain ranges, are much harder to scale, but it is well that we have the mental mountains for "ye who build no castles in the air, build no castles anywhere".

Only can accomplishments be reached through dreams. Dreams are challenges and whispers of life that take the integrity of a purposeful heart to really make accomplishments.

He concluded by saying that there are vast plains with narrow horizons in everyone's life and so often we skim only the surface; but we should walk the narrow way, sail the high seas, and plumb the depths of our own life.

Music and Story

The Y. W. C. A. meeting Wednesday, October 7, was opened with a favorite hymn, "I love to Tell the Story," led by Madeline Johnson, president. The freshmen had charge of the program. Dorothy Palmer gave a vocal solo, "Joy". Margaret Love played a lovely violin arrangement of "Frasquita". A humorous reading, "Mother Will Help", was presented by Maxine Bruce. The last number of the program was a group of songs and a ukelele duet by Roberta Tapley and Jane Warner. They sang "I Love You Truly", "Colorado is Calling", and "On Moonlight Bay". The meeting was closed with the Y. W. C. A. benediction.

Linden Bark

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Dorothy Hamacher, '34	Jane Tomlinson, '32
Marjetta Hansen, '34	Roslyn Weil, '34
Pearl Hartl, '32	

OCTOBER 13, 1931

The Linden Bark:

The sweet calm sunshine of October, now
Warms the low spot; upon its grassy mould
The purple oak-leaf falls; the birchen bough
Drops its bright spoil like arrow heads of gold.

— Bryant.

15th Century Hero Discovers America

On October 12, 1492, 431 years ago yesterday, a rather tall, half-starved young man set foot on the first bit of land he had seen for quite some time. The newspapers did not carry daily headlines as to his whereabouts nor did the radio announce his feat to the world. This Lindbergh of 1492 had weeks before bade goodbye to a small number of people and set out for "unknowns" never before conquered. A handful of people bowed their heads in prayer but a great number called him "crazy", a "fanatic", and jeered at him.

On October 12, Columbus and his small group of followers landed on one of the Bahamas, now Watling Island. After erecting a crude cross, they bowed their heads in thanks to the Divine Mercy, which caused the discovery of a new western world besides keeping them safe on that perilous voyage. The evening before, land had been sighted but it was not until the morning of October 2 that the lovely green and wooded shore gleamed under the friendly autumn sun. It was then that Columbus realized the fulfillment of his hopes.

Although he was the first to acclaim the finding of a new country Columbus was not the first European discoverer of America. The ancient Scandinavians or Norsemen had at the beginning of the eleventh century settled and explored the whole east coast of America as far south as latitude 41 degrees, 31 minutes North, and there in Massachusetts, they planted a colony which lasted until the fourteenth century.

Columbus thought until his death that the land he had discovered was part of India or China and that Cuba formed a portion of the mainland of India. This was disproved by Balboa in 1513.

It has never been satisfactorily explained why America was not named after Columbus, but it is clear that Amerigo Vespucci was not responsible for it.

Much the same feeling that Americans had the day Lindbergh landed safely in France, must have been in the hearts of all the people in the known world when they finally learned of the welfare of that daring hero.

Columbus Day should be kept in the hearts of all Americans and that is why it is kept in observance.

The Advantages Of Being A Linguist

Parlez-vous francais? Si, Senorita, Welch ein Gluck! To be able to converse in this manner seems to be the ambition of the majority of the Lindenwood girls. For more than the usual number signed up for language courses this year, which necessitated the addition of another teacher to the foreign language department. Although the motive for this action on the part of the girls is unknown, it has been agreed upon that the girls are fast becoming "world-minded."

The advantages of being a linguist are many and varied. From the personal standpoint, there is the sense of broadness which comes with being able to think in several languages. Spanish changes from the visual image of print to a genuine medium of expression. Horror of French verbs is forgotten after "thinking" them is learned. German sounds sweetly musical to one who has mastered its pronunciation. Practical use of languages becomes necessary while traveling in foreign countries. At such a time, a sense of security is felt from being able to make oneself understood. For sometimes all the gesturing and motioning possible do not convey thought. A Cuban taxi driver said, "People look so dumb when they speak English." And we being unfamiliar with Spanish, might say, "People look so dumb when they speak Spanish."

As to choosing a means of earning a living, the linguist has quite a variety. There are diplomatic posts which require an extensive knowledge of foreign languages. Positions as interpreters are also available. A very skillful interpreter is invaluable to his employer. Knowledge of foreign languages is necessary in foreign branches of large American manufacturing and packing concerns. Teaching positions are procurable to the linguists desiring them.

After considering these advantages, it is easy to understand why Lindenwood girls are anxious to become linguists. For their knowledge will be practical if only to the extent of keeping their friends from laughing when the waiter addresses them in French. And the well trained Lindenwood linguist will be able to determine whether the cannibal chieftan is going to drown her or merely eat her for lunch.

Contest Brings Happiness

On a sign in front of one of the St. Charles' churches is the message, "Learn to be content and you have learned to be happy." Ponder this, you utterly discontented and unhappy new girls! If you determine to be satis-

Party In Butler Gym

Niccolls Has Best March

On Friday night, October 2nd, the second party of the school year was given. It was sponsored by the Student Council. About the walls of Butler gymnasium were fastened pennants of the twenty five states which are represented by girls attending Lindenwood.

Contrary to the usual rule, there was no one particular type of dress worn. There were some summer formals, a few velvets, several wool crepes, some chiffons, flat crepes, and even a silk sport dress or two.

The program consisted of a toe dance, "The Green Swan", by Dorothy Hope Miller of St. Louis, and a tap dance by the "Wyoming Steppers" Ruth Greisz and Helen Park of Casper, Wyoming.

At 9:30 marches by the various halls began in competition for a prize. Dr. Roemer, taking charge of them, announced that the halls would be taken in order of their majority, and that Sibley would be first. Ayres, Butler, Niccolls, and Irwin followed in order. When it was announced, after a few minutes of deliberation on the part of the judges, that the prize—of a feed—should go to Niccolls for its very "different" and original march, the freshmen nearly went wild.

The prize was correctly awarded, for the march had been unusual. The Runnenberger twins came in from the side door carrying a large silver covered circle with a picture of a buffalo on it, with "Lindenwood" printed at the top and "Niccolls" at the bottom. A third girl followed them in and when they had reached the orchestra and turned facing the crowd, she placed before them a small metal container. After half the Niccolls girls had come in at the side door and half at the north, they met, marched around the gym several times, moving their arms in time to the music. As each girl passed, on her way out, she dropped a nickel in the container.

New Laboratory Equipment In Biology Department

The biological science department has some new laboratory equipment of which it is very proud. In the lecture room there is a series of fine charts of Berman manufacture, which are used in the physiology course, and for the courses in anatomy, a dissectable life-size model of a female figure has been purchased. Perhaps the most important improvement in the department is the new table and desk in the bacteriology room. In order to accommodate the large number of girls taking bacteriology this semester, the window seat has been removed and the new equipment put in its place. The table contains lockers and apparatus for experiments and is fitted with gas, water, and electricity. Both the instructors and the students are very interested in the additions.

fied with your courses, your instructors, and all your new, and at present trying, environment; before long you shall have unconsciously become content. From contentment to happiness is but one step which is realizing and admitting you are content when—Presto! you have learned to be happy.

Beware Of Sophomores

The freshmen last year must have been horribly hazed, for as sophomores they seem to be taking it out on the freshmen of this year. This early in the year—no one but sophomores knows how long before Sophomore Day—quite a bit of hazing is evident. Wild tales are told in Niccolls almost every evening at 10:30 of things that the tellers had to do during recreation-hour. Irwin Hall and Ayres 3rd, seem, according to these reports, to be the main "chambers of torture." In the dining-room are seen new faces with very perplexed expressions as their owners attempt to eat their meals in ways only sophomores could invent.

Confidentially the freshmen admit it is rather fun, "But just wait until next year when we're sophomores—!"

CHOIR ORGANIZES

Miss Gieselman is very happy to report that this year finds the best talent in the choir, both among old girls and new, for many years. The choir not only sings a special number each Sunday evening at Vespers, but also leads in Chapel singing on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. It presents three concerts each year, one before Christmas vacation, one at Easter, and one during Commencement. The St. Louis churches often issue invitations to the Lindenwood choir to come and sing, and it takes advantage of this opportunity several times during the year.

The thirty-nine members of the choir are Alice Davis, Elizabeth Mc-Nee, Georgia Wise, Saraetta Hada-way, Barbara Everham, Elizabeth Dorsett, Edna Harshman, Virginia Finley, Virginia Krome, Mary K. Dewey, Roberta Tapley, Dorothy Palmer, Jane Warner, Ethelda Gross, Blanche Edna Hestwood, Mildred Keegan, Ruth Cooper, Charlotte Ben-nison, Marie Nord, Mary F. McKee, Alice Denton, Maxine Namur, Dolores Fisher, Vida Patten, Marion Welch, Alice Rowland, Mary L. Bowles, Jacqueline Vanderluur, Millicent Mueller, Dorothy Neer, Kathryn Eggen, Marjetta Newton, Audrey McAnulty, Ruth Tuthill, Mary Jo Davis, Hazel Wood, Ruth Burkle, Helen Bloodworth, and Doris Oxley.

Lucky Girls See World Series Game

Some people have all the luck! In this case it happened to the proverbially lucky Sophomores. Friday afternoon Mary Sue James and Mary Elizabeth Sinclair went to the world Series game with Mr. James, who was attending a Bar Convention in St. Louis.

"Was it exciting? I'll say it was. There were about fifty-thousand people there. It was very thrilling when the band played The Star Spangled Banner. The entire crowd remained silent and men stood with their hats off; it was so quiet you could have heard any little noise. Of course it was more thrilling because the Cardinals won", said Mary Sue about the game.

Saturday afternoon Mary Sue James, Mary Elizabeth Sinclair, Mary Lou Birch and Dorothy Hamacher went in and had lunch with Mr. James.

Kappa Pi Officers

Mary Norman Rinehart has been elected president of Kappa Pi, the National Art Fraternity for the year 1931-1932. Winifred Bainbridge has been elected vice-president and Caroline Frasher secretary-treasurer. Mary Norman is Art Editor of the annual for this year and Winifred is her assistant.

Miss Linnemann is taking her art classes to St. Louis next Saturday to visit the National Art Museum.

PERFUME BOTTLES

By Esther Groves

Some of the most fascinating adventures and thoughts race through my mind, as I look at perfume bottles and atomizers. There are many kinds, but to me, all have their attractions.

If I could divide them, I would say that first, I like transparent bottles. The clear, smooth glass reflects little shadows and colors. The morning sun is reflected as a golden beam, cloudy days make grey and blue lights flicker across their plain surfaces, and the evening throws rose and lavender lines, dancing sprightly through them.

Opaque atomizers and bottles are much more mysterious. They appear to be hiding something priceless. Some are cloudy, in a very simple way, but, even they express ideas. They may show rosy, happy thoughts or they may express somber, grey ideas. I have often seen dark blue ones, gay and romantic. Then there are lovely black bottles, with silver or gold stars peeking through. No matter what hue or color, they are as mysterious as The Orient, or as simple as a child's elusive dream.

The shape is another thing to notice. I have seen little energetic animals, looking as though they would come to life, and dash off at any moment. There are little bouquets of colored bottles, and some are in the form of fruits. Tall, stately bottles, little, squatty ones, pyramids of modern, vivid design are only a few which attract me.

All these are dreams of many people. They are reflections of these people's characters and souls; therefore like them, they are different, intimate, happy, or sad.

IN MY—CLASS

By Marjorie Taylor

ROW I—

Seat 1

A football game . . . colored balloons . . . a squirrel coat . . . orange chrysanthemums . . . autumn weather.

Seat 2

Daffodils in a silver bowl . . . a child arduously practicing on the piano . . . a book of fairy tales . . . Mendelssohn's Spring Song.

Seat 4

A chevalier with a ruff of white lace . . . French literature . . . Marie Antoinette, lovely amid the splendor of Versailles.

Seat 5

A robin singing on a cold, wet, spring morning . . . hills . . . a field where satyrs might have danced.

Seat 6

A debutante . . . pink rose buds . . . Rudy Vallee's orchestra . . . frat. pins.

Seat 7

A silver-winged monoplane . . . words that trickle off the tongue . . . restlessness . . .

ROW II—

Seat 1

A Raphael . . . pennyroyal bowed by rain . . . a book with a dusty blue cover.

Seat 2

Tea in a quiet old-country inn. The sparkle of crystal glass in candle-light . . . dark velvet.

Seat 3

The irresponsible gaiety of a raccoon coat . . . a "college" room . . . a portable playing True Blue

Lou . . . parties after "lights out"

Seat 4

Lucretia Borgia and her subtle power . . . the fury of a tropical storm . . . magnolia blossoms, white in the moonlight.

ROW III—

Seat 1

A little, black, wet-nosed puppy.

Seat 2

A yellow roadster in the moonlight . . . organdy formals . . . mid-summer dances on the club house veranda . . . the blue green, gray sea—white-capped.

WATER, WATER, EVERYWHERE

By Virginia Turner

When anyone mentions a flood, I try to look sympathetic and sad, but I'm afraid my efforts are in vain, for Gideon had a flood. Gideon is divided into two parts. Gideon proper and "across the railroad". Only "across the railroad" was flooded, our side of town was "dampish" and muddy, but the water never became very deep.

On account of all the water, school was dismissed. All our free time was spent on the railroad, watching with envy our friends who had either boats or boats.

"Doesn't Paul look funny in those. They look to me like Billy's. I bet you they are. Say! Be careful! You 'bout pushed me in the water", rebuked a classmate who had long, swinging yellow braids, tied at the end with narrow, blue ribbon and a reckless face.

A little fat girl in a red and white checked apron was giving push-like nudges to the pig-tailed girl and whispering loudly, "Look at Mrs. Allen try to walk on that plank. Gosh! she'd make a big splash if she fell in; she's so fat".

"Hey, George, take Ruth and me riding in your boat, "I yelled to a boy who was importantly rowing a dingy little boat.

"I'm going to take those kids; then I'll take you."

"Hurry! Oh! Ruth, won't it be fun? Let's ask him to ferry us around the Chesterfield sign board."

"It'd be fun if you had to row a boat everytime you wanted to go anywhere," sighed Ruth, for she, too, lived on the "dry" side of town.

Finally it was Ruth's and my time to ride. I cautiously placed one foot on the boat, then slowly brought the other one over, rocking the boat fearfully. Ruth squealed at me. When I had got in, Ruth went through the same actions, and I squealed at her.

Take us round the Chesterfield sign, will you, please, George? Isn't the water muddy?"

"Oh! Look! There's a man trying to make his horses pull through the water. Gee! I bet those horses are cold."

"Let me row", I pleaded with George.

"You'd upset the boat," he answered disgustedly.

"I wouldn't. They let me row last summer at the lake, and I didn't upset one boat."

"Well, you weren't in a flood then."

Ruth interrupted with eyes opened wide and expressive gestures, "Do you know what I heard? I heard that they found two little girls and a cat asleep, floatin' around on Mrs. Hardy's farm. The little girls had gone to sleep on a box 'cause the beds were all covered with water. During the night the water came up, an' they just floated out".

"I bet they were surprised. How did they get anything to eat?"

"They got found, silly".

By that time, we had got back to

the railroad, which served as a harbor.

"Thanks, but I don't see why you didn't let me row."

Some high school boys who had a Ford, without-a-top were driving around a square where the water wasn't very deep. We hailed them and asked them if we might go riding. They finally condescendingly said we might. Gaily we all piled in the back seat. In the middle of the street the engine stopped; we squirmed for joy.

"I hope they can't start it, and then they'll have to send a boat after us," said the pig-tailed girl.

"Doesn't Huston look funny out on the fender trying to fix the engine? It'd be funny if he fell in," the little fat girl in red checks whispered excitedly.

We told the boys, "We don't care if you got to town and bring back a boat for us. We aren't afraid to stay here."

"Aw, shucks, they got it started."

Alas, we got home safely.

Every day we went for a boat ride, walked little planks that swung over the water, envied the people with boats and bemoaned the fact that our houses weren't surrounded by water. We had made plans, so that if they were we would be ready for it.

Every time I see a picture of a flood with the people in it walking planks or riding in boats, I think of the good times we had and don't feel a bit sorry.

WE ARE DIVORCED NOW

By Esther N. Gates

I remember that you lay full length upon the ground

Outside a gaily striped bathing tent, With your hand thrown carelessly Across your closed eyes.

And when you woke, with your slim hand

You traced elaborate patterns In the sand.

Sun-bathers never bothered you, For with a sudden movement of your long arms

You brushed away the lines and left

A tangled network of half-finished markings there.

And as you lay you stretched your two hands lazily

Above your head and you reached out

As if you tried to hold the sun-rays As they turned your hair to copper-color

All tumbled in the wind.

CONCEPTIONS OF LIFE . . .

By Ann Chase Briscoe

Oscar Wilde says that no book is a bad influence, but in regard to myself I refute his statement, because I am quite sure my young ideals were tarnished at an early age by some of the books I read. For a time I attempted to live by the expression, "Life has loveliness to sell; buy it and never count the cost", but it was so difficult always to find that desired loveliness that inevitably I had to arrive at the commonplace.

After devoting some cynical philosophy, my theory of life was that human beings merely endure the slow misery of existence, hiding the disappointment that life doesn't hold any wonderful surprise after all. However, this conception was also difficult to retain since in my make-up a sense of humor was infused.

Then one day I read in a book that was very popular at the time, that the years will unfold events and the life in the mind is the important thing, but I soon decided that my mind couldn't be that important and years

meant a long time to wait for a result.

The words, "Child, child, love while you may, for life is as short as a happy day", intrigued me and immediately my affairs of the heart became more hectic, but few of them lasted for any duration of time. I still have frequent ecstasies over some member of the opposite sex, but I have learned not to attempt prolonging any of these diversions when I begin to feel my interest waning, thus avoiding a certain amount of boredom.

About this time Burbank and Ingersoll aided me in losing any religion that might be lurking within me. I felt that I was a hypocrite when I attended Sunday School with my friends, so I avoided all churches until I began to regain my balance. I must confess that at times it has given me a wicked joy to shock the conventionally minded.

At infrequent periods I become deeply depressed and feel quite sure that man will never be able to pronounce this foreign language that is life. Suicide appears to be the easiest escape from it all at these times, but this is really an exaggeration, because I am never really as wretched as I say I am.

Perhaps some day when I have grown older and wiser, I will be able to hold a calm conception of life and will cease to be only in the heights of joy or the depths of despondency. However, at present I don't desire ever to arrive at a state where I will live with half measures, satisfied with compromises.

AFTERWARDS

By Evelyn Polski

In the park, the ground under the three sister elms was deserted. Not even one little blade of grass had courage enough to stand upright. Needless feet had almost crushed all the strength out of its green frailness. Baby hands had tortured it dreadfully, pulling out its very roots—its only hold on life. Broken pieces of card board that had once been bright boxes were strewn around carelessly. Bright colored papers, bottles, broken toys, all lay inert. Several flies devoured the sticky icing on a dusty piece of sponge cake. A mixture of mud and mustard was causing great alarm in a bee family. Two scraggly hounds, complimenting themselves on their food fortune. The idle breeze buffeting up a cloud of dust, veiled the setting sun.

The picnic was over.

SONNET ON THE STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE

By Catherine Marsh

sat upon the cool and moss-grown banks That found a twin beside it in the stream. And while I gently pulled the grasses dank, I saw a trout steal forth with sudden gleam. A water-bug revolved in dizzy whirl, And as it spun, the trout advancing made A silver ripple; thin with sudden swirl He seized the bug and started toward the shade. But while I watched an asprey's piercing eye Had glimpsed the trout; a swoop, the water cleft, The trout was grasped in talons cruel on high. The bird had life and food; the trout's share—death. How was envolved the order that we'd miss, From such chaos, exemplified by this?

SUMMER NIGHT

By Jane Thomas

Moonlight cascades down
Upon my shimmering garden.
The graceful weeping willow
And flowery bushes cling—
Etched with spidery tracings
Of fairy brushes dipped in moon-
light

A silvered rose nods heavily with
dew.
Enmeshed in the subtle web of
moonbeams,
An unwary night-fly hangs en-
tranced and quivering there.

CROSSING THE DESERT

By Margaret Ringer

It was noon of a day in August and I was in the middle of the desert. The sweat was streaming from every pore and mixing with the sand, which was coming through the auto window to make a nice sticky mass. I am sure the sight of my face would have delighted any little girl who loved to make mud pies. I felt as sticky as a piece of fly paper. The bright sun, which made each grain of sand a stinging jet of flame, tortured my poor eyes. My hair was wet around the edges and stuck up like the bristles of a whisk broom. I was sleepy, uncomfortable, tired, and hot. I felt as if some one had his fingers around my throat and was trying to choke the breath from me.

Since the car was puffing like a steam engine, we stopped at a small general store to let it cool off and to get gas. A heaving Ford pulled up next to us and a woman, limp as an old mop, got out, muttering through her swollen lips, "Oh, why did I ever leave Junction City?" Her husband followed wiping his bald head, which resembled a big, polished bronze kettle, with a dirty handkerchief. I wandered over to the store and bought a glass of orange juice, instead of refreshing me as I had expected, the tepid liquid glided down my dry throat reminding me of the castor oil with which I had always associated it in my younger days. The proprietor gave one look at me and at my clothes, which were clinging to me like those of a chorus girl, and laughed, "You don't appreciate this cool weather. It was a hundred and thirty in the shade, yesterday." After giving him a look which would have slain any half-human person I walked back to the car.

We were again on our way and it was getting hotter every mile we went. In despair I rolled up the window hoping to keep the stinging furnace blast from my face. I even tried putting wet clothes on my forehead. I had just dozed off to sweet dreams of a cold mountain stream when I was awakened by the announcement that we were stuck in the sand. I tottered from the car and sat down by a big cactus while two sleepy burros pulled the laboring machine from its sandy bed. We started again, but the stifling air seemed too thick to breathe and its humidity foretold the approach of one of those rare desert showers. However, it did not rain and cool things off; the clouds, which had gathered, only acted as a magnifying glass for the sun's rays.

It was now nearly evening. In the distance I could see the shimmering Colorado river winding its way in among the cliffs and sand dunes. I dozed again and awoke to find that we had left the desert behind and were now in the foothills of the mountains. Breathing in the cool night air I thought over the torture of the past day and wondered what deserts were for.

ON CONTEMPLATING CATS

By Sarah Louise Greer

I hate cats! My aversion to them has become a passion. When a cat slinks against me, I have a shivering fit. In the middle of the most ambitious sentence or sparkling retort, I invariably pause and shudder if a cat meows. The sensation I experience is not fear. It is healthy loathing! I can easily dislike a person who tolerates the animals; I despise and scorn one who stoops to stroke them. Similarly, a meaningful "Scat!" hissed by any stranger is sufficient to recommend him as a kindred sympathizer. Indeed, one of my greater ambitions is to organize all sincere cat-haters into a society whose motto will be "Scat!"

Childhood experiences justify this antipathy. In my infancy I was a precocious child. (I admit it with blushes.) The violence of their daughter's youthful dislikes dismayed my parents, and the permanence of those early impressions astonishes me now. Unfortunately all my childhood encounters with cats were unpleasant. Repetition of such painful occurrences ultimately formed a repugnance which I have not been able to overcome.

One lovely autumn afternoon when I had achieved the dignity of two years, I saw a cat. I had seen cats before, I confess, but always in a very detached and impersonal manner. This time there was no question of detachment. The creature had leaped from the porch steps in one magnificent bound and was standing majestically in my perambulator. He surveyed me and meowed cautiously; I stared at him and yelped. My outburst startled the animal. He crouched and leaped again. It was too much; I screamed woefully and long. In a few moments I was frantically rescued by a witness who now delights in describing my discomfiture.

But that was not all. At the pleasant and guileless age of six I suffered another misfortune. It was then a joy to accompany Mother on afternoon calls. I was allowed the honor of carrying her card case and the privilege of curtsying to her friends, for which I was duly rewarded with a cookie. The conversation of the ladies was often tiresome to a six-year-old, so one considerate hostess suggested that I play with her cat. My protests were ignored; the fact that I disliked cats was of little importance. Dutifully and reluctantly I went in search of the pet; I found it, much to my disgust.

My description of this particular cat may be slightly prejudiced. Even now I cannot think of that animal without certain emotions. I had hated cats before; after that day I loathed them.

The creature I found was a tomcat, a burly, bristly thing. His eyes were green, an ominous characteristic, as I have decided since. He liked me immediately, although I did not make myself particularly entertaining. Stretching insolently, he side-walked toward me, inviting a romp. I touched him gingerly and a prickly, wet tongue scraped my hand. I turned to run; the monster bounded after me. I stopped breathlessly, and he pawed at me. Suddenly panicky, I pushed him away roughly. He retaliated with a clawing slap on my bare ankle and the quickest bite I have ever felt. Too frightened to yell, I dashed to Mother and screamed in the face of the surprised hostess, "I HATE cats!" Am I not justified?

Read The Linden Bark.

ON DEATH

Will God forgive me when I say I fear,

Though many others fear the same as I?

Will He believe that to me life is dear,

Though being young I should not stop to sigh,

But sighing, would it cause Him pain to hear

I dread to die?

Will God forgive me when I say I jeer,

Though many others jeer the same as I?

Will He believe that to me death is drear,

And makes the soul within me start to cry,

And crying, would it cause Him pain to hear

I dread to die?

I had a friend, tho' she was old in year,

Her heart and soul took pity on my cry;

And knowing she had lived a life sincere,

I wondered when my fear she called a lie;

A lie? I know it caused Him pain to hear

I dread to die.

That friend is dead, and now I know not why

I had not realized my lie before;

But she before me served to signify

That death meant entering another door;

So entering, to Him I shall reply,

I dread no more.

—Anon.

AT NIGHT

By Gretchen Hunker

It was a cloudy night—as black as tar. We were driving—driving like mad people—just to get there. The white pavement stretched before us a few yards, then as we raced down a slope we could gradually see a little farther. The narrow black ribbon that divided the road ran on and on to be swallowed in the night. Cars hurried by us, nearly into us, around us. The humid darkness rushed to meet us only to be pushed back by the motor's two red eyes.

For a while we were alone. Then two lights appeared in the distance; they came toward us growing larger—larger—larger—until we were blinded by them. Whiz! they were swallowed up in the depths behind us. And the stream began again—big cars, little cars, old cars, new cars, red cars, blue cars—all hurrying somewhere only to hustle back again. Red signs loomed up before us—"Danger". "Curve", this time, "Slow". And then again the speedometer attempted to keep up with the spinning wheels. All a mad race. Driving—driving into black space—with endless white and black ribbons streaming before us.

CATHARSIS OF THE SKY

By Ruth Martin

I like rain—

Not the gentle tapping rain that slides along the window pane

And runs in trickling threads

Down to the sill.

The sky is like a woman weeping,

But I'd rather hear her shrieking,

See her tear her hair

And rant and rare.

She needs only thunder roaring,

Lightning flashing, floods down-pouring,

Tears of pain that leave her smiling,

Sweet and blue again.

MY DEALINGS WITH AN OLD FASHIONED BED

By Dorothy Petersen

In one of the rooms of an old country home in which I have often visited stands a massive old bed, which, upon my first introduction to it, appeared very fascinating. As I was just at the age when mystery in all its forms was the most interesting thing in life, the dark and elaborately carved bedstead strongly appealed to me.

Tall and forbidding it stood, its heavy head piece barely missing the ceiling. In some places the strange carving resembled leering faces with drawn mouths, in others, horror inspiring countenances with bulging eyes. Oh, it was fascinating. I approached it thoroughly charmed. Perhaps if those little buttons were pressed a secret door might open in a post. Perhaps in that aperture a princess had hidden her jewels, or a miser, his store of gold. My anticipation knew no bounds when I learned I was to sleep in it.

I had zealously collected the history of this enchanting object and just as it came time to crawl into it, a final drop of information was added by a small cousin. In it his mother had been born, and there his grandfather and grandmother had died. This was a bit disheartening. I confess, but my god of the shadows, mystery, lured me on.

A trifle hesitantly I crawled within, scraping my shins painfully on the high sideboards. When all was dark and I should run no risk of being observed, I was going to try those little buttons. I settled myself after a few preliminary squirms and—what was that? A ticking sound seemed to come from the head of the bed. Tick, tick, tick! My imagination and love of horror were strong, but my courage was weak. Calling frantically for mother, I sat bolt upright. The ticking only grew louder. At last my calls brought aid, and my fears were allayed by learning that the headpiece was so heavy that it vibrated at the slightest motion.

Still more hesitantly I prepared for sleep, all thoughts of searching for treasure driven from my mind. I must have fallen into a restless sleep, perhaps dreaming of a slain princess and blood stained jewels. I was awakened by a crash. Attempting to sit up, I found I could not. I had a terrible feeling of suffocation. My head was deep in a hole, my feet waving wildly in the air. I was pulled from my terrifying position by some laughter-stricken people who seemed to see something very amusing in this attempt on my life. Oh, so three slats had fallen out. Springs, mattress and all had collapsed immediately beneath my head. Under no condition could I be persuaded to re-enter that torture chamber. I dreaded to think of what might happen next time. As I departed for a safe-looking white iron resting place, I imagined that old-fashioned bed chuckling to itself at having disillusioned one poor human who attempted to penetrate the impenetrable shades of darkness.

BLACK ARROW

Beyond the paddock gate, Black Arrow, son of fast footed racers stood. His cold black muzzle softly nudged the unyielding lock, and a slight quivering of the nostrils and hips betrayed a low whinnying. The large gentle eyes gazed attentively through the bars to see some approaching object and the ears strained forward to catch the slightest sound. The well shaped head, characteristic of his breed, developed into a long graceful black coat. A hoof, also black, raised to paw, stopped for an instant, and then continued its circle in the air.

A. A. Gives Chapel

L. C. Sports Arouse Athletic Enthusiasm

On Friday, October 1, chapel was in charge of the Athletic Association of Lindenwood. The stage was decorated very appropriately with golf, baseball, tennis, and hockey accessories, and Lindenwood pennants artistically draped these equipments. Rose Kelle, who is president of the association, introduced the heads of the association as follows: Miss Stookey and Miss Reichert, sponsors and directors; Helen Everett, vice-president; Madeline Johnson, secretary; Helen Morgan, treasurer.

The heads of sports were then introduced. Sue Taylor, who is head of golf, gave a spicy talk. The main feature of golf during its season, is a hole in one, for which there will be given a prize of 10 points toward the letter of letters. Fifty points will be for twelve rounds of golf. There are plans for a golf exhibition in the near future. Series of tests will be given every Saturday at 9:30 A. M. until the season for this sport is over.

Shirley Haas, the tennis head, appealed to everyone to come out for practices in tennis. Saturday morning is the hour for practices; and for the practices in tests the individual is given twenty-five points.

Catherine Marsh is the head of hiking. Seventy-five points are given for eight five mile hikes.

Lucile Chappel is head of basketball. This is the sport which succeeds hockey. Tournaments are held at the close of practice season. Class games are held, and one hundred points are given for the playing of one full game in a tournament.

Marjorie Wycoff is head of posture. One must pass the posture test before she can join the A. A. Fifty points are given for the passing of this test.

Mary Ethel Burke, told about track. Although it is one of the last sports of the school and athletic routine it is a popular one. Twenty-five points for coming out and one hundred for making team, are given the mass toward letters. Thack meet is an outstanding feature, in which there are five events.

Helen Everett, head of swimming, urged every one to come out for this enjoyable sport in which several tests are given. Meets are held and one hundred points toward a letter are given for making the team.

Helen Rieth is head of hockey. Hockey will be in full swing within the next few days. Practices will be held daily for class teams. Everybody come out and make it a bigger and better Thanksgiving game!

The Athletic Association has a definite purpose, which is to stimulate good sportsmanship and good fellowship. Last year the A. A. had charge of all sports. L. and L. C. letters and cups were prizes for the point system. The annual musical comedy of last year, "A. W. O. L.", was a most enjoyable one. This year's feature will be held in February. Other plans of A. A. are: to have a play-day in the near future in which A. A. members will participate; and to organize an Athletic Conference for Missouri College Women.

Tilden vs. Kozeluh

Miss Stookey Tells of Match

Another of the high spots of Miss Stookey's vacation was seeing Big Bill Tilden play tennis. Tilden, seven times No. 1 ranking player, and eleven years Davis Cup star, has

Pi Alpha Delta Meets

Pi Alpha Delta held its first meeting in the College Club room on Thursday evening, October 8, at six-thirty. All new members of the Latin department were entertained.

Plans for this year were discussed, and the purposes and requirements for admission to the organization were explained. As usual, *The Roman Tatler*, a Latin newspaper in bulletin form, will be published each two weeks by the members of the department. Pi Alpha Delta meets once each month, and is a social, as well as a classical, organization. The first big event will be a Latin breakfast, next Thursday morning, October 15.

Officers elected for this College year are: princeps, Frances Kayser, aedilis, Jane Babcock; and scriba, June Messner. Miss Hankins will sponsor the organization, as in former years.

taken up professional work only this summer in a nation-wide tennis tour with other high-ranking stars. His partner is Karel Kozeluh, a Czech, five years professional champion, and they are accompanied by two younger players, Francis T. Hunter and J. Emmet Pare. The team gives three matches in each exhibition, a singles match between Tilden and Kozeluh, one between Hunter and Pare, and a doubles match. The victory goes to first one and then the other. In the match at Cedar Rapids, which Miss Stookey saw, Tilden defeated Kozeluh, and then downed Hunter and Pare in the doubles, although the younger team fought beautifully in the early part of the game.

Miss Stookey says Tilden is a charming performer and much more handsome than she had anticipated. He is tall and graceful, playing with great ease. His hair is darkly shiny, perfectly groomed, and his smile is dazzling. During the matches he smiles constantly and is very gracious to his opponents. When he makes a bad play, which is seldom, he yells a disgusted "Rotten!", and congratulates his opponent on a clever shot with an "Oh, yes?" Between sets he entertained himself by talking to all the small boy hero-worshippers instead of to prominent and important people. Tilden is human and quite modest, in spite of his excellent reputation.

Kozeluh is not an attractive man or tennis player. He is short and stocky, wrinkled and rather worn. He seems to play with tremendous effort and little nonchalance. Quite in contrast to Tilden he plays to the stands by trick shots and contortions, sometimes kicking the ball or reaching under his leg with his racquet for a stroke. He is, of course, an excellent player and has defeated Tilden numerous times.

Because of their widely-known reputation the matches of these players were well attended. Although it was 100 in the shade the day Miss Stookey saw the games, the stands were crowded. The matches were particularly interesting to her, she says, because of the contrasting personalities and techniques of the two stars.

New Fixtures In 17

The so-called "Unforbidden Chamber," (the day student room) has been presented with several new and useful fixtures. Six new light fixtures, five chairs, of which two are over-stuffed, two wicker lounges, and a new table. There is no doubt that the thirty-four day students will put these new essentials to good use.

Miss Eggman Speaks on Librarianship

The Orientation Class had for its speaker on Tuesday, October 6, Miss Eggman, the assistant librarian. Miss Eggman spoke on librarianship as a profession and stated three points; first librarianship offers a profession of books and scholarship; second, it offers a field for high administrative ability; third, it offers constructive social service.

"Librarianship primarily means a scholar in English." You should not necessarily be a writer but you should school yourself in the world's great masterpieces. "By knowing books, you meet great people, past and present. You must continue the study of literature but you must also supplement it with other subjects as sociology, biology and physiology, for the sciences are needed."

Miss Eggman said that thirty years ago there were great standards set in library work by the men who were behind it. Now, things have changed and women are taking their place in the field. The scope of librarians activities is very varied, and this is one of the great influences in attracting young women. Librarianship can be linked with practically every phase of life, and there are openings for librarians in hospitals, in missionary work, in the public library system, small and large, in circulation, reference, supply, and branch libraries as well as traveling libraries. Large manufacturing plants, such as Ford's, have their own libraries, and there are many possibilities in these. Another type of openings are the state extension libraries.

Miss Eggman next gave the qualifications for a librarian. First, a strict sense of business, second, an administrative skill with the public and the people with whom you are working in handling situations calling for rapid thinking; third, accuracy. The conditions of library work adds to its advantages in that you are started at a very good salary and there is always a chance for advancement; there is very little Sunday work; leave of absences for further study may be obtained; and the environment is very good.

Librarian Lectures To Orientation Class

Miss Mildred Kolstedt, head librarian and instructor in Library Science, lectured to the Freshmen Orientation class Thursday, October 1.

"Most people read books for one of three reasons", Miss Kolstedt stated, "inspiration, information and recreation." The most permanent value college students can get from the library is the formation of good reading habits. Mr. Bishop, librarian of Michigan University, was quoted. He says that a college library offers the best culture, and the best habits of good literature can be formed there.

In medieval times a library was a place where books were stored and kept. Not many years ago it was still considered disastrous if books were taken out, and the stacks were closed. People who wanted books had to ask for them at the desk.

Miss Kolstedt explained clearly the use of the card catalogue, reader's guide, reserve books and periodicals.

The tendency toward promoting culture is shown in the idea of having the student work for himself. In consequence many libraries have arranged browsing rooms where the student may take a great deal of time in looking over the books and finding the one he wants. Miss Kolstedt said in closing, "The things you find for yourself you appreciate most."

ON THE CAMPUS

Sunshine...winds...Rain...Hockey practice starts...homesickness becomes a minor sport...hang-overs from the V. P. ball...New A. A. members...Sophomore meetings...Freshmen on their good behavior...Glenn Jennings turns horse-woman...Cardinal boosters...Day student wins dollar from milk man...Sniffing in lower hall caused by foods classes...giggles in the library...new assortment of candy at the tearoom...that's the Campus this week.

Say It With Music

Cry of the L. C. Orchestra

Mr. Joseph Skinner, director of Lindenwood's orchestra, announces a most promising organization, composed of 25 pieces, with prospects of a more complete instrumentation.

The course this year consists of the preparation, each semester, of a complete program, whereas in previous years the orchestra has presented its concert with the choral club.

The first semester's concert, scheduled for the third of December, will consist of some very interesting numbers. The orchestra will play the first two movements of Haydn's London Symphony and the Overture from Boieldieu's opera, *The Caliph of Bagdad*. Also, it will play with Doris Oxley the piano concerto in G. minor of Mendelssohn. A vocal aria is to be sung by Dolores Fisher with the orchestral accompaniment, and Katherine Davidson will play a violin concerto.

Mr. Skinner is very enthusiastic over this year's orchestra though he is still wishing for a flutist and larger clarinet and brass sections.

Members of orchestra: first violin, Katharine Davidson, Dorothy Peterson, Katherine Eggen, Mildred Blount, Margaret Love, Edith Knotts; second violin, Margaret Brainard, Betty Murdoch, Margaret Mellott, Alice Standeven, Elaine Barnes, Virginia Krome; viola, Willa Waters; cello, Mary Sue James, Mary Ellen Shinn; string brass, Dorothy Hamacher; clarinet, Loraine Lynde; brass clarinet, Jeannette Chase; alto saxophone, Elizabeth Bardwell; cornet, Mary Frances McKee, trombone, Albertina Flach; tympani, Mary Jean Clapper; drums, Madeline Noon; piano, Rosa Lee Roche, Blanche Edna Hestwood.

There are a few more girls interested in learning to play instruments who will probably join this organization later.

News of Miss Folsom

Dr. Gipson has received a letter from Miss Avaline Folsom, a former history teacher at Lindenwood. Miss Folsom spent the summer in Europe obtaining material for her doctor's thesis. She expects to receive her doctor's degree from the department of history at Columbia University some time this winter.

WHO'S WHO?

She's a Senior, that's one clue to her identity. She has brown eyes and curly brown hair. She's rather plump, and who could mistake that laugh? What does it sound like? A silver bell? She's always good natured, and smiles at everyone. Oh, yes, she loves bugs and flowers. Does this sound like "Smutz"?

COLLEGE CALENDAR

Wednesday, Oct. 14:
4:45 o'clock—Alpha Mu Mu tea in Club Room.

Thursday, Oct. 15:
11 o'clock assembly—Dr. David M. Skilling, of Webster Groves.

Sunday, Oct. 18:
6:30 Vespers—Edward A. Card Superintendent of Sunshine Mission in St. Louis.

Sidelights of Society

Lindenwood was well represented at the Veiled Prophet's Ball on the evening of October 7. This event celebrated the fifty-third annual visit of the Veiled Prophet to St. Louis, and it is at this time that the Queen of Love and Beauty to reign for the ensuing year is chosen.

Miss Lucie Mae Sharon, a graduate student of the class of 1929 was honored by being made an Attendant to the Queen. Miss Sharon is a niece of Mrs. Thomas H. Cobbs, of St. Louis.

The girls who attended the ball were: Pernis Remmers, Mary Frances McGeorge, Winifred Bainbridge, Margaret Rössy, Grace Beardsley, Juanita Meckfessel, Mary Jane Carson, Ruth Diehl, Annetta Bealick, Melba Garrett, Barbara Ringer.

Miss Clarice Bruere, who attended Lindenwood about two years ago, has been playing at the Schubert-Rialto Theater. The name of the play, which is very well known, was "Three Little Girls." Miss Bruere had one of the three leads. Several of her friends from the school went in to the play and report that Miss Bruere was a "big success." She is returning to the East for a continued study in her stage career.

Kathryn Leibrock, Melba Garrett, and Barbara Ringer went to St. Louis Wednesday night to attend the Veiled Prophet Ball.

Kathryn Leibrock spent the week-end of October second with friends at the University of Illinois.

Mrs. LeMaster and Miss Blackwell went to the city Thursday to see "Three Little Girls" at the Shubert.

Miss Frances Barham, a former Lindenwood student, spent Sunday afternoon at Lindenwood visiting friends. Miss Barham is now attending Washington University in St. Louis.

Helen Rieth and Ib Wheeler went to St. Louis Friday to attend the World Series.

Shirley Scofield spent Sunday at Lindenwood visiting friends. Miss Scofield attended Lindenwood last year.

Millicent Mueller spent the week-end at her home in Jackson, Mo.

Margaret Omohundro spent the week-end at Machins, Missouri.

Helen Morgan spent the week-end at her home in Granite City.

Gretchen Milde visited her aunt in Granite City.

Lucille Chappel spent the week-end at her home in Bowling Green, Missouri.

Miriam Runnenburger, Maurine Davidson, Marie Schmutzler, and Vir-

ginia Green spent Thursday evening in the city with Mr. Green.

Margaret Ringer visited in Bowling Green, Mo., over the week-end.

Clara Meintz and Lucille Mueller spent the week-end in East St. Louis.

Mary Frances McKee visited at her home in Benton, Illinois last week-end.

Martha Mason, Katherine Eggen, and Phyllis Bowman visited with Lillian Mitchell in St. Louis over the week-end.

Johnny Janes visited Mrs. Radford in St. Louis last week-end.

Marjorie Wycoff spent the week-end in Champaign, Illinois.

Mr. and Mrs. Swaney visited their daughter, Jo, Sunday.

Siddy Smith's sister, and her mother, from St. Joseph, Mo., were at Lindenwood this week-end. Lucille Hausenbiller's mother, also from St. Joseph, visited here this week-end.

Maxine Wallace spent this week-end in St. Louis with her aunt.

Rosamond Penwell took Betty Ely to her home in Pana, Ill., for the week-end.

Eva Mae Livermore, Louise Condon, Mildred Sherman, Mary Jean Clapper and Katherine Hull all went to Omaha for the week-end of October 2.

Lucille Meinholtz spent the week-end with her aunt in St. Louis.

Ruth Gibbs spent last week-end with Doris Martin, at her home in Moberly, Mo.

Frances Kayser visited at her home in Greenville, Illinois, last weekend.

Charlotte Abilgaard spent last week-end in St. Louis with Frances Gjerse, who attended Lindenwood in 1929-'30.

Gretchen Hunker spent the week-end at her home in Salisbury, Mo.

Helen Zimmerman spent Thursday, October 1, and Friday, October 2, with friends in St. Louis.

Betty Wilson and her parents spent Thursday, October 1 in St. Louis.

Marion Tobin and Virginia Finley returned to their homes last week-end.

Aline Graham and Mary Jo Davis spent the week end in St. Louis with relatives.

Margaret Walker, Annetta Bealich, Hortense Yoffie, Mildred Blount returned to their homes last week-end.

Mary C. Graves went to Murphysboro, Ill., last week-end with her father.

Shirley Woodington and Catherine Blackman spent the week-end in St. Louis with friends.

Mary Priest was the guest of Drusilla Aden at Petersburg, Ill., last week-end.

Madeline Carr spent the week-end in Sedalia, Mo.

Betty Pershall and Grace Beardsley returned to their homes last week-end.

Dorothy Rush spent last week-end

in St. Louis with her aunt.

Gwendolyn Loser went to St. Louis last week-end.

Mary Ellen Herndon spent the week-end in St. Louis with her parents.

Julia Gullett went to St. Louis with her parents Sunday, October 4.

Georgia Wise spent Tuesday, October 6, in St. Louis with her parents.

Sybil Powell, Irma Klingel, Virginia Sodemann went to their homes for the week-end.

Dorothy Porter spent the week-end in St. Louis with her father.

Julie Baird, Jean Brownlee, Virginia Krome spent the week-end at their homes.

Geraldine Robertson spent the week-end in St. Louis.

Mary Williams went to St. Louis with her father last week-end.

Mildred Keegan and Barbara Everham spent the day in St. Louis with Mildred's father.

Margaret Love spent the week-end in St. Louis with her mother.

Helen Edmiston went to East St. Louis last week-end.

Florine Adkinsson spent the week-end in St. Louis visiting friends.

Jeanette Chase went to Alton, Ill. to visit friends last week-end.

Annete Fleischbaum, Betty Moon, and Evelyn Johnson went to their homes in Belleville, Ill., for the week-end.

Winifred Diehl spent the week-end at her home in St. Louis.

Florence Stoffer was the guest of her grandmother for the week-end.

Juanita Meckfessel spent the week-end at her home in St. Louis.

Library, A Study Place

Besides the minor announcements and songs sung at the Monday chapel, October 5, the outstanding feature was a constructive talk on the library by Dr. Gipson. "The library is only for girls who want to study. If you are not going to work and work intensely, to use your library time in a way worthwhile, don't enter. Remember the other person, and have some consideration for her."

It is up to every student of Lindenwood to try and carry out these wishes of Dean Gipson. It is up to every student of Lindenwood to learn to appreciate the Margaret Leggatt Library, one of the most artistic, and Butler Library, one of the most artistic, and complete, in the country.

Linden Leaves

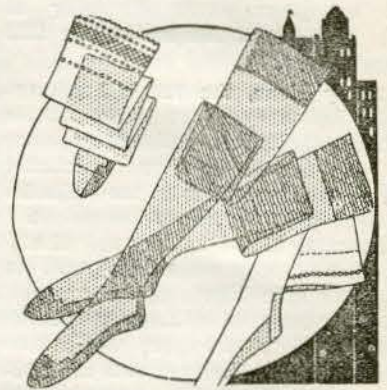
Ranks Superior

Dr. Roemer announced at chapel exercises last Wednesday that a letter had been received from the National Scholastic Press, the association which estimates the standing of school annuals. In the rating system which they use, 1000 is the highest number of points which may be received. Out of the possible 1000, Lindenwood's annual *Linden Leaves*, was given 905. This means that it has an All American Rating, which is "superior."

Dr. Case Speaks In Chapel

Chapel services on Wednesday, October 7, were opened with the hymn, "I Am Thine". Dr. Case, in charge of the devotional exercises, announced the topic of his talk, "The danger or organized religion is formalism." He said that during Jesus' ministrations He was faced by the formalism of the people and challenged it. A passage of scripture was read, in which Jesus condemned the Scribes and Pharisees, not as individuals, but because He felt they should have been leaders and teachers of Judaism. They seemed to have forgotten the weightier matters of law in the formality of religion.

Present day teachers, leaders, and individuals should be concerned with the spirit of vital religion and the insides of it and not merely with outward formalities. In closing Dr. Case read the words of a new hymn, the main theme of which was "Rise up oh men of God Have done with lesser things!"



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"THE W PLAN"

with Brian Aherne—Madeline Carroll

Tuesday and Wednesday

"ARIZONIA"

with Laura LaPlante—John Wayne

Thursday and Friday

Elissa Landi in

"WICKED"

with Victor MacLaglen

Saturday Matinee and Night

Greta Garbo—Clark Gable

in

"SUSAN LENOX"

(Her Fall and Rise)