

LINDEN BARK

Vol. 8—No. 13

Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Missouri, Tuesday, January 20, 1931.

PRICE 5 CENTS

Rev. R. L. Kenaston At Vesper Service

Rev. R. S. Kenaston was the speaker at vesper service on Sunday night, January 11, in Roemer Auditorium. The choir sang two numbers, one of which was an unaccompanied selection.

Rev. Mr. Kenaston spoke on the art of listening. People come to college for various things, he said. One of the things is that we may learn some of the fine arts. The finest art is the art of listening. We live in an age of many voices, and hearing has a large place in life.

Rev. Mr. Kenaston said our listening reveals character, for it is what we listen to that shows the kind of people we are. Consistent listeners are rare, for there is too much being said and not enough economy in words. There is too much "personal broadcasting", and we must all be careful what we say about other people. In the Epistle of James we find: "let every man be swift to hear but slow to speak." Differences of opinion may rise but differences of opinion should not cause us to use swift words.

Rev. Mr. Kenaston said that listening is the recipe for mental expansion. We all want to be thinkers, and it is the lesser man who talks.

Conscience is another great voice which should be listened to. We should also make it a point to listen to that Voice of the Man of Galilee. No man knows too much to be religious. The voice of God said, "This is my Son, hear Him."

News from the Dean's Office

Many things are either happening, or about to happen, in and about the Dean's office. The proof for the new catalogue has been received and is being read. Plans for the final examinations, now only a short way off, are being concluded. Registration for the new semester began Monday afternoon. The Juniors and Seniors registered on Monday afternoon, the Sophomores registered on Tuesday afternoon, and the Freshmen on Wednesday afternoon.

Of course everyone already knows that Lindenwood has a new registrar, Miss Margaret G. Sheldrick, who is a specialist in Economics and business administration, and who takes the place of Miss Thurman.

Calendars for the New Year, and very attractive ones, with pictures of one of the reading rooms of the new library, have already left the office.

Dr. Gipson added that she was delighted over the great number of Christmas cards that she received, both from this country and abroad, hearing most favorable comment regarding her novel, "Silence", for which she has recently signed a contract with her publishers, The Caxton Printers, of Caldwell, Idaho, for a five-thousand volume second edition.

Miss Gordon's Reading

Delightful Presentation of Barrie's
"Quality Street"

The first recital of the year 1931 was given by Miss Mary MacKenzie Gordon in Roemer auditorium Friday evening, January 9, at eight o'clock. Miss Gordon, who is an instructor in the dramatic art department, read James M. Barrie's play "Quality Street".

The play is in four acts. It is a story of England during the period of the Napoleonic Wars on the continent. The story is concerning the love of a young physician and Miss Phoebe Throssel who is the younger of two unmarried sisters. The young man is called away to serve in the wars. He returns ten years later to find the object of his love has become rather a settled maiden lady. However, through a very clever masquerade Miss Phoebe succeeds in regaining the young man's admiration, and the story ends happily.

Miss Gordon did exceptional work in her characterizations. She was received with great enthusiasm by a capacity house. Among the audience were several St. Charles residents who had come to hear "Quality Street". They were very appreciative of Miss Gordon's talent.

Miss Gordon appeared in a lovely light blue gown and slippers of the same shade. This color was very becoming to her brunette type of beauty.

Eighteen New Members Of Beta Pi Theta

At the last meeting which Theta Xi held in 1930, eighteen girls were initiated into that chapter of the national honorary French fraternity, Beta Pi Theta.

The girls who were initiated are: Mary Ethel Burke, Marjorie Burton, Blanche Day, Helen Duppe, Eleanor Eldredge, Betty Fair, Virginia Keck, Dorothea Knepper, Eleanor Kriekhaus, Maxine Luther, Ruth Nesbitt, Florence Parks, Mabel Ponder, Ann Ragsdale, Mildred Reed, Phoebe Sparks, Jennie Taylor, and Ann Wray Vanorden.

Josephine Peck, president of the organization presided, assisted by Mary Jean Wilhoit, Dorothy Winter, Mary Louise Warley and Jane Babcock. Miss E. Louise Stone, sponsor of the local chapter, was an honorable guest.

"Christ And World" Title Bible Essay

President Romer's annual Bible Contest has started, and those who enter have until the middle of March to complete their essays. The title of the essay is to be "Christ and World Friendship".

This is the same subject as the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America has chosen for its annual contest, and the lucky person who wins the Presidents' prize will have a chance to complete in the Federal Council Contest.

Rector Expresses Regret At Leaving Lindenwood

Rev. H. Marsden, rector of the St. Charles Episcopal church and arch-deacon of the diocese of Missouri, has been transferred to the Church of the Holy Trinity at Lincoln, Nebraska. This news is of especial interest to Lindenwood students and faculty as both Mr. Marsden and Mrs. Marsden have done a great deal for the college during their stay here.

Rev. Marsden has often spoken at Sunday vesper service in the college auditorium. He and his wife at various times entertained Lindenwood students and teachers who were members of his church and have held open house on Sunday evenings for any who could come.

Speaking of his departure last week, Mr. Marsden said that he would miss Lindenwood very much but hoped to form new acquaintances at the University of Nebraska which would serve to remind him of the friends at Lindenwood.

Miss Sheldrick Welcomed

Lindenwood has had a new member of the administration staff since the first of the year. Miss Margaret G. Sheldrick of Wilton, New Hampshire, succeeded Miss Charlotte Thurman, who resigned her position, after six years, and returns to her home in Columbia, Mo.

Miss Sheldrick is a graduate of Boston University, where she received the degree of Bachelor of Business Administration. She also took graduate work in the School of Education at Boston University.

For the last seven years Miss Sheldrick has been teaching. She was Dean of Girls in a high school at Woodsville, New Hampshire, and later, Advisor of Girls at New Drew Seminary in New York State.

Her residence in St. Charles is at 1073 Madison street.

New Calendars Display Picture of Library

The new 1931 Lindenwood College calendars, recently issued, in addition to being most artistically designed and colored, have a beautiful picture of the east wing of the new Margaret Leggat Butler library. The fire-place and the Lindenwood crest at the extreme end of the room show up to very good advantage, as also does the Gothic architecture and the high chandeliers.

The picture of the library is surrounded by a part of the campus sketched in gray and pale lavender. The calendar, in addition to being a most useful little article for marking off the days and keeping up with Father Time, makes a fitting souvenir of the college, or a most attractive picture for the wall.

Seniors' Memorial Gift

Bronze Bust of Burns Presented to
Library.

The senior class of 1931 has presented a bust of Robert Burns, the Scottish poet, to the library. The unveiling and presentation of the statue took place at chapel on Wednesday, January 7. Marjorie Florence, president of the class, presented the gift to the library, and it was received by Dr. Roemer who made a short speech of acceptance.

Mrs. Roemer, honorary sponsor of the class, and Miss Hankins who is the sponsor, also made speeches expressing their gratitude at receiving the gift. The class of 1931 has already made one present to the library, a beautiful picture of a ship.

In honor of the occasion Josephine Peck read an original sonnet. It follows:

To Burns

Blind Milton sang in lofty, glorious strains
Like a cathedral organ's golden tones.
Bold Byron sang the mighty song of rains
And winds, the music of the sea's low moans.
Sweet Shelley sang a song almost divine,
So pure it was, so delicately fair.
Young Kets sang songs with images as fine
And glowing as a Viking's red-gold hair.

But lowly Burns sang like a meadow bird
That pours sweet tones from out its tiny throat
And sings not to be praised or heard.
All natures beauty lay within his note.

While other poets sang of pomp and power,
Burns softly sang of the wild mountain flower.

On Writing in Burns' Favorite Verse Form

By Margaret J. Wilhoit

Assigned am I to write some verse,
And yet, what tale I shall rehearse
I do na' know, 'though naught averse
To try my skill;
An' now I maun the Muse coerce
To do my will.

To Robbie's model I shall cleave;
'Though frae him I'd be laith to thieve
'Tis he provides the bonnie weave
Of this my song;
Three scores o' lambs, I preceive
To it belong.

On subjects Scotch I should be writin',
An' golt an' thrift I do be slightin',
O plaids an' pipes an' kilts recitin',
P'raps I should be;
Still, if his favorite form I'm citin',
'Twill do for me.

Read The Linden Bark.

Linden Bark

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

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

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
Sheila Willis, '31

EDITORIAL STAFF:

Avis Carpenter, '34
Helen Davenport, '33
Dorothy Binning, '31
Margot Francis, '33
Frances Kayser, '32

Agnes Kister, '33
Dorothy Smith, '33
Mary Louise Wardley, '31
Lillian Webb, '33
Elizabeth Williams, '33

JANUARY 20, 1931.

THE LINDEN BARK:

Courage isn't a brilliant dash,
A daring deed in a moment's flash;
It isn't an instantaneous thing
Born of despair with a sudden spring,
It isn't a creature of flickered hope
Or the final tug at a slipping rope;
But it's something deep in the soul of man
That is working always to serve some plan.
Courage was never designed for show;
It isn't a thing that can come and go;
It's written in victory and defeat
And every trial a man may meet.
It's part of his hours, his days and his years,
Back of his smiles and behind his tears.
Courage is more than a daring deed;
It's the breath of life and a strong man's creed.

"Courage", by Edgar Guest.

Save Yourself Worry of Examinations, Be Prepared!

Will the third week of January, 1931, be a time of great stress and worry among Lindenwood girls? Examinations began yesterday and will last throughout the week. If a thorough preparation is made beforehand, exams will not disturb any girl's mind.

Now in determining what is meant by preparation beforehand, that does not mean cramming the night before your exam and sitting up into the wee hours of the morning trying to make yourself comfortable somewhere out of your room where there are lights. Surely no girl can do her best the next day when she gets only two or three hours' sleep.

We have all heard some students tell of reading an interesting story, or lightly going through their History or English Book and then going to bed at nine o'clock with that same History or English Book under their pillow. Sleeping on their "books of knowledge" surely works some charm, for the next day they are able to answer fully and precisely every question on that dreaded sheet.

Examinations are given for the purpose of testing a student to discover what proficiency has been attained in certain lines of study and what knowledge is possessed or capacity for doing certain lines of work in the future. It is the minimizing of the latter purpose that has caused so much criticism of the scholastic custom of examinations.

Examinations began way back in the medieval universities. Each scholar obtaining a degree took some sort of examination and presented his thesis. Since then, examinations have become a practise of every part of the modern educational system as a test of fitness for admission into more advanced lines of study.

Girls, if you prepare your lessons every day in a thorough manner, you will not feel as if you have to cram at the last minute to make a good grade. It is easier to say 'prepare thoroughly' than really to do it; but it is an easier way in the long run. Fair grades received by cramming are worth nothing to us. We must remember it is not the quantity of work we do but the quality.

Are you going to be the girl with a clear mind, the girl with no 'examination worries', and the girl who does not have to entertain horrid thoughts of sitting in a bath-tub crammed with cushions which do not even make you comfortable, with a cold stiff feeling in your body and a hated attitude toward the text book propped upon your knees?

Food And Cosmetics Measure Intelligence

An interesting survey which furnishes food for thought was recently made at Christian College, a junior school for women, at Columbia, Missouri. This census was taken among 25 of the girls having a high 'I. Q.' and 25 of those having low 'I. Q.'

According to their statistics, the highly intelligent girls are prone to manicure their fingernails carefully, while those with lower intelligence quotients use lipstick in excessive quantities. The first group spend an average of 15.6 hours a week for study compared with an average 11.9 hours of the latter group. Both groups spend an equal amount of time for amusement, but their time for recreation differs. The higher group utilize the time between Friday and Monday for their personal enjoyment.

The age, height and weight of the two groups averages approximately the same. Their health, however, differs considerably. The girls with low 'I. Q.' are more subject to colds than the brighter ones. Ninety per cent of them are hungry at other times than meal time. According to psychology these last two characteristics might be called causes rather than effects of the intelligence of the girls.

Almost half of the more intelligent girls read for relaxation while only

THE LIBRARY

By Lillian Nitcher

They tell me studying is easy there
On grey mornings,
But I watch a funny dull ship
That is turned upside down,
Dump its treasury of lighted jewels
On a shiny oak table.

They tell me I should study there
In the late afternoon
When a stream of gold
Comes through a high cathedral
window
And splashes on a marble floor.

They tell me I should study there
In the evening
When a thousand candles
Are playing with dark shadows
In the folds of bright red curtains.

Tell me,
With these before your eyes
Would you desire to be wise?

Winding Up January

Weather conditions since the return of Lindenwood girls to school might prove a source for great argument. Last week the weather man sent mild weather but Sunday Lindenites brought out slickers to wear in the rain. Sunday night it really began to get chilly and few swings on the campus were occupied by pairs. Monday everyone was still wrapping their coats tightly around them and some were even wearing gloves. Tuesday morning brought a heavy frost and Old King Winter had dressed the bushes and ground in white. Tuesday night at dinner time it was snowing and we heard squeals of delight and discomfort going through the door to the dining room. Wednesday morning it was cold—some said zero. Boots and wool hose of all kinds made their appearance. By Wednesday night some thin-blooded souls were still shivering. Again house mothers made trips up two or three flights of stairs to issue warnings not to open windows too high.

This little history of Lindenwood weather must end now with a Thursday which is neither cold or hot but just another day in January.

Read The Linden Bark.

12 percent of the lower group use this diversion as a means of rest. The latter group relaxes more easily lying down or sleeping.

This survey is rather startling. If these facts concerning the use of cosmetics and refreshments between meals apply to Lindenwood girls too, we shall have a few qualms about using lipstick, and shall almost be afraid to go to the tea room for fear our actions will be noted by faculty members, and hasty conclusions drawn in regard to our intelligence.

What Christmas Means To Lindenwood Girls

Christmas! The word conjures up a thousand delights to the home-going college girl. Gifts to buy, parties, new clothes, no studies, catching up on old acquaintances and keeping up with new ones. And then, of course, there is the half reluctant, half eager return after a dizzy whirl of fun to the sober business of studying for exams.

For different people this business of Christmas vacation means various things. For the freshmen it marks the culmination of a long period of joyful anticipation—counting the weeks, days, hours, and even minutes until the actual departure. They have all their clothes packed and are ready to go several days before the appointed time. It is all so new to them, so utterly novel and thrilling.

But for the seniors this is a period of mixed joy and sadness. The newness and glamour of leaving for the holidays has become somewhat worn out. They are a bit blasé and quite condescendingly tolerant about it all. They never pack their trunks until the last minute and then they do it with the calm efficiency of three years' practice.

For them there is a touch of sadness in the good cheer of the season. Somehow, the time has flown and Christmas has crept up on them from behind. This is the last time they will leave for the Christmas holidays, the last time they will enjoy the traditional activities which make the occasion so festive. When they come back for the new year, it will be only a short time until their college days will be over.

Thus Lindenwood looks at Christmas.

Great Field For Welfare Workers

Miss Florence Schaper of the social science department gave a lecture on social work to the freshmen orientation class on Tuesday, December 9. She endeavored to show the work and development of social service organizations, the characteristics desirable in workers, and the opportunities for new people who are interested in this work. Social service has developed in the last quarter of the century. It is an old thought but a new method. Miss Schaper stated that social service is "any attempt on the part of any individual or group of individuals to arrest social decay and she emphasized the fact that "it is not slumming."

There were five kinds of social work discussed. These were the family agency work, medical work, care of delinquents, settlement work, and industry. These are all encouraged by highly educated individuals and they are doing a great service to modern society.

There is a great field for new people in the work. 1050 more will be added in 1931 and there will be work for 6000 within the next few years. The salaries at first are not large, about \$125 a month. The characteristics desirable in social workers are; a sense of humor, even temper, ability to mix with people, optimistic view, and a knowledge of the local community.

MUSICAL PANORAMA

By Alice Virginia Shoemaker

I like the city streets at night—colored, musical dots and lines on a background of shiny navy blue. A negro baby in a checked yellow gingham cried and scraped its feet—or it may have been that a saxophone played its moaning note against the tinkle of the cymbal. A car stopped and sounded a trombone's bass. It moved on when the officer at the intersection of the traffic cross whistled the flute. I heard the vibrant carol of a violin when a laughing girl walked into me and said "Excuse me, please." A blue light burst on the high black wires and a street-car crashed the applause. Ceaselessly, a tambourine tank-tinkled as the people talked.

PA GIVES IN

By Dorothy Comstock

The sun had set in a wash of gold and purple, accompanied by two blinding sun dogs, a chill, blazing burst of color at the end of a bright, cold day. Tillie Wentz, driving home from town, was not aware of the cold and the snow-packed road, flanked by acres of naked corn stalks, sifted over by dry, hard snow.

Little squinting lines wrinkled her eyes, as they tried to pierce the fast-settling gloom, and the mouth quirked up on one side while her teeth pressed in to her lower lip. She rehearsed in her mind again the events of the afternoon.

She had gone in to call on Grandma Crander, taking with her a glass of sparkling, clear, crab apple jelly. Grandma was getting old now and such little things pleased her. She had taken it in her shaking, withered hand, caressing it, holding it up to the light, twisting her little, yellow parchment face to peer through it. "Jest as clear as a crystal," she quavered. "Do you foller your Ma's old receipt? I always said her jell couldn't be beat, but I dunno but what this of yours is jest as good. Pretty as a picture, ain't it?" she admired, turning it 'round and 'round. It seemed to Tillie that her little body had shrunk, until she looked a wizened child against the background of her shawl-covered chair. There was no doubt about it, Grandma was getting old.

Mildred, Grandma's daughter-in-law, came in, wiping her hands on an old blue apron. She was an oldish, worn woman, of about forty. "Hope you'll excuse me, Tillie," she said, as she seated herself on the rocker, ruffled cushion of the low rocker. "But I had to git them pies in the oven before I got set or goodness knows when they'd have got baked. I'm tryin' to git most of the baking done up for the quiltin' next Saturday. Everything comes in such a bustle then. Made the mince meat last week. Grandma helped chop the apples," she said indulgently.

"How's your Pa?" she inquired. "I suppose that he's lookin' forward to havin' the kids all home for his birthday dinner soon. You always have a regular family reunion. Takes a lot of work, but then you're a young yet and I s'pect you enjoy it: I did in my day. There wasn't nothin' I'd rather do than git up a big dinner."

From this point, the conversation drifted from one thing to another, until—"Milly," said Grandma, "you ain't told Tillie here, about the fix that wild Helmer girl got herself in."

Tillie leaned forward, interested.

"Well," Mildred began, "it's Rose, the youngest one. You remember, they were all right pretty, but it always seemed to me that Rose had more to her than the rest. When she was just a little shaver comin' to my Sunday School class, I kinda took a shiner to her, but she turned out just like the rest, boy-chaser and everything. Dunno as you could blame her, though—no mother—and living across the tracks like she did. Father never home. Well about two years ago, she ran off with one of the gravel haulers working on No. 94 between here and Winton. Now she's come back with him and a sickly baby added to her troubles.

"They're living over in the old shack of Hank Rose's by the brick yard. I wouldn't be a bit surprised if he's pressin' plenty hard 'for rent too. He's as tight as the day is long. Some say she's made her bed, but it does seem a pity that someone don't help them out. He can't get work nowhere. It'll be a pretty slim winter for them, I

guess."

Tillie listened in silence. She too could remember little Rose as she came to Sunday School, hair flying out in yellow rings about her chubby, slightly dirty face.

"Well," she said, "I'd better be gettin' along. It gits dark early now and I've some trading to do at the store. I'd hate to get caught on the road alone after dark and I've got one tire that's a little leaky."

She stepped to the wavery old mirror to adjust her brown jersey turban over long locks of blonde hair. Her face was flushed from the heat of the base burner, and her blue eyes were almost black from looking through the gray gloom of late afternoon twilight. She wasn't pretty, but as she stood there, a tall angular figure in a loose tan coat and high, four-buckle overshoes, the light flickers from the rose glow of the fire, enveloped and softened her.

"Bye," she said, opened the door, and slipped out into the clear, hard cold.

"Some real winter weather we're having", greeted Sam Millard from his seat by the stove in the store, and then squirted a stream of tobacco juice against its sizzling side, "Won't have no more snow though—too cold!"

While Tillie gave her order, strangely enough, the story of Rose Helmer kept running through her mind.

She had best lay in a good supply of candy. She wouldn't have time to make any herself—anyhow store candy went farther than home made. Goodness knows it would take enough to go around, with all of Albert's and sister Huldie's kids cluttering under foot and teasin' for more. She'd probably have them for two meals—always did—Well, she supposed they did like to come back to the old home place. Ever since she could remember, they had had a big family dinner on her father's birthday, and since her mother's death, five years ago, the burden of it had fallen on her.

Now as she was driving home, she was thinking of Rose and her sickly baby.

She found her father reading the newspaper by the cook stove, his shoes off and his feet in the oven. He had pushed the teakettle forward and it was steaming zestfully.

"Cold, ain't it?" he said. "Have any trouble with the tire? It gets dark pretty early to be galavantin' around the country with a bad tire. The first thing you know, you'll be campin' long side of the road, freezin' off your fingers changing a tire."

Tillie took off her coat and hung it behind the door. Her overshoes went in the wood box. And then smoothing her hair with red hands, she pinned a stiff, blue apron over her best dress, "I won't supper", she thought. "Cause Pa has to have his meals on time and I'm already a little late."

She moved easily between the stove and the cupboard setting the table. "Pa", she said, "have you heard about the Helmer girl that come back?"

"Yes," said her father. "It's a pity ain't it? But I don't know as it can be helped: she's made her bed—"

"There you go!" blazed Tillie. "She's made her bed—Bah! She never had no chance to do anything else." She stood before him, her fine wide nostrils dilated, her blue apron rising sharply with quick angry breaths.

"Why—," began her father.

"Oh, I'm sorry, Pa," she said in quick remorse, taken aback at his hurt surprise. "But I'm sick of hearin' that sentence. Tain't true, she didn't have the choosen of her lot anymore than she had the choice of being born. Such things just happen. And now she's

come back as pitiful a figure as you'll see anywhere and everybody's ready and waiting to push her down.

"For once I'm going to do some thing of my own accord; I'll give them a home; I'm going to ask her, and her husband to come out here on the farm and live until they git on their feet. They can have the old part of the upstairs. He can chore around the barns and look after the chickens some, and she'll help me in the house."

Mr. Wentz sat in open-mouthed amazement. What in the world had gotten into Tillie, he wondered. She talked like one possessed. She had seldom showed such spirit before. One glance at her flushed face, however, showed her to be in dead earnest. "She can be set in her ways," Pa reflected, "when she wants to be."

But he said nothing to her, thinking she would forget it in a day or so.

It was several mornings later, that Tillie came in from the hen house, the toes of her overshoes covered with fine, new snow. She stamped her feet on the old rag rug before the kitchen door and wiped them carefully, before she entered. She came in glowing with the fresh odor of clean, cold air about her. The stinging of the morning had drawn the red blood into her cheeks and numbed her fingers. As the chill had scarcely been taken out of the kitchen by the roaring, snapping fire that Pa had coaxed up from the red coals with corn cobs dipped in kerosene, she crossed the room and put her long hands on the tea kettle, to take the frost from them.

Pa came in from the lean-to, with an arm load of chopped wood, which he dumped in the box by the stove. Then he straightened up stiffly, with a hand to his back. He had evidently not been up long, for his wispy, tan hair usually plastered down with water and vaseline, stuck out in a fuzzy halo around his shining bald spot, and the usual conspicuous blue suspenders were absent.

Tillie cleared her throat, "Pa," she said, "that wood pile that you started to chop ain't any lower than it was last week at this time. If you don't tend to it, before the snow melts, it's going to be so wet that it won't dry out in time to burn all winter. You've put off chopping it here, for over three weeks and this makes the third time it's been snowed already."

Pa, who by this time had his face plunged in the tin wash basin, deliberately reached for the crash roller towel, before he said, with an air of over-ried patience, "Tillie, you know as well as I do that my back has been on the bum for two weeks or more. I'll chop that wood as soon as I can and you know it! Quit harpin' on it. You're just wantin' another chance to tell me how much help Rose Helmer's man would be around the place. We've hashed that over often enough. I won't or don't intend to have the riff-raff here. We pay taxes to keep up a County Farm for the likes of them, an' when I've paid my taxes I don't feel like I have any call to go handin' out charity." And Pa clamped his upper plate over his lower, with a finality that made the muscles in his jaw stand out, and went on scrubbing his hands.

He had been through a number of such scenes and they had all ended in the same way—each time with Pa becoming more stubborn and immovable. "It isn't" she thought to herself, "that Pa is selfish, he just has a streak of pure mulishness. He has been a kind father and a good neighbor and he is respected and liked in the community, in spite of his being so contrary.

"All right", said Tillie, "but just the same you'll see that I'm right."

She went about the preparation of

the breakfast. In a yellow crock, she mixed pan-cake batter and dropped it in large spoonful on the sizzling griddle.

"Pa," she adressed him, "go down in the fruit cellar and bring up some side meat to grease up this griddle with, And you might as well bring a can of that mulberry and cherry sauce too. It's over on the left side by the potato bin."

Pa went off mumbling while Tillie poked another stick of fire wood in the stove.

He seemed an unusually long time so that Tillie called to him to hurry up. She could hear him grumbling to himself. "Where did you say the fruit was?" he shouted. "I can't find it. It's a pity that you can't put things where a person can find them."

"It's right where I said it was," Tillie directed.

He had evidently found it, for Tillie could hear his slow process up the stairs. It was true that his back was troubling him.

Suddenly there wa a crash—falling glass—a long howl with a smothered "Goldam" at the end.

Tillie rushed to the cellar door and looked down. Pa lay at the bottom in a crumpled heap. She flew to him. "Pa", she cried, "are you hurt?"

He raised his head "Oh no," he groaned. "just crippled for life, I think," and dropped his head on her arm.

She saw then that his foot was twisted under him. As easily as she could, she lifted him and staggered up the steps.

Later, when Doc Kent arrived, Pa was propped up in a chair covered with a crazy quilt.

"Ankle's broken," the Doctor rumbled. "You won't be on that much again this winter, and Tillie, you'll have your hands full waiting on him for a while."

Pa winced.

Tillie smiled in spite of herself, although there were quivers in the corner of the smile. "I suspect, Pa," she said. "that we'll need some one to do chores now, do you have any idea who we could get?"

Pa kept his blue eyes on the banded ankle. "Have it your own way," he growled. "guess that Rose Helmer and her husband would do about as good as anybody."

MOUNTAIN RAIN

By Teresa Blake

When I lay under tall and dripping trees,

It seemed to me that the rain had a friendly sound

As it made a startled rustling of the leaves;

While it was slowly dripping on the ground.

Each cloud seemed very like a giant's gourd,

And all the world seemed just to stretch and sigh

As I lay there listening while the thunder roared,

And watched the lightning scrawled upon the sky.

The pale gray mist was reaching o'er the valley,

Like unto the fingers of a ghost,

Through which faint sunbeams vainly tried to rally;

They were a very perserving host.

The unhappy sun was like a shielded light

As it shuddered, then sank slowly out of sight.

Read The Linden Bark.

"WRITE ON ANY SUBJECT"

By Jane E. Tomlinson

Subject matter? Why the very words are as broad as the Kansas plains, and as indefinite as the distance to the end of the rainbow; and by saying subject matter for an informal essay! Well, the sky is the limit there, because just almost any subject under the sun may be treated in practically any way the writer feels like treating it at the time, and presto! You have an informal essay as the result.

There are always so many interesting subjects to choose that I find it quite confusing to settle on any one. Ideas generally come to me on some one subject, but I no sooner get into the midst of a theme on *When a College Girl's Room Looks Like a Chinese Laundry* than I find those thoughts crowded out by much better ideas on *Swimming Back from a Canoe Ride*. However, before I even get a good start on this, I decide that my instructor will be much more likely to give me an "E" for writing *My Observations of the Instinctive Actions of People at Football Games*.

Even my friends are not much help in giving suggestions for a subject. One thinks that "Shoes" would make a wonderful subject for any essay. I discovered that she had once made an "E" on an essay dealing with "shoes" and has ever since considered that the best subject there is for informal essay writing. Another girl suggested "Gelatin", because, I suppose, we were at the dinner table eating gelatin at the time; but that, too, failed to inspire me. I have never liked gelatin, but have never disliked it violently enough to be moved to discuss my dislike of it. Perhaps the dinner table isn't the place to ask for such suggestions. At least, I was not in the mood to be inspired.

Often the teacher gives the class a list of subjects to choose from. The very thought of such a list causes my mind to become a complete blank, but if she gives us no suggestions whatsoever, I am again in a muddle. I wonder and wonder about it and think how much easier it would have been if she had only given us just the tiniest idea of what to write about. I could be inspired even on such a subject as *Worms, Human and Otherwise*, if she had only suggested it, but, because she didn't, not a brain cell in my head will register upon it. Oh, I tell you this search for subject matter is a difficult thing, no matter how you go about it.

THE CALLER

By Mary E. Weiss

On by my humble door, nor stop nor glance,
But straight ahead you stare and always pass.
I sit and watch and hope that I, by chance,
Shall be the one called next, but ah, alas,
I wait and wait in solitude—in vain.
The evening, long and dull, crawls slowly by.
My name is not to mend the golden chain
That needs another shining link, I sigh,
For each time that you pass along, you seem
So near. How long must I remain behind
To bear this life? I pray that soon you'll deem
It wise to call me to my end. Be kind!
I listen, and I try to hold my breath
But no. Why do you pass me by, O Death?

SINSOME ISLAND

By Phoebe Sparks

"I wish I could hear someone talk about me, and learn just what my faults are," I said unthinkingly one day.

"You can do better than that," my friend told me, "if you take the round trip to Sinsome Island that is offered now by Cook's. This is one tour that you're not conducted on personally. They give you a pilot and directions, but you are very much alone. I'd advise you not to go, for everyone says that it is a horrible and gruesome experience, but you can try it if you care to."

I did care to, and I set out as soon as arrangements could be made. The trip on the water was calm, placid, and restful at first, but as we approached Sinsome Island the surroundings became unpleasant. The waters grew a livid green. I thought at first that this was my punishment for making the Freshmen wear their green caps, but the pilot informed me that this was Jealousy Bay.

"You are lucky," he told me. "Some people that I bring down here go blind from the glare of the greenness, because their whole nature is one of jealousy. It's easy to see that jealousy is not your worst trait."

I could not appreciate my good fortune, though, for the green seemed so terrible that I could not imagine it worse. There were many landings that we could have made, but the pilot did not stop. When I asked the reason, he told me that the boat was out of his control now, and that we would drift until we came to the best place. The best place was the worst, it seemed to me, for it was the Harbor of Self Pity. I disembarked. The trees had sad, grey, drooping leaves on them, and their fruit was mocking, leering faces. Except for these faces hanging by tears from the trees, the place was drab and drear. Long, slim animals with drooping ears and tails roamed about howling softly, and occasionally a hideous, sneering laugh would come from one of the faces.

I sat down under one of the trees and closed my eyes to shut out the horrible truth of the place, and hard, cold animals began to crawl over me. "We are the insidious eels of selfishness," they told me, and they clung in the folds of my clothes, and coiled themselves in my hair. Their yellow eyes never left my face, and their coldness made my body shrink. I got up, hoping that they would fall off, but they stayed with me the rest of my journey.

I walked on, and came to the Jungle of Lies. It was midget size when I walked in, but everything grew rapidly. There were tiny, soft, fuzzy worms about that were not repulsive to me at first, but as soon as I noticed one of them, it began to grow until it reached mammoth size. The vines spread capidly, and encircled me. I was soon chained there by the growth.

As I stood there, a cloying odor came to me. It sickened me and invaded my body. I became limp, and would have fallen, if the heavy vines had not made my body stiff. The world seemed to fade away, and I sank into an unreal powerlessness. It was the Odor of Weak-Will, and it became stronger and stronger. Consciousness was slipping away from me when I was lifted up by the Wind of Camouflage. I was bilowed one way and another. The wind tore my hair and burned my skin. Then it turned icy cold and pricked and chilled me. Finally it dropped me, a shivering and quivering mass, on the

PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN WITH BROWN HAIR

By Jeanne Warfield

What is the usual thing one says in a self-commentary? Does it amount to an over-estimation of the qualities concerned, to an under-valuation of attributes, or is it an impartial treatise on the subject matter? Under-valuation ordinarily belongs either to those self-conscious persons who dread allusion to themselves, or to that rare class of people who lack conceit. Over-estimation I know from experience is not remarkable: I remember our fourth grade auto-biographies, my own starting with an elucidation of pink toes and terminating in a grand finale to a highly commendable mentality. As for impartiality,—no remark will be passed until finis of present discourse. But seriously, does one describe one's eyes as the clear green of a ripe grape or simply cat-green, one's hair as burnished gold or merely red, one's nose as retrousse or pug? "That is the question."

And speaking of noses,—I was graced at birth with an organ of scent that would have done credit to an English Bench Bull. I am not referring to retrousse. At six I was too concerned with kittens and lead soldiers to bother about such things as noses, but by the time I had reached the sophisticated age of ten I had discovered that Ruth Roland was both beautiful and brave without having a nose that turned skyward. In desperation I shut myself in my room for hours at a time with a clothes-pin on my nostrils. I have never decided as to the success of the experiment.

Somehow, though, implements never seemed to be efficient, at least in the beauty culture self-administered. There was the time I tried manufacturing dimples by stretching adhesive tape across wrinkles in my cheeks and tore off all the skin, thereby leaving a perpetual scar in place of an elusive dimple. And I can never forget the agony endured when I hung for two hours from a turning pole by a strap passed around my shoulders because somebody had told me it would most certainly make me grow tall and stately. Stature, however, had ceased to oppress me by the time I was thirteen, for when a woman is saving pennies to go to Angkor there is all the difference in the world between ten cents and twenty-five cents for a matinee. And just in order to forestall any misunderstandings drawn from that last statement as to my ancestry,—it is not Scottish.

All this may be infinitely more confusing than informative, but after all, perhaps it is better to leave only a vague impression of good and bad than a positive knowledge of evil. At any rate, however desperately I may have labored to impress a conception of limpid eyes and cherry lips set in a piquant, flower-like face, the whole surmounted by a crowning glory of dusky raven locks, I shall have to confess to utterly unromantic hazel eyes, a mouth which is cherry—under application, and an unmanageable haze of "just plain hair." But when it comes to the force of character evinced in the face pictured, words necessarily fail me. Determined, or stubborn? Thoughtful, or merely phlegmatic? Astute, or—well anyway, I shall never sit for a portrait.

Rocks of Indifference. I sprang up and ran back to the ship.

"Let's leave at once," I sobbed. And the soft, soothing Wind of Ego caught our sails and took me back home.

GRAY DAY

By Mary Ethel Burke

Above all things I love a somber day,
With grey-black clouds which form a shroud-like thing,
In sullen silence like a beast at bay
Who fears, yet only waits his chance to spring.
The whistling, rushing winds the dry leaves whip
From off the barren trees down to the ground,
Then whirl them all seized in their mighty grip,
And make a splendid rushing, crackling sound.
The streets are cleared of any living thing,
One knows not if it's evening or dawn,
And I, while Nature has this glorious fling,
Feel free and happy, all my worries gone.
Then through the grey-black clouds appears the sun
And I, and leaves, and winds have no more fun.

ON A TOMBSTONE

By Dorothy Rendlen

A flawed, moss-grown stone,
Wryly slanting.
An inscription, short and simple—
"Ann—aged twenty-three".
Just a hollow in the earth!
Yet, once, she too
Knew joy—and pain—
And the zest and fire
Of living.

I HAVE SET MY LOVE

By Kathryn McClure

I have set my love in all the world,
And even the blind can see;
It shall be a taper in the wind,
A painted cloud at sea.

And though the world be deep and wide,
The winds shall ever blow,
And there shall ever be a sky,
So the world and He may know.

QUIET

By Evelyn V. Brougher

Long grey shadows dropped o'er
snowy mounts,
That rise and fall in valleys wide
and deep;
The distant calls of birds that die
like counts
Of music in the dreams of blissful
sleep.
Moonlight spilled like silver on the
lake,
She softest smile across the orange
moon.
A call to break the stillness and to
wake
A bird that sleeps; a lovely lonely
loon,
A clarion cry that echoes through
the wood,
The crash of dying timber breaks
the mood,
A great tall tree, so broad and green
that stood
A sentinel to die by storm winds
rude,
A wild roar of a beaten beast in
pain—
And then the quietness prevails
again.

Read The Linden Bark.

Cousin Of Mark Twain Speaks In Chapel

Cyril Clemens Gives Interesting Talk
on "Celebrities I Have Met"

Mr. Cyril Clemens, a cousin of Samuel Clemens (Mark Twain), addressed the Lindenwood College Thursday morning assembly January 8, on "Celebrities I Have Met".

Mr. George Bernard Shaw was the first person about whom Mr. Clemens spoke. "Mr. Shaw was greatly interested in Mark Twain; he said he thought Oscar Wilde and a good many English authors got their sense of exaggeration from Mark Twain. Mr. Shaw commented upon his belief that the distinguished mark of greatness was to learn to distinguish the important things from the unimportant, and to separate one from the other."

Mr. Clemens had tea with Shane Leslie, the Irish writer at his home in London. In addition to the conventional cakes and wafers, Mr. Leslie served Southern watermelon.

Augustine Birrel, the sayist, was the next person whom Mr. Clemens visited. "He was very interested in America. He lives in Chelsea and never allowed an American newspaper in his house." When questioned as to the reason for this singular ban Mr. Birrell said, "In the first place, I could not understand anything they said, and secondly, they are so big that my little house would not hold many of them."

Among the many other prominent persons in London with whom Mr. Clemens had interviews were: W. W. Jacobs, the leading humorist of England; J. B. Priestley, author of "Angel's Pavement"; Mrs. Bellos-Yyons, who is an ardent admirer of Edgar Allen Poe; and A. E. Housman.

At Cambridge, where the summer school was in session, Mr. Clemens met Mr. Stefanson, the Arctic explorer, and H. Rhodes, noted historian. At Beaconsfield Mr. G. K. Chesterton was visited.

"At the gate in front of Mr. Chesterton's home in an enlarged sign, 'Look out for the dog—He bites'. The aforesaid dog was named Lumbesco in an attempt to bring the book with that character back into popularity."

"All of the English authors seem to be extremely interested in America, they do not look upon us in a supercilious manner. They are inclined to have their habitats in extraordinary, out-of-the-way places and none of them have radios in their houses and some of them do not even have telephones."

When meeting Mussolini, Mr. Clemens said that he totally prepared for meeting any number of secretaries, aides and what-nots, but when he was escorted by a soldier into a huge, magnificent room with marble floors and no furniture with the exception of a desk behind which sat a dark-clothed man, he was indeed surprised to find that the person with whom he was to have the first interview was none other than the Fascist leader, himself. "Mr. Mussolini spoke excellent English, chuckled softly to himself occasionally and gave me the impression that he was familiar with English and American literature."

SHADOW LAKE

By Maxine Luther

Beneath a wan moon,
Cool, deep treacherous Shadow Lake
Lies strangely beautiful,
Amid the lofty, ghastly crags
And spires of Phantom Canyon—
Beautiful as a woman is beautiful
Who sits far away in cold moonlight,
Her jet hair and naked skin
Gleaming.

Sports

Gift to Alumna Helper

Miss Stookey, the A. A. and all of your Hockey friends at Lindenwood wish you a Merry Christmas" read the card which was enclosed with the gift sent to Miss Gertrude Webb in token of appreciation of her help during the Hockey season. The gift was a beautiful black perfume bottle of cut glass, its white stopper, also hand-somely designed, forming a charming contrast. The present was especially appreciated because of its unexpectedness. Miss Webb wishes to thank her friends and especially Miss Stookey and Rose Kiele for their thoughtfulness, and also for their kind co-operation during the Hockey season.

Miss Schaper Attends Scientific Meeting

During her vacation, Miss Schaper spent several days in Cleveland, Ohio, where she attended a meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. There were a great number of organizations meeting there representing all branches of science, but those in which Miss Schaper found especial interest were the American Sociological Society, the American Economic Association, and the American Statistical Association, whose meetings she attended.

Some of the sessions of the convention were held at Western Reserve University, and others were held at various hotels of the city. There were about three thousand visitors in Cleveland in attendance at the conventions.

One of the most interesting meetings was that of the American Statistical Association, together with the American Economic Association. Here, Col. Leonard P. Ayres, of the Cleveland Trust Company, was an outstanding speaker. A review of the economic situation of the year 1930, and a general forecast for the year 1931, was given.

Another, a meeting of the American Sociological Association, was outstanding. At all of these meetings, important men and women from the leading universities of the country, and research workers in the various fields, representatives of large corporations, trusts, and industries, were the chief speakers. An item of particular interest says Miss Schaper, was the fact that a large percentage of these, not just those in attendance at the convention, but "on the program" in all societies, were women.

The remainder of Miss Schaper's vacation was spent with her family, at her home in Washington, Missouri.

Lighted Christmas Tree Introduces Holidays

The Christmas Tree was first lighted Thursday, December 11, the night of the Rotary party. But it really came into its own, Sunday night, December 14, after the Christmas Vesper Service. It was an inspiring sight to see the star atop the tree beckoning to us after the impressive service. The star seemed to be one of God's own which had dropped into the tree to serve as a guide and a reminder to us.

The colored lights strung through the tree were a cheerful sight, and gave a warm glow to every one seeing them. Lindenwood's Christmas tree has become an institution and one which the girls would miss a great deal if it were to be omitted. Long may our Christmas tree stand.

Prospects for the Play

A. W. O. L. (figure it out for yourself) is the name of the musical comedy chosen for production by the Athletic Association this year. It was written by Marjorie Taylor and Louise Wardley with music by Maxine Luther and Frances Marie McPherson. The date of the performance is February 27.

The plot of the comedy concerns the lost pie-eating trophy of the Eta Beta Pi fraternity, and in the course of the action nearly everyone in the cast is suspected of the theft. Even the hero is under suspicion and is exonerated only with difficulty. Naturally just before the final curtain.

The chief parts have already been assigned. Madeline Johnson and Camilla Luther play the roles of Ted and Ellen, hero and heroine respectively. Bill the Burglar, who has a prominent part, is played by Dorothy Rendlen; La Vern Wright is to be Lil, his partner in all the merrymaking. Then there is a dumb freshman, who turns out to be not so dumb after all, played by Elizabeth French. The absent-minded professor (there's one in every well-regulated college) is impersonated by Ruth Clement. The Judge who presides at the hero's trial is Dorothy Comstock.

The settings, which are being arranged by Miss Stookey, promise to be quite unique. The auditorium has been equipped with a new lighting system which will make possible some unusual stage effects.

May Queen Party

The Senior Class will give a party the evening of January 30 to announce the May Queen and her attendants. The hostesses for the affair will be Mrs. Roemer, the honorary sponsor, Miss Hankins, the class sponsor, Marjorie Florence the President, Mary Louise Wardley, vice-president, Margaret Cobb secretary, and Frances Blair, treasurer.

Elizabeth Thomas, Josephine Peck, Dorothea Lange and Sheila Willis are in charge of the decorating. After the Queen and her attendants have been announced and escorted to the throne, a program will be given.

White Service At Vespers

Spanish Pageant and Music Special
Features

The annual white vesper service was held in Roemer Auditorium Sunday, December 4, at six-thirty in the evening. This service takes place the last Sunday before Christmas vacation each year. The collection is given to St. Louis missions to use in their Christmas work.

The program opened with a Spanish Christmas scene, "El Prespio" presented by El Circulo under the direction of Dr. Waldo Murri. The scene represented the visit of the wise men to the infant Christ and it was portrayed very effectively. The setting was the manger with Joseph and Mary guarding the Christ.

Dr. Roemer pronounced the invocation and the rest of the service was taken by the music department. The choir, under the direction of Miss Doris P. Gieselman, sang many beautiful carols. There were several special numbers. Albertina Flach played a harp solo, and Alice Denton singing a solo. In the number preceding the recessional Katherine Davidson and Kathryn Martin played a violin obligato, and Pauline Brown sang a solo part.

Read The Linden Bark.

ON THE CAMPUS

After Xmas expressions.....long aces.....pepless waiks.....popularity of colds.....many boxes coming from P. O. containing not eats but wearing apparel..... Exams drawing nigh.....second semester schedules.....popular teacher's new diamond.....a Bonnie Burns for the library.....new registrar....."Mike" Morris still without a voice.....Big Mystery of why the deep conferences every night this week at ten on third floor Irwin between four Irwin girls and two Butler.....the new attraction in Glenn Jennings' room..... newly painted hall floors in Roemer.

By Way of Conversation

By D. D.

In groups the Lindenwood girls straggled half-heartedly back on the campus from Christmas vacation. Pathetic, tired-looking specimens were these girls after a two weeks' round of dances and parties. Quite a contrast were the girls who entered the silent dormitories to the lively and peppy bunch that had departed from them only two weeks before. As soon as respects had been paid to the house-mothers and the roommate conversation, competition was keen in the conversation as they all endeavored to tell of their marvelous time at home.

From one corner came this remark. "Can you imagine what Bob gave me for Christmas? It's the cutest thing I've ever seen. He was simply darling all the time I was at home. Gee I'd like to be now where I was this time a week ago."

Manners for the time forgotten, the present talk was rudely interrupted by a little girl from the South. "The dance New Year's Eve was jus divine. Johnnie was so adorable, and it felt so good to dance with a man again. He broke every few minutes and I had "no breaks" with him. I was so thrilled I couldn't stand it. He talked so sweet when they played a dreamy waltz that I just know he meant it. And guess what. He's coming up to see me in two weeks. I wish he could come up for the Prom too."

On the other side of the room came groans from a gripper. "I hate this place. Why in the world did I ever come to a girls' school in the first place? I'm going to write my family tonight and ask them if I can't come home at the end of this semester. And just think, exams are only two weeks off. Gosh, but I'll have to cram. I've forgotten everything I ever knew. Why do they have to have such things."

Talk drifted on aimlessly for several hours until it was interrupted by the clang of the bell. The last remark made was, "I hope we have something good today. I'm just starved."

WHO'S WHO?

She is one of the more sophisticated members of the Senior class. She is small and dark and most often found rushing about in company of a second small dark Senior. She was Junior May Queen attendant last year. Of course she lives in the room that is the farthest away from all class rooms and the gym. She has that accent which all northern girls envy. When asked what her ambitions are for the future she replies that she wants to live with her small dark friend and be You all know who this envy of all a reporter for a Forrest City paper. Buxom lasses is, don't you.

College Calendar

Monday, January 19:

Semester examinations.

Sunday, January 25:

6:15 p. m. Professor George C. Blakeslee, Chicago University, Lecture.

Sidelights of Society

Before everyone was back on the campus from the much loved Christmas holidays some Butler girls were planning week-ends. Ellen Jennings, Ruth Steimke, and Helen Weber spent the week end in their respective homes in St. Louis. Sara Stuck, Elizabeth Thomas, and Hannah Hardin visited friends in St. Louis. Margot Francis spent Sunday in St. Louis with friends.

Mrs. Wenger, Housemother of Sibley Hall, spent Christmas visiting her family in Cairo, Illinois. She spent New Year's in Chicago visiting friends. Among interesting places visited was the Planetarium in Chicago, one of the two in the world; the other one is in Germany.

Frances Lemons spent Christmas with Maxine Longacre at the latter's home in Shawnee, Oklahoma. New Year's Eve found her in Kansas City visiting an aunt.

The other girls in Sibley "just went home" for the holidays, but each reports a most enjoyable time.—A time spent in shopping, bridge-luncheons, teas, dances, and even some ice-skating and coasting.

Mary Elizabeth Miller spent the weekend in St. Louis with friends.

Marion Harszy went to her home in St. Louis last Thursday because of illness.

Agnes Bachman spent Sunday in St. Louis with friends.

Mrs. Kuhlman of California, Mo., spent Monday at Lindenwood, having brought Mildred back to school.

Mrs. Strobach of St. James, Mo., drove Louise to Lindenwood and spent the day here.

"Popular Polly" Heninger, of Monroe, Louisiana hasn't returned to school after the Christmas vacation. Her room-mate, Shirley Haas, reports that Polly is "sick in bed." Polly has had an Appendicitis operation. We all join in wishing her a speedy recovery.

Mrs. Sylvia Knothe George of Springfield, a Junior in Lindenwood last year was visiting her sister Helen the week-end of the tenth.

Girls from Nicolls who spent the week-end of the tenth in St. Louis were Lucille and Louise Anderson, Barnette Billman, and Frances Freels visited in East St. Louis.

Girls spending the day in St. Louis last week were Kathryn Martin, Theo. Frances Hull, Margaret Carter, Madeline John, Mary Margaret Hedrick, Dorothy Holcomb and Adele Hereford.

Helen Grinspan had her mother from Des Moines visiting her over Sunday the 11th. They spent Monday in St. Louis shopping.

Read The Linden Bark.

Honor Kansas City Girls
At Home Bridge Tea

One of the loveliest and most enjoyable events of the holidays was an informal bridge tea given by the Kansas City Club at the home of Mildred Mayfield Kraft, of Kansas City, on December 22, for the Kansas City girls now attending Lindenwood and their mothers.

Lois Bockemuhle Berry, the president of the club, was among the several hostesses assisting Mrs. Kraft, while Adeline Ayres Cross and Virginia Hoover assisted in the evening.

Christmas decorations of poinsettias and smilax added to the beauty and hospitality of the atmosphere which greeted the following students who were guests of honor: Betty Hart, Charlotte Allen, Myra Beatty, Frances Cox, Ann Vanorden, Frances Gray, Jane Ford, Anna Marie Balsiger, Ruth Talbott, and Mary Frances Drullinger.

St. Louis Entertains
With Bridge Luncheon

December 29, 1930, the St. Louis Club of Lindenwood held its annual Christmas bridge-luncheon at the Coronado Hotel, in St. Louis. A delightful luncheon was served in the Pallido after which bridge was played in the card room. Honors were given to "Abie" Olson, Helen Reith, and Ann Armstrong.

Twelve girls attended; the list follows: Virginia Sterling, Ann Armstrong, Betsy Davis, Lucie Tralles, Anna Louise Kelley, Teresa Blake, "Abie" Olson, Marguerite Miller, Helen Reith, "Glen" Jennings, Naomi Ratz, and Lillian Webb. Lucie Tralles, president of the club, acted as hostess.

New Students Presented.
Sing Rotary Songs

In the recital which was held in Roemer Auditorium, at 11 o'clock, Thursday morning, December 11, 1930, several new music students were introduced to the student body. Of the nine girls who appeared only four were second year girls.

Ellenor Hall, the first on the programme, sang Carillon, and gave an excellent interpretation of the light ringing of the bells. Tearle Seiling, who is an advanced pupil, sang two numbers, both of which were well executed, the breath control being exceptionally good.

In the piano numbers, Annabel Gangnath played Mozart's "Air Varea." Her light touch was unusually effective in such a selection. Elizabeth Jane Thomas chose as her selections two interpretive pieces, "Gnoissienne" and "Lake at Evening". Elizabeth Jane did very well especially in the last selection, in portraying the spirit of the composition.

After two solos by Mary Louise Bowles, a quartet composed of Marian Graham, Kathryn Martin, Maxine Namur, and Frances Mac) McPherson, presented "The Christ Child" by Hawley.

Following the recital proper, the assembly was given over to the singing of the Rotary Club songs.

SKYSCRAPER

By Dorothy Rendlen
Straight, swift lines
Flying up with grey grace
From tier to narrowing tier.
Slim, aloof, firm . . .
Argus-like
A hundred amber windows
Stare indifferently over
And beyond the city
Into infinity.

Alpha Psi Omega's
Xmas Play A SuccessEveryone Happy in
"I'll Leave It To You."

The Christmas play, "I'll Leave It To You", a three-act light comedy, by Noel Coward, was given on the evening of December 12, in Roemer Auditorium. It was presented by Alpha Psi Omega, the dramatic art fraternity at Lindenwood, and was under the direction of Miss Lucile Cracraft.

The action of the play takes place in Mulberry Manor, Mrs. Dermott's home, only a few miles out of London. The first act opens in the large hall, with a log fire burning brightly, and most comfortable looking furniture about. Joyce Dermott (Louise Warner), a school girl, and Sylvia Dermott (Ruth Talbott), her older sister, are seated in the room. Bobbie Dermott (Marjorie Taylor) enters, and starts teasing Joyce. Soon Evangeline, (Sheila Willis) their sister, who is a writer, enters and the children all start discussing their Mother's worried condition, and the present state of their family finances, which they are quite sure is the cause for all of it.

The children decide to call Mrs. Dermott, and to talk affairs over with her. Bobbie says he "can" work, if it is necessary. Mrs. Dermott tells them everything. They have only fifteen hundred pounds a year on which to live. Then, that she had a check from her brother, their Uncle Daniel Davis (Gretchen Hunker), and very shortly, Griggs, the butler, (Margaret Atkins) arrives with a telegram saying that Uncle Daniel is arriving that afternoon. They call Oliver, the older brother (Marjorie Burton).

Uncle Daniel arrives, and announces his plans. The doctor has said that he would live only three more years, and he promises to leave his fortune to the one of the five children that makes good. They ask, at once, how they are to do it, and the uncle replies, "I'll leave it to you!"

The second act takes place in the same setting, on a summer day, eighteen months latter. Evangeline is busy with her writing, and Joyce is seated at the table doing her music, which she insists, "Bobbie might have written a little more distinctly." Mrs. Dermott and Bobbie are busy too, when there is a knock at the door, and Mrs. Crombie (Florence Schnedler), and her daughter, Faith (Dorothy Winter) enter. They are from London, and are quite different from the Dermott's, though they are apparently very good friends. Faith and Bobbie are especially good friends, and rather resent interferences made by the rest of their families. However, Faith always "has to ask Mother" what she may do. Bobbie tells her that he is to receive his Uncle's large fortune in only three years, but that she is not to tell a soul about it.

Mrs. Crombie comes in, and Faith tells her at once that something very important has happened, that she and Bobbie are engaged, and her Mother objects quite strenuously from the start.

Uncle Daniel again arrives, and this time all five of the children, talking very enthusiastically about each of their various professions, greet him heartily. After some time, they all get up, leave the room, and go out on the lawn, except Bobbie, and Faith who now tells him what her Mother thinks of their affair. Each of the children talk privately with Uncle Daniel, and tell him that they feel it unfair to the others that he should leave the promised fortune to himself, each of the children confesses that but, after talking among themselves,

Uncle Daniel has promised the fortune to him. They ask him for an explanation, and he explains that he offered the reward for their own good, and that he really has no money after all. They become very, very angry, and tell him just what they think of such a trick.

The third act has the same meeting, and takes place on the following morning. Faith and Bobbie are talking. Mrs. Crombie has decided definitely that Faith shall not marry Bobbie, and Faith is very careful to explain that it is not her fault at all.

Sylvia and Uncle Daniel talk things over, and he decides that since Sylvia is the only one who is even friendly to him, he will go to the Green Hart. He leaves at once. The rest of the family appear, one by one, in the dining room and are seated at the breakfast table. When Mrs. Dermott sends one of the children to the garden to find their Uncle, Sylvia announces that Uncle Daniel is no longer about, that he has gone to the Green Hart. Mrs. Dermott becomes very upset, and sends Griggs there at once, with the car.

When he arrives, their mother endeavors to excuse the rash actions of the children, and begs him to pay no attention to their doings. He eats breakfast, and talks with his sister for quite some time. Then, one by one, the children appear and finally Evangeline succeeds in telling him that they are all sorry for their actions and wish to apologize to him. He forgives them. Griggs enters, with a telegram. It is from his agent, and reads like this, "Struck big vein, Santa Lyta mine—come at once!" Now he is worth thousands. Sylvia asks if he did not send the telegram to himself, and he answers, "Yes!"

at Braufman's...
New Spring Fashions
are arriving daily

Ultra smart Dresses fashioned in this season's new gay prints and plaids, vivid high shades, the subdued grays and the always smart navy and black.

Frocks for all occasions

Braufman's
Main and Washington

STRAND THEATRE

TUES.—WED.

JOHN BARRYMORE

in

"MOEY DICK"

THURS.—FRI.

Leon Errol—Richard Arlon

in

"ONLY SAPS WORK"

Saturday Matinee—2:30.

2 Shows at Night—7 and 9 p. m.

Grace Moore—Reginald Denny

in

'LADY'S MORALS'

Based on The Life of Jenny Lind