

LINDEN BARK

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PRICE 5 CENTS

Dr. Roemer Conducts Sunday Vesper Service

"His Windows were open toward Jerusalem", Text of his sermon.

The vesper services Sunday night, February 1, were conducted by Dr. Roemer. Taking the 6th chapter of Daniel both as Scripture reading and as his text, especially the one verse, "His windows were open toward Jerusalem", Dr. Roemer spoke of Daniel the fresh air disciple.

Although Daniel lived in Babylon he had his windows opened toward Jerusalem and it was there that his thoughts were. We all live where our thoughts are, we are what our thoughts are. Daniel had a good start in life, he established a good frontage. Jerusalem was where he was going and no king's decree could stop him.

Dr. Roemer said: "A Jewish Rabbi wrote a very interesting book describing this age of adventure. 'Religion in a Changing World' shows that daring makes the world go round. People won't venture on their faith, however. We revise our faith and religion in the name of science. We don't know, it would seem, where we are going. What man really wants is a faith to hold him steady, a faith as great as Daniel's".

The story of Daniel in the lion's den will live because it is a great factor in human lives. We are all following the crowd, as we are afraid of the lions. Honesty in the economic world has been thrown to the lions Daniel did not follow the crowd in regard to faith. He went into his room and opened his window toward Jerusalem. There are Daniels in this world today. People have made history for the things they have stood for. Lincoln's Birthday is soon to be celebrated. He stood fast in his faith when threatened with the lion's den. The truth made Daniel steadfast—the lions didn't harm him.

The secret of life which we are all trying to find is not in science or progress. It does not belong to man, it belongs to God.

Well-Known Graduate of Lindenwood Bereaved

Lindenwood will be sorry to hear that Rev. Chester Birch, Superintendent of the Toledo City Mission, died recently. Rev. Mr. Birch was a prominent man, and as editorials in Toledo papers stated, was well known for the much real good he had done for unfortunate people during his life. His wife, who was Miss Lura Welty, was a graduate of Lindenwood just thirty years before their daughter, Betty Birch, graduated here.

Betty was a well known figure on the campus during her four years here, she was an editor of the Linden Bark, contributed to the Linden Leaves, was May Queen the year of her graduation, 1928, was Hallowe'en Queen a few years before that.

Work On Musical Comedy Begun In Earnest

The Athletic Association Musical Comedy which will be presented February 27, is beginning to take shape. All the choruses have been chosen and times set for practice. Miss Stookey has worked out a number of clever dances which will be used in the Comedy. The costumes are being decided upon altho nothing definite has been arranged. The comic part of the comedy will be furnished by the seniors who act as the jury in the trial scene.

A. W. O. L. written by Marjorie Taylor and Mary Lou Wardley with music by Maxine Luther and Frances Marie McPherson, was chosen as the comedy for this year. The plot concerns the lost pie-eating trophy of the Eta Beta Pie Fraternity, and in the course of the action nearly everyone is suspected of the theft. Even the hero is under suspicion. Madeline Johnson and Camilla Luther play the roles of Ted and Ellen, the hero and heroine. Dorothy Rendlen plays the part of the burglar. His partner in crime is LaVerne Wright. Elizabeth French is the dumb freshman who turns out to be rather bright. The absent-minded professor is played by Ruth Clement. Dorothy Comstock is the judge who presides at the hero's trial.

The comedy promises to be one of the best ever. Everyone is anxiously awaiting the 27th, the big day of the year.

Margaret Jean Wilhoit Has Poem Accepted

"Yucca" to be published in Anthology of College Verse

Margaret Jean Wilhoit, a junior from Kansas, Illinois, has received notice that her poem Yucca has been accepted by Harpers for their New Anthology of College Verse which is to be published about the first of April.

This is quite an honor as her poem is one of a limited number chosen from 4,200 poems sent in from three hundred different colleges. She brings honor not only to herself but to Lindenwood by having it so represented in this anthology which is an excellent collection of the work of young poets and primarily a college project.

Besides the letter notifying her of the acceptance of her poem, Margaret Jean received a personal note from the editor, Miss Jessie Rehder. In praise of her poem, Miss Rehder says,

"I want to tell you how much I liked your poem. The last line I thought one of the most appealing I found in the whole group of entries" and in conclusion Miss Rehder says, "Once again—I liked your poem."

Miss Elizabeth Austin, a student at Lindenwood in 1927-29, also had a poem accepted by the Anthology.

May Queen and Attendants Honored at Party by Seniors

Formal Dinner Dance Was One of Biggest Events of Year

The formal dinner-dance of Friday night, January 30, in honor of the May Queen and her attendants, was one of the most attractive parties of the year.

Dinner was served in the college dining room, and non-resident students and faculty members were invited to be present. Decorations consisted of pink and white carnations, and clever nut cups in the form of miniature hat boxes of silver with pink flowers and ribbon on the top. The menu included creamed chicken and mushrooms on croquettes, buttered peas, shoe string potatoe, cranberry sauce, hot rolls, olives and celery, tomato and shrimp salad, brick ice cream, cake and coffee.

The party was continued at 8 o'clock in the gymnasium which was beautifully decorated in various shades of pink. At one end was a fountain while at the other was the throne of the May Queen and her attendants. A large revolving ball was hung in the middle of the gym, upon which a spot light was thrown from below. The orchestra platform was attractively decorated with two old fashioned ladies made of crepe paper. The entire gym gave the appearance of a large flower garden.

The announcement of the May Queen and her attendants by Mrs. Roemer was the most important event of the evening. Ruth Talbott and Gretchen Hunker acted as heralds, and passed down the aisle formed by 20 members of the Sophomore class. After Mrs. Roemer announce the chosen girls, the heralds returned to the foot of the gym and led the procession of the royal party to the throne.

Marjorie Florence, the honored queen, was followed by the maid of honor, Miriam Runnenberger. After them came the Sophomore representatives, LaVerne Wright and Miriam Harszky, and then the freshman representatives, Marie Wagenseller and Esther Groves. Upon their reaching the throne Mrs. Roemer crowned the queen.

Entertainment for the royal party followed. Frances Pedler, Madeline Johnson, LaVerne Wright, and Carol Wade gave a charming ballet dance. Twelve senior girls in long, flowing organdy dresses gave a delightful dance. Following the dance, they filed past the throne, bowing low before their queen. Those taking part were: Francis Blair, Ruth Clement, Margaret Cobb, Helen "Shaver" Davis, Dorothy Dinning, Doris Force, Elizabeth Hosmer, Dorothea Lange, Elsie Priep, Lorraine Robie, Elizabeth Thomas, and Sheila Willis.

Dr. and Mrs. Roemer were the first to congratulate the queen. Dr. Roe-



MISS MARJORIE FLORENCE
SID WHITING PHOTO

mer paid homage to the fair ruler by kissing her hand in a true courtly fashion. The officers of the three lower classes were then presented at court, all of them bowing before the queen. They were followed by faculty and students who were eager to pay their respects to the queen and her attendants. They then formed the grand march.

Very clever and appropriate favors were given—pink crepe paper baskets filled with artificial flowers of various colors.

The latest styles in evening wear could be found in the many beautiful formals. Mrs. Roemer, who is honorary sponsor of the Senior class, was charmingly gowned in a flowered chiffon, and wore for jewelry a rope of pearls. Miss Hankins, active sponsor of the class, wore a gown, simple in design, of green satin with a lace bertha.

Queen Marjorie And Her Charming Personality

Marjorie Florence is Lindenwood's May Queen for 1931. And everyone feels certain that the Seniors could not have made a better choice, for—everyone likes Marjorie! Her election to this—the highest social honor at Lindenwood—comes in addition to her previous popularity, for she holds several important offices on the campus. Marjorie is president of the senior class, head of the entertainment committee for Y. W., treasurer of Pi Alpha Delta, organization editor of Linden Leaves, and is a member of the Athletic Association.

This is only Marjorie's second year

(Continued on page 4, Col. 2)

Linden Bark

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TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1931.

LINDEN BARK:

Here comes jolly February
Month of storms and month of thaws,
Month when winter slips her tethers,
Spite of Ice King's sternest laws,
Month when happy birds are mated,
Month of good St. Valentine,

Shortest month of all, we greet thee!
Bring us clouds or bring us sun.
Surely we all bid thee welcome,
Month that gave us Washington.

Lindenwood Looks Forward To St. Valentine's Day

St. Valentine's Day, when we celebrate the lover's festival of the ancient peoples, is one of the gala days in the month of February for the students of Lindenwood College. For weeks ahead students can be heard talking about the box of candy or the flowers they are going to receive from their one-and-only at home or elsewhere. Excitement runs higher as the more fortunate ones begin to receive their tokens of love a few days in advance. Such looks of anticipation on the faces of the girls as they walk or rather run into the post-office to see if they are the lucky ones that day. Such looks of disappointment as they come out on the slide with empty hands while all their friends appear with anywhere from one one to three boxes that look very much like hearts. Oh well, be consoled, for tomorrow you may be the lucky one perhaps.

Western Union certainly has a rush on the lines on St. Valentine's Day. Some people wish to be more personal in their greeting on this day of lovers and either send a prepared form over the wires or look through pages of poetry to find a suitable message. The florist is kept busy sending a dozen roses here and a dozen chrysanthemums there.

In the dining room we are reminded again that Valentine's Day is here. At each place at the table there is a small valentine of red trimmed with lace and a red satin nut cup tied with red ribbons. The center decoration is also of the Valentine Day motif. For dessert there is a slice of white ice cream with a red heart molded in the center.

The dinner is followed by a party in Butler gym. For the occasion the gym has been decorated in red and white and looks like a huge Valentine that anyone would be proud to receive. During the grand march favors of heart shapes are given to the guests.

St. Valentine's Day is certainly remembered at Lindenwood. It will always stand out in the minds of students as one of the big days of the year.

Lincoln Remembered As Man Of The People

During the month of February, two of our country's greatest presidents were born. Both men were significant figures in the history of the United States. However, only one of these two men as the man of the people. He was the great character of the American Civil War—Abraham Lincoln, born February 12, 1809.

We all know the story of his great rise from insignificance to a place of greatest importance and responsibility. We realize Lincoln's personality as fundamental in the preservation of the Union of the United States in the terrible period of dissension and conflict of the later nineteenth century. The American Negro thanks Lincoln for making him an individual and no longer the slave of other men.

For all these things we remember Abraham Lincoln, but it is not because of them that he lives in our hearts. Lincoln was a humble character with an overwhelming love for humanity. He was a kind, generous man who was noble and honest always. It is not Lincoln the politician whom we are remembering today—it is Lincoln, the man of the people.

"I'm Broke"

Lindenwood has always prided itself on the wonderful way its girls have been able to greet fortune or failure alike, and make the best of the situation. Sometimes a doubting Thomas may question this ability of students to carry the hardships of life along with the comforts and pleasures that most of them have been used to, but these doubts are always quickly settled in the affirmative. The truth of the fact is again brought forcibly home to us in this era of panic and bank failure that is sweeping the country. Nearly every student in the college has been affected in some way or other by these failures, yet there is no whining or fretting about reduced allowances or failures to get new dresses or fur coats.

Girls who expected to have no more use for their diplomas than something to treasure in their G. G. books, are now seriously taking stock of their

Mrs. Hutchings Speaks on Da Vinci

'Says not only is he a painter but the most versatile genius.

The lecture Thursday morning, January 29, at eleven o'clock assembly, was given by Mrs. Emily Grant Hutchings, an art critic with whom Lindenwood is well acquainted. Mrs. Hutchings' lecture was on the life of Leonardo da Vinci, the famous Italian painter.

Mrs. Hutchings began her talk by saying that the last time she spoke at Lindenwood she had just come from a summer in Italy with the great achievements of da Vinci fresh in her mind.

The background of Leonard's life and his personality were gathered by Mrs. Hutchings from over five hundred pages of manuscript on parchment illuminated with drawings left by the artist. Mrs. Hutchings said that of all the characters in history da Vinci is the most confusing. The reason for this is that the authorities disagree so strongly upon incidents in his life.

The personality of this artist was peculiar and this may be attributed to his parentage. He was an illegitimate child and was given over to the care of his father's family. His mother was a pleasant girl and his father of a very old and good family.

Mrs. Hutchings next gave interesting points upon da Vinci's life during the time of his study with his master. His teacher was adapt at many things, including both sculpturing and painting. The boy Leonardo, however, was many times more skilled in being able to do many things and do them better than his teacher. Mrs. Hutchings mentioned that da Vinci designed costumes for pageants; he made maps and he was interested in invention. The first aeroplane attempted was made by da Vinci. Besides being an inventor, he was a poet and engineer.

Leonardo da Vinci was unsuccessful in Florence, for during that time here were many great painters and sculptors such as Michael Angelo and Ravhael. He was invited to come to Milan by the ruling power of that beautiful city. This invitation was not issued Leonardo because of his fame as a painter but he was to come there as a musician. He was not only a great painter but also an accomplished musician and had an unusual voice. During the time of da Vinci's achievements in Milan, he had many plans for the laying out of ideal cities.

Mrs. Hutchings had with her several small reproductions of the paintings of da Vinci which she exhibited, and explained the artist's method of painting. She said that there were eleven paintings in existence which positively can be identified with this painter. The greatest piece of painting which he did for his own fame was "The Last Supper". She was told by many people before she went abroad that when she saw this painting, "The Last Supper", she would be disappointed. She stressed particularly that she was not disappointed in his painting but said because of da Vinci's experimentation in trying to

qualifications with a view to commercializing them. One girl frankly announced that getting back to school after the holidays was a stretch for her newly shrunk purse; another student, noted for her beautiful and stylish clothes, stated that buying silk stockings in the future would present a real problem; while a third girl said that at least she would accomplish some studying over the week end, as her new financial status made it necessary that she spend this time on the campus.

This same spirit is echoed throughout the college. Each student seems calmly to realize that she will have to do without many things for a while. It is a condition in which she has a voice, and so, philosophically, she accepts the verdict with the cheerful if somewhat slangy and exaggerated explanation: "I'm Broke."

Eight Entertainers Give Fine Récital

A student recital was given Tuesday afternoon, February 3, in Roemer auditorium. Alice Belding, an 8th grader in the preparatory department, played the first two numbers, on the piano, exceptionally well. They were—"Clown Dance" by Bilbro, and "Sparks" by Moszkowski.

Miriam Ashcraft then played "Arabesque", by Mana-Zucca, also on the piano, and she played very well. Anna Kathryn Hurie then sang "After" by Edwards; it was the first time Anna has appeared on a program, and she gave an excellent performance. Frances McPherson sang "Calm as the Night", by Bohm, which she presented in her usual faultless style and she showed very good range.

The next numbers were "I Love You", by Grieg and "Awake Beloved", by Edwards, played by Sarah Young, which she gave extremely well. Ellenor Hall sang "Take Joy Home" by Wells.

The last two numbers were selections and were, "Poem" by Fibich-Rapee, played by Margaret Brainard; and Serenata by d'Albert, played by Dorothy Hamacher. Both girls gave good rendition.

Dr. Ennis At Convention

Attends Botanical Society During Vacation

Dr. Ennis, head of the biology department, attended the convention of the American Botanical Society in Cleveland, Ohio, during Christmas vacation. Dr. Ennis was present from December 29 to 31, although the convention extended over a longer period. Of the various sectional meetings, those she attended were Systematical, Genetic, and Physiological sections.

One of the general meetings was given over to Professor Miliken who lectured on the synthesis of atomic disintegration. The auditorium was overcrowded and many were turned away.

"There were lots of interesting exhibits", Dr. Ennis said. "One in which I was most interested was the one regarding visible music. The apparatus consisted of a microphone that picked up the sound, an amplifier, a small vibrating mirror and a cylinder of mirrors on which the vibrations from the small mirror were projected. By looking on the screen we could see the difference between soft and loud noises, as they were indicated in much the same fashion as a chart line."

Taking all in all, Dr. Ennis reported an interesting trip.

improve his technique "The Last Supper" had not been well preserved.

Mrs. Hutchings made several interesting comments on a few of da Vinci's other paintings such as the "Mona Lisa" and "St. John the Baptist." She also made mention of the picture of Leonardo da Vinci which hangs in the art gallery in Florence. Mrs. Hutchings' lecture was interesting and enlightening and the enthusiasm she holds for da Vinci's greatness was transferred to her hearers.

MY BUREAU

By Maxine Luther

This title is a piece of extreme insincerity on my part, for in my mind I call that article of furniture my dresser, and only when I am in fine company do I embellish it and cover up its true quality with the word "bureau". A bureau has always suggested to me a tall stern chest of drawers of dark, rich wood with a grim, solemn mirror above. Perhaps it holds on top a lovely, prim, white piece of linen with a clear, exquisitely-cut, crystal perfume bottle, and a long, slender, silver comb, but it always has a relentless look about it, like an austere old woman who has scolded me—perhaps because I picked her favorite rose. And I repeatedly inferior upon my little dresser that awful personality of the bureau. Oh, I'm ashamed each time—and yet, I continue to do it.

My dresser has the personality of a darling little old maid servant. Why a maid I cannot tell, unless it might be the folds of her cretonne skirt and the full and comfortable way she sits there.

She holds in her lap my comb and brush and usually a little box of jewelry. Always strands of beads are strewn over the edge of the box. I'm certain that she fingers them at night. Sometimes I hang a bright sash or tie over one of her curly, wooden ears when I'm in a terrible hurry. And when I come back she always looks chic and cocky with the brilliant streak of color above her ear.

She wears over her lap an apron which I must change quite frequently, for somehow powder and perfume are often spilled over it. I sometimes blame this carelessness entirely on my dresser too—when I know I've not done the spilling and my little brother denies all knowledge of the stains, even when he smells quite strongly of the odor.

My dresser is getting old now. Her complexion is marred from too much powder, and she has been terribly over-worked. Yet I dread the time when she will be relegated to the attic to sit alone in the corner with no apron over her lap and her cretonne skirt all faded. She will dream perhaps, and I shall miss her.

SLEEPING SONG

By Esther N. Gates

White moonlight coming through gates the half-shut window showed the girl in bed. It played gently, like some soft spot-light, on her hair, making it the color of an oriole's wing—all gold, and red, and black. The light slanted down over her face, flushing her cheeks. A sleepy sea breeze on her lips smoothed upward toward her eyes. She almost smiled. A stray glimmer caught the sparkle in an earring, dropped carelessly on a table, and revealed the whiteness of a gown, resting for a time upon a chair. White slippers stood beneath, one fallen over on its side. A lacy handkerchief, lip rouge, and a much scribbled dance programme decorated the dressing table top. A half-burned cigarette was trampled out upon the carpet, and on a shelf two jars of cream stood uncovered. In the next room a water faucet dripped steadily, marking time with the little green clock on the wall. An ivory teephone, off its hook, sent out no shrill summons to disturb the night. Outside, above the willows, a small, sailing cloud flung itself over the moon.

Read the Linden Bark.

PICTURE FOR AN INSURANCE CALENDAR

By Catherine Marsh

Allan pulled up the ropes for several feet and then let them out again suddenly, but the jerk didn't disturb the girl's delicate balance on the end of the board. She rode steadily, her knees a little bent, her arms tant in front of her, pulling on the guide ropes. All of us in the boat looked at her. She was very good to look at. Her skin, tanned to a golden brown, matched the hair whipped back from her forehead and whipped her Viking ancestry. Even her eyes had that golden sparkle occasionally possessed by young Malay islanders. She might have been a cunningly modelled figurine. The surf-board slap-slapped on each successive wave, trailing two funnels of spray from the corners, and the girl swayed with every bounce, an Aphrodite in a green bathing suit, outlined against tossing blue water.

PEACE

By Erna Louise Karsten

Ah Night, why comest thou not to me soon
To halt the eager headlong rush of life,
In which I vainly seek a treasured boon
To reconcile me to this endless strife?
'Tis futile that the azure haze I try
To drive away from Truth's veil-shadowed face,
No longer does my searching satisfy;
My spirit often longs to quit the race—
But see, how softly comes the cool of night
To cover cares that mortal man beset,
'Tis like a chamber, cool and rose-bekight
Dark velvet hung, stars shimm'ring 'gainst the jet;
Where twilight voices lull to dreamless sleep,
And evening shadows silent watches keep.

MAGIC OUT OF TIME

By Neola Luster

Below, an excursion boat labored against current to the dock on the west bank. The noise of its hilarious crowd came up to me, subordinating the sounds of the city behind; before me St. Louis sprawled along the shores of the Mississippi, fantastic in its night garb. The buildings loomed like piles of dark, irregular-shaped boxes, outlined against the pale sky with an undecided color that was neither yellow, nor white; the color came thru the masses in holes like square-cut jewels, the darkness serving as a foil for their brilliancy. To my right, upon the highest pinnacle, a red light showed like a ruby emphasizing the loftiness of the point, so that air men passing in the night would not run into it and humble it before the less lofty structures about. As I gazed upon the city surrounded by its halo, distant chimes rang out eleven o'clock and instantaneously an airplane came from the north silhouetted against the clear heavens; the heavy drone of its motors surged downward. And I smiled to myself at the thought that the chimes were one stroke off to begin magic work, such as producing fanciful figures in the air.

HOW TO PACK A TRUNK

By Leonore Auer

There are two kinds of people who pack trunks: those who are going to college; and those unfortunates who are just going away. If you have decided to go on a tour or a visit, you take only clothing and sport paraphernalia, such as tennis racquet and golf clubs. Perhaps you add to these a few trinkets for gifts, or a maid and a lap dog, if you can afford such luxuries. But as no sensible traveler would put a poodle in a trunk (fleas are inconvenient in one's wearing apparel) we will not discuss this class.

Now if you are joyfully joining the rush to college, you will take with you the following things:

1—Clothing. All sorts. From a harem costume to a Paris creation. Hats, shoes, bags, gloves, and all the other things that go to make up a perfect ensemble must be present.

2—Sports Accessories. Tennis racquets, golf clubs, hockey sticks, swimming suit, and a deck of playing cards. (Preferably a bridge deck, not pin-ochle). If you are going to a coeducational school, carry along a taste for football and don't get hazy on how many bids you had for the high school Senior Prom. It's coming in handy at the dormitory or sorority house when you have to apologize for not rating the Sigma Nu hop.

3—Books. Memory books. Kodak books. High school annuals. A book of verse by a good author to show your intellect. A popular novel. A very favorite notebook.

4—Furniture. All that is movable and that you can talk your parents into letting you take. It makes for homeliness in your room if you are surrounded by the dear old familiar objects. This includes all pictures of boy-friends that you can find. And the more that are autographed, the more you will be regarded as a big shot from the home town.

5—Miscellaneous. *Portable victrola and typewriter. Fur coat. Ten pounds of gift candy. Too many promises to friends of "I'll write to you the very first thing."

Now that we (you, I, and the spirit of college) have decided what to take, we will consider how to take it. This matter of packing a trunk, the usual method in which one takes things to college, cannot be done unless you have the family, the whole family, to guide you. This is a proposition "of the traveler, by the family, and for the benefit of all". If you do not have a family go out and get one. Any of the neighbors will be glad to lend you theirs for a while. You simply must have a host of small brothers and sisters to ask questions, unfold all neatly folded lingerie, and make insulting remarks to cover up their enviousness, and make you feel just sorry enough for them to begin to get homesick before you even bid them good-bye.

Everything you are to take will be dumped in a heap on the floor with the exception of the dresses which are hung on their hangers in the trunk. There will not be enough hangers to go around so be sure and put the dresses you will be most likely to need on the bottom under several others. This gives a beautiful chance to write home and tell the family that they bothered you so you couldn't even pack decently.

Then if you begin putting shoes, hats, and the larger, heavier articles in their proper drawers, the hose, gloves, and smaller things will fit in the niches. And if you have an extra niche or two, ask little brother for a favorite tie of his that looks nice with your new shirt. Unless he is a very devoted

A CHEERFUL OUTLOOK

By Wilma Jane Stephens

From the kitchen window the backyard was a dreary, dismal sight. The rickety fence, that had once been white-washed, was sagging more than ever now under the beating rain. Corn shucks and the remainder of last night's dinner were scattered over the chicken yard. In one corner a bedraggled red hen stood silently and with a drooped head under an equally bedraggled grape vine. A colored woman—with a soggy newspaper over her head dashed by the back alley followed by a dingy-looking hound whose once white hair was caked with mud. In spite of the downpour he would stop to sniff at each pile of refuse that littered the alley. As he paused at our gate, the wind hit the clothes on the line with such a whack that he immediately scurried away, his tail between his legs. The rain was getting harder every minute; sheets of it blurred my window until the whole scene swam before my eyes and was finally wiped away.

I HATE HER!

By Mary Miller

I hate her!
I hate her more than all the world.
She reminds me of all the uncouth,
detestable things I have seen or heard about.
It seems that her very looks soil my eyes
and make me want to look on Nature, something unexcelled.
When I see her all the joy is drained
from my day and I am left dejected
and brooding.
Is it she or I that I wish dead?

little brother, he will tell you that, "Just because you are going to college and everyone treats you like it was Christmas, you needn't think you are so high'n mighty 'cause you aren't." And besides he was one person in the house who wasn't going to cry when you left. Then he will probably get up from the pile of new and formerly immaculate linen handkerchiefs he has been sitting on, and as he strides out of the room with afore-mentioned lot of homesickness will depart as you realize that you are not needed around home as much as you thought you were.

If the heap has diminished at all, you will find the pile of books on the bottom of the mess. Toss them in a drawer and when you arrive at school you will find them on top of your hats. And if you are very careful, you may avoid putting a paper weight on top of the alarm clock and thus keep from having to clean broken glass out of your toilet articles when you unpack.

After every thing is in the trunk, go through closets and drawers and don't fail to find as much as or more than is already packed. This is necessary to provide the proper confusion of leave-taking. Always, when you close the trunk leave the key on the inside. Emily Post should have this in her book. It is a matter of packing etiquette. At least, every one does it, and who are you to disagree with the majority?

Now your trunk is ready to go to the station. I hope you have profited by this advice and will do as you think best. No matter what I or any one else says. Because packing a trunk is a different procedure in every individual's case and cannot be generalized easily. Take my advice or leave it.

P. S. You had better leave it.

*All but last item are not absolutely necessary.

WALLS

By Jeanette Durre

"Something there is that doesn't love a wall", began a poet. Then he has never, I venture to advance, seen hollyhocks rearing their heads skyward over the rugged top of a wall toward the morning sun, or experienced the difficulties of raising young pups in a fenceless yard.

True, one cannot always see on the other side, but in that has lain the glamour for me. I've risked knees and frocks, defied severest parental threats and suffered endless rebuke to scale a wall.

And what was beyond? Occasionally gardens, silent in their cloistered loveliness or nice old ladies at tea who, following their astonishment at discovering little girls perched on fence tops, would venture to offer cookies and other left-over delicacies.

The results of some climbs were frequently less beautiful. But always there was bound to be something beyond. That is the nice thing about walls. Sometimes one found an arbor or little ponds for fish, but more often it was merely an alley or deserted court in which were numerous barrels and discarded packing-boxes stacked at random.

Even the scrawniest tom-cat slinking along between piles of rubbish, held special interest from so lofty a perch. Strange almond-eyed individuals, padding softly through doorways, smoked long pipes and stared blankly. But I shall not delve into the mysteries of courtyards. There are various unlovely things that walls hide—successfully.

Notice is seldom made of the countless ivies and flowering creepers which fairly cling to the ruins of some aged stone caping. Fences lend stability and afford breaks in a landscape, often commonplace otherwise. My idea of Romance is still connected close with towering walls. Shadows and sunlight on their smooth sides revive that old desire to scale and marvel. Such enchantment, to gaze down upon a world into which few others have access, unless they too have climbed walls.

THE KING-BIRD TAKES THE AIR

By Gladys Crutchfield

A click—a moment's anxious waiting—
A sputter from the spark—
The slow throb of pulsing cylinders—
The whizzing whirl of the propellor
As it slashes through the air—
And then, the steady beat, beat, of the motor
As it settles into rhythmic running time.
One-two-three-four-five-six-seven-eight—
And the big King-bird slowly moves across the field.
She turns into the wind,
Her nose points eagerly upward,
And suddenly, with powerful ease,
She climbs into the air.
Wind rushes underneath her wings to bear her up,
Silver darts of joy glance from her wing-tips
As they catch the sun's rays,
Surely and easily she climbs—higher—higher—
Craning necks look upward;
Peeled eyeballs stare into the brilliant sun-light.
Soon there is but a spot, slowly receding,
Now only a blur.
Everything is quiet;
The sky is undisturbed.

Read the Linden Bark.

HOW TO MAKE A FRESHMAN

By Mary Eleanor Anderson

You may search cook-books, encyclopedias, dictionaries, and reference books; but in none of these will you find how to make a freshman. The seniors won't tell you how; neither will the juniors; but since the freshman initiation is over, I think I can tell you how the sophomores think a freshman is made.

First you take a hunk of dough molded to greenness, and throw it into a mixing bowl. Then add a very, very little pinch of knowledge, and a great big cup full of giggles. You mix this together with two or three tablespoons full of dumb looks, and a sufficient amount of awkwardness. You next add some brains the size of a mustard seed, and then fill the rest of the huge bowl with inferiority. You stir this together thoroughly until the flavor of inferiority entirely drowns out the knowledge. Put this greenish substance out on a board and knead it. Then you have to shape this dough into something that resembles a human being, but which is more apt to be an example to prove that Darwin was right. Then you put in two little eyes, so that the freshman can look up to the sophomores, and on each side of the head place two great big ears, with which the freshman may take in all the learning for which she has capacity. It doesn't matter about the rest of the body, but the legs must be short enough to make the freshman lower than the sophomore. When all this is done you put the result in the oven and cook until it is half baked. Before you lies the lowest form of humanity, a freshman.

ON CLOSETS

By Elizabeth Hellmers

Unfortunately Emily Post never wrote any rules of etiquette concerning clothes closets. Closets certainly have the advantage over humans in that they can follow the standard set by advertising and be nonchalant, in any circumstances, without lighting Murads.

Fancy being stuffed to the utmost with clothes and not feeling any ill effects. There is no medicine for being in this state, but you might, when the owner goes through and picks out old clothes for the rag man, call that a cure.

If I were to have my choice of being a closet, I would be a snob-closet. This is a closet filled with lovely evening dresses, thin, wispy tea gowns, and "chic" sport suits. There are rows and rows of shoes, each with a special ensemble to complete. My pride would be the quantity of hats I held. I would want hats which were crushable and which could be put in a "nut-shell".

I wonder if anyone fully realizes the value of a closet. If one is clever, she may hang her clothes so there seem to be twice as many as she really has. The secret is to inter-mix princess slips and blouses, which belong with her suits in with her dresses and coats.

Food can be stored in closets so that one may get up in the middle of the night to eat. The only danger underlying this is that rats and mice might be attracted and might also make nests in the pockets of your slicker.

A closet is a welcome spot to burglar-fearing females. Suppose a burglar enters in the night. What better place for milady to hide than in her clothes closet? One can hide herself in among the coats and dresses. However, if one is too heavy to get into the small room, I advise her to try getting under the bed or to take the intruder down and sit on him.

THAT CERTAIN FEELING

By Mildred French

There is nothing more depressing than an operating room. White-clad nurses, masks, rubber gloves, the heavy scent of ether, were my first impressions when I was stretched out on the table. I had often wondered what emotions I should experience when the little mask containing ether was placed over my nose. I remember them distinctly. Laughing and joking about it all, I felt the pungent odor of oranges penetrate my head. This wasn't bad. If ether smelt like my morning breakfast, surely I could stand it. But what was this other peculiar odor? Ugh! How sickening! Could I bear to breathe deeply as they were telling me or should I jerk the thing off my face and throw it at them? My lungs seemed ready to burst. I bit my lip but there was no feeling whatsoever. Was I getting light-headed, or were there really tomatoes slushed and messed all over the wall, prickly pears fighting one another? Something was carrying me up—up. I seemed to be traveling to heaven dangling at the end of a kite string. What if it should break? Could I possibly find the table I had so recently left and land safely there? I wanted to yell, scream, fight, kick, anything other than let this giddiness overpower my senses. Perhaps I had better tell the doctor I was "going under"; for I knew now there was no escape. A wee voice from somewhere near the ceiling said, "Here I go, Doctor". Could that have been I? What does it matter! Nothing matters, for here I go up again and even my kite string is far, far away; the world is beneath me—clouds—peace—slumber.

SAD HOUSE

By Camilla F. Luther

Lonely grey, squat hermitage of sod
Encircled by a span of earth and sky
Forsaken there by all except for God,
Who makes a torrid sun to beat,
and dry
The stubby, parched grass about to die
Upon the low flat roof, and winds to moan
In mournful manner, low in minor sigh;
And He has put a tenant there to drone
Who with hiss and hollow rattle lives alone.

ON MY KITTEN

By Frances Henderson

Oh funny little furry snow-white ball,
Serenely sleeping in yon cushioned place
Where bright warm rays come filtering through the lace,
And stencil wierdest patterns over all—
Soon emerald eyes of mischief-making fun
Will spy the shade-cord swaying temptingly.
A pounce! The shade flies up and puss runs free
To tease my song-bird warbling in the sun.
All through the day his pranks give me no rest,
But when I scold and puss pulls down his ears
And slowly flicks his tail from side to side
In deep contrition, I reflect how blest
I am to have no loathsome rats to fear.
I stroke his fur—he's purring, satisfied.

HANDS

By Lillian Nitcher

Tiny hands,
Baby hands, ---
Making smudgy marks
Upon the wall.

Loving hands,
Mother's hands,
With her tender patience
Watching all.

Rough brown hands,
Daddy's hands,
Hang an old worn hat
Up in the hall.

Tiny hands,
Loving hands,
And rough brown hands—
Day's end has joined them all.

EDEN

By Edna Hickey

Our backyard is merely a backyard. Beauty, in the form of systematically arranged borders bounding conventional rows of delicate flowers, is singularly absent. In the summer it has the ordinary backyard number of gay flowers springing up rather unconcernedly. At that time of the year, it is a pleasant place, and I can almost succeed in making myself believe it is really and truly a garden. But now, unclothed and naked looking, it stands out in the bareness of winter. It will never be an old world garden. It's just a backyard.

I get a full, clean sweep of it from my window. There, in front of my nose, pointing wind-shaken fingers at me, is the old apple tree. Now and then it nods its graying head as if to call my attention to the grape arbor, standing loosely twined in a dignity dimmed by the winters of the years. Behind the arbor, I can see the rose bushes, brown and stiff. They seem to be leaning against the sagging shed for support, thus giving the appearance of a counter-balance. Along the back of the yard, I can faintly discern the rise of the higher ground. It looks much like a terrace. It came into being, I remember, quite by accident, with the installing of new water pipes. The apricot tree, hidden in the corner, is almost out of sight. Yet I know that its bare limbs are raised in silent envy. It is much smaller than the imposing apple. Farther back is the old board fence. Its very wooden stability makes me certain that this bit of gray-colored Eden will always be "backyard".

FEBRUARY

By Dorothea Sturgiss

February—the one month of the year—
Deserving more of praise than it has won,
Although the others have been held more dear,
It is the month of fame and month of fun,
In hearts of valiant patriots held most high:
As birthday keeper of our nation's best,
Men whose deeds and fame shall never die,
Tho' many scores of years they've been at rest.
It is the month of bob-sleds, skates, and fun,
Of frozen ears and frosted finger tips,
A token to St. Valentine is done,
With hearts of lace and Cupid's jolly quips.
And so to other months you sing your song,
I'm glad to month of leap year I belong.

Costumes De Rigueur, May Queen Party

Lindenwood's Society Reporter Finds
Profusion of Loveliness

The lot of a fashion reporter at Lindenwood is a hard one, for everyone wears such lovely clothes that it is impossible to tell of all of the beautiful frocks worn. Especially was it hard to pick out the most stunning gowns at an event like the Senior Party of January 30, in honor of the May Queen and her court.

Melba Schaper, the newly arrived Senior, wore dotted pink net, with a corsage of forget-me-nots. Her necklace and earrings were also fashioned of blue forget-me-nots. Pink slippers completed the ensemble.

Viola Friep, a "little sister" of Elsie Friep, attended the dance gowned in red chiffon. White lace mitts, white satin slippers, and a crystal necklace were the accessories worn. Viola now attends Washington University, though she will probably attend Lindenwood in the future. She is a Gamma Phi.

Alberta Lee Hays of St. Louis, who attended Lindenwood, 1927-29, receiving a Physical Ed. Certificate, returned for the dance, being a guest of Margaret Omohondro. Miss Hays was gowned in powder blue satin, the skirt of which was cunningly contrived of diagonally sewed pieces of material.

"Tuck" Mitchell, visited Able Olsen the week end of the last of January, and the first of February. "Tuck" wore a black satin gown with a fitted girdle, and circular skirt.

Mrs. Bose, delightful linguist, was apparated in brown chiffon. Daffodil yellow flowers on the left shoulder, and a neck piece of the same color formed a pleasing contrast. Small, exquisitely matched pearls from China, were the only jewels worn.

Miss Cracraft chose a setting of white crepe for her blondness. Tiny silver beads outlined the decollete of the gown and formed a pattern around the girdle, which was fitted. A platinum necklace, crystal earrings, and red slippers were worn, and a red chiffon dance-kerchief carried.

Miss Morris looked demure in egg-shell taffeta, which was adorned with flowers of the same material. Silver brocaded slippers, and graduated pearls with a large pendant completed the ensemble.

Miss Ruth Teter, A. B., 1930, returned to visit her prominent sister for the week end. Miss Teter, the elder, wore a lace dress of royal blue, and silver pumps.

Miss Alma Louise Dallas, of Jefferson City, Mo., was beautifully gowned in white crepe. Tiny crystal beads outlined the draped neckline. The skirt of Grecian lines hung from a fitted girdle. The slippers matched the gown.

Louise Tubbs, a member of last year's Freshman class spent several days with Genevieve Michelsen. At the dance Louise was attired in peach colored crepe on which black velvet bowers continued the neck line in the back. Matching slippers peeped out from under the flounces which form-

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Sports

Basket ball practice has begun in earnest at last. Every Tuesday and Thursday afternoon from 4:45 on, the gym resounds with the yells of the basketballers. "Shoot, shoot, shoot" is heard amid "Guard er, Guard er, guard er".

The time is given over to shooting practice, passing practice, and games to familiarize the girls with the quick handling of the ball. A game itself, with frequent pauses for the explanation of a rule, winds up the session.

Practice will continue for several weeks to give the girls time to get in condition, and to pave the way for a fair choosing of the teams. The Sophomores being defending champions, the fight put up by them is expected to be scrappy and hard. But the Frosh have yet to demonstrate their strength. They have shown up well in practice, but they might not be so good in actual competition. Time will tell. As the upperclassmen—the Seniors will be playing their last college games, and it is safe to predict that they will try to leave a basketball victory behind them. The second half of the hockey season showed what they can do when they wish to. The question now is, "Do the Seniors wish to win badly enough to get out there and play hard and determinedly?" The Juniors having another year before them may not furnish the competition of which they are capable. Also they are likely to be too much wrapped up in social matters to have much time for athletics; rather, for the practice and conditioning necessary for a championship team. However, as a game is never over until the final whistle blows, it is impossible to try to predict the outcome of the coming season.

Come out for practice, for a string of substitutes is necessary, so that if you don't make the first team, you may rank first as a bench polisher. Many a game has been won by a basket made in the last second by a substitute, so don't be discouraged by your lack of experience but come out for practice and become experienced.

Age of Romance Not Yet Dead

It happened on a cold day toward the middle of the cold month of January. The wind blew outside and tiny flakes of snow fell—slowly—to the ground.

A young lady, of dusky complexion, walked, more or less cautiously, through the half-open door, of Butler Hall. She was not very bold—in fact, she seemed quite meek. But, she was a most lovable creature. She was cold, and she was hungry. She wanted friends—friends that were real friends. So she sought refuge in the half-darkened gymnasium, until—a certain Sophomore came along, saw her, and spoke to her in a tone, more friendly, and—so much more sympathetic, than any word she had heard—for a long time. Surely, now, she had found a real friend!

The Sophomore escorted her, happily, to her own third floor room, where she beheld all the comforts, and likewise, the hazards, of a civilized life—of life in a boarding school. And—ere long, she became the center of a great deal of attraction—the possessor of a great many friends.

But—happy days are gone again—and she has been literally "shoved" out again—into the cruel, cold world.

Class of '31, New Rings

Seniors Live In Different Halls

The Seniors have a new mark of distinction, their Senior rings. Unlike the Sophomore rings, they have a silver background instead of the onyx on which the crest is set. The designs or both rings are similar. The appearance of these rings serves as a reminder to all the Seniors that their stay in Lindenwood is almost at a close. Although they represent the great dignity worthy of a Senior, they are very attractive in design.

The Senior Class has no special building as there are representatives in three of the five dormitories. Butler heads the list with eighteen girls, Ares has six, and Irwin two. Betty Hosmer and Isabel Mayfield live on first floor Butler. On second there are Margaret Bell, Lorraine Robie, Frances Blair, Margaret Cobb, "Shaver" Davis, Marjorie Florence, Doris Force, Dorothea Lange, Josephine Peck, Elsie Friep, Johnnie Riner, Helen Weber, Sheila Willis, Sarah Young and Marguerite Zimmerman. "Tid" Thomas and Elizabeth Clark are the only Seniors on third floor.

Mary Lou Wardley and Ruth Clement live on first floor Ayres, Pauline Brown, Lena Lewis and Allene Horton are on second floor, and Mary Jo Wolfart is on third. The two Seniors in Irwin are Mary Elizabeth Miller and Dorothy Dining who live up on the third floor.

Although the members are scattered over the campus, they are loyal to the Class of '31 and to Lindenwood.

Groundhog Sees Shadow

Warning to Keep Fur Coats in
Readiness

Away back in the days of the Ancient Romans it was the custom to burn candles on the second of February to the goddess Februa, who was the mother of Mars. Then in Christian annals one finds that the second of February is Candlemas, the feast of the Purification of the Virgin Mary. On this event there is a procession of many lighted candles and all the tapers to be used for the coming year are consecrated at this time. Then in Scotland one finds a distich which expresses a common tradition, found in most parts of Europe, as well as in the United States, which runs thus:

"If Candlemas is fair and clear,
There'll be two winters in the year."

At Lindenwood, while there were no elaborate ceremonies with burning candles, nor dedications of tapers, nevertheless, before the appeared on the eastern horizon, there was much scanning of the sky in an effort to distinguish one little cloud. But no, it was not to be. The day dawned, and the sun continued to shine warmly and fervently all day and many were the comments: "Well, the ground-hog saw his shadow", or "I suppose we'll be having the winter weather that's held off so long, just about the time we were expecting spring."

At any rate, on one will mind, much, if the sort of "winter" Lindenwood has been having does continue for some time to come. Its very pleasant, even if it does give one "spring fever".

Perhaps, though, the memories of her short visit here will serve, a bit, to brighten the future of our "Madam Queen!"

ON THE CAMPUS

Dorothy Dinning and Gretchen Nitcher receiving mysterious packages through the mail—Doris Wright Bomford planning to elope with "George"—Phoebe Sparks getting a yard of candy—Issie Orr aspiring to a musical future—Ann Armstrong becoming the pride of Kirkwood—Nursie having a full house—Everyone a thank-you Nelly Donnelly for bringing some new spring styles to think about—such is Lindenwood this week.

SHOES—What Are They To Be This Season?

With spring just around the corner and no sloppy streets to contend with, thought suddenly turns to shoes. The question is—what will they be this season? And the answer is a new one. For several seasons there have been many, many reptiles and some suedes. The spring is going to revert to the plain kids which always are so smart and attractive.

The city shops seem to have a high cut or built-up pump. One of the prettiest spring pumps is the soft gray kid. Formal slippers are still matching the gowns. On the street there will be many ties. This type of shoe is in perfect accordance with the oncoming spring suits and sport coats. The campus is certain to see natural buckskin sneakers soon. They are ever popular because they will blend with any costume a girl may favor.

Students Entertain City Club

Girls from Voice and Speech Departments Give Program

In acceptance of an invitation from the Monday Club in Webster Groves, Mo., a group of Lindenwood girls gave a program before the club on Monday, February 2. Dr. Roemer, Mrs. Roemer, Dean Gipson, Miss Alice Linne-man, Miss Dorothy Detweiler, and Mrs. John Thomas, accompanied girls to the entertainment.

Dr. Roemer gave an address before the club, and was followed by the Choral Club sextet, which included Miriam Ashcraft, Elenor Hall, Frances McPherson, Marion Graham, Kathryn Martin, and Mary Margaret Hedrick. They rendered several songs, directed by Miss Detweiler, in the absence of Mr. Thomas who was not able to be present. Gretchen Hunker gave a reading, and Dolores Fisher sang two solos. Eleanor Krueckhaus was the piano accompanist.

WHO'S WHO?

She never worries about anything, and is always happy. She laughs a lot and has the friendliest of smiles. Her hair is short, a dark brown with a touch of red, and her eyes are grey. She is seen in the swimming pool often, was Captain of the Freshman swimming team last year, and won first place in diving at the meet. She is always playing bridge, and is the other quarter of the Davis-Dinning, Miller and ? team. She has a lot of pep and is always out for everything, and anything. Her nickname is "Diddle", for no reason at all. She lives in Irwin, and she and "Mac" won the Fencing Tournament for that hall last year.

Read the Linden Bark.

College Calendar

Tuesday, February 10—
5 p. m.—Music Students' Recital.
Thursday, February 12—
11 a. m.—Oratory Recital.
Friday, February 13—
8 p. m.—Freshman Valentine Party.
Sunday, February 15—
6:30 p. m.—Vesper Service by Dr. Charles L. Chalfant of Pittsburg.

Sidelights of Society

Not many girls left the campus the week-end of the thirtieth. Perchance there was too much celebration the week before, and then again the Senior Dance Friday night, may have attracted some to remain on the dear old campus, in hopes—well, to witness the coronation of the May Queen, ruler of love and beauty.

Those students who did sally forth to meet new acquaintances and to greet old friends reported good times.

Marguerite Metzger spent the few days in Ames, Iowa, as guests at the Pi Phi House. While there, she also attended a Sigma Alpha Fraternity dance.

Betsy Davis left on Friday for Kirkwood, where she spent the week-end with her family.

Marion Harszey also spent the week-end with her family in East St. Louis.

Mildred Sherman, otherwise known as "Billie", and Louise Condon visited with friends in St. Louis.

Louise Tubbs, a girl of last year and now a student on the campus of Kansas U., was a guest of Genevieve Michelson. Everyone was glad to see "Tubs" back again, even if it was for so short a visit.

Gilda Ashby, a new student this year returned last week from her home in La Grande, Oregon. Gilda left school during exams, having been called home because of the death of her brother. All of us extend our sympathy, and welcome her back to Lindenwood.

Marjorie Florence, Lindenwood's new May Queen, went to her home in Roodhouse, Illinois, for the week-end, and returned to school Monday morning. However, she again returned home to rest for a week upon the advice of Dr. Stumberg.

Melba Schaper, the "new Senior" went to her home in Warrenton for the week end.

Ruth Steimke spent the week-end at her home in St. Louis.

Elsie Priep spent Saturday night and Sunday at her home in St. Louis. Her sister, Viola Priep and a friend, Loula Lorenzonson, visited her on Saturday.

"Several of Butler's Seniors, including 'Shaver', Clark, and Weber, were among those who spent a part of this week in the infirmary.

Marjorie Filkins spent the week end home, and was also absent Monday attending a tea given in honor of the young ladies who served as maids of honor at the U. D. C. Ball Saturday, February 7. Before the tea a rehearsal of the ceremony was held.

Frances Gray has been called home because of her mother's illness. Frances will not return to school.

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at Lindenwood. She attended Illinois College, at Jacksonville, Illinois, during her first two years of College, but she says, "I always wanted to come to Lindenwood". She has always lived at Roodhouse, Illinois.

Her appearance is especially appropriate for one who is to be May Queen. She is tall, and very slender. Perhaps "willowy" might be used to describe her. She has the much-envied combination of black hair and blue eyes, and is one of the girls about whom one hears girls say, "She certainly has good looking clothes."

On Friday evening, she wore a beautiful gown of rose taffeta, with long ruffled skirt and drop sleeves, and a sash of blue taffeta. Silver slippers, and gold jewelry completed her costume. She was really a beautiful queen.

Perhaps some of the more outstanding things which might be classed as habits, tastes, or interests, are her habitual going home for week-ends, week-ends in St. Louis, her great love for "Latin", which is her major and the subject she expects to teach next year. She was one of the two girls chosen from the senior class, as candidates for this year's "Pop" Queen, and she belongs to the club of the three seniors, who read a book each week, or treat the club to steak dinners. In fact, one can think of no one who would be more appropriate for Lindenwood's May Queen of 1931.

Well-Liked Junior For Honor Maid

The Juniors chose as Maid of Honor, quite as appropriate, when they elected Miriam Runnenberger, of Harrisonville, Missouri. Miriam has been at Lindenwood all of her three years, and expects to finish here next year.

She is most active in Home Economics department, and holds an office in the Home Economics Club. Her neat appearance almost betrays the fact that she is quite a fine seamstress, and has an appreciation for art.

Miriam, too, is tall and slender, very graceful, and stately, and carries herself well, in accordance with all our ideas of "the way a Maid of Honor should look". She is a blond—with a beautiful, fair complexion, and long hair that bears something of a reddish tint. She appeared, on Friday evening, in a beautiful and most becoming gown, of purple net, with silver slippers, white gloves, and jewelry the shade of her dress. She really looked—lovely.

Aside from Miriam's interest in

Miriam Runnenberger visited Miss Anna Gasch of Westgate Avenue in University City, after the party last Friday.

Louise Griffin and Silvia Norsworthy visited Mrs. Henderson during her stay in St. Louis last week end.

Frances Lehmpuhl spent Saturday and Sunday with Lillian Webb, at the former's home in Clayton. They returned to school full of the Auto Show.

Cariat Bradley visited in Columbia during the week-end of February 6, as guest at the Delta Delta Delta House. While there she attended a Delta Upsilon Dance.

Jane Babcock spent the week end of February 7, visiting a friend in St. Louis. She attended the U. D. C. Ball of Saturday night.

Ruth Gibbs and Shelia Willis spent the week-end in St. Louis, also, Ruth attended the S. A. E. dance at Washington University on Friday night.

Home Economics, and all of the subjects involved therein, one might say that she is interested in books, in play, and in practically all the activities of College life. She is a member of the League of Women Voters, president of the Missouri Club, and is especially interested in all the activities of the Junior class. The Juniors feel that she is entirely worthy of such an honor, and every one knows that she will be a lovely "Maid of Honor".

Sophomore Attendants Striking Contrast

The two sophomore attendants, Marian Harszy of East St. Louis, Ill., and LaVerne Wright of Wichita Kans., furnished a most striking effect in black and white. If the sophomores had gotten together in a body and decided which girls they would elect and the dresses that they would wear they could not have picked a more pleasing, almost theatrical contrast. Marion is a lovely blonde with large brown eyes, while LaVerne is the well known dark haired little beauty. Marion's dress was a sophisticated blonde in black, and the bristles and molded to the figure, setting off her wavy gold hair to perfection; while LaVerne was dressed in the costume that she wore in the program immediately following the crowning. It was a very full white tulle with large silver leaves on the tight fitting bodice. Silver slippers completed the outfit, giving her the appearance of a lovely sprite just stepping from fairy-land. The sophisticated blonde in black, and the brunette in white made the sophomore attendants perfect foils for the other beauty, as gracefully, and utterly poised, they walked to the throne.

Appearance and coloring are about the extent of these two girl's differences for their enthusiasms and campus activities are strikingly similar. Both are dancers of considerable talent, taking part in many of the programs given at the college. Both are athletically inclined being members of A. A.; and both are slender, not very tall, and have distinct and graceful carriage. The sophomore class has certainly achieved its desire to add to the beauty of May Day, by the choosing these two girls as their attendants.

Freshman Attendants Former Queens

The two freshman attendants to the May Queen are Esther Groves and Marie Wagenseller. They are of two very different types.

Esther Groves is a beautiful golden blonde. Upon first sight it is her hair, worn in a long bob, which attracts one. Then, when becoming acquainted, it is discovered that she has a very sweet and dynamic personality. The night she became attendant, she wore a gorgeous rose-colored moire evening gown. The skirt was cut along circular lines and touched the floor. A beautiful effect was achieved by the black moire slippers and the long black, kid gloves that completed the outfit.

Esther has many friends at Lindenwood. She comes from St. Joseph, Missouri, and in her last year in high school she was crowned Football Queen.

Marie Wagenseller is a striking brunette. Her hair is almost coal-black. It is noticed that her eyes are the first things that attract. They are very large and dark, and they laugh when she laughs. Marie wore a beautiful rose-colored taffeta gown that touched the floor. It set off her dark beauty in a way that no other color could. She wore long white kid gloves.

Marie carried herself with dignity

and it is no wonder that she was May Queen her last year in high school at her home in Junction City, Kansas.

Marie and Esther looked very charming together, both being about the same height and build, but such entirely different types.

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of the skirt.

Sara Stuck, almost uncontested holder of the title of "Best-dressed student of Lindenwood" was dream-like in black chiffon velvet, the be-ruffled skirt of which touched the floor. It was adorned with white gardenias, which with pearl drop earrings, and white gloves formed a pleasing contrast to the soft blackness of the gown.

Miss Lula Lorandos, another guest of Elsie Priep, and also of St. Louis, was gowned in egg-shell crepe with matching slippers. A crystal necklace and pearl earrings were the only adornments.

Margaret Cobb chose a peach colored gown of crepe de chine lace. The bodice was of crepe de chine, and alternate flounces of lace.

Dolly Kircher appeared in egg-shell satin with a fitted bodice. An apron effect was achieved by the "apron" in front, and the crossed straps in the back, to which as attached a large bow. White slippers, and gloves, and pearls completed the costume.

Marg. McKeough was attired in flowered taffeta, the back ground of which was black, and the flowers apricot. A matching bolero, the sleeves of which were trimmed with white fur, was discarded for the evening.

Ann Ragsdale looked stunning in white satin, the only trimming of which was green taffeta flowers, which followed the neck line in the back. The jewelry worn was a rhinestone necklace, and rhinestone hoop earrings.



Means so much to the new Spring Costume.

The New FORM-FIT Line of Brassieres, Garter Belts, Girdles, Girdleires and Slenderettes, awaits your selection

BRAUFMAN'S
Corner Main & Washington

STRAND THEATRE

TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY
A New Star—JOHN WAYNE, in
The BIG TRAIL
Also Comedy and News

THURSDAY and FRIDAY
CHARLES (Buddy) ROGERS, in
ALONG CAME YOUTH
Comedy—Cartoon—News

SATURDAY MATINEE—2:30
Two Shows at Night—7 and 9 p. m.
GLORIA SWANSON, in
WHAT A WIDOW