

# LINDEN BARK

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PRICE 5c

## Artist To Give Concert

Eminent Violinist to Play at Lindenwood

Boris Koutzen, eminent violinist and composer will give a recital at Lindenwood College next Friday night, March 13, in Roemer Auditorium.

Mr. Koutzen was born at Uman, Southern Russia, and is not yet quite thirty years of age. He graduated from the Moscow Conservatory in 1918, and then completed his education in Germany. Among his teachers are Leo Zetlin, (violin) and Rheingold Gliere, (composition).

Mr. Koutzen is the son of a famous violinist. He was only eleven years of age when he began giving concert numbers. This is his first American tour, and his concerts have met with great success in both the East and the West. His program is as follows:

I	
Partita in E minor.....	Bach-Siloti
Prelude—Adagio ma non tanto—Allegro—Gigue	Allegro—Gigue
La Folia.....	Corelli-Kreisler
II	
Poeme.....	Chausson
III	
Legende.....	Koutzen
Nocturne.....	Koutzen
Russian Dance.....	Tschaikowsky-Koutzen
IV	
Spanish Dance "Malaguena".....	Sarasate-Koutzen
Jota.....	DePalla
Introduction and Tarantella.....	Sarasate

## Writer's Opportunity —Fraternity Contest

Sigma Tau Delta, national honorary English fraternity, has recently announced that it is sponsoring a contest to select the best piece of original work contributed by a freshman.

The contest is open to all members of the freshman class, and the composition must be in Miss Parker's office by four o'clock, on Friday, March 20.

Any original work may be entered in this contest—an essay, a short story, a poem or a group of poems. The compositions will be judged and medals will be awarded for first and second places. The two best contributions will be published in the Linden Bark.

## News from the Dean's Office

The grades for the six weeks are out and Dean Gipson is being kept busy seeing students.

The new 1931 Catalogues are out and are being sent already to parents. They are very attractive this year. The cover is of soft, grey vellum and the printing and the crest in a bright blue.

Dean Gipson said that she had received a letter recently concerning the caps and gowns for the graduates of June. She also said that plans would soon get under way for the event.

## Interesting Talk By Dr. Wilson

Old Friend of the Roemer's Tells of Great Northwest

Dr. Alfred Lee Wilson, pastor at the Kenwood Park All-Denominational Church in Chicago, addressed the 11 o'clock assembly Thursday morning, February 26, in Roemer auditorium. Dr. Wilson is a personal friend of both Dr. and Mrs. Roemer, which made his lecture additionally interesting to the students.

In his address, but it wasn't an address, it was more of an informal narration, he spoke of a camping trip which he had taken one summer into the northern states. The itinerary comprised about 4,500 miles, the means of travel was a Ford, and his companion was his son. This trip brought to Dr. Wilson a new appreciation both of the Northwest Territory and of the hardy pioneers who had settled that region.

When Thomas Jefferson, then president of the United States appropriated \$2500 for the exploration of this far away territory, Lewis and Clark started out from St. Louis in an attempt to reach the Pacific coast. They secured as their guide the Indian Birdwoman, Sacagewia who was going back to her land from which she had been stolen. Throughout the entire westward journey the struggling party felt the need of Indian aid and assistance, and when they finally came upon two groups of Indians belonging to her tribe, they found that her brother was one of the leaders of the party. "It was this woman, Sacagewia, who was responsible for the success of the Lewis and Clark Expedition, and there has recently been erected, in her honor, a bronze statue in the City Park in Portland, Oregon."

"Another party of pioneers who deserve a great deal of praise for their exploration work in the Northwest, was the group of people who set out with Dr. Marcus Whitman, Mr. Spalding and their brides to reach the coast. They traveled from St. Louis to Fort Leavenworth and finally caught up with a group of traders, and on July 4, 1835 the entire party reached the Great Divide."

"At that time there was considerable talk of trading the Northwest for a few fishing posts off the coast of Newfoundland. Dr. Whitman had the cause of the west at heart and drove by wagon in the dead winter, back to Washington to interview President Tyler in an effort to save this territory for the United States. After a time, he secured President Tyler's permission to settle the territory, and to take a colony of 1,000 beyond the divide. Although he was killed during the next year in a massacre, the work that he started was valiantly carried on by his colleagues. We should remember, however, that Dr. Whitman gave not only his efforts, but

Read the Linden Bark.

## Chances For Career

Seniors Scanning Occupational Outlook

The Bulletin Board of "Occupational Information" for this week is very interesting. It presents a variety of material on the various types of opportunities for women of today.

The first is an article on "Opportunities in Boston for Women trained in Home Economics." These include the following: Cafeterias, Lunch, and Tea Rooms, Miscellaneous positions in Business, Institutional Management and Dietetics, Home Economics Workers in Social Service, State Positions, and Teaching.

There appears, also, an article telling of the twelve women who have been selected as the greatest in the United States.

"The Value of Stenography to the College Girl in the Publishing Field" is the subject of a second interesting pamphlet.

Other articles, which show that women are advancing in other countries, as well as in the United States, include one entitled, "Moslem Women are Advancing", which shows modern changes in the position of women in the Near East, "Chinese Women of Today," "Czecho-Slovakia," which has been called "the land of women's dreams come true," and "Japanese Women next?", an article which says that suffrage in China is looking up.

"Librarianship as a Career" is the title of a new government bulletin, which tells of the many opportunities for women in all types of libraries. A similar government bulletin is entitled, "Legal Education."

The remainder of this week's articles concern a discussion on the need for integration in science, by Dr. Farrant, the recent assignment of a woman consul, Miss Constance R. Harvey, of Buffalo, New York, as Vice-Consul at Ottawa, Canada, a girl radio engineer, and the great opportunities offered by Social work, as a career. The bulletin board, this week, is very instructive, and certainly shows that women are becoming more and more important in every field, and in every country. They are looking up!

## Improving In Health

Mary Edna Trammel, who was a freshman a Lindenwood this year, was recently forced to leave her studies here, on account of illness. She will not return to school this year, but, according to the latest reports, she is much better. She is now at her home, in Oklahoma City.

Agnes Kister has been off the campus for a fortnight with a quite serious attack of the flu, but at last accounts she is sitting up and improving.

His life as well, in the cause of the Great Northwest Territory."

Dr. Wilson closed with a poem as a tribute to the pioneers of this vast territory.

## Dr. Case Delivers Second Lenten Sermon

Special Music Arranged By Y. W. C. A.

The second of the Lenten Services was held in the auditorium Sunday, March 1, with the new officers of Y. W. C. A. in charge. The service opened with the singing of the Doxology, followed by a prayer by Rose Kelle, the president of Y. W. Frances Marie McPherson sang a solo, accompanied by Betty Leek at the piano.

Dr. Ralph T. Case gave the sermon for the morning. Speaking on the subject of "Surrendered Life", Dr. Case used as his text two verses found in Jeremiah and Galatians. These verses deal with the dominant motive of living and experience. There are two ways of living, one of advancement, ambitious, purposive self to which everything contributes and the other is the influence from without life. It is the influence which separates a religious or surrendered life from the non-religious life.

Paul tells us of his career in Judaism. He had advanced in ways above most men, making a name for himself. On his way to Damascus a vivid image came to him and changed his life. He owed new allegiance to God. The purpose of his new life was to give himself utterly to a new cause. This is an example of a great surrendered life—Christ lived in him.

The disciples were voluntary in their desire to deny themselves, take up the cross and follow Christ. Christian Discipleship means first allegiance must be Christ. Even the word Christian signifies that. The story of the rich young ruler illustrates the selfish life. He was not willing to give up worldly goods to the needs of Christ.

In order to obtain a surrendered life it is necessary the individual surrender everything to Christ, be near to him in his influence. The following men show that surrender is typical of religious life. Thomas A. Kempis stated his platform when he said that we are to find in the example of Christ "all we are or all we see. He set forth four ways to the land of peace, to do the will of another, to choose to have the less, to seek always the lowest, and to wish and pray always for will of God to be fulfilled. William Borden attended Yale, had wealth, physical strength, intellectual vigor, and social standing. While traveling abroad he had a meeting and "He was much helped and surrendered all." He went to Yale as a christian to make his wealth serve the Christian way of living. It was said of him, "Few men at Yale have left so strong an impression on the character of students." He started for Asia to give himself to the propagation of the Christian Religion. His surrender was so complete that his life was an inspiration.

"The religious source of joy, peace and happiness is in the surrender of

(Continued to page 6, Col. 4)

# Linden Bark

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TUESDAY, MARCH 10, 1931.

## LINDEN BARK:

The stormy March has come at last,  
With winds and clouds and changing skies;  
I hear the rushing of the blast  
That through the snowy valley flies.

William Cullen Bryant.

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## Lenten Services Prove Favorable

Lindenwood's Sunday morning Lenten Services under the direction of the Y. W. C. A. seems to be accepted by the students with favor.

Sunday morning church-goers to St. Charles have no break in their routine but the "stay-in-their-rooms" have a chance now to do something else besides study in that hour before dinner. All Lindenwood students may give up laziness and a study hour to carry out their Lenten resolution to attend services every Sunday morning.

We have even heard one student voice great enthusiasm over the general feeling of well-being and content it gives her to go to these services. "The candles add a note of beauty and somberness," she said. The entire atmosphere of music, flowers and white dresses against a dark background is made for restfulness. The good thoughts and those "something to think about ideas" sent out by Dr. Roemer and Dr. Case are stimulants to the mind.

Lenten Services are a change from the ordinary and all students surely feel in them a gain of something better in the daily make-up of life.

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## What Does The Moon Mean To You?

Most of us have probably lived our entire lives without so much as realizing how Easter Sunday is determined. However, whether we know it or not, there is a very definite reason why Easter comes on a certain day each year. One moon has a name. This is the Paschal moon which this year will reach its fullness on April 2. The Sunday following this full moon will be Easter.

Last week on March 4 the moon was at its height for the last time before Paschal moon. Early in the evening Roemer Hall was silhouetted against a horizon of flame. Slowly rising in the Northeast came the full moon. From a deep crimson it turned into a burnt orange. We saw it at its height—a bright yellow—then as it sank lower, turning burnt orange again and crimson. All night long it crept across the sky.

We felt as though there was a strange resemblance between this moon and a beautiful life. They both are introduced in a blaze of brilliance. As they go on in their duration they both mellow. Then finally when the end comes there is one last radiance before the darkness.

The moon means very different things to all of us. Some of us remember the beauty of color. Some of us recall incidents in which the full moon has figured. But, however this may be, none of us deny the loveliness of this same full moon as it rises over the water or through the trees.

There is the moon that rises on hot summer nights, that enchants us all as we ride, dance, or swim. Then there is the famous harvest moon rising on the riotous colors of autumn. Later there is that full moon that rises over the deep snow casting a fascinating, cold, white light. At last there is that lovely soft moon that rises on the freshness of spring nights when our minds are suddenly consumed with a burning desire to follow this light anywhere—just to follow.

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## Promotion Of Drama At Lindenwood

In a recent article of the Columbia Spectator, Barret H. Clark, play reader for the Theatre Guild and editor of the Drama Magazine, lays a rather astounding charge at the door of college dramatic organizations. "Unless something unforeseen occurs in the near future," he says "I don't see how our theatre can become much more than a mere manufacturing plant—subsidized by the motion picture interest—or turning out obvious types of popular entertainment."

The reason, of course, for this deplorable condition is that the theatre cannot be regarded as a money-making organization, and still retain its value as an art. Better equipment is necessary and the education of the actors, directors, and the theater-going public.

Mr. Clark claims that the whole solution to this problem lies with college dramatics. The provincial Theater and the college dramatic associations are not limited by cinema standards or financial necessities, and for this reason they possess the key with which to emancipate the stage from disintegrating commercial influences.

The value of drama on campus is a matter for serious thought, too. How many otherwise dull week-ends are livened by some dramatic presentation, and how much we all enjoy them! Lindenwood has had such an organization for a number of years, the former Lindenwood Players which now has been superseded by the Alpha Phi Omega. The latter honorary fraternity leads in all college dramatic activities, producing two plays a year, the members taking an active part in many more.

It is for us to stand behind Alpha Phi and its program, and do our part to answer the challenge thus offered by Mr. Clark.

## NOWHERE

By Beatrice Van Druif

A quaint, short, red-haired man had pushed me through dim, silent corridors on a bed on wheels into a brightly white, clean-smelling room, and placed me upon a hard, white operating table. A clink of metal jarred my nerves; competent gloved hands moved; low voices murmured. A subdued hurry pervaded the room. Bright morning light flooded serenely in the great paneless window at my feet. Someone was holding fast to my hand. I was half-conscious of all, yet a strange dread and anxiety, a semi-curious expectancy deadened my senses. I heard padded footsteps moving, and a low moan from the corridor; I raised my head in time to see a white attendant laden with a pile of blood-soaked cloths passing the door before some one held me down and closed the door. I felt a sudden nausea, a sudden hatred of this dreadful cleanness, this blank whiteness, this hushed noise, this slaughtering room. I wanted to be at home in my own room. But the doctor, in his lunny little white skull cap and suit, was jovially advising me to lie quietly and to breathe deeply. Behind me a small, foreign lady began murmuring brokenly in a low, soothing, monotonous voice while she held a heavy, sickly sweet-smelling white cup over my face.

I felt them strapping my legs and arms to the table. My head felt suddenly heavy, drugged. It seemed as if a great, cold stone pressed against my throat, half-choking me. Voices were murmuring indistinguishable words. All was dull heaviness, slow sinking, sinking into the very table, into bottomless depths. Heaviness closed in over me; above me I felt something. Still I was sinking, now faster, faster—heavy, heavy limbs—voices, incoherently clamoring, now died away into infinite nothingness. Now they returned, growing again into a hurried, babbling, confused noise, echoing and reechoing in endless cool, narrow passages. It was a circle I traveled, at the top of which the voices grew nearer and louder, and as I dropped they reached into a dull, throbbing silence. I felt a deep beat or thud regularly grip my being briefly, and suddenly free me. I hadn't arms or legs any more; I wasn't conscious of my person at all. I don't think I had any limbs that I could move. I was nearly an atom, a tiny molecular part of this huge, rushing circular plan. All was white nothingness, a cold, crisp, white void.

Strangely, it all seemed very familiar to me. Surely I had been there before. This heavy, slow, striving bill of ascending the huge sphere in a dusky twilight I had surely experienced somewhere before. A sudden whiz, a wide, swift, breath-taking curve, cut sharply into the bright light, accompanied by a wierd, rhythmic shrieking or shrill chanting, which died away into the bleak, crisp silence of the sickening fall to the bottom of the cycle. The light was so sharply white and cold that it hurt.

I had no will, no effort; all movement was involuntary. I felt helpless, but unafraid. Again and again I whirled about this cycle. It seemed that all my life I would continue to do so. There was no past or future, only repeating present.

Suddenly there was a swift upward rushing. I heard voices murmuring indistinctly again, calmer and quieter now. I could feel cumbersome, heavy limbs and they weakly responded when I tried to move them. The heavy, sickening, sweet odor of oper-

## Miss Tucker an Authority

Paris Via Home Economics Department This Spring

While other women must go to Paris to Patou or Lavin to find out what the well dressed woman will wear, we Lindenwood girls have only to go to Miss Tucker, head of the Home Ec. Department to be assured of the latest styles. So a reporter was sent to Miss Tucker to get the latest news, and, being of a generous nature, the BARK is passing the news on. Here it is.

Box pleats, it seems, are gaining in favor. In the suits the students are making, box pleats and flared skirts are vying for honors. Three piece suits, and dresses with jackets are most popular. Indeed, so popular are boleros, that the slogan of the time seems to be "Now is the time for all good dresses to have a jacket".

The materials being used are wool crepe, and the new woolen material of a loose weave suggestive of a tweed. Blues, light tans, or tannish mixtures plaids and the old standby, white, are good colors.

The creations, representative of those being made, are the sleeveless white wool crepe with box pleats and a green jacket of Louise Anderson, and the three piece suit with a flared skirt of the new woolen material in navy blue by Hannah Hardin.

## Ancient Romans

### And Their Mothers

The main topic of the Roman Tattler this week is "Mother's Day", and its origin. A short history of this day runs as follows:

#### The Matronalia

"Mother's Day as we observe it is not new. It is an age old celebration known as the Matronalia which the Romans participated in centuries ago. It was celebrated first in honor of Juno who was the matron's deity. This celebration took place on the first of March when all the Matrons of Rome marched in procession to the temple of the Goddess to offer her flowers and libations.

The Matronalia was also celebrated in the home when the wives received presents from their husbands, and as mothers, they were remembered by their children. The families entertained their slaves, and feasts were held in the homes on this holiday. So Mother's Day is just another of the age old, beautiful customs."

In keeping with this subject, there is a picture of Hera, "Barberini Juno" which is copied from the picture found in the Vatican at Rome. There is also a picture of the Aldobrandini Marriage.

ating room ether and chloroform struck me. Somewhere I felt a dull pain, but I couldn't locate just where. My eyes filled with a dazzling whiteness when I opened them, so I let them remain closed. My lips moved, and my voice sounded unnatural. I knew dimly the words I wanted to say, but I couldn't hear them. Was I speaking or not?

Afterwards they tried to explain to me that it was the heating of my heart that caused the huge rushing circle of which I was so definite if tiny, a part. But it still seems to me that it must have been the whole plan of the lost past universe, or future life, or the cycle of the life that is not being lived. I must have been interminably whirling there before I had a body to possess this spark of life. At least that would be a logical conclusion which could clear up my wondering.

**"HELLO"**

By Edna Hickey

Whatever one may not get by being associated with a Dime Store—either snooping before or presiding behind a counter—one certainly gets more than enough of the wish to be as far removed from its clatter of dimes as possible. It not only affects the feet, the fingers, the range of vision, and the humor, but it figures largely in one's luck. About the last I am quite sure.

On Saturday in a Dime Store, that hour of peace and utter relaxation that the poets praise comes at ten o'clock. Even the decorative advertisements on the wall flutter in a sigh of relief. Just so did I sigh, and my night when noisy surprise bubbled in this unburdening sigh! The sound of it had barely floated away in the dark partner with me. How short-lived was its stead. There, on the corner, with hands thrust in pockets and smiling serenely, was either my partner's friend or mine. Thus far, we had been unable to discover which of us he was courting, so divided had his attentions been. And, further, these same attentions, as drama has it, were "unwelcomed" by us. Of course, he was no ordinary corner loafer. Not at all. He was very nice—very nice looking, very nice family, and very nice clothes. But instead of reviewing for us our respective beauties, he insisted upon expounding at us—most certainly not to us—the various good points, and these points seeming to be without number, about himself, the places he had seen, and then about himself again. Now, you know yourself, that one may be ever so nice, but as soon as he forgets to remember that there is someone else in the crowd, his nicety becomes a bore.

"Oh, hello," I said. (One must say "hello.")

"Were you looking for some one?" asked the partner.

"Yes. You know, I thought I'd like to finish telling you girls about the time I rode that wild horse out in—"

"Sure—very interesting. Don't start it again. We've got to get something at the drug store, don't we, Sue? Tell us next week."

This didn't even make a dent. It would have blown any one else over.

"Go ahead," he smiled. "I'll wait for you."

Oh, luck, would that you weren't a lady! Into the store we went. We hadn't a single thing to buy, so we looked at all the perfume labels and smelled all the powder and got the tips of our noses white. In the back of the store, reclining against the piano at a lazy angle, was the daughter of the owner of the store. We pounced upon her and unloaded our troubles. She straightened and contemplated the tip of her finger.

"You can use the back steps and slip out the alley."

To get to the back steps, we had first to go up the steps behind the piano without being seen by our friend waiting for us at the door. I decided to disappear first. I walked slowly around and made a quick leap for the dark shadow behind the piano. A second later my partner joined me. Such whisperings and laughter! Certainly we had left our simple friend high and dry, alone with his wild horse out in somewhere. In the manner of young and foolish maidens, we clasped each other about the middle and gave way to a peculiar noise, half laugh, half cry, that terminated in a sort of puff. Did we fool him? One more siege of giggles, and we proceeded to ooze out the back door. We stepped into the soft night and turning, came face to face with our

**ITALIAN NOON**

By Burnette Billman

We had left Naples and her smouldering guardian, Mount Vesuvius, behind us, and were traveling north on the Strada toward Rome. By noon the choking dust and blistering hot sun forced us to stop in a typical Italian village. After a bite to eat, which we were too warm to enjoy, everyone seemed suddenly to disappear for the customary siesta. Not yet being used to sleeping at this hour, I walked out with a lazy curiosity to poke about unmolested in the village. I stepped out into a narrow, stone-paved street that was completely deserted except for a fat, oily native who dozed in a doorway. The only discernible movement was that of his heavy, black mustache, as he breathed laboriously. A few huge loaves of black bread hung limply above him, and around him lay baskets of warm fruit and wilted vegetables that even the flies were too lazy to investigate. I began to realize just why the streets were so utterly deserted at this hour. The rough stones beneath me vied with the sun in pouring forth heat. A nauseating odor of garlic and spaghetti from the noon meal still lingered about the buildings. The nasty rubbish in the street made me walk gingerly. Listlessly I gazed now and then into the shops at brilliant beads and knickknacks, all coated with a fine dust. Filth, suffocating filth—and heat, a penetrating, grinning heat everywhere! I was dripping with perspiration that each step aggravated. I had a sudden insatiable desire to be back in the hotel—any place away from this street, the picturesqueness of which I was too thoroughly uncomfortable to enjoy. After a seemingly endless ten minutes, I came to our hotel, and rather weakly, I confess, stumbled into the door. My throbbing head and parched throat begged for water which I had been warned not to drink. So I sucked a lemon and stretched out in a chair. In a semi-doze I fanned myself for the next two intolerable hours.

**A MIDNIGHT SWIM**

By Margaret Carter

The blue night was peaceful as we crept silently out of the tent-house, being cautious not to tread upon creaky boards and disturb the slumbers of the other campers.

Safely outside we followed the dimly outlined path winding through the pine trees toward the cliff. The air was heavy with the odor of balsam and pine, and as we hurried along, the moon shed its rays in light splashes through the branches above. Everything was intensely still; even the fitful night breeze had died down and our footfalls were deadened by the carpet of soft, springy pine needles. At the edge of the cliff the path took a sudden swoop downward. It was strewn with sand and jagged pieces of rock that made a dull gritting sound as we half slid, half tumbled down to the level of the beach. As we stood there looking out over the ruffled expanse of the lake, rippling wavelets crept up along the sand, just touching our bare toes and receding again. Without wasting more time, we slid between the silver-fringed jet waves sending a fine spray flying about us. We dived and splashed and played to our hearts' content, experiencing the joy of being entirely free in the water with only the man in the moon for the spectator.

smiling friend, waiting for us in the alley.

"Oh, hello," I said. (One must say "hello.")

**DREAM TAVERN**

By Lillian Nicher

There is a low-roofed cabin  
Below a high hill's crest,  
Where every night I wander,  
And there I dream and rest.

There's one big heavy log aglow  
Within a crimson fire,  
I sit and watch the pale blue smoke,  
As it goes higher—higher.

The log is of the dream-wood tree,  
And that is why, my friend,  
I love to watch the pale blue smoke  
And see my dreams ascend.

Perhaps you wouldn't like to burn  
These dream-wood logs,.....but I  
Think it is a lovely way  
For all my dreams to die.

**ROBERT**

By Charlotte Bangs

We saw Robert in Sunday School every Sabbath, bulging over the little red chair in which he invariably sat. His pasty, ham-shaped face settled between his drab hair and dirty collar like a great bowl of yeast-bloated bread dough. He rested spinelessly in his place, his shapeless coat flapping open to show the record of nine years' steady attendance at the Sunday School written across his ragged vest in tawdry brass and silver medals. His thick legs, encased in white cotton stockings always streaked with dirt and grease, twined themselves about the legs of his chair, and his clumsy feet shifted incessantly, scraping heavy-nailed boots across the wooden floor. He had one accomplishment—he could recite whole chapters from the Bible. Leaning back, his pinkish eyes half shut, and his puffy, shapeless mouth stuttering glibly over the passages, he would repeat verse after verse, while the rest of us pinched each other and popped our gum.

**OLD BALE GURNER**

By Wilma Jane Stephens

I never saw old Bale Gurner but what I thought of some fat, rambling house with the whitewash wearing off. He breathed that same odor of decay, stifling uninhabited rooms, and cobwebbed walls. His saggy coat was heavy with the thick fumes of cheap tobacco. Gurner always had a dingy two-gallon cowboy hat perched on the top of his stained grey hair, and his face floated beneath it like a huge milk-white balloon, puckering as the air went out. His eyes cried continuously, and the swollen tears rolled down the deep crevices at the side of his nose. Underneath the flaps of flesh that had once been a chin the narrow collar slowly wilted and became yellow and spotted. There was a shoe-string tie in front, but the chin almost hid it. A gold watch chain with heavy links stretched painfully across the old man's central rotundity. I often pitied that poor chain when I saw him eat. Gurner's legs looked very unfit for their task of upholding such a bloated body. When the wind blew, their outline was flimsy and shaky under the thin grey trousers, but two huge blocks of feet held them fast.

When old Bale talked his body shook and the deep roar of thunder mumbled up from hollow caverns in his throat. His words grumbled and growled and rolled into one another until they became just one thudding roar. The watery blue veins on his face puffed and swelled into little canals. To see Gurner grow angry was to see steaming, erupting Vesuvius at its worst.

Read the Linden Bark.

**IN THE TAXI**

By Mary Cowan

When my exams were over Thursday morning at five minutes past ten, I was ready to celebrate by spending the week-end in the city. As the street car leaves for Wellston at ten-fifteen, I rushed over to Irwin (I would have to live in the building which is farthest from Roemer) and called a taxi. I can never explain how the driver managed to get his cab out in front so soon, unless it is one of those magic machines which have the ability to sprout wings and fly. Anyhow, before I had scrambled up the stairs, two, and occasionally three, at a time, he was outside, honking an asthmatic horn. I grabbed my hat, gloves, purse, and hat-box. I told my roommate goodbye and was on my way out of the door when I remembered the tonic which "Nursie" had given me. I snatched it off the shelf, put the large bottle in a pocket which was at least two sizes too small to hold it, and went on down to the waiting taxi.

I told the driver I was in a hurry, and he took me at my word. We rounded a corner on two wheels and then went tearing down Jefferson avenue. After a fair amount of jostling and bouncing, we reached the station, only to find that the street car was leaving. But the driver, refusing to be daunted by a mere trolley, parked his cab on the tracks which the conductor had planned to use for his car. My driver jumped out, grabbed my bag and me, and literally shoved us on the street car. Then, hero of the hour, he smiled, patted himself on the back for his gallant deed, got back into his cab and drove away.

After I had settled myself comfortably I reached into my pocket for the bottle of tonil. But, unfortunately for my raw-edged nerves, the bottle was still jostling and bouncing about in the taxi.

**A WHITE SAIL**

By Marjorie Danforth

The long pier stretched sleepily out over the green-blue water like a great segmented worm sunning itself and supporting several small figures on its flat back: brown girls clad scantily but comfortably in brightly-hued bathing suits. The sun-bronzed body of the one on the far end of the pier was dangerously near to joining the fish head first. The startling scarlet of her tight suit stood out against a background of sky-blue, watery blue-green and foam lace. She reclined half on and half off the hard, gray boards, idly dangling the tips of her polished nails in the clear liquid. She watched intently the movements of the glistening sun-fish which were like silver discs catching the sun's rays and reflecting them. Her hanging head permitted the ends of her soft, brown hair to barely touch the water and form a network of shadow. Eventually she looked up and saw the sky patched with a tiny triangle of white. Pulling herself up on her slim legs, she gazed with interest at the boat. Lazily it advanced, its small sails filling with the soft breeze. Suddenly the girl stood erect, her feet far apart, her head up and eyes bright, her lips parted in a brilliantly-framed grin. She motioned to her comrades, signalled the boat, and with a wild yell, dived into the cool, deep lake. The others followed; and like young Indians, they sounded their war-whoop before wedging themselves into the blue. Strong young arms cut the water; in the distance a group of bright dots swarmed over the sides of a jolly little sail-boat.

## A SKETCH OF THE MERMAID TAVERN

By Doris Wright Bomford

Jacques Morlot was a most ambitious Frenchman. He had not more than a score of years to his admirable existence, yet he stood straightly and courageously in his fight to gain an education. For he had a poet's vision influenced by the idealistic reign of Her Majesty, Elizabeth. His presence in London all started in his rebellion against the wishes of his father, a middle-class merchant of Havre, that he take a place in the sturdy, water-front shop. Jacques patiently gathered together enough francs to transport himself across the channel to his much-dreamed-of "city of clouds". His good mother made possible his meager living while he attended school. She sent a letter to an old music-master, who was a friend of her father's, and Jacques procured a tiny room and tended the dusty little violin shop during his spare time. He grasped eagerly at knowledge and dreamed great dreams of laying a writer's fame at the feet of his dear, English mother.

He was a quiet chap with far-seeing, dark eyes which seldom roused themselves to a higher degree of liveliness than an intense, piercing gaze. His strong, symmetric body seemed only to contradict his reserved manner. Although he was not disliked among his fellow-classmen, he seemed to make no attempt to cultivate their companionship and would have remained always in his own company had not Ben Arden sought him out in conversation. Ben was a fine lad from a very good family of London, and a lasting and close friendship formed between the two boys. They discussed books, ideas, and lessons. Finally Ben succeeded in persuading Jacques to accompany him to student meetings and even for a few social functions in private homes. Jacques, however, much preferred private chats with his friend across some old, nicked, oaken table.

One damp, drizzly night the two, after long studying in the narrow sparsely-furnished room of the music-master's dwelling, set out to find a bite to eat and to idle away the dullness caused from studying. Ben, always the jolly fellow, suddenly halted in the dripping rain and made a deep bow to his comrade.

"My friend, I beg your most humble pardon. Through fault of mine you have never been to our Mermaid Tavern. Come, let us go! Who knows, something of interest might happen even on this drear night."

He seemed quite excited by his new idea and the two, buttoning their cloaks against the murky air, hastened through the streets. A few soaked carriages rumbled and splashed along and the lamps sent forth sickly, yellowish gleams. Soon they turned in the narrow streets of Cheapside where there were only a few, hurrying pedestrians. Buildings loomed darkly on each side and only an occasional lamp sent a circle of polish to the slick, dark cobble-stones. At last Ben guided his friend toward a massive edifice where another greenish-yellow lamp illuminated a huge, stone step and a weathered sign reading, "Ye Mermaid Tavern." It loomed darkly and not the least bit friendly with its overhanging eaves and crazy beams. One could but faintly discern that it was stained a dark green.

Pushing open the creaking door, they entered a short expanse of heavy darkness, then suddenly emerged into a large room. To one side was a bar with several leather-jerkined pot-

boys running hither and thither attending the tables.

Ben chose a small table covered with a gleaming white cloth. When they were seated, Jacques noticed that their position commanded a good view of the whole room. To the left, a wide oak stair-way led above to the chambers. To the right, one end of the room was formed by parlors shut off by wide, richly-carved doors. A blue haze of smoke hung in the atmosphere and savory odors of food came from the kitchen and from meat roasting before a huge fire-place.

The youths ate ravenously of piping hot potatoes, cold meat, and dark bread, washed down with hearty pulls of frothy ale. Having satisfied their hunger they idly discussed incidents of note and puffed smoke at the flickering tapers in their silver candle-sticks.

Jacques seemed greatly interested in inspecting the many types of guests about them. In reply to his friend's question, "Well, fellow, how do you weigh it?" he answered:

"I know not whether it be handsome or just excellent. Excellent, I think, with a cup for all and all for a cup."

Both laughed heartily at this rare display of wit and once more fell to musing upon their surroundings.

A group made up of merchants, politicians, and townsmen sat with feet propped up on the hearth-rail, beer-mugs in one hand and long Winchester pipes resting upon their generous waist-coats. The dancing fire reflected on their red and shiny faces. Some were sleepy and lumpish, while others bargained, told some long, monotonous tale, or aired their dry wit.

At a near table a sea-captain gorged great quantities of food and pounded repeatedly on the table for more Canary and Muscadine. Between mouthfuls he glared at a group of quarreling sailors sitting not far away.

A plump woman nodded and snored as she sat before the fire. A little boy slept with his thin legs sprawled over a bench.

From one of the carved doors was heard, now and then, loud, rollicking spasms of male laughter and song. Once the door opened and a flushed young man shouted lustily for the pot-boy, who scurried in answer with the usual.

"Anon, anon, Sir!"

"In there," said Ben, "is the liveliest party of gentlemen in all London. Raleigh, that silken-tongued rogue, founded a club and now most of the young writers belong. What a ripping good fellowship."

"Who are some of the members?"

"Oh, well, there's Fletcher, Greene, Beaumont, Kit Marlowe and then Ben Johnson and Thomas Dekker, I believe. That blockhead, Will Shakespeare, seems to stand up admirably under such a hilarious life."

The youths still were lingering when the big door burst open and a troop of very distinguished-looking young men filed out. All were in the highest of spirits and some had a very precarious foot-hold on the polished brick floor.

Ben nudged his companion.

"The first one nearest us is the Earl of Essex. His arm-companion is Shakespeare."

The gentlemen seemed to be in quite a happy state. They were singing loudly and very harmoniously:

"Seven wise men on an old black settle

Seven wise men of the Mermaid Inn,

Ringing blades of the one right metal,

## BLUES SINGER

By Frances Datesman

Plaintively wails  
This modern muse,

The radio singer  
Sobbing  
Her  
Blues.

## THIS WILD NIGHT-LIFE

By Margaret Dodd

It was a silver summer mid-night—a metallic moon hung by black branches exactly between twin poplars, and its light disturbed a sleepy bird. A thousand miles across a low hill two crickets sang—a bull-frog croaked once from his pond in the pasture—a locust swizzed his melody off into the air—the poplar leaves brushed ever so slightly against each other like so many pieces of tinfoil rustled by a breeze.

From the frog pond a stagnance came, and mingled with the tree-smells and the sweetness of white roses—and together they made a moon-odor, which can only be smelled on such a night as this.

Everything was soft and distinct. The breeze that ruffled the gray-white grass was the ghost of an old Southern gentleman strayed too far north. I felt a chill glow from the top-sided noon. A black cat slept in unconscious silhouette on the roof of our garage.

## WASH DAY

By Marjorie Bailey

I stand above the lavatory, and the running water makes a forced, shushing sound as it flows from the silver faucet. The lavatory is clean and white, but the hose that hit the water with a splash will soon mark it with dirty, gray streaks. The water oozes up between the silk threads. As I rub the hose together, the soapy water swirls into bubbles and sucks the hose into rounded balloons. Floating on top the cake of soap slowly diminishes in width, length, and thickness. It is slippery, and continually slides from my fingers and falls with a hollow rattle to the floor. I have the sensation that my fingers are withering up into nothing; they are wrinkled and sponge-like. The water spatters against the bowl. It was once warm and made the soaps cling to my fingers. The cake of soap is now an iceberg and is gathering the smaller icebergs around it as the bubbles slide one by one from my fingers. The soapy iceberg is quickly chilling the sordid waters. The lavatory is no longer white and black and dingy with rings of layered dirt. As the water trickles down the drain, I hear a croaking as if a frog were in the pipe. My nose is filled with the strong odor of lye, which pervades the whole room, and the air is damp.

What is the best that a blade can win?

Bread and cheese, and a few small kisses?

Ha! Ha! Ha! Would you take them, You?

—Ay, if Dame Venus would add to her blisses

A roaring fire and a friend or two!"

When they had boisterously departed from the tavern, Jacques spoke slowly and with serious deliberation.

"Someday, my dear friend, I am going to write about the seven wise men of the Mermaid Tavern. I shall call it 'Moths at Tavern Tapers.'

## POST MORTEM

By Pearl Hartt

There I lay  
Stretched out—  
Stiff, white,  
Hollow-eyed—  
In my coffin.  
The too-heavy odor  
Of flowers  
Oppressed me.  
There were not,  
I admit,  
As many  
As I expected.  
People were grouped  
Around,  
Some crying;  
But many  
Whom I in life  
Had called my friends  
Were not there.  
Life and death  
Are like that,  
I guess.

## GASOLINE ALLEY

By Catherine Marsh

Gasoline Alley has personality. There are places, you know, that have personality—just as people do. Oddly enough, Gasoline Alley is sweet and clean, bordered with gardens and friendly houses and penetrated with the still pungence of pine trees. A place you would say, to take a stroll.

To begin with, at the fork of the Man-trap Road, there is tall Norway pine; to the one side runs a highway, wide and handsomely graveled; to the other side wanders my road, two little threads of sand eternally forbidden to merge by the stubborn blue grass in between them. All the houses are on one side so that they may peep through the pine trees at the lake, and the road is like a protective arm thrown around them, curving with the curve of the shore.

Mr. Brodersen's house comes first. With its varnished log sides and low roof, it seems as fat and comfortable as Mr. Brodersen himself. The walls around it are built of rock, laid in a neat, cellular pattern in the gray cement, just high enough for a season's growth of wild cucumber vine, and just low enough for one to look over into Mrs. Tamm's yard. Or rather, into Mrs. Tamm's flowers, since they are all you can see. They smother her garage and ice house, they obscure the back door, they pour lavishly through the fences to encroach upon the road. A few petunias and zinnias have even trickled through the gate into the next yard, as if they were afraid of not being seen among the loftier cosmos and hollyhocks. There they bloom in straight orderly rows, a quaint burlesque upon the straight, orderly life of the McKee family. Not exactly inhospitable, the MsKees, but just a little aloof behind their wire fences, a little afraid, perhaps, of the mad beauty of Mrs. Tamm's flowers.

In the next house lives William Henry, a retired member of the Canadian Royal Mounted. His buildings are painted a proper Tory red, but, like veterans, they sprawl leisurely all over the grounds. In the grape arbor a white collie eternally licks his chops over a naked bone. The next few houses are rental cabins, impersonal as city people and twice as hard to get acquainted with. The road doesn't love such indefiniteness. It turns sharply and runs up a stumpy hill, quirking back once at the top to see itself, to regret for the thousandth time that it wasn't named Primrose Lane. Although, to be quite candid with you, there are no primroses.

Read the Linden Bark.

## Among the Books

Kentucky Pioneer Life and a Woman's Part

By B. R.

The Great Meadow, written by Elizabeth Madox Roberts, is a Literary Guild book presented by Dr. Roemer to the college library. It is an interesting story about the early pioneers of Kentucky; and the author draws beautiful, although many times rather sordid, pictures of the early Kentucky country.

The plot is woven around a young and capable girl, Diony Hall, who leaves her home to marry a young pioneer, Berk Jarvin, and to make the long journey to Kentucky to make a home for him. They settle in a fort, and the author presents vivid and realistic characters in the men and women who live in the settlement with the young Jarvis. After they have made their home, Berk suddenly leaves Diony and their young son, to go out and avenge the death of his mother, who was killed in an Indian raid. He fails to return, and finally the report comes to the settlement that he has been killed by the Indians. Diony, after several years, marries again, and has another child. She lives happily, and although she still grieves over the death of Berk, she really loves her second husband. Then, one day, Berk comes back, with many stories of his fights with the Indians. Diony has to decide which of the two, Berk or her second husband, she wishes to continue her life with, and she finally chooses Berk. The story ends with Diony and Berk starting life over again, together.

The Great Meadow is a novel well worth reading and it presents a vivid picture of life in early Kentucky.

## Lindenwood Observes Lent Variety of Penances

Lindenwood is observing Lent, this year, in the proverbial spirit of self denial, and penitence. Although the girls do not have the temptation of too many dances and movies, while here at school, yet they have decided in the majority of cases that there are things that should be given up.

Upon inquiring of the many students drifting about campus, it is evident that candy and sweets is one of the forbidden indulgences, some of the girls are allotting themselves a nickel a day for tea room expenses, and others are going without, entirely. The occasional girl with an excess amount of will power is denying herself the weekly pleasure jaunts into St. Louis, incidentally saving the money she would thus spend to apply on her Spring wardrobe.

All of the "M" students of last semester have made an inner resolution to spend more time in the library, and less time in Meyer's drug store. At this rate, there had ought to be a pick-up of grades this next six weeks.

In addition to these penances, some of the more clever pranksters about campus have given up favorite pastimes. Sue Taylor has stopped biting her fingernails, Abe Olsen is having a hard time sticking to her resolve to stop eating potatoes; Lucille Griffin is trying her friends by being the perfect 'Pollyanna', on gripes, no frowns, nothing but smiles and sunny songs; Elizabeth Clark has added eating watermelon, to her 'Do not indulge' list (we wonder where the temptation comes in!)

## Basket-Ball On Wednesday, March 4

The Seniors made the first score on the free throw which Clement made good. Clement made good on another free throw, but the lead was wiped out by Reith's goal: the first of the game. Reith shot the next basket to put the Frosh ahead 4-2, and then the Frosh got going so that the score at the half was 8-4 in their favor.

The Seniors scored but once in the second half, while the Freshman were dropping them in from all angles. The clever playing of the Freshman centers was, in a large sense, responsible for the success of the Freshman.

The final score was 23-6, favor of the Frosh.

For the Seniors, Clement, Schaper and Weber played forward, Blair, Davis, and Robie center, and Clark, Cobb, and Force guards.

For the Frosh, Reith, Horn, and Chappell played forward, Holtgrewe, Hall, Vernon, and Morgan were the centers, and Welch, John, and Ballard were the guards.

## Sweetness, Not Severity

L. C. Girls Thinking of New Spring Coats

March 21 is the calendar date set aside for the arrival of Spring, but she seems to have put in an early appearance at Lindenwood. The most striking evidence of the early arrival of Mademoiselle Printemps is the array of spring coats seen on campus, both during the week and at Sunday evening vespers.

Marian Graham, Marie Schmutzler, and Louise Goulding are wearing new camels' hair swagger models; "Hank" Mulnix has a new sport ensemble with a woolly topcoat; Sheila Willis has one of the modish Redingote costumes but is managing to keep it under cover; "Johnnie" Johnson was seen sporting around on third floor Irwin in a smart grey coat of plain-colored wool decorated in the matter of collar, so far she hasn't appeared on campus wearing it, merely waiting for a little warmer weather.

Spring costumes, in general, are a "brighter days ahead" signal. The new tweeds are very light weight and are developed along plain lines. The one color wools of suede-like finish are also cut along simple lines, but are finished with attractive decoration in the collar and cuff detail. The fact that many of the spring coats are collarless makes the fur scarf an important accessory.

As an afterthought, it might be mentioned that sweetness and not severity is keynote to smartness this season.

## Poor Little Mr. March

Mr. March, third child of Mr. and Mrs. Year-1931, was officially welcomed to Lindenwood Sunday, March 1. Mr. March, who's a dear little lamb when one really knows him, was becomingly attired in a lion's skin much too large for him, and with a rough voice equally ill suited to him.

In a personal interview granted to a BARK reporter, Mr. March disclosed a most charming personality which shows promise of growing warmer as acquaintanceship develops. Mr. March said that he truly wasn't as bad as he's painted. The fact is, that he only has to live up to his reputation as a naughty boy; one can't disappoint one's public, you know.

Meanwhile, Mr. March is having a bit of fun with these long skirts, is helping the boys enjoy themselves by kite-flying, and sings us to sleep with his wind song.

## Junior Dance

The formal dinner dance, given by the Junior class, on Friday evening, March 6, was a big success. The party started at 6:30, with an elaborate dinner in the dining-room, at which time Dr. Roemer introduced, as special guests of the evening, Dr. Bose and Dr. Dewey, both of the University of Iowa. The singing of several Lindenwood songs was another feature, at dinner.

The decorations were in the popular black and white. Four black aeroplanes, the emblem of the Junior class, flew around each of the lights, and fourteen black aeroplanes, of all types, ranging from monoplanes, seaplanes, and biplanes, to parachutes flew, in every direction, over mountains and valleys, against the white background of the gymnasium walls. A black aeroplane was outlined on the white orchestra pit, a huge aeroplane was outlined in white, on the black curtain, at the far end of the gym, and at the front, there was a large dirigible, the J. C.—32, refueling a small plane. The black and white was also carried out in the dining room, where small aeroplanes made attractive nut-cups.

The entertainment of the evening consisted of an original playlet, by Margaret Jean Wilhoit. Two pilots, Katherine Davidson and Elizabeth French, whose plane had been wrecked, found themselves at Saturn. After discussing their misfortunes, they decided that well-built aeroplanes were just like a squadron of beautiful butterflies. At that moment, Madeline Johnson, in butterfly costume, appeared, and did a lovely butterfly dance. Charlotte Lehrack, as a brown moth, followed, with a shorter dance. The aviators decided that poorly constructed planes were much like the moth, when compared with the butterfly. Next, Jane Babcock appeared as Icarus, with the wax wings and welcomed the aviators to Saturn. She introduced the new and better type of planes, the monoplanes. Eleanor Eldredge, Rose Kelle, Miriam Runnenberger, and Marjorie Taylor, in white knickers, with their black helmets, goggles, and propellers, did a tap dance. The aviators decided they wouldn't mind Saturn after all. This concluded the program. The favors were small men with helmets, in keeping with the Junior aeroplane party.

Eleanor Eldredge, Jane Babcock, Madeline Johnson, Virginia Green, Lois McKeehan, Mary Norman Rinehart, and Jane Tomlinson, were the special committee, in charge of the decorations, and Miss Gordon, sponsor of the class, directed the entertainment. Lindenwood's formals as usual were beautiful and the predominating colors seemed to be black and white, although there were some lovely pastel shades and dresses of figured crepe and silk which are now so popular.

Mrs. Roemer wore a flowered chiffon with a main flowered background of soft pastel shades. Lace was used as a trimming and a lace yoke formed a becoming neck-line. Mrs. Roemer's jewelry was a rope of pearls.

Dean Gipson wore a satin evening dress of salmon color made with a full skirt.

Miss Gordon, Junior class sponsor was attired in a light blue taffeta trimmed with a huge bow at the back of the waist and with a smocking-like trimming along the hem line. Lois "Shing" McKeehan wore a black crepe dress trimmed with flowers of the same material in a line half-way down the back. The dress was tight at the waist, fitted around the hips and with a full skirt line. Shing's slippers were

## ON THE CAMPUS

"Peep" Hartt and "Squirrel" French wearing new white felt hats—"down over the right eye, back over the left ear"—Junior aeroplanes on the wing—Jane Babcock and Ruth Gibbs on campus for a week-end—Helen Duncan back for the Friday night formal—"Mac" suffering from a disjointed thumb—Dot Dinning and Mary Liz Miller catching up on sleep—"Canada" at a formal.

black crepe and she had costume jewelry of a circlet of brilliant and earrings. Eleanor Eldredge looked her best in a black chiffon with a skirt trimmed in ruffles. Madeline Johnson was also wearing black in taffeta, with a hem-line of net. Rhinestone shoulder straps and crystal drops were stunning and glittering accessories to Madeline's type and dark hair. Virginia Green had an attractive formal of shell-pink crepe trimmed with bow on the skirt and waist lined in a wine color.

Doris Force wore a dress of black net with sleeveless jacket cut very short and outlined along the edges with tiny pink flowers. The flowers added an unusual note to this dress of net and gave an embroidered effect. Margaret Bell was an attractive figure of the evening in a pink crepe combined with white lace. Her slippers were of the same soft pink shade of crepe and she wore white silk mitts, a strand of pink pearls and ear-rings of clustered pink pearls.

"Bill" Davenport was dressed in white satin, fitted tight around the waist with a full skirt. Flowers of white satin were worn on one shoulder and were lined half-way down the back. White crepe shoes and crystal ear-drops completed an attractive ensemble.

Ann Ragsdale also wore white satin trimmed in green flowers at the back of the waist-line. Camilla Luther had on a white crepe with a ruffled skirt. The neck line was in the form of an off the shoulder berth with narrow shoulder straps.

Helen Weber was in a flowered silk with a white background and red flowers. Black gloves were worn with her dress.

## WHO'S WHO?

The girl in question is a sophomore. One of her most attractive features is her long, brown, naturally wavy hair. She plays the pipe-organ and the piano beautifully—but very few people on the campus are aware of these accomplishments. One week last semester she, with another very blonde sophomore, arose at six o'clock every morning and saw St. Charles by the dawn in an effort to keep a youthful figure. She is a French major and apparently very well versed in the subject although her surname is quite obviously of German origin. Every noon she rushes across town to teach third grade English in the Lincoln School. When she smiles her eyes wrinkle and when she doesn't smile she is said to be "Droopy." The answer to this is up to you.

## EXPLANATION

By Frances Datesman

The waves of a storm-sky  
Are pirate children,  
All seeking  
A mischievous fireball.

## College Calendar

Tuesday, March 10—  
5 p. m.—Music Students' Recital.  
Thursday, March 12—  
11 a. m.—Dramatic Program by Marjorie Moffett of New York City.  
Friday, March 13—  
8:30 p. m.—Boris Koutzen, violinist.  
Sunday, March 15—  
6:30 p. m.—Vesper service by Dr. Charles L. Chalfant of Pittsburg, Penn.

## Sidelights of Society

Miss Blackwell's sister, Mrs. John M. Davis of Hopkinsville, Ky., has been visiting her for the last few days.

All the Sophomores are looking forward to the evening of the twenty-first. Why, Ask any Sophomore and she will tell you that the Sophomore Prom is on that date, and that she has been looking forward to it all year. It's going to be quite an occasion.

Dorothy Bolstad returned recently from a ten-day stay at her home in Joliet, Illinois.

Dorothy Hamacher spent the week-end at her home in Richmond, Mo.

Ione Nichols spent the weekend in St. Louis with her mother, who came from their home in Grand Island, Neb., to visit her.

Betty Sinclair went to Aurora, Mo., where she lives, for the weekend.

The guests in Nicolls were numerous last weekend. Mary Ann Haines' family came from Augusta, Kans., to visit her. Lucille Crist had a guest from El Dorado, Kans. Sue Farhing's sister, who was a Lindenwood girl herself, visited Sue.

Carita Bradley spent the week-end in the city as guest of relatives.

Isabel Orr met her parents in St. Louis Friday and spent two days with them.

There were two visitors in Irwin last week-end. Noble Hawk was the guest of Charlotte Bangs and Helen Augustinus visited Anna Louise Kelley Saturday and Sunday.

Lucille Tralles, Betsy Davis, and Ann Armstrong spent the week-end at their home in Kirkwood.

Betty Rose spent the week-end with her parents in St. Louis.

Helen Davenport and Pearl Hartt spent the week-end in Columbia as the guests of Marle Hartt.

Virginia Heck went to the city for the week-end. While there she attended the Phi Delta Theta formal.

The picture of Marjorie Jean Filkins, a sophomore, appeared in the St. Louis Post Dispatch Rotogravure section of the Sunday, March 1, edition. Marjorie was a maid of honor at the United Daughters of the Confederacy Ball recently given at the Jefferson Hotel in St. Louis, and is shown with the group, in the front row.

Virginia Green left Thursday afternoon to spend the week end at home in Belton, Mo.

Marjorie Filkins and Mary Frances McKee were week end guests of Evelyn Hoyt at the latter's home in Trenton, Ill.

Eleanor Berkley visited friends in Kirkwood.

Frances Lehpuhl left for home after the play Friday; she returned to school Tuesday night.

Ruth Abildgaard spent the weekend visiting friends in Topeka, Kansas.

Ruth Steimke and Elsie Prip spent the weekend at their respective homes in St. Louis.

Sara Stuck attended a Beta dance in Fulton, Missouri, last weekend.

Dorothea Lange, Helen "Shaver" Davis, Margaret Cobb, and Elsie Tucker spent the weekend visiting in the homes of "Cobb" and "Lange" in Leavenworth, Kansas.

Isabel Mayfield visited last weekend in Columbia, Missouri.

Doris Force had as her guests over the week-end, Miss Meredith Moulton of Chicago, Miss Jennie Ruth Gamble of Dahlgren, Illinois, and Miss Louise Fitzgerald of Lincoln, Nebraska. Miss Gamble is a great-niece of the Sibley's, and a former Lindenwood student.

Frances Kayser spent the week-end at her home in Greenville, Illinois.

Frances Blair and Helen Weber spent the week-end at Helen Weber's home in Kirkwood.

Caroline Brewer had a guest from Alexandria, Louisiana, for the week-end.

Helen Reith went home to St. Louis for the week-end.

Mary Alice Lange was a visitor for the week-end of the comedy, with her sister Dorothea Lange.

Lucile Chappel left for her home in Bowling Green, Mo., Tuesday night.



**Braufman's**  
Main and Washington

## What People Lose

## Bulletin Board Shows Great Variety

The most popular of all the bulletin boards is the one located right outside the post office, known as the Lost and Found Board. At almost any time of the day, especially the ten minutes between classes and the two or three minutes before the post office opens, one may find a group of girls attentively reading the notices on it. What is the big attraction? Most of all it is the spirit of curiosity that prompts each one to stop and hastily scan the notices to see just what has been lost or found. Then, there is always the girl who is in hopes she will find a notice of that five dollar book she has to buy for sale at half price. At any rate, the board is read by every person at some time in the year.

The board has a variety of notices posted on it, so much so that the Dean often has to call the girls' attention to the fact that some of the notices have been up for weeks and are surely no good now. One will find notices of loss of fraternity pins, fountain pens, pencils, books, notebooks, post office keys, and purses. Each notice is decorated in order to attract attention. Then there are the "for-sale" notices. Nearly every book in the school is advertised for sale at some time on the Lost and Found Board. Gym suits with their respective sizes and conditions, can be found for sale at any time. Various articles are lost and found during the year, but with the help of this board many of them have been returned to their rightful owners.

## Learning How To Teach

A number of Lindenwood students are practice teachers at various schools in St. Charles. Those teaching at the High School are Margaret Bell, Elizabeth Clark, Margaret Cobb, Marjorie Florence, Dorothea Lange, and Melba Schaper.

Ruth Talbott, Evelyn Walker, and Elizabeth Wheeler teach at the Benton (Grade School); and Helen Duppe and Marjorie Wycoff teach at the Lincoln Grade School.

Frances Pedler is a practice teacher in the Physical Education department here at Lindenwood, and Helen Weber is one in the Biology department.

(Continued from page 1, Col. 4)

life. That becomes the basic characteristic of Christian Life and points to the Lenten Service. There is nothing peculiar to religion and religious expressions. We naturally surrender ourselves to traditions and develop them. The same is true with patriotism. In educational institutions we find a record of great deeds in past history. Something there challenges us and we must surrender ourselves to this ideal, to the institution and its spirit. In surrendering to the Christian Religion we are making the greatest one in that it has higher values. In this surrender there is no loss, but rather a gain. We are replacing the lower with the higher. The way to surrender is through a genuine open-minded opinion to that to which we submit ourselves. There must be the involuntary act of surrender which Paul set forth to us on his way to Damascus."

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**HELEN STEFFENER**

She returned to school Wednesday.

Billy Wallace spent the weekend in St. Louis with her aunt and uncle.

Alice Virginia Shoemaker and Frances Henderson spent the week-end of March 6 in St. Louis.

Dorothy Joslyn spent Saturday and Sunday of the week-end of February 27 at her home in Lebanon, Missouri. She was accompanied by Marjory Danforth.

Eight girls of Ayres Hall had a surprise dinner for Mildred Reed on Friday night, February 27, in the tea room, in honor of her 20th birthday.

Frances Parks left Wednesday, March 4, for her home in Clinton, Missouri, where she will spend the remainder of the week.

Phoebe Sparks visited friends in St. Louis the week-end of February 27.

## STRAND THEATRE

Monday and Tuesday, March 9-10

CLARA BOW in

"NO LIMIT"

Also Comedy, Cartoon and News

Wednesday, March 11

NORMA TALMADGE in

"DU BARRY, WOMAN OF PASSION"  
With Conrad Nagel—William Farnum  
Also Comedy and News

Thursday and Friday, March 12-13

JACK OAKIE in

"THE GANG BUSTER"

Also REX LEASE in  
"THE UTAH KID"

Saturday Matinee—2:30

2 Shows at Night—7 and 9 p. m.

Road Show Special—All in nat. colors  
"VIENESE NIGHTS"

With Vivienne Segal—Alexander Gray  
Jean Hersholt—Louise Fazenda  
Bert Reach—Alice Day