

LINDEN BARK

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News from the Dean's Office

Dr. Gipson spent the greater part of the week of March 16 attending a meeting of the North Central Association of Schools and Colleges, in Chicago. One of the most important problems of the convention was a discussion about the types of standards that should be required by schools, from now on. A committee was appointed, to work on the problem for a period of five years, to solve this question.

President Hutchins, of the University of Chicago, at the dinner given for the members of the convention, spoke on the experiments that are now being tried by Chicago University.

Dr. Gipson spent one night with a college friend, who now lives in Evanston, and whom she had not seen since they were in school together at the University of Idaho. Dr. Gipson enjoyed this visit very much.

On Saturday, she presided at a tea given for the Chicago Lindenwood Club, at Hotel Stevens. There were about eighteen present, and everyone had a good time. Among those present were Dorothy Turner, and Helen Bopp, who were both students here last year, and both of whom wished Dr. Gipson to remember them to their Lindenwood friends.

Dr. Gipson also visited the new Planetarium, a building not far from the Field Museum. She was very much interested in this. The ceiling of the large room is rounded, and one is supposed to imagine that it is night, while, by means of a wonderful machine, the position of the various planets and stars are shown, as they are at this time as they will be at this time next year, and as they will be many years from now. Other planets, not visible here at any time, but seen in Australia, were shown. This new Planetarium is one of the newest and most wonderful places to visit, in the city of Chicago. Dr. Gipson also mentioned the fact that the buildings for the next world's fair, to be held in Chicago, are now well under construction.

The weather was fine, except for one blizzard, and she reports a very worthwhile and satisfactory trip.

Pi Gamma Mu

Officers Elected

The election of officers for Pi Gamma Mu, national honorary social science fraternity, was held in the club rooms March 23. The new officers will be: president, Charlotte Abildgaard; vice-president, Mary Margery Lewis; and secretary-treasurer, Jane Tomlinson.

Sympathy Extended

Lindenwood College wishes to express greatest sympathy to Virginia Baker for the death of her father Easter morning, in Falls City, Neb.

Last Lenten Service Given

Dr. Case Speaks On The Surpassing Life

The last sermon of the Lenten services was given by Dr. Case, Sunday morning, March 29. The sermon, "Surpassing Life", was taken from the close of the 5th Chapter of Matthew.

The Surpassing Life, as Dr. Case pointed out, is the most important characteristic of the Christian Religion. This topic enters on the question, "What constitutes a standard for Christian life?" He stated "It is the doing and thinking of others that many are unconsciously setting up as the standard. So life is guided and limited so far as Christian living goes because it is not the 'One' who is guiding us. 'Ye therefore shall be perfect.. We have in the perfection of Christ three special stresses which the ministry on the cross sets forward as the standard.

"The first of these is that Jesus sets forth a new type of courage for men, a new goal. The type of courage as set forth by Jesus while on the cross is the type of courage that is needed today. Secondly, there is a new type of love, as set forth on the cross and in the life of Christ. It is more than ideal human love that we see in the love of Jesus on the cross—it is a divine love." Third, as Dr. Case pointed out, there is "a new type of mastery of self that Jesus sets forth. He determined to see it through to the end, and it is that type of mastery that the world needs today."

In conclusion, Dr. Case said, "The standard which we as Christians are called to meet is more than the standard of men—it is a standard of God, and a surpassing life."

Colorado And St. Louis Conduct Zealous Debate

Monday night before vacation, the college assembly and guests from St. Louis and St. Charles who were interested in the contest witnessed an extremely interesting debate between Colorado and St. Louis Universities. The affirmative of the question, 'Resolved: that the 18th Amendment be repealed and control of liquor be left to the several states' was upheld by Mr. James MacClelan and Mr. Robert Herr of St. Louis University. Mr. Au Chuck Mau and Mr. John Carlson represented Colorado University in presenting the negative arguments. Dr. Roemer, the genial host, acted as chairman.

The visiting debaters were guests at dinner. Several of the prominent members of the senior class assisted Dr. and Mrs. Roemer in entertaining the young men during their short stay at Lindenwood. Mr. Au Chuck Mau sang several Hawaiian songs, to his own guitar accompaniment, which was both entertaining and unusual.

Boris Koutzen Wonderful

The program as heard by a critic

A hushed expectancy, a sibilant whisper here and there and then, he appeared. Rather reserved, as he received the tremendous applause; he bowed to the left, to the right, gracious and charming! And then the program. With his marvelous Stradivarius violin, he fairly made one live with him.

His first number, A Bach-Siloti Partita in E Minor, was a marvelous example of his excellent technique and finger dexterity. His second number was one of the best liked, if applause counted.

His second group consisted of only one number—Poeme, by Chausson. A lovely thing, with mellow tones on the G string...and a throbbing quality on the higher tones, that only a master can obtain. This number was by far the most effective on his program. His passage without accompaniment was fascinating, perfect pitch, in a wild crescendo, and quiet diminuendo.

His third group was nearly all played with a mute; his Nocturne, by his own composition, was the loveliest, containing a depth of feeling in quiet passiveness.

His Jota, by De Falla, in the last group, was weird, very different, and for that reason, better received. His last number, Introduction and Tarantella, by Sarasate, was, as on most concluding numbers, brilliant and appealing in its perfect technique and expression.

The artist was most obliging in giving encores, one after the other at the last, and then, the end! Though not a member there, but could have listened for hours longer!

March Proves Musical Inspiration

Gershwin Shows Influence of March in "Rhapsody in Blue"

George Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue" must certainly have been written in March—nothing else can so fittingly describe that month as that composition which has the spice of every emotion in it. Just when one thinks the music in Gershwin's famous piece is going to be soothing it changes to an arousing passionate outburst, one never knows what to expect next, and so it is with March weather.

The beautiful days were enjoyed; the days that were "ruined" by rain and snow were lamented over; the cold damp days were shivered through; and the warm days were grumbled through because classes always have a way of interfering. Moods seemed to go up and down like barometers, and satisfaction was peculiarly missing. Now all that is over, March can be looked back upon with a sigh of relief, and the weather has at last definitely decided to become warm and springlike, instead of the indecision of last month.

Choir Gives Annual Easter Cantata

Dr. Roemer Talks On "Resurrection Now"

The vesper service Sunday evening, March 29, held in Roemer auditorium, was conducted as a special Easter service. The first half of the service was in charge of the choir. They gave the cantata, "The Risen King" by Schneckler, which was given in three parts, the introduction by the choir, the story of the choir, and a trio composed of Dolores Fisher, Pauline Brown, and Mary Louise Bowles, and two soloists, Mary Louise Bowles and Alice Denton.

Following this musical offering Dr. Roemer gave an Easter message on "Resurrection Now". Dr. Roemer opened with a text from the apostle Paul, "If ye be risen with Christ seek those things which are above where Christ sits on the right hand of God." He said that the present is demanding a personal, vital practical faith and that this same demand has been the cry of the ages. The worshiper does not realize that he cannot go back to Christ because in truth he must press forward to try to obtain the heights toward Christ. The meaning of resurrection is rising higher, and this can be accomplished by forgetting the satisfaction of a life of the senses and rising to the spiritual things.

Dr. Roemer showed that it is incorrect to believe that like people naturally gather together. The great power that is within will distinguish higher things from the lower, yet the rule of living by contrast is dangerous. People of like minds should join and strengthen each other in attaining the highest. Dr. Roemer felt that resurrection should be now and can only be accomplished through a self determination. He illustrated this statement by the example of the dragon fly that gets its wings wet and can no longer fly. In the same way a man who becomes filled with sin cannot fly to the greater heights. In closing Dr. Roemer stressed the fact that to attain the resurrection one must climb constantly toward the heights.

At the close of this message the choir sang a Spanish Easter anthem and Alleluia, Alleluia by Brander. The service ended with the recessional hymn.

Sophomores Win Tournament

The basket ball tournament was completed March 26 in a game between the Sophomores and the Freshmen, the Sophs. winning, 11 to 6. The game was a fast one but not as spectacular as the one previously played between the two teams. Outstanding plays were made by Grover for the Sophomores and Rieth for the Freshmen, each making one long basket from the corner of their courts.

Linden Bark

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TUESDAY, APRIL 14, 1931

THE LINDEN BARK

The year's at the Spring
The day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven,
The hill sides dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing,
The snail's on the thorn,
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world.

The Return To School After Vacation Has Its Joys

"The joys of Return to Lindenwood" after spring vacation are embeded in the subconscious mind, but let us bring them to the surface and make ourselves acquainted with the fact that we really are happy to be back.

After that vacation there is always a tiny ambition to make these last months of school the best ever. Spring is in the air and the campus looks oh so delightful. There is that restful feeling after going to all the social activities at home. A surplus of enthusiasm brought about by the new man met while at home or the fact that absence has really made Johnnie's heart grow fonder.

As our thoughts wander on over the queerness of our really being glad to get back to "our second home" we see why: The one and only exciting way to receive mail—at Lindenwood's post-office. The possibility of having strawberry shortcake for dinner, those nightly Brr. sessions and the real joy of being able to look just like you feel. The nice library habit of ours which is one peaceful way of reading the dailies.

These joys of Lindenwood are small but many. We cannot help but have a soft place in our hearts for even those faculty members that work us the hardest, and after all, there is the satisfaction of learning something new.

We all need variety in our lives and Lindenwood offers plenty of the said variety if we look for it, and our Lindenwood friends have proven too likeable for us to be indifferent to parting.

A last joy of just coming back is telling the room-mate and the rest of the girls of the exciting things that hapened to you while at home and the showing off of new spring clothes.

Life goes tranquilly on at Lindenwood and our wories and responsibilities after all are few, so does not coming back spell Peace?

April Gets Revenge For Her Discontentment

April has always seemed such a discontented month, she is never satisfied with the same weather more than a few hours at a time. If we decide to adorn ourselves in all the glory of our new spring outfit, a refreshing (?) shower is sure to start just as we set merrily forth. If on the other hand we attire ourselves in full rain regalia, just to be different, April's sun will shine her brightest as we go tramping homeward with slicker, galoshes, umbrella and all. Either she is an unusually playful month or she is getting her revenge on human nature for some past hurt. Whatever it is, she succeeds amazingly well in making us feel like advertisements for "what's wrong with this picture."

April really has some cause to feel hurt when we really come to think of it. She is too far advanced in the spring for us to be surprised at the green grass or the flowers—March is the month of spring surprises. And then she is not far enough advanced to put her into the summer division. True, this month has amazingly blue skies and lovely fresh green foliage everywhere, but everyone seems to identify it as "the month before May". The most credit April has ever gotten for anything is in the worn out jungle, "April showers, bring May flowers", and that is more a delicate apology and a consolation than anything else.

Looking over the calendar we don't blame April for being just a little bit discontented and jealous of her sister months. True, this year Easter came in this month but she is not assured of having this privilege every year. January has all the excitement of starting the new year; February has Valentine's day, Lincoln's and Washington's birthdays; March ushers in Spring as well as honoring the famous St. Pat; but poor April has to depend on the moon or spring or something equally vague to see whether she will have the honor of celebrating Easter, and then sometimes she is deprived of this one red-letter day.

So hereafter when we want to judge April a little harshly, let's think of the wonderful greenness of the trees and grass, and the fresh newly-washed look of everything after one of her showers. Really we have always thought that April's perverseness was due to an inferiority complex anyhow.

The Value of Studying the Classics

After a bit of investigation into this subject of so much discussion one finds, on all sides, most favorable comment. In his address on "The Classics and Modern Life", Sir Frederick Kenyon, Director of the British Museum, emphasizes the position of the classics in national education. He says, "It is this amazing modernity, coupled with their amazing excellence, that consti-

Frederick B. Acosta Speaks In Chapel

"Women In South America" Title of Address: Questions Answered

Frederick B. Acosta, a Spaniard, spoke in chapel on Thursday, March 26, on Women of South America. He told the Lindenwood girls that the girls of South America were intensely interested in students of the United States, and always very anxious to follow the example set by them.

Mr. Acosta explained that the Anglo-saxon women have much different characteristics than those of his native country. He told of the courses which were formerly taught in the South American schools, such as music, embroidery, lace-making for which they are famous, languages and above all—poise and social etiquette. He also explained how religion was taught from the cradle up—how it played an important part in their education, and the place which the priests play in their lives. In recent years, the South Americans, have become somewhat more liberal in their views, and Mr. Acosta revealed the fact that though he was reared in a Catholic home, he is now a Baptist.

Mr. Acosta said that there has been a marked change in the personality of the South American girl just as there has been one in the American girl. "Finally life is becoming looser—there is much divorce in South America."

The speaker described the change which has taken place in the South American's opinion of the United States and its inhabitants. Before the World War, the wealthy families sent their children to Europe to be educated, but in recent years they have been sending more and more to the United States. Formerly, they chose their English teachers from England or Scotland. Now they are getting many of them from the United States. The students who come to the United States for their education take back home the American ideas of democracy. Mr. Acosta ascribed the misunderstanding which the South Americans had of the United States, to the propaganda spread by the English.

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Sympathy Extended

The sympathy of the students and faculty is extended to Miss Kutz, the librarian, in the sad death of her father, Sunday, March 22. Miss Kutz returned home for the funeral, but she is now back at the college again.

Sophomore Dance Exceeds Expectations

Lovely Decorations and Supper Make Prom Very Delightful Affair

A desert scene—a large torpid moon—a glittering revolving ball—and the Sophomore Prom was begun!

Although it was a cold rainy night, Saturday the 21st, the Sophomores and their "dates" started for the gym at 8 o'clock. The evening started off with everyone exclaiming over the decorations, and the gym really looked lovely. It was a desert scene, the false ceiling shaded from a deep burnt orange to a light yellow, (orange and white are the Sophomore colors) and then back to the deep orange. At one end of the gym a black curtain showed up very effectively three pyramids in shades of orange, a palm tree, and a large, bright orange moon overhanging the tree. Facing this, at the other end of the gym, was a drawing of the Sphinx, with a sand scene in the background. The sides of the gym were decorated to represent various desert scenes, and the bright blue of the sky, in these scenes, contrasted with the yellow of the sand and the orange of the pyramids. The orchestra stand and the punch stand were also decorated with the same type of desert scene.

A large revolving ball hung in the middle of the gym, and colored lights were played on it all evening, making a lovely effect.

Everyone danced until ten-thirty, and then Dr. Roemer suggested that the party repair to the dining-room. Fruit cocktail was served first. This was followed with chicken salad, rolls, pickles and olives, wafers and cheese. Then ice cream and fresh strawberries were served with pink and white marble cake, and coffee.

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utes the claim of the classics on us today." He further states that "the whole claim for the importance of the classics rests on the basis that there is no substitute for first-hand knowledge. In so far as Greece and Rome are the founders of European civilization, a knowledge of history means above all things a first-hand knowledge of the thoughts of Greeks and Romans."

The fact that in the Greek and Roman classics, much of the best thought of the world has been expressed, and the fact that in the Latin language we find an incomparable training in logical thought and clear expression, as well as the foundation of all the principal modern languages, are items not to be overlooked in an estimation of the importance of the classics.

No one can truthfully deny the utilitarian value of the classics. Francis W. Kelsey, of the University of Michigan, in his book on "Latin and Greek in American Education", states that they are of inestimable value in learning how "to acquire easily and rapidly, and to think logically and independently." In the cultural studies, in Medicine, in Engineering, Law, Theology, in Practical affairs of the Business World, in Science, and in the activities of modern life, they are extremely valuable, if not a necessary preparation. He says, "Our eyes must be opened to the human values and the aesthetic charm of ancient literature."

Dr. J. W. Mackail, in his Classical Investigation Report, summarizes the objections regularly made to the study of Latin, and asserts that they are all, according to the results of the investigation, ill-founded objections, that the Latin writings are "as much alive, as vital, as powerful as ever... to speak of them as a dead language and dead books is like speaking of the Elgin marbles as dead sculpture, of the work of Titian or Velasquez as dead painting, or of Bach's B Minor as dead music."

It is needless to quote further the statements of great men and women who find the classics a valuable preparation for, and against, the various occupations of life. President Hoover and the former President Coolidge, are only two of those who have expressed themselves definitely in favor of a study of the classics as practical education.

Even here at Lindenwood, regardless of the fact that none of the courses in the Classical department are required courses, we find that the numbers in those classes is growing larger each year, and that a larger proportion of the girls are seeing "value in the classics". No doubt, they, too, are realizing the fact that "there is no substitute for first-hand knowledge."

SONNET TO A. B.

By Camilla Luther

You are like a goblet, crystal-slender
Set upon a velvet cloth of black;
And ne'er knew I that workmanship
could render
A cup to catch such lights and cast
them back.
And in your shapely form there
glimmers red—
A fiery wine, which all who try to
drain
Find bitter-sweet and drink in
greedy dread,
Lest they should quaff one single
drop in vain.
But should some careless hand, un-
heeding dart—
And lo!—A glitter, a crash of
splintering glass
And flying burning slivers sting each
heart
Which there had sipped—now turn
to see it pass.
And all that soon remains is tiny
pail
And red upon the velvet cloth a
stain.

SKETCH

By Dorothy Rendlen

Elizabeth trudged down the road, trailed by lazy grey puffs of dust, stirred up by her scuffing progress. From her thin, tanned face her pale blue eyes peered apathetically at the sagging grey clouds overhead. Her slender thirteen-year-old body drooped under the weight of a carefully packed basket of cups and plates which she grasped in both hands.

She passed, with a wistful glance, the lovely gate on which she liked to swing, and stepped up on the porch. After knocking on the door she entered without waiting for an answer.

With the ease of familiarity she said, "How' do, Miz Watkins. I brung yore dishes back an' Ma sez ter thank you kindly. We done finished with th' thrashers."

"Set 'em down, 'Lisbeth, right over there. You-all is mighty lucky ter get done 'fore this here storm breaks. It looks right bad."

"Yes 'um, does that." 'Lisbeth shifted from one dusty foot to the other. "Could I, maybe, look at that book I seen here t' other day? Yuh know, the one 'bout Alice an' had a white rabbit in ut?"

"Miz" Watkins chuckled comfortably. "Sakes, yes. That uster belong to Vivian but she don't read it no more."

Elizabeth fairly flew to the shelves where Alice in Wonderland leaned against an old almanac aimed various pieces of bric-a-brac.

Flopping on her "tummy" she reverently turned the pages, her lips moving silently as she picked out the words. Her sixth-grade knowledge was one of the most precious things she possessed.

At a rumble of thunder Mrs. Watkins called from the kitchen, "Yuh better be gittin' home, honey. It's gonna rain, right off."

With a sigh 'Lisbeth got up, carefully replaced the volume, and thanking Mrs. Watkins dreamily, pattered out in the inch-thick dust as the first drops of rain began to fall.

When she reached home, her harvest-weary mother scolded her for staying so long and getting all wet.

Elizabeth scurried about, shutting windows and closing hen-house doors, reluctantly, yet without protest. She had long since learned that things had to be done and that she had to do them. But, some day, she was going to have all the books she wanted, and all the ruffled white dresses, and her Ma could have a hired girl to wash the dishes.

DULL COLORS

By Mary Eleanor Anderson

Sunk in a giant furrow of dull colors a little log structure rattled its windows to the wind, defying all the pessimisms of nature. This cabin was like a lonely seed set for cultivation in a soil of weedy trees and grass. Both it and its surroundings bore aspects of shabbiness. On either side of the cabin the banks of the furrow rose in the roller-coaster hills of Missouri covered by dark, mossy grass and a continuous thicket of stubby, vine-like trees with greyish green leaves. A sluggish little stream had pushed its way from under a slab of rock, and wound its muddy brown course down the hillside to disappear suddenly into the dark secrets of an underground passage. Hawks and crows were numerous, and they screechingly flew overhead or fluttered about in combat in the thickets. In the depths of the furrow the beauty of dainty wild flowers was concealed by the big, gaunt leaves of sturdy, ugly growths. Dark grey stones placed at intervals in the flat, soggy ground led from a path on the hillside to the door of the cabin. Above all hung the sun shrouded in a billowy cloth of frothy greyness, and the cloak hung too low the birds flying too high lost themselves in the folds.

The little cabin was a part of all this. It peeked forth from its twenty small windows, and blew smoke up its toppled chimney. It stood loosely together in its low, one story framework of logs. Small logs, short logs, fat logs, crooked logs piled up on top of each other revealed specks of the interior here and there. The only entrance into the house was barred by an obstinate, one-hinged door that was locked by a big, rusty padlock. Its remaining boards were covered with the initials of knifly hikers. The roof sank above it in a deep swoop, and shabby, black shingles hung loosely together in defiance of long weathering. Everywhere dull colors cast shadows of beauty on hill and house.

SOUNDS NEXT DOOR

By Naomi Henry

The first sound that may be heard as my neighbors arrive home from the library is the thud of books on the bed. Then I hear the buzz as the radio is turned on, and somebody sprawls out on the bed making it creak violently. From now until ten-thirty p. m. there is a continual chatter along with the radio music, broken only at times when I think my neighbors must be engrossed in magazines because I hear the swish as they turn the pages. Once the more industrious of the two decides that she must wash some stockings. She jumps from the bed, clatters across the floor, and turns the water on full stream. It splashes as the suds are made and I hear the soft crunching of the soap through the silk. Of course the evening would not be complete without a card game, and when the two have realized this, the desk drawer, which is so full that it sticks tight, is pulled out with a scrape. Next comes the slap of cards as they are shuffled and the hollow knock as the tricks are drawn in. Now it is almost time for the lights to go out, for I hear a scurrying and the heels of mules dropping on the floor. The water is turned on more frequently now and twice I hear the regular strokes of someone brushing her teeth. I can tell that a hurried note is being written home to the family by the scratch of the pen and the jiggle of the desk. The last necessity of the letter is put on with a blow of the fist, the light is switched out with a click, two beds squeak, and there follow two peaceful sighs.

OLD WESLEY

By Sarah Louise Greer

He never interests the town people. To them "Old Wesley" is as familiar as the ancient red and white bank building on the corner; to strangers he must seem an odd and incongruous figure in that small southern town. The oldest of the residents have forgotten when he came. He has even lost count of his age. Old in manner and childish in mind, he walks the streets constantly, seldom begging, always searching for things in the gutter. He hoards everything, rags, scraps of paper, or burned cigarettes, in a huge burlap sack that has nearly grown to his back. The years of intense searching have shaped his body into a leaning, humped form, half man, half bundle, shuffling along guiltily.

He comes up the street carefully following the curb, poking each tiny pile of rubbish with his rough cane. Many of the passersby speak to him tolerantly, and he pauses to remove his chewed cob pipe and nods, grinning wisely. He shuns women, scorning splendidly their dainty cleanliness. Rarely he confides that his mother, undoubtedly a woman of some power, warned him "never to have any thing to do with women." This advice so impressed the poor, childish fellow that he has taken refuge behind several layers of grime and protective stubble.

When he can be persuaded to lift his head, squinted brown eyes flecked with green and yellow peer at you curiously. A nose almost covering the vacuum-like slit apparently made only to grip a pipe dominates an Irish face that can express every emotion except despair. The shrunken body and patient limbs are clothe in a sagging suit, hopefully altered with bits of string and rusty pins. Thick-soled, high shoes laced over frayed trouser legs have had the good sense to turn up at the toes, and the old man rocks comfortably on these foot cradles when he stops to select tobacco for the beloved corn cob pipe. While the dragged chicken quill in his mouldy hat strains crazily in the wind.

MEMORY

By Gladys Crutchfield

You came, you left,
(Oh, let me forget!)
My heart is heavy,
(So full of regret!)
I remember your kisses,
(Memory, leave me!)
Your strong arms around me,
(Oh, how it grieves me!)
You were so manly,
(Was it September?)
But, how did you look?
(I can't seem to remember!)

PALS

By Mary Hart

Under the faded, striped awning of the corner grocery sat Uncle Happy. It was an over-sized chair on which he spread his rosy corpulence, tipped back on its two hind legs, at a thirty-five degree angle, against the cool brick wall. Uncle Happy lolled contentedly on its broad lap. His short legs, not able to touch the ground, swung lazily over the rungs. The little that was left of his fair hair swirled damply on his shining bald pate. He had stuck a White Owl Cigar in the corner of his mouth, and chewed it around and around as he sat reminiscent.

At Uncle Happy's feet—or where his feet should have been had they rightly touched the ground—sprawled an adoring, curly-haired Airedale. Only his questioning brown eyes glanced

SONNET TO TOMORROW

By Norman Rinehart

Tomorrow is a black-eyed, red-lipped girl
Who smiles seductively and tempts us all.
To grasp the jewel in her hand means fall,
For she dances with a lively twist and twirl,
Too skillful for us to follow her graceful whirl.
We run, we jump with awkward steps, and call—
But now she's gone; though visions of her enthrall.
She appears again, and her motley skirts unfurl.
Today sighs boredly as she watches the flight
And wonders why we are the fools we seem,
For who but fools by folly would be led?
And thus, she pities and shuns our foolish plight.
The aged Yesterday—what does she deem?
Poor thing, she shivers and hides her hoary head.

A CHINESE PRAYER MEETING

By Mary Sue James

The room is all in darkness except for one small lamp with the blue globe which burns dimly in the center of the table. The shades of all the windows have been drawn and no light is allowed into the room. Around the lamp are three incense burners, placed in exact positions. In two of the burners incense has been placed, but in the third burner are tiny squares of paper. Everything is still as silently a match it touched to the incense and to the paper. The smoke from the burners curls up in spirals and envelops the lamp, forming a hazy veil, which against the blue light looks like pale delicate blue chiffon—soft and clinging. It is a solemn, still moment as we watch the cones of incense burn to the bottom and the papers become a pile of ashes.

Suddenly a bell jangles, some one laughs, and the spell which has been holding us is broken. Our "Chinese Prayer Meeting" is over; our prayers to Flunk—You, the deity of final examinations, have been burnt; our responsibilities are ended—our final grades lie in the hands of the gods.

up at his master to detect his single move.

"We're gettin' old, doggie," he drawled as he glanced lovingly at his closest friend, Pal. "A, ha, ha, ha," he chuckled teasingly, when Pal, spying his lady-friend, strutted toward her wagging his tail courteously and rubbing noses with her.

At that moment, Widow Myran, dainty and cool in her lavender organdie, minced toward Uncle Happy with tiny hand outstretched.

"Pleased to see you, Elaine." He bowed slightly, clutching his cigar in his free hand and replacing it between his lips after due ceremony.

The window dimpled coyly at him, and after pressing his hand affectionally she proceeded on her cake-walk.

Pal had also finished his tete-a-tete with his lady-love, and together man and dog watched longingly the two loved figures in the distance.

"Think she'll ever notice these ugly wrinkles, Pal?" pointing to the crow's feet radiating from his twinkling blue eyes. "There's a sweet one, if I ever did see one. Y' know, Pal, they say opposites attract. Maybe there's hope yet, eh, boy? Maybe—there's—hope—yet—" Uncle Happy's words were interrupted by yawns, and sleepily his head nodded till his chin dropped on his chest.

"SPECIAL TODAY"

By Jeanette Durre

Friday afternoon saw Dorothy Bishop and Sylvia Frederick sipping drinks in the back of Meyer's drug store.

"Do you know Lou Meyer?" asked Miss Bishop out of her water glass.

"Well, see that boy that just came in? Up at the soda counter, I mean! That's Ronny Crane, and they're engaged, sort of. Only I guess it's about off now."

"Why?"

"Oh, my dear, I really shouldn't have said anything. It's her fault, in a way. She's funny—Oh, I don't mean I don't like her. She's a babe, if you know what I mean. Just no 'savior faire'."

"Uh huh, I know. Cleopatra had it, didn't she?"

"Yeh, I think so. Anyway, the other night he said something to Lou about coming over. Nothing definite, you understand—just said something."

"How did you know?" interposed Miss Frederick.

"Well, he sort of told me, in a way. And woman's intuition too, I guess," Dorothy added with a giggle.

"You're so funny," remarked the other. "But did he go?"

"Of course not," was the indignant reply. "He changed his mind, and besides, he'd only said he might."

"Oh, then what?"

"Well, nothing directly. One of the boys called her about seven and said, Ronny had some Chem to do, and would she mind if he didn't come."

"I took Chem last term and knocked off straight flunks," contributed Sylvia.

"Did you?" remarked her companion, a bit sourly at being interrupted at so vital a point in her narrative.

"Oh, Dot, look!" squealed the effusive Miss Frederick, churning her soda in its glass. "It looks just like a delta!"

"Umgraph," commented Dorothy, who saw no resemblance. Some people were entirely pointless.

"Oh, I see your pardon," said Syl hastily. "I had forgotten about Ronny and—what did you say her name was?"

"Lou," prompted Dot, "and not so loud."

"The lady what's known as Lou," quoted her audience gleefully. "Well, go on."

"There isn't much more except that Lou found out Ron hadn't stayed in, and she raised an awful fuss."

"Gee, so would I."

"Well, it was a little inconsiderate of her. But there's plenty of other girls who would like to be in her shoes." Suddenly she added, "Hurry let's go, Syl. He's paying his check. Here, take your books and hat!"

"Who's going where?" demanded the bewildered Miss Frederick.

"Don't be silly, dearie. Why Ronnie, of course. Do hurry!"

"I'm coming," sighed Sylvia, eyeing her unfinished delta. "but where was Ronnie, Dot, if he didn't get Chem?"

"Nowhere, darling," whispered Dorothy, pushing her friend along toward the front of the store. "Didn't I tell you? I had him out riding with me—Hello Ronny!"

SMOKE

By Margaret Jean Wilhoit

Soft, murky cushions of black smoke
Are puffed in anger
From the tall, straight stack
That is a giant's pipe.
Each night he tamps
The fine coal down
Into the bowl,
With his blunt, iron nails.

PERSONALITY

By Lillian Webb

Powdered face,
Rouged face,
Bright with dabs of paint.
Large nose,
Small nose,
Character strong or faint.

Laughing eyes,
Brooding eyes,
Give their thoughts away;
Soft mouth,
Hard mouth—
Life is not all play.

Dainty clothes,
Rough clothes,
Frisolous or staid.
Face, nose,
Eyes, mouth,
Will you help this maid?

CELLAR EDEN

By Betty Hart

My grandmother lived in an old house built in the last part of the nineteenth century. It was a pleasing old home in spite of the wedding-cake ornamental effect so common in buildings of that period.

Only one part of the house was forbidden to me and there I would go in spite of all my grandmother's warnings. This Eden of mine was the cellar of the house, never called a basement. It was not such a bad place in itself, but the dark and the cold were not considered healthy for a frail and imaginative child of seven. To get to my cellar unobserved I had to go outside, lift up a slick, gray door, and descend by means of a stone stairway. Coming out of the hot, dusty sunlight into the blackness was soothing. The darkness was not in the least gloomy and forbidding, and after becoming accustomed to it I could see all manner of interesting things. At one end of the cellar were stairs going up to the kitchen, at the other end was a coal-bin, and in between, ranged round the walls, in specially built cupboards, and in some places just piled by themselves were dozens and dozens of jars containing preserved foods. Grandmother "put up" everything from strawberry jam to pickled pigs-feet.

But the things seen were nothing compared to those unseen. If I were very, very quiet, little mice would rustle through the dark and sometimes larger rats would scurry heavily by my feet. It was all very well to hear them and entirely wrong to feel them. Once in a long while one venturesome rodent would brush against my foot. Cold chills and shivers would hold a Marathon race up and down my spine for several minutes and little goose-pimples would come up all over my arms and legs. I would stand there shaking as if Satan, himself, had appeared before me in the shape of a huge rat. But the little metallic battles that scuttled through the apple barrel gave me pleasure. They made such a companionable sound, quite as if they were chatting to one another about the latest hat creations. They reminded me of some friends of my mother.

Modern sanitation critics would scoff at grandmother's cellar. To them it would be a breeding-place for all kinds of deadly bacteria. My cellar was a place set apart for me. It contained for me sweet illusions and fearful hallucinations at the same time. It is changed now. I cannot really see what did it. I only know that last year when I went for a few minutes alone to my place of dreams, the cobwebs filled me with disgust and the earth floor felt clammy to my feet.

"THERE ARE BLONDES AND BLONDES"

By Eleanor Berkley

"Buddy, won't you take me to the show tonight? Please do. Mother says we can go if we finish our studying."

"Aw, can't you quit harping on that subject? I said, 'no', and I mean, 'no'. Mary Brian's terrible, anyway. Too much of a sissy. Me for Greta Garbo or Joan Crawford."

"All right then, meany; but just wait'll you want me to do something for you."

"Be quiet, sis, I'm busy."

"You won't even drive me over to Helen's now?"

"No."

"And I can't take the car myself, I suppose, because Dad said you could have it this afternoon to go to the game, and then you decided not to go, after all."

"I told you about fifty times that there's no gas in it."

Disgusted with her eighteen-year-old brother Ted, in particular, and everybody, in general, Nancy just sat and looked out of the window, too angry even to go on with the story she had been reading.

Suddenly she straightened up and pulled back the curtain with a jerk. Then turning her head and peering at Ted, she said, "Hum, looks like the Harveys are having company."

By not one movement did Ted show that he had heard her.

"Not such bad looking girls either," said Nancy, casually.

"Huh! What did you say about girls? Here, move over and let go of that curtain, Nan. Not so bad looking! Say—! That blonde's a wow, if you ask me."

"Well, I didn't ask you, and I think the brunette's much cuter. I didn't mean to interrupt that very interesting story you were reading."

"Story, nothing! I'm going over and meet that dame."

"Buddy Griffin, you can't go rushing over like that to meet some one when she hasn't hardly been there."

"Oh, well, I guess you're right. But, oh sis, did you see that blonde! Say, she's really the stuff on looks."

"She isn't so bad, but I still think the brunette looks like she'd be a lot more fun."

"Fun! Huh! That blonde's got style."

About five o'clock that afternoon the telephone rang. Ted answered it.

"Hello", Nancy heard him say, "Yeh, this is Ted".

"Who?"

"Oh, Marj. Sure. Didn't know your voice."

"Would we!"

"Is she a blonde?"

"Oh, no, but I have a weakness for 'em."

"Hot socks! It's Marj Harvey; and she says her cousin has come to spend the week-end with her. Her name's Frances, and she's from Pittsburgh. She's the blonde, too. Marj wants us to come over to dinner tonight and meet her."

"Tell her we'd love to."

"I will, Nan, don't worry!"

"Hello."

"Yeh, Nancy says she'd love to come. Say, by the way, Marj, eh—is your cousin doing anything special tonight? Think she'd like to go to a show? Well, may I speak to her, please? Uh huh."

"Hello."

"Yes, I saw you arriving this afternoon."

"Oh, yes I did; about three-thirty."

"How about going somewhere with me tonight after dinner?"

"Oh, well, we might go see a show."

"You like Mary Brian! So do I."

"Crazy about her. I wouldn't miss her for the world. I always see her

TEA-TIME

By Frances Datesman

Tea-time. Dusky shadows creep noiselessly from the far corners of the long room, blend into the grey-ness of the soft carpets and the deep chairs, and gradually fuse into the dull mahogany of the low grand piano and the velvet folds of the window hangings. Only the venturous flames from the newly-laid fire prevent their enshrouding the whole room in gloomy darkness. The heavy black logs are illumined by the effulgent orange glow of the fire. Tiny blue flames climb cautiously up the black log, mingle shyly with the more vivacious yellow-green fire-sprites on the top log, and disappear. The modest yellow flames play quietly at the base of the front log, occasionally daring to venture out to the stained edge of the hearth. The firelight soon pervades the darkened room, making dim outlines of the bulky lounging chair and the frail tea-table. Ruddy flame-images dance vainly in the slender silver tea pot and touch the fragile china cups with a faint rose tinge.

Tea-time. Suddenly a door is pushed open. A group of laughing girls come quickly in. The snap of a switch: shaded lights scatter ephemeral shadows to the darker corners and mock the flickering glow of the fire. A second switch is turned: the loud harsh tones of a jazz band break the calm dignity of the quiet room.

pictures when they are in town. She really is just the type I like."

"No, I don't care about Joan Crawford, either."

"It's funny; I feel like I've known you for a long time, seeing you this afternoon and then talking to you tonight."

"At six-thirty. All right."

"Goodbye."

"Doc-do-dee-a—and that's that", said Ted, as he hung up.

Ted sang all the time he was getting dressed. When he finally appeared, Nancy raised her eyebrows and thought to herself, "If he'd only act as nice as he looks."

At six-thirty sharp the Harveys' door bell rang. Marjorie opened the door.

"Hello. Come on in."

"Yes, Frances will be right down." The three talked for a few minutes while Nancy and Ted took off their coats and Nancy gave her saucy little nose a last dab with a very pink powder puff.

At last they heard Frances coming down the stairs. Ted winked at his sister, while his lips formed the words, "It won't be long now."

Into the room walked a girl—but not Frances! Marj. was introducing her. It was Frances, and she was a blonde. But where was the Frances, Ted's Frances that had such a swanky little walk and such a trim figure?

Ted could only murmur, "How do you do?"

Where had this girl come from and who was the girl he had seen entering that afternoon? Finally he managed to stammer, "I guess I didn't see you this afternoon."

"Oh, no; that was Ruth Danton. She and Cary Johnson, the brunette came over for a minute to find out the assignment," laughed Marjorie.

"Nan, you've just got to get me out of this," whispered Ted a few minutes later. "I can't take that pop-eyed, pasty-faced fat to the show. Why, all the crowd would think I'd gone nuts."

"I'm sorry, sweetheart, but I guess it's up to you to show the ravishing woman a good time. You wouldn't want to miss Mary Brian, anyway—you never do."

How The Faculty Spent Their Vacation

Range of their activities vie with even those of the students

Dr. and Mrs. Roemer spent their Easter vacation here at Lindenwood just enjoying the approach of spring upon the campus and taking a rest, besides being much entertained at dinners and luncheons.

Dean Gipson spent her vacation in Boston attending a meeting of the American Association of University Women. She extended her vacation somewhat, but is returning today.

Dr. Gregg spent Spring Vacation in the Ozarks.

Miss Stone, head of Lindenwood's department of modern languages, spent her vacation in Chicago, Burlington, Ia., and Ill. She reported a very pleasant visit there, with her sister.

Mrs. Bose, the Spanish, French, and German teacher, "went home", and spent a short vacation there with her husband, Dr. Suhindra Bose, who is a member of the faculty at the University of Iowa, at Iowa City.

Miss Wurster contemplated going several places, but finally decided there were so many things she wanted to do that she would remain here in St. Charles, and she spent a part of the time in St. Louis.

Miss Schaper spent her Easter vacation in St. Louis. She used this time to a good advantage in the libraries there doing reading for her own personal information and study.

Miss Hankins, head of the classical languages and literature department has returned to the campus with the report that she enjoyed a very pleasant Easter holiday at her home in Webster Groves.

Miss Tucker left immediately after vacation for her home in Lansing, Mich. She spent her entire Easter Holiday here but was back again for classes Wednesday.

Miss Gordon's seven days' vacation was a busy one filled with short excursions. Several days spent in St. Louis and a delightful little trip through the Ozarks made her vacation a most pleasant one.

Several members of the music faculty enjoyed their Spring Vacation by taking a trip, while others went to their homes. Mr. Thomas and Mrs. Thomas took an auto trip through the west part of Missouri, down to Bagnell Dam and then back to Kansas City. Miss Rhodes visited in Oska-loosa, Iowa. Miss Detweiler went to her home in Aurora, Illinois. Miss Gieselman to her in Macon, Missouri and Miss Englehart to her home in Kirksville, Missouri. Miss Isidor also visited at her home.

Miss Parker motored to Jefferson City for Spring vacation, where she visited her family.

Miss Dawson spent the vacation in St. Charles.

A trip home to Jackson, Missouri, was Miss Cracraft's vacation. She likewise made several smaller excursions and visits while at her home. Of course a most enjoyable time was spent.

As Seen By Belle Brummel

My dear Mother,

I do dislike to pester you in such a manner, but truth to tell, I am in want of more night clothes. And by "night cloths", I don't mean night gowns, I mean PAJAMAS. Pajamas, pajamas, and more pajamas are the thing out here. There are pajamas to sleep in, pajamas to lounge in, pajamas to "tea" in, and even pajamas to wear in the evening to parties.

It was looking at a pair of these evening-pajamas the other afternoon. They were blue dotted tulle, having a silk sash at the waist. They were ankle length, and of great fulness. They were also cleverly cut that one was unaware of their true being at first glance. How vulgarly immodest, you say? Not at all; they don't fly up and reveal one's limbs, nor do they cling as many skirts do.

Another suit which I admired muchly was a boudoir ensemble. It was of glove silk, and in three pieces: the sailor pants, the "top", and a sleeveless bolero. It was tangerine, and milk chocolate, the bolero being reversible.

Usually pajamas, though, are made of cotton, or broadcloth, but of a style which assures their being worn in the summer at the beach. The trousers are bell bottoms with fitted waist line. The "tops" are sleeveless, and generally of an unadorned neckline.

Hoping this gives you an idea of what I want.

I am your obediently loving daughter,

Belle Brummel.

Thirty-Two Students Help Entertain Doctors

Thirty-two girls made themselves in evidence on the day of the Doctors' convention because they were the hostesses for the day. The reason was that they were doctors daughters or granddaughters, and therefore were to show the visiting physicians around the campus. One of them made such an impression as a hostess that the doctor made special mention of her in his letter of appreciation. At the dance in the gym, the whole student body helped to entertain the guests and assist them in having a good time.

Miss Frances Stumberg of the faculty; Anne Armstrong, Mary Margery Lewis, Doris Bomford, Mary Weiss, Doris Fisher, Mary Katherine Martin, Helen Smith, Betsy Holt, Eugenia Martin, Katherine Anne Disque, Marjorie Filkins, Mary Thomas, Nelle Thomas, Ruth Gibbs, Frances Neff, Pauline Brown, Marion Pray, Anna Jane Harrison, Anna Wray Vanorden, Margaret Hill, Mary Heard, Ione Nichols, Miriam Ashcraft, Wilma Jane Stephens, Frances Freels, Virginia Sterling, Sarah Burgess, Jeanette Trusler, Lee Stone, Mariette Gates, and Nell Wilkes.

Miss Anderson left on Wednesday afternoon, April 1st for her home in Buda, Illinois, where she spent the whole of her vacation.

Mr. Brent drove to Flora, Illinois during the Easter Vacation and stayed several days.

Miss Stumberg spent the vacation with her family, in St. Charles.

Miss Foster spent a very interesting vacation in Tupelo, Mississippi. She left school Wednesday night and returned the following Tuesday.

The "Show-Off" By Alpha Psi A Success

Spring Play Carries a Clever Dialogue And Much Wit.

The "Show-Off", by George Kelly, was presented by Alpha Psi Omega, in Room auditorium, on Friday evening, March 27, under the most capable direction of Miss Lucille Cracraft, of the Oratory department. Margaret Jean Wilhoit acted as stage manager.

Act 1 takes place in the dining-room of the Fisher home, one evening in July. Clara (Ruth Martin) has come home to see her mother, Mrs. Fisher (Audine Mulnix), and has brought her a box of candy. Mrs. Fisher is pleased to have her married daughter home for a long talk.

The most important item of the discussion, centers about Mr. Aubrey Piper (Anna Marie Balsiger), who has become a "steady" caller at the Fisher home, of late, and who is constantly trying to "show off".

Amy Fisher (Dorothy Galluly), who has been, for some time, upstairs, enters, inquires of her mother as to the whereabouts of the roses she has brought, and later finds them on the porch. About this time, Frank Hyland (Kathryn Hull), Clara's husband, calls for her.

Mr. Fisher (Lucille Miller) comes home, and seats himself in his favorite chair, and pretends to spend a quiet evening. Soon, however, he finds himself quiet disturbed by the noise in the parlor, where Amy is entertaining Aubrey. Mrs. Fisher stands by the parlor door, and insists that she is "not listenin' to that nut, but just seein' what he had to say."

Joe (Mildred Sherman), the young son of the Fishers enters, bringing the radio, on which he has been working, in the basement, and he exclaims, "Whats' this I hear about the Pennsylvania railroad?" At that moment, Aubrey, who has been laughing and talking in the parlor, now enters the family to distraction with his lengthy discussions about the Pennsylvania railroad and Socialism, slapping father on the back every few minutes, shouting "Sign on the dotted line", and going on in his characteristic "blustery" manner.

The curtain is down three minutes to denote the passing of three hours, and we find "Mom", with her Bible in her hand, peacefully sleeping in her chair. Joe is working on his radio. "Mom" is suddenly awakened, after Joe has peacefully listened through several verses of "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep", accompanied by Amy at the piano.

"Pa" appears, at the foot of the stairs, clad in a long white night shirt and cap. He orders everyone to bed. Finally, Aubrey takes his "reluctant leave" shouting as he leaves the house "Monteal, Mother." Joe goes on to bed, and Amy complains to her mother of the way in which the entire family "mortified her" that evening. They discuss together the merits and faults of Aubrey, and Amy makes clear the fact that she is the one who is doing the choosing, and that, if Aubrey Piper suits her, the opinions of the whole family will have no influence whatever in her choice. Mrs. Fisher goes to bed, and the curtain falls, as Amy looks at her new ring.

At the opening of Act II, Mom is sitting in father's chair, listening to the radio, and Aubrey Piper enters the room, in search of Amy, who he says has been looking for another house, for they must move the first

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ON THE CAMPUS

Every one returning from Spring Vacation looking quite the worst for wear....Dr. Roemer announcing that the class room was a good place to rest.....Mary Norman Rinehart falling out of the chair.....Betsy Davis picking violets.....flowers in bloom, green grass, birds' singing, and summer dresses appearing on the campus.....the death-like silence on the campus all Wednesday afternoon while the girls were sleeping....that's the campus this week.

Gretchen Hunker Presented In Recital

Graduate of Oratory Department Gives Pleasing Entertainment

The Oratory Department presented Gretchen Hunker in her graduating recital Friday evening, March 20, in the college auditorium. The selection given was "The Dover Road" by A. A. Milne. The scene is laid on the road of Mr. Latimer on the road to Dover. He has brought two run-away couples into his home and refuses to let them leave for at least a week. One couple had been there a week and the husband was trying to find a way out of his to-be marriage. It happens that Eustasia and Leonard have been married before but had decided to run away from each other. So Leonard was on his way to Dover with Anne, and Eustasia had found Nicholas. As Mr. Latimer had planned, after the first day of being cooped up together, the couples were ready to separate forever. Anne borrows money in order to get home, Nicholas and Leonard plan to go to Southern France, and Eustasia stays at the Latimer home to nurse a sick servant.

Miss Hunker's impersonations were exceptionally good. Leonard was her best character. From the first words he spoke, one knew the type of man he was. He was the typical Englishman, with no sense of humor, a pronounced accent, and a very disagreeable disposition. Anne, the girl he ran away with, was portrayed as a very sweet character with more common sense than any of the rest of them. Eustasia, Leonard's first wife, excellently drawn. Besides talking baby talk she had a great desire to nurse anyone who was sick or to look out for their comfort. She carried this to the extreme. Nicholas, the other guest, was portrayed as a reluctant husband, always pursued by Eustasia. Mr. Latimer, the host, was a hospitable sort of a man despite his queer plan to capture all run-away couples. One could not help but admire him.

Miss Hunker wore a lovely beaded blue dress, made along princess lines with the very popular cowl neck. Her accessories were in keeping with her dress.

WHO'S WHO?

They are two "little" girls, who live on Second floor Butler. One is Junior—the other a Senior. Both take quite an active part in the affairs of the campus. They are interested in Pi Gamma Mu, the League of Women Voters, and the International Relations Club. They wear cute, becoming clothes, and go to the city quite frequently, if not for the week-end, at least for the day. Is it necessary to mention that one of these "room-mates" is editor of the Linden Bark?

COLLEGE CALENDAR

Tuesday, April 14:
4:45 p. m.—Music Recital, Frances McPherson and Doris Oxlye.

Thursday, April 16:
11:00 a. m.—Student Music Recital

Friday, April 17:
Beta Pi Theta Banquet.

Sunday, April 19:
6:30 p. m.—Vesper Service.

Sidelights of Society

Mary Elizabeth Miller, Mary Norman Rinehart, Elizabeth French, and Dorothy Dining spent the Easter Vacation with Isabel Orr in Joplin, Missouri.

Miriam Ashcraft and Mary Helen Kingston went home with Mary Jane Laughlin for the vacation.

Nell Wilkes spent the vacation with Mariette Gates.

Margaret Morris visited Avis Carpenter in Cape Girardeau over the Easter Vacation.

Polly Heninger spent the vacation in Chicago as the guest of friends.

Margo Francis visited Frances Parks at her home in Clinton, Mo., over the vacation.

Mrs. Henry S. Caulfield, the Missouri Governor's wife, and their daughter, Jane, were the guests of Louise Strobach and Burnette Billman at dinner Tuesday night, March 24.

Virginia Sterling entertained a number of girls from Nicolls Hall, at a house party the weekend of the 21st., in St. Louis, where Virginia lives. The girls who went in for the week end were, Sarah Burgess, Lucile Chappel, Margaret Gurley, Catherine Marsh, Ruth Martin, Catherine Martin, Lucille Miller, Helen Morgan, Ione Nichols, Margaret Ringer, Mary Ellen Springer, and Marie Wagenseller.

Helen Teter spent the weekend of the 27th in St. Louis with her sister, Ruth Teter, who attended Lindenwood last year.

Jewel Bradenberger and Mary Margaret Hedrick spent the weekend of the 27th at the Pi Phi house at Missouri University.

Betty Fair was the guest of relatives in St. Louis for the week-end.

Virginia Keck spent the week-end in St. Louis as the guest of friends.

Mary Miller and Dorothy Dinning spent the week-end with relatives in St. Louis.

Marian Harszy spent the week-end at her home in East St. Louis.

Betsy Davis and Ann Armstrong spent Sunday at their home in Kirkwood.

Kathryn Leibrock spent last week-end at her home in Nashville, Illinois.

Phoebe Sparks spent Saturday and Sunday, March 21 and 22, at her home in Paris, Missouri. She spent last week-end at Columbia, Missouri where she visited at the Pi Phi house.

Shirley Schofield also went home for the week-end. She lives in Belleville, Illinois.

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of the month. He has planned to take Amy to the auto show, in celebration of the fact that they were married five months ago.

Amy comes in. She looks pretty in a lavender suit and a purple hat, but she complains to her mother, because she and Aubrey haven't anything. Then Clara brings up the fact that Aubrey Piper has been asking her husband for money to pay thier rent. Amy denies this, and then the argument starts. Clara ends by saying "He thinks he's coming here to live."

Joe comes home from work, and tells Clara that their "Pop" has had a stroke, and is at the Samaritan hospital. They all get ready to go to the hospital. Aubrey Piper, with his head bandaged, walks in. He ran into a "cop", his car has been left at the police station, and his trial is to be later.

Aubrey tells Amy that Frank Hyland was on the street car that ran into him, and that Frank went his bail for \$1,000. Mr. Gill (Jean Morgan) brings Mr. Fisher's clothes—a hat and an overcoat. The telephone rings, and Amy returns to the dining-room, saying that her father is dead. Aubrey makes a number of inappropriate remarks, in consolation, and ends with a "French phrase", "Sic transit gloria mundi."

In Act III, Mr. Rogers (Margaret Ann Atkins) comes to pay Mrs. Fisher her insurance money, of \$1,000.

All the way through the play, Aubrey Piper was "showing off", and Anna Marie Balsiger who played the part, played it to perfection.

The week-end of March 22 Marjorie Florence entertained Margaret Bell and Marguerite Zimmerman at her home in Roodhouse, Illinois.

Helen Weber, Frances Blair and Doris Force spent the week-end at the Weber home in St. Louis.

Sara Stuck spent the week-end visiting friends in St. Louis.

Elizabeth Thomas visited friends in St. Louis over the week-end.

Mary Ellen England spent the week-end at her home in Festus, Mo.

Katherine Barrington, and Margaret Omohundro, both St. Louis girls were at home last week end.

Marjorie Filkins, of Jefferson Barracks went home Friday, returning Saturday afternoon in order to attend the Prom. Evelyn Hoyt, another Sophomore, and Mary Frances McKee were with Marjorie.

Loretta Howe took Alfreda Brodbeck home with her to Honeywell, Mo.

Johnny Riner Wins
Con. Lit. Contest

Either Johnnie Riner is a clairvoyant or she has succeeded in absorbing some of Dr. Gregg's excellent teaching. Recently Dr. Gregg sprang an impromptu contest in her Contemporary Literature class. She would read titles or characters of different authors' works and the students would say whose work it was. The idea was to connect each author with his brain-child or visa versa. Any rate Johnnie Riner succeeded admirably, received the silver cup in myth if not in fact, carried off the honors of the war (for a war it almost was), and left her beloved instructor with the feeling that all has not been taught in vain.

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The tables were decorated with little orange baskets filled with salted nuts.

Then everyone went back to the gym, and the Grand March took place, after which the young men were presented with silver cigarette lighters, with the Lindenwood crest on the side. The music continued until twelve, and was furnished by Jackson and his orchestra, and then the much-looked-forward-to Sophomore Prom was over.

Chaperons and Students Striking in
Formal Garb

Mrs. Roemer looked admirable in a flowered chiffon. Delicate roses drooped upon a beige background. A triple strand of pearls, rhinestone earrings, and silver slippers completed the costume.

Dr. Gregg, class sponsor, also chose a beige background for her flowered chiffon. Black satin slippers were worn with it. No adornments, or jewelry were worn, save Dr. Gregg's own charming personality.

Miss Blackwell wore royal blue velvet and lace, and carried a blending fur neck piece.

Dolly Kircher appeared in an egg-shell satin with fitted bodice. An apron effect was made by the "apron" in front, and the crossed straps in the back, to which was attached a large bow. White slippers and gloves were matching accessories; a small bouquet was carried.

Katherine Leibrock was stunning in black crepe with a slight train. Narrow black beaded bands criss-crossed around the girdle. White gloves, and a white shoulder corsage of lilies of the valley and roses made a charming contrast.

Gretchen Hunker was attired in sky blue crepe with a fitted bodice, which was beaded below the hips with tiny silver beads.

Mary Grace Wilson in a pink net dress with blue polka dots chose matching accessories in blue, though her gloves were pink lace mitts.

The shining beauty of Margot Francis' hair was set off by a gleaming white crepe dress of a clever cut. White moire slippers, pearl drop earrings, and a flagree bracelet heightened the effect.

Louise Warner's fair skin was set off by a light blue crepe, the neck line being sewn with tiny crystal beads which continued on the three straps across the back. Blue moire slippers contrasted with white gloves and crystal earrings.

Thelma Harpe was the cynosure of many eyes in a peach-colored satin gown with a fitted bodice. No distracting jewelry was worn.

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Mr. Acosta, in speaking of the message which he would take back to South American parents who were considering schools in the United States for their children to attend, paid many compliments to Lindenwood College, and to Dr. Roemer in particular.

He said that the activities of the schools of South America are practically the same as those of the United States, except that they are not so far advanced.

In the latter part of the period, Mr. Acosta was very considerate in answering the many questions which the students had in regard to the social life, styles, sports, and jazz. He also carried on a conversation in Spanish with one of the freshmen, Minna Krakauer, whose home is in Chihuahua, Mexico.

Review By Miss Parker

At Fraternity Tea

Sigma Tau Delta, national honorary English fraternity, met last week for a scheduled meeting. The president, Mary Lou Wardley presided.

Miss Parker, of the English department, gave a review of the popular book, "The Barretts of Wimpole Street". This book deals with the lives and courtship of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Mrs. Browning, an invalid before her meeting with Browning, regained her health through the help of Browning and his love for her. It was during their courtship, also, that most of her charming poetry was written.

After this excellent review, which has incited many of the fraternity members to read the entire work, tea and cakes were served.

Marjorie Wycoff accompanied Ruth Talbot to St. Louis, Sunday, for a visit to the latter's aunt.

STRAND
THEATRE

MONDAY and TUESDAY

Skeets Gallagher—Carol Lombard
in

"IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE"

WEDNESDAY

Adolph Menjou—Leila Hyames
in

"MEN CALL IT LOVE"

THURSDAY and FRIDAY

Charles Ruggles—June Callyer
in

"CHARLEY'S AUNT"

SATURDAY

Matinee & 2 shows at Night

GRETA GARBO

in

"INSPIRATION"

With Robert Montgomery

THE FINAL
Annual Sale

will be held next

Thursday afternoon
2 to 4 o'clock

The price of the Annual at this sale will be

\$5.50

If you have bought your Annual at an earlier sale and have not completely paid for it, please complete your payment—Thursday.

It is very important that everyone have their money Thursday as all the Annuals must be paid for before any will be delivered