

LINDEN BARK

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News from the Dean's Office

This last week the Juniors and Seniors received cards, which were sent from the National Secretary of the A. A. U. W., in Washington, D. C., and pamphlets in relation to the work of the A. A. U. W. These cards may be used by graduates, and entitle them to full membership in the American Association of University Women. Lindenwood has been an associate member of this organization for many years, but now, her graduates are entitled to full membership.

The Commencement programs are being worked on, and students are ordering their commencement invitations. The order for caps and gowns has gone in and it is expected that they will be here quite soon. In general, plans are being completed, for the end of this school year.

The work of the coming year, too, is being planned as well as possible. Students are arranging their courses and program for studies for 1931-32.

Dr. Boyer Gives Address In Chapel

His wife was a Lindenwood graduate of 1910.

Dr. J. W. Boyer, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Vincennes, Indiana, addressed the 11 o'clock assembly, Thursday, April 30, on the subject, "Living in the Sunshine".

Dr. Boyer said he was very glad to be back at Lindenwood again as he had first visited it 21 years ago as a student from Westminster College. At that time he came, not to lecture, but to see a certain Lindenwood girl who is now his wife. When he and Mrs. Boyer received the invitation from Dr. Roemer to come here and speak, his wife said, "We're going". And that settled that.

Dr. Boyer said that everyone should profit by living in the sunshine of life, and he stated that the three things which he considered sunshine in the lives of each and everyone of us was: the sunshine of friendship, the sunshine of common sense, and the sunshine of good cheer. Elaborating on each point he said that friends are the greatest among the treasures of his life. "We should try to cultivate them," and he expressed himself as being sorry that he did not take more time to acquaint himself with his fellow beings in his youth. "Friends", he said, "are people to whom you can speak your thoughts without being afraid they will tell them to some one else in an inverted way."

Next, he said that common sense should play a bigger part in our lives. "If more common sense were used now-a-days there would be less people going around in a perpetual gloom. Laugh at your little hurts, that helps more than anything." He also spoke of the lack of common sense shown by Canyon City, Colorado which voted to have the penitentiary located in

"Nelly Don" Hostess For K. C. Club

Dr. and Mrs. Roemer Meet 150 Lindenwood Girls, Past, Present and Future.

Dr. and Mrs. Roemer are back on the campus once more, after attending the twentieth anniversary meeting of the Kansas City Lindenwood club. The meeting was held at the large and beautiful home of Mrs. Paul F. Donnelly, a Lindenwood graduate of 1909. Mrs. Donnelly is known throughout the country as the originator of the Nelly Don dresses, and each year she offers prizes to the student of her alma mater who make the best and most original cotton dresses.

The guests numbered one hundred and fifty, composed of former Lindenwood students and their husbands, and also prospective Lindenwood girls who were accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Parks. Mr. Parks is the field manager of Lindenwood College.

A lovely buffet dinner was followed by a program at which Mrs. O. L. Berry, the president of the club, presided. She gave a short welcoming address and Dr. Roemer responded with a short talk. The girls who took part in the program were all here since Dr. and Mrs. Roemer came, so there was no need for further introduction. Mrs. F. E. Whitten, formerly Helen Somerville, sang several selections as also did Mrs. Ralph Helmreich formerly Carolyn Sheetz; Mrs. Edmund Bradfield, formerly Ernest Embry, the third of the trio, gave several very clever readings.

The Kansas City club then presented Mrs. Roemer with a beautiful string of pearls. Following this the oriental rugs were thrown back and an orchestra provided music for those who wished to dance, while the spacious corridors were cleared for those who preferred to play cards.

The visit with the old Lindenwood girls and the lovely entertainment at Mrs. Donnelly's home, was reported by Dr. and Mrs. Roemer as being one of the most thoroughly enjoyed of their many short excursions.

their city rather than the state university which would have furthered the education and morals of the young people.

The last aspect of sunshine in living that Dr. Boyer spoke on was "good cheer." "Most of us," he declared, "take ourselves and everything about us too seriously. Cheerfulness is the best developer of character there is, so everyone should try to acquire in a great measure this spirit of cheerfulness. It helps us, likewise, to keep an open mind and an understanding heart towards all mankind, and that, after all, is one of the greatest acquisitions for getting along in this world."

Dr. Boyer closed his address with this fitting admonition: "If we are going to live in the sunshine we must develop a Christian faith that will help us in every avenue of life."

Dr. Roemer Entertained With Birthday Party

Student Board Has a Japanese Dinner Dance.

The Student Board entertained the entire faculty and the student body, with a formal dinner dance, on Friday evening, May 1. Beside the fact that this was the last formal party of the College year, it had another distinguishing feature. It was also a celebration of Dr. Roemer's birthday, and the anniversary of his coming to Lindenwood. Someone said it would have to be one of the very best parties of the year—and so it was.

It would hardly be necessary to say that it was a Japanese party, for that idea was carried out in every detail. In the dining room, the maids were dressed in Japanese costume, and the favors were little Japanese boys and girls, each of whom held a small box filled with mints. A very delightful three-course dinner was served. Before the last course, the lights were put out, and songs were sung. As the maids marched into the dining room, carrying birthday cakes, lighted with tiny candles, the students sang **Happy Birthday to you, and Stand Up, Dr. Roemer, Stand Up.**

The gymnasium was beautifully decorated. The walls were white, with panels of a pretty Japanese design. The orchestra pit was covered with a lattice work of purple and lavender wisteria, and the lights were decorated with shades, in Japanese designs.

The entertainment consisted of three tap and toe dances, by choruses of girls in Japanese costume. Frances Datesman, Frances Johnson, and Dolores Fisher gave a clever Japanese dance and pantomime.

Several guests attended the dinner and dance, and everyone pronounced it one of the very best evenings of the whole year. Dr. Roemer received many lovely remembrances, both gifts and flowers.

After the dance was over, the members of the Junior class gathered outside Butler Hall and serenaded the Seniors.

The Truth About Youth

Reverend E. W. Potts Speaks on Young Moderns

Rev. Mr. Edward W. Potts of the Methodist-Episcopal Church in Webster Groves, preached a sermon on "Youth" at the Sunday Night Vesper Services, May 3. His text came from St. Luke, 16:9. "And I say unto you, Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness; that, when ye fail, they may receive you into everlasting habitations."

Mr. Potts brought out in his sermon that clothing has very little to do with our religion or morality. Cosmetics and other mannerisms are of secondary importance. There are many people who hold our generation

Many Friends Attend Last Rites,—Mrs. Ayres

College Faculty and Students Honor Her Memory.

Funeral services for Mrs. Charlia Herron Ayres were held at Steinbrinker's Funeral Chapel on Tuesday afternoon, May 5, at 3:30 o'clock. Mrs. Ayres was the wife of the late Dr. George F. Ayres, President of Lindenwood College from 1903-1913. It was in honor of Dr. Ayres that Ayres Hall was named, and a tablet placed there is in honor of Dr. and Mrs. Ayres.

Music was furnished by Mr. Thomas, and by Dolores Fisher and Kathryn Martin, who sang **My Faith Looks Up to Thee** and **Abide With Me.**

Dr. Case read from John 14, and other scriptures. His address was largely centered about the verse, "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me." Dr. Case said that he did not think it necessary to enumerate the good deeds and the good qualities of our friends, after they have gone. Rather they will live on in our memories, better by the works of their hearts, during their lives among us, than by any spoken eulogy.

"The life of Mrs. Ayres showed what she was. Hers was a ministry of cheer and of good words, of sweetness and of beauty. As the wife of Lindenwood's President, during the years between 1903 and 1913, she won a place in the heart of every Lindenwood girl. Their appreciation of her was shown in the name which they gave her, "Airy Fairy". Her grace of character leaves its own impression on our lives. The values she has left are spiritual."

In closing, Dr. Case quoted from Tennyson's poem, **Crossing the Bar,**

"Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me,
And may there be no moaning of the bar,

When I put out to sea".
There were many beautiful floral pieces, of gladioli, white lilies, carnations and roses. A special piece, with lilies-of-the-valley, was given by Miss Linneman, of the faculty from her own garden. The College also sent beautiful flowers.

The pall-bearers were Messrs. George Null, Austin Fox, Frank Kister, Julius Rauch, Judge W. F. Achelpohl, and Prof. Joseph Herring. A great many of Lindenwood's faculty and students attended the funeral.

"Governor Guy"

Did everybody notice how quiet it was about the office of the Secretary last Wednesday and Thursday? The chief reason was that Governor Guy Motley was in Chillicothe presiding over a meeting of 1500 fellow Rotarians. Representatives from the entire district which includes all of Missouri with the exception of the western tier of counties, met at this annual meeting.

Linden Bark

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Helen Davenport, '33
Dorothy Dinning, '31
Margot Francis, '33
Frances Kayser, '32

Agnes Kister, '33
Betty Rose, '33
Dorothy Smith, '33
Lillian Webb, '33
Elizabeth Williams, '33

TUESDAY, MAY, 12, 1931.

Linden Bark:

"Please to tell me why the trees
Have put new bonnets on?
Please to tell me why the crows
Their picnics have begun?
Why does all the whole big world
Smell like a fresh bouquet
Picked from one of Gods flower beds?
Oh, I know! It's May."

—R. M. Alden.

The Viking Class Hails From Eight States

The Class of '31 again proved its ability with its presentation of "The Four Flusher", by Caesar Dunn, as the annual Senior play Friday night. The class has maintained its enviable reputation putting a thing over Big, for certainly the play went over in a large way.

If we are to render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, we must congratulate Miss Hankins, the sponsor of the class, for the inspiration, and help she was to the class. Miss Gordon, who coached the cast, is to be thanked, and praised, for her splendid success. Of the cast itself, it can only be said that they were surely all meant to be great actresses, for their portrayal of the various characters was perfection itself.

To you, oh noble Vikings, we humbly take off our hats.

The class is from eight states. Eleven of the girls are from Missouri, four from Illinois, five from Arkansas, three from Kansas, two from Oklahoma, two from New York, and one each from Pennsylvania and Nebraska.

Those receiving certificates and diplomas represent fourteen states: nine from Missouri, seven from Illinois, four each from Nebraska and Oklahoma, two each from Colorado and Kansas, and one each from Arkansas, Indiana, New Mexico, Utah, Texas and Iowa.

There are thirty seniors, and thirty-six recipients of certificates and diplomas.

Slang Must Take Second Place

Slang: a grotesque form of speech. That is the most revered Mr. Webster's definition for the queer, not to say insane phrases which we constantly hear. So universal has this mode of speaking, which is classed as the English language, become that we are surprised at its absence in a conversation rather than in its presence.

There is no use denying the aptness of slang for expressing our exact feelings of certain occasions, but we wonder how often the English instructors wince when they hear their efforts torn to shreds in the distorted speech of their prize students. A little slang skillfully used gives spice to common place happenings; but constant use in every sentence written or spoken makes it as tasteless and flat as eating a peanut butter sandwich when very thirsty.

To counteract the effect of slang the instructors have urged the reading of good books, and the writing of themes with the minimum use of slang. The Literary Supplement of the Bark, (the seventh supplement of the college year, by the way, is in this edition) likewise publishes the themes considered by the English instructors to be among the best, in an effort to check this growing trend towards a careless, almost slovenly choice of words. But sad to say, the Bark reporters themselves are not above using slang! It seems to be a case of the preacher not practicing his sermon, but then all's fair in love, and war, and on the newspaper, (the last is conveniently added to suit our needs.) We reporters must "put our ideas across to youse students in a big way!"

Fond Memories Of Other Days

After we have gone from Lindenwood, what will be the memory appeals that will hold the school in our memories for years to come. Will there only be memories of friends and associations, of classes, and of studies? Lindenwood reaches far beyond these things and exerts an influence on us that will be remembered in later years. First of all, there is the spirit of the school. What is any school without the feeling of love and honor that holds all the students together? Perhaps that is the success of Lindenwood, for sooner or later we all fall into the spirit of things here and become a unit. It is this feeling of loyalty and love that brings old girls back each year so that they might once more enter into the spirit of the school.

Friendship of course will have a great part in our memories of Lindenwood. It has been said that our truest and best friends are those we form in college. The life at school will be so closely associated with names of friends that they almost become synonymous. What greater benefit could one get from college than some friends who will always be friends?

Turning to the physical aspects of the campus there are several things that will always be remembered by students. The campus especially in the spring makes a deep and lasting impression on everyone. The tall stately lines of trees along the driveway, the beautiful array of flowers, the golf course, and the different dormitories will never be forgotten. There are certain places on the campus, general meeting places, that will be linked with our memories of Lindenwood, such as the Tea Room, the swimming pool, the auditorium, and

What Men Like Best In Future Wives

Last Wednesday night at 6:30 Y. W. had a final meeting in Sibley Parlors. This was an open discussion meeting and the topic which was drawing card for many girls was "The Ideal Woman."

Rose Keile, Y. W. president, opened the discussion with a few points of her own and read several letters received from college fellows and also from older men between forty and fifty.

Practically all of the letters stated that they did not demand beauty in their ideal girl but they did want her attractive. The requirement over and over again was, she must have brains and poise. This brought about an interesting debate of what is this thing called "poise". Another essential which was a common request was that the ideal girl must know how to dress but at the same time be moderate in dress.

One young fellow said he desired femininity in a girl and one who could indulge in sports, appreciate the fine arts and one who would prove a companion to him.

An older and married man wrote that the ideal woman meant to him a well balanced normal individual who did not follow the extreme in habits of dress and of living. He went on to say that she should have the courage of her own convictions and stand up for the things she believes.

All in all, the girls found out that the opposite sex wants their ideal to have a sense of humor, a knowledge of housekeeping, a pleasing personality and a character above reproach. One letter contained the interesting sentence, "she must be well educated but not an educated fool. She must be willing to forget and forgive."

The last Y. W. meeting without a doubt proved the most wide-awake and interesting of the year.

Sigma Tau Delta Entertains

Women Poets of Today Discussed

The members of Sigma Tau Delta, national honorary English fraternity, were hostesses at a lovely tea Thursday afternoon, April 30, at 4:45. They had as their guests other members of English classes who are interested in creative writing.

The purpose of the meeting was a discussion of contemporary women poets. Mabel Ponder opened the discussion with a resume of the life and works of Edna St. Vincent Millay. She showed Miss Millay's rise to her present-day prominence from her first publication, "Renaissance". Following this Alice Virginia Shoemaker gave a short talk on Sara Teasdale and read some of her well-known poems. Dorothy Winter's subject was the startling Dorothy Parker. Several of her poems were read to show her clever and strange treatment of sundry subjects. Josephine Peck was the closing speaker. Her attention was centered on Amy Lowell who is recognized with present writers although she is no longer living.

Preceding the discussion of contemporary women poets a lovely tea consisting of sandwiches, cakes, and tea was served. At the close of the meeting Miss Parker of the English department, who is sponsor of the fraternity, announced that this would be the last meeting of the year.

the swings. What girl could ever forget Roemer Hall and the new Library the heart of the campus?

Lindenwood has many memory appeals, both spiritual and material. It is because of them that all of its students have only the most pleasant memories of the school, and their alma mater will remain in their hearts forever.

Henry Ford Advocates Trade School For Boys

Doubts Value for Girls in Field of Home Economics; Girls Disagree

In a recent interview Henry Ford advocated the establishing of trade schools, in which the students should be paid for the work which they do in these schools. He likewise believes that after a child leaves the eighth grade practice and technic should be combined with theory. When asked however, if girls should likewise be paid, he became rather vague and said such a question was hard to answer.

Naturally, such statements coming from a man of Ford's prominence have caused considerable comment and discussion; so to get a general idea of how the students themselves have reacted to this declaration, several girls interested in Economics and Sociality were asked to give their opinions of such a system.

Of four girls questioned all agreed that it would be a clever and beneficial scheme if it could be worked out, but they seemed rather to doubt that such an undertaking could be accomplished. One girl thought too much capital would have to be involved for the results that would be obtained. They were universal, however, in their opinion that it gave an opportunity for an education to young boys who would otherwise be compelled to give up an chance for further knowledge.

"There is no doubt that this plan would give a greater knowledge of classical subjects to those who would ordinarily go right into a factory to learn the trade", said one of the girls; while another thought that a boy would be suppressed on by receiving pay while he was yet in school. The thought that his handiwork was being sold would be another incentive for him to apply himself.

But there was one phase of Ford's interview that poured down the students wrath upon his head. Why should he not just as much favor the idea of girls being bascially educated in domestic science? And why shouldn't, they, too, receive pay for their labor? "Home Economics is just as much of a technical occupation as the machinist's work, and is more universally needed and used," one girl said with emphasis, while the others just as vigorously agreed that domestic science was considered as occupational as any technical training.

So it would seem that Mr. Ford made a very serious slip when he overlooked the necessity of a girl attaining an education by placing the burden of its cost upon the industry. Page Mr. Ford for an explanation and an apology for this glaring oversight.

Elizabeth England Hostess At Home Ec. Dinner

Elizabeth England, acting as hostess, served a most delicious dinner Thursday evening, May 7, in the Home Economics apartment. Louise Phipps was the host, and assisted Elizabeth in the serving; while Miss Clement, Miss Dorothy Gehlbach and Virginia Turner were the lucky guests.

Elizabeth chose yellow snapdragons and blue delphinium as a centerpiece, and her menu consisted of:

Fruit Cocktail	
Baked Tuna fish	Rose Potatoes
Fresh Creamed Peas	
Clover leaf rolls	
Perfection salad	
Peacan Pie	Coffee

Awards, Sigma Tau Delta Freshmen Contest

No. One—Gold Medal—
Sigma Tau Delta

ON A SURF BOARD

By Catherine Marsh

Splashing, dashing, cold white spray,
Ropes stretched tight and a clean get-
away.
Out, out, out, where the foam-flecked
surf
Unrlates gently like green banked
turf.
Circling round and round as the gray
gulls do
Where the hot bright sun is reflected
in the blue;
With the motors chug-chug and a
merry little breeze
And the pines on land like a row of
toy trees.
Then back, back, back to the shoals
once more
To the warm yellow beach and curved
line of shore.
Ncte: The rhythm of this is sup-
posed to give the sound and feeling of
the board slapping on the waves.

AND ME

By Catherine Marsh

There's a road for you
And a road for me
And my road stretches
Endlessly.

I love my road
And all that I see
So I never go
Too hurriedly.

For I know at the end
Of my road will be
Only the limitless sky
And me.

FOG

By Catherine Marsh

A sweet sprin grain hurried by the
the night,
The trees clutched at her
With hungry fingers,
So she dropped them a piece of her
veil.

No. Two—Silver Medal—
Sigma Tau Delta

THE MOCKING BIRD

By Jeanne Warfield

After all, there's nothing like a nice
ramble through the woods in the spring,
when you can inhale the dirty smell of
old leaves and wet earth and, with an
ecstatic "ahhh", rejoice that once
again youth is coursing in your laggard
blood. There's nothing like it, I say,
and so it was that on a cloudy Satur-
day in April, Albert Yorke went out to
indulge in this best of sports. It isn't
much trouble to find a woods, even in
such a highly civilized country, but to
come suddenly, in the midst of one,
upon an utterly lovely old well with
all the romance of the Civil War still
clinging about it, is quite another
thing. And besides, there was a charm-
ing young woman leaning upon this
particular well, pulling fungus strips
therefrom with an entirely non-scient-
ific air. And she was scarcely sug-
gestive of 1860. In the first place
she wore a dark-blue skirt that was
knee length, her white blouse was quite
masculine, her hair might have match-
ed a tangerine, and everyone knows
that ladies—respectable ladies—of the
nineteenth century never flaunted red
hair. However, since this was 1931,
Albert Yorke didn't seem much dis-
turbed, at least not frightened, by

either the legs or the hair, and anyway,
he was rather thirsty, so he strolled
nonchalantly over to the well and
peered down inside. It didn't have
any water in it for the simple reason
that somebody had filled it with dirt.
Across the brink Albert Yorke looked,
a little foolishly, at the girl. She was
regarding him quizzically with a
funny twitching of her lips.
"Oh, hello," she said. Her voice
sounded as if she might be going to
laugh.
Albert Yorke said, "Hello."
An awkward pause. Awkward for
Albert Yorke; the girl went on peel-
ing fungus.
"No water." He pointed at the well.
"That's rather obvious."
"Just dirt."

"Odd sort of well." She was
smirking at a bit of moss.
Pause.

"I say, what are you doing with
that green stuff?"

She grew very intent. "Well, you
see, I was a little lonesome, and it
always gives you such a nice sensa-
tion to feel fungus squash between
your fingers. I feel better already."

Albert Yorke pulled a little of it off
his side of the well. It made an odd
noise while it was coming off. He pul-
led some more.

"Fun, isn't it?"

"Cracking."

The young lady wasn't very con-
versational, Albert Yorke decided.
He'd try another line.

"Do—do you live here?"

She sucked in her lower lip and
cocked one eyebrow. Only her eye-
brows were orange like her hair and
Albert Yorke couldn't think what she
might mean. Maybe she hadn't heard
him the first time.

"You say you live here?"

He thought the other eyebrow went
up.

"No," she said slowly. "The well
won't hold enough furniture. Besides
the ants are bad, and I get asthma."

"Oh, I'm so sorry," said Albert
Yorke.

"Are you?" She looked up at him
then, and he saw that her eyes were
an awfully pretty blue. He thought
the fungus on her side of the well
looked greener. He moved around. It
was such a grand day, and the birds
were doing nicely.

"The robins have a lovely song,
don't they?"

"And such beautiful red breasts."

Suddenly there was a long walling
whistle. The young woman stood up
straight, away from the wall. "Do
you hear that?" she asked Albert
Yorke.

"Yes I do. It's a bird, isn't it?"

She puckered her mouth and gazed
at him solemnly. "It might be a mock-
ing bird," she said. "But it isn't. It's
my mother calling me to come home.
It's bed time, you know, and she al-
ways reads us Thornton Burgess be-
fore we undress."

Albert Yorke looked at the mid-day
sun struggling with gray clouds. But
still, if the young lady said it was bed-
time... Maybe she took naps. Now
she was moving down the trail. He
ought to say good-bye.

"I hope you won't be lonesome any
more", he said instead.

She had a piece of fungus in her
left hand. She shook her bright curls
gayly as she looked back.

"Thank you so much." She was
smiling at last. "I know I shan't. I
feel corking now."

Albert Yorke stood alone, reflect-
ing, as he stared absently at the love-
ly old well. The stones were quite
bare of moss, he observed.

No. Three—Bronze Medal—
Sigma Tau Delta

LOOK IN THE MIRROR

By Edna Hickey

Jennings, one of the youthful ham-
lets holding childishly on to the
skirts of Mother St. Louis, lies north-
west of this old city and seems almost
to be connected with it. Its only
claims to singularity are the black-
lettered sign, "This is Jennings", and
the people who put up the sign. Their
community hearts would be wounded
deeply if, after reading the sign with
its specifications of speed limits and
warnings for violation of such speci-
fications, anyone mistakenly called
Jennings suburb.

On one of its narrow streets is a
round little house built before the
time of low porches and stucco trim-
mings. It would be quite impossible
to place it in a definite period of ar-
chitecture, and anyway, there would
be no point in so placing it, because
it never served as anything but an
eating and drinking place for old Nat
Woodly—or rather, Nat-Woodly wife.
He came as extra baggage. Some
folks remembered when Nat had been
an individual, but that was long be-
fore he married his wife. Her eyes
were a stubborn brown, her body a
stubborn bulk. Nat's small frame was
always humble before her, but his re-
sentment was a big, sore bubble with-
in him. He had held out against her
decision only once in his life.

"I'm goin' to raise police dogs,
Hannah", he said one day. He had
never said anything so finally before.
He spoke in the interrogative most of
the time.

Hannah had pulled her wide ex-
panse together and glared at him from
the hidden corners of her stubborn
eyes.

"Dogs! Raise 'em. Police dogs? I
suppose you want to ruin the little bit
of yard we got, don't you? I don't
want 'em."

"I'm going to raise dogs—"

"Not here—you're not."

"—Police dogs."

And he did. In a few years, he had
a fine breed of shaggy, gentle brutes.
His world was bound up in the high-
pointed ears of Ring, one of the two
dogs he started with. And no wonder.
When everything had seemed to be
static and he himself showing signs
of becoming like one of Hannah's sil-
ent, scared-looking kitchen chairs,
when he had to sit tight on his hands
to keep from breaking Hannahish-
looking vases for the mere pleasure
of violence, he saw Ring. Ring start-
ed a long chain of friendships for Nat,
and Nat never forgot it.

Not so much because the dogs were
something to love did Nat care and
tend them like precious charges.
Rather, it was because from them he
got a taste of something he had never
had in life. Authority! He was
boss in the kennels. He gave the or-
ders. He was sole judge of punish-
ment and reward alike. Here the
light switch which he used to strike
obedience into the dogs took on a
scepter-like aspect, and Nat Woodly
rose out of his bagging clothes, a live
powerful individual—a personality—
not just old Nat Woodly.

One morning Nat's footsteps sound-
ed hard and grim on the loose boards
of the porch. He banged the door
and called shrilly.

"Hannah! Hannah! You come here."
And then, again, as if the words felt
nice on his thick tongue, "Hannah, you
come here." Hannah was surprised in-
to obedience, and came, wild disbelief

showing in her dark eyes.

Nat was shaking now. He walked
slowly toward Hannah and gazed at
her. Then speaking as if his message
were new to him and unbelievable,
he said, "My dogs! Ring. All of them.
They're dead."

The scared light subsided in Han-
nah's eyes, and her rigid shoulders
relaxed. Suddenly, Nat became the
boss of the kennels again, and grasp-
ed Hannah roughly.

"Do you hear? My dogs are dead.
Who killed 'em? Who killed my
dogs?"

His fingers pressed tight and big
tears rolled down his cheeks. "Who
killed my dogs?" He dropped his arms
stiffly to his sides and stared vacan-
tly. Then he turned and walked out
of the swinging door. It squeaked
sadly, and Nat bumped down the
steps, questioning, "Who killed my
dogs?" Hannah leaned against the
wall, her mouth stretched in a thin,
curled line.

Nat questioned the children playing
in the streets, the men standing on
the corners, and the women at their
work. Towards evening, he returned
and brushed past Hannah without
seeing her. He paused at a small
table and picked up a little book.
Then he walked quickly out into the
night and plodded across the street to
the adjoining house and thrust the
book into the hands of the startled
woman standing round-eyed at the
door.

"You take this. Pray for the truth.
Pray for some to tell me who killed
my dogs. You hear? Pray."

And away he went, stumbling down
the dark street, coming at last to a
group of young boys lolling in the
sickly glare of the street light. They
poked each other with pointy elbows
as Nat came by, and laughter.

"Hello, Nat", said one.

Nat stopped and looked very hard.
Then he walked slowly forward.

"You know who killed my dogs,"
he stated with conviction.

A snicker arose among the boys
and gathered volume as a hurt look
came into Nat's eyes.

"Don't you? You know who killed
'em?"

"Listen, Nat. We don't know who
killed 'em, but we can tell you how
you can find out. You go home now,
and go to bed. Then at twelve o'clock
git up and look in a mirror. Who-
ever you see over your shoulder,
that's who killed your dogs."

Nat looked almost happy. He turn-
ed quickly and started for home. Loud
laughter floated past him, but he
didn't hear it. Nat was going to find
out who killed his dogs. Back inside
the house again, he whispered and
chattered to himself. Hannah heard
bits of his mumbings, and her face
became long and drawn.

That night, Nat lay stiff and still
beneath the thin covers, breathing
lightly. Hannah, too, was awake. At
twelve, Nat threw off the covers and
slid slyly from the bed toward the big
mirror on the opposite wall. His face
was creased in an expectant smile,
like the smile of a child with a grab-
bag. Hannah was possessed by a
warm, tingling curiosity. She leaned
far out from the side of the bed, her
inquiring eyes peering into the mirror
just below Nat's elbow. For a few
minutes, silence filled the room. Nat
seemed to be weighing two possibili-
ties, seemed to be remembering some-
thing—"whoever you see over your
shoulder"—but this face appeared be-
low his elbow—yet, those eyes—there
was fear in them. He was going into
the past, back many years, in the few

minutes before the mirror. When first he knew those eyes, they were deep and dark, but they had thick, stubborn lids. Even then, when youth lighted their corners, they had snapped and glittered at him. Now all his resentment of that snapping and glittering came down upon him at once, crowding his reason into oblivion. He knew only that those same snapping eyes were gazing at him with fear in their depths and it would be easy to put out the light and leave them dull and glassy.

Then he laughed—crazily, slobbering like a baby.

"You!" He shouted the accusation. Then the silence was pierced by a cold scream that wavered and returned again to the silence from which it had come.

Honorable Mention—Sigma Tau Delta
"THE CHILDHOOD I NEVER HAD"

By Marion Welch

Bare, smudgy, tan-colored walls seem to close in. Unshaded lights glare. There are shelves of books and a window before me. I feel a sense of stuffiness. My teacher tells me I must hand in a paper on my thoughts on some childhood experience. I am bewildered, and the lights seem to burn brighter. I never had a childhood experience, my mind seems to cry out. office stops her work and looks at me aghast. The other teacher in the office stops her work and looked at me as though I were some freak. I feel small and insignificant; I feel the horror in their glances at each other. That was a drastic statement I made; nevertheless it is true. Questions fly. The air is thick with suggestions. Only one, however, appeals to me. There is only one I can use.

I feel their pity. I cannot stand pity. I am beginning to feel sorry for myself, now. I resent their pity. I resent all things which make me feel sorry for myself, which makes me have emotions which I cannot direct at will. Tears come into my eyes and my throat contracts. Then I feel a trifle angry at myself for my weakness, and at them for bringing out that weakness in me.

What if I have missed something? If I don't know what I have missed, and if I have no regrets, why the pity? I enjoyed being the only child, because of the solitude I might have, and I enjoyed playing with the boys (for there were few girls in my neighborhood, and those younger by far than I). Yet I have no memories which cannot be thoroughly analyzed in two or three short sentences. All else has become a part of my memory by having it told and retold by fond parents and relatives. The only memories I have which are my own are merely passing glimpses of my childhood. There is the time that I wouldn't believe "Prattie" weighed so much. I brought out the Bible and made him swear on it. I felt cheap afterward, but it was only for a moment, and I never gave it another thought. After all, it is the reviewing of occurrences many times which finally makes them become fixed in one's mind. And once I slid down a straw stack and lit on a hog buried in the straw, and rode him a few feet. Once I jumped on a briar in the hay mow when I was bare-foot. Once I fell and knocked a tooth loose, and Ralph gave me a tiny, green tea-set.

Then there are those things I have been told—how I was chased by a gander; how, when I was tied to the table to keep me from crawling into the cold kitchen, I lunged on the string and roared till they had to untie me; how I used to take my shoes with the tassels to bed with me.

But oh, what's the use? Nothing ever happened to me. Probably nothing

will ever happen to me. But who cares?

Honorable Mention—Sigma Tau Delta

BREVITY

By Jeannette Durre

Starlight flowers
Fade with day,
Disappearing
Fast away;
Love, as fleeting,
Stops e'er dawn,
Kisses quickly,
Then is gone.

THE AWAKENING

By Wilma Jane Stephens

Aurora's teardrops sparkled
On a blood red tulip's nose,
And dripped like crystal earrings
From a perky little rose.

Crisp, new-born blades of grass
Shivered in the breeze,
That teased and shook the jonquil,
And whispered to the trees.

I heard a thrilling twitter,
A mincing little tap,
And saw a jaunty sparrow
Waking from his nap.

The slender sunflower raised her head,
Wistful for Apollo,
Whose golden shafts were falling
In each hidden dew-damp hollow.

Then came the lusty page of dawn
Heralding her way,
The rooster, tyrant of the yard,
Pronouncer of the day.

HILLS

By Kathryn McClure

Hills of mystery, purple shading
into blue
Against a misty sky line of soft
haze,
That marks the coming of long bite-
te: days;
Following in tireless, endless, pat-
terns,
The caprice of the gayly laughing
river,
That becomes so sullen when dis-
pleased,
And smiling smoothly in the sun,
when glad.

Hills of majesty, when night drops
silently
Her soft thick curtain pinned with
quivering stars,
And crushes the last sharp, cruel,
blades of day
From out the sky, I feel your
warmth,
And listen to your song like a com-
forting word,
Spoken to a naked soul with misery
bent;
And when morning mists, like nuns'
holy veils,
Are slowly rising from thy bosom,
My soul cries out to ascend with
you,
Those distant heights, but is left
with arms outstretched
To you like the lone golden tree
against the sky;
Mute, alone, unmindful of its
friends,
It waitsto shed its beauty
.after awhile.

A TIN CAN ON A WINDOW SILL

By Neola Luster

The window pane was broken—
dirty calico filled the gap. Through
the remaining ragments of glass I
could see cheap furniture, worn and
dull. A battered tin can, still bright,
sat nonchalantly upon the window
sill, its ruffled lid upright, and snub-
bed its less fawdry surroundings like
a ten cent dude on a walk in a public
park.

BLACKNESS

By Camilla F. Luther

I took a faltering step out
into space
For all around was black and
nothing there.
I felt it close and pressing 'gainst
my face,
And yet as vague and empty as
the air.
I reached my hand to touch and
found it bare,
I strained my eyes a gleam of
light to view,
I listened close the silent veil
to tear,
But strange within myself a
liquid dew
Poured slow until I blended into
blackness too.

THOSE BILLS

By Betsy Holt

My bill is paid,
The verdict said,
Their fury laid,
All my debts are paid at last—
And peace is made.
I owed five dollars the day before,
But I shall owe them nevermore
No more shall I feel great chagrin
When Stahlbeh's store I enter in;
All my debts are paid at last—
They are but mem'ries of the past.
But this month I shall buy galore,
And bills will come forevermore.
(Parody on Emerson's "The Past")

EARLY MORNING

By Frances Barham

Sunlight glittering on the early
morning dew,
Each dew-drop one little diamond
reflecting every color of every
mood.
I like to kick them off the grass
And find new ones underneath,
Tiny ones which sparkle and move
trying to out-glitter the big ones,
And very nearly succeeding.
But then the sun glides high into
the sky
Drawing my little diamonds up to
him.
But to-morrow I shall have them
once again.

FROM A HILL-TOP

By Harriet Bowen

A sandy road going on into the dis-
tance zigzagged its way through the
scene. Recently made tracks of wag-
on wheel's and horses' hoofs were im-
printed in the sand. Sage brush
blanketed the rolling fields. The back
of a wagon could be seen on a dis-
tant rise. Two figures in it "bobbed"
up and down in accordance with the
wagon. The sky stretched like a toy
balloon over the earth. It was dyed
the color of the sand and scrubbrush
The picture was one of freedom.

FROM MY WINDOW

By Phoebe Sparks

The brick house on the hill
Is a tall, straight, Colonial lady.
She pulls the veil of fog over her
face,
To hide the scars made by time
On her former beauty.

FRIENDSHIP

By Margaret Jean Wilhoit

Give me one friend whom I can
love
As deeply as first snows,
First apple blossoms, and
The fragrance of sweet scented
shrubs.

Read the Linden Bark

MOOD

By Pearl Hartt

The day dawned sad
To match my mood.
The drops of silver rain
Were tears I could not shed.
The slate gray clouds
Were long and flat—
Bore some in their flatness.
A drab grey horse,
With ears flat to his head,
Just stood.
Perhaps he felt a certain sadness,
too.
The water dripped
From livid yellow leaves,
Monotonously,
Making splotches
Of grey-green mud
On blades of ashen grass.
I took a book from the table
And read.

A MOMENT

By Ruby Thorn

Just let me taste
The rich red wine of life you live.
I will not waste
A single precious drop you give,
Nor be a sly and thieving sieve,
And let life drip and fall on through.
A moment to live the life you do!

PORTRAIT

By Mary Louise Wardley

She is like an onyx vase
Chased with silver, cool and bright;
Her face,
A pale white iris soft alight,
Or a clouded star at night.

DESPAIR

By Mary Norman Rinehart

The night was smutty black,
The trees moved together
In ominous darness.
My eyes searched carefully
For light in this depth.
Murky bodies crawled
Over wet leaves. I fell into
A weedy marsh,
I stumbled, caught myself,
And sat down to weep.
My tears fell to the ground
In miserable drops.
I felt a presence, I saw a gleam,
I ran, hurdled stumps,
Fell into pits, pushed limbs
From my face.
The light faded, and I saw
It had only been a star
Falling out of the chaos.

VIGNETTE

By Margaret Wilhoit

A little old woman in rusty black
silk,
A little old bonnet tied under her
chin,
Her wrinkled old face was the white
of skimmed milk;
As I passed her, she gave me a
wide, toothless grin,
And bobbed her small head quite
politely.

THE LINDENWOOD GIRL'S DREAM

By Maxine Luther

Rich, melting brown,
Filled with golden caramel
And a solid nut.

Bitter, smooth black,
From which, when bitten into,
Runs white, heavy cream.

Delicious square of nut meats,
Coated with creamy chocolate
Which curls thickly on top.

Rustling, crackling papers
In a stiff, white box, topped
By a soft pink bow.

Among the Books and Plays

One of Ours—Willa Cather

By L. K. W.

The novel, *One of Ours*, opens on the plains of Nebraska, as do the majority of Willa Cather's stories. The family of Claude Wheeler is well-to-do, its days of desperate struggle with the land being over. The father is now the owner of so many acres that he rents smaller farms to newcomers.

So Claude grew to young manhood in a healthy, hard-working, farm atmosphere. His early life is sketched but enough to give one his background. His articulation at a small, religion-bound college is also but sketched in; just enough is told to show his dislike of the place, and his thwarted hopes.

After his graduation from college he returns home, and takes up the job of running his father's farm. His courtship, and marriage are given, serving to illustrate how life tricked him at every turn. His unhappy married life was interrupted by his wife's trip to China to nurse her sick sister, who is a missionary.

Then the war breaks out, and Claude enlists. His training camp period is passed over lightly, though his trip over is extensively shown. The unnecessary sickness, the lack of medical care, and the inadequate food aboard the transports are stressed. Most of the war pictures drawn are those of the front line behind the lines. But the front line pictures are as vivid, and as impressively awesome as a star shell over No Man's Land at night must have been. But shortly before the Armistice, Claude is killed in a night attack.

Though greatly bereaved by the death of her favorite son, Mrs. Wheeler is glad to know that he will never suffer the disillusionment suffered by so many ex-soldiers; that the world is no better a place than it was before their supreme sacrifice.

WHAT? Indians

Days of Mrs. Sibley Recalled for May 30.

Plans are in full swing for the Spring pageant which, according to all rumors, is to be something new and different. And—have you visited the gym lately? One must look around twice to make sure that it really is the same old gym and not an Indian reservation. The only clues to what it is all about are the long tables at which girls and more girls are sewing, cutting, and pasting at break neck speed, for only a few weeks remain until the big event will take place.

What marvels can be done with a bit of goods and seeming scraps of paper are shown in the dazzling costumes hung on the walls for models. There are totem pole costumes of brown and yellow, green, and orange; robes, headaddresses of Indian chiefs; clever costumes for pony dances; and the weird garbs of medicine men.

Among all the Indian finery is a papoose in its carriage—blanket and all of which are to be used as the costumes for papoose dance. Equally as attractive is the tepee dance costume which is made in the shape of a tent, the headdress forming the top of the Indian tepee.

The canoe dance also promises to be attractive with its costumes of yellow, orange and green trousers.

One of the most brilliant costumes is that of the eagle dance with its wide-spread wings of black brightened

Read the Linden Bark

As Seen By Belle Brummel

Dear Lady Devreau:

Do you remember those tremendous handbags of our mothers with which we used to play? Imagine what memories were awakened in me the other day when I saw a similar bag! On closer look, however, it proved to be a beach bag. The days of awkward bags are gone for ever.

But speaking of bags: have you noticed the latest trend of hand bags? They now match milady's shoes. I don't mean that they resemble her shoes, I mean that they match. If the slipper be of blue suede trimmed with gray reptile, the bag is of blue suede trimmed with reptile. Of course slippers and bag harmonize inconspicuously with the costume.

The majority of street purses are flat, having a zipper closing inside. These are especially popular with college students who regard a purse as an accessory, rather than as a small traveling bag. Antelope and other soft leathers are chosen.

The pocketbook style of bag is also of antelope, or other soft leather, the difference lying in its capacity, and in its more mature look. Its style of clasp and hand strap are also different. Each to her own choice.

Well it will soon be time to pack up everything: hand bags, suit cases, trunks, and laundry bags. When that time comes how I shall be wishing I had one of those large bags of Mother's, for there are always so many odds and ends which must be stuck in the purse at the last minute. What a shame my birthday is passed.

Gold-diggerly yours,

Belle Brummel.

Languages And Picnics

Will You Have French, Latin or German?

It would seem that, regardless of the tongue they speak, all Lindenwood girls are quite fond of picnics. At any rate, they have them. The members of Pi Alpha Delta went out for breakfast on Tuesday morning, May 5, and Ann Story showed everyone that she was quite able to take the place of the Geyer twins, at frying eggs and bacon. Bananas and oranges, egg and bacon sandwiches, cinnamon rolls, and coffee, seemed much enjoyed by all the Latins, and they returned to the halls just as the bell rang for eight o'clock classes.

It was on last Wednesday afternoon, that Miss Wurster and her Advanced French Composition and Conversation class drove to Wentzville, and had dinner at the "Green Lantern". Of course, they enjoyed their steak dinners. Why shouldn't they? And they enjoyed their ride out and back, in Miss Wurster's car, quite as much. They, too, returned just as late as possible—in time for study hall.

And now, it has been announced that the German classes of Mrs. Bose are planning a German picnic. Where they are going, or the exact time has not been definitely announced, but we are sure it is to be about next week.

Called Home By Illness

Betty Rose has been called to the bedside of her father who was injured in an auto accident early last week. When word was last received he was in a very critical condition. Betty lives in Omaha, Neb.

Virginia Green was called home last week by the illness of her mother. Virginia lives in Belton, Missouri.

Questions and Answers

Q. Why has "Mac" taken up soap bubbling and purchased herself a clay pipe?

A. Because she finds it a most economical diversion.

Q. Why the sudden onrush of Frat pins?

A. "In the spring, a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love."

Q. We wonder why Helen Reith has been so embarrassed all week? Our perpetual blush.

A. Ask her about the trials and disadvantages of a glorious sunburn.

Q. How does one account for the success of last week's Embryology class Breakfast?

A. The rain ruined the day, or at least the morning. Everyone spent a quiet morning in bed, followed by a breakfast in the dining room.

Q. Why are a certain few of the senior class looking so carefree?

A. The play! 'Tis over, and there are no more practise nights!

Wedding of Former L. C. Queen

Mary Louise Wardlaw and Camilla Luther were special guests at the wedding of Miss Adeline Brubaker, last year's May Queen, to Mr. Edward Warfield Brown, Jr. The girls made a hurried trip to Springfield, Illinois, the scene of the wedding, on Wednesday morning, April 29, and returned to Lindenwood the following afternoon. Both report it as one of the very loveliest affairs they have ever attended.

The wedding itself took place at the First Presbyterian church, in Springfield, at 8:30 o'clock, Wednesday evening. While the guests were being seated, a half hour recital of lovely organ music was played. Lohengrin's wedding march heralded the approach of the wedding party. During the ceremony "The Sweetest Story Ever Told" was played, and Mendelssohn's wedding march was the recessional.

Mrs. Edgar Gerard Schumm, who was formerly Jo Bowman, Adeline's roommate at Lindenwood, acted as matron of honor, and Frances Teddall, who attended Lindenwood in 1928-29, was one of the bridesmaids. Several other former Lindenwood girls, including Catherine Orr, Helen Bopp, and Ruth Whiteside, attended the wedding.

It was quite fitting that Adeline should select yellow and white as the colors, to be carried out in decorations, both at the church and at the reception which followed, since they are the Lindenwood colors. Large baskets of yellow calla lilies, yellow and white snapdragons, and daisies, with palms and ferns, banked the altar of the church, and small bouquets of yellow calla lilies and daisies marked the pews.

Adeline wore a Chanel model of ivory antique shade Chantilly lace, slightly princess molded, with a small band of delicately tinted roses on the right side of the back. Her gown was fashioned with full length flowing sleeves, and a long scalloped oval train. Her veil was a fitted lace cap. She carried gardenias and white swansonias.

After the wedding ceremony, a reception was held at the Illini Country Club, where one-hundred fifty guests were received. They were accompanied to the Club by a motorcycle escort. This, too was a very lovely affair, and both Mary Louise and Camilla returned to Lindenwood quite excited and very much impressed with all of the ceremonies of "Queen Adeline's" wedding.

ON THE CAMPUS

A glimpse of "on the campus" for last week reveals changeable weather, the Senior play, plans of how long each number is to be for the Junior-Senior prom, May Day costumes and a mole in the gardens of the botanists. One last big week-end before, "doing things" on the golf course, Mac blowing soap bubbles!—ice-cream and cake in French class and Mary Liz Miller's huge sale of Senior tickets.—Third floor Irwin dieting on bacon and eggs.

Preparations For May Fete

War cries from the gym, girls crossing the campus with red and gold paper streaming from underneath books, papooses all finished but the hair, conversation about sewing ability, gluey paste leaking out of wobbly tubes,—and so the underclassmen prepare for their part of the annual spring pageant which is to be given on the golf course May thirtieth at two-thirty.

If, after dinner some night one glances into the gym, a brilliant array of costumes meets the eye. And of course, each costume demands accessories, necklaces, rattlers, spears, tomahawks and even wings! It might be added that one group are carrying canoe as their final touch—and they are life size canoes too. The design of the costume is repeated in the trimmings of the canoe, orange and black being dominate. And of course in true-Indian style the costume is bedecked with feathers.

The eagle dance is one of the most elaborate dances ever attempted here at school. The dancers are not dancers blithe birds having gorgeous black and white wings on which to glide.

An Indian program could not be complete without a totum pole. Instead of an inanimate structure, live totum poles have been imported in lovely orange and brown effects.

And as added attractions there will be the bow and arrow dance, a peace pipe scene and "greeting to the Moon God dance", the Fawn Dance, and the Spear Dances.

Instead of the customary Indian Ceremonial beseeching rain, the Lindenwood Indians are praying for sunshine for their May festival. Rain or shine, however, the show will go on.

New Annual Officers

Announcement has been made of the Lindenwood Annual officers for 1932. Jane Tomlinson will be editor-in-chief of Linden Leaves of 1932. Eleanor Eldredge will be business manager; and Margaret Jean Wilhoit, literary editor.

WHO'S WHO?

The first thing one notices about her is her red hair that she wears straight back off her face, sometimes down over the right ear. She is tall and thin, and usually a light polo coat around the campus. She is very talented in art, having been recently pledged to Kappa Pi. She has a nickname of Izzy and Izzy she is always called. She is always running around, full of pep, has a weakness of West Point men and when she laughs she almost goes into hysterics. She loves her sleep, ask anyone who knows. Surely you know who she is?

COLLEGE CALENDAR

Tuesday, May 12:

4:45 p. m.—Music Recital, Katherine Ann Disque and Thelma Harpe

Thursday, May 14:

4-6 p. m.—Pi Alpha Delta Tea.

Friday, May 15:

8 p. m.—Graduating Oratory Recital, Louise Warner.

Saturday, May 16:

Noon—Senior Luncheon.

8 p. m.—Junior-Senior Prom.

Exhibit of Fine China in Library Museum All Week.

Sidelights of Society

Margaret Dodd and Dorothy Hamacher went to Columbia last week-end. Margaret stayed at the Pi Phi house and Dorothy stayed at the Theta house.

Marion Graham visited Jane Ford in Kansas City, Missouri the week end of May 1.

Katherine Ann Disque visited at the Kappa house in Columbia the week-end of May 1.

Lucile Chappel and Margaret Ringer left Friday, May 1, for St. Louis, and went on Saturday to Lucile's home in Bowling Green, Missouri. They remained there until Monday.

Sarah Burgess and Marie Wagenseller spent the week-end of May 1 in St. Louis.

Dolly Kircher and Dorothy Rader spent last week-end in Columbia. "Abie" Olson was also in Columbia.

Dorothy Comstock was Abie Olson's guest at her home in St. Louis over the week-end of the 2nd.

Mildred Lockwood was in St. Louis over last week-end.

Frances Henderson went to Rolla last week-end to the Triangle dance.

Helen Reith had as her guests over the week-end of May 2, Polly Henniger and Shirley Haas. They spent a part of the time on the Merrimac River.

Jane Babcock, Charlotte Abildgaard and Ruth Gibbs spent the week-end with friends in St. Louis.

Laura Hauck and Carolyn Brewer visited with friends in St. Louis.

Esther Groves returned to school Wednesday, May 6, after spending several days at her home in St. Joe.

Carita Bradley spent the weekend in St. Louis with her aunt.

Connie Hill, a student here last year, spent the week-end with Helen Duppe.

Glenn Jennings spent the weekend at her home in Kirkwood.

Ruth Tuthill had a guest from Anna, Illinois here for the week-end.

Jane Babcock's father and mother drove down from Moberly to spend Mother's Day with Jane.

Read the Linden Bark

Carolyn Brewer Hostess
At Home Ec. Dinner

Carolyn Brewer served a five course dinner in the Home Economics apartment Tuesday evening, May 5. Elizabeth England acted as Host for Carolyn. Miss Mary Blackwell, Miss Anderson, Miss Tucker, and Laura Hauck were guests.

The menu of the dinner prepared and served by the hostess with the aid of the host follows:

Salmon Croquettes
Buttered Midget Beets
Mashed Sweet Potatoes with Nuts and Marshmallows
Chilled Tomato Salad
Cloverleaf Rolls Jelly
Grape-nut Ice Cream in Cake Cups
Tea

The color motif was developed in red and green. Red and white sweet peas formed a most artistic centerpiece.

Sartorial Setting

Fine Feathers Flutter at
President's Party

The last formal party of the school year was given Friday night, May 1, amid charming decorations, with everyone dressed in her best. Mrs. Roemer was regal in white satin, wearing a double strand of graduated pearl, and an onyx brooch as jewelry.

Mrs. Wenger was also in white, though her gown was of crepe. A single strand of matched pearls, and pearl button earrings completed her ensemble. Miss Hough was attired in lace-trimmed orchid crepe. With it she wore a quilted jacket of white and orchid.

Mrs. Wurster attended the dance with her daughter, the popular linguist. Mrs. Wurster was wearing black lace, with amethyst antique jewelry. Miss Mary E. Lear, the eminent chemist, shed her professor's austerity for an evening, and came to the party in a becoming yellow net, having a tiered skirt.

The laughing blue eyes of Mrs. Thomas were well set off by the blue lace gown which she wore. Mrs. Case retained her usual quiet dignity in a light flowered chiffon.

The Mesdames Horn, Bradbury, and Bennett, drove down from their home in Marshalltown, Ia., to spend the week end with their daughters. To the dance Mrs. Horn wore a delicate blue lace having a velvet sash which but emphasized her slender figure. The tiers of the skirt were banded with velvet. Mrs. Bradbury was softly feminine in black chiffon dotted with rhinestones. A rhinestone pendant was worn with it. Mrs. Bennett had also chosen a blue lace frock with a tiered skirt. A silver and blue necklace was worn.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Goodall attended the dance with their son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Goodall. Mrs. Goodall, Jr., the former Euneva Lynn, wore a flowered chiffon frock having an all around cape collar. A crystal necklace was worn.

Mrs. Hull, of Richmond, Va., visited her daughters last week end. She was well remembered from her former visits here, because of her charming manner. The black chiffon gown which she wore to the dance but added to her dignity. Mrs. Gill, of Kansas City, was the guest of her daughter at the dance. The green metallic dress which she wore heightened her youthful appearance.

Betty Sterling, and Evelyn MacGregor were the guests of Virginia Sterling, Betty's sister. The younger Miss Sterling was attired in pink crepe with blue tulle at the neck, and delicate puff sleeves also of blue tulle. Match-

Diploma Recital
This Afternoon

Katherine Ann Disque and Thelma Harpe will appear this afternoon at 4:45 o'clock in a diploma recital in Roemer Auditorium, with a program as follows:

Sonata PathetiqueBeethoven
Grave: Allegro molto con brio
Adagio cantabile
Ronde
Katherine Ann Disque
Sonata, D major, Op. 10, No. 3.....
.....Beethoven
(first movement)
Turkish March .Beethoven-Rubinstein
Thelma Harpe
Flirtation In a Chinese Garden.....
.....Chasins
Nocturne, G minor, Op. 37, No. 1.....
.....Chopin
Allemande, Gavotte and Musette.....
.....D'Albert
Katherine Ann Disque
Nocturne, G minor, Op. 15, No. 3.....
.....Chopin
Northern LightsTerjussen
Arabesque, G majorDebussy
Love WaltzMoszkowski
Thelma Harpe

(Continued from page 5, Col 1)

by gold, and every color of the rainbow.

By now you should be able to guess that the Spring pageant is to be unusual and attractive, but this is only a sample of what there will be. For further details you must wait until May 30 and see for yourself.

ing blue slippers, and blue lace mitts were worn. Miss MacGregor had chosen a white taffeta, of the tiered skirt, bow-in-the-back style. Her slippers and necklace were of a matching green. Katherine Cone, the guest of Margot Francis, wore a printed chiffon having a light green background.

Lillian Nitcher's sunburn was shown to an advantage against the pure white of her lace frock. The length of the skirt was added to by the outstanding ruffle of tulle around the bottom. Helen Morgan was wearing a blue-green crepe-de-chine gown. The three bands of sparkling silver beads around the neckline were not more gay than their wearer. Blue slippers embroidered in silver had also been chosen.

Mary Weiss' brunette beauty was set off by a frock of yellow eyelet batiste. A two-tone orange satin ribbon encircled the waist. Mary Ellen England wore a white net, the ribbon belt of which tied in front. The sequins on the girdle were matched with crystal drop earrings.

Catherine Hamm, was dainty in a soft, light-blue chiffon. The belt of various colored narrow ribbons added a contrasting note. Blue satin slippers, pearl drop earrings, and black gloves were accessories. The frock had a short matching bolero to add a less formal touch when occasion demands. Marjorie Wycoff was gowned in a white moire printed with red and blue carnations. Rhinestone necklace and earrings, and black gloves completed the ensemble.

The popularity of organdy dresses this summer is forecast by the number which were worn Friday night. The two herein described have been chosen as representatives of the wide variety of styles. Lucile Griffin's was light tan at the shoulders, shading to brown at the waist. The small puff sleeves were encircled with various colored organdy flowers. The skirt was a full circular one. That worn by Morgan Manford was of orchid, finely embroidered. The green velvet sash was matched by jade earrings. On the left shoulder was a corsage of various colored organdy flowers.

Junior-Senior Prom
Plans Announced

Decorations to be of Dutch Design

Plans for the Junior-Senior Prom on May 16, have been announced by Lois McKeehan, President of the Junior Class. Several committees have been formed and plans for the best prom ever are being made.

The decoration committee is composed of Anna Louise Kelly, Jane Tomlinson, Norman Rinehart, Barbara Ringer, Madeline Johnson, Eleanor Eldredge, Ruth Gibbs, Lois McKeehan, and Miss Gordon. The gym will be decorated as a Dutch garden. Dinner will be served later in the evening. The favors will carry out the Dutch decoration scheme both in the Gym and in the dining room.

On the favors committee are: Jane Babcock, Eleanor Eldredge, Madeline Johnson, Virginia Green, Evelyn Walker, Sarah Stuck, Miriam Runnenburger, Lois McKeehan, Charlotte Abildgaard, and Miss Gordon. Guests for the evening will be Dr. and Mrs. Roemer, Dr. Gipson, Miss Hankins, and Miss Gordon.

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in contempt, and say that the colleges of today are turning out hardboiled, hardhearted dumbbells, but through all the ages people have always thought that at the youth of the day was rather worthless. This generation is not made up of duds or phenomena. Mr. Potts said: "I believe in the youth about me, of which I really am a part." He said that the idea that some people have, that to be college bred is simply a four year loaf, is wrong.

We must understand the world in which we live. Fast living means ending up with a smash. Mr. Potts said that we should use mammon and assume a virtue, whether we really have one or not.

Humour and honor must work together. If not, our honor will seem stilted. But do not carry humour too far to harm our honor. "So let us not be too flippant in this day and age" he said.

Science is to the individual what conscience is to all of us. We must take the abstract and make it concrete. We have to be able to think in evolutionary terms. If we have the ability to join science and conscience we will have success.

Two other words that may be linked together are "punch" and "power". True power comes from personality. It does not come from size or gymnastics.

In closing, Mr. Potts gave a little example of youth. Peter Pan when asked one day, who he was, answered, "I am Youth".

STRAND THEATRE

T-TONIGHT

Marlene Dietrich—Victor MacLaglen

in

"DISHONORED"

WED.—THURS.—FRI.

Douglas Fairbanks

in

"REACHING THE MOON"

with

Bebé Daniels

SATURDAY NIGHT

Two Shows, 7 and 9 p. m.

Norma Shearer

in

"STRANGERS MAY KISS"

with

Robert Montgomery