

# LINDEN BARK

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## News from the Dean's Office

Dr. Roemer has announced a number of the prizes and awards for the year 1930-1931, and they were given out in Chapel last Wednesday, by Dean Gipson.

The Household Art Prize, given to the student doing the most outstanding work in this department was divided between Verna Bradenbeck and Maurine Brian. The Household Science Prize was awarded to Louise Phipps.

The Nelly Don Costume Design Prizes, awarded by Mrs. Nell Donnelly of Kansas City, were awarded to Winifred Bainbridge, fifteen dollars; Thelma Thompson, ten dollars; and Dorothy Truckenbrod, five dollars. The Nelly Don prizes for the best finished dresses went to Madeline Johnson, fifteen dollars; Sara Stuck, ten dollars; and Miriam Runnenburger, five dollars.

Dormitory prizes were also awarded at the same time. For Ayres Hall, the best single room, Dorothea Sturgiss; the best double room, Mary Louise Wardley and Ruth Clement.

The best single room in Butler Hall, Margaret Cobb; the best double, Margaret Bell and Elsie Prip.

In Irwin Hall, the best single, Mabel Ponder, and the best double, Virginia Keck and Ann B. Miller.

The best single room in Niccolls Hall, Jane McLeod, the best double, Ellenor Hall and Mary Margaret Hedrick.

In Sibley Hall, the best single, divided between Blanche Day and Doris Oxley, and the best double, Harriett Gannaway and Eleanor Kriekhaus.

## Directors Meeting Held Officers of Board Elected

The Board of Directors met at the college Monday morning, May 18. There were eleven members present, including the new member, Rev. Dr. Harry C. Rogers who is pastor to the Linwood Presbyterian Church of Kansas City. He is very well known at Lindenwood as he has delivered several Commencement addresses and formerly served as a member of the board. He takes the place of Rev. Orville P. Blake who recently died.

At the meeting the officers were re-elected for the coming years. Dr. John W. MacIvor is president of the board, Dr. David M. Skilling is vice-president, Mr. George B. Cummings is secretary and Treasurer, and Mr. Thomas H. Cobb is counsel. Two new faculty members were approved, Dr. Helene Evers of the modern language department and Dr. Dewey of the education department. All offices reported a very good year. At the noon chapel service, Dr. Arnold H. Lowe gave a splendid address on realism in life. This was followed by a luncheon in the dining room. The Seniors wore their suits for the occasion.

## One Week From Now!

The Commencement program which is to take place on Tuesday morning, June 2, at 10 o'clock has been announced.

After the Processional and Invocation, Dolores Fisher is going to sing two numbers, and after the Address by Rev. Donald Mackenzie, D. D., of the Western Theological Seminary, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, Pauline Brown is going to sing a German song. Then will follow the announcement of prizes and awards, Alpha Sigma Tau pledges, Alpha Mu Mu pledges and the awarding of certificates. Those who are receiving the certificate of Associate in Arts are: Anna-Marie Balsiger, Virginia Keck, Margaret McKeough, and Lillian Webb; in Business: Louise Bellows, Helen Davenport, Elizabeth French, Louise Goulding, Betty Hosmer, and Mary Elizabeth Williams; in Home Economics: Dorothy Corbin, Loretta Howe, and Frances Lehmpuhl; in Public School Art: Lucille Lynn; in Public School Music: Helen Copenhaver, Albertina Flach, Charlotte Lehrack, Mary Frances McKee, Eugenia Martyn, and Maxine Namur; in Physical Education: Dorothy Joslyn, Dolly Kircher, Velma Olson, Frances Pedler and LaVern Wright; in Public Speaking: Gretchen Hunker and Frances Louise Warner.

The next feature will be the awarding of diplomas in music courses: Audrey McAnulty, Katherine Ann Disque, Thelma Harpe, Eleanor Kriekhaus, Frances McPherson, Doris Oxley, Betty Leek, Katharine Davidson, and Dolores Fisher.

The final part of the program will be the conferring of Bachelor's Degrees: Bachelor of Music, (Piano) Allene Horton; (Public School Music) Sarah Young; (Voice) Pauline Brown; Bachelor of Science: Margaret Bell, Helen Davis, Lucile Edwards, Julia Stoerker, Elsie Prip and Marguerite Zimmermann; Bachelor of Arts: Frances Blair, Elizabeth Clark, Ruth Clement, Margaret Cobb, Dorothy Dinning, Marjorie Florence, Doris Force, Jean Hitchcock, Dorothea Lange, Lena Lewis, Mary Elizabeth Miller, Josephine Peck, Lorraine Robie, Johnnie Riner, Melba Schaper, Elizabeth Thomas, Mary Lou Wardley, Helen Weber, Sheila Willis, and Mary Jo Wolfert.

Dr. Roemer is to confer all degrees, certificates, diplomas, and prizes.

## Honored In Rectangle

Jane Tomlinson has the honor of having a poem published in the May issue of the Rectangle, official publication of Sigma Tau Delta, professional English Fraternity. The title of the poem is "Musings of An Old Maid".

It will be remembered that Jane is to be Editor-in-Chief of Linden Leaves next year.

## Dr. And Mrs. Roemer Give Senior Luncheon

Seniors and faculty enjoy trip and lunch in St. Louis.

Dr. and Mrs. Roemer entertained the members of the Senior Class with a luncheon at the Missouri Athletic Association Saturday, May 16. Other guests included Dean Gipson, Miss Hankins, sponsor of the class, Dr. and Mrs. Stumberg, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, Miss Gordon, Miss Cracraft, Miss Edwards, Mrs. Underwood, and Miss Linneman. The college colors, yellow and white, were used in the table decorations. Bowls of yellow daisies and snap dragons with fern made the centerpiece. At either end of the table were long yellow candles in green candle sticks, tied with white tulle. The nut cups were yellow and white, Lindenwood crest place cards were used.

After a delicious five course dinner had been served, Dr. Roemer in his charming way introduced each one on the program. Allene Horton played a piano solo. Miss Gordon and Miss Cracraft gave clever readings, and Pauline Brown sang two numbers. This was followed by several speeches from different members of the faculty and the class president. Mr. Thomas played a piano solo. As a conclusion to the luncheon, the Seniors sang their class song and then a Lindenwood song.

During the luncheon a questionnaire was passed around in order to find out about the different vocations the Seniors were interested in and intended to take up after graduation. Teaching was the most popular vocation as twelve out of thirty planned to teach next year. Quite a few had not planned anything definite but were job hunting. Two are going to be journalists, one a dancer and one a secretary. Only one girl plans to work on her master's degree and one is planning on going on the concert stage. The rest were planning to do biological research work, be technicians or do library work.

Jean Hitchcock was unable to attend the luncheon because of a slight illness, but she received a big box of candy for compensation.

## Seniors Will Lead The Useful Life

Those lucky Seniors who have jobs for next year! Allene Horton, who will receive a B. M., has signed a contract to teach in Flat Bush, Mo.

Dorothea Lange, A. B., and Margaret Cobb, A. B., will be substitute teachers at Leavenworth, Kansas.

Marjorie Florence, A. B., will teach Latin at Whitehall, Illinois.

Other Seniors who plan to teach, but who have not received positions as yet, are, Doris Force, Lorraine Robie, Helen Weber, Melba Schaper, Sarah Young, Lucile Edwanes, Helen Davis, and Margaret Bell.

## Commencement Program Begins Friday, May 29

Full Program Planned For Last Days Of School

The 104th annual Commencement will be held at Lindenwood College, starting formally on Friday, May 29. There will be 66 girls receiving degrees, diplomas or certificates.

The Commencement speaker will be Dr. Donald Mackenzie of the Western Theological Seminary of Pittsburgh. The Rev. Dr. David Skilling will give the Baccalaureate sermon.

Below are the events of the week:

Friday, May 29

3:00-6:00 P. M.—Annual Art Exhibit, Third Floor, Roemer Hall.

Saturday, May 30

3:00 P. M.—Spring Pageant, Golf Course.

7:30 P. M.—Commencement Play, Roemer Auditorium.

Sunday, May 31

3:00 P. M.—Baccalaureate Service, Roemer Auditorium.

6:30 P. M.—Concert, Lindenwood Choir, Roemer Auditorium.

Monday, June 1

11:00 A. M.—Senior Class Day, Roemer Auditorium.

12:20 P. M.—Luncheon, Alumnae Clubs as Guests, Ayres Hall.

1:30 P. M.—Alumnae Meeting, Sibley Parlors.

2:00 P. M.—Celebration to Honor Miss Alice Linnemann, Roemer Auditorium.

4:30-6:00 P. M.—Alpha Sigma Tau Tea for Senior Members and Parents, Library Club Room.

8:00 P. M.—Commencement Concert, Elizabeth Kerr, Chicago Civic Opera Company, Roemer Auditorium.

Reception after Concert, Library Club Room.

Tuesday, June 2

10:00 A. M.—Commencement Program, Roemer Auditorium.

## Alpha Sigma Tau Gives Tea For Faculty Members

Alpha Sigma Tau entertained the members of the faculty with a tea in the Club room Tuesday, May 19. In the receiving line were the officers of the fraternity, president, Margaret Jean Wilhoit; vice-president, Lois McKeenan; and secretary and treasurer, Jane Tomlinson. Mrs. Roemer poured tea at a beautifully decorated table. The guests were served sandwiches, tea, cakes, mints and nuts by the members. Maxine Luther played soft music during the afternoon.

## Dr. Roemer Speaks

Dr. J. L. Roemer went to Paris, Missouri, last Thursday evening to give the commencement address in the high school and proceeded to Jefferson City where he gave the commencement address at the Junior college Friday morning.



# Linden Bark

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Elizabeth Williams, '33

TUESDAY, MAY 26, 1931.

## THE LINDEN BARK:

What is so rare as a day in June?  
Then, if ever, come perfect days.

James Russell Lowell.

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## Welcome To All Mothers Coming For Graduation

Welcome to Lindenwood, Mothers! This is one time during the year that we are really proud to have you with us. The campus is at its best, with the green trees and grass and the beautiful flowers that adorn the grounds. Then there is the May Fete. For weeks and weeks it has been under production, especially for you, and friends. It is the largest and most gorgeous affair of the entire year, and we sincerely think that you will enjoy it.

To all Lindenwood girls, whether they be Freshmen or Seniors, the last two or three weeks of school are rather sad. So many will not be coming back next year, that naturally we fell unhappy to think that we will not see some of our friends again for maybe years. Although we did not realize it during the year, it all comes rushing upon us now that some of the happiest days of our lives have been spent right here on this campus.

It is more or less of a strain studying for finals, practicing for the May Fete and trying to pack, and still cram in all of the good times possible before the last day of May, and a Mother's helping hand on those last few days is almost a necessity. One finds that trunks are very stubborn about holding all of the required articles, and boxes are hard to pack.

Yes, Mothers, we want you to come from North and South and from East and West, and join us in our last large activity of the year. Whether we feel sad or gay, you are bound to lend a steadying hand and make us all feel better.

Welcome, Mothers, to Lindenwood!

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## Commencement, The Time For Responsibility

Commencement means many things to the graduate but to all it means a time of sadness and gladness. It gives us at first a feeling that everything is all over. Next comes the thought of the future and the joy of making our own money, and finding out what we can do in the world. Commencement to many of the graduates marks the beginning of being on their own responsibility.

The day itself brings flowers, gifts and friends. There is that inner excitement of something about to happen. Something is happening for it is a grand climax to four full years. The girls have made friends with whom they have had many good times and these are pleasant associations which should be lasting. Commencement may separate us from our Lindenwood friends for the time being but there can always be a reunion.

Commencement is the end of "school days" for most of us but it does not mean the end of continuously educating ourselves to something better. The receiving of our degree should give us a sense of personal satisfaction of four years spent to an advantage. Those four years represent an experience which should have prepared us for life. Our thoughts have travelled far and we have had a chance to learn how to live with people.

The graduates sitting in Roemer Auditorium on Commencement Day listening to the address are ready to "Go Forward!" That is what Commencement means a realization of our preparedness.

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## May Day At Lindenwood Filled With Many Traditions

At other colleges May day and the festivities that go with it may be just May day, but to Lindenwood it is connected with traditions that date back almost as far as the founding of the college.

Until 1925, the crowning always took place in the "horse shoe" where Irvin hall now stands; but since that time the golf course which really is a natural amphitheatre, has made an ideal background for the festival. The daisy chain, carried by the half-happy, half-sad seniors walking in solemn procession to the strains of the music, is an inseparable part of the program. Inseparable too, is the stately march of the queen and her attendants down the green slope to her rustic throne, where she is crowned with a garland of natural flowers by the junior maid of honor. Then comes the sprites, goblins, and the fairies, to dance and romp before the lovely queen of May and her court. This year Marjorie Florence is the lovely girl chosen from the entire senior class to preside over these festivities, and with such a delightful ruler we feel sure that her subjects will perform her wishes as never before.

Of course there is always the May pole whose bright colored ribbons are wound about the pole to the accompaniment of sprightly and intricate dances. After the poles are wound looking like some luscious and gaily colored stick candy, the queen and her court retire leaving her subjects free till the next year when they again must do the bidding of the queen on May day.

## Teacher's Vacations

Vacation is practically here and there are plans in the air concerning where to go and what to do. It is expected that Dr. and Mrs. Roemer will follow their annual custom. That is, they will remain in St. Charles for a few weeks immediately following the close of school and then proceed to Cliff House in Manitou, Colorado where they will spend the remainder of the vacation days before returning to a new year of work at Lindenwood.

Dean Gipson will spend her vacation in the East, spending part of the time studying at Columbia University in New York City, and the rest of the time visiting colleges and libraries.

Miss Schaper plans to spend her summer in New York continuing her work. Before going there she will visit her family in Washington, Mo. for about two weeks, and stop over in Ohio awhile.

Miss Hankins will spend a busy summer vacation, pursuing studies for her Doctor's degree at New York University, in New York City.

Dr. Reuter expects to spend the summer in Chicago doing some Research work.

Dr. Ennis has made tentative plans for attending a summer session at Cornell University. She expects to spend some time at her home in Illinois however, before beginning her work at the college.

Miss Allen's plans for vacation are somewhat indefinite as yet. She will spend some time just resting at her home in St. Louis, after that she intends going to Chicago for a while. Further than that she has made no plans.

That our English professors are satisfied with nothing short of perfect, not only in the compositions which we hand in, but also in themselves, is proven by the manner in which three of them are going to spend their vacations. Miss Parker intends to attend some Eastern University; at present she isn't certain which. The only thing of which she is certain is that she is going to summer school, and that it will be somewhere in the East. Both before and after the session, she will go home.

Miss Dawson doubts that she will have time to go home, as the summer session at Iowa University starts early in June, and doesn't end until September. Miss Stumberg is the other English professor who is seeking self-improvement. She will return to the University of Chicago, from which she received her Master's degree two years ago. Lake front pastimes will be her only diversions.

Dr. Kate Gregg has an interesting summer planned and it looks like a full one. She will spend all of June in Washington, D. C. working in the war department archives for material on George Sibley. Next Dr. Gregg will go to her home in Washington state and from there she will go to Alaska to spend the last part of her summer.

Miss Stookey will spend the summer at her home in Cedar Rapids, Iowa. She will visit some with Frances Pedler who will attend summer school at the State University of Iowa, at Iowa City.

Miss Reichert is planning on taking work at Teacher's College, Columbia University. She will live at home.

Mr. Thomas reports that he and Mrs. Thomas are expecting to spend the first part of their summer in Wisconsin if Mrs. Thomas' brother who lives in Kansas City is much better,

## Pi Alpha Delta Host At Delightful Reception

The last reception by Pi Alpha Delta was held Thursday afternoon May 14, from four to six o'clock, in the club room of the Library, and was a beautiful affair. Miss Hankins, the sponsor, was gowned in a flowered chiffon, of a dark background, and old rose flowers. The overskirt was of black lace.

Dr. and Mrs. Roemer were guests of honor. Mrs. Roemer wearing a flowered chiffon of beige with old rose flowers. A black transparent velvet jacket completed the ensemble.

Miss Hankins' mother, of Webster Groves and her sister, Mrs. McClure, were guests of the fraternity. The vivaciousness of Mrs. Hankins quite won the hearts of the girls. Mrs. Hankins was wearing a dark green flat crepe with a lingering neckline and bell sleeves. Mrs. McClure was fashionably gowned in black flat crepe having a waist of white embroidered voile. An onyx and silver pendant watch carried out the black and white color scheme.

Dean Gipson attended in a tailored frock of blue with white polka dots. The cuffs were trimmed with white lace. The ivory skin of Miss Parker was set off by a black chiffon gown. A long strand of alternating black and white crystal beads, and the black satin slippers with rhinestone buckles further carried out the black and white contrast.

Frances Blair, the President of the fraternity, was gowned in a pale pink chiffon having a print of tiny flowers. Her white slippers were embroidered. Dorothea Lange, the Vice-President, had chosen a gown of beige lace. A green dance kerchief, matching the green satin slippers, was carried.

Organdie dresses of all the pastel shades were worn, as were many colorful chiffons.

Dolores Fisher, Mary Louise Bowles, Pauline Brown and Katherine Davidson composed a quartet which sang a group of folk songs. They were accompanied by Doris Oxley. An interpretation dance was given by Frances Pedler.

The refreshments were served by Frances Blair and Dorothea Lange. They consisted of most delicious strawberry tarts, candied fruit, mints, salted nuts, and coffee. Baskets of bridal wreaths and irises added a gay touch to the scene.

## New Annuals

### Cause Sensation

Hail! the 1931 Annual, the Queen of them all. From the attractive cover through to the clever silhouettes in the activities calendar, the book is one of the unusual design. The senior pictures and the campus scenes are displayed in well balanced pages with modernistic detail. The pictures are all good, especially the flattering ones. The feature section is especially interesting, filled with poems and choice snaps! And then the Section of Queens! Speaking of attractive full length pictures.....!

The volumes are gradually being filled with scribbles and friendly notes and reminiscences, because really, an annual isn't complete without being most horribly defaced.

Every girl is mighty proud of her book straight through to the "God bless you and good night ladies."

as he has been ill for the past few weeks. The last part of the summer, they will spend in Colorado at Bowlder and Denver.



## PATRIOT

By Beatrice Van Druff

We were loyal little patriots during the war, my brother and I. We were too small to realize anything about war except that strong, gallant men crossed the seas in their neat khaki uniforms and peaked hats to fight great booming battles and to operate dangerous and heavy guns and cannons with magnificent skill; that pretty girls dressed in white and decorated with a red cross attended to the thrilling and romantic business of nursing the occasional wounded. We had heard about the brave Red Cross dogs, too, who carried mysterious messages written in secret codes. And we knew about the marching and loud incomprehensible commanding, for a company had drilled on our street for four weeks. We thrilled to every bugle call to the rhythmic drum of marching feet, to the sharp click and shuffle of the manipulations of guns.

Our favorite game at that time was playing war. We usually played with the children of the big stone house across the street, and divided ourselves into the despicable German army and the honored French and American forces, exaggerating the characteristics of each according to our childish prejudices. However, this particular afternoon the children of the big stone house across the street were away, and Brother and I were left to our own resources. Brother soon solved the difficulty by delegating to me the savage barbarian part of the German army, instead of the usual one of the Red Cross nurse. "For", he explained, "the Mericans have to win, o' course, and it takes a man to win; a girl couldn't do it right. Don't forget to die, you. I won't poke you very hard, but when I do—"

He stood resplendent in his new "play soldier" uniform which he had received as a birthday gift, an old soft hat of Dad's peaked carefully upon his head, a play rifle over on shoulder, and a rude, splintery, home-made wooden sword with a dashing cross hilt grasped tightly in his other hand, I wasn't so ceremoniously dressed, but then I was only an "old German". On my head I wore the dilapidated old tin pan with a wooden peak stuck into the hole in the center; it wasn't a bad resemblance to the typical German helmet. I had a corn silk mustache pasted to my upper lip, and I carried a wooden sword, but, as there was only one rifle, I had resorted to a water-gun for my explosive weapon. It was my duty to step high and stiff-legged as Brother assured me all Germans did, and with a fierce frown in my eye and the most ferocious face I could screw my countenance into, to slash right and left with my sword, cutting off little children's heads and ladies' arms, to burn houses and towns, to throw down poor, old feeble, grandfathers, and generally to lay ruthless and pitiless waste to everything and everybody.

Brother drew his thin little figure stiffly erect, and marched smartly toward me giving and obeying his own curt, incomprehensible commands. He halted with a click before a small bush. Then, leaping over it, called hoarsely, "Over the top, boys!" and rushed madly toward me, bravely brandishing his sword and shooting at me at the same time, calling encouragement and commands to his army, contemptuously talking to himself and to his fierce opponents, uttering sharp, loud gun reports.

"There you!" he yelled, jabbing the air desperately. Guess that'll fix you.

## MOON DREAMS

By Kathryn McClure

Moon that rides a clear blue sky,  
Small stars in her wake,  
And lazy dip of paddles,  
As they break the purple lake,—  
Lazy splash of paddles,  
That make the shadows quake,  
And break in silver bars  
Across a glassy lake.  
Canoes that slip so silently,  
In each other's wake,  
Cutting narrow arrow paths,  
That quiver and then break,  
Break upon the sandy shore,  
White as satin cream,  
Cut across with bars of gold,  
Like a sweet, wild dream.  
Moon that rides a clear blue sky,  
Small stars in her wake,  
And lazy dip of paddles,  
As they break the purple lake.

Hey you, guess you're dead enough, all right. Bang-boom. Oh, you will, will you— Well, take that, and that! Boom, bang-bang! Come on, boys, fight for old Uncle Sam!"

Meanwhile I was as belligerently slashing the air and booming cannon reports too, although perhaps not as realistically as Brother.

"Ah ha—the Kaiser!" he screamed, spying me very accidentally. "Charge, boys. Over the top, boys. Git that ole Kaiser."

And he rushed at me with terrifying ferocity, a wicked, blood-thirsty gleam in his eyes. I held my ground and dauntlessly slashed air and clicked swords with him for some several moments, yelling in a very unladylike manner.

"Well, old Kaiser, think you're smart don't you?" he scoffed. He continued less savage. Hey, yuo," he said under in a very uncomplimentary fashion until finally his breath began to come in short gasps, and his onslaught was less savage. "Hey, you", he said under his breath, "it's about time you got yellow and ran, or fall down and die, or surrender, or sumpin'. You sure are some Kaiser. Think we want to keep this up all night?"

I adjusted my tin hat, which had been lurching uncertainly on my forehead in the heat of the battle, and obediently began to retreat, slashing behind me as I ran. Suddenly I heard a yell behind me, and I glanced back to see Brother lying in a huddled heap on the ground. "You—you", he whimpered. "You don't play fair—" I had accidentally tripped him and he had fallen on my waving sword, cutting a short gash in his neck, and skinning his knee and elbow. In a moment I was rouching beside him, all contrition, the German peak of my helmet wabbling and my corn silk mustache quivering from my quickened breathing.

"Git away" he cried indignantly, immediately returning to his recent role. "Think I'd let a dirty old German help me? Beat it."

"But, Bud, you're all bloody." I cried, trying to wipe away the tiny trickle of blood with my sleeve.

"Aw, who cares," he retorted bravely. "Rather die dead than let any old stinky—Say, if you want to help me, git off that helmet. You'll have to turn into a Uncle Sam 'Cross nurse right away quick if you help 'Merican wounded. Ouch, my knee hurts. You sure don't know how to play German."

And not until I had torn off the corn silk mustache and replaced the tin helmet with the dish towel head dress of the Red Cross nurse, would my brave soldier let me touch him. Needless to say we stopped our war play for the day, and, not the Red Cross, but Mother nursed the wounded.

## THE USUAL THING

By Frances Datesman

"Well, I suppose we can try one or two. I don't like any of them very well, but if I have to buy my clothes from this store, it's a choice between two evils. I suppose. Why can't you persuade Dad that it isn't a crime to buy from chain stores, Mother? Clothes are lots cheaper there and the styles are ten times cuter than they are here. You'd think, from the way Dad crabs about money, that he'd be willing to economize. It may be public spirit to trade with the home-town merchants, but I don't see why he has to carry his pet theory to such extremes—especially when it concerns my clothes."

"Why, I think some of these are lovely, dear; try a few on at least. So much depends upon the fit of a dress, you know, that you really can't tell until you've tried it on."

"Yes, Miss, it makes all the difference in the world. I fit that blue dress the other day and it looked right nice—it was a little too tight or she'd taken it in a minute; she was bigger than you are. Shall I take the blue one, Miss? And the brown one too? Brown is very good this year; I'm selling to all the school girls."

"Perhaps this wine-red sports suit, too; that would make a real neat school dress," the mother added.

"If there's any word I hate it's 'neat'. Mother, for heaven's sake, tempt me with a little more than the prospect of looking neat in a school-room. You might just as well leave the blue one here—it's positively common and there are probably a hundred like it. I'll try the brown, that green travel crepe, and I suppose the red one, too. Anything to please."

The clerk, muttering something about "persnickety people" to a co-worker, hurried toward the back of the store in the direction of the fitting rooms. "Lord knows that always before I've been able to please a customer somehow. It's just my luck to bump into such a sale the first day here; you can't please that kind anywhere—they're just born crabby. And the mother's that 'anxious-to-please' and 'always-keep-peace-in-the-family' kind. She'd get a lot farther with that young snip if she'd set down on her for a change."

"This way, please", she smiled, "the other rooms are full."

"You'd think we'd never been here before, the way we're being led around. I hate new clerks, anyhow, with their chesty-cat grins. I s'pose she thinks she's nobly carrying out the 'service with a smile' idea. 'let the grin cover the grimace, or what have you.'"

"Oh, I wouldn't say that; she's probably just anxious to please; and new clerks often look harder for dresses than old ones. She's real sweet, dear."

All three crowded in the stuffy fitting room. The mother sat down heavily on the straight backed chair; the clerk just stood, the girl having made it perfectly clear that she needed no help, and preferred none. She jerked her dress over her head, ignoring her mother's anxious "Do be careful, dear", and threw it over a hook.

"I'll try the brown one first. Oh, it's too big—I can tell by the way it goes on. Yes, I suppose it could be taken in a little at the waist, but it'd look awfully bulky with this heavy wool material. I don't specially like the color, anyhow; it's too faded looking."

"The neck-line is very clever, Miss. That new diagonal cut is all the thing now. The buyer just returned—"

"And the length is just right, too, dear," ventured the mother, "but I do think you've fastened the belt a little too tightly—try the next hole. Dresses

look much better when they fit loosely—you girls don't seem to realize that fact."

"Oh, I expected that. The only good thing about this dress is the belt. High belts have to be tight."

The clerk assumed the role of pacifier. "The girls do wear these high belts a little tight, but it doesn't look so bad if the dress fits."

"Well, I don't like this at all. It's too sloppy. I'll try the green. I don't see what you see in the brown to like, Mother; it hasn't a bit of style. I wish this store would show something novel for a change. Hurry, will you, please; I've an engagement in a few minutes. Well, I'm sorry, Mother, but I've had this planned and I can't get out of it. The green one, yes."

She stood impatiently tapping her foot and glancing frequently at her watch. The clerk brought the green dress. "I really don't see much point in trying this one. I wouldn't consider it. Oh, take it off. No, don't bother to pull it down—I don't like it at all. But, Mother, there's really no sense in wasting the time. I wouldn't take it as a gift. Yes, I'll try the red if you really like it. Personally, I can't see the attraction." Grumbling, she pulled it down. "No, I don't like it."

"Let's take it home, dear, and decide. You may feel differently about it later. It's really a very good buy."

"Well, all right if you want to. I don't see why you always want me to buy clothes I don't like. I'd think you could be a little more charitable as long as I get so few."

"Why dear, I don't mean to be fussy. You know you don't have to buy anything you don't want. You don't even have to take anything up. I just thought that—"

"Oh, yes, I might just as well take it. I'll never hear the end of it if I don't. It doesn't matter. I'm getting used to wearing clothes I don't like."

"You know that I don't want you to take anything you don't want". Turning to the embarrassed clerk—"I guess we won't decide right now."

"I'll take it, Mother. There's no sense in going through the usual argument. I always end up with the dress. I'd just as soon wear an old one; all the pleasure is gone from something new after the struggle to get it. Send it up, please. Where's my dress? I've got to go. I'm five minutes late already. Give me a dollar will you, Mother. Thanks." She rushed out, her coat half on and her hat in hand.

"It's so hard to satisfy young people," the mother offered apologetically "Yes, I'll go sign the charge slip now."

"Tough sale, wasn't it?" commented the desk clerk after the charge had been completed. "You'll get used to it, though. They're in here often and Mrs. almost cries about it some times. It's the usual thing for that girl. The Mrs. almost cries about it some times poor thing. Steer clear of them after this. The others do. You'll learn."

## A DESCRIPTION

By Alda Schierding

It was not a cheerful green and white kitchen into which Sue stepped. An oilcloth, worn brown and cracked in spots, covered the floor. A wooden sink occupied the corner of the room. Its wood was browned and greasy from much usage. The once white porcelain bowl was nicked and scratched. The faucet dripped water continuously. On a shelf above the sink a weary, one-legged clock ticked self-consciously. A motley collection of articles, a safety razor, cold cream, a coffee pot, and a cake of soap, kept the company. Dirty and greasy dishes covered the table and cabinet. On the wall hung a calendar from two years



## JIMMIE

By Gretchen Hunker

Five-year-old Jimmie, bubbling over with surplus energy, is reluctantly dragged from the important task of manufacturing mud-pies, only to go to sleep. To his little mind this artistic occupation is more attractive and every bit as enthralling as entertaining Mother's guests, who Jimmie knows from long experience will greet him when he again descends the stairs. But he is not the prevailing power when Nursey is near.

Just as the fairy princess starts to give the little boys and girls chocolate cake that is icing all the way through, Jimmie realizes that Nursey is shaking him vigorously. The tiresome process then begins. Ears scrubbed until they are shiny, hair is combed and recombined and hands are soaked, in spite of all manly objections. At last, it is all over and Jimmie feels bravely uncomfortable in his starched blouse and short, velvet trousers, but a bit subdued after Nursey finishes her lecture on just how a little gentleman should behave. No doubt, he wonders why he must be still; why he must not ask for the second drum-stick; why he must not put his sticky fingers on Aunt Agatha's dress; or just why he is forbidden the privilege of finishing his mud-pie. These along with many other "whys" Nursey has long since stopped trying to answer. She only impresses the fact that it is essential for him to be extraordinarily good. "Play like you are that nice, big knight I read you about last-night and do everything you think he would do", Nursey admonishes for her last plea as she escorts her prodigy to the top of the large winding staircase. Upon relaxing she realizes how fatigued in body, brain, and tongue she really is.

However, the dutiful Jimmie does not enter the parlor just now. Nursey's last words still resound through his mind until he comes to the conclusion that if he is to act like the brave knight, he will have to look like him too. And he is sure a knight would not approve of a girl's yellow-curls, much less wear them. The hall is deserted so Master Jimmie steals back upstairs and enters a deserted guest chamber. After searching for scissors he whacks his curls off at irregular lines as best he can. But he is not as experienced in this art as in making pies, so misses the longest one that falls directly down the middle of his back. After much clipping and snipping and many anxious glimpses into the mirror, he soaks the remaining stubby locks with water and then combs them straight back from his forehead. The effect is perfect and Jimmie beams with pride. With one more glance of satisfaction he turns to go down-stairs again, looking much like a drowned cat or a sheared sheep.

"Horrors!" shrieks Mrs. Morgan as Jimmie makes his triumphant entry into the parlor, while Aunt Agatha, who the family hopes will leave her boundless millions to Jimmie, faints.

before. The wall back of the gas-stove was splotted with grease and a faint odor of stale, fried foods offended Sue's nose. Over a dusty and streaked window hung a be-draggled curtain, once white, but now as gray as the air outside.

The sun was not shining and the wash of the previous day still hung on the line, now speckled with soot. A dead geranium held itself stiffly upright in a pot and one or two enterprising dandelions peeped from the few square inches of grass which dared to grow.

## A NICKEL

By Betsy Holt

My heart leaps up when I behold  
A nickel on the ground.  
That good old nickel Indian head.  
It means that I shall soon be fed—  
Visions of candy meet my eye  
I'm Tea-Room bound.  
Cookies, grapes, an apple red—  
Hunger follows me like a hound,  
So here I go to gain a pound.

## COLOR OF THE NORTH

By Margaret Dodd

It was in July—a northern, cool July filled not with heated days of many owers, but with cool, sunny days of pine-tree breezes.

I was driving along a white gravelled road which wound through walls of straight, tall, evergreen trunks. I passed a small white cottage set back from the road in a thicket of pine and fir—a cottage radiating happiness and leisure.

The road curved, the house was out of sight, and I faced a lake, a blue lake with glints of white and gold on its rippling surface. But again the road turned away from the lake, as if to give to passers-by only glimpses of its beauties. It curved and twisted through a cool forest of rich, dark green; a forest through which an occasional blue expanse appeared—and I never knew whether the blue were lake or sky. Sleepy birds called and fluttered through the trees. Small wild things crossed and recrossed the road as if in flustered anger at the intrusion of my car.

On, on I drove, passing through woods and over small bridges, glimpsing blue thru green, gold on blue, until I wondered that the great couturiers of Paris had not combined in their creations these colors so harmoniously put together here.

## A PLEASANT HABIT

By Peggy Gurley

You set a pattern for my ways.  
Daily I trod its narrow maze  
And never questioned why I went  
So blindly to and fro, content.  
And now, though you no longer  
charm,  
My eager feet, to my alarm,  
Although my rebel heart is free,  
Still tread the path you set for me.

## I DID IT

(A Sonnet—Maybe)

By Lenore Auer

I swore I'd never, never touch a  
worm  
Or bug or snake. I really was quite  
firm,  
Because I have a deeply rooted hate  
Of squishy, squashy, slimy things  
that squirm.  
But, thou, strict teacher, took a  
hand with Fate.  
And ordered me with fearsome  
sternness great,  
To cut and slice and vainly try to  
draw  
All pickled protoplasm that I saw.  
You forced me into playing hide-  
and-seek  
With viscera of crayfish and of  
frogs.  
I even hiked; I waded in Cole's  
Creek  
To fetch you specimens I found in  
bogs.  
But now I see the why of your in-  
sistence,  
I can touch anything without re-  
sistance.

Read the Linden Bark.

## MR. COOLEY

By Beulah Browning

Mr. Cooley lived in a green and white two-storied house that sat on the edge of the street. His family consisted of a bachelor son, a daughter, whose collection of Persian cats branded her as an old maid, and a half-dozen greyhounds that serenaded the neighborhood every night. Mr. Cooley himself was a young, old gentleman of seventy-odd years. He was a frail, dwarfish creature with the smooth beardless face, and white and pink complexion of a boy. His eyes were dark brown, small, round, and closely set together, with that shrewd discerning gaze peculiar to old people. He had not, like his son, taken to cigarette smoking, but still puffed away on an old stained pipe that fitted comfortably into the wide blank space between his brown teeth. Fashions meant nothing to him; his trousers belonged to another age and gave evidence of hard usage by a shining, black surface that reflected the scenes they passed on their way to town. I say town, for that is the only place Mr. Cooley was known to go; and go there he did, as regularly as the paper boy threw the *Daily Times* on the porch roof, much to Bird Cooley's anger and disgust.

There had been many reports of Mr. Cooley's idiosyncrasies and several hints of queerness brought to me many times. However, I had brushed them aside and believed the old man sound as ever until the day of the lodge-meeting.

The lodge-room is a quiet, peaceful place to sleep when no one is around; but, I had never dreamed of anyone's actually taking advantage of that pleasure until I walked in and saw Mr. Cooley, with shining black suit, muddy shoes, and filthy pipe, all at rest on the new davenport, blissfully unconscious of the disdainful and indignant looks cast on him by the assembled ladies. All persuasion failed to move him and we were forced to reveal the mystic affairs of our lodge before the very eyes of this unwanted guest, who, when he discovered there was to be no more sleeping, lit his pipe and gazed innocently at us through the rising smoke. That was an eye-opener and from then on every one in the neighborhood waited eagerly to hear of Mr. Cooley's queerness.

As the days went by, he came to take a childish delight in doing the wrong thing. He was wont to pull his wicker rocker into the middle of the sidewalk and then sit for hours, quietly rocking back and forth, never moving from his place for passers-by who were forced to walk on the grass. One night, he conceived the novel idea of letting loose all the greyhounds and caused his son much trouble on the morrow when that lazy person had to set out in search of the missing dogs. Then Bird was heard to complain because her father refused to eat unless she had chicken three times a day and seven days a week. So, we knew Mr. Cooley had at last fallen a prey to the fancies of his age; but he was allowed to go on in much the same manner as before, so long as his pranks and whims were harmless.

Then one day, the imp of perversity gaining full sway in his child-mind, he committed the unforgivable sin that led, first to his banishment from our neighborhood, and finally, to his death. It was a cold, windy day. Mr. Cooley had been confined to his bed for the past week with a slight cold. Why he ever decided to leave that comfortable place in such weather, no one knows; but chancing to glance from my window, I saw Mr. Cooley,

## CARS

By Doris Wright Bomford

When I feel this way, dear,  
I get away from the stuffy  
Close harmony of things.  
Oh, the steady song of a motor,  
Swift tires stinging the pave-  
ment,  
Black wind pouring on my  
cheek,  
A fantastic necklace of lights lead-  
ing  
Nowhere!  
Anywhere!

At seven o'clock sunset, dear,  
Let me take myself silently,  
Smoothly to golden roads.  
A shining way through green  
and gold fields,  
A city of white tombstones  
against a red sun,  
Motor throbs of a plane with  
gilt wings.  
A tranquil pause in a moving day.  
Cooling!  
Peaceful!

When rain falls on our world  
Take me with you, dear,  
Riding on wet and shining streets.  
Red and green lights grow  
misty,  
Black enamel streaks with gold,  
Damp sweet smell of earth.  
Security and contentment while the  
rain  
Splashes!  
Lulls!

One summer night we went, dear,  
Chasing an old enchanted  
Moon over silvery hills  
Magic in the white of night.  
Your shoulder and your  
smiles—  
Dust of stars in our eyes.  
Your strong hand guiding our path  
of light  
Happily!  
Happily!

## THE SEA-QUEEN

By Frances Henderson

O'er the waves we gayly glide,  
Dipping gently with the tide.  
Glistening gulls are circling wide  
As skilfully our craft we guide.  
The "Sea-Queen" is our joy and  
pride.  
Gay and free, o'er the sea, lightly  
we go,  
Cheerily, merrily, singing heigh ho!  
Off to lands of fairy lore,  
Where Neptune reigns forever  
more,  
Where pirates' gold is found galore  
And mermaids chant along the  
shore.  
Our "Sea-Queen" they'll all adore.  
Gay and free o'er the sea, lightly  
we go,  
Cheerily, merrily, singing heigh ho!

his white gown flapping around his legs, cane in hand, hatless, and everything-else-less, stalking down the center of the street, closely followed by five little kittens. The idea of facing a gentleman clad only in a night-shirt was too much for the women in the neighborhood; so we retired behind our curtains and allowed Mr. Cooley an undisturbed walk until his son could be notified of this latest escapade.

Soon after, he was removed to the Old Folks' Home, where, in spite of prompt treatment, his cold, encouraged by his fresh-air policy, grew worse and developed into acute pneumonia. He was buried in the shining black suit, and his old, evil-smelling pipe was thrown away.



## WHY FRESHMEN SEEM DUMB

By Leonore Auer

Thoughts of a whole evening spent in quiet, concentrative study. The closed door with the chair against it. The "Do Not Disturb" sign decorating the outside of that door. The desk cleared for action. The paper, filled fountain pen, notebooks, and texts.

The book that some one borrowed. The quest. The pencil on the floor. The dive and recovery.

The sitting down again. The opening of a book. The finding of the page. The introduction that is really interesting. The pictures. The diagrams. The torn-out page.

The pilgrimage for a book that is not mutilated. The friend who sends one after hers. The hunting in a strange room. The finding of the hunted. The return to the desk. The recovery of pen from inside own book. Visions of futile labors.

Picking up the gist of the study. The raucous bell. The maddening banging of doors. The knock on the door. The suspense. The retreating footsteps. Thoughts of a long distance call. The rush to the door. No one in sight. The return to the desk. The studying out loud of the next door neighbor.

The silence before the storm. The beds being moved in the room above. The typewriter clacking down the hall. The sigh of martyrdom at the desk. The muttered word.

The voice in the hall. The uncertainty. Was it for one? The getting up to see. The quick feeling of wanting to choke the interrupter. The negative answer to your question. The feeling that one never got called anymore. Wonder why?

The recovery of the book and thread of the story. The hot, stifled sensation. The opened window. The return. The gust of wind. The scattered papers. The crawling about and picking up.

The chair again. The book open. The pen poised. The studiousness coming on. The sigh of relief.

The ten o'clock bell. The tramping of feet. The knock on the door. The door or the book? The exasperated "Come In". The loud jabber and giggling. The newcomer in the desk chair. The pencil on the floor. The book thrown on the bed. The notebook that was never opened.

## YOU

By Gladys Crutchfield

Aloof as the snow-capped peaks  
Of distant mountain tops,  
Regal, as they, in their majesty  
Tower above;  
Human as the gushing springs,  
Scintillating in the sunlight;  
Understanding as the sympathetic  
pines  
Stretching up strong, needled arms,  
Muscled with mountain storms of  
years—  
So are you likened unto these mast-  
erpieces of nature,  
Stalwart—sturdy—strong,  
Silent in your strength.

## WHAT THEY ARE

By Edna Hickey

A new spring tree  
Is a little child  
Afraid of the wind.  
Cherry blossom petals  
Are tiny fairy teeth  
A bent twig  
Is the staff  
Of an old Elf.

## ODE ON MILTON'S PARADISE LOST

By Dorothy Rendlen

## I

Oh, thou, Calliope's fav'rite son,  
Must from Castalia's spring's clear  
run  
Have sipped since earliest youth; that  
song  
Of noble majesty might roll along  
The endless halls of time.  
No petty, jangling rhyme  
Doth mar thy subtle verse's swing,  
Which of itself doth grandly sing.  
Thy soaring spirit swift outflies all  
bounds  
And, cleaving the empyrean, upward  
sounds.

## II

Thy mighty lift and swell of  
phrase  
Which rises, glorious, God to  
praise,  
Heaven driven;  
Heaven driven;  
Governing Hell, his own dominion  
given.  
There his great legions lie,  
And 'gainst the victor cry.  
Now, at great Lucifer's command,  
They rise for war, a mighty band!  
Unyielding strife and sinfulness for-  
ever  
Resolved now to wage, submitting  
never!

## III

Now climbing upward through the  
gates of Hell.  
(those threefold bars)  
Dread Satan forced his perilous  
way so well  
Through stuff of stars,  
And reaching earth, new-made  
He tempted, unafraid,  
The humans there to taste the fruit  
forbid.  
They, somewhat loath to eat,  
Yet tired, and knowledge  
sweet  
And joys of love no longer deep  
were hid.  
Thus man from earthly Paradise was  
driven  
To be redeemed by Jesus, Son of  
Heaven.

## NIGHTMARE

By Maxine Luther

Faces,  
Mingled with other bare, staring  
faces!  
Voices,  
Shrilling with other harsh strident  
voices!  
Hands,  
Reaching out; many groping,  
clutching hands!  
Eyes,  
Bulging; horrid, red, and bloodshot  
eyes!  
Bodies,  
Cold and limp, nameless, fearful  
bodies!  
Dreams,  
Surely all these horrors are but  
dreams.  
But  
Some one must wake me soon or I  
shall  
Scream!

## I SAW A FLOWER

By Doris Oxley

I saw a flower opened to the sky—  
Delicate, fragile, soft pink  
Gracefully bowed upon a long green  
stem,  
Quietly nodding in a contented way,  
Later I again passed by the spot  
And saw the flower yellowed,  
Seared, and parched by the wither-  
ing sun.  
Its time allotted had been short  
Yet, like all things else, had been  
enough.

## WHEN IT RAINS IT POURS

By Jane Tomlinson

Friend Noah cried,  
In days of yore,  
"It's gonna rain,  
It's gonna pour!  
Come on, you animals,  
Come on, you birds,  
Get in this boat  
Without no words.  
Come on, you children,  
One and all,  
Get in there, Ham,  
Before the fall.  
It's gonna rain,  
It's gonna pour,  
And we might never see  
Dry land no more!"

## A SETTING

By Theo Frances Hull

The board walk is silver, but the  
benches along the rail throw peculiar  
gray shadows. Below, the sea moans  
and calls. The great breakers come  
far up on the beach, but make almost  
no sound as they break.

The sand at the back gleams tinsely  
white in the light from the windows  
of the casino. A throbbing tribal  
melody, seemingly straight from some  
jungle village, is being beaten out by  
gin-crazed negroes. They play on and  
on, changing the soul-tearing sounds  
but little. The change, gradual as it  
is, tends toward something almost  
spiritual. An invocation? The tribal  
gods answer. As the first peal of thun-  
der rolls away, we hear the nervous  
sobbing of a girl.

## SONG IN MAY

By Dorothy Rendlen

The dewy lilacs sway 'neath May's  
blue sky,  
Their honeyed fragrance sum-  
mons every bee;  
While overhead the meadow-larks  
soar high  
And fill the air with their clear  
melody:  
Come out, my dear, come out,  
come out with me!

Then we'll seek out a daisy-dotted  
hill,  
Its summit shadowed by a leafy  
tree,  
Where we'll stretch out full length  
and drink our fill  
Of spring's sweet air and joy-  
ous ecstasy:  
Come out, my dear, come out,  
come out with me!

We'll gather primroses that yellow  
burn,  
Then wander hand-in-hand  
across the lea!  
At last, through dusky twilight,  
home return.  
For this one day let us be gay  
and free!  
Come out, my sweet, up and  
away with me!

## EPODE TO HERRICK

By Dorothea Knepper

Let those who will  
Proclaim thy music depthless;  
Let all who wish deride thy melt-  
ing song.  
To me, its strain is ever deathless,  
And thou art right—all others must  
be wrong.  
For, stirs not he as much who  
touches lightly,  
With Phoebus' fingers on a lyre  
can strum,  
As he who roars and rumbles  
mightily,  
In hopes of caling music from a  
drum?

## THE SHADOW

By Mary Chowning

As glares the sun of noon, the mind  
of youth grasps life,  
Outlining all in black and white.  
In light and shadow widely looms  
the strife,  
With brilliance, sparkling but sev-  
ere,  
Pale under reason's stare.  
The glitter first attracts the eye,  
Till suddenly, a shadow near  
Spurts forth as smoke from flame's  
last flare.  
Where there was light  
There is—I know not what unless  
I die.  
My heart grows cold! I quiver!  
I seem quite futile but so vain.  
I laugh and live—but shiver.  
That shadow at my feet clings  
tightly.  
Unseen!  
That splotch, black awful, I would  
tear  
From loved one's foot:  
I would clutch it and squeeze it  
small,  
But it slips through my fingers. I  
despair.  
I fain would point and their atten-  
tion call,  
But fear their thought,  
And only wonder silent and in pain.  
I miss that lovely dawn when  
thought,  
Trusting, untaught,  
Was dreamlike, beautiful, and  
sane;  
A filmy haze,  
Both death and life,  
All fashioned of air castles, angel's  
wings,  
And wind that sings;  
But now to solve this maze  
Of calm and strife,  
I look to evening's sun, more rich  
Than misty morn's,  
and clear  
When I will feel that life is dear  
And truly death adorns.

## THE SHAWL

By Jeanette Durre

Red blossoms—bright canary,  
Vivid greens and paler blues,  
Were all combined together  
In a gossamer of hues;  
Adventure seemed a-lurking,  
Romance shimmered over all,  
Then tried to catch and hold me  
As I wore my Spanish Shawl.

It seemed my feet were lighter,  
And the moon appeared to tinge  
The dancers, and the roses  
As they showed beneath their fringe  
I thought you held me closer  
As you kissed me in the hall,  
Though I wonder—and remember  
It was just my Spanish Shawl.

## MY THEME OF LOVE

By Wilma Jane Stephens

I am in love with the things of life  
That make me want to sing,  
That teach the bees to hum and  
drone  
And birds to take to wing.  
I am in love with the yellow flower  
And autumn's crisp brown leaves,  
With the oak that gazes up at God,  
And the willow that bows and  
grieves.  
The butterfly floating through the  
air,  
The splash of the waves at sea,  
The violets snuggling side by side  
Inspire delight in me.  
If all other feelings leave me free,  
Is this all the love in life for me?

Read the Linden Bark.



## Dr. Johnson Delivers Vesper Address

"What Is That In Thine Hand"  
is subject of talk

Rev. William D. Johnson of the Carondelet Presbyterian Church of St. Louis delivered the address at the vesper service Sunday evening, May 17. His text was the question, "What is that in thine hand?" taken from the book of Exodus, Chapter 4, verse 2.

This question was first asked of Moses by God concerning the rod in his hand. Moses was told to take the rod and go to deliver God's people from the Egyptians. Paul, in the New Testament took the place of Moses. He became the leader of the people. However, Paul was filled with enthusiasm and had not been as diffident as Moses was when God spoke to him. Moses had lacked the realization of God's power as personified in the rod and had to be shown that the power of that in his hand could part the waters of the Red Sea or cleave the rock in two and loose a spring to quench the thirst of his people.

"Power is that which is within our own reach," Dr. Johnson said. The symbol of this power is the hand but beyond the importance of the symbol is the necessity to realize this power and use it as it was given to be used. The speaker illustrated his meaning with the instance of a match. In a child's hand a match may be very destructive and dangerous, but in the hand of a man who knows the values of a match it may bring relief and warmth to his household. This also emphasizes the necessity of guidance in power. Nero and Cain might have had as great a power to be good as to be evil, but they were unguided and they used their power in the wrong direction.

People today excuse themselves by saying, "I can't". But this is only weakness. Every individual born in this world has an eternal purpose given by God. Each one faces a great life of promise but he can only depend upon himself to accomplish this purpose or fall by the way.

The question, "What is that in thine hand?", is as important today as it was when God asked Moses. Dr. Johnson feels that people must concentrate on it and realize that life will bring back its fruits only in so much as each individual puts forth his effort. Everyone has a life to live. He should go out and search for his rod and however small it may be he should take it and use it as well as he is able.

## Son Of Lindenwood's Physician Receives Great Honor

Mr. John Stumberg, of St. Charles, the son of Dr. and Mrs. B. Kurt Stumberg, the Lindenwood physician and his wife, and the brother of Miss Frances Stumberg, who is on the faculty of Lindenwood, was recently awarded a Rockefeller research fellowship. The fellowship is in the department of medical research at Princeton University. Mr. Stumberg is just completing work at Johns Hopkins University in the school of public health, from which he is being graduated this season. He has spent several months in Porto Rico studying native diseases there. He is specializing in helminthology, and his researches regarding the hookworm, in which he made discoveries valuable to science, are in part responsible for the honor which is now bestowed upon him.

Read the Linden Bark.

## Student Board Elected For Next Year

The new officers of the Student Board were elected at the regular Students' meeting, on Tuesday morning, May 19, and were announced on Wednesday, at the chapel hour.

Anna Louise Kelley was elected President. She is a Junior, and as president of Irwin Hall for the last two years, she has been quite well prepared for the position. Anna Louise is a popular girl on campus. She is from St. Louis. She is an active member of the Athletic Association, the League of Women Voters and the Triangle Club, and she commands the respect of the whole student body. We're sure she will make a fine Student Board President.

Isabel Wood, the Sophomore representative, is vice-president of the Student Board. She is known chiefly on the campus, for her quiet and unassuming manner, and her studiousness.

The Secretary-Treasurer is Sarah Louise Greer, a freshman. She's from Denison, Texas, and is quite distinguished by her red hair. She has an outstanding personality, and is known on the campus for her abilities, as well as for her sweet, quiet way.

No doubt, with these outstanding girls to head our Student Government, we will have fine order about the College next year, for we have confidence in their ability.

## Leadership Training School Term Ended

The Lindenwood College Standard Leadership Training School for St. Charles, closed its program for the spring with a banquet at the St. John's Evangelical Church, Sunday, May 17. The work this year is signalized by the fact that three members of the St. John's Church completed requirements for the diploma granted by the International Council of Religious Education. These diplomas were presented at the time of the banquet. Interest in the Leadership training school is to be seen in the record of the past four years in which seventeen courses have been given, one hundred and seventy five credits awarded, and now three diplomas won.

Speakers for the occasion were Stephen Blackhurst, Superintendent of the public schools, Dr. Ralph T. Case of Lindenwood College, and H. W. Becker, Secretary of the Missouri S. S. Council of Religious Education. Music was furnished by the different churches of the community and the music department of Lindenwood College. Vocal solos were given by Alice Denton, accompanied by Betty Leek and violin solos by Katherine Martin, accompanied by Annabel Gangnath.

## Eutha Olds Gives Last Dinner Of This Year

The last Home Economics dinner of the year was given by Eutha Olds, Tuesday evening, May 19. The guests were: Miss Cook, Mrs. Roberts, Miss Anderson, Evelyn Brougher and Dorothy Cobin, who acted as host.

The table was attractively decorated with miniature maypoles, decorated with pink and blue ribbons, at each place, and the centerpiece was a colorful bowl of sweetpeas.

The menu was as follows: fruit cocktail, stuffed tomato salad, breaded veal cutlets, new potatoes, buttered peas, clover leaf rolls, strawberry ice, angel food cake and ice tea.

## Well Known Artist Engaged For Commencement Concert

Miss Elizabeth Kerr, soprano of the Chicago Civic Opera Company will give the Commencement Concert in Roemer Auditorium, Monday, June 1, at eight o'clock. She will be accompanied by Miss Margaret Smith at the piano. After the concert, President and Mrs. Roemer and Alpha Mu Mu will hold a reception in the Library club room. The program is as follows:

I  
Alleluja.....Mozart  
O Sleep, Why Dost Thou Leave me.....Handel  
Die Mainacht (The Maynight).....Brahms

II  
LePapillon (The Butterfly).....Fourdrain  
Psyche.....Paladithe  
De Puis le Jour (Louise).....Charpentier

III  
Invito Alla Danza (Invitation to the Dance).....Respighi  
Non Piu (No More).....Cimara  
Manola.....Cimara

IV  
A Memory.....Ganz  
Sketches of Paris.....Kathleen Manning

The Lamplighter  
In the Luxembourg Gardens  
The Little Shepherd's Song..Watts

## Lindenwood Housemothers Have Vacations Planned

The Lindenwood housemothers will be in various parts of the country during the summer months. Mrs. Effie L. Roberts will divide her time between her two daughters. She will be in Carbondale, Illinois, the first part of the summer, and in Atlanta, Georgia, the latter part; she has a daughter living in each city, whom she will visit.

Miss Edna Hough will go to her home in Morgantown, West Virginia, where she will remain probably all summer, but she may take a trip to the southern part of the state.

Mrs. Mary Wenger has an interesting summer before her. She will go to Los Angeles, California, where she will meet three friends. They plan to take a motor trip as far north as Vancouver, taking in Mt. Rainer, and Crater Lake. They may possibly go on up into Alaska.

Mrs. Elizabeth Le Masters will visit a daughter in Boonville, Missouri, another in McAlester, Oklahoma, and a sister in Aledo, Illinois.

Miss Mary C. Blackwell plans to go back to her home in Hopkinsville, Kentucky, where she will probably remain all summer, but will possibly take a trip north, to Wisconsin.

## Who Will Be In The Play?

The climax of May Day, Saturday, May 30, following the grand pageant, is the Commencement Play given in the auditorium at eight o'clock. It is an English play entitled "Cousin Kate." The play is bound to be a good one because of its famous cast and it is to be given under the able direction of Miss Gordon. Katherine Anne Disque is the stage manager.

The well-known characters are as follows:

Gretchen Hunker.....Female lead  
Gladys Crutchfield.....Male lead  
Anna Marie Balsiger..Second Male lead  
Louise Warner.....Second Male lead  
Ruth Talbot.....Mother  
Sue Taylor.....Brother of Louise  
Ardine "Hank" Mulnix.....Maid

## Globe Democrat Executive Praises Miss Linneman

Douglas V. Martin, Jr. of St. Charles, who holds an important executive position with the Globe-Democrat and whose wife was a former instructor of French at Lindenwood has written the following letter of congratulation to Miss Alice E. Linneman, head of the art department at Lindenwood, which will receive an echo in the hearts of all at the college.

"Of all the loyal people to whom hymns of praise have been sung, I can think of no one more deserving than you, and I have rejoiced to see that your splendid service of 30 years at Lindenwood is to be memorialized.

"No one of us can ever know just how great an influence you have exerted, not only in extending the glory of Lindenwood, but also, and surely just as important, in the monuments which you have built in the lives of so many hundreds of young women whom you have counseled and guided.

"I can think of no greater satisfaction that anyone can gain from life, than you must gain from the realization of this splendid work which you have done; and I want to add my tribute to the many which I know you will be receiving."

## TO HER MIRROR

By Sarah Louise Greer  
I pass her door and pause,  
Myself a picture dim,  
Framed sharply in the gold  
And black and silver green  
Of her bright dressing case.

I muse: she flits there soon,  
While I, adoring man,  
Await, alone, for her—  
Await impatiently her laugh  
That tinkling, bouncer down the  
stair.

I pray a wistful prayer;  
A mirror, trust her not,  
My eyes, as clear as you,  
Have sought to catch her thought.  
Beware, lest beauty break you, too.

## FROM YOUR ROOF CHAIR

By Esther N. Gates  
I always liked to sit with you on  
the roof  
And watch the lights come out in  
all those tall, tall, buildings  
Out across the Park.

I always liked the way you talked  
to me about the world  
And other places you had traveled  
to.

I always liked the way we used to  
look far down the street  
Below your house and see the people  
there.

I always liked the way we watched  
the sun come up  
From out behind the river  
And the way you took me inside  
your small kitchen  
And gave me wheatcakes and coffee  
for my breakfast.

## DYING LOVE

By Betty Hart  
Love's wings are dragging;  
Why did you treat him so?  
His little feet are lagging;  
Didn't you ever know  
He was too delicate a child  
To survive that blow?

His death, I feel, is near.  
And will you never mourn him?  
It was you that made him fear—  
Why did you have to scorn him?  
Woe is me! His blood was mine  
For I had borne him.



## Among the Books

Two of the works which were recently awarded the Pulitzer prizes, the book of fiction, "Years of Grace" and the poetry selection, "Collected Poems of Robert Frost", have been added to the list of new books in the library. Both of these volumes are going the merry round of circulation, all of the students seem to be anxious to read them. The former is especially interesting and is recommended to all of those girls who find a few hours of time on their hands during exam week and this coming week-end.

"Years of Grace" was written by Mrs. Margaret Ayer Barnes, and is her first long novel. It is concerned with the better part of life of Jane Ward, from her girlhood in Chicago as a child of fourteen, through an interesting and eventful youth, a flirtation or two and later a marriage with Stephen Carver, a typical son of typical Bostonian lineage, who enlists and leaves for the war a week after their marriage, and finally the adjusting years of middle life.

The book is very realistic, presenting a true picture of life in America as we all see it; it is intensely humorous at times, contains no wishy-washy sentimental scenes, and builds up an excellent personage in the character of Jane Ward. Throughout the entire book, the reader is entertained by the keen fictional structure, the odd passionate scene, and the thrill which we all experience when we recognize in a book of fiction that which has happened to use at some time in our own lives.

### PRIZE PLAY, "Alison's House"

The prize winning play for 1930-31 was "Alison's House", by Susan Glaspell, and was produced by Eva Le Gallienne at the Civic Repertory Theatre, New York City.

The latest play of Miss Glaspell's is considered by the judges as "the original American play which shall best represent the educational value and power of the American stage." The play deals with the belated recognition of the poetry of Emily Dickens.

Miss Glaspell was born in Davenport, Iowa, in 1882, and for a time was a newspaper political writer before she began writing fiction. This play which is the fourteenth one she has produced, is an absorbing story with tremendous human interest, having to do with the family of Alison Stanhope, famous American poet who has been dead for eighteen years. Her old home, rich in tradition and filled with memories, is about to be sold just at the close of the nineteenth century.

Her sister, brother, and her brother's family gather in the old house to take their last farewell and to share in the distribution of the precious belongings, which have been preserved by her aged sister, Agatha. As the old century is about to pass on, she whom the author symbolizes as the old life—Agatha—passes on with it, leaving a secret which she has guarded faithfully since Alison's death. The secret is embodied in a series of manuscript poems which reveal the inner life of the poet, and in seeking to keep this from the eyes of a new and prying generation she nearly destroys the house itself.

By M. E. W.

Martha Ostenso's book "The Waters Under the Earth" may now be found in the library. It will prove inter-

## As Seen By Belle Brummel

Dear School-mates:

The end of school has (finally) arrived, and home we shall go to remember only the pleasant, and the jolly times we spent here within the portals of Lindenwood. We are a year older than we were when we arrived, and, OH, infinitely wiser. Our minds, characters, and souls have profited by this year of college. Our outward appearance has also changed. Most of us have put on weight, though there are a few lucky ones who have not gained, and have even lost. Our styles of hair-dressing is probably different, our manner of dress may have become more sophisticated, and some of us have adopted a new "type".

The Seniors, especially, have changed. They have recently adopted similar dresses, but that is a superficial change. Proved statistics have it that only six of the twenty-nine Seniors have short hair. And of the six, two are long bobs which can be put up.

This attempt of the Seniors to appear mature is one to be noticed throughout the country. The Senior class of the medical school of the University of West Virginia has decided to graduate with Van Dyke beards. The only mar to one hundred percentness, however, is the lone feminine student in the class.

Let's leave all that "oldness" to the Seniors, and try to have as happy, and carefree a summer as we ever had when we were "young".

Yours for a good sunburn, and a "keen" time.

Belle Brummel.

esting reading for those who enjoy a story of life well told. The psychology student should revel in the vivid character portrayal and the effect of environment and circumstance in the lives of these people.

Martha Ostenso has created seven children in the Welland family all with different destinies, desires and impulses. Carla, the youngest child, is able to rise her environment and the smug safety of her father's home. Carla is a mystic and almost unhuman in her lack of feeling and sympathy in the thwarted hopes of her sisters and brothers.

Matt Welland, the father who has never a doubt but what he means well in the selfish love given to his children, he rears them in an atmosphere of fear of God and strict convention. The mother, a silent but moving character, faithfully loves her husband and her children. She gives her family devotion but no encouragement for them to show their back-bone and courage to face life.

Each character is developed in a separate chapter but at the same time there is a unity of events which is difficult to attain in the manner used by the writer. Carla, the youngest, appears in the first chapter in which we are made acquainted with her childhood. The memory of Jenny's attempted escape and her tragic end strikes the deepest strings of our sympathy. We live with each one of Matt Welland's children and understand their weaknesses and non-fulfillment of ambitions.

The writer establishes an unforgettable mood within us and we catch Carla's spirit when she says, "I am going to stand still—and grow upward—and the rain and the wind and the sun will come to me." We admire Carla's passion for living, and Martha Ostenso has left something for us to think about.

## Fifty-Seven Escorts At Prom.

Junior-Senior Party in Dutch Garden Effect.

As usual, Junior-Senior Prom was one of the biggest affairs of the year. It took place on Saturday evening, May 16, and was attended by Dr. and Mrs. Roemer, Dean Gipson, Miss Gordon, sponsor of the Junior class, and Miss Hankins, sponsor of the Senior class, and by fifty-seven members of the Junior and Senior classes and their escorts.

The party began at eight o'clock, with dancing in the gymnasium. The decorations were very pretty, too. The ceiling was hung with delicate blue crepe, and the white walls represented a Dutch garden, with Dutch windmills, little Dutch boys and girls, carts drawn by dogs, and bright colored tulips growing all about. All in all, it was quite attractive, and the large lighted windmill, which was run by an electric motor, at the far end of the gym, only added to the attractiveness of the scene. Deck chairs and floor lamps, with bright shades of red and yellow, were placed about the walls.

In the dining room, the same idea was carried out, with blue as the predominating color. Blue screens set off the north wing of the dining room, and small blue Dutch shoes were nut cups. The tables were decorated with a small bouquet of flowers. The favors instead of being given out in the gym, appeared at each plate. The Senior girls received small glass pin trays, with a tiny ship in the center. The boys' favors were pewter cigarettes boxes, with a Lindenwood crest on the top. Dr. Roemer received a book, and Mrs. Roemer, Dr. Gipson, Miss Hankins and Miss Gordon, were given small white bags.

The supper was served at ten o'clock, and consisted of chicken salad, hot buttered rolls, peas, french fried potatoes, olives, celery, nuts, fresh strawberry sundae, cake, and coffee.

After supper, there was more dancing in the gym.

Many beautiful dresses were worn to the party. Mrs. Roemer wore white satin, with white pearls. Dr. Gipson wore a very becoming gown of black crepe, with white flowers. Miss Hankins wore green satin, trimmed in lace, and Miss Gordon wore blue crepe.

Lois McKeenan, president of the Junior class, in keeping with the Spring season, wore a pretty light blue organdy, with a sash of blue and yellow. Eleanor Eldredge, vice-president, wore pink chiffon, and Madeline Johnson, secretary, wore white crepe.

Marjorie Florence, president of the Senior class, and this year's May Queen, wore rose taffeta, with gold jewelry and silver shoes. Frances Blair, another of the Senior officers, wore cream satin. Everyone looked lovely, and certainly everyone had a good time. It was a big success in every way.

### APRIL BELL

By Edna Hickey

Breaking the drip  
Of an April rain,  
The sound of a bell  
A clear bell,  
A deep bell,  
Comes through the window,  
Through the open window,  
Through the curtained window,  
Over the diademmed grass  
The sound of a bell  
Skips up and down,  
Skips high and low,  
Skips, and spins, and loops,  
And comes through the open window.

## ON THE CAMPUS

Studying (?) for exams, or is it cramming? . . . . . Atrocious colored Indians running hither and yon and emitting blood-curdling shrieks and yells . . . . . A few of the girls on third Nicols eating candy and animals at the same time . . . . . A new student, male sex, age seven, majoring in the Biology department and calling his instructor, "Aunt Beulah" . . . . . Bad cases of writer's cramp, the reason? Annuals! . . . . . Entertaining parents, sleeping at all hours of the day, playing golf and tennis, having good food, and loafing generally . . . . . This has been the Utopian campus this week.

### Letters And Numerals

Athletic Awards Wind Up the Year of Sports

The Athletic Association took charge of chapel Thursday, May 21. Awards of cups and letters were the main event of the hour. The senior award cups which are the highest honors, were given to the following seniors: Lorraine Robie, Elizabeth Clark, Helen Davis, Margaret Cobb, Ruth Clement and Frances Pedler.

Nine girls received big L's for their athletic ability: Frances Blair, Agnes Grover, Rose Kelle, Helen Weber, LaVerne Wright, Betsy Davis, Dolly Kircher, Marjorie Wycoff, and Dorothy Comstock were the ones receiving this award.

L. C.'s were given to the following: Mary Ethel Burke, Dorothy Comstock, Doris Force, Dolly Kircher, Camilla Luther, Able Olson, Dorothy Rendlen, Tid Thmoas, Lucille Tralles, Marjorie Wycoff, LaVerne Wright, Margaret Cobb and Madeline Johnson.

The eighteen girls who received numerals were: Harriet Bowen, Shirley Haas, Marlon Harzy, Helen Everett, Polly Henninger, Ann Armstrong, Miriam Runnenberger, Mary Margery Lewis, Frances Kayser, Ann Louise Kelley, Elizabeth French, Jane Babcock, Jean Morgan, Ione Nichols, Lucille Crist and Kathleen Boucher.

The class cups were likewise awarded at the same time. The freshman received the hockey, swimming, and track cups; while the sophomores received the baseball cups. The tennis tournament has not been played off as yet so awards for that were postponed.

### Matrimony In View

One of the members of the Senior Class plans to enter a matrimonial career after graduating. Elsie Friep, the lucky girl, announced her engagement last Christmas when home for the holidays. She is going to take employment in Stix Baer and Fuller's in the alteration department for a season before her marriage.

## WHO'S WHO?

She is tall . . . . . dark . . . . . and stately. Probably everyone on the campus knows this illustrious Senior and undoubtedly just as many are awfully proud of her. She is well known for her regal bearing and her beauty but this isn't all, because she has a smile . . . . . and what a smile! That alone would win them all. With all these charms she is also the exception that proves the rule . . . . . that is she is intelligent and interested in classical languages. In a few days she is to mount her throne and rule the masses . . . . . of course you know who she is! Who wouldn't.



## COLLEGE CALENDAR

Friday, May 22:  
8 a. m.—Exams. Started.

Thursday, May 28:  
11 a. m.—Senior Distinction Day.

Friday, May, 29:  
3 p. m.—Art Exhibit.

Saturday, May 30:  
3 p. m.—Spring Pageant.  
7:30 p. m.—Commencement Play, "Cousin Kate".

Sunday, May, 31:  
3 p. m.—Baccalaureate Service, Dr. David M. Skilling, Webster Groves

Monday, June 1:  
Class Day  
11 a. m.—Senior Exercises  
12:20 noon—Alumni Club Luncheon  
2 p. m.—Celebration of Miss Linnemann's 30 years at Lindenwood  
8 p. m.—Commencement Concert, Miss Elizabeth Kerr, soprano, Chicago Civic Opera.

Tuesday, June 2:  
10 a. m.—Commencement, Dr. Donald Mackenzie, "Appreciation of Literature"  
End of School Year 1930-1931.

## Sidelights of Society

Charlotte Abildgaard and Shelia Willis visited friends in St. Louis over the week-end of May 22.

Theo. and Kathryn Hull visited in St. Louis last week-end.

Maxine Luther went to St. Louis with two cousins, Douglas and Robert Green.

Mariam Runnenberger was also off the campus last week-end. She visited in University City.

A group of friends spent the week-end with Eleanor Berkley in St. Louis. They were: Silvia Norsworthy, Louise Bennett, Ann Ragsdale, Lucille Griffin, Virginia Holman and Helen Hartgrove.

## Visited \$50,000,000 Plant

Miss Anderson accompanied by Ruth Steinke, Elsie Priep, Louise Phipps, and Elizabeth England, visited the Anheuser-Busch Plant in St. Louis on May 9.

They were taken through the entire plant which is a little city in itself, and given much information concerning the business. The plant covers seventy-one city blocks, and has one hundred and ten buildings on it. The property is valued at \$50,000,000. They have their own yeast, bottling, and shipping plants. There is likewise a \$50,000 hospital in connection with it to take care of its employees hurt or taken ill during work.

There are about 1500 employees now, though there were 7500 before Prohibition. The building was two and a half years in constructing. The machinery is of course of the best and latest inventions. Each machine turns out about 120 bottles per minute; and it is estimated that 26 carloads are put out from all the machines in an hour. They have their own conveyers, thirteen cars in all each containing 10 cars. The tunnel is eight blocks long, and the entire conveyer is 13 1-2 miles in length.

Miss Anderson and the girls said that it took a full three hours to go through, but the visit was so interesting and enlightening that the time fairly flew. They all agreed it was a Saturday morning very pleasantly spent.

Impersonated  
Many Characters

Louise Warner appeared before Lindenwood faculty, students and friends on Friday evening, May 15, to give her graduation recital. Louise read "Holiday" by Philip Barry in three acts. She was dressed in pale blue chiffon made along empire lines with high waist and panelled skirt. The cowl neck formed a sequence which dropped to the waist line in the back. A girdle formed the waist line with a rhinestone fastener at the front. Matching blue moire slippers, rhinestone necklace and ear-drops and a corsage of sweetheart roses, valley lilies and larkspur completed the accessories.

The first act was a scene in the library of Edward Seton, who is a New York millionaire, on a Sunday morning in mid-December. Julia Seton, the eldest daughter is found seated at the desk and she is talking to Henry the butler. Johnny Case a promising young lawyer is announced. Julia has just met him and it has been love at first sight on the part of both of them. She tells Johnny she broke the news of their engagement as lightly as she could to her father in church that morning. Louise carried us on through their conversation and introduces us to Linda the youngest daughter and to Ned the only son. We find Linda a charming young person and it is plain to be seen that she too feels Johnny's personality. After Johnny has been duly impressed with the wealth of the Setons and the weight of papa's word he is dismissed and given orders to appear later. We next see him in conversation with Edward Seton. The engagement has finally been consented to and plans for the formal announcement of it made.

The second act takes place in the old play-room in the Seton home on New Year's eve. Linda is giving a party of her own to celebrate her sister's engagement. She has fully made up her mind that she will not be pushed off down-stairs to entertain people who mean nothing to her. It seems that Johnny has ideas which do not meet the approval of Julia and her father. They are anxious for Johnny to obtain worldly success and along with it money. Johnny has other plans for he does not care to join the rank of those to whom money means everything. He wants to live and make just enough money to do it comfortably. Johnny decides, however, he will do as Julia wants him to.

Act three has its location in the library, twelve days later. Johnny has come to see Julia and during the course of his visit he finds that her father has arranged everything for them down to every stop they will make on their honeymoon. Papa's interference proves too much and we see Julia is willing to let him go. Linda finds out that Julia is not in love with Johnny, so she with great joy declares to her astonished father and sister that she is taking Julia's place on the boat to Europe with Johnny.

Louise carried her audience with her every step of the way and through every scene. Everyone's appreciation was made evident in a round of applause. She proved herself worthy of commendation.

## FANCY

By Edna Hickey

The lightning  
Is a wicked man,  
The thunder  
Is his laughter.

## Education In China

Well Worth While to Visit  
Library Exhibit.

An interesting exhibit of Chinaware has been on display for the past week in the basement of the Lindenwood Library. This exhibit has been made possible through the kindness of Dr. Stumberg, Miss Hankins, Miss Linnemann, Miss Stookey, and the work of the librarian, Miss Kutz.

Several pieces of Canton China are on exhibit. The story of the Dragon designs in this kind of china is particularly interesting. The dragon motif is as old as Chinese art, which incidentally is one of the oldest, with the exception of the Greek. Sang is the dragon of heaven; Kan, the dragon of the mountains, and Li, the dragon of the sea. The number of claws which the dragon has denotes its rank: five claws meaning the emperor, his sons, the princess of the first and second rank; four claws, princes of third and fourth rank; and Mang, a serpent with claws, princes of the fifth rank and for mandarins. Research work has been done on the dragon design by the St. Louis Public Library, and by the Home Economic Club and the College Library of Lindenwood.

Especially attractive is the vase of black and silver of this dragon pattern, loaned by Miss Linnemann. There are also some pieces of transparent china in the dragon design. These give a lacy effect when held before the light. The cards which explain the different exhibits are of interest. In regard to the Canton China, one may read that "the town of Canton, China has had many porcelain factories in the 18th century. They made export designs from English motifs such as family crests and European floral forms. Mrs. Roemer has loaned a lovely dish of Canton China in the Butterfly design. The interpretation of the butterfly is not agreed upon by all critics. Baily, in his "Symbolism for Artists" says that the butterfly design in china is used to represent Sakyamuni, the all-wise, but Tredwell's "Chinese Art Motives Interpreted" says, "Sakamuni, the God of the Buddhist religion did not influence motifs of China until 520 A. D. while the butterfly was used in 217 B. C."

Miss Linnemann has also loaned a copy which she herself painted of Japanese Satsuma. A large and unusual vase belonging to Miss Stookey is very attractive. It is also of Satsuma, but of a fine, hard buff pottery with closely crackled cream glaze—a Japanese specialty. Another of Miss Linnemann's collection which she loaned is a piece of Sei-Ji, a Japanese ware that corresponds to "Ching-tan" of the Chinese (i.e., the Japanese term for celadon).

Eggshell China—Rozenbard den Haag is made in Holland but is a copy of the Chinese. "Eggshell china was first made in the Yang-lo period, but not until the Tch'ing-hoa period did it attain perfection, when it was made as thin as 'bam-boo paper.'" The emperors gave high rewards to such workmanship as should produce the thinnest and finest pieces. Its texture is so light and delicate as to be almost transparent. Perfect specimens, from its extreme fragility, are becoming scarcer every day." Several lovely pieces of this ware have been loaned to the exhibit by Mrs. Roemer.

The explanation which accompanies the creamer and sugarer of Wedgewood loaned by Miss Linnemann is of great interest. This china is sometimes known as Queen's ware because the potter, Josiah Wedgewood, presented a set which he had made to

Queen Charlotte.

The Portland vase which has been on exhibit for some time represent the Greek art. The original glass amphora was found in the sarcophagus, and is believed to be that of Alexander Severus and his mother. It was broken by a vandal, but an employ was able to put it back together since Josiah Wedgewood had made several copies of it. This vase was loaned by the Classical Arts Department.

Miss Linnemann has also contributed pieces of China which represent many different countries, including, English, French, Dutch, Old French, Austrian, German, and Irish. Ireland is represented by Beleck the only china for which that country is noted. The well-known Lenox china of the United States is similar to this pattern.

Miss Hankins has loaned a quaint old plate of English china which is 200 years old. In striking contrast is the modern Gouda pottery which Dr. Ennis and Miss Stookey have loaned.

Dr. Stumberg has contributed some pieces of Spode and Haviland china, which are better known to the average person.

The entire exhibit is extremely interesting, and it is well worth one's while to visit it.

## ODE TO A ROOMMATE

By Louise Condon

She sits at the desk  
(It's a cluttered-up mess)  
With a frown on her face,  
(She's worried, I guess;)  
Then she sucks on her pen  
(Most disgusting to me)  
And writes with fresh vigor  
(Inspiration, you see;)  
She scribbles initials,  
(I think she's in love)  
She smiles very soulfully,  
(Heavens above!)

## COMPANY

By Edna Hickey

If I must walk alone,  
The tap of my heels  
On the hard white walk  
Will keep me company.

STRAND  
THEATRE

MON. and TUES.

IN PERSON—On Our Stage of "Our Gang Comedy" Fame.

HARRY (Freckles) SPEAR

And On The Screen

"DRUMS OF JEOPARDY"

with June Collyer—Lloyd Hughes

WEDNESDAY

"SWING HIGH"

Dorothy Burgess—Bryant Washburn

Ben Turpin—Helen Twelvetree

and HOOT GIBSON

in

"CONCENTRATED KID"

THURS. and FRI.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN

in

"CITY LIGHTS"

SATURDAY NIGHT

Two Shows, 7 and 9

JOHN GILBERT

in

"GENTLEMAN'S FATE"

Marie Prevost—Louis Wolheim

Leila Hyams—Anita Page