

LINDEN BARK

Vol. 7—No. 3.

Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Missouri, Tuesday, October 14, 1930.

Price 5c

Freshmen Learn "How" In The Dean's Talks

"The school as a whole is getting on very nicely", was the statement made by Dr. Gipson to a reporter for the Bark, in a recent interview. Dr. Gipson feels that the freshmen are becoming accustomed very easily to the ways of college life, and that as a result of the Freshmen conference she has been having for about three weeks, she finds them to be getting on very nicely with their courses, and to be doing well in every way. Apparently, very few of them are as yet "overwhelmed either with work or with homesickness", and as a rule, they seem a good and very worthwhile class.

Dr. Gipson gave the first five or six lectures to the Orientation class. In these, she explained to the Freshmen the meaning of the word "Orientation", gave them an outline of the course, explained the outside activities of life at Lindenwood, the honor societies and their requirements for entrance, and gave them general instructions for the beginning of college life. She also explained her idea of an all-round college student, and of a good student scholastically.

For several days, Dr. Gipson's lectures consisted of instructions on "How to Study", including suggestions as to how students should budget their time, how to memorize, and how to concentrate. She explained to them the intellectual value of the various college subjects, such as Science, the Social sciences, Foreign languages, and English, which are all of value, whether or not a student realizes it. The last of her lectures was concerned with the talking of notes, and how and why this should be done.

Dr. Gipson tried to impress on the class the idea that they are all college people now, and that they should try to adjust themselves as soon as possible to the ways of college life.

Kirkwood Shines

Numerous Students of the Town
Hold Office

The town of Kirkwood, Mo., is well represented at Lindenwood. Three girls from Kirkwood have been elected to office in the St. Louis club. They are: president, Lucille Tralles; vice-president, Helen Reith; and secretary-treasurer, Ann Armstrong. These girls are all active in other college organizations. Lucille Tralles and Ann Armstrong are members of the Athletic Association; Lucille holds a position in this club as head of golf.

Eleanor Berkley who claims Kirkwood at least as her temporary residence, although she is really a Californian, is a member of the choir.

It is interesting to note that the society editor of the Kirkwood Messenger is a former Lindenwood girl. She was Margaret Shouse and is now Mrs. David Lee Jones.

Officiated at Funeral

Dr. Roemer officiated at the funeral of Mr. Charles Stoffregen, a prominent man of St. Louis on Monday of last week, October 6. Several former Lindenwood girls, connections of the family, were at the funeral.

Director Thomas' Degree Part Vacation Work

Mr. and Mrs. John Thomas spent the greater part of their summer vacation in Cincinnati where Mr. Thomas completed his work on a Master's degree at the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas drove to Colorado Springs the first of August and enjoyed a three weeks' visit with Mr. Thomas' parents. They state that the cool climate of Colorado was particularly enjoyable after the hot summer in Cincinnati. While in Colorado they saw many Lindenwood girls.

Miss Parker Speaks At Y. W. C. A.

The Y. W. C. A. meeting was greatly enjoyed by all who attended it Wednesday night. Miss Parker of the English Department gave a very worthwhile and enjoyable talk on the value of reading good literature.

Good literature is read for amusement. English children are brought up on "Alice in Wonderland", Charles Dickens has many funny and ridiculous characters in his books which make them extremely likeable. "Shakespeare is filled with fun," Miss Parker said, and then explained that a writer doesn't have to be good to be good.

Another reason literature is read is for distraction. Everything else is forgotten. "You lose your sense of the world around you", she said, and "We need to escape our environment."

Many people read to find a solution for problems. They also read good literature to gain the ability to understand people. There is a wonderful revelation of human nature within the pages of a good book. The Bible is filled with revelations and good stories. Its characters are just like the people of today.

"Literature is full of very real people. As you read great books you become a great person."

Miss Parker gave a great many interesting examples and illustrations in her talk. One especially entertaining, was of a little girl who had read the "Elsie Dinsmore" books, and decided that she wanted to be exactly like the heroine. One Sunday her father asked her to play a selection on the piano for some guests. The little girl, who had just been reading about Elsie's religious scruples, refused to play. She was taken to the closet and spanked. Miss Parker told this story and many more in a way that was very amusing.

Richard Spamer Talks At Thursday Chapel

He Speaks on Music and Drama
as Cultural Arts

Mr. Richard Spamer of St. Louis, widely known critic of music and the drama, spoke to the faculty and students of Lindenwood at the regular Thursday morning assembly, on October 2. The subject of his address was "Music and Drama as Cultural Arts".

Mr. Spamer, in introducing his subject, explained that it was easy for him to address his audience at Lindenwood because of the fact that so much in music and drama is offered here, that we have the advantages of a good faculty, and that by reason of our good fortune, we have an unusual opportunity for developing self-appreciation.

"Culture" said Mr. Spamer, "is the final polish." When you construct a statue or draw a painting, you express in it all that it can be. It is a work of art even while in the rough, but only when finished, can it be called a work of culture. If you are born with dramatic feeling, and have advanced so far in introspection that you can see yourself in one of the characters, or in one of the situations, then it is that you evoke a feeling of self-betterment, and become a dramatist without knowing it."

With music, it is a different matter. "What you hear is different from what you see. You have to listen to music. It is a quicker access to the emotions than the drama, painting, or a statue. We get culture foremost from a contact with our kind and a study of things as we have them in America. From music we feel as if we were atune to the infinite."

Music comes to us from a civilization somewhat different from our own. It is of central European or Teutonic, and ears for music such as Beethoven and Schumann come from that stock.

Mr. Spamer asserted that we are living in a mechanistic age. Yet we get very little from the motion pictures, or from the radio. In both of these, he says, "There is nothing so bad that it couldn't be worse."

In speaking of music and drama on the technical side, much is required of a composer and writer at the beginning, according to Mr. Spamer. He must have a gift, a feeling, for both, through his own finite senses as an individual. And, even the most talented needs instruction in order that he may receive a new slant on music, that he may be led to recognize his own hidden talents. "Nothing", says Mr. Spamer, "can help you like music and drama. They are the high lights in our age."

In speaking of the opportunities offered by St. Louis, Mr. Spamer mentioned the St. Louis Art Museum. "It shows what men and women leaders in art have done. We aren't all of a mechanical age, wrapped up in the sordid and material. We are looking toward the finer things. Some of the artists represented here are pioneers

Dr. Stumberg to Freshmen

Class Hears Talk on "Health"

Dr. Kurt B. Stumberg, college physician and a member of the board of directors of Lindenwood College, gave a very interesting talk on Health before the Freshmen Orientation class on Tuesday, October 7.

Dr. Stumberg began by saying that since man or animal has existed on earth there have been ailments of one sort or another. He told how the people for many years believed that sickness was brought on by evil spirits. He said that the medical profession has made a phenomenal growth in the last 25 years, but even now only one-third of the population receives any kind of scientific medical attention. The conditions in India and Africa are still particularly unfavorable to medical advancement due to their superstitious beliefs. In these countries, less than one per cent receive any medical attention of any kind.

Dr. Stumberg classed the diseases under six heads as nutritious (those due to absence of the right foods), occupational, bacterial, parasitic, climatic, and hereditary. He explained how disease in several of these divisions are contracted and how they are prevented.

He attributed great importance to the prevention of disease, and said, "If it were not for the provisions that nature has provided us with, we would all die very quickly." He explained the action of the white corpuscles in warding off infection, and compared them to soldiers.

Dr. Stumberg was very considerate in answering the numerous questions the students raised concerning the diseases and causes which he discussed.

in American thought, and three or four have really caught the spirit of the time."

Mr. Spamer also spoke about "Apron Strings" which is now being shown at the Orpheum, saying that is a delightful modern comedy, and shows that America is growing in art and is beginning to grasp the thing that has been neglected by a growing age.

He gave a short review of Candle-Light, which began the play season at the Shubert this year. It portrays the fact that that things seen by "candle light" are not the same as things seen by day. Other things very worthwhile in St. Louis this winter are the Symphony Concerts, given at the Odeon. There will be three conductors this year and a good season is promised.

"The Scarlet Sister Mary", with Ethel Barrymore, and "The Green Pastures", which is coming to St. Louis this winter, were both discussed most interestingly by Mr. Spamer. It will be interesting to see what sort of impression the latter play will make upon the people of St. Louis, because of its Confederate rebel Background.

Read The Linden Bark.

Linden Bark

A Weekly Newspaper published at Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Missouri, by the Department of Journalism.

Published every Tuesday of the school year. Subscription rate, \$1.25 per year, 5 cents per copy.

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OCTOBER 14, 1930.

THE LINDEN BARK:

"Come, little leaves," said the wind one day,
"Come over the meadows with men, and play;
Put on your dresses of red and gold;
Summer is gone, and the days grow cold."
From "Autumn Leaves" by George Cooper.

"Greetings"

The Linden Bark is printing its first Literary Supplement on the second Tuesday of the month.

Seven of these supplements will be offered during the season. The English teachers will choose the best work of the students for these pages.

October Days in Missouri

"Missouri in the Springtime is luscious, lovely bright—
But 'tis in the Autumn time her glories come to light,
The brilliance of the sumac, her hedges all aglow
And her lovely skies of azure reflect on all below"

One author has expressed his delight in the autumnal glories of our state with poetry, others have expressed it in song; some have been known to sing verbal praises of it, and it left to us to write, neither in poem or song but prosaic prose, the beauty of a season that is nationally known as Missouri's best.

Nature is at her best in this the maturing of her seasons. Even as life approaches its prime in what is known as the 'middle years', so the dictator of the seasons plays a childish trick in saving her best until almost the last. The gaucherie of Springtime has worn away to a mellow glow of understanding; soft tones are replacing more or less relentless ones; where verdant green was screaming "youth, life, and love!", the more gentle browns and soft violets and purples are speaking of the promise of fulfillment, the peace of understanding.

Instead of the restless urge of springtime, autumn brings contentment, rather than the bleak despondency of winter the Indian Summer season is the joy of recreation.

There is not the parched intensity of the summer months, when the very earth is gasping for surcease from a sweltering populace, but the cool breezes that have a zestful tang, rather than a bite, a sun that blesses rather than curses with its heat or mocks with its lack of warmth.

Soft murmurings in the trees speak a language of purpose, the will to recreate themselves in a coming season with colors even more beautiful than those of the past, and the knowledge of a rest well earned while the Mother tree regards herself for another year;

"Earth giveth unto us another year—
Remarkable her opening beauty to behold,
Now, skies of azure and of rose,
Now dawns of blue and gold!"

The artist started with a fresh canvas, and propelled by an urge to vivid, startling things that would bring a reluctant and admiring world to his feet, splashed bright dabs of color on a virgin background. The effect was startling, it was good, but it lacked something—warmth, appeal, so he added to it, and he achieved an effect a little less startling but still lacking in appeal. This time it was over bearing sultry—so he tried again, and the colors took on soft tones, glaring outlines were softened to curves and effect was soothing; it was peace and joy and happiness and the world came to worship and admire. We have revelled in the spring, we have enjoyed the summer, but it is the autumn we have loved.

"Founders' Day"

Founders' Day, which is on October 17, is celebrated annually at Lindenwood College in honor of our founders who did much noble work towards the development of a college for the higher education of young women.

The following short sketch might be a source of information as to the history of Lindenwood College: Major George C. Sibley, United States Army, and his wife Mary Easton Sibley in 1827 secured 120 acres of land adjoining St. Charles near the Missouri River for \$20,000 for the purpose of starting a school for young women. They named this school Lindenwood after a grove of Linden trees growing on this land. The College was incorporated by the Legislature of Missouri in 1853. The property was offered to the Presbytery of St. Louis by Major Sibley and the College placed under the control of fifteen directors appointed by the Presbytery.

Mrs. Sibley felt keenly the need for a higher education for women and the school was conducted under her direction for many years. There were young women who came from all over the country by stage to Lindenwood. School was held in a log cabin accommodating about forty boarders. The log cabins had disappeared by 1857 and the brick building known to us as Sibley School was completed. Later the south and north wing was added to Sibley Hall.

In 1870 the charter was amended providing that the directors for the man-

Founders Day

Threefold Celebration by College and Friends

On Friday, October 17, Lindenwood College will celebrate Founder's Day and the 104th anniversary of its existence. Dr. R. Calvin Dobson, of the First Presbyterian Church of St. Louis will address the assembly at the morning convocation. The Lindenwood Club of St. Louis will be guests of the college for the day's activities and for luncheon.

In the afternoon, Miss Stookey, head of the Physical Education department will present a dance revue, as the outdoor exercises for the day.

In the evening at eight o'clock, Mr. Tomford Harris the youthful American Pianist will present a recital of piano solos ranging from Bach to the moderns. Lindenwood is indeed fortunate in having Mr. Harris as its guest for the evening. He comes from recital tours on the continent, New York, Chicago and elsewhere, recitals which are attracting much more than ordinary interest from music lovers everywhere. This young American would seem to possess, through his playing, that most rare quality—universal appeal. His repertoire is said to be vast in its scope and variety, embracing music of many lands, ages and idioms.

Following is a programme of the selections which Mr. Harris has chosen for his recital:

I	
Choral—Prelude	Bach-Rummel
"Fortify Us By Thy Grace"	
Toccata and Fugue in D minor	Bach
(Transcribed from the organ by Busoni)	
II	
Two Mazurkas	Chopin
Nocturne, Op. 9, No. 1	Chopin
Six Preludes	Chopin
Ballade F minor	Chopin
III	
Esquisse, Op. 9, No. 4	Beta Bartok
Rigaudon	Ravel
Arabesque	A. Tcherepoutine
Guosienne	Satie
Malaguena	Lecuona
IV	
Don Juan Fantasia	Mozart-Liszt

Read the Linden Bark.

agement of the College be appointed by the Synod of Missouri. While Major and Mrs. Sibley being members of the Presbyterian Church had placed the appointment of the directors under the care of the church, the same privileges were given to all of the students regardless of their church affiliation. The Sibleys were especially desirous that the teaching of the Word of God be part of the curriculum and their wishes to this effect have been carried out.

Gifts were made in earlier days by Judge and Mrs. John S. Watson who contributed \$5000 toward the erection of Sibley Hall and at the death of Judge Watson valuable property was left by him to the College. The name of Ridgely also stands out prominently in the endowment of the College. More recent benefactors of the College brings to us the name of Col. James Gay Butler and his wife Mrs. Margaret Leggat Butler. Col. Butler became interested in Lindenwood College through his friend Dr. Samuel J. Niccolls. Niccolls Hall was given by Col. Butler in memory of Dr. Niccolls. Lindenwood also owes much to Mrs. Margaret Butler who carried out her husband's wishes in the development of Lindenwood, and for whom our new Library is named.

"Lindenwood's Useful Life"

"The Useful Life". This simple phrase has been the slogan of Lindenwood for more than a century. This is the goal toward which all activities whether spiritual, scholastic, or social, are endeavoring. Dr. Roemer's welcome address in this year's handbook sums up the ideals in the statements, "To be of use in this world is an ambition both great and noble. Not the highest place in the world but the highest place we can best fill is the noblest aim."

All the activities on the campus help us to attain our highest place. To help us in our life work Lindenwood offers a wide variety of courses for study. Our scholastic standards are of the highest.

Lindenwood has always been interested in our spiritual lives. The well rounded life must be developed spiritually as well as intellectually. Lindenwood helps us in this respect, too, with its fine chapel services.

The social side of our lives is given noticeable attention at Lindenwood. There are many clubs and class parties throughout the year that all help us meet others more easily. Although to some this may seem trivial, it is not. Our lives cannot be of the greatest use unless we are able to meet and understand others.

Lindenwood strives to aid each of us in leading a useful life. Each individual is here to cooperate with the school as a whole. Lindenwood is working for each of us. In return we must all work ourselves to gain whatever we can that will help us to become the finest persons we may be.

Sigma Tau Delta

Holds Pledge Service

Sigma Tau Delta, national honorary English fraternity, entertained nine prospective members at a pledging service followed by tea and an informal program on Wednesday, October 8, in the library rooms. The pledges were: Sheila Willis, Dorothy Winter, Maxine Luther, Alfreda Brodbeck, Alice Virginia Shoemaker, Phoebe Sparks, Dorothy Comstock, Dorothy Rendlen, and Erna Louise Karsten.

Following tea, a program of poetry readings was given. The girls read from the works of their favorite authors and then held an informal discussion. It is interesting to note that their selections ranged from Shakespeare's classic work to the poetry of Rupert Brooke, Edna St. Vincent Millay, and other modern writers.

Miss Alice Parker is sponsor of the organization. The president is Mary Louise Wardley, and Margaret Jean Wilhoit and Jane Tomlinson are respectively acting vice-president and acting secretary-treasurer.

Dance Revue for Friday

Instead of the usual Play Day this Founder's Day, Miss Margaret Stookey, head of the Physical Education department, has promised something different: a dance revue will be staged.

The "curtain" rises at two-thirty and the audience is requested to be on time. The gymnasium will be the scene of the activities, and as there is "plenty of room on the main floor," you are not to use the "balcony". Each class will give one dance, but the program will probably be short.

Frances Peder is slated for three solos. These will be: "In a Mauve Mood", "Tiger Rosa", and "Black and Silver". Frances is a professional dancer, but one who has wisely chosen to complete her schooling before continuing with her career. She is a Junior. Carol Wade, who is a Freshman, will also give a solo. She, too has made an extensive study of the dance.

MY LITERARY AMBITIONS
PAST AND PRESENT

By Margaret Jean Wilhoit

The more I indulge in a retrospect of my earthly existence, the more am I impressed with the constantly changing attitudes and tastes which I affect from year to year. I take the evolution of my choice of vocations, for instance: within the course of forty months I once decided to be a professional animal trainer, a government detective, and a foreign missionary.

The history of my literary ambitions has been no less varied. In fact, I note a distant parallelism between the development of my taste in literature and my coeval professional ambitions. In other words, that which I have liked, I have desired to imitate.

In early youth, my taste ran to fairy tales and myths. The very mention of a castle or a member of royalty enthralled me, and the mythological explanation of the trailing draperies of Iris, goddess of the rainbow, seemed far more logical than the Divine covenant with Noah. Consequently, it was my ambition to write tales and myths which should rival the Arabian Nights and my Child's Mythology. Somewhat later my ambitions took a trend toward play writing. I had fond hopes that my own dramatic versions of fairy tales and Bible stories might gain recognition beyond the group of neighbor children who acted them out.

After reading about Nathalie Crane, I had a short-lived ambition to emulate that child poet, and to become a prodigy. My mother still keeps the verses which were inspired by the observation of various domestic animals and of relatives, but I must have had only a sip from the Pierian spring.

In early adolescence my ambitions swerved toward mystery and detective stories. In admiration of the art of A. Conan Doyle, J. S. Fletcher, and Edgar Allan Poe, a group of us instituted a detective association, the cardinal aim of which was to gather and make literary use of local mysteries. Our goal was an anthology including the monthly reports of members in regard to occurrences of a suspicious nature. As girls of thirteen or so often unearth family skeletons, the publication might have enjoyed a rapid sale among a restricted group of gossip if our ambitions had been fully realized.

In high school my taste for literary classics was cultivated and established, and I began to read Shakespeare, Lamb, Dickens, and the like, with commendable voracity, but with a more venerated than critical attitude. Even now, though one of my foremost literary ambitions is the acquisition of the ability to recognize the weak and strong points of a writer, I must continue to guard against a wholesale admiration of a great writer's productions, merely because the author's work has been praised by critics of all time. My former standard of literary and criticism was, "the writer of a classic can do no wrong." At that time I hoped that my own thoughts might some day be found between the covers of an edition of the Macmillan Pocket Classics, say in the form of a play, or a group of essays. I had no particular choice, for I felt competent in each field. When I deplored an absence of subject matter, I remembered Jane Austin who performed the miracle of making her commonplace surroundings of interest to others, and tried to follow her example.

However, my literary ambitions are now at low ebb, for I fear that my potentialities of authorship have been weighed and found wanting. I still dream of the ecstasy, as well as the

COUNTRY RAIN

By Alfreda Brodbeck

Early this morning the air was thick—and gray. The sky leaned on the tops of the trees, and they drooped a little beneath its heaviness. Now and then, the thunder wagon rolled across the bridge somewhere above the clouds. Everything smelled freshly of spring, although June was nearly gone.

An hour later the first big drops fell in the deep gray dust of the road, where they made tiny wells for the thirsty brown elves who live there. The dust splashed, and little whirlwinds arose when they fell. Faster and faster came the wells until whole thousands of fairies could bathe in a single rut; then all the water soaked together into one big dampness. Still it rained harder. A choked gutter would not run the water off, so a pond began to grow in front of the driveway steps. So fast did the drops spatter down on the surface that the brown water fairly jumped up and down, and the few leaves floating in it were battered into the mud at the bottom.

Back on the lawn the short grass stretched up as straight as it could, drawing its skirts away from a bedraggled little dandelion whose coronet had lost its gilt. The roses under the lattice dropped most of their petals and hung their shamed faces. All the fragrance was washed from the sweet peas, but they still clung tightly to their wall. The red nasturtiums were beaten down between the cobbles of the walk. Far out in the fields the ripening wheat stood afraid lest there be hail.

All afternoon it has rained and now, since night is here, the roar of the thunder is smothered by the greater noise of splashing water as it brims into the twin cisterns beneath the house. Tomorrow the fishworms will leave crooked trails in the mud. The wheat will head full, and there will be new roses. Thank God for a country rain.

THE RAGMAN

By Margaret Omohundro

Outside I could hear the scrape of wagon wheels on cobble stones, the clink of bottles, and a chant which told the mission of the huge Italian as he drove down the alley. He was a new ragman and his song bubbled forth, not like a cry for bottles and old clothes, but like an Italian song at a wine festival. The tune made me gay and alive; my imagination responded to the melody. But the spell was broken and the miniature figures before my eyes vanished as Mrs. Brent yelled in a high pitched voice, "How much will you give me for a case of beer bottles?"

impossibility, of having a novel reviewed in the Book Section of the Chicago Tribune, which I read assiduously, or of lighting a birthday candle for a Broadway production from my pen. The buoyant quality of early youth which imbued everything, especially ambitious for the future, with a rosy hue, has been almost superseded by a passive desire for impression rather than expression. Though I shall fall short of literary fame, I continue in the hope that my personal letters may express an individuality guaranteed to offer some degree of pleasure to the person addressed.

So runs the gamut of my literary ambitions. If variety is the spice of life, my literary potpourri is at least well-seasoned.

SUNDAY SERVICE

By Norman Rinehart

Church had begun when Sarah Lake entered. She was a tall bony person with false teeth. In one hand she held her prayer book; in the other, her black umbrella. She sat in a back pew and smoothed her darkly-figured silk dress that was ornamented with Sunday School buttons.

"It's awful inconvenient, sitting so far back", she thought. "Hum—an' I see the Reverend Malcolm has on a new tie. Shameful that he should wear such a bright one. If the Church had the money he spends on clothes—well, they could near about buy the rest of the stained windows. I shall leave one for the Church as a memorial to myself," she vowed, pushing her flower-garden hat from her forehead. "Yes, an' I think it would be elegant to place an angel on a lavender and rose background. Underneath, a fitting tribute, something original, like 'Sacred to the memory of our dearly beloved sister, Sarah Lake. One who had done her work (and others') willingly.' I think that would be right touching. Mrs. Tucker is the only other woman to leave a memorial in Van Duzer. Hers isn't very artistic, however, since it's merely a watering-trough for horses and dogs. Shame she couldn't have left something more beautiful, but I suppose one of her type couldn't have had a real sense of beauty. A watering-trough is not particularly lady-like either, to my notion.

"Is that Mr. Barker up there on the second row? It looks a mighty lot like h'm. How he can face the public in a Church is more than I can see. Mrs. Clark told me his wife may divorce him for lack of support. She wasn't sure, but according to all evidences it seems that way. I wish our 'phone was on a party line, all my news is second-hand. I wonder who's that by him?" She pulled herself into an uncomfortable position to seem to be praying and likewise to scrutinize Mr. Barker and his companion at the same time. "Hum—" she thought—"It looks as though it may be Miss Coon. Disgraceful if it is. Wish she'd turn 'round so's I can make sure. Won't Mrs. Clark naturally swallow this news? This is without a doubt the most brazen thing I've seen in a long time. I wish that woman would turn her head, but I'm positive it's Miss Coon. Mr. Barker's surely paying her a lot of attention. I bet if he'd paid his wife half that much, she wouldn't be divorcing him. What's that the preacher's saying? 'Love thy neighbor as thyself.' Hum—Well, Bill Barker's surely doin' that.

"Well, as I live an' breathe, Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins. Who'd ever think she could drag her tightwad husband to church? I wish I could see how much he's putting in the collection. They say he has a pocket in his vest made especially for nickels; then he won't make the mistake of drawing out more than five cents. Yes, and Brother Henry was telling last night that old man Jenkins cuts his chewing tobacco into little pieces. Then when Henry, or anyone else, asks him for a chew, Mr. Jenkins rares back, sticks his hand in his pocket and pulls out a tiny hunk, 'My last piece, Henry.' Of course, Henry isn't supposed to take it, but he does, for he says the old skinfint ought to give away somethin'."

Miss Sarah Lake dropped her quarter into the plate with a generous air. Then she flipped her handkerchief several times as if fanning the flies, but really to draw attention to herself. "I hope Mrs. Terrel saw me drop my quarter. She's undoubtedly the cat-tiest woman I've ever known. She needn't think she can say anything

THE NIGHT AND THE SEA

By Isabel Orr

I felt tired of people, lights, and confusion after having walked along the boardwalk for almost a mile. At last I found thoughtful peace and quiet on the beach, broken only by the happy rush of the waves as they swished up on the sand, deathly still for perhaps two seconds, then falling back with the other breakers in teasing glee.

I sat down on the soft cool sand that called for me to sleep. I felt so free and happy while the salt tang in the breeze cooled my face and played through my hair. I watched the reflection of the moon in the waves, just before they broke. They were like sharp steel knives flashing upward, back toward the moon, while the feathery spray drifted lightly in the thin pearl mist over it all. They came down with an instant crash followed by a low rumble as the water turned into soapy looking foam. The waves came up and the waves went down—an endless sea, an endless movement—all under the moon.

A WINDY NIGHT

By Frances Parks

A windy night.
Black clouds drifted slowly
Across the sky
Like mourners for the lost moon.
Three tiny lights
Shone out, flickeringly,
Torches in a mine
Of darkness.
Voices lost in the swirling air;
Then three high arcs,
And only thin threads of smoke
Swaying with the wind
Were left to break the thickness
Of the night.

about me, for I know plenty about her. I wonder if she noticed Mr. Barker and that woman. I bet she gets to Mrs. Clark with an exaggeration so big that Mrs. Clark won't believe me when I tell her the simple truth.

"Why, there's the Fuller family! Such nice people, and such lovely children. I suppose if the Barker children were quiet and as sweet as those, the parents would get along better. If that woman doesn't move in a minute, I'm going stark crazy. I'm positive it's Miss Coon. Bill Barker wouldn't pay that much attention to anyone else.

"What hymn is that?" She stretched over the shoulder of her neighbor and read the number. "Hum—hymn number 311, the good old, 'Faithful and True'. I hope Mr. Barker listens to the words carefully. If I sing louder perhaps he'll get the full meaning." Here Miss Lake filled her lungs and bellowed like of Bull of Basnam, drowning the choir and congregation with the same breath. Finally with a long drawn-out amen, the hymn rested, and the Reverend Malcolm said the benediction.

"Lovely sermon, wasn't it, Miss Lake?"

"Yes, yes, I enjoyed every minute of it." Mr. Barker was coming down the aisle; Miss Lake craned her neck, "Now is the chance to see the woman," she thought, "an' if it's that Coon person, why, a good snubbing'd do her good. Here they are an' he's grinnin' sweetly to that woman who—is his own dear wife. Hum they must've made up. Heavens! Let me go tell Mrs. Clark."

Read The Linden Bark.

FANTASY MODERNESQUE

By Marjorie Taylor

It was quiet in the garden. The moon had not yet risen and only the stars, oblivious to the world, glittered proud and golden in the purple night. Gammon, the little wood-god, peered from out his shelter of lilac leaves and sniffed the air. "Ah ha!" he cried, looking more like a giddy little devil than a wood-god. "Ah ha! Someone has been burning leaves again. If it happens just once more I shall give them a piece of my mind." By "them" he meant the people of the gabled house on the terrace.

But the people of the gabled house on the terrace, being insensible brutes, did not become conscious of the threat and kept on burning leaves. One night Gammon, the little wood-god, awakened by the smoke and, aroused by burning leaves hard by, arose and pronounced a mighty curse upon the people of the gabled house on the terrace. He was very angry. He pounded the turf with his paws so that the grass did not grow there for months; he waved his arms in huge circles and shouted until he was quite hoarse. Then, like all men, after he had become too exhausted to do anything else, he sat down to think over the situation.

Having meditated at length he thought of a most venomous malediction to pronounce upon these wretches. "May their children—" he said, rising to his full height of two feet, "may their children be like all other children; may they live comfortable, unromantic, stolid, happy lives; may they be cursed with the faculty of anticipating the future and dreaming of the past; and may they die with the hope of attaining something beyond oblivion in eternity." After this bit of philanthropy he felt relieved.

Upon thinking it over he decided that it was a masterpiece. Quite a masterpiece in fact, "That last touch," he mused "was great." Presently he seemed to fall asleep. . . .

"Betty! . . . Look!" Jimmie's ruffled head appeared from beneath the lilac bush.

"What is it?" said Betty, advancing cautiously. A moment later she shrieked: "Mother! Come here quick and see what Jimmie's found!"

The lady of the gabled house on the terrace stopped raking leaves and looked fondly upon her small daughter.

"What is it, Pet?"

"I don't know, Mother," said Betty breathlessly. "It looks like a statue . . . a statue of a little man . . . a little old man . . . no . . . why . . . it looks like a goat!"

"There now!" the lady of the gabled house chided gently. "Are you sure you aren't seeing things? Where is it?"

She seemed a trifle skeptical. Once the children had caught a wild bear in the pantry.

Over by the lilac bush Jimmie was pulling at something. It did resemble a small statue. . . .

"John, where do you suppose it came from?" The lady of the gabled house on the terrace threaded her needle and waited hopefully. At the end of a minute her patience was rewarded with a grunt from behind the sport page.

"I don't know, dear."

"Of course, you don't know. . . but can't you even hazard a guess?" Her tone was edged with a slight impatience.

"Uh. . ." remarked the voice behind the sport page. . . "uh".

The sport page rattled ominously. "Uh" came the man's voice again.

"I suppose. . . Oh, I don't know. . . ."

Shadows on a Screen

By Dorothy Rendlen

MORNING

Faded roses, drooping in their bowl,
A frothy gown, crumpled, wilted.
Jewels and trinkets deck the dresser-top;
Wide-flung golden shoes and scattered lingerie adorn the floor.
The wan mid-morning sun, tired and pale,
Shines through the open window
Upon the flushed, smiling face of a girl asleep.

E. FRANCES

Black shining curls
Blossoming over an ivory face,
Studded with green eyes, red lips,
She stands wrapped in a
Coolie coat of scarlet and black
Like an exotic, oriental bud
In a lacquered vase.

RENDEZVOUS

A shallow, brown pool,
Leaf-lined,
Shadowed by dusky elms.
A mass-and-stone mosaic
Forms a stoic couch
On its margin. . .
Two pairs of feet have worn
A scuffed and stumbling path
Over roots and through tall grasses
To the edge.

maybe Towser pulled it in from somewhere."

"Ridiculous! Why it's far too heavy for a small dog to drag about."

A great yawn issued from behind the sport page. It grew languidly into an utterance, "Maybe somebody stole it from the botanical gardens and threw it over the hedge into our yard to get rid of the thing."

"No-no, that couldn't be. . ." The needle flitted back and forth. "The gardens are clear over on the south side of town."

The sport page was being thumped viciously. "Well, how do you account for it?"

"I don't. . ." A perplexed frown came over the face of the lady. Then a short sigh. The needle had buried itself in a maze of threads. "Have you seen it?"

"Yeah, funny looking thing." The sport page straightened like a diver ready for a plunge.

"I think it's charming," the lady continued. "It's supposed to be Pan or someone, isn't it? I think I shall set it up in the garden and. . ."

The sport page decended with a crash. "Say! Am I to be allowed to read this paper or not?"

A few moments later the lady of the gabled house ventured another remark.

"John, dear, they're such unusual children. . . ."

It was very quiet in the garden—quiet except for the soft plash of falling water. Gammon, the little wood-god, gazed reproachfully around him from atop his little iron pedestal. A faint odor of burning leaves hung in the air. He was very ill. He was very unhappy. Indeed, he was paying dearly for his indiscretion of a fortnight ago. But any little wood-god who makes so bold as to censure creatures who live in gabled houses on terraces—who pronounces grave maledictions against them for burning leaves—he deserves no better fate than to dwell among them forever and ever, and to breathe forever the acrid taint of smoke.

SUMMER NOONTIDE

A silver-dusted wild olive tree
Leans over the roadside spring.
The water slips and gurgles
Over smooth, moss-greened stones.
At the puddle in the rut
An iridescent-throated blackbird
drinks.

TO M. L.

A silver bowl full of jonquils
Nodding, Narcissus-like,
To themselves in a mirror on a
Blue runner.
She of the amber hair
Admiring herself
In her blue framed looking glass.
Vain looking glass!
To hope to rival that which
Thou reflectest.

EVENING GOWN

Across the blue satin of the lake's
frock
Floats golden gauze—a dream of
moon perfume.
The shore-blackness reaches out
long fingers
To clutch at the surface of the
water.
Star brilliants quiver on the swell
Which ends in creamy ruffles on the
Golden throat of the beach.
The moon, an ivory cabochon,
Buckles the draped ripples to the
Sandbar.

MR. EMERY AT THE PIKE

By Alice Virginia Shoemaker

The jocular Mr. Samuel Emery, in company with his oldest son Kenneth, sauntered along the crowded board walk of the Pike where the lottery booths and hot dog stands faced the ocean. Stopping in front of a large gambling booth canopied by dull colored Navajo blankets, Mr. Emery bravely declared to his son that he intended to win the yellow doll table lamp for the new desk that Ella had just bought from the second-hand dealer. Determinedly wedging his way through the small huddle of people to the counter, he placed a bright fifty cent piece fresh from the bank on number twelve.

"The twelfth," he said, "was the day I proposed to Ella; the day I sold the sheep for fourteen cents a head more than the usual price; the day I planted that big alfalfa crop I had five years ago; and come to think of it, to-day's the twelfth. There now, see? Did you think you're dad didn't know what he was talking about?"

"What did you say, Ken? Well, I guess I won't mind carrying it around with me if I had waited until after we had been through all those fun houses and merry-go-rounds and dodge-ems you wrote me about, I might not have won it for El—and she wanted one. Say, son, what is that 'Crazy House' there?"

"It's crazy, all right, Dad, but it's the best fun house this side of the Rockies. Two tickets, please. Well, here we are. Watch your step—here, you'd better let me carry the doll lamp."

"I shall carry it, son. Do we have to walk through that large rotating barrel in front of us? I suppose I can."

With the doll lamp in his arms Mr. Emery warily placed his right foot on the part of the barrel then in a parallel position with the floor. Quickly lifting his other foot, he placed it in front of the right one. He slid along

until he reached the middle when one foot, not moved quickly enough, tried to describe the circle with the circumference of the barrel. Although he drew it back almost immediately, his calm balance was lost. His legs were crossed—they wavered and slid, threatening to upset him.

But in flash Ken was saying at his father's elbow, "That's all right, Dad. Now, take a step! There, you're off. We go up the stairs ahead. No, there are no more barrels."

Around the sides of the room at the top of the stairs were boxes, fixed like the hen's nests in the chicken houses; in which were said to be the "Wonders of the World." Over one of the small square boxes was a small placard. "The Bones of the Dead".

"Well, Ken", laughed Mr. Emery, "what's this! Bones of the Dead! I don't see anything but a lot of chicken bones; what's that got to do with dead people? Oh, I see! That caught me, but nothing else will."

"Perhaps not," said Ken. "Anyway, we will go to the 'Room of Mirrors' now." He led his father towards the door opening into it. "Now, Dad, look at yourself."

Mr. Emery walked about the room giving all the mirrors only momentary glimpses of him. Finally, he stopped before one which reflected an unusually tall Mr. Emery. His conservative blue tie looked like the back of an open book.

He moved on. He discovered that he was capable of sudden changes of stature and proportions. Now he was short and fat. The lamp in his arms was more suitable for his granddaughter's playhouse table than for his wife's desk. But now his arms were long and his legs were short. "I didn't know," he said, "that anyone could look like that."

"Well, Dad," Ken said, "it's getting late. Shall we go on? The next thing is a dark hallway to the exit."

Leaving the brilliantly lighted mirror room, they entered the hallway where they were plunged into darkness. They could not even see a dim outline of each other. All they could do was to step forward cautiously. Feeling the sides of the wall, they managed to find the corners. Then, just as they had thought that the darkness would never end, at the next corner the exit appeared.

"It's quite a place, I want to go through the rest of it sometime. Shall we stop at this hot dog stand?"

Eating juicy hamburgers covered with mustard and curly pieces of fried onions, they stepped down from the board walk on to the sand and walked up and down the beach looking at the crowds. Shifting the yellow doll lamp to his other arm, Mr. Emery remarked to his son, "If that blonde sitting there in that beach chair didn't have on so much paint she'd be almost as pretty as your Glory."

BLACK ARROW

By Anna Jane Harrison

Beyond the paddock gate, Black Arrow, son of fast-footed racers stood. His cold black muzzle softly nudged the unyielding lock and a slight quivering of the nostrils and hips betrayed a low whinnying. The large gentle eyes gazed attentively through the bars to see some approaching object and the ears strained forward to catch the slightest sound. The well-shaped head, characteristic of his breed, developed into a long graceful neck and body covered by a glistening black coat. A hoof, also black, raised to paw, stopped for an instant and then continued its circle in the air.

Read The Linden Bark.

Lindenwood Girl Sees Cardinals 2nd. Victory

By L. W.

The park was filled well before game-time. Because of a cool, overcast day, the crowd was not as colorful as it has been. Here and there, however, one saw a woman wearing a red hat, or a red dress. The men celebrated with red ties.

The field was dragged, the bases swept off, and the line-up announced. Amid a burst of cheers the Cardinals trotted on the field. Then the Star Spangled Banner was played, and the fourth game of the 1930 World Series got under way. The first ball pitched was a called strike on Bishop, the Athletes' second base-man.

After Bishop reached first on Bottomley's error, there was a little delay as the umpires cleared the field of vendors who were catering to the trade in the temporary boxes.

Cheers closed the first half of the first inning, for it was a relief to the St. Louis crowd to see the White Elephants retired with only one run. Douthit was greeted with yells of "Get a hit". He tried hard enough, and freely distributed balls to the audience via the foul route, but again went hitless.

There were some cries of "Take 'im out" as Haines walked Bishop in the third but Street had confidence in Jesse, and the old boy proved his worth by settling down and playing ball.

Ray Blades got a big hand as he robbed Cochrane of a hit by making a beautiful running catch of that long sock to right field.

When Gilbert tied the score in the third inning everybody yelled so much that it was impossible to hear yourself yell. The excitement was so great that very little was bought from the peanut, pop-corn, chewing-gum, and candy boys.

In the fourth inning, when the Cards batted two more runs, paper was liberally distributed in the stands, and on to the field. One man in the upper-deck had a straw hat with a string tied to it. The hat was continually being thrown into the air and jerked back.

Ill feeling for Reardon, the umpire behind the plate, was expressed by boos when he called a ball on Dykes, after Dykes had taken what looked to the spectators like a good healthy swing at that same ball.

Connie Mack sat on the very end of the bench in the dug-out. Grove, his pitcher for the day, sat on his right. As one wise-cracking fan put it, he "sat by poppa."

The seventh started with the crowd very quiet. The ball-game was considered to be "in the bag". As the Red Birds came to bat in their half, the crowd rose as one to take the traditional stretch. Douthit was again robbed of a hit, this time by Bishop's wonderful back ward catch of his fly in short right.

After the game there was a bunch of men and boys out on the pitcher's mound measuring the marks Haines and Grove had made in pitching.

The crowd seemed loathe to leave the scene of its team's second victory, but little by little it thinned out, until only the police-men, fire-men, and ushers were left.

Sports

What Will You Play?

A. A. President and Sport Heads Represent

The Athletic Association put on a program in the auditorium Friday, September 26. Madeline Johnson, the president, presented the sponsors, Miss Stookey and Miss Reichert, who gave short talks. The heads of sports were then presented.

Marjorie Wycoff was chosen head of hiking; Agnes Grover, basketball; Dorothy Comstock, base-ball; Lois McKeehan, posture; Lucille Tralles, golf; Ruth Clement, tennis; Rose Kiele, hockey; Helen Davis, swimming; and Elizabeth Clark, track.

Each girl gave a short talk on the sport she was sponsoring, and told of its possibilities. Those were were able to, carried the equipment of their sport.

Madeline Johnson then told of the requirements necessary to get into A. A. and urged everyone to try to get the necessary points. The talk must have been effective, for, judging by the number of girls who have been coming out for the various activities, the organization will double its membership in a very short time.

Hockey Line-Up

At the Freshman Hockey meeting Tuesday afternoon, October 7, Rose Keile explained the different positions, and their requirements. The need of team work was stressed, and the positions of the team in action was illustrated by diagrams.

The other squads have not seen action this week because of class meetings, the V. P. parade, or Soph. Day. Hereafter, Hockey practice will be held as follows:

Monday, 4:30 to 5:30—All beginners.

Tuesday, 4:30 to 5:30—Juniors, Freshman.

Thursday, 4:30 to 5:30—Seniors, Sophomores.

All practices on Tuesday and Thursday are compulsory, and must be attended unless excused by the team captain.

Tuesday night, October 7, seventeen girls passed the posture test put to them by Shing, known to her profs. as Lois McKeehan. These girls are now on probation for a week, so keep a sharp lookout on them and see that they maintain perfect posture during this time.

Chatter

Hockey practice started Thursday, October 2. About sixty girls reported; the Frosh and the Soph. squads being the largest. Unless more girls report for the Juniors and the Seniors, it looks as though these classes won't have teams.

During practice Rose Keile gave some instructions on stick work including the method of carrying the stick while running, the stopping of a ball, both by hand, and by stick, hitting the ball, and the danger of "sticks" raising the stick above the shoulder.

Passing practice was carried on, and the field was circled twice to harden up the players. The welcome words of "That'll be all for today" came just when every one was ready to drop from fatigue and "shortwindedness".

The tennis season is about over, now that the rains have set in. Ruth Clement, head of the sport reports that the courts were used daily, and that good form was often seen. No pun in-

Four Rules of Life

Dr. Case Gradates Wood, Brass, Diamonds and Gold.

Dr. R. T. Case, of the Bible Department, delivered the address at the vesper service of Lindenwood, Sunday night, October 5, in the college auditorium. Speaking on the subject of Philosophy, Dr. Case said that every one has some philosophy of life. Sometimes we are unconscious of it but if we would stop and analyze our thoughts we find that they formulate some kind of philosophy.

Philosophy has been grouped into seven characteristics, by an authority on the subject. These seven may be cut down to four; the wooden rule, the brazen rule, the diamond rule and the Golden rule. The wooden rule is found among the primitive types of man. If we look in the Bible in the first book, we find a good example of this rule. Esau sold his own birth-right for a mere nothing. All was for self and nothing for others.

In the "brazen rule" we find a higher level than in the wooden rule. All is for self, and as much for others as possible. In the Bible again we find many instances where this rule is illustrated.

The "diamond rule" is on still a higher plane than the other two, but there is still self-interest found in it.

It is not until we get to the Golden Rule that the element of self-interest disappears entirely. This fourth rule is the whole philosophy of Jesus. Perhaps we can best find the true meaning of this rule in the Bible. That familiar passage, "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you", is the keynote to the philosophy of Jesus. There is nothing for self but everything for others. If we are to try to live as He did we should try to keep this rule in mind and let it guide us everywhere.

How to Use Library

Told by Miss Russell

Miss Abi Russell, head librarian and instructor in Library Science, gave lectures to the Freshman Orientation Class on Tuesday, September 30, and on Thursday, October.

Miss Russell gave the value of a library. Among these were the advantage of good society in books and the opening which good books make to all avenues of knowledge. She urged the Freshmen to cultivate early in their college taste for good literature, and she recommended that they read Richardson's "Choice of Books" to find out how, when and what books to read.

Miss Russell explained clearly the use of reference, reserve, and circulating books, and periodicals. She told the students how to use the card catalogue and reader's guide, and also gave a brief summary of the contents of the most commonly used books on the reference shelves. She not only described in detail the parts of the library, but she also told how and when they may be used to the best advantage.

tended, though some of those tennis costumes were rather brief.

So far each hike has been attended by upwards of twenty-five intent vagabonds. Eight hikes taken under the direction of Wycoff, head of hiking, rates you fifty points toward your coveted A. A. membership, and letter.

Don't forget that the pool is open on Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday afternoons from 4:45, to 5:30.

What! Sophomore Day!

A mysterious air hung over the campus all last week. For days nothing happened but finally the light began to dawn. Day after day there were sophomore meetings and the freshmen seemed to be unusually busy.

Thursday morning dawned just as every other day but an awful silence was evident. Room-mates who had been the best of friends from infancy passed one another without a word. The reason? Silence day.

Silence day means just one thing. The great sophomore day must be right around the corner. The hunch was not far wrong. At 9:30 p. m. the freshman were commanded to take their seats in Roemer auditorium. They were there without the slightest argument. Things happened that night—things that will not be soon forgotten.

Friday morning resembled the return of spring. Never since last May had there been such profusion of greenery all about. Yes! The green chapeaux were here again. But even before the appearance of the green caps queer things had begun to happen.

The first disturbing evidence was the unusual activity at 5 a. m. Everyone seemed to be in a great rush to get some place quickly. Then suddenly everything was explainable. The day had come.

All day long the freshman worked like galley slaves and all day long the sophomores gave commands. Excitement ran high. The toilers worked on far into the afternoon.

Then on top of all this the freshmen had the shock of being once more called to council on the quad. This really was a shock. Instead of volumes of new orders the freshmen were greeted by smiling happy sophomors who were ready to forget it all.

The freshmen were then asked to be special guests of the sophomore class at an informal dinner-dance Friday night. Long live sophomore day. It has many points in its favor and of course none against it.

Trip To Shaw's Garden

The field trip to Shaw's gardens, conducted by Dr. Ennis and Miss Jahn on Saturday, September 27, was quite a success, judging by the number of girls who went along. There were about fifteen girls who were not required to take the trip as apart of class work; the total number of these who went in the big bus was about forty-five.

There were many interesting things to be seen at the gardens. The most fascinating perhaps was the Lost Yellow Lily, so called because until forty years ago it grew nowhere except in the African swamps. Scientists searched for it and found it after much difficulty. The specimen at Shaw's garden is the first to be raised in this country.

The orchids are an attraction to almost everyone, and the result is that there is a path worn through the grass to the place where they grow. But the orchids are very carefully guarded now and are not easily accessible to visitors because recently some of them were stolen. Consequently, all precautions are taken to prevent a recurrence of this robbery.

A number of the girls were interested in the replica of a desert which contains many varieties of desert plants. The atmosphere in this room is kept as much like that of a real desert as possible in order to secure natural conditions favorable to their growth.

Read the Linden Bark,

College Calendar

Friday, October 17—

11:00 a. m.—Founders Day address by Dr. R. Calvin Dobson.
12:00 a. m.—St. Louis Lindenwood Club luncheon.
8:00 p. m.—Piano recital by Tomford Harris.

Sunday, October 19—

6:30 p. m.—Rev. R. F. Carroll of Kingshighway Baptist Church, St. Charles.

Society Events

There were many visitors on the campus last week-end during the World Series games in St. Louis. Morgan Manford's parents from Houston, Texas came up for the Games. Sylvia Norsworthy's parents from Houston were here also. Catherine Anne Disque's father and mother came from St. Joseph for the week-end. Dorothy Bolstad's family were here for the week-end and took Dorothy and Lucille Christ in for the week-end.

Many girls went in to the city for the week-end. Lucille Tralles, Betsy Davis, and Anne Armstrong went to their home in Kirkwood. Hazel Savage and Miriam Ashcraft spent the week end in the city. Margery Lewis, Sarah Stuck, Elizabeth Thomas and Elizabeth Clark were also in the city for the week-end.

Joan Lytle who went to school at Lindenwood in 1928-1929 was visiting friends on the campus this week-end. Virginia Baker had as her guests Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Gene Harland.

Three girls are going in for the Veiled Prophet Ball Wednesday night. They are Elizabeth Thomas, Dolly Kircher, and Lucille Anderson.

Quite a crowd of girls are planning on going in for the Veiled Prophet Parade Thursday night. Due to the rainy weather the parade was changed from Tuesday night to Thursday night.

Phoebe Sparks of Paris, Missouri, and Frances Parks of Clinton, Missouri, left Wednesday at noon to spend the rest of the week at their homes.

The Athletic Association entertained the Freshmen with a Treasure Hunt Friday, October 3. At noon different colored slips of paper were put in all the post office boxes of the Freshmen and at four o'clock they all met in the gym and formed groups according to their colors. Lois McKeenan was head of the red group, Velma Olsen of the purple, Agnes Grover of the pink, Dorothy Comstock of the green, Rose Keil of the orange, Ruth Clement of the white, Mary Ethel Burke of the blue.

There were ten clues scattered around the campus from the water tower to the hockey field. Lois McKeenan's group found the treasure which was one hundred pennies.

That night the Athletic Association entertained the students and faculty with a sport dance. Madeline Johnson, President of the Association, presided as hostess. Many games were enjoyed by all the girls as the informal spirit prevailed through out the evening. The music was furnished by Frances McPherson and Eleanor Berkley.

Sympathy Extended

It is with much regret that the college hears of the illness of the father of Katherine Bennett of Amarillo, Texas. Word arrived that Mr. Bennett was very ill and Katherine was to leave immediately by plane for home. Her many friends miss her and sympathize with her in her sorrow.

Fun in French

Beta Pi Theta had its public pledging service in chapel Wednesday noon, October 1. Dr. Roemer, as an honorary member, and Miss Stone as sponsor, were introduced. The officers, were presented and Pauline Brown sang the chapter song. The pledges, who received their pledge-ribbons of purple and gold, were: Eleanor Eldridge, Margaret McKeough, Ruth Nesbit, Mabel Ponder, Mildred Reed, Anna Wray Vanorden, Virginia Keck, Teresa Blake, Eleanor Krickhaus, Ann Ragsdale, Marjorie Burton, Helen Duppe, Betty Fair, Frances Parks, Phoebe Sparks, Mary Ethel Burke, Pearl Hartt, Maxine Luther, Jennie Taylor and Blanche Day. Everyone joined in the singing of the Marseillaise.

Several new officers have been appointed. Doris Force is the alumnae secretary; Lena Lewis, clippings and publicity chairman; Jane Babcock, sentinel; pianist, Francis Blair; and song leader, Pauline Brown.

A picnic was given on Thursday, October 9, down at the ovens.

Pi Alpha Delta Meets

Pi Alpha Delta, sponsored by Miss Hankins, head of the classical department, had its first meeting for 1930-31 in the College Club Room on Thursday, October 9. It was an open meeting and all girls in the department were invited, with others who were interested in the study of the classics.

Miss Parker gave the club a talk on Greece, especially the cities of Delphi, Mycenae and Olympia, which she visited last summer.

L. C. Belles At V. P. Ball

Wednesday night, October 8, the Coliseum, in St. Louis was again the scene of the Veiled Prophet's Ball. The scene was a gay one, what with the exotic decorations, and the beautiful gowns of the women. The decorations were of gold, silver, and peacock blue. The throne of the Prophet's and his queen, and her maids, was at the south end of the building, directly opposite the door by which the queen and her maids entered.

The maids of honor, and the queen, had identical dresses in contrasting shades. Miss Blackmer was in green, Miss Smith in a soft yellow, Miss Goddard in orchid, and Miss Rathburn in red. The queen, Miss Jane Francis, was in white. Each gown was of satin with tulle insets, and having a train of jeweled transparent velvet some eight feet long.

After the coronation of the queen Edwin Strawbridge, assisted by the Misses Valeska Hubbard, and Margaret Fischer, entertained with a selection of four dances. Guest dancing did not begin until the king, and queen, and their court had circled the door several times. Dr. and Mother Roemer were both present.

Lindenwood girls who attended were Dolly Kircher, who was lovely in green taffeta, Louise Anderson, who wore a stunning black chiffon, with rhinestone shoulder straps, Ruth Steimke, who also wore a black chiffon, Lillian Webb, a pink satin, and Kathryn Leibrock also wore black chiffon. The dresses were all ankle length, and several trailed on the floor several inches. Long gloves were extremely popular, white being the predominating color.

Alpha Psi Omega the Dramatic Fraternity will entertain with a tea in the College Club Room at five o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, October 15.

Coincidences in High Finance

Coincidences like anything else never come single. Glancing over the Linden Bark, it was noticed that Frances Blair, treasurer of the senior class, and Virginia Green, treasurer of the junior class, are from the same town, Belton, Mo. Further investigation in the form of an interview with these two girls, furnished the information that not only were they from the same town but they were first cousins as well. Likewise, both of their fathers are bankers which proves that the juniors and seniors recognize good treasurers when they see them. Nor are they only well versed in money affairs, for Frances is the president of Pi Alpha Delta, the honorary Latin fraternity, and is a member of Beta Pi Theta, while Virginia is vice president both of the League of the League of Women Voters and the Triangle Club. What more besides a couple of dyed-in-the-wool villains would be needed to complete this perfectly planned story of coincidences?

Miss Anderson New

Home Economics Teacher

Another new teacher at Lindenwood this year is Miss Anderson, of the home economics department, who is from Buda, Illinois. She received her Bachelor's degree at the University of Illinois, and her Master's at Missouri University. She was likewise graduated from a girls' school, "so I am much in sympathy with them," she said.

Miss Anderson explained that the girls have been canning and making jelly, chili sauce, and conserves these first four weeks of school, which accounts for the delicious odors floating about near the department. They are now planning to start on "breakfast work", to be followed some time later by meal planning.

It was noted that Miss Anderson seemed very enthusiastic about the girls in her department, but no more so than they are about her. Judging by her popularity with them, Miss Anderson is scheduled to stay at Lindenwood for many years.

Student From Mexico

Enrolled at L. C.

Girls have come from all over the United States to attend College at Lindenwood. Last year Canada began to send representatives. This year there is a girl from old Mexico in Lindenwood's midst.

"One of my sister's instructors was a former Lindenwood girl and she told me how fine it was," Minna Krakauer told the interviewer when asked why she chose Lindenwood. She came to the United States to school, in order to study business, and plans to attend Lindenwood two years.

Minna comes from the northern border of Mexico. The customs in this section are similar to those of the United States. To notice the European influence it is necessary to visit southern Mexico. The greatest difference in the northern part is the decided distinction of the classes.

Minna attended the International College in Chihuahua which is her home. This is an American school. In southern Mexico the schools differ in that they have their long vacations in the winter months.

Lindenwood is not very different than the schools Minna attended in her own country and she has not found it difficult to become adjusted.

Read The Linden Bark.

Braufman's
are celebrating their
First Birthday

One of the many exceptional values
GRENADINE CREPE HOSE

Our popular \$1.65 number
For Our **\$1.35**
Anniversary pr.

BRAUFMAN'S
Main and Washington

Mexico Had Charms

For Miss Stumberg

"I went to spend two weeks and I stayed five", Miss Francis Stumberg of the English department told the Linden Bark interviewer. She was referring to her visit to Mexico. She left Missouri late in July and stayed in Mexico until the first of September.

Miss Stumberg's interest was centered in Mexico City where she visited an aunt and an uncle, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Ferguson. Mexico City proved very different from the cities of the United States. Miss Stumberg found the antiquity of the city fascinating. Although the streets were dirty and there was evident poverty, the city was modern economically.

Two interesting side-trips Miss Stumberg made were to the towns, Pueblo and Cuernavaca. She climbed the ancient pyramid Teotihuacan which is 300 feet high. Near Mexico City she visited the monastery El Desierto des Leones, built in the seventeenth century.

Before leaving Mexico Miss Stumberg had the good fortune to see President Rubio of Mexico, and she saw the home of the United States Ambassador Dwight Morrow.

In recounting her vacation experiences Miss Stumberg was quite enthusiastic about old Mexico.

Strand Theatre

TUES. WED.—Oct. 14, 15

A Riot of Fun

"THE TWO BLACK CROWS"

MORAN and MACKZ

in

"Anybody's War"

Nert Hamilton—Joan Reers

THURS. FRI. NIGHTS

Saturday Matinee—Oct. 16, 17, 18

THE YEAR'S DRAMATIC SENSATION!

"Manslaughter"

with

CLAUDETTE COLBERT
FREDERIC MARCH

SATURDAY NIGHT, October 18

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Women Everywhere

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