

LINDEN BARK

Vol. 6—No. 14

Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Missouri, Tuesday, February 11, 1930.

Price 5c

LITTLE WILLIE SEES SHADOW

Ancient Custom Observed by Mr. Groundhog, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Groundhog, and son Willie were peacefully sleeping in their underground home, when Mr. Groundhog suddenly awakened and looked about him in a dazed manner; then with smothered yawn he turned over in his bed and closed his eyes for another nap. But he couldn't seem to sleep—"Must be that coffee I had before I went to sleep last fall." Then, with a start Mr. Groundhog sat up in bed, a look of horror on his usually bright and cheerful countenance. It couldn't be—but what if it was!

He groped about on the table for his spectacles and peered intently at the calendar on the wall. His worst suspicion was confirmed! It was the 2nd of February and he hadn't been up to see if the sun was shining. And how he dreaded to venture out in the cold. The very thing!—he'd just send that young scamp of a Willie—he was old enough to accept some responsibility, decided Mr. Groundhog, as he reached for his robe and slippers.

Willie, Willie,—No response. Willie, still no response. William! (in a stern tone of voice). "Aw—what d'ya want?" growled Willie. Papa Groundhog told his son, in very definite terms just what he wanted done, and how soon.

Willie, realizing that his father really meant business, climbed out of his warm bed, dressed, and left the room with the muttered comment that "he didn't see why he had to do all the work around the place." He hurried up the tunnel and, reaching the opening, peered about him. He was unaccustomed to the light and for a few minutes sat on the edge of the tunnel blinking his eyes. Then he glanced over his shoulder, and sure enough, there was his shadow.

Now Willie had heard his father and grandfather tell so many times, how they had seen their shadow on Groundhog Day, that he was not at all frightened. He knew just what it meant, that he could go back to bed for another six weeks. "What a break!" he said, and with a long sigh of relief turned and ambled back down to bed.

FRANCES JENNINGS HONORED

Frances Jennings as a maid of honor at the ball given by the United Daughters of the Confederacy at the Jefferson Hotel, attended a tea given Monday afternoon, February 3, for the maids of honor at the Forest Park Hotel. Mrs. Ann Cornwall, the matron of honor, presented the twenty maids of honor to the members of the U. D. C. Mrs. Brent Williams presided over the tea-table.

Frances was one of the few maids of honor not from St. Louis; she is from Moberly, Mo. The ball occurred last Friday night.

L. C. LEAGUE HOSTESS TO VISITORS

Elaborate plans for programs and entertainment

Next week end, the Lindenwood League of Women Voters will be hostesses to the representatives of other Leagues from Missouri colleges. Elaborate plans have been made for the entertaining of the representatives.

The guests are expected to arrive Friday evening, and will register sometime before dinner. Just after dinner a meeting will be held in Ayres parlor. This meeting will include, largely, suggestions for local leagues with exhibitions of posters and methods of publicity. This meeting will be followed by the Valentine party in Butler gym.

The program plans for Saturday morning include a series of demonstration programs illustrating the ways the different leagues use in order to link up various leagues with national activities. The visitors will be guests of the college for lunch. In the afternoon a business meeting will be held, when there will be election of officers, and the program committee will be appointed for the coming year. At four o'clock Saturday afternoon there will be a water carnival for the entertainment of the visiting girls. And at the same time a sponsors' meeting will be held at the tea room.

Saturday night the Lindenwood league will entertain with a banquet at the St. Charles hotel. Miss Gertrude Ely of Bryn Mawr, national counselor of new voters, will give the principal address, "Carrying on after College." Miss Constance Roach, executive secretary of the Missouri League of Women Voters, will tell of the Missouri leagues as she sees them. Mrs. Ralph Douglas, president of the Missouri Leagues, will have charge of a candle service in honor of Dr. Anna Howard Shaw. A short skit will be presented by the representative of Washington U. The evening will close with an installation of officers for the coming year.

NOTED PIANIST TO PLAY AT LINDENWOOD THURSDAY

Sponsored by Alpha Mu Mu

Mr. John Thomas, head of the music department, announces the coming of Oscar Ziegler, noted pianist, Thursday evening at 8 o'clock in Roemer Auditorium.

Mr. Ziegler, head of the piano department of Ithaca Conservatory, Ithaca, New York, is well-known in both America and Europe. During the four years that he has been in this country he has built up an enviable reputation because of his unusual ability.

His appearance here next Thursday under the auspices of Alpha Mu Mu is looked forward to by not only the music students and faculty, but also by the entire student body.

"EVERY DOG HAS HIS DAY!" KURT HAD FEB. 2

Kurt Celebrates Birthday on Ground-Hog's Day

Do you know whose birthday was February 2? Many great celebrities were born in February, and the one to whom I refer is certainly one among them. He is none other than Kurt von Lindenholz (Kurt for Dr. Stumberg).

Kurt's grandsire, Prince Komet Vonkoheluft, was nine times champion in the Madison Square kennel show. His father was born in the Palisade kennels outside of New York. His Mother was an exceptional dog, both of her parents having been imported.

Kurt lead an unusual life as a pup, once having been accused of murder, and probably would have been condemned, had luck not been on his side. It so happened that a man living near the college had a number of pigs. One morning he found ten or twelve of them dead, they had been murdered! Kurt had been accused of the crime and was on trial, when one day the same man went rushing into Dr. Roemer's office and in no uncertain tone, demanded damages for some pigs that he insisted that Kurt had just finished killing. Dr. Roemer immediately proved Kurt's innocence by merely pointing to the dog, sleeping peacefully on the floor. The dog was indeed, very unfortunate in having a "double", but the men went his way, admitting that it was clearly a case of mistaken identity.

Without a doubt, Kurt was born with a golden spoon in his mouth, because no better fate could befall a dog than that of belonging to Dr. Roemer. For nine years he has lived the peaceful life of sedate, dignified dog, always at Dr. Roemer's heels.

Dr. Roemer has in his possession a book containing essays for children, edited by L. W. Rader of St. Louis. In it is an essay about Kurt written by Margarete Boles, former student of this college, now Mrs. Fred Wood Phifer, Jr., of Wheatland, Wyo.

FRENCH ADDICTS LUNCH IN TRUE ATMOSPHERE

Two French tables are conducted in the dining room by Miss Stone, head of the French department, and Miss Parker, of the English department. Those at Miss Stone's table are advanced students in French, and those with Miss Parker are in the intermediate classes.

French is spoken at lunch and not at dinner. From all one can gather, the talk consists chiefly of questions and answers. If the girls want to eat, they must ask for their food in French. Other than that, all that is heard is "Oui".

The purpose of the custom of conducting informal French conversation is to make the girls familiar with conversing freely in the language.

DR. FAIRCHILD LECTURES

Talks to Faculty on Education

Dr. A. S. Fairchild, of the English department of Missouri University, was the speaker at the first faculty meeting of the new semester in Sibbey parlors on Tuesday, February 4. In addressing the Lindenwood faculty Dr. Fairchild said that we are living in an age of humanism which emphasizes the individual's power to control his environment. Although it is also a decidedly materialistic age, it is not necessarily a bad one and can be judged accurately only by the test of time.

Our educational ideal, according to Dr. Fairchild, should be qualitative rather than quantitative. In the days of Francis Bacon and other famous scholars it may have been easy enough to take in all fields of knowledge; but today, with the immense accumulation of learning acquired through ages of study, it is impossible. This is indeed, the day of specialization; and no man may be counted ignorant who has a thorough knowledge of one field.

Dr. Fairchild also gave five requisites of a well-educated woman. First, she must cultivate the power of sustained effort toward worthy ends. To do this she must develop her will and determine a proper scale of values so as to know which are the most worthy ends. A second requirement is a capacity for growth toward a not too immediate goal. One must, therefore, set her ideal higher than, for instance, the acquiring of a fortune within five years. The power to think and to do something well is also a necessity. Dr. Fairchild stressed as his fourth point the importance of good manners, not of the artificially acquired kind, but the good manners which are the result of a truly cultivated and refined spirit. Lastly, Dr. Fairchild suggested as factors in good English the elimination of abstract nouns in favor of verbs and correct subordination of the less important elements in a sentence.

For teachers Dr. Fairchild recommended motivation of work with these ends in view and a firm belief in the supreme importance of their own work.

At the conclusion of the talk, refreshments were served by Miss Stone and Miss Cracraft of the entertainment committee. The entire program was in charge of Miss Parker, chairman of the committee, Dr. Reuter and Mr. Brent.

BIG THRILL IN A FRESHMAN LIFE

Wouldn't it be thrilling to gain recognition in an international contest? This is the envious honor held by Clyde Kirby, a freshman from Tulsa, Okla. She received word recently that an essay, entitled, "Above All Nations is Humanity," which she wrote last year while a student in the Tulsa high school, has received third prize in the secondary school division of the twentieth annual world essay contest.

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, \$1.00 per year, 5 cents per copy.

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TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1930.

Linden Bark:

Do not scorn

My age, nor think, 'cause I appear forlorn,
I serve for no use; 'tis my sharper breath
Does purge gross exhalations from the earth:
My frosts and snows do purify the air
From choking fogs, make the sky clear and fair;
And though by nature cold and chill I be,
Yet I am warm in bounteous charity.

Anonymous.

* * * * *

DON'T BLAME THE SAINTS

We stood before a shop window looking at the tempting display of chocolates in gay, red heart-shaped boxes. "Valentine's Day—February 14th" proclaimed little red signs on the boxes.

I turned to my friend, "Why do we celebrate Valentine's Day? Do you know how it started?"

"Why, no—" She seemed startled to realize that she really did not have any idea. "Let's see. Isn't it in honor of a Saint Valentine?"

I received another blank stare. "Oh, I don't know. Just because—well, 'Is it?' I asked. "Why?"

search me! I never thought much about it."

And neither, apparently, had any of the rest of us. I asked at least a dozen girls before I finally gave up. The answer was inevitable. "It is in honor of St. Valentine, I think. But I don't know why."

After browsing among certain enormous volumes in the library, we managed to collect the information that Valentine's Day while named for St. Valentine, had at first no connection with the martyrs of the church, but was "a lovers' festival, perhaps a survival of an old festival, of a similar nature, in the Roman Lupercalia." After its adaptation by the church, it was observed particularly in England, and also to a certain extent on the Continent. Mention of it is found as early as Chaucer. The custom was to place the names of young men and women in a box, and draw them out in pairs on St. Valentine's Eve. Those whose names were drawn together had to exchange presents and be each other's valentines throughout the ensuing year. Later only the men made presents.

And so, if on St. Valentine's Day, you do not receive the expected Valentine from the One-and-Only, do not give vent to your wrath by deriding poor old St. Valentine, because he was just a harmless saint who in his lifetime had no thought for the celebration on February 14th at all!

* * * * *

JUNIOR CLASS PROUD OF ITS RECORD

The Junior class is proud of the record which it has made in its three years of existence at Lindenwood College, for it numbers among its members some of the most talented girls in the school. Its president, Helen Weber, belongs to Alpha Sigma Tau and Pi Gamma Mu, both honorary fraternities, is vice-president of the Y. W. C. A. and assistant editor of the Linden Leaves. She also heads both the college and state organizations of the League of Women Voters and in that capacity will act as hostess at the state convention which will be held here on February 14, 15, 16.

Allene Horton, secretary of the class, is also its official pianist and a member of Alpha Mu Mu, musical fraternity. The treasurer, Dorothea Lange, is noted for her ability to compose songs for her class.

In the line of music Pauline Brown was recently honored by having her music chosen as the prize college song of 1929; she is a member of Alpha Mu Mu and a pledge to Beta Pi Theta. Josephine Peck has brought honor to the class in the field of literature with her Christmas story which won first place in the contest two months ago. In athletics also our Junior class excels, having won championships in hockey and swimming last year.

Among the outstanding students of this class are Lorraine Robie, who is assistant business manager of the Linden Leaves and a member of Pi Gamma Mu and humor editor of the annual; Elizabeth Thomas, also a member of the new social science fraternity; Lena Lewis, a member of Alpha Sigma Tau and a pledge to Beta Pi Theta; and Margaret Cobb, who is on the staff of the Linden Leaves.

Yes, the Juniors are justly proud of their accomplishments and hope to continue another year in their service to the ideals of Lindenwood.

* * * * *

LINCOLN, THE GREAT, IS WITH US AGAIN

Tomorrow is Lincoln's birthday. To even the small boy or girl just starting to school, the date February 12 has a great significance. Born near Hodgenville, Kentucky, the son of a poor farmer, R. Lincoln had very few advantages. He moved with the family to Indiana, and then to Illinois, where he

CRITIQUE OF ETHEL BARRYMORE

By R. A. M.

Ethel Barrymore! That name seems to convey something different to every person, and after seeing Miss Barrymore, every person seems satisfied. Certainly Miss Barrymore must be a wonderful actress to fulfill all expectations. Above all, the thing that appealed to me most about her, was her marvelous poise. I could rave on for hours about it, but of course, you would not understand unless you had seen her. She is something more than beautiful, she is powerful and dominating. The audience follows her every word and gesture, sympathetically, never laughing at the wrong places or whispering about new hats or such.

The Kingdom of God was a better play than the Love Duel, and it gave Miss Barrymore more chance to display her emotional ability. The story of the play was nothing very deep or wonderful, and I am convinced, that with anyone else in the main role, it would have been rather laughable, but it rose to supreme heights with Miss Barrymore. In the first act, Miss Barrymore was a girl of 19, in the second, she was 29, and in the final, 70. As she grew older her actions changed, her voice changed, and her audience changed, growing old with her. After the final scene, which was her best scene, I heard one old lady say that she was worn out.

Miss Barrymore's gestures were decisive, quick, and dramatic. She has beautiful hands, unusually large, and she uses them to the greatest advantage. In the nun costume that she wore, her hand appeared to grow out of the flowing sleeves and to become a great length.

In the Love Duel Miss Barrymore played the part of a fashionable lady, with a ready wit, and great attractiveness. This play did not have the depth or sincerity of the Kingdom of God, but the star made it unforgettable. Her husky voice and marvelous hands were more attractive in this play, and she charmed her audience with her clever lines. Her gowns were lovely, and caused many gasps from the audience. After seeing the Royal Family, I could not help thinking of her in connection with Julie, for she seemed to fit the part so well.

I heard one unfavorable criticism of Miss Barrymore from a Lindenwood girl: a junior said that she preferred Lynn Fontanne to Miss Barrymore. If the theatre had not been so crowded I am sure that she would have been mobbed, for she certainly received her share of disgusted looks, from those who had seen Caprice.

Mary Catherine Craven had seen Miss Barrymore at the symphony concert Friday afternoon, and she was a

performed the feat of splitting three hundred rails in a day, which gave him the popular name "The Rail-splitter."

There is very little one can say about the schools that Lincoln attended, but much can be said concerning his education. In the rude life of the backwoods, Lincoln's entire schooling did not exceed one year, but he spent his whole life studying, and was perhaps one of the best educated men that ever held an office in the United States. After holding a number of political offices, he was nominated for President of the United States. It was the time in the history of our country that the South was threatening to withdraw from the union over the matter of slavery. He was elected and installed in the President's chair in 1861. The Civil War followed, a war that even the level-headed men such as Lincoln could not prevent. After the war was ended, a radical, very much opposed to Lincoln, shot him and he died the next day.

He was one of the greatest leaders our country has ever known. Criticized by the more aristocratic people because of the lack of pride in his dress, his unpolished shoes, his un-pressed trousers, he proved that clothes did not really make the man. Criticized by some because of his lack of education, he proved that one can become educated if he really wants to be. Using his whole life as an example, he proved that regardless of your position in life, one can be a success if one tries.

Nor can it be forgotten that Lindenwood's president carries in his full title the illustrious name of Lincoln.

DR. CASE DEAN OF NEW TRAINING COURSE

Last Monday evening, February 6, the first of the eleven meetings of the Bible school met, with Dr. Ralph T. Case as dean. This interdenominational Leadership Training School offers instruction to anyone wishing to be better trained in church life and service, and particularly adapts itself to the training of Sunday School teachers and officers. There are about thirty people now enrolled.

In the first period Dr. Case will lecture on "Material and Principles of Worship"; in the second period he talks on "The Teaching Missions of the Church." Reverends Kenaston and Beaty will also lecture.

There are no costs excepting the time and textbook used. The meetings are under the auspices of Lindenwood. Dr. Doemer is furnishing the classrooms and dean for proper organization. Every church will be well represented and the project will be a community one for the constant betterment of religious life.

DR. ELY VESPER SPEAKER

"Whose son is He?" Insistent Query

"What think ye of Christ, whose son is He?" This was the question asked by Dr. Robert W. Ely last Sunday evening, February 2, at the chapel services in Roemer auditorium. He said:

"The progress we glory in today is the progress of things and not of persons. Knowledge is spreading everywhere, but there is something that man cannot rise above, and that something that doesn't change, is wrapped up in one question, 'What think ye of Christ, whose son is He?' Thinking is a great index of character and life, and it brings out an image that is planted in us. In thinking of an answer to this question, we must please God.

firm devotee before she had seen her act. Mary Catherine said she was as charming off the stage as on, and talked with the same swift gestures. I did not need to ask Misses Sue Campbell and Frances Stumberg what they thought of the play, for they sat behind me, and I am sure even Miss Barrymore would have blushed at such praise.

Other Lindenwood girls who admired both the play and the star were: Victoria Steele, Judy Thornton C. Judy was speechless for at least five minutes), Mary Sue Wisdom, Evelyn Watson, Caroline Brewer, Dorothy Turner, Jeanne Berry, Shirley Engle, Cary Pankey, Jean Pattee, Adeline Brubaker, and many others. Miss Sue Campbell said that they might as well have bought a section for Lindenwood, there were enough of the girls there.

NOCTURNIA

By Marjorie Taylor

**Orion prowls the autumn skies. Tonight his three-starred belt and half-drawn sword glint in the heaven like dead man's eyes.

Behind him Sirius falters—like a faithful setter—sniffs the wind and points a covey of seven stars thrown together * *

* * Slowly she makes her way through the thicket of clouds—peering this way and that. She has stolen away from the castle of Night and is wandering to and fro in the wilderness * *

* * You are more lovely than the moon tangled in the stars tonight. . . .

You are more intriguing than bronze willows in a Tsang Ho etching. . . .

You are more mysterious than the whit of prayer wheels in Lhasa. . . .

You are more than life to me. . . . * *

* * The wind at night is a fair lady, bewitched, who rides the low, skimming clouds and shrieks when stars are caught in her hair * *

* * She liked misty weather. But no wonder. Her eyes were the color of mist. And her voice had the softness of clouds of mist. Her soul, too, was like the mist—tawny, subtle, ephemeral, and lovely. . . . She liked misty weather * *

* * These dreamers!

How they vex me with their everlasting vacant stares and pensive, wistful moods. They sigh and mutter of clouds and stars. "White-winged birds and flowers of night." The fools! Clouds are only moisture-laden currents of air, and stars are merely bits of iron and such. . . .

What do these dreamers know that they trouble me with secrets in their eyes? * *

POINT PRAIRIE

By Erna Louise Karsten

Point Prairie, what an unusual name, you say! Perhaps it is, but the place itself is more unusual still. If you imagine yourself living within a wishbone whose frame work is formed by America's two greatest streams of water, then you can easily visualize that part of Missouri we are proud to call Point Prairie. It is in this part of the state that the Father of Waters and Muddy Waters of Indian legends join and flow triumphantly down to the delta.

Leaving St. Charles and going north about a mile we come to the terminus of the Ozarks. These last hills are called the Mamelles. However, few people realize that these gentle slopes are a part of the chain forming the "Missouri Rockies". As we leave the hills and continue northward, the level plateau stretching before us engrosses our attention. Its evenness resembles the surface of a tranquil lake. To the west, far out against the horizon, rise the glistening white bluffs of Illinois. Turning our gaze eastward we are amazed to see more of these same shining cliffs. If the day is very clear, we may be fortunate enough to see the palatial summer homes built on the bluff. To us they seem like tiny white doll houses. Yes, the cliffs of Illinois can be seen from Point Prairie lying due west from there. It is a favorite argument between natives and visitors who puzzle over the question of Illinois being west of Missouri. Maps, however, settle the dispute very satisfactorily.

After passing through this plain, we reach the most interesting section of the entire country, Portage des Sioux.

(Continued on page 4, Col. 4)

POST WAR

By Ruth Dawson

I sat, my short legs dangling, with my head thrown back, and stared at the cherubs frolicking about on the painted ceiling. They reminded me of the angels on the front of my toy piano. There was the twang of a violin being tuned down front, and I sat up expectantly. The outside curtains of the old Grand Theatre slowly parted as the orchestra tuned up, and the lights were turned down.

I was enraptured. There, on the second curtain, was my "pretty lady". I poked my grandmother frantically. She adjusted her hat pin and smiled benevolently at me. I sat back and stared. . . . Here she came, my "pretty lady", entrancingly small-waisted—down the pretty street on the curtain. Handsome carriages, drawn by high-stepping horses, dashed past, handsome men in uniform stepped aside to let her pass—it was 1918—and her daintily-spatted feet peeped demurely from beneath her sweeping skirt. She was beautiful I sighed forlonly for a small waist, an "elegant figure",—a "carriage". But she led a little girl. She was literally the girl of my dreams. Long golden curls hung from beneath a square flat hat, held on by infantile hat pins. She had on black and white kid boots with black tassels, and she carried a muff. I, too, had a muff, but it was not white and to my shame, it was suspended from a cord about my neck. I used to tuck the cord in the muff. . . .

My "pretty lady" curtain rose. There was an "army" comedy, then Pearl White in "The White Moll". I adored the hero, a handsome fellow who disguised himself by the effective device of putting a black patch over one eye, and taking off his silk hat. He was fighting the villain, a horrible mustachioed fellow—he knocked a knife out of his hand, the villain grabbed a chair—and the lights went on! I scooted myself back in my seat, and cried amidst a great buzz of voices. My grandmother clutched my arm. My "pretty lady" curtain descended, the lights went off again, and a spot-light focused itself on the curtain in a sudden smothering silence. A violin twanged down front. Clumping footsteps thumped backstage. A great fat man ran out, his stomach shaking up and down, his hand waving a yellow slip of paper, while he hoarsely croaked, "Folks—folks, guess what! Well—I'll tell ya, the Armistice has been signed!" Lights flickered off and on, off and on; people jumped around and hugged each other; the band struck up Tipperary, and my grandmother told me there would be no bad men killing each other, no more soldiers.

I sat and stared at my "pretty lady", and wanted to cry. What would she do without her soldiers to bow as she passed—on the curtain?

COLD

By Dorothy Comstock

On and on we plod.
Cold! Cruel Winds!
Already our legs are stumps of ice—
But we must go on!
Crunch, crunch—frozen snow with heavy crust—
Try not to break through!
Cold! Clear, hard Cold!
Breath freezing on scarf!
Air full of stinging needles—
Fingers—noes—no feeling.
Red sun—blinding sun dogs—
Twilight coming—must go faster—
Home—home—
Home!

TO A SUNSET

By Margaret J. Wilhoit

Last evening on a twilight stroll,
My brain to purge of dreary phrase,
I clambered up a little knoll;
From thence I saw the sky ablaze
With light of dying sun.

Apollo's steeds with fiery snort
Dyed all the west to deepest flame,
The while attendant Hours to sport
Ran 'long his chariot in acclaim;
Their draperies, gold and mauve.

I watched the cosmic back drop fade
Till corn shocks, tepee like, and grove,

Once silhouettes were of one shade;
And with the gloaming interwove
Apollo's backward glances.

I mused: how vain is finite man
Compared with such sublimity;
And breathed a prayer, that in His plan

My life in its simplicity
Might be a tiny sunset.

JUST NINE

By Luella Geyer

Lying on the floor flat on her stomach, one ankle crossed over the other, she slowly moved the badly scuffed square toe of her oxford back and forth on the rug. Her slender, yet childish, brown hands firmly held a pair of scissors, with which she carefully cut out dresses for her paper doll. A satisfied look came into her expressive black eyes when she had finished designing a new dress entirely different from any she had thus far made. As she put the dress on her doll, the corners of her almost perfectly shaped little mouth turned up in a friendly smile. Then, with a peculiar toss of her head, she shook back the glossy, dark bobbed hair that fell into her eyes. Shifting her position somewhat, she gracefully stretched out a firm, brown arm to pick up another scrap of paper so that she might make one more dress for her paper doll. She labored over a new design intently, humming one of her school songs in spite of the frown on her high forehead. While she was thus engaged a shrill, child-like whistle came through the window, and in a flash she scrambled to her feet to join her playmates waiting outside. She was once more the alert, mischievous little girl leading her friends in some new undertaking.

WHEN THE LIGHTS GO OUT

By Dorothy Turner

Usually, when the lights go out at ten-thirty, they leave us in bed, settled for the night, with our alarm clock set, our window raised to a certain pencil mark on the frame, and our kid slippers arranged on the radiator to catch the first heat from the early morning steam. But not the young ladies overhead. They set about their own ritual with busy tread. First comes a scraping and thumping over squeaky, loose boards, accompanied by the creaking of rusty, stubborn rollers. Next, two more pairs of footsteps enter, each step accented by the clicking of a heel. Then the long-awaited delightful concert begins, a series of rhythmic thuds, the gentle tapping, and the heaving rapping in quick succession. This musical concert, in spite of its resonance, fails to keep us from our beloved sleep. Who knows? Perhaps our snoring disturbs our upstairs neighbors in their earnest attempts to master the art of clogging.

THE WORLD COURT

By Dorothy Winter

A flourish of trumpets sounded on the clear thin air; it was neither raining nor snowing, in fact, the sun was shining in all its golden splendor. In dashed Horatio and Alger. Now Horatio, a lad of forty-eight, bounded agilely across the fence, but Alger, his twin, was not so fortunate. You see Alger, weighing just two hundred pounds exactly, was a little heavy on his feet, and as luck would have it, became suspended by his suspenders from the treacherous wall.

Our twins were the faithful servants of Lusitania, the queen of the fairies, and they rushed away from doing her every bidding.

At the time our story opens, the queen was about to enter the world court to bestow her gifts upon the girls of each nation, and it was the solemn duty of Horatio and Alger to open the massive iron gates. But, alas! We have left poor Alger on the fence and it lacked but a moment of the time when the queen should arrive. What to do? That was the question, but just as our hero was becoming exhausted by the strenuous efforts he was putting forth to assist his descension, the long arm of fate with a pair of scissors in its hand reached out and placed him on the ground with a dull thud. However, it was too late, for the queen was already arriving and Horatio, the brave boy, had to struggle alone to open the gates which finally flung wide their welcoming arms with a mighty groan.

Imagine, if you will, the embarrassment of her royal highness upon seeing her favorite page lying prone on the ground with a broken suspender trailing. Of course she swooned with becoming modesty. Immediately all was bedlam and uproar and the triumphal procession was halted just long enough to revive her sovereign majesty with a bottle of H HO Z that was near at hand.

At last the royal cortege wended its way to the palace and the ponderous gates banged shut with a resonant clang.

On entering the throne room, Lusitania tripped daintily, that is as daintily as her number eleven and three-fourths would allow, across the congo-leum rug and up the marble steps to her throne. Seating herself under the golden canopy, our Beloved Queen, in a querulous voice, demanded the attentions of a manicurist and a boot-black.

Let us pause a moment. Why? Why, because her beauty strikes us dumb as she sits on her throne gracefully with her flaming locks that would have been Titian's delight, her emerald beads like an evening sky against the sunset of her hair, her flowing pink robe artistically adorned with blue rose-buds scattered hither, thither and yon, and her shiny patent leather shoes, peeping out beneath her garment.

But we must not dwell too long on the graces of Lusitania, the Just for now the trumpet sounds again and lo! What have we? I'll bite, what is it?

Well, as we have said previously, our good queen was on her way to the world court to be the donor of many priceless gifts. The tremendous blast now summoned the shapeless white clothed spirits that were to be the future girls of each nation.

A death-like silence reigned when the first white spirit glided before Lusitania to be the most humble and grateful receiver of her gracious treasures. This was the first time anything resembling silence was consider-

ed descending upon this eminent group, for it was an age of enthusiasm and fruitful production of vim, vigor, and vitality. Ear-splitting shrieks of laughter frequently rent the air. However, upon this ostentatious occasion, nothing but unbroken stillness was fitting. Now was the time for Lusitania Ycleped The Just to become truly worthy of her yclep.

The white pigment of the first spirit was to be turned to ocher, for this was to be the little Chinese girl.

"You, my dear, shall live in the vast country of eastern Asia called Chung-Hua Min Kuo and it shall be the scene of one of the oldest civilizations", rang out the queen's trumpet-tongued voice. "Yours shall be a country of mystery and you shall speak a strange language".

A slight stir passed among those present when they saw the turkey-track symbols that were to be the Chinese language. Yes, they agreed that it was strange language. This brilliant proclamation of Lusitania only confirmed their faith in her.

Our little ocher-skinned girl was to be honored with the smallest feet of any woman in the world; one velly great distinction.

Next came the girl that was to be called Volga Bombski. Yes, you have guessed right; she was Russian. Volga's face was to be as white as the driven snow and it was to be topped by raven locks. She was to have the distinction of being a princess and the grace to wear twenty jewels without being overloaded.

While all this bestowing was taking place, Sandy McIntosh, Oh, you have guessed it again, he was Scotch, but at any rate Sandy was the bag-piper in Lusitania's sympathy orchestra.....

.....Oh dear, my sentence is becoming involved so I shall begin again. Sandy was becoming overcome by the generosity of his beloved sovereign, and when she actually bestowed the jewels upon Volga, it was too much for him; the poor soul passed into the Great Beyond. Then tears flowed freely and splashed upon the hard, unyielding floor. However all cannot be good as through this life we go, so the audience became reconciled enough to mop up the water and continue the ceremony.

"You shall be the lady who lives in a shoe", pealed the treble of the queen's voice to the Italian lass. "You shall have a fiery temperament and eyes as ardent as an eruption of Vesuvius on a dark night. Along with these valuable treasures you shall have a passionate love for garlic and spaghetti that will add to your charm".

"Now Gretchen, you are to be the buxom lass who lives in the country called Germany. You shall have a portion of the beautiful white capped Alps. These self-same Alps shall be the source of vast wealth to you, for you shall have the good sense to see the possibilities of guiding American tourists. I'm sorry, but you must be the least bit stupid; however, that will be overlooked because of your sensible tender heart, and your ability to make sauerkraut that would win even the heart of Kaiser Wilhelm himself.

"Over long honey-colored braids you shall wear a wide-winged headgear that causes difficulty in getting through the door. Your dress will be in the latest fashion; that is, tight bodice and long sweeping skirts."

The little French mademoiselle was given an effervescent temperament charming vivacity, perfect taste in dress, a warm heart and various and sundry other worth-while things, but alas! How depleted was her educa-

tion; she thought there was no place but Paris.

Truly there was another country just across the Pyrenees, and it was really quite a nice place. It was called Spain. There Lusitania placed a senorita with black hair long enough to make a mantle. She also had a real mantle, or rather, a red Spanish shawl with yellow fringe a foot long, that would be the cause of her downfall. She was asked to do a dance with her tambourine right then and there. Much to her chagrin she caught a heel in her shawl and fell sprawling and was carried away with her face a brilliant vermilion.

This third calamity of the day was the charm, no further catastrophes descending upon a defenseless people at that time. It, too, was soon forgotten and attention was directed to finding a girl for England. The English girl was given a lily-white skin with the faint tint of roses showing through. She had the dignified bearing of a stately oak, hardly betraying any emotion at all. It seemed a shame that any flaw had to mar this almost perfect person, but as we have said before all cannot be good as through this life we go. The terrible fault of Lady William Hale-Thompson was that she simply could not catch on when some person at a dinner party waxed facetious and rendered a bawly clevah joke.

A direct contrast to our English lady was the Irish Kathleen O'Brien, with a head filled with sparkling wit and humor. She was to live on a basin-shaped island, a huge plain surrounded by mountains, that was called Ireland. Now Kathleen endeared herself in the hearts of all with her clever Irish folk songs, and why not, because she was a charming little trick with her wavy jet black hair, her shining clear blue eyes, the blueness of which was accentuated by the green dress she wore in honor of her patron saint, Patrick, and the saucy quirk to her mouth. The trouble was that Kathleen could look through the window at the sun and acquire a generous sparkling of freckles that even Dandelion cream would not remove.

The American girl was simply an amalgamation of the stocks. Lusitania had run out of gifts at this stage of the game, so the poor girl had to take the tag ends that were left. Poor Sandy McIntosh might have been spared if he could have been present at the end. Nobody cared much anyway because the most of them were in the arms of Morpheus by that time.

DUST

By Carmen Sylva Woodson

For several days the wind had been blowing intermittenly but persistently. Now and again the mirthless moaning would suck itself to a peak, and subside without struggle. Inside the ranch house, ordinarily clean, things assumed a dingy, gritty aspect. The table, set for dinner, hardly stayed clean till the food was cleared. No one talked. I wandered restlessly from room to room, tried to strum on the piano; no use—my finger-tips were irritated by the dust I couldn't keep off. Outside, the men gave up trying to plow, and hung around the barn door with dour faces. Chickens ranged close home, or clustered together under trees. Mules and cattle tore madly about the lots. My kitten came to rub my legs. Billowing companies of dust clouds swept safely and maliciously across the fields, shying and vying with each other, joining hands to envelop us; and all about the horizon, hemming us in, hung a film of sickish, lifeless gray. My kitten

A PRAIRIE STORM

By Camilla F. Luther

"Cyclone!" The cry goes through the town like an arrow through its live target and leaves it trembling and quivering. For a tense moment the whole earth is still—not one movement of wind—not a sound.

Then a rush and a bustle and the cry rings from a thousand throats, "Cyclone!" A swish of wind from the east scattering autumn leaves. A return of a gust from the west, snapping branches; a great flaw from the south, and then the cold blast of the north wind, changing the sultry afternoon to one of tumult and confusion. Clouds churn in and out, weaving this way and that.

Men rush home from business. Women scurry with children at their skirts. Shouts, screams, excitement, mingled awe and fear, jumble, disorder, confusion.

From amid the tumbling clouds comes a spurt as of smoke, a great roar fills the air, and voices are drowned. The tail which descends from the clouds grinds and coils, forming a funnel, the end of which snaps like the tail of a kite.

Black horror from the sky, foaming, boiling around its center. A twisting, writhing mass shooting downward Cyclone! the name for tornado in the language of the prairies.

To the caves! Huddled forms scurry to the shelter of the storm caves and the town is left to the mercy of the storm.

There is a pause of the monster in its earthward flight; then comes darkness in the form of a grey, dusty mist—no sun—all gloom.

Suddenly—with no warning a great crash deafens even the former roar and the storm is on.

Here a shelterless man hugs the ground and reaches for a telephone pole on which to cling, only to have it wrenched from his grasp and sent tumbling through the air.

There a garage wall falling away exposes a mob of terror-stricken people who have sought shelter. All scramble under cars while bricks shower them. One poor woman's size proves to be too much to go under a low truck. It is a pitiful sight to see her push and shove to get out of the way of the falling bricks, then pull herself out again and pray loudly. Starting afresh she thrusts her body into the small space and pries with all her might. Coming up again to pray she is mercifully knocked from all consciousness of storm by a flying brick.

The rip of a board being wrenched from a house, the jingle of a broken glass, trees being split, roofs and bricks sailing through the air. Dust, suffocation, a throbbing sensation in the ear drums. A clash, a swirl, and a house rent from its foundation. A million sensations a second, a dizzy, minus feeling—a muddle.

As quickly as it was begun, the storm passes and a short hard rain washes from the sky. The dust is cleared away and the rain ceases. Heads appear above the ground and the people come cautiously from their caves.

Although destruction is everywhere, there is a sense of joy and thankfulness in the hearts of the living that they, at least, were spared, and they go about curiously to each and every piece of wreckage to find what freaks of damage the storm has left.

crouched over a trembling, pitiful mouse, tantalizing it. Suddenly I wanted to scream, but my throat was parched. The wind droned and gasped.

A LULLABY

By Margaret Ross

The wind blows hard, and the waves
beat strong
But thou, little one, shall receive no
wrong
Here in my arms,
Safe from all harms.

Your sire is away on the deep blue
seas,
Battling the waves as the big ship
heaves.
Of us he is thinking,
Of us he is dreaming.

He will come back to us ere long
To hold you tight in his arms so
strong.
So sleep, little one,
Sleep.

(Continued from page 3, Col. 1)

The nature of this place can easily be guessed from the name, for it was at this junction, the closest point between the two rivers, that the Indians carried their light canoes overland from the Mississippi to the Missouri. Indian relics, pottery, arrowheads, and hatchets have been found, and make it all the more interesting and romantic. As this was an ideal place to approach a large number of red men, the Catholic Church early sent out servants of the Cross. Here we find an old cemetery with interesting French inscriptions and names, rudely carved on the simple head stones.

Point Prairie! What fascinating pictures this name brings before my eyes. I see the Ozarks dwindling down to a mere little hill. This fact has always disturbed me, for I like to consider mountains as towers of strength, the bodyguards of Nature. As I go along, the marshes of Marais Crochet and Cul de Sac stretch away at my left. Perhaps at some time, long ago, the waters of the Missouri lapped and washed against the very edge of the road I travel over every day. I pause to wonder whether ever again the rush and roar of the river will be heard this far back for the present channel of the stream. But I must hurry farther, for, across the flat, broken prairie, which keeps two mighty rivers at bay, the romantic portage of the Sioux is beckoning me. What an ideal place to let the imagination have free course. Standing here at the portage, I can almost see the red men, hundreds of them, gaudy with war paint and feathers, canoes on their backs, moving stealthily across to the river. They cross and are on the other side, assembling for a last dance prior to an attack. I listen intently for sounds to be wafted across the water, fearfully awaiting their blood-curdling war whoop. Suddenly—alas, reality always insists on disillusioning me! It is only a steamboat whistle, the staid and harmless craft plodding its way up the river, all unconscious of the spell it has broken.

VALENTINE SUGGESTED TO THE LEAGUE OF WOMEN VOTERS

By Agnes McCarthy

Long ago, when you started to snatch our very souls and thoughts away, we didn't object. In fact we were very passive, too passive, for that very inch was our downfall. Then you affected our clothes, our looks, our hair cuts. I can't buy a tie, a scarf, or even a shirt without seeing you with one on just like it. Still I remained quiet. But this last step is more than I can stand. What do you think I am made of? Do you just have to have your League of Voters?

Oh, well, will you be my legal Valentine?

SPRING STYLE REVIEW

Miss Hawes Gives Girls Inside Tips

Miss Peyton Hawes from Stix, Barr and Fuller of St. Louis made a talk on Spring styles at the College, Wednesday afternoon. "In the last ten or twenty years of specialty in styles, the department stores has come. Since last August, styles and women's clothes have made the front page of newspapers. Men have written editorials on the long and short skirts. There has been a debate in the fashion world on this subject. Now it is decided that women are to wear long skirts; this has been decided by the life they lead."

Through the war, women did not have to work so extensively, then after the war, they did, therefore the short skirts were adopted as they are more comfortable for that kind of life, said Miss Hawes.

She elaborated on the long skirt problem. We need clothes for various occasions. By long skirts, I do not mean ones trailing the floor. No, because our day time life is active, we work, and we can't be bothered by long skirts hindering our progress. Sport dresses are a hand's width below the knee. Knees are absolutely passe. The sport skirt length is your own length as your hand's width is different from everyone else's. For day clothes and street clothes, the skirts should be the distance from waist to hem twice that from waist to back of neck. The change in afternoon clothes makes it impossible to wear the same dress all day long, the length of the afternoon dress is one-half the distance from knee to ankle. For evening, the skirt may be as long as you like, provided what you like is appropriate.

"The only creative thing that came out of this age is the uneven hem line," pointed out Miss Hawes. "This has a definite place in the wardrobe, it belongs to the formal afternoon wear. It doesn't belong in the hustle and bustle of everyday world in the daytime. We borrowed it from the style of 1830. Silhouettes show the lines, the dress of 1830 has a full skirt, ankle length, and puff sleeves. Mutton leg sleeves are made in soft chiffons now, instead of the stiff material of 1830. The lines holding sway now are the hems, waists, and sleeves. Women have decided to be feminine and stop aping men."

Miss Hawes told of some of the Spring styles. "To be truly smart, you must have at least one navy blue. Bordered fabrics are very good. Dresses must have fitted hip, shoulders and the belt in the right place. Polka-dot borders are good. Almost all prints are coming in with a dark background with bright spaced flowers or print. Cotton is back in the fashion picture, Peter Pan ghingams. For the afternoon, tiny cape sleeves, gores in hem's dotted swiss. For sports, silk broadcloth. Pure white is the outstanding color for Summer, followed by egg-shell, then comes the pastel shades. Pink is the outstanding color for evening, with a slightly uneven hem line. The patterns in chiffons are much larger."

Miss Hawes concluded her lecture with the fitting remark, "Clothes are, after all, a supreme necessity to a woman's being."

LINDENWOOD NOT RECON-
CILED TO CONVENTIONAL
HEADGEAR AS YET

The style in hats at Lindenwood has not changed much since September. Berets are still the most popular. There are red ones heading the list,

NEW SILHOUETTE HERE

Fashions Are Likely to Change to
Softer Lines.

The new silhouette! What pangs it causes those who had the foresight to buy their wardrobe before coming to college—and who now resist the attractions of the tea room and the Bungalow in order to save a few pennies for one of those new dresses.

Miss Tucker's Home Economic pupils do not fear the fluctuations of the fashions. Even now, some have finished dresses with that "high waist line, moulded hip line and long skirt". Miss Tucker is preventing them from going to the extremes, however, and their skirts are generally only four inches below the knee for street wear.

Miss Tucker thinks that the new fashions will remain, to a certain extent, but that the more radical changes will be softened and changed. Changes take place gradually, and although very few seemed to realize it, this fashion change has been taking place for several years, and until this last year was kept very well in check. But now, as we sigh, our entire last year's wardrobe is hopelessly demoded.

One wonders if the much-prized independence of woman will disappear, and if she will become once more "a clinging-vine". And all for new silhouette!

MARRIAGE OR A CAREER

The subject discussed at the Y. W. C. A. meeting on Wednesday, January 29, was "Marriage or a Career". The discussion, led by Georgia Daniel, was lively, a fact which attested the interest of Lindenwood girls in modern problems.

The arguments revolved around the question of the advisability of having both marriage and a career at the same time and the effect which this would have on the family as a social institution. Some startling and original ideas were put forth by the girls, but for the most part they showed themselves advocates of the old theory that woman's place is in the home.

From the discussion the girls drew some general conclusions which embody their ideas on the subject. They decided that everyone should have both marriage and a career at some time or other in her life but not necessarily at the same time; that some careers are more compatible with marriage than others; that marriage is probably the most important career which a woman can have; that careers in the case of married women, in general tend to the disintegration of the family; and that much happiness depends upon individual personalities as to whether a woman may be successful in both marriage and career.

then orange, tan, blue and even varicolored ones. There are plain berets and fuzzy ones, dark ones and bright ones. Everybody's wearing 'em. Next in favor come stocking caps. Their only disadvantage is that they belong to the snowy season and will disappear with the last melting particle of snow. However, just now they are much in evidence—most of them plain white with a fluffy ball like a bunny's tail bobbin at the top. There are many of the girls who wear neither berets nor stocking caps, but are collegiate and go bare-headed—much to Nursie's disgust. Of course, on week-end trips and jaunts to St. Louis the tams and caps are discarded, and one's most chic, becoming felt is donned. So there you have it—berets for study, caps for sliding, hats for sprints! And that is what the Lindenwood girl is wearing.

A MASTER'S, A JOB OR A HOME

There is much flurry among the seniors nowadays, as they realize that now they are just about to take that step—talked about since kindergarten days—out into the "cold, cruel world." Every day a mob of excited seniors gather outside the post-office door, and compare application slips, or speak in hushed and serious voices of the applications for positions they mean to make or consider catalogs for a place to get a master's. One goes into a senior's room to borrow some cheese and crackers, and sooner or later The Question comes up—"Wonder if I wonder what I'll be doing this time next year?" The lowly sophomore repeats politely, "I'm sure I don't know", and the senior goes off in a daze.

Well, at any rate, the Bark figures that they are going to be pretty well prepared for their future in spite of their present qualms. There are 24 candidates for degrees (which one senior, speaking of the aforesaid cold, cruel world, said ought to be accompanied by a suit of armor and a veil), and most of the ones higher up sit around writing their names—Mary Jones, A. B. At any rate, the candidates for the A. B. degree are, Mary Ambler, Virginia Bear, Jeanne Berry, Helen Bopp, Josephine Bowman, Adeline Brubaker, Geraldine Davies, Mary Mason, Dorothy Masters, Catherine Orr, Elizabeth Pinkerton, Norma Paul Ruedi, Rosalind Sachs, Ruth Teter, Julia Thompson, and Mary Sue Wisdom.

Four of the twenty-four are candidates for the B. S., majoring in the familiar Home Ec, and they are the ones who may be heard, arguing about over the campus, as to whether it would be cheapest to rent, or to buy a home. They are Jeanne Caldwell, Alice MacLean, Mary Jane Goodwin, and Dorothy Taylor.

Mighty musicians are in the senior class this year, and they receive their B. M. They are, Mary Catherine Craven, Piano; Iris Fleischaker, Voice; Dorothy Gartner, Voice; and Dorothy Sutton, Organ.

MISS SCHAPER SPEAKS

Truth is interesting subject

Miss Florence Schaper spoke at Y. W. Wednesday night, February 5, on "Truth". She said: "Man has always searched for truth, and then fears it when he finds it. Religion is founded on that fear and search; Gandhi, the Indian philosopher and leader, said, 'No religion is higher than truth'; the Greeks and Romans believed that 'Truth is the beginning all things'; the Hebrews, 'Great is truth, mighty above all things'; the Christians, 'Man will be created in the wholeness of truth'. But what does man mean when he says that the truth will make you free?"

"In 1850 the definition of Truth was, 'Truth is, the exact copy of a definite code of behaviour'. But truth is a moving thing. It is an attempt on the part of man to get at things.

"There are several fields in which the search for truth continually goes on. Investigation in the field of medicine has led to humane treatment; in the fifteenth century, there was a French surgeon who believed that all wounds should be treated with boiling oil and pitch. The field of invention is another truth-seeker, and with wonderful results; in 1824, it took one man, one boy, and three horses one day to thresh 40 bushels of wheat; now one man, one boy, and one horse can thresh in one day one thousand bushels of wheat. Man's de-

MENTAL SOARING

CAUSED BY LIBRARY

Conducive to Noble Thoughts

The new library is the subject of most discussion on the campus at the present time, and after entering the august portal, it is apparent that it is worthy of all praise. The massive wooden doors of the front entrance cause a gasp and a pause. One Lindenwood girl said that she would never make any noise in that library, how could she, when the doors remind her of an Old-World cathedral? Then into the entrance hall, with beamed ceiling, hanging antique lamp, French windows, and a charming iron staircase.

Up the steps to the room where the books are checked out. Here one finds lovely carved benches and chairs that might have graced a medieval castle, and a charming cabinet of some sort, carved in the same manner. With such a lovely mosaic ceiling, how will the librarians ever bring their thoughts down to the checking out of books? The wall is paneled, and makes one think of all those mystery stories, in which there were paneled walls, concealing secret staircases. Parchment shaded lamps are placed on the huge desk, that will certainly eliminate any last minute crowding at 9 o'clock.

To the right and left of the desk room, are the reading rooms, which should inspire more concentration on books. The first thing that one sees is the fireplace, which gives out visions of cold winter days, and people sitting around talking. It is of lovely white stone, with the Lindenwood crest in a prominent position, and having a motto to the Latin students may translate, "Litera Scripta Manet". Both rooms are large with a pointed, beamed ceiling, with the same cathedral effect. There are many tables and chairs, shelves, and windows, beautifully hung with crimson drapes. Just the sort of rooms, where girls would like to read and study.

In the rear of the checking room, is a large light room, filled with book shelves, and the number of lights will be a source of delight for there will be no difficulty in seeing the titles of books.

The only room downstairs that is completely furnished is the club room. The only word that can describe this is gorgeous. Lovely, comfortable-appearing chairs, placed at such attractive angles, near the many large and small tables. The lovely rugs and lamps, adding to the soft color scheme, make the most charming room, one could ever see. On leaving, the side door may be used, and it will be used a great deal probably, for it is such a charming door. As one girl was heard to say, "Lindenwood really to brag about in regard to the new library."

sire for Truth is connected with Science. Huxley said, 'Science is nothing more than trained common sense'.

"Why do men fear Truth? Galileo had trouble persuading people to look through his telescope—they were afraid that they would see something that they knew nothing about. The search for Truth, and the fear of that Truth found may be characterized as the tolerance and the intolerance of man.

"Hamlet said, 'Unto thine own self be true.

And it must follow as the night the day

Thou canst not be false to any man."

COLLEGE CALENDAR

Tuesday, February 11—
5 P. M. Music students' recital.
Thursday, February 13—
11 A. M. Mrs. Emily Grant Hutchings, Art Lecture.
8 P. M. Piano recital by Oscar Ziegler.
Friday, February 14—
Dinner and Freshman Valentine Party.
Entertainment of the League of Women Voters, guest of the College.
Saturday, February 15—
League of Women Voters, guests of the College.
Sunday, February 16—
6:30 P. M. Rev. R. S. Kenaston.

NOTICE: Any questions to be answered will be kindly received by the Bark's Tale.

WHY—AND BECAUSE
BY THE BARK'S TALE

Big prize of a Clark Bar offered to the one who can safely predict how many people a region called the p. o. can hold on the second Friday in February

A. My children, the answer is this. It can hold all the people necessary on February 14. There is a saying that there is always room for one more. Well, in this case, in an empty post-office, there is always room for 500 more. The reason is this. Around the aforesaid date, there is something in the air. Many packages are received, even more having been expected, and for three weeks afterward, Nurse is besieged with requests for "hickey goo", which some misguided freshmen take to be a new form of a baby talk. And it's all because some male went in for repetition and told some blushing young thing something that had been told years, and years, and years before. And by this time next year, he will probably have told another blushing young thing the same. Oh, you girls who write for Advice to the Lovelorn, take the advice of one who is older and wiser, and believe nothing He tells you. Only hope that he believes everything that you tell Him. The Bark's Tale becomes very satirical and cynical. Perhaps it's spring in the air, and blisters on the heel. But, there really should be some mail.

Question Discuss styles.

A. They have a lowering tendency.

Q. Just what is a rustic?

A. He is like the Westminster boy, probably a senior (because everyone knows that the most serious of beings are freshmen) who walked into the Fox late one afternoon, sat down close front, and started rubbering. He looked, and looked, and then unloaded his mind "My doodness, dracious me, but they could put a lotta hay in here, couldn't they."

SECOND SEMESTER BEGINS

With the opening of the new semester there are several new girls among the "old" students. As usual, the larger number come from Missouri and the states adjoining, but one girl comes all the way from Colorado.

Among the new students is Edna Mortensen from Ames, Iowa. She is very fortunate in having a sister on the faculty—none other than Miss Marie Mortensen of the Home Economics department. Miss Mortensen is a member of the Junior class.

From Missouri comes Anna Lloyd of St. Louis, and Edith Hilton Kemp, of Crane, Missouri. Both Miss Lloyd and Miss Kemp are new members of the freshman class. Lillian Avis Car-

LATIN CLUB DINNER

Pi Alpha Delta entertains

The members and pledges of Pi Alpha Delta, the newly named club, dined royally at the St. Charles Hotel Monday night, February 3. At 5:45, the steps of Ayres were crowded with girls in formal dress who, probably for the first time in their histories, were prompt.

The dinner (in the private dining room, too) was served at 6, following the presentation of a lovely bouquet of roses and baby-breath, to Miss Hankins. What an appetizing menu! Fruit cocktail, ripe olives, carrots and peas, cauliflower, lettuce salad, French fried potatoes, rolls, steak with mushrooms, coffee, and cherry pie a la mode. The menu was interspersed with dancing; the music being furnished by Francis Blair.

After dinner, Miss Hankins, the sponsor, gave a most delightful welcome to the new members and the prospectives, and told of the real benefits derived from the study of the Latin classics. Norma Paul Ruedi, the president of the Club, followed this welcome with a talk on the meaning of Pi Alpha Delta. The name has two meanings, one for the members' ears alone and then the popular meaning; Norma Paul explained the ways and means of advertising the Pi Alpha Delta and said that the most outstanding way would be for the members to wear something on the "sandwich board" effect, white with a purple band, and the slogan, "Pi Alpha Delta, Dues Reasonable." This matter was left to be decided upon at the next business meeting.

More dancing followed the talks, and, after much persuasion, Miss Hankins finally got the loyal Pi Alpha Delta into the waiting taxis by 7:30. Those attending the dinner were: members, Norma Paul Ruedi, Dorothea Lange, Frances Blair, Elizabeth Pinkerton, Marjorie Florence, Julia Thompson, Jane Babcock, Frances Kayser, Effie Blanche Martin, Geraldine Davis, Cary Pankey, Luella Geyer, Laura Geyer; pledges, Gretchen Hunker, Annie K. Hurie, Madeline Lightner, Ruth Roselle, and Ruth Talbot.

penfer comes to the freshman class from Cape Girardeau, Missouri, and Mary Scott comes from Las Animas, Colorado.

Illinois has not failed Lindenwood either. She sends to the freshman class Agnes Bachman of Salem. The freshman class seem to be the most fortunate this semester, for all but two of the new students are entering it. Miss Margaret Morris from Beloit, Kansas, is another new member.

It is very different entering school the second semester, especially when one is a freshman and all one's classmates are settled in their routine. Perhaps if the new second semester members could have seen the tears shed and weebegone faces of the freshman in September they would feel heartened and not so forlorn. At any rate, it will not be long before Lindenwood is as dear to them as to those who have had the advantage of an extra semester.

NEWS FROM THE DEAN'S OFFICE

Dr. Gipson reports prospects are good for the new semester. She is pleased the way the girls are settling down to their work.

Much interest was taken in the Shakespeare plays given in St. Louis last week. The Shakespeare class accompanied by Dr. Gipson went Thursday to see ROEMO AND JULIET.

Y. W. CABINET MEETING

Miss Babcock of St. Louis is Speaker

The Y. W. C. A. Cabinet had a very interesting meeting Monday evening, February 3, in the reception room in Roemer Hall. Miss Fern Babcock from St. Louis was the guest of the Y. W. C. A. for dinner and later for this meeting. After the business was discussed, Miss Babcock led an enlightening discussion on problems that face the youth of today. She recalled many experiences that she had while working in a factory in Chicago one summer. She used these experiences in illustrating how sheltered and protected the average college student is.

"There is so much going on around in this world in which we live of which we know little," said Miss Babcock. "We have not, as yet, found any satisfactory means of understanding the conditions of life while we are still in college. Maybe there will be a time when a system will be worked out." The attitude of the campus in regard to different activities was discussed, and ways and means of interesting the great majority in one organization or another were emphasized.

There was much worth while gained from the meeting and Miss Babcock gave the cabinet many able suggestions. As she said, the object of her visit was "to understand what Lindenwood's problems were in relationship with other colleges so the national convention would have more of an idea how to plan their programs so that every school represented would be benefited."

SANDWICH MAN NOW
PRESENT ON CAMPUS

Soup's on! Chili, no, not chilly soup, chili con carne, hot roasts beef, ham, eggs, pie, pie, two cups coffee, sandwiches, ice cream! All very chip!

I'm not reciting the Greek alphabet, making light of Tony or talking baby talk. I am the official barker for the Tea Room. I am the sandwich man from now on. I may be seen on the Quad walking between two boards, barrel fashion, with the daily menu posted afore and behind. I charge nothing (we just can't do that girls. We know you are honest, but if we once started it, y'know, some ladies would just natchally take advantage of us.) Also it is against my code of honor to take tips. I can keep my hand behind me with practically no will power at all. I give information very cheerfully; I quote prices; and also give reasons why eggs are so dear this season, showing that we can't, under any consideration, give you two for the price of one.

There is one announcement I wish to make. Hereafter, I will not exchange old Botany books, old gloves, or Treatics for candy bars. Since there is practically no sale at all for books, I am losing money all the time. So, please don't bring old heirlooms, as I am selling the bars below cost now. I've gotta make my living just the same as you girls.

Ice cream sodys, all flavors! Strawberry, chocolut.

WEEKENDS TOOK A GREAT
FALL GROUND HOG'S DAY

Not so many girls went away this week end as the last. Perhaps, they are settling down to the work of the new semester, making a good impression on the teachers by staying on the campus to work in the library all week end. Then with a change of classes, everyone is enthusiastic and full of interest to delve into the mysteries of

OCCASIONAL COLUMN

(A La McIntyre)

(By the Editor)

Butler is adopting the slogan of the Dutch Cleanser Ads.

Snap courses, as defined by the Encyclopaedia Studianica, are ones for which one spends half the day-light in the Libe, and the other half in groaning about assignments.

Special invitations on small white cards for tete-a-tetes were issued by the faculty last week to the chosen few.

"Build up that Superiority Complex," reads an ad in the Mind and Intellect Magazine. Quite a few girls are clipping the coupons for ten days' trial.

A. A. members are proud of their health records for the year, although the diminutive one insists she has a pab-a-something on her foot.

May the parrot on our new Liba stand for the antithesis of his name!

Walpole books are not to be had. If you are one of the unfortunate ones, who has not read "Old Ladies" or "A Gentleman With Red Hair", invest in a copy. You might get it autographed.

A campus recipe will be printed in this space every week. You are invited to contribute samples to the editor.

I can fruit salad
Tie cord around middle of can
Adjust on window sill
With end cord inside
Wait 24 cold hours
Immerse can in hot water
Borrow can opener
Serve frozen delicacy
In water glasses.

atoms, social problems, new verbs, and frogs. There were a few who did not find it necessary to spend the first week-end of the new semester here, consequently they went to various and sundry places, with St. Louis heading the list as usual. Louise Tidd, Elizabeth Higgenbotham, Lucille Lynn, Thelma Harp, Elizabeth Weinert, Louise Chandler, Elizabeth Clark, Josephine Peck, all went to St. Louis. Dorothy Gartner went to Springfield, Mary Margaret Poorman to her home in Mattoon, Ill., and Rosalind Sachs went home to Little Rock.

STRAND THEATRE

WED. THURS. FRI. NIGHTS

Saturday Matinee

A Vitaphone Road Show Special—

Scenes in Natural Colors

Talking, Singing and Dancing

IRENE BOARDONI

— in —

"Paris"

SATURDAY NIGHT

JOAN CRAWFORD

— in —

Her First All Talking Picture

"Untamed"