

LINDEN BARK

Vol. 6—No. 23

Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Missouri, Tuesday, April 8, 1930.

Price 5c

First Senior Recital Proves To Be A Great Success

The first senior recital of the year on March 28, placed a difficult goal in sight for the other three graduates in music. Dorothy Gartner has never sung so well, and never has an audience been so enthralled with the skill and beauty of a voice. From the moment that Dorothy stepped out on the stage, looking exquisite in a flowered taffeta frock, in which yellow and green were the dominant colors, she was in perfect command of her audience.

I Know That My Redeemer Liveth, from the Messiah of Handel rang out in beautiful, round tones, solemn, and lovely. Dorothy's clear, high soprano carried the impressive words to the hearts of the audience. Then, a fast, joyous, and gay thing, with delightful operatic trills, was A Pastoral by Veracini. It tripped along like a merry laugh, on a beautiful sunny day.

Three songs in French composed the next group, all of the more modern school. The first was *Nuit d'etoiles* by Debussy, a piece so hauntingly melancholy of this beautiful thing, developed into the simple, sweet strain of *Plaisir d'amour* by Martini. This selection followed the rather conventional theme of all songs of love, especially those of the French; the calm peace, followed by a rather turbulent strain, and finally the supreme peace of the end. *Il Neige* by Bemberg, the last number of the group, was the gay, swift tinkle of the snowfall, personified. It seemed as if the snow could not fall as rapidly as the French phrases fell from Dorothy's tongue.

Shadow Song of the Dinorah of Meyerbeer was considered by the majority as the high-light of Dorothy's recital. This song was also sung in French. The tone was minor, with series of runs and arias, showing a wonderful flexibility, and range of her voice. The echoes, the trills, the wonderful rendition of this piece, with its shades and echoes, thrilled the audience beyond measure.

Three songs in German followed this. *Morgen* by Strauss, was a beautiful, fatalistic sounding affair, made superb by the solemn depth of the language. *Rispetto* by Wolf-Ferfrari was in the same minor, but did not have that fatalism, but a hopeful tone, almost that of the southern countries' laziness and peace. The *Swiss Echo Song* of Eckert was clear and gay, showing the wide range, and the control of her voice.

The program was closed by a group of selected numbers in English. An *Evening Song* by Gilberte, showed Dorothy's ability to sing a beautiful simple song with tones of exquisite quality. Ware's *By The Fountain*, was the rippling of the waterfall come to life in the soloist throat. A beautiful melody characterized the *Arpeggios* of Samuel Rousseau. The *Rose Enslave the Nightingale* by Rimsky-Korsakow told a beautiful sad story, in charming

Maor Sibley's Ghost Walks in Dining Room

Dr. Roemer Opens Informal Dinner-Dance

The ghost of Major Gorge Chaplin Sibley—the same spirit who scandalized the good Presbyterians back in 1845 by dancing at a wedding—walked abroad at Lindenwood Tuesday evening, April 1. On his hundred and forty eighth birthday anniversary this genial shade left his comfortable resting place in the little cemetery at the foot of the hill behind the college where his old home once stood and took an active part in the celebration.

Dr. Roemer opened the festivities in the dining room that night with a short address on Major George Chaplin Sibley who founded Lindenwood in 1827. Major Sibley was, according to historians, the greatest man in this pioneer country, next to Jefferson. It was he who saw possibility of railroads extending beyond the Rockies to the coast when other men laughed at the wild plan. It was he who was such a great figure in the fur trade that people come here for information on him when they write books on the development of this part of the country. And it was he who had the vision and foresight to see that some day on his property might stand a famous girl's college.

In his speech Dr. Roemer called attention to the poster made by Lillian Rasmussen, president of Kappa Pi, to commemorate the anniversary of Major Sibley's birthday. It was done in red, blue and gold, with the Lindenwood coat of arms and the words "Major George Sibley, father of Lindenwood".

All during the wonderful dinner served by Miss Walter and her assistants there was dancing to the music of a band. Decorations around the dining room were in yellow and white, the college colors, and the spirit of Lindenwood and Major Sibley prevailed over a gay crowd.

No one knows whether the major paraded in Sibley hall at midnight, with Mrs. Wenger, (the general opinion is that he must have been tired enough after the celebration to go back immediately to his quiet rest in the little cemetery) but at any rate the girls of Lindenwood were glad to have him in their party held in his honor, and they only hope that he was proud and happy to see the result of the work which he began over a hundred years ago.

tone, and was in a minor key. *Dansons la Gigue* by Poldowski, also in French, was in the truly gay spirit of that country, with a catchy rhythm, and a lilting tune. It ended a grand program on the right note. Her accompanist was Frances McPherson.

Read the Linden Bark

DEAN GIPSON'S NEW NOVEL

Fascinating Love-Story Woven Around Homesteading In Idaho.

Students and faculty of Lindenwood will be pleasantly surprised to learn that Dr. Alice E. Gipson, Head of the English Department and Dean of the College, has in press (Caxton Printers) a new historical novel of the West. With the title, "Silence" typifying the far, lonely stretches of homesteading land in northern Idaho, 20 years ago, "silent, smiling, waiting", this arid country is the background for incidents in the life of a young bride. Lillian Palmer, newly married to Jack, who comes west for his health by doctor's orders, is just such a girl as one of Lindenwood's graduates might be, a young college girl from a home of comfort, going out where dust-storms spoil the complexion and discouragement tears at the soul—looking back ruefully to "those fine Alpha Sigma Tau sisters" (in this case Alpha Delta Sigma), and trying to be brave when she is "so starved for entertainment that a candy pull seems wildly exciting".

Dr. Gipson knows her Idaho, and it is to those whom she knows that she dedicates her book, "To the Pioneers of the Far West". As she says in her preface, the Far West of mining camps and Indians and cowboys is fairly well known to the average resident of the East and Middle West, but it is of the latter type of pioneering that she writes,—"homesteading in those parts of the West where irrigation is a necessity before the land can be put under cultivation." Dwellers in the green lands of States farther East are not nearly so well acquainted with this kind of Western life as they are with the earlier, more spectacular type.

The author of "Silence" shows real human beings there in the desert, where "no trees or grass would grow, no gardens were possible, every drop of water for household purposes had to be pumped by hand or carried from the river". (Things are different now since irrigation came to Carson, but this story tells of times when the reclamation project was still on paper.)

Not to reveal the plot or spoil the expectancy of those who may spend hours of the summer vacation perusing "Silence" after the book appears in the middle of June, one may pick out bits of narrative here and there. Phil's older brother, Jack, a satisfied settler, waiting with trepidation for the train bearing the newly-weds to come in: "Phil was always a delicate kid. My mother's had to coddle him along his whole life and now the doctors have advised him to change altitudes and scenery and everything else for a while. I'm glad to have him, but I'm afraid he's no pioneer. He likes people too well." Lillian, watching Idaho's

rare sunset with rapture and thrilling to the translation of Idaho, "the light on the mountain", yet sobbing herself to sleep that night. The hotel-keeper, with the pathos of his beautiful young wife, "killed by mistake", a man of reserve, yet the ring-leader in ducking the sorry tramp who had ventured to affront Mrs. Perkins. And Mrs. Perkins herself, courageous with her apple-pies and her good advice: like-wise the "program" when the neighbors all came in to the Palmers' "shack" (one sees a picture of it in the frontispiece), to give them a charivari welcome: What would Lindenwood think of this?

"Willie McLain was persuaded to give his famous hornpipe to the music of Jim Daly's mouth harp. Accompanied in the same way, Bill Sharp, former cowboy, sang some of the more reputable of the songs of the ranges. Jack Barker, once a professional gambler in Baker City, Oregon, recited a sentimental poem called 'The Death of Nellie.' Truly, Victorian Nellie, seduced from the path of virtue, had died of a broken heart. The program ended with a selection from *The Merry Widow*, sung by a male quartette and as an encore they gave *The Glow Worm*."

It is not all so cheerful. There is Mrs. James, "with the general appearance of a shying horse"; Mrs. Jenkins, morose, silent, one of those whom the desert has "got"; the naughty Delsie, who works havoc in some of the homes on the principle that men's wives grow dull and ugly, and who chooses "the wicked sinners" for her companions, because the good people, when she was little, regarded her simply "as a kid with a dirty face and a drunken father", but for all that she says, "My old man would of skinned me if I'd been as ornery as he's always been".

There is nature lore of sage-brush country and mountain, there is philosophy and humanity in the story. The author says, "It is a history that I have felt should be written. The protagonist of the story is not the people that I have drawn, but the country itself". None the less, the plot is "convincing" as the publishers say, and, too, it has a happy ending.

For the past two weeks, Doctor Gipson has been having conferences with the sophomores finding just what they intend to do after they leave Lindenwood, or inquiring as to their course of study, if they are going to return in the fall. Much good has been derived from these short conferences.

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.

EDITOR-IN CHIEF
Norma Paul Ruedi, '30

EDITORIAL STAFF:

Charles Jean Cullum, '32
Georgia Daniel, '32
Kathryn Datesman, '32
Ruth Dawson, '32
Irene Virginia Grant, '32
Margery Hazen, '32
Frances Jennings, '32
Shelia Willis, '32

Roberta Manning, '32
Agnes McCarthy, '32
Phyllis McFarland, '32
Betty Palmer, '32
Cary Pankey, '32
Marjorie Taylor, '32
Dorothy Turner, '32
Mary Louise Wardley, '32

TUESDAY, APRIL 8, 1930.

LINDEN BARK:

Eternal Spring, with smiling verdure here
Warms the mild air, and crowns the youthful year.

—Garth

Holy Week

Holy Week is celebrated all over the Christian World as a remembrance of the Passion week, or the last week of Christ on earth. It begins this year on Sunday, April 13, and ends Saturday at noon.

April 13 is known as Palm Sunday, symbolical of the palms strewn before Christ on his triumphant entry into Jerusalem. In many churches palms are blessed and distributed to the faithful on this day. Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday are known as days of peace and retreat. Holy Thursday, or Maundy Thursday, is so named because of the institution of Holy Communion during the last Supper. It was then that Christ predicted that he should be betrayed before the cock croweth thrice. Good Friday, Christ was betrayed by Judas, and was denied by Peter. On Friday Jesus was tried by Pontius Pilate, given up to the Jews who demanded him rather than the criminal Barnabas. Crowned with thorns, scourged at the pillar, subjected to insults, crucified on Mount Cavalry—for all these outrages Christendom mourns and offers penance. Churches are draped, worldly interests are forgotten. This feeling of deep emotion lasts until Saturday noon when the spirit of Christ passes into Limbo. Then there is a glorious preparation for the joy of Easter, when Christ arises from the sepulcher.

All this is an old story if the soul of the individual feels no new life. To those for whom these indulgences were created—all those who take advantage of the graces of God—this week brings out a new spiritual sense.

If one is serious about Holy Week and takes the inventory of himself he will have accomplished a many-fold benefit to himself.

College Work Advised For Hope Chest

"The systematic development and cultivation of the natural powers by incalculable examples, etc". Thus Webster defines education. This goal is urged in college for the benefit derived when undergraduate days are over, and now, especially, this question of what to do after college confronts the seniors, or perhaps, some underclassman. Careers of all kinds unroll before them; which will they reach out for? Which one of all opportunities will they grasp as their real goal? The institution of marriage will offer a happy culmination of a college foundation to those who are expecting to make this their life work, and to develop and cultivate natural powers in this way. For, of course, a college education is as necessary to this career, as to any other more professional turn. Perhaps the blushing bride has, with a great motivated knowledge of foresight, followed the home economics course, which has equipped her with skill in sewing anything from unattached buttons, to tailored coats, and hats. And then, what would marriage life be without a good cook, "taking mother's place"? Well, hubby can never complain of the proverbial leaden biscuits if she has learned the technique of college cooking. After all, since it is universally agreed that food, clothing, and shelter are the three basic essentials of life, single or double, the girl with the college education is adequately able to meet this demand two-thirds of the way. What more can a self-respecting man ask of any woman?

Financial difficulties, stressed or unstressed, later in life, may make it necessary for the housewife to turn to the commercial world to earn a living, and to bear successfully a responsibility. Any number of professions and desirable positions are open to the woman who has had a college education which has prepared her to meet any situation of this sort which has come up in her life. Coupled with this contact with the business world, comes that of the social sphere, and obligations that must be met there. To be able intelligently to meet people, conditions and trying situations is a goal that every girl should strive for, married or unmarried. To expound a burst of intellect before the boss, may be just the turn that brought the raise hubby has been waiting for so long. Just think of the infinite possibilities that advantages from a college education will bring—isn't it worthwhile and necessary to include this four year training in the bride's hope chest?

When Here It's There—When There It's Here!

The merry season of vacation is approaching, and the problem of, to cut, or not to cut, looms high in the schoolgirl mind. But even the greatest of life's joys must pass, and back to the daily routine the homing—oh, sparrow

Y. W. Contest

Starts With A Play

Y. W. C. A. held its first contest meeting Wednesday night in Sibley chapel. The various dormitories are competing for the largest percentage at the six meetings. Sibley had the program last night. A talented young author, Miss Ruth Dawson, who graces that dormitory with her genius, rose to the occasion with a delightful, original play written in her most enjoyable style. The audience was kept in the conventional gales of laughter through out the highly edifying action.

The Great American Melodrama, designed to bring back the sturdy American morals of the good old days, was presented as the final dress rehearsal for the great American epic of fildom. Muriel Wiesbaum, emoted as the harassed director.

The story, charming in its originality and epic structure, concerned the crucial episode of a virtuous daughter with her sister's child being driven out in the blinding snowstorm in the climate of eighty below (what?) to perish, miserable with a frost bitten nose. The old father is left alone in the cabin with the faithful hound, Izzy Orr, who has herded cattle with him for many years. The father was forced to this dastardly action by the fact that while he had fed the babe black berries all summer, there was not a sufficiency of oatmeal to feed three mouths during the hard winter, especially the one mouth belonging to the wee progeny of the sheepman.

This melodrama was equipped with sound effects, produced by an orchestra, composed of Miss Sally Grant, and a chorus whirled in the snowstorm, said snowstorm produced by the powder-blowing efforts of Miriam Courtney Maxine Luther and Bonnie Burgett.

Later, while wandering in the storm, the young girl completed the vicious circle as one usually does who wanders in the snow, and found herself back on her father's door step.

Welcoming arms took her back into the fold with her progeny of a sheepman and the fatted rooster was killed for the prodigal daughter. As her father had found out she had been left forty million dollars. She was very welcome. And this powerful, heart rendering melodrama was brought to its happy finale with the melodious strains of *Home Sweet Home*.

Cast: Georgie Daniel, Father; Ruth Dawson, girl and author; Izzy Orr, the faithful hound, and Maxine Luther's doll, the babe.

will return, and merrily sleep through classes for the next week or so. There is a certain weary peace to be found on the campus after these vacation spasms—a tired acceptance of fate with all the attendant class assignments.

But that is not all relative. We are approaching the subject now of the relative preference of city or country life. Quite a few of us hail from metropolis, in the state of something-or-other, with a population (growing) of around five or six hundred, and since the one new family moved in, the town census has been proudly advanced to five hundred and eight. But its a city to us. We arrive in the aforesaid city with bells on—the hand-painted picture of the college girl descending on the old home town. All the friends gaze enviously, all one's little sister's friends visit little sister extraordinarily often, while little sister's big sister who goes to college is there, and we very condescendingly rave on—"Oh, my dear, I just love it there. You know, it is so different. The campus is very secluded, tho' it is right on the highway between Kansas City and St. Louis, and, of course, we do all of our shopping in St. Louis, and have those advantages besides that of peace and quiet when we want it". (And then think grimly of the portable in the suite-mate's room.)

And then, back to the aforesaid secluded spot where we try vainly to get a word in edgewise and impress the friends. We add to the population of the old home town simply by counting the transit visitors and remark that one of the worst things about coming back from vacation is missing the continual round of gaiety and settling down to the mere pastoral existence of a girl's school.

The preference? The city when one's in the country; the country when one's in the city.

Dr. Case Speaks on Religion At Sunday Lenten Service

"In point of world influence and wide following Jesus is the preeminent figure in all world religion. Yet in all His ministry and teaching. He never attempted to define in words that thing he represented, religion. He summarized the characteristics, values, motives, attitudes of religion, but He never presented a formal definition." These were the opening ideas set forth by Dr. Case, in his sermon at the Y. W. C. A. Lenten Service, Sunday morning, March 30.

Beta Pi Theta Banquets At Coronada

Rosalind Sachs Toastmistress

Theta Xi Chapter Beta Pi Theta, National Honorary French Fraternity held its annual formal banquet at the Coronada Hotel, St. Louis, on Thursday night, April 3. A program of toasts was arranged with the fleur de lis as the inspiration. Rosalind Sachs, president of Theta Xi, presided as toastmistress introducing Geraldine Davies who had as her subject *Le Sol* and *La Semence* given by Doris Force, treasurer of the chapter for this year and vice president for the coming year. Miss Sachs as retiring president spoke on *Le Bourgeon*, and Kathryn Datesman, president for the next year gave *La Fleur De Lis*.

Dr. John L. Roemer emphasized the importance of language study in this modern day and spoke in high praise of what Theta Xi is doing in the field at Lindenwood. Mrs. Roemer with exquisitely chosen words referred to the girls around her as her flowers, there being present besides the fleur de lis, the pansy, violet and the rose. The last speaker was Miss E. Louise Stone who has been sponsor of the chapter since its organization. Theta Xi is proud to announce that she has been chosen to install a new chapter of Beta Pi Theta in Lombard College, Galesburg, Ill.

Around the table arranged in the shape of a T were seated the members of Theta Xi; Dr. and Mrs. Roemer and Miss Frances Stumberg Honor Members of the chapter; Dean Gipson, Mrs. Sudhindra Bose, Miss Mary Terhune, Miss Anna Wurster and her mother, Mrs. Wurster.

Read the Linden Bark.

ALLIE HOMERICK

By Dorothy Comstock

"Chick, chick, chick!" The despairing wail of Allie Homerick's rose in the stillness of the answer to her summons, a dozen or so plump, white leghorns fluttered around the corner and greedily began snooping up the bran that she was scattering from a battered dish pan held on her hip. She continued to scatter the meal until the pan was empty! then with a resounding thump, she knocked the last grains from it.

She stood there in the warm sunlight a dejected, rather pathetic figure. It was astonishing to note how well she fitted in with the drab, run-down picture which the place presented; the buildings were paintless; boards were torn off here and there, and doors sagged from their hinges. Parts of broken rusty machinery cluttered the yard, adding to the aspect of neglect. Folks said, "That there Bert Homerick is a shiftless good-for-nothing; Allie got herself into it when she married him." He was lazy; his form reflected it; his wife did also. People felt sorry for her, nevertheless they regarded her rather contemptuously.

She raised one long, bony hand and threw back a straggly lock of reddish brown hair over her head. She glanced down at her tired feet thrust into broken plow shoes long since discarded by the husband. These, she meditated, would have to last her 'til after the fair—an' then perhaps—if things turned out all right—. For a second a smile curved her lips. But if she didn't get the prize—well—she had done without things often before, she decided with despairing optimism. Her eyes rested on the chickens; she smiled faintly. At times she almost worshiped them.

With the profits from these snow-backed fowls, she hoped to make a visit to her youngest sister, Elva, who had married a young clerk and moved to a larger town (it seemed a city to Allie) and had often asked Allie to visit her. Twice the money had been saved for the trip; each time she found she must spend it on some more immediate need. Once her hoard of "egg money" had gone to complete the amount due on the new plow; the other precious um paid a hired girl's wages, the time Allie was down with the "flu".

Therefore, when Allie ran across an item, in the Guthrie Herald, which gave a list of the poultry prizes to be awarded at the County Fair in the fall, she determined to get the award for white leghorns. Her resolve was strengthened when she discovered that the prize fowls could be sold to a packing house for an ample sum. If she won the prize and sold the chickens, she would have the money for her visit.

Mrs. Powell, a neighbor, with a large flock of the coveted leghorns, gave her two dozen choice eggs. These she distributed under several old setting hens and waited patiently for results. In three weeks she had twenty-four fluffy, yellow balls in a blanket covered basket behind the kitchen stove. All through the summer she carefully nursed them. With pride she watched them develop from scrawny, pin-feathery chicks to full grown, pure white hens and roosters. Now, as she surveyed her charges, a sort of peace came over her. They were so plump, so shapely, their combs so red, their feathers so white, that surely they would take the prize. She took a last approving look at them,

(Continued on next page, Column 1)

THE SANTA FE TRAIL

By Camilla F. Luther

The ruts of the old Santa Fe trail, blazed by the first frontiers-men of America are now smoothed and broadened into a beautiful highway on which the crowds of the world pass.

From the grass of our front yard I have always watched the people and wondered where they were going. It is great fun to figure out, just by a fleeting glance, something of those who travel on the road that was once an Indian path and even a buffalo track.

In summer comes the wheat in great trucks that rumble heavily by on their way to the elevators—the bread of the world going to market over the Santa Fe—leaving the road scattered with yellow grain.

In summer come the tourists, too—millions of them: some in overloaded Fords lopping along—bed, bedding and children popping out from the most unexpected places; some in handsome, shiny touring cars, flashing through, some in trim sturdy roadsters whizzing by;—but all headed west to the mountains or the coast away from the hot stuffy cities, only to stream back to them again in September.

One of the sights of the road that I used to love was the covered wagon slowly jolting along. Sometimes there would be gypsies in it and I often wished they would pick me up and take me with them just for the adventure.

So many things go by on the trail—hay racks filled with sweet hay; horses galloping to the country; herds of cattle and yelling cowboys; tractors; beggars; "hitch-hikers"; and even the old horse and buggy.

These I have watched and wondered about for years and now I think I'll journey with them.

THREE ROADS AND A WAY

By Marjorie Taylor

Once upon a time there lived in the country of Beginning a lad by the name of Ambitious. He arose one bright morning, put a ham sandwich into his pocket and departed for parts unknown—at least, they were unknown to his mother.

However, Little Bishie, as his parents fondly called him, knew exactly where he was going. He was going out into the world. With this thought in mind he walked and walked. Pretty soon he came to a place in the road where three broad avenues stretched ahead of him. One was the road of Duty, one was the road of Beauty, and one was the road of Pleasure. He sat down to ponder which way to go.

Now coming down the road of Duty there appeared a golden coach drawn by six golden horses, with golden plumes on their heads, and golden shoes upon their feet. As the coach drew nearer, Little Bishie saw that an old gentleman was its only occupant. He was dressed like a statesman in long purple robes and his face wore a solemn, mask-like expression.

"Ah," thought Little Bishie, "I will see what this fellow has to say." He accosted the old gentleman and received the following reply to his inquiry:

"Aye, Lad! The road is long and hard to the City of Fame. There are many obstacles to pass, and there lurk among the shadows many fearful giants whom you must please, or they will feed you to the winds of Oblivion. Among the fiercest of these ogres are Market and Merit. They guard the City of Fame with never-sleeping eyes. Go if you must! You will either return

(Continued on next page, Column 3)

CHANGES

By Elisabeth Young

Nancy smiled sadly as she passed the building in her smart car. Yes, things did change, after all. She remembered hearing old men who had gathered on the street corners on Saturday afternoon say that, but she had forgotten it until now. The town was changing, and undoubtedly she would find things changed still more later on. She dreaded this thought. In her heart she longed to find things as they had been when she was a care-free little girl, skipping happily down the street to find at the end of it her Daddy, whose laugh did something to her little insides that she could never understand, and whose briskly whiskers made red dots on her cheeks.

There was the livery stable. This was one of the most exciting things she knew of. She would walk very carefully around in it, holding tightly to Mr. Hamington's blue-veined hand. Her look would dart to the lofty beams above and down to the hay-covered floor underfoot. It was ever so grand to walk into the clean smell of the stable. The fine animals were so much bigger than she was! They flicked their tails vainly, proud of their sleekness. Then there was the harness room, a room with the odor of greased leather. Here all sorts of things were hung; thick work harnesses, fine riding saddles, and lines of whips along the wall. There was one little whip that old Mr. Hamington said would be hers, someday, when she was a grown-up young lady, and rode side saddle. (And here she was, living in another age, her husband exploring blue regions that were not to be reached, while she drove a roadster with as much success as the old man had handled the reins).

More than the stable she loved the old man. No matter when she passed the building, if she flattened her nose hard enough against the window-pane and squinted her eyes until they were slits, she could see into the room. If he was there, it meant a hug and a kiss,—seeing a hand go down, ever so cautiously into a pocket and rather apologetically slipping a dime into her hand to buy pink and white peppermints. There was one thing about it though; one must buy pink and white peppermints, nothing else. It was such fun to run ever so hard to the corner, and the long half a block to the store for them. Then there was the wash back again, and the losing of your breath as you were tossed to the ceiling squeezing a little brown bag in one hand and beating the rushing air with the other. Oh! that delightful second in mid air, when you were flying with the gods on a magic carpet. Shut—your eyes—make a wish—down with a thud into the arms that hugged you tight. Eating peppermints on an old man's knee on a sunny spring day when Mother let you wear thin dresses for the first time; when you came down into the early sunlight to find Daddy and Mother out of doors, doing something to the plants.

She'd felt badly, she remembered, when Mother had told her Mr. Hamington wouldn't buy her any more pink and white peppermints.

Later someone bought the old stable and made it into a garage. Black grease then with rainbows in it where here had been clean yellow hay, and hose and sprays where the harnesses had hung.

If you weren't careful when you skipped across the street on the way for candy, the cling of the blacksmith sledge against the steel would make

(Continued on next page, Column 2)

SEVENTEEN

By Helen Eiser

"Don't look around and we'll cross the street", instructed Elizabeth: "I think it's beginning to be almost dangerous to live in a college town; why, you can't walk down the street without having some impertinent freshman try to pick you up!"

"But, Beth, I know the one driving wasn't a freshman. When he stopped his car in front of the last crossing I saw a Kappa Sig ring on his finger; besides he had on his coat, and did you see his moustache? You know yourself that freshman never—"

A low swung maroon and tan roadster was purring down the street. It stopped along side the walk where the sisters were walking.

"Could we sell you a subscription to the Farm and Home Magazine? Just give us your names and addresses; this is an opportunity of a lifetime, because, girls, we don't do this for everybody."

"Come on, Jac", whispered Beth tugging at her sleeve. "We'll walk faster."

Jacqueline obediently quickened her pace, but she couldn't resist the temptation to turn her head and take a last longing look at the flashy sport roadster.

"The police should stop this sort of thing," spluttered Beth indignately.

Jac's eyes were dreamy. "Beth, I think the one with curly hair was kind of cute. I wish—"

Jacqueline McKee! You ought to be ashamed of yourself. I certainly thank my lucky stars I was with you. No telling what would have happened if I hadn't been here."

They turned left off Main street and walked in strained silence toward their home.

Jacqueline sniffed at the languid, warm breeze, which carried the sweet odor of honey-suckle to her. She was still thinking of his curly hair.

Jac was seventeen.

RUNAWAYS

By Helen Patty

The sun was nearly a million miles higher than the tallest ever green tree in the big green yard. It grinned at us, and its grin made me feel all warm and lazy inside, like you do sometimes when you've been sick and you're wrapped up in a blanket and your grandma rocks you.

And then the gate flew open and we could see way down a white twisty road to where there was a wide bend and a big, big tree with a shaky, sprawly green top that hung out over the road. There was a wide, thick shady spot under it, and we could see where the grass was all grown up long and tangled, but it was miles and miles away. But, anyway, it just spraddled and pulled and beckoned at us until we had to go down there by the sandy white road and see what it was saying.

Buddy put one foot through the gate and then his other foot went after it and he was outside. He took off his shoes and his toes wiggled in the white sandy places. Then he said, "C'mon," and I went out the gate, too, and I took off my shoes and dug my toes down in the shiny sand and wiggled them like Buddy did, but I hurt my toe on a scrapy rock and put my shoes back on again till Buddy laughed and said, "You're a baby. Girls is no good for nothin', not even going bare feet." Then I took my shoes off again and waded through the sand just like he did. But somehow little sharp stones just kept sliding up and

picking at my feet and sometimes I had to grin pretty hard not to let tears get in my eyes; cause Buddy says only girls and babies cry 'nd boys never do, not big boys like him. And I'm going to be a big boy like Buddy some day, even if I am only a girl now.

We walked and walked and walked and Buddy wouldn't stop to pick the little pink flowers that grew beside the road. Then I got tired and I tried to pick a pretty, almost red one and there was a little brown pin on it that stuck my finger and made a little speck of blood ooze out that was redder than the flower. When we got to the big, big tree, we could see way off farther and there was another bend and a bridge and a little rambly crick, and Buddy said he wanted to fish and he wouldn't stop in the tangled shade and he said I could go back if I didn't want to grow up and be a man like him and go fishin', so I went on, only I couldn't keep up and he kept turning around and talking to me over his shoulder. He wanted a pin to bend for a hook, and he tied it to a big, long string and he fished and he fished in the dust, I mean he played he was fishing.

Pretty soon the sun quit grinning and began to laugh, and it wasn't a nice laugh. He just ha-haed right out, and it buzzed in my ears and little red suns came out and danced around in front of my eyes. My throat got all wraped and blistery inside and I wanted to cry, but I didn't 'cause if I did I wouldn't grow up to be a man like Buddy.

Pretty soon we got to the crick and we hung over the railing on the old wooden bridge and Billy fished and fished, but he didn't find any fish and pretty soon he gave me the stick to hold and he went down and hunted for frogs, but he couldn't find any frogs, so he went wading in the water and I sat up on the bridge and hung on to the stick and fished.

When I was just about asleep and had to prop my head against the railing I heard a funny, rumbly noise and I yelled at Buddy, real loud. "Buddy! Buddy!" just like that. And then a big car stopped and my mother and Boddy's mother got out and Mother jerked me up and she scolded hard, but Boddy's mother hardly scolded at all. 'cause he said, "Well, she wanted to run away and I was afraid to let her go away all alone." Then I cried and cried because I don't want to be a man like Buddy, anyway.

(Continued from page 3, Column 1)

and turned toward the house.

The place had a dejected appearance. Its roof sagged like drooping shoulders; a thin ray of smoke wound feebly from the chimney. Allie entered. The room was spotlessly clean, with a cleanliness which only emphasized its poverty.

Mechanically she placed the evening meal on the table, warmed over potatoes from a skillet pushed back on the stove, side meat, some soggy spice cake, and as a special delicacy, a platter of sliced tomatoes.

Bert came in, plunged his face into the wash bowl, and fumbled for the towel. He ate without speaking, appearing to swallow his food whole. Allie did not mind his silence; she knew nothing different.

Three weeks later, the chickens were crated and sent with Mr. Powell to the fair. As Allie watched them being driven off in the truck, she was strangely uneasy. Would they be attended to carefully? She wondered if the ride would frighten them. They meant so much that surely nothing could happen. She wished she could go too; then she would be sure they

(Continued from page 3, Column 3)

your feet go slower so that you might watch the big man's muscles. Then there was always a chance that a frightened horse might break away, and stamp angrily down the little wooden incline into the street. People would be afraid and shout, "Runaway! Runaway!" and dash for the nearest door. That would be fun. Now a stately red brick building flaunted hand-carved ornaments over the windows, "each one costing \$48.00 apiece". The words U. S. Post Office were over the door, and on the corner stone Andrew Mellon's name in prominence.

Why did things change like this? The peanut shop of the crippled boy was now a mere corner of the new moving picture theatre. How many times his face had lit to see school children on tiptoes stretch up with a precious nickel in their little hands for "some hot peanuts." Candy children squealed over was in the glass case, and long, chewy licorice sticks. Across the back there was a screen. She had always wanted to run and jump at the screen to see what would be back of it when it fell. All this too, was gone.

You no longer suddenly came upon a delivery wagon with a broken wheel, nor did you have tea with Mother on afternoons when you stayed home from school. Tea that Mother would gulp quickly, and about which you could never understand until you drank your own little girl's tea and hated to tell her that sugar and water wasn't so very pleasant. You no longer made leaf houses, and sank into beds of leaves, getting twigs down your back, and in your hair.

You no longer were a little girl. Nancy started the car, and tenderly laid aside the idea.

were all right. Of course that was out of the question, she had no shoes, no decent dress.

That day her house work went awry. She could not keep her mind on it. She planned her trip over and over again and then called herself a fool for "counting her chickens before they were hatched". She left the dinner dishes to soak half a dozen times while she ran to the lane to see if Mrs. Powell was coming with news. She had no telephone. Bert thought it a new townfoolery. In the afternoon she forgot her cake. Then snaking with haste as she took it out, one of her unsteady hands came too close to the hot door, raising a fiery welt. She did not appear to feel the pain at all.

By five o'clock she had begun to believe Mrs. Powell was not coming. She wandered about listlessly. At six she began to get supper. She was drying the tea kettle when she heard a knock at the door.

"Ma sent me over", a shrill voice was saying, "ta tell ya thet ya won a prize. Not first but second, Ma says the money'll be enough though. Say, kin I have a drink of water? It's hot coming across the field".

Allie held the door for the small boy and dumbly pointed to the water pail. The prize—not first, but second. But enough! Suddenly Allie dropped her head on the checked table cloth and wept.

One who saw the "Great American Melo-drama" was deeply impressed by the poor young thing driven out with her baby by the cruel, cruel father. Many tears were shed at the singing of "Climb upon my knee Sonny Boy"—The snow storm was particularly good. A-a-ashoo; Katchoo!

(Continued from page 3, Column 2)

in a golden carriage like mine, or n' at all."

Little Bishie thanked the old gentleman for his kindness and sat down to think again. He thought of the old man's tired eyes and decided not to go to the City of Fame.

After awhile—just about sunset, in fact—Little Bishie raised his head and saw a carriage coming down the road of Beauty. This carriage was crystal, and it was drawn by six crystal horses, with crystal plumes on their heads, and crystal shoes upon their feet. The carriage shone with the thousand and one colors reflected from the sunset.

As it drew nearer, Little Bishie saw that it also contained a single occupant, an old gentleman. He was tall and dark, "with a crimson sash about his hips and a smile of mocking on his lips."

"Ah" though Little Bishie, I will see what this fellow tells me." He accosted the old gentleman and again received a courteous reply to his inquiry.

"No indeed. The road to the City of Art is not as long nor as wearisome as the one leading to the City of Fame. There are, however, many obstacles to pass, and there lurks in the shadows a fearful demon, Inertia, who seizes those who would go to the glorious City of Art. Go if you must! You will either return in a crystal carriage like mine, or not at all."

Little Bishie thanked the old gentleman for his kindness and sat down to think again. He thought of the old man's twisted smile and decided not to go to the City of Art.

By and by—along about midnight—Bishie was aroused from his thoughts by the sound of another carriage approaching. This carriage was coming down the road of Pleasure. It was of tinsel and it was drawn by six tinsel horses, with tinsel plumes upon their heads, and tinsel shoes upon their feet. The carriage glittered and lit up the whole country-side with its radiance. This carriage also contained one occupant, an old gentleman. He was dressed in a suit of confetti, and red and yellow balloons floated around his jolly little face.

"Heigh-Ho, my boy!" he replied in answer to Little Bishie's questions. "The road to the City of Whoopie is fair and broad. Flowers grow along the way, and the obstacles are few, Boredom and Fatigue are the most gruesome. However, if you get by these you will find the city one of fascinating revelry. Go by all means! I can't offer you the tinsel carriage, but then, you have sturdy legs. Toodle-oo."

Little Bishie thanked the old gentleman for his kindness and sat down to think again. He thought of the old man's hollow laugh and decided out to go to the City of Whoopie.

By this time, Little Bishie was very tired. Presently he fell asleep. No one but the Sandman knows what happened to Little Bishie while he was asleep—and he won't tell.

When Little Bishie awoke the next morning, he did not take any of the three roads that stretched before him. He cut out across the fields and over the hills. He had taken the way of Adventure.

Many, many years passed, One day there appeared at the road where the three broad avenues stretched away into the sunlight, an old man. He was not in a carriage; he was walking. He was walking briskly toward Little Bishie's home with a pack of dreams on his back.

PAINT

By Dorothy Hull

It was noon, and the sun beat down mercilessly on the newly-painted roof, sending little waves of heat about the overalled figure that was sitting on the edge of the eaves, paint brush in hand. Close to his elbow was a bucket of green paint, and leaning against the house was a ladder. On the top wing of this ladder sat two interested youngsters, and arranged beneath them were several others who had been on their way home from school.

"Yes, suh, I'se a full-blooded Injun." "Yes, suh, I'se a full-blooded Injun", the blue-clad figure was saying with apparently visible effort, as he wiped his perspiring brow with a soiled, bright orange handkerchief. "My mother was a full-blooded Blackhawk, an' my daddy was a Cherokee."

This news was relayed down, rung by rung. "Claud says he's an Indian", whispered one little fellow to another, as he stepped back to peer up at the dark face above him. "Gee, his hair is kinda straight, ain't it? Indians do have straight hair I guess." Claud would never know the service his latest purchase in pomade had rendered him.

I was born on a reservation up in Kansas", the old fellow resumed, picking up his discarded brush and slapping at the gleaming roof, "and' ah has a 'lot a' land down here that belongs just to old Claud."

"Does it have coyotes on it, an'—an'—buffaloes?" queried one interested spectator.

Claud scratched his head thoughtfully, and the paint brush was again discarded. "Well, ah tell you," he said, with a puzzled look appearing on his face, "I don't know—exactly. 'Pears to me there was—oncet, but that low-down wife of mine done made me sell it, and I can't remember—exactly."

"You never told me there was no Mrs. Claude before", announced one of the members of the audience—the one who held the high position of Lord of the First Rung by right of possession. "What was her mother and father, Comanche?"

"Lordy, no, child", grimmed the old reprobate, his pock-marked face wrinkling up like wet, red—onion skin. "She wan't no Co-man-chee. No suh!" he added emphatically. My wife done happens to be a white lady-like yo' ma!" He wanted triumphantly for this astounding piece of news to sink into the ears of his small listeners. "Course", he added majestically, she don't live 'round here no place. East—New—Yawk—is where she has to live. She don't come to see me, even, 'less, o' course, she eneds some clothes or some money."

His listeners had turned into admirers now. "Did he ever scalp any-chap?" The question was passed upwards.

"Scalp?" asked the entertainer. "Law, yes, I'se scalped. Why, once I had a whole belt that was trimmed with scalps what I'd scalped myself. Sold that, though," he reflected magnanimously. "Too big a crowd hung round it all he time, and I caused too much attention, an' trouble. Sold the tommyhawk, too, that I allus' used."

"Tommy-hawk—" gasped his listeners. "Oooh—", It was a long, drawn-out gasp. "What did it look like, Claud?"

Claud put down his brush and squirmed uncomfortably. "Well, it was like a—like a—There, you young rascals! You—all run along home. Yo' mammy's will be a-takin' a tommy-hawk to Claud 'cause you're so late

(Continued on page 5, Column 1)

gettin' home from school. "An' you, Marse' Dick an' Jack, yo' trot yo'selves right in dat house to lunch. Go long, wif you now!" and he resumed his work muttering indignantly to himself about the troublesome young rascals.

Inside, two greatly impressed little boys were volubly informing a bustling old black woman about the wonders they had just heard. "And Callie, Claud's an honest-to-goodness Indian, and has scalped people with a tommyhawk, and everything, and Mrs. Claud ain't no Indian, either. She's real white, Claud says, just like Mamma, an' Claud say—"

"Indian!" snorted the old darky, "an' his wife am white! Well, dat ain't what he done tol' me when he begged me to go down to Brother Johnson's with him an' git married. Why dat lazy good-for-nothin' old niggah! You—all wait till ah lay my hands on him, Indian—huh!" she ejaculated scornfully.

Outside Claud paused in his laborious descent of the ladder, to listen, with ear cocked, to the tirade within.

"Dat Callie-woman," he complained, "she ahus did have a long mouf."

On The Inside Looking Out

Some freshman, about thirty-five or somewhere around there, must be feeling footloose and fancy-free by this time. One wonders if they will ever relapse, or what have you, into childhood pranks again?

APRIL FOOL'S DAY! Well someone certainly did believe in childhood pranks. In a certain dorm, the beds were torn sheet from sheet, stripped to the very mattress, and lovely grains of SALT were scattered here and there, mostly here. They didn't even stop at this, they had to lose some of their surplus energy, so they just moved all the furniture. Well let one have one's fun when one can!

A senior was all het up because she was looking forward to a nice hot cup of coffee before retiring, and when she went visiting with her 'therma', it was taken, kidnapped, or misplaced before she left. Ask a little freshman and a dignified sophomore how good the coffee was.

WHY AND BECAUSE

By The Bark's Tale

Fevered ones have been running around on the campus, and the favorite discussion now, beside the good-deed-per-day argument is: Just what will be the state of the moon when one descends upon the old home town for spring vacation? Good friends, the Bark's Tale has gone into extended research, and we have good news. The full moon comes on the thirteenth of April. Now, really, that is sufficient to shed a goodly light on the nights of the 17th and 18th, the first, and the big nights home. Ain't it wonderful? Maybe that's why they put spring vacation when they did.

There's the tale of a young girl around the campus who has completely changed her ways. The other day, after having arrived late to her eight o'clock class for three weeks running, she was impressively told that if she could not make some speed, to please remain out. The first morning after that, she rose at six o'clock, and was sitting firmly in the class-room at 7:30.

Read the Linden Bark.

M. Mortensen Connoisseur of The Best In Cakes

It surely is a "big break" for Lindenwood girls to have Miss Mortensen at the head of the Domestic Arts Department. She's just getting too ritzy! In a recent issue of the GLOBE DEMOCRAT five recipes appeared, sponsored—or should the world be approved?—by Miss Mortensen. They must place a lot of faith in the way we cook out here! Innocent souls! But there, with all that experimenting with cake recipes that the more ambitious Home Ec. girls did, it's no wonder. That's a good reputation for us to have, too—maybe someday we'll have to get out in the big world and make our own living—doesn't that sound thrilling?—and it will be such a help in applying for the position of chef to be able to say that we came from the Home Ec. Department of Lindenwood!

This is what was on the Globe-Democrat's food page of March 21:

CAKE RECIPES

The Foods Division of the Home Economic Department of Lindenwood College has been experimenting with various cake recipes under the supervision of Miss Marie Mortensen of the Domestic Arts Department. The following recipes have been approved:

Triblys

1 cup brown sugar.
1 cup butter.
½ cup sour milk.
2 cups flour.
1 teaspoon soda.
2 cups rolled oats.
Roll thin. Bake quickly. Fill before or after baking.

½ pound dates.

1 cup water.

1 cup sugar.

Boil until thick.

Potato Cake

1 cup butter.
1 cup almonds.
1 teaspoon cinnamon.
½ teaspoon nutmeg.
2 teaspoons baking powder.
1 cup mashed potatoes.
2 cups sugar.
½ cup milk or cream.
1½ cups flour.
½ teaspoon cloves.
½ cake melted chocolate.
4 eggs.

Cream butter and sugar, add the finely mashed potatoes while warm, then the yolks of eggs well beaten, then the milk or cream, melted chocolate and spices. Mix and sift the flour and baking powder, cut nuts fine and dredge with flour. Add flour and nuts to the batter, and lastly the whites of eggs beaten stiff. Bake in a square loaf pan fifty or sixty minutes in a moderate oven. Use chocolate frosting.

Spice Cake

1½ cups sugar.
3 eggs.
1 teaspoon soda.
1 teaspoon baking powder.
1 teaspoon ground cloves.
2-3 cup butter.
1 cup sour milk.
2 cups flour.
4 teaspoons cinnamon.
1 pinch salt.

Cream butter and sugar, add the beaten eggs, then the soda dissolved in the milk. Sift the flour and baking powder together, add spices and salt. Stir all ingredients well.

Nut Cake

1½ cups sugar.
½ cup butter.
¾ cup cold water.
2 cups flour.
1 cup walnuts.
4 egg whites.
4 tablespoons baking powder.

How Many Lumps Do You Take With Your Tee?

Last Monday a week ago, Spring began in the physical education department. Girls took their golfing implements, and, under the direction of Miss Reichert, began their Spring exercise. The grass is green on the course, the fairways are clipped and the roughs are very rough. In fact, everything concerning the universal exercise of golf is in its way in the happiest manner possible for everyone to enjoy contesting the knocking of a ball from here to there. The only trouble is that most of the balls are knocked there—we know not where.

Hikers, also yearning for the clear, crisp Spring air, unpacked their knickers or found bright ties to brighten the darkness of corduroy.

Announcements of "open pool" no longer throw listeners into convulsions of shivers. It is now warm enough to think of great quantities of water with a reasonable degree of saneness.

For the first time since last Spring, there is a group of girls out near the tennis court equipped with long bows and long arrows. Yes, the archery class.

At dusk, white splashes of color in the greyness will call to each other between the dartings of a white ball—"Love 10". Tennis.

Even the walking class will enjoy springing along on rubber heels without the added weight of a coat. No more red noses or chapped hands for anyone. Spring is here!

Girls Enjoy Otis Skinner

See the Play "Papa Juan"

Otis Skinner playing in "Papa Juan" at the American last week attracted several groups of students. On Monday evening, March 31, Miss Terhune chaperoned a group of girls to the theatre. In the group were Katherine Datesman, Jane Reed, Genevieve Michaelson, and Ruth Honnold.

On Wednesday evening, April 2, Adeline Brubaker, Katherine Orr, Dorothy Sutton, Helen Bopp, and Mary Louise Wardley went to the same production.

Otis Skinner played the part of Papa Juan, with the love of life as the theme of the story. The most charming thing about the play was the excellent portrayal of characters, Papa Juan being an old man of 100 years and the numerous members of his household characterizing every type. Spanish life and customs were exceedingly interesting as showed in the play. All that went agreed it was most fascinating in every detail.

1 teaspoon vanilla.

Cream butter and sugar, add the cold water, the flour, half of the beaten egg whites, then the nuts, cut and floured; the rest of the beaten egg, and lastly the baking powder and the flavoring. Bake in an oblong loaf cake pan for 50 minutes. Frost with white, uncooked frosting.

Cup Cakes

2-3 cup butter.
2 cups sugar.
4 eggs.
1 cup milk.
¾ cups flour.

1 teaspoon baking powder.

1 teaspoon vanilla or lemon.

Cream the butter and sugar, add yolks of eggs, beat hard; add the milk, and then the flour, mixed and sifted with the baking powder. Fold in the beaten whites, add flavoring, and bake in the individual tins. Cover with uncooked frosting. Makes 2 dozen cakes.

Choral Club to Rolla

Dance and Entertainment Provided For Girls

At ten minutes after one o'clock, on Thursday afternoon, April 3, the thirty-two members of the choral club, accompanied by their director, Miss Gieselman, Miss Gertrude Isidor, and Miss Mary Catherine Craven, their accompanist left Lindenwood by bus, to go to Rolla, Mo., where they were to give a concert on Thursday evening, at the Missouri School of Mines.

The program that was given consisted of the same numbers that were given at the concert in Roemer auditorium on Monday evening. The first group sung by the choral club was *Sketches From Italy* by Gretcher; *Bella ricciutella, In Venice*, Carretta Siciliana; and *La Tarantella* by Boyd. Next, Miss Gieselman, the director, sang *The Last Hour* by Kramer, and *Sing Joyous Bird*, by Phillips. The next group sung by the choral club was made up of three numbers, *None But The Lonely Heart*, Tschaiakowsky; in which Delores Fisher took the solo part; and *Gypsy Serenade*, by Ambrose. Miss Isidore then gave two violin solos, *Caprice Viennois*, Kreisler, and *Airs Russe*, by Wieniawski. The last three numbers by the choral club were *Life's Joys* by Speaks-Deis; *On the Steppe* Gretchaninoff; and *Spring* by Denza.

The club was entertained at the Kappa Sig house while in Rolla and report that they had a wonderful time. Perhaps the most important event was the dance given for them by the Junior Class of the School of Mines, after the concert. The girls left Rolla at nine-thirty, Friday morning, and arrived in St. Charles at noon.

Partial Eclipse of Moon and Sun Visible in April

In Septemebr, 1923, years ago, quite early in the morning, our various mothers, no doubt, roused us from our beds, told us the sun was going to go behind the moon, and furnished us with smoked glass with which to observe the big event. We remember that we sat upon the steps of the back porch and looked at the landscape, while the maternal parent vainly urged Sister to look at the sun through the aforesaid smoked glass. It was very interesting, and will, no doubt, be more interesting, because now we have practically reached the adult stage, and have developed a scientific turn of mind.

The big event is going to happen again. There is to be an eclipse—two eclipses, to be exact, and, instead of being visible only in Timbuctoo, or some remote corner of the world not within weekend trip radius, they are to be visible right in St. Louis.

A press dispatch from a St. Louis paper states:

"A partial eclipse of the moon and an eclipse of the sun, visible in St. Louis as a partial eclipse will occur this month", Dr. G. J. Krieger, instructor in mathematics and physics at St. Louis University said today.

"The moon will be partially hidden April 12, beginning at 11:21 p. m., reaching a maximum at 11:58 and emerging completely at 12:36 a. m.

"Beginning at 12:38 p. m. April 28, the solar eclipse will be noticeable until 3:15 p. m."

There is only one objection that the Bark holds to this business of the eclipse of the moon and that it really should have been arranged sometime between 9:50 and 10:15, when we could have been out on the campus to observe it.

College Calendar

Thursday, April 8—

8 P. M. Oratory recital.

Sunday, April 13—

11:30 A. M. Lenten Services—Dr. Roemer.

6:30 P. M. Easter services; Rev. R. S. Kenaston of the Methodist Church.

Recital by Virginia Thompson and Dorothy Sutton

The Sophomore Diploma Recital given by Virginia Thompson and Dorothy Sutton, Tuesday afternoon, April 1, was most enjoyable. Virginia appeared first on the program in a group of three songs, "Die Lotosblume" by Schumann; "Si Tusavias" by Balfe; and "Voi che Sapete" (from Le Nozze di Figaro) by Mozart. She wore an attractive dress of fuchsia crepe. The songs were given in a most delightful manner showing that Virginia is quite conscientious in her work. She had a most excellent accompanist in Genevieve Lott.

Dorothy Sutton presented as her first piano selection, "Allegro" from Sonata Op. 14, No. 2, by Beethoven. In this number "Suttie" showed deliberateness and preciseness, so essential to a selection of Beethoven's. She wore a lovely green chiffon dress, with snake skin shoes.

Virginia next sang "Jerusalem! Thou that Killest the Prophets" (from St. Paul), by Mendelssohn. Dorothy's other numbers were the over-popular "Romance" by LaForge; Grieg's songful "Morning Mood"; contrasting to the latter, the gay "Etud Caprice" by MacFadyen; and "Nocturne", F minor, by Chopin. Dorothy plays with much ease, and her performance was most enjoyable.

Virginia's last group of songs included "Ecstasy" by Beach; "Hayfields" by Del Iego; Edgar's "Pleading" and the colorful "In Italy" by Boyd.

Girl Scout Patrols

A Few Hints About The Routine

And about those forty-two girls who have been spending one night a week in the gym this past month—one hears that they are regular "tenderfoots" (tenderfeet?) now. Miss Sampson and Miss Bealer have been instructing them how always to "be prepared" and do one's good deed daily.

There are seven patrols, composed of six loyal scouts each. The patrols are headed by Elizabeth Clarke, Helen Duncan, Irene Grant, Helen Henderson, Rose Keile, Virginia Bear, and Ruth Clement. And the wild names bestowed on those patrols; the **Beetle-tailed Mouchalins**—and the **Daisies!**

The scouts learned to tie five very complicated knots and to recite perfectly the laws and by-laws of the Scouts. This course enables the girls to become leaders and instructors of other scout groups, and the study is very helpful for one majoring in Physical Education.

One wonders when the scouts will be called upon to give a demonstration for the edification of the school; and one also wonders if the loyal scouts daily salute the flag as it wavers in the breeze. A flag-raising each morning at day-break would be good training for them. Think of all the time they would have to study their lessons before breakfast. And as for the one good deed a day—for any scout having trouble with that, please send her around to the Journalism Department; an employment agency would be a good idea, and a blessing to the employers.

Irwin Hall Wins Fencing Tournament

This year's fencing tournament was pronounced a great success by all who witnessed the exciting matches in the auditorium on Thursday, March 27. The tournament, arranged by Miss Duggan and Miss Reichert, was won by Irwin, with Butler second and Sibley tied with Nicolls for third place.

Two girls from each hall were chosen to play in the matches. The tournament was played in round-robin fashion. Irwin's victory was won by France McPherson and Lucille Tralles; Butler was represented by Ruth Teter and Margaret Bowman; Anna Jane Harrison and Marjorie Wycoff fought for Nicolls and Camilla Luther and Lois McKeenan for Sibley.

The teams were designated by colors, green, blue, red, and orange; various sections of the auditorium were decorated in the colors of the different teams, and the rooters from each hall sat in a body to cheer their own particular fencers.

Tragic and Trivial Oratorical Recital Held Thursday

The oratory recital given Thursday, March 27, at eleven o'clock chapel, was very entertaining and enjoyed by all. The readers were: Eleanor McCown, Margaret Pyle, Florence Schnedler, Ruth Talbott, and Beth Wollenman.

Eleanor McCown's, "Her First Caller", presented the typical girl with her first "date", and Eleanor's southern accent was very entertaining.

"The Death Disk" given by Margaret Pyle was a tragic story of a little girl's power. Margaret gave this in an interesting way.

Florence Schnedler presented "On Time", a very entertaining story of a family, a clock, and getting a boy to school on time. It was humorous and was enjoyed by everyone.

Ruth Talbott's reading, "Four Bars In The Key Of G", held the attention of the audience because it had a mysterious element at the end.

Beth Wollenman presented, "Red Carnations", a modern reading concerning the complications of the name SMITH. This was light, humorous and entertaining.

Daylight Saving Time Plan Favored at L. C.

Daylight saving time is being discussed in St. Louis, soon to be voted on by the city. There is much discussion on the question whether or whether not to push the clock up one hour. Naturally there is some interest on the subject in Lindenwood and the pros and cons of an extra hour are being discussed here as well as in St. Louis.

One girl said she believed it to be the best arrangement for summer because by getting up one hour sooner she would have time for an extra game of golf or tennis. Another did not think the system would work at Lindenwood at all. Even if the practice were carried on in St. Louis she believed that such an institution as this, has too many connections with the outside world and that we would be mixed up all the time. Several were in favor of the plan because it would give them an extra hour to sleep. After the first few mornings she said the tennis court would be as deserted as ever and every body would enjoy a whole hour more. She added that it might be rather confusing to the students and more than confusing to the teachers to have the class all walk in one hour late.

Faculty Vacations Show Diversity of Plans

Although all of the faculty have not decided as to where they will spend their spring vacation, many of them have made definite plans.

Dr. and Mrs. Roemer plan to spend their time here at Lindenwood, as does Dean Gipson—resting, and enjoying spring on the campus.

Dr. Gregg will spend her time in the Ozarks, chiefly in and around Eureka Springs, Ark.

Miss Morris will go to Chicago for a conference of teachers of Psychology, on Contents of Psychology courses and methods of teaching.

Miss Hankins will spend her time in Webster Groves, and Miss Parker in Alton, Ill.

Miss Tucker will go to her home in Lansing, Mich., and Miss Isidor to Cincinnati, Ohio.

Miss Stone plans to go to Galesburg, Ill., where she will install a new chapter of Beta Pi Theta. From there she will go to Eureka Springs, Arkansas for a visit with her mother.

Miss Thurman and Dorothy Gehlbach will divide their vacation time, Miss Thurman spending her time in her home in Columbia and Dorothy going to her home in Lincoln, Ill.

Were You April Fooled?

Vote For More of the Day, After Recent Success.

And how did the dear old April Fool treat you? He, or she, seems to have been very busy around the campus—what with all the anonymous telephone calls and mysterious letters.

The Bark itself came in for a good share of the fooling. In some strange manner, the heads were mixed (incidentally, or accidentally?) and one found under the heading of "Alpha Mu Mu Recital," "Members of Art Department to View Modern Art". (Several of these societies must have changed their original calling). And then, under the "Trip to the Art Museum", Members of Musical Sorority Give Interesting Program". Last, but not least, a very long nice interesting article,—why, over six hundred words—concerning the life and activities of Major Sibley was lost somewhere; consequently, this joke was neither as practical nor as amusing as the others played on the paper. And how poor Major Sibley must have felt to think that the Bark did not appreciate his birthday.

Of course everyone knows about that good old practice of saying "rabbit" the first of every month. Well, there is a certain girl in a certain building who every morning performs the magnanimous service of arousing her less wakeful friends; on the night of May 31, she had faithfully promised to awaken her friends and say "rabbit". On April 1, she commenced her rounds at 5:30, thus kindly benefitting the sleepers.

But the greatest and nicest April Fool of all,—that most appetizing informal dinner on Major Sibley's birthday. At first, one thought that there must be a catch somewhere, surely that chicken salad was not quite as innocent as it looked; but Miss Walter would not treat her hungry students in that matter, and so all the toothsome delicacies were simply gobbled up between the dances, nevertheless, being none the less appreciated.

So another's April Fool Day is gone from Lindenwood. Take heart, sad ones, they're only a year apart.

Who'll Be The Brave One?

Bring Your Would-be Hubby to Lindenwood

Girls, here is your chance! If you are planning on getting married in the near future, or in the future at all, as far as that is concerned and you feel that you just can't make plans for the wedding reception, and the rest of the formalities, just plan on getting married before the students at dear old Lindenwood. Of course, we know that the groom would probably have serious objections, but you can quiet him in a minute by merely remarking casually, "My dear, did you ever hear of anyone noticing a groom at any wedding?" If after this he still wants to marry you, you will have it anywhere you desire.

Dr. Roemer said the other evening that he would give a dinner, a reception, and a dance to any former Lindenwood girl who would be married before the student body. Now, is that an opportunity or no? He told of one girl who was married in Sibley chapel, and all the students were allowed to attend. He told only the faculty what was going to happen, so that they could make assignments before the bell rang instead of afterwards, and the students could get over there in time. Well, here is the joke on the faculty; they were all there before the students, and had seats in the front row. May one add for safety, that has been some years ago?

Make your plans early, and hand in your name for reservations, because we expect a rush when this announcement comes out, and you want a nice day, you know, so come early and avoid the rush. Another factor that is favorable in considering this offer, if the wedding is to be within the next couple of years, is that you may receive a few wedding presents from college friends. If you are considering this, it would be wise to start cultivating a few friends among the underclassmen. For further details, please see Dr. Roemer.

Read the Linden Bark.

STRAND THEATRE

WED. THURS. and FRI. NIGHTS

Saturday Matinee

Vitaphone—Road Show

MARILYN MILLER

in

"Sally"

SATURDAY NIGHT

All Talking

WILLIAM HAINES

in

"The Girl Said No"