

LINDEN BARK

Vol. 6.—No. 26

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Price 5c

Agony Column

Dear Aunt Mary:

I have read your column, "Helpful Advice for Young Ladies", and I wonder if you can help me. I am twenty years old, and not unattractive in appearance, yet boys do not like me.

In addition to my personal appearance, I am considered very intelligent. Just the other evening a young man came to call, and as a topic of conversation I mentioned the London Peace Conference—a thing he seemed to know very little about. Of course I knew all about the Conference, and we spent a most delightful evening discussing it.

And I am very good in all sorts of athletics. Last week I played golf with a fellow, and I helped him in improving his game. Why, his driving was terrible, but after I told him how awful it was, and where he was wrong, he really did quite well.

I have studied music for years (really play and sing quite well) and am always willing to help others by pointing out their mistakes. Last night I spent the whole evening trying to explain to a young man just why his piano playing sounded so "chopped".

But in spite of all my accomplishments the boys seldom call me for a "second date". Can you tell me what it is that I lack—why I am not more popular?

Your forlorn friend,
BONNIE BEE.

Dear Bonnie Bee:

My dear child, your place is not with young men, either outdoors or indoors. You seem to be ignored both places, if I understand you correctly. I believe your case has been used in that famous advertisement—"You wouldn't care to meet Bonnie Bee", or Marvin, as the case may be. Perhaps I may be off on a wrong tangent. That may not be your trouble at all. Only a personal interview will tell. Letters don't carry such things.

There seems to be several things wrong with you in addition to the above hinted. Your conversation is all wrong. You must talk about something vital, interesting, something connected with every day living. The London Peace Conference is past history. Why, my dear, the Armistice was signed in 1918, and you know all that cleared up before that. I find that if you must talk to your date, it is better to keep on present day subjects. And, Bonnie Bee, don't ever offer the willing hand. It is positively deadly. Don't ever correct any young man. I'll admit they often need it, in more ways than one, but refrain. Play dumb instead. It's much safer. I always do, and you can't imagine how many beaux I have. I'll admit it is a bit hard to do, when you are fairly bursting with intelligence and wit, but when you intend to stoop to folly, everything pays. And a parting word, Bonnie, give them just LOTS of house.

Everybody Happy at Dr. Roemer's Party

Last Formal Dance of the Year A Huge Success.

Dr. Roemer's birthday was the occasion for a big dinner dance on Friday, May 2. Dinner was served at six-thirty, and the dancing began at eight with members of the student council as hostesses.

Dr. Roemer and the faculty made their grand entrance to the dining room to the tune of the University of Maine Stein Song. During the course of the dinner Dr. Roemer made a short speech of thanks and appreciation of the celebration in his honor. Then he introduced Mr. Motley and Mr. Thomas who led the girls in singing many old time favorites. Mr. Motley proved to be a fine master of ceremonies and quite the life of the party.

All the tables were decorated with flowers. In fact, the whole school was filled with them, all kinds and varieties, in baskets and vases. All day the gifts of flowers kept coming in until Dr. Roemer's office began to take on the appearance of a garden or a florist's shop.

And what a dinner, now really, isn't it a shame that there isn't a birthday dinner every Friday night. Dr. Roemer was certainly "done up proud". At six o'clock the hungry and expectant girls had already started lining up at the doors, and as the time dragged slowly on, they literally piled up. But the wait merely sharpened the appetites for the bountiful dinner.

As the 6:30 bell rang, and the girls rushed to their tables. Dr. and Mrs. Roemer headed the grand march, followed by the faculty into the dining room. And then the fun began:

Strawberries with powdered sugar nuts
Chicken patties
Pears and sweet potatoes
Salad
Olives and celery
Rolls and butter
Strawberry ice cream and cake
Coffee

The dinner carried out the red motif: red nut-caps, strawberries with powdered sugar, and strawberry ice cream with red candles on the individual birthday cakes.

Mr. Motley was the jester for the evening. With Mr. Thomas accompanying him on the piano, he sang joked, and made love—right under Mrs. Motley's eye, too. All the guests joined in singing the ever-popular "There's a long, long trail a-winding", "My Wild Irish Rose", and "Let Me Call You Sweetheart". Mr. Motley was requested to give a special number, but he refused for fear of becoming homeless.

The climax of the evening was reached when all the lights were turned off, and the maids entered

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Sigma Tau Delta Proud of Members

Six Appear in Rectangle

Six Lindenwood students have recently had the honor to have their work published in the May issue of "The Rectangle", which is the official publication of Sigma Tau Delta, the national professional English fraternity. This is especially a great honor as selections are sent in from all over the United States, and there is much competition in deciding what pieces are to be published.

Ruth Dawson, a Sophomore, had the honor to have three short poems printed. Every one on the campus knows that Ruth is famous for her "niggah" stories, and "Black Nocturne", "Sis Ann", and "You Niggah" have all been used in "The Rectangle".

Dorothy Turner, another Sophomore, and from Chicago, has written "Michigan Boulevard", describing the shops along the boulevard and the people, who looked longingly at the luxurious things in the windows only to be wished for. The president of the Lindenwood chapter of Sigma Tau Delta, Julia Thomson of St. Charles, has written "Saint Louis And The Cottonwoods," concerning the jealousy of Saint Louis of the "upstart cottonwoods".

To add to her many other scholastic honors Margaret Jean Wilhoit has had a lovely poem, "To A Sunset" published. "The Effect of Love" by Jane E. Tomlinson is agay, carefree, and altogether delightful little poem.

Mary Louise Wardley, secretary of the local Sigma Tau Delta chapter wrote "Three Men"; one the man of physical strength, one of mental power and the last with a "flaming sense of infinite beauty", a "singing soul".

Beta Phi Theta Picnic at Elm Point

Beta Phi Theta, national honorary French fraternity, has as its new vice-president for the next year, Mary Jo Wolfert. As publicity agent for the organization, Joseph Pack was appointed.

And then they had a picnic. Last night, all active members and pledges accompanied by Miss Stone, sponsor, and Miss Stumberg, honorary member, made merry at Elm Point. Leaving the college at five o'clock about twenty made their way via Miss Stone's new car, on foot, etc. to his typical spot, where hamburgers, salads, potato chips, ginger ale, ice cream and all the other trimmings of a really good picnic were enjoyed. Nature lovers, food lovers, and general supporters of a good time were satisfied at this time when Beta Phi Theta members met together socially for the last time this year.

Read the Linden Bark.

Motor Trip and Picnic Family Breakfast

Such stories as this one should be suppressed. It is hard enough to study these days as it is, without reading about picnics and outings. But this is too good to keep. Last Wednesday, Mrs. Roemer, Miss Hough and Mrs. Wenger were Miss Clement's guests at her cottage at Champaign, Ill. They were even lucky enough to have lovely weather. Early in the morning, they drove to Hiwood, the cottage, built between the bluffs and the Mississippi.

They cooked their own lunch of mushrooms and toast, coffee and rhubarb pie an ideal menu combining just enough of the rustic, and just enough of the city, to make it thoroughly enjoyable. In the afternoon they gathered colorful bits of rock, and Miss Hough found some splendid dirt, the very kind she needed for her flowers—so, she helped herself, and brought it back. They had dinner in Alton on their way home.

Student Board Dines In Tea Room

Guests of Dr. and Mrs. Roemer

Dr. and Mrs. Roemer entertained the members of the student board and housemothers Monday evening, May 5, at 6:00 o'clock in the tea room. Miss Cook, Miss Sayre, and Miss Clement were guests also. The color scheme idea carried out in the nut cups and place cards. Dr. Roemer was head of one table and Mrs. Roemer was head of the other. After a delicious dinner of chicken, peas, potatoes, head lettuce salad, rolls, jolly, ice cream with strawberries, angel food cake and coffee Mrs. Roemer ex-vice of the student board and presented lovely gifts to each one. The officers of the board were presented with purses and the housemothers were given bridge score-cards.

Bacon's 'n Eggs At Latin Breakfast

YUM! YUM! What is sweeter than the aroma of bacon, eggs, and coffee at six o'clock in the morning? Well the Pi Alpha Deltas have had their day.

Frances Kaiser and Jane Babcock were the heads of the social committee and had charge of the early breakfast, Thursday, May 8. Miss Hankins, the sponsor, is widely known for her coffee making. The following was the lovely menu: fresh strawberries dipped in powdered sugar, bacon and eggs, buns, and coffee. The sugar for coffee was in the shapes of clubs, hearts, diamonds, and spades. Everyone had all they could eat. Oh! why such cruelty? This is the second year that the Geyer twins have showed their ability as egg-fryers.

LINDEN BARK

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EDITOR-IN CHIEF
Norma Paul Ruedi, '30

EDITORIAL STAFF:

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

Roberta Manning, '32
Agnes McCarthy, '32
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Betty Palmer, '32
Cary Pankey, '32
Marjorie Taylor, '32
Dorothy Turner, '32
Mary Louise Wardley, '31

TUESDAY, MAY 13, 1930.

The Linden Bark:

The Linden Bark:

Flowers are lovely; Love is flower-like,
Friendship is a sheltering tree;
O! the joys, that come down shower-like,
Of Friendship, Love and Liberty.

—Samuel Taylor Coleridge

The American Family Breakfast

The American Family Breakfast. In those words are contained the plot for the second great American tragedy. As P. G. Wodehouse says, and to which we agree, the family breakfast is the cause of divorce, murder, and many crimes. Think of the number of men that are tempted to kill the world with a word because the toast was burned, or his wife had a headache.

In America, we do not have the leisurely breakfast of the European. Everyone is in a hurry, rushing down at different times, and demanding some coffee in a hurry. There is no attempt to make the meal a social gathering or anything of the sort. The poor meal is regarded as something to be gotten over as soon as possible.

The alarm has gone off a few minutes too late, Mother does not have breakfast ready, Father is late to work, Sister will not be able to walk to school with Jack if she waits for breakfast, and Brother will not get to school in time to shoot a game of marbles. Consequently the entire family starts the day in a bad humor, and think of the other people whose day is ruined due to this one family. Mother visits a store, putting six sales-ladie in a bad humor, the grocery, and the market, adding two more to the list. Father balled out his secretary, who made those under him wretched for the day. Sister has a fight with Jack, and fights with her two best girl friends. Brother gets in a fight with three boys, and gets the worst of it.

So with the damage that may be done at the breakfast family, would it not be a very good idea if more time and thought were devoted to this abused meal.

"On With The Show" at Lindenwood

"On with the show". Familiar as this quotation appears to the majority of us, did the significance behind it ever solve itself in your mind? Talkies, sensational movies, and an occasional mediocre stage production constitute the nucleus of the entertainment for the play going public today. Very few really valuable legitimate stage shows have been set before the public lately, and this number has been decreasing in value and in actual number more and more as the years have rolled away. Indeed a pathetic climax for this art that was at one time glorified. Did it ever occur to you just how much the American colleges and universities have done to enhance the fame and endurance of the stage show? What would college be without the usual number of plays, musical comedies, operettas, with the roommate or best friend saying their six lines, leaving you alone night after night in order to practice and perfect even her minor part. Or maybe it is you yourself who is fortunate enough to possess some degree of dramatic talent. Well, whatever, it makes up a large part of life, and in Lindenwood this year, the productions have been such as to keep flickering that last flame of dramatic art.

The initial appearance was at Thanksgiving, and if the one that followed were to be judged by the success of this one, there was certainly no cause to worry. Then came the Alpha Psi Omega Christmas play—another marvel. The musical comedy, even more interesting because of the presence of its clever authoresses on the campus—score three. The dramatic fraternity still further credited themselves with the spring play, and now the school is waiting with impatient interest for the seniors last success, and the show for the May Fete. What would college be like without them? Is it any wonder then, that encouragement is being rendered even more than before to this type of thing—the American colleges have instituted and perfected lots of things, so why not the stage!

Lehmpuhl Dinner

Frances Lehmpuhl entertained at her Home Ec. dinner, May 1, with Lucille Dillingham as host, and, as student guest, Pauline Brown. Yellow tea-roses graced the table.

The menu, particularly suitable for

the present season was:

Meat Loaf	
Peas	
Jellied vegetable salad with mayonnaise	
Parker house rolls	Plum jelly
Pineapple sherbert	Coffee
Sponge Cake	

Interviews With Talented Seniors

In this manner of talented seniors—something must be said about Ruth Teter to make the story complete. There is not much in the way of news to tell. Everyone picks out Ruth at the first dance of the year as one of the best dancers on the floor, and keeps an eye on her forever more, waiting for an inning.

Perhaps the editor could surprise the campus with a little information about her school life. Somehow just because people never publicly catch her studying, they overlook the fact that she came here to get a degree—and is getting it, an A. B. Since she is taking a major in Sociology, she thinks, of course, there is no one like Miss Schaper. And in public opinion, Ruth could also get a major in "excellent taste", if such a thing might be obtained.

Teter is awful busy right now being stage manager for the Senior play. And if a sample of her talent is required, just notice how smoothly the play runs that night. She is also a member of the A. A. and interested principally in horseback riding, although she might be seen on the golf course, once in a while.

Ruth is seriously considering running a ranch, some day, but her most immediate plans are a trip to California next winter, and a trip back to Lindenwood next year, to see her sister, Helen, who is enrolling here, as a freshman next September. Pretty nice for Helen, to have a popular sister pave the way, but pretty hard too, to live up to campus expectations.

Downward Ho!

To Home Ec.

On May 6 at 6 p. m. Nina Snyder served her dinner to Mrs. Roberts, Betty Brown, Barbara Ringer, her "host", and Miss Mortensen. According to the guests, the dinner was delicious—and just to tease the luckless girls who do not have chums or roommates in the Home Economics Department from whom they can beg an invitation for one of these parties, the Bark will give the menu: shattuch halibut, spinach timbales, frozen pear and cheese salad, parker house rolls and jelly, lemon pie and iced tea.

Tellin' It To You

Merely Why and Because in Long Skirts

By the Bark's Tale

The Zoology classes, at present, are studying this business of heredity. Miss Sherman was explaining the factors in inheritance of eye color. "Now, brown always dominates blue. If one parent had brown eyes and the other parent had blue eyes, the offspring would have brown eyes."

One student, erstwhile placidly drawing pictures, sat up in dismay, and chewed her fountain pen for a while. "Er—Miss Sherman, if one parent had brown eyes, and the other parent had green eyes, and I—I mean the offspring had blue eyes, what— (The class giggled) Miss Sherman, coolly observing the blushing student, remarked that probably the brown-eyed parents was not absolute in heredity for brown eyes, whereupon the blushing student became highly indignant—understanding about three weeks later.

Read the Linden Bark.

Dr. Dobson Explains Most Tragic Word

Believing "gone" or "lost" to be the most tragic word in the English language, Dr. R. C. Dobson, of the First Presbyterian Church of St. Louis, talked on this subject at the Vespers at Lindenwood Sunday night, April 27.

Dr. Dobson explained the connotation that many eminent men of the country have given as to the most tragic word, some of the commonest selections being "home, love, death, evermore, at last, the afterwhile hope, and lost".

Dr. Dobson said: "Jesus was the first in our ranks to seek and save that which is lost. His mission in life was to recover the lost and replace the gone-ness with something worthwhile.

"Among the factors and elements that go to make up our daily life the valuation of time is one of the commonest things we lose. Our time on earth is brief compared to the great eternity of God. For a student, valued time should be first of all prerequisite of success. Christ valued his time, as is illustrated when he said: 'The time cometh when no man can work'.

"Secondly, the value of friendship and love is an important thing in our lives. They mean more than any richness in life—the choice, conservation, wreckage, renewal and eternal friendship. In the field of love and friendships there are more serious losses through neglect than any other one cause. What is our life work unless it is given for others, because life after all is one volume of service. It is a game of giving—service, devotion on behalf of others.

"The loss of faith is the third great error in this most tragic word. It is the greatest thing after all. To have faith like the disciples of Christ who would follow him to the end of the world is a most precious valuation. We should have a holy faith in our fathers, for if you would have success and satisfaction in this world, you must give faith in return for faith. For without faith in His blessed name we cannot live the lives we should, accomplish what we want, and know that peace that passeth all understanding".

Seniors Sport Sweaters

Four years of work, four years of joy and then comes the day when a Senior puts on her toga and face the world. For the Lindenwood "A. E." there is a preliminary dress, a distinction garment which she wears before the cap and gown, and that is the Senior Sweater.

Heads high, eyes sparkling the Senior class of 1930 marched into the dining room on Wednesday night, May 7, to their song "Here we are right now." Every eye was focussed on their sweaters, mannish cut white flannel with the Lindenwood seal in red and white on the pocket.

From now on the class will sit at three main tables reserved for them in the most conspicuous place in the dining room. Wednesday night was their night. They sang a new class song composed by two of their members, Iris Fleischaker and Mary Mason. On Thursday night they sang again, and this time to their honored sponsors Mrs. Roemer and Miss Schaper. The three other classes complimented the Seniors with songs of farewell.

Dr. Roemer invited the Class of '30 to be hostesses to the members of the Eighth District Federated Women's clubs which were entertained here on last Friday.

A REAL GUY

By Betsy Davis

"Jacqueline."

"Uh huh."

"Get up immediately or you'll be late for school".

Jackie turned over in bed with a groan and wondered what ailed her. Her bones ached, her nose was sore, and her knuckles were bruised. Then, all that had happened yesterday came to her in a rush. No wonder she was nappy.

She remembered how she had slouched down in her seat yesterday afternoon in school and how Hank Goisky, a tough orphan, who lived at the "Home", had tied one of her curls to the back of the seat. Hank was always bullying some girl; it was usually Jackie because she invariably put up a fight.

On this particular occasion Jackie turned to see who was laughing and why. As she turned, her hair gave a terrific jerk. She tried to sit up straight but it pulled like fury. By this time all of the kids were laughing. Jackie was awfully embarrassed. The more she pulled to get her hair loose, the more it hurt and the more everyone giggled. Jackie was furious, now. Finally with a big yank she pulled her curl free. Just as she turned around to Hank Miss Leib looked up.

"Jacqueline, you may stay in at recess and explain to me just how you were entertaining the room."

Poor Jackie. She was almost in tears. She wished she could tell Miss Leib the truth but, heck, she couldn't be a tattletale. The kids would call her a poor sport, then. Why did Hank always get the best of her? Why didn't the teacher ever catch him?

"You have to stay in at recess, you have to stay in at recess", sneered Hank into her ear.

Jackie didn't say a word but tried to concentrate on the print that was swimming before her eyes.

That afternoon when the three-thirty bell rang Jackie ran down the hall to get Pete and Johnny. They were in the sixth grade, she decided, and could help. When Hank came out of the building with several other "Home" boys, the first thing he saw was Pete and Johnny standing beside Jackie making queer punching motions with their fists.

The Orphans walked straight on towards the Home. They didn't want to get into any trouble because they would be reported to the authorities and made to work harder. But Jackie wanted revenge—at least she thought it would be revenge. She hurried after Hank, feeling very brave in the company of two sixth graders.

"'Fraidy cat. Scared to fight a girl." sing-songed Jackie.

"Aw go home and play with your dolls," retorted Hank, feeling rather embarrassed and confused at having a girl challenge him to fight.

"'Fraid cat," continued Jackie.

At this Hank turned around.

"If you want to fight, c'mon and do it."

Jackie was surprised. She hadn't thought for a second that Hank would fight when she was with two sixth graders.

"What are you waiting for?" asked Pete.

Jackie seemed anchored to the ground. She couldn't move a muscle. She simply stood and stared.

"Are you a baby?" asked Johnny.

"This made her mad. She would show Johnny and especially Pete that she was a "real guy." She stepped forward. Johnny put the chip of wood on

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HOUSES

By Helen Townsley

Isn't it queer how you can pass by the same houses for years with unseeing eyes, not even noticing their shapes or colors, letting the personalities of their owners completely blot out the personality of the house? And some houses have such nice personalities. It is lovely when the people and the house match. However, that is not often the case.

How much fun it would be to take the little 'ole' open roadster some misty moonlight night, in summer, and ride about town, very late, when everyone is asleep, at that hour just before the moon goes down and the sun rises. All the people are gone. The houses drenched in the soft moonlight, seem to come to life.

That big brick one on the corner with its wide encircling porch stands guard through the night, smiling to me with proud window eyes, and holding its occupants safely in its broad porch arms.

And right next door the frail house, so elegant in its day, seems to hold its peaked gables even higher and the fancy lattices and railings are like lace in the moonlight. It reminds me of a little old fashioned spinster, shrinking, yet trying awfully hard to put up a bold front.

Just around the corner, there is that darling white stucco cottage. Its bright awnings and open veranda seem wide awake, eagerly waiting for the dawn and the life and joy which must come with it. I do hope that the people in this house match it.

Of course, the prim colonial lady with her slim columns and modest shutters is standing beside the gruff pioneer of the plains, a very square limestone house, with small windows. The front windows are most elaborate and look as if they would be more than willing to admit light if the jealous jaws of the porch didn't shut it out before they had a chance.

Then there are always those nondescript houses, just built for shelter. The moonlight seems to cast a spell even on them. Like wallflowers sitting there silently they seem to be wistful wondering if a new porch or perhaps another chimney would help to develop their personality.

YOU

By Mary Mason

You are like the leaping flame
Of gypsy bridal fires,
With your hair russet with carmined
leaves;
But you are too ardent
For me.
You stifle the originality
Of my heart.
And beat down the stillness
Of my soul.
Of you should be like the silver silence
Of the youngest moon;
Like the jade hesitance
Of a tremulous moth.
Your fragrance should be the violet-
scented memories
Of forgotten gardens.
But you are you.

SHOWERS

By Mary Mason

Drops of molten silver,
Dripping from the sighing leaves
Of weeping willows.
Streams of rippling gold,
Stealing the fading glories
Of a dying sun.
Curtains of obscuring fog,
Hiding the gaudy glimmerings
Of a grimy world,
In robes of clinging bleakness.

OLD PETE

By Helen Petty

"Old Pete" they call him, and the term is neither one of endearment nor of dislike. The majority of the villagers regard him with a tolerant, kindly, more or less contemptuous pity, being amused by his freakish whims, never amusing the wistful struggle of his lonely old heart.

All of his life he has been the same queer, gently unkempt old fellow with the same strange puzzled gleam in his tired eyes that you see in those of a homeless old dog. Old Pete is homeless. Restlessly he is passed from the household of his sister to that of his widowed sister-in-law and taken to that of his niece. "I can't stand his nagging", declares Lindy, the sister-in-law, and the others nod their heads in sympathetic agreement. Why can't they understand that it's only his helplessness blundering attempt to find out the reasons for the mad rush of the moderns and his fumbling attempt at reconciliation with modern ideas? "They ain't got time for nobuddy but themselves," deplures Pete. He has never been able to understand why passers-by in the city where his sister, Sarah lives do not stop with a friendly word as they do in the village where he has always lived.

Old Pete has other annoying habits. He takes a peculiar delight in clicking his glittering false teeth, breaking the choppy rhythm now and then by projecting them from between his wrinkled lips in a shining arc. Then he sucks them in again with an audible "sough". He has an uncommon genius for making one of his naive statements in exactly the wrong place. "Well, Sarah", he will say jovially, "haven't grown any thinner, hev ye? Peers like ye're grown some heavier." Sarah smiles, but clinches her teeth together to keep from tossing some indignant remark in his innocent old face. She has been on a diet for weeks.

"He's a meddlesome old fool!" declares his niece, forgetting the check he gave her last month "for a new dress an' fixin's," and remembering the spilled coffee and the ruined lunch-eon cloth.

"Nobody'd want a old feller like me around," says Old Pete, staunchly denying the ache that looks out through his faded eyes.

RAIN IN THE EAVES

By Helen Petty

There's a cool, grey mist behind the
hill,
And a wind in the poplar tree,
And it twirls and flutters the round,
silver leaves
And jingles the round, silver drops
in the eaves
And whispers and sings to me.

There's a cool, grey mist behind the
hill,
And a wind in the poplar tree,
And it mocks and bruises the round
silver leaves,
And the round silver drops trickle
into the eaves,
But they seem like tears to me.

SALT MARSH

By Charlie Jean Cullum

Plains stretch far
Under cloud-hidden stars,
A road winds over hay-strewn
sands,
Through marshes and wild
grass
Up to a lone cabin;
From the fireplace, through a door,
Crackling fire welcome you
To Salt Marsh.

MR. BRITON'S COMPANY

By Al Freda Brodbeck

The night was quiet and very dark. From across the prairies outside of town, the wind brought the smell of new wheat growing. We had all felt the same thing a thousand times before, yet it charmed us as much as ever. It was pleasant on the porch, just talking about what we should do tomorrow and thinking how snug and smooth was our little world. Presently Mother took Phyllis off to bed. We could hear her snapping on lights as she went through the house on her way upstairs. A little later Kathleen unfolded her long body from a corner of the swing and stretched her arms.

"I wonder why Mr. Briton's porch light has been on all evening", she yawned. "He's so frightfully stingy, I think it would break his heart."

"Lyle", I said, "maybe something is wrong with the old fellow. He might be ill, and since we're his next-door neighbors we ought to look out for him a little."

"Aw gee, sis, nothin's wrong with him. He's just forgotten to turn it off, that's all."

"Well, you ought to go tell him about it anyway. He might leave it burning all night."

"Oh, all right. I hate to go poppin' in on him that way though. He probably has his reasons." And Lyle went out the screen door.

Since it was lonely on the porch now, Kathleen and I went into the music room to read a new duet. The thing sounded very disjointed at first, but when we caught the swing of it, we kept right on doing it over and over. Presently Mother came down and asked for Lyle. We told her where he had gone. She looked at us a little queerly.

"Do you girls realize what time it is?"

"No, we haven't any idea."

"It's nearly eleven-thirty, and Lyle's been gone since nine at least. Whatever could be keeping him over at Mr. Briton's? I thought he didn't have much use for the poor old miser." She picked up her book and settled herself to read.

"Oh, he'll be back any minute now, I guess", said Kathleen.

Somehow we didn't want to play the gay little duet again, but we still sat there on the piano bench as quiet as mice. My conscience was beginning to ache a little because it was I who had sent Lyle out into the dark. What if a robber had got him?

Kathleen startled me by saying, "I wonder what has happened to Mr. Briton?"

Well, that was something different. I just sat quiet without thinking. I heard water drip from a faucet somewhere in the back of the house, but I could not move to turn it off. Phyllis' dog crawled away back behind the piano and stared out at us with his head on his paws. My eyes wouldn't close, and I couldn't take them from a pot of red geraniums on the window sill. Mother kept looking over the top of her book. A clock unwound with a tiny click. I jumped. At twelve-thirty Lyle came in.

"The man next door has committed suicide", he told us quietly.

It didn't surprise us somehow. I didn't move. I still had to watch the red geraniums.

"It was carbolic acid", Lyle said. "The bottle was sitting beside him. His tongue was burnt in a crisp. Already the men are digging in the cellar for his strong box."

Mother immediately asked us to go

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FIRST STREET BY NIGHT

By Martha Watson

It is not the better section of town, this street, so strangely silent and sinister by night. The chance observer has a weird, inexplicable feeling that a hundred eyes are watching him—that at one signal the hypocritical street could be swarming with clamoring, menacing life. Small, dingy shapes, dark and uninviting, are separated occasionally by yawning alleys, sardonically mocking and terrorizing. The street-car tracks, which clatter so noisily by day, are silent now under their ragged blanket of slush and mud. Emphasizing rather than relieving the gloom, a line of gas lamp-posts stretches away in the distance, each blurred and flickering spot of light growing smaller and fainter to the eye of the observer.

Even now, at two o'clock in the morning, the place is not entirely deserted. Against the nearest lamp-posts leans a man—a raggedly-clad, shiftless, and shifty man. Hands in pockets, he lolls idly, cewing gum and casting slow and searching glances up the street, down the street, behind him, in front of him, up the street again. A little further on in the same block a policeman leans against a shop door. He, too, is watching. The whites of his hard eyes gleam under his storm hat as he stares relentlessly at the loafer on the corner.

An automobile passes slowly, cautiously, its headlights throwing ghastly rays on the wet pavement. The chugging of the motor fades into the night. The street is silent again. The cop and the idler are alone once more, watching, waiting.

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to bed. We went, but many lights were left burning that night. I do not know why. Lyle says the dead cannot come back. I couldn't sleep for a long time, and every now and then I could catch the sound of footsteps in Kathleen's room. I didn't worry—she often does that when she's thinking.

At breakfast the next morning I heard the scraps of the man's life. They were commonplace enough—years of bad luck and poverty, then wealth too late. All through ran a strong, coarse thread of stinginess with occasionally the glimpse of a finer one which was loneliness. Kathleen left the table after a few minutes. For a moment I wondered where she had gone as I heard a car back from the garage, but then I heard a phrase that interested me, and I turned back to listen. After that I forgot her.

All day people went back and forth from the house next door. They tied a huge black wreath under the bell. Mother was gone all the time, and the gloomy death smell was in our house even. Women went in over there and stopped at our place to cry—women who scarcely knew what Mr. Briton looked like when he was alive. The telephone rang constantly as curious neighbors called to ask us why he did it. By evening I was so cross I went back into a corner of the garden to hate everybody. I sat there thinking a long while before Kathleen came out to me, striding along like a happy man.

"Sis", she said, "sis, he doesn't care. He's been wanting to die. I'm not sorry about it, and no one else ought to be either. Don't you understand? Getting away from his lonely house will be a peace to him."

Read the Linden Bark.

NIGHT IN THE WOODS

By Mary Miller

All nature lovers have spent at least one night in the open woods. Those who love the outdoors should go alone to get the full benefit of this experience. You should wear suitable clothing and take only a shot-gun and a box of matches. Try to start before nightfall because you can then be able to view the sunset from some grassy height which prepares you for what is to follow. After the paint pot of ever-variant sunshine has sunk to darkness, slowly descend the hill and breathe the moist freshness of the early evening air. I should advise tramping in some underbrush all night because if one slept most of the magic of the woodland would be lost. As the moon shows its first light in the east the crickets try to outchirp each other in the overcrowded swamp. The owl hoots out its greeting to the children of the night as a hawk croaks in the tallest tree. Small animals rustle across your path into the thickly entwined weeds and grass of the mossy earth. In the distance, you hear the soft trickle and lisp of icy water caressing worn stones. No stars shine. Downstream a perspiring animal laps the water thirstily; while above, in the budding branches of the oak, sleeping birds flutter in their swinging homes. As the moon goes behind a cloud a moist breeze freshens the atmosphere which soon turns to rain. You seek shelter under a nearby tree watching the downpour. A drenched airplane drones its way overhead disturbing the silencing rain which ceases as quickly as it comes, leaving a few gay-colored beads to splash on the paper-like leaves. The crickets renew their chirping with even more animation, and, in spite of all, you fall asleep. The first rays of the rising sun awaken you to the glory of a freshened world. Yellow light gleams through the cracked window shade of the last of the clouds, and lightens the forked tree tops of early spring. As soon as you catch your breath you are reminded that you are living in a material world and need food, so you march off home.

PHANTASM

By Maxine Luther

She said her garden was a lovely thing, with dainty hyacinths and glossy tulips, and a pool, shimmering, when the moon was clear. She told me it would comfort me when I was lonely. So I hurried there last night. But the ghastly moon had transformed the beauty into distasteful things—or was it my mood? The ground was black and dark and tulips thrust up their heads like little, livid, corpulent faces. A blur of fantastic, marble shapes stalked where lilies should have grown. I knelt to feel the luxuriant grass but at my touch it was changed to a wild, tangled mat, teeming with wanton crawling things. The jet-black, silent, gleaming pool could not have been the one of which she spoke. I was frightened and I turned away. Perhaps I'd lost the path and strayed into Darkness' own weird dominion.

SILVER SHALLOPS

By Betty Palmer

Frail silver shallops
Skim the dark seas,
Slim silken sails
Raised high in threes.
Laden with spices,
They sweeten the breeze.
Slumbering shallops—
Silent and light—
Rest in the harbor
Still for the night,
Silver sails drooping—
Furled after flight.

(Continued from page 3)

Hank's shoulder. Jackie tried to flip it off with a nonchalant air but only trembled all the more. Hank gave her the customary shove and the fight began in earnest.

From the beginning Jackie was on the wrong end; Hank hit her first to the right and then to the left. However, she got in some good blows. One time she hit Hank on the nose. This called forth some compliments from the audience and she noticed that quite a crowd had gathered around them. While Jackie was looking around Hank recovered and hit her in the stomach, knocking all of the wind out of her. She fell like a load of bricks. Right then and there she knew she was going to die.

"Rough luck, old girl," said Johnny, pounding her on the back in an attempt to get the wind back into her lungs.

"Better come over to my house and wash before you go home," was all that Pete had to say.

Jackie felt infinitely hurt. She watched Hank walk down the street with a crowd of "Home" boys patting him on the back and congratulating him. No one was with her except Pete and Johnny. They didn't say much.

Johnny went on home while Pete and Jackie slowly and silently toward Pete's house. They went in by the way of the kitchen so that Mrs. Heppes wouldn't see them. Jackie managed to get the streaks of blood and dirt off of her face but her dress had a big rip right down the front. Boy, wouldn't Mom be sore? That was another thing added to her grievances. She wished she was dead. Why didn't Pete say something? Jackie walked out of the door.

"Bye, Pete."

"Sorry you lost," said Pete as he closed the door.

As soon as Jackie got down the stairs the tears welled up in her eyes. If she was bigger she'd run away from home.

"Jackie," Pete leaned out the window.

She turned around.

"You're sure a 'real guy' for trying to beat up Hank."

Jackie walked on air all the way home. She was a "real guy". Pete had said so. Gee, he was a keen kid. He knew a "real guy" when he saw one, thought Jackie visibly swelling.

"Jacqueline, wherever have you been? John, look at her!" said Mrs. Pattie as Jackie walked into the house.

"What's the matter, Jackie? When did you get the scratches and the swollen eye?" asked Dad.

She was a "real guy". Pete had said—

"Jacqueline, answer your father."

"What—oh me? Did you say something, Dad?"

"Go to your room at once and we'll talk it over in the morning," put in Mrs. Pattie.

Jackie started up the steps.

"Who won?" asked Dad.

"He did, but I'm a real guy because—"

"Jacqueline."

"Huh?" Jackie sat up in bed dazed.

"Are you dressed yet?"

Oh, she had fallen asleep after Mom had called her. She'd never get to school on time, now.

"Yep, nearly. I'll be down in a 'sec'", called Jackie, dressing furiously.

SEEN THROUGH

AN OPEN WINDOW

By Margery Hazen

Midnight—
Deserted streets
And darkened windows.

THE CARNIVAL

By Frances Marie McPherson

Main street, transformed from its usual everyday mottled grey to a Kaleidoscope of brilliant colors! Gaudy posters, tacked on horrified, dingy, billboards, proclaimed the arrival of "absolutely the World's Greatest Carnival". From the tops of the telephone poles, across the street, small triangular banners flapped wildly in the hot breeze. A mob jostled and bumped their way down the street. Window shoppers stopped, and gazed at the lighted windows. Small urchins, whistling at such a happy future in sight, watched pessimistically all strangers. Country people were there from miles around, gaping in astonishment at the pictures of the ferris wheel, merry-go-round, and ridiculous freaks.

We started early for the carnival grounds, because we knew we'd have to go more slowly as we neared it. Soon we heard shrill cries of vendors, creaks of the ferris wheel, the wheezing calliope of the merry-go-round, the roaring engines of the motorcycles, which were guided in a 'truly death-defying race, ladies and gentlemen', by two leather-faced, weather-beaten stolid individuals. Crying babies, misunderstood, hot and horribly tired, added to the dim.

You could tell the true country "yokel" by the way he grasped his purse, full of coins, hard-earned, so that he wouldn't be "gypped". Behold the same bewildered fellow an hour later holding an empty purse, the money in the hands of the people he was watching but legitimately gained, mind you, in some of the "finest shows in America."

Booths of varied amusements were jumbled together. Here the air rifle booth. Marvelous prizes, as befeathered Kewpie dolls, large and wicked knives, that with no amount of sharpening could be made to cut, sat on wobbly rafters; but for some peculiar reason rare indeed was the large kewpie taken from its place, although the air rifles barked all afternoon. There the gambling booth; with the wheels, dice, cards, or—anything. And the gorgeous boxes of candy that were rewards of luck, or something wrong with the wheel machinery! And the fortune tellers' booths! See dark corners, forbidding, therefore, enticing! Men entered with supercilious grins, and came out bewildered. The more vague the fortune teller's remarks, the more sure she felt of her victim's belief. Years of experience had taught her the ways of human natures well, with its superstitious and its credulity, and she made her living thereby.

Broken pop bottles, popcorn sacks and useless lottery tickets cluttered the fair grounds. Dust was inches thick. Stifling. But we went on. A carnival without heat? Without pushing, laughing, childish crowds? It merely symbolized general fellowship, and hilarity. Noise and dust—laughter and exhilaration.

Roads littered with the shreds

Of yesterday's merriment.

Far off, the sound of a brush—

Ceaseless, monotonous as time.

He comes into sight at last—

An old, bent man

Sweeping up the remains

Of some one's pleasure,

Banana peels—and empty wrappers.

Wind whips through his tattered coat,

His hands are gnarled, his thin face

Creased with care.

For him life has been

An empty wrapper.

Silk, Cotton, Wool In Sewing Classes

The sewing classes are now at work on the dresses made out of some variety of cotton material. Some girls are working on Shantaug some on Rajah silk, a cotton material with a silk sheen, some on heavy print material, some on pique, and some on light prints. All of the dresses are very pretty and will be appropriate for the warm summer months.

The girls are also at work on "Samplers", which are pieces of material bound in other colors, which will form a prominent part of their notebooks.

The girls made dresses of woolen material during the winter months, then they worked with silk material. Before they started working with the cotton material, they made lingerie, and a spring suit. Much work is done in a short time in this efficient department.

Six From College Sing in St. Louis

Last Sunday evening six girls, Allison Platt, Iris Fleischner, Dorothy Garton, Pauline Brown, Frances MacPerson and Nannie Ruffa Hunt, sang at the Home Heights Presbyterian Church in St. Louis county.

Rev. Leigh O. Wright, pastor of the church, is a graduate of the same school as Miss Cora Edwards, Wooster College, Wooster, Ohio.

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with their trays of birthday cakes, all lighted up. Dr. Roemer's own cake, a mammoth white one, lead the way for the smaller ones, and was a signal for the students to sing, "Happy birthday to you".

After everyone had eaten more than they could possibly have eaten under ordinary circumstances they adjourned to the dance. It's fortunate there's always some way to help take off some of that food.

The gym was decorated in red and white. From each of the lights hung red and white drops, with huge red pom-poms, and the walls were covered in white crepe paper. The members of the Student Government had charge of the dance, planned the decorations and acted in the capacity of hostess during the dance.

In the middle of the evening everyone joined in the grand march, and were given, as favors, fluffy red balls, with silver tipped petals. The favors were distributed by the Student Government members.

Everybody was, of course, all dressed up for the occasion, looking their nicest in new spring frocks and dinner frocks. Mother Roemer wore a printed georgette frock. Dr. Reuter was dressed in a rose colored dress. Miss Stone's frock was of red georgette. Miss Allyn wore a flowered georgette dress of pastel shades.

Almost every type of dress was to be seen among the students—plain colors, and flowered prints—georgettes, chiffon, lace, organdie, taffeta, and crepe. Mary Sue Wisdom wore a pink flowered taffeta. Charlotte Abildgaard wore a green and black print frock with a green and black pattern. Ruth Tatroe had on a moire frock of "sweetheart blue", and Marion Klumbertan an organdy of combined blue and pink.

All the girls dancing together in their light frocks made a pretty sight, one that did justice to Dr. Roemer's birthday party.

Cover to Cover

CORA—By Ruth Suckow.

Ruth Suckow, in this novel departs a little from the customary Iowa grayness of her usual style, and presents what is, in spite of its innate tragedy, a beautiful story.

Cora, daughter of a capable mother, and an incapable German father, rebelling against the chaos of the family life, determines to make something of her own life, and, with a contempt of the lovable species of man, works until she finally achieves the usual success. After years of striving, she is sent on a much needed vacation by her employer, and goes to Yellowstone Park, where she meets a certain Matthews, with whom she falls madly in love—and he with her. They are married, and she goes back home to break the news to the family. They are very much surprised at the hitherto self-sufficient Cora, but become rather resigned, though the reader suspects that their mingled surprise and grief comes mainly from the inevitable loss of Cora's wages. Cora and her husband settle in another city, then migrate from there to still another where he, when he learns that there is to be another member of the family to support, deserts her. Cora, strong again in self-sufficiency, after having been gloriously yielding in everything as far as he was concerned, takes her life in her own hands, and goes back home to a hospital in Onowa, where her child is born. After coming home, she has a nervous breakdown, and then, finally, starts work again, and is happy—as much as she can ever be, in that—and in buying clothes for her child.

In this, Ruth Suckow shows something of the technique of Sinclair Lewis, with the exception of the story of the dawning love in Yellowstone Park, which almost achieves the idyllic heights. But, cynicism, as his is—but a kindly one. The tragedy of the story lies not in sentimentality, but in its sympathetic reality.

SAINT JOAN, a play, by Bernard Shaw

Everyone is familiar with the story of Joan of Arc, but that familiarity is one akin to the knowledge of the story of Saint George and the dragon. When one reads *Saint Joan*, the same feeling comes as after reading Don Byrne's *Brother Saul*—that of a sense of reality.

It isn't quite clear just how Mr. Shaw does all this. He has a delicious sense of comedy—yes, even in this tragedy, if anything of his could be so-called. His Joan is not necessarily the pure young maid with a halo round her head (in our childhood, it was a mystery to us just what the saints did with their halos when they went to bed) but a young girl, with a vision, and the benefit of modern psychology, who, when she forgets herself before the Dauphin, says to him, "Sure". She really lived.

It is a pathetic story, the tragedy of which is enhanced with the dry humour which it contains. The statesman of that day are shown as pompous old men, and, we are assured by our Drama teacher that even a hand-painted picture of the great Lloyd George may be found among them.

At any rate, we always learned, *SAINT JOAN* is a story with clear, beautifully drawn pictures—not pedantic, but human embodying in its characters that human trait—up in the clouds one moment, and in the pit the next—tragedy and delicious humour.

Read the Linden Bark.

To Alaska

On May 1 at the regular Thursday assembly Lindenwood students took a trip to Alaska under the guidance of Edgar C. Raine. Mr. Raine delivered a most fascinating illustrated lecture on the frozen North. Our first stop was Montreal, which, according to Mr. Raine, will soon be one of the foremost cities. From here we journeyed to Juno, capital of Alaska, a charming and modern town of five thousand population. Points of interest near here were the grotesque totem poles showing the family history of inhabitants, a majestic glacier, and a beautiful waterfall called Hair Falls because it resembles a woman's hair. Mr. Raine also called our attention to a picture representing half the apple crop of the country—which was one tree. At Skagway, our next stop, we found more modern homes with lovely flower gardens. The huge dahlias were unusually beautiful. The rhubarb grown here is especially large and delicious.

We traveled on from British Columbia to the Yukon territory where oats, wheat and vegetables are grown. In fact everything is raised except sweet potatoes and corn. Mr. Raine showed two pictures of the famous Northern lights taken on June 21, and one of the typical winter trail to Nome where we passed through very narrow streets. Here we saw an Eskimo Skin Boat and a Reindeer Herd. Some of the Eskimoes made fortunes on their reindeers. Mr. Raine said that they shed their horns every year and then grow new ones in May, June and July. The fox farms also bring considerable remuneration of the Eskimoes is harpooning whales. It looked like rather a dangerous sport, but they seemed to be handling it very skillfully. From the Eskimoes we took a look at their homes—such curious little ice and snow igloos. On St. Paul and St. George Islands where the seal industry is carried, we saw more seals of all sizes and description than we ever witnessed at all the circuses and zoos put together. Beside all this Alaska is not without its volcanoes. We saw one in action. And as a climax the most beautiful glacier in the world—Columbia Glacier.

Italian Lakes Rouse Wander Fever

The new Roman Tatler features a visit to the Italian Lakes, Como, Lugano, Maggiore, and Garda. There is a train that leaves Milan for the town of Como, on Lake Como, about two-thirty o'clock in the afternoon. Arriving in the town, the first thing one sees is walls of towering mountains all around it, mountains that are over seven thousand feet high. The Lake is thirty miles long, two miles wide, and over thirteen hundred feet deep in some places. A nice place for a swim. The water is a lovely blue. If one wishes to take a ride up the lake, there is a steamer there, the *Plineo*, that makes trips for those who want to see more of the beauty of the Lake. The town of Como is a very ancient town, and the whole lake is surrounded by resorts, once occupied by the cultured Romans who found refuge from the violence of Rome.

The town of Gardone, on the western border of Lake Garda, is also very beautiful and impressive. Going farther up Lake Garda, the town of Limone is seen, the great center of lemon and olive growing.

Lavino, on Lake Maggiore, a typical lake town, can best be remembered by its formally trimmed trees, and straight streets.

Dr. Ely Speaks On Easter Pentecost

"In looking over themes appropriate for Easter Pentecost services", Dr. Ely of the Jefferson Street Presbyterian Church of St. Charles began his address last Sunday night at vesper services, "I chose one that seems to me particularly significant at this time, namely, 'Christ's Place in Pentecost'. The text is taken from Acts, 2:56; Let all the house of Israel know God has made that same Jesus whom He crucified both Lord and Christ'. During the life of Christ, it was the man and His teaching, after the resurrection, it was the Messiah," continued Dr. Ely.

"Pentecost is thought of as the beginning of the church. Pentecost is the manifestation of power and presence of the Holy Spirit. The disciples were gathered together one night when they heard the sound of rushing wind, and tongues of flame settled on each head, then they spoke in different languages. Jesus was not present in bodily form but the Holy Spirit was there."

"Jesus had exactly the same place in Pentecost as facts have in history, or as books and recitation have in the accusation of knowledge. Jesus was the meaning of Pentecost. Peter preached and three thousand were converted because of the Holy Spirit. The Spirit used the Gospel of Christ to express this power."

"Christ interpreted according to the old testament meant observance of law but in the new testament he means love. Love is understood to mean one who has power one who directs and leads. He sees that everything comes around according to his plans and purposes, then He's wise. He knows that which is for our highest good, chief joy and greatest blessing. He is endeavoring to make us heirs of God. To do this, said Dr. Ely, "we must allow him to rule in our hearts. The truth makes us free and Jesus is the embodiment of truth. It is a pleasure for us to do Jesus will."

"Not only is He Lord but Christ", continued Dr. Ely. "He is Lord to rule and Christ to save. He is the complement of both love and law. All the real law is love. Law is authority. Christ who is love. Therefore Law is love."

"We have a flawless master, our Lord and Christ. You're on the winning side if you let him rule in your hearts," said Dr. Ely in conclusion, "and you will recognize that He's not only Lord, He's Christ."

The Very Latest In Clubs

The Triangle of Science

And now the Triangle club claims attention. It is Lindenwood's newest honorary organization and was organized by Miss Lear, Miss Karr, and Dr. Ennis. Its membership includes the best students from the chemistry, the mathematics and physics, and the biology departments.

The officers of this newly formed club are: president, Lena Lewis; vice-president, Virginia Green; secretary, Anna Louise Ketter; treasurer, Catherine Bernhoester.

Charter members of the Triangle club are: Virginia Bear, Helen Bopp, Elizabeth Burdick, Elizabeth Clark, Ruth Clement, Helen Davis, Mary Jane Goodwin, Dorothy Masters, Martha Morris, Catherine Orr, Dorothy Taylor, Elizabeth Thomas, Helen Weber, Mary Sue Wisdom and Marguerite Zimmermann.

College Calendar

Tuesday, May 13, 4:45 p. m.—Music recital by Lucille Gabel and Genevieve Lott.

Thursday, May 15, 11:00 a. m.—Oratory recital.

Sunday, May 18, 6:30 p. m.—Rev. R. S. Kenaston at vesper service.

Faculty Pan-American

Miss Terhune, Dr. Tupper and Dr. Ennis

During the week end of May 1 to 3, the Illinois Women's College at Jacksonville, Ill., held an Institute on Pan American Relations, which Miss Terhune, of the Spanish department, Dr. Tupper, of the history department and Dr. Ennis, head of the Biological science attended. Interesting and varied in its program given by many eminent men of the country, this meeting marked an important milestone in the history of Pan American relations in convening at a point in the midwest.

A reception was given to the speakers and attending visitors on the opening afternoon of the meeting, and that night Prof. Edward A. Ross of the University of Wisconsin gave the opening address. On May 2, Fred Rippey of Duke University, spoke on "Problems involved in our Relations with Mexico"; Dr. Hubert C. Herring, Director of the Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin America, spoke; Prof. Isaac J. Cox of Northwestern University and Prof. William S. Robertson of the University of Illinois were also speakers on this day.

At the banquet held Friday evening, the Senor Dr. Don Ricardo J. Alfaro, Minister to the United States from Panama, was the principal speaker, addressing the guests on the "Progress of Arbitration and Conciliation on the American Continent".

Saturday concluded the session, and Dr. Max Winkler, vice-president of Bortram, Criscom and Company of New York, spoke, as did Prof. Harry T. Collings of the University of Pennsylvania on the subject, "International Problems Involved in the Growing Investment of Capital from the United States in Latin America".

Mr. Chester D. Pugsley of New York the donor of the Institute, presided at all the sessions. Round table discussions were also a feature of this meeting for those with a major interest in these problems.

Officers Elected For

Delta Phi Delta

Delta Phi Delta, the public school music fraternity, held a meeting Wednesday evening, May 7, and elected officers for next year. They are Tearle Selling, St. Charles, Mo., president; Katherine Davidson, Marshalltown, Iowa vice-president; Betty Leek, Denver, Colo., secretary; and Winifred Williams, Council Bluffs, Iowa, treasurer.

Playful Girls to Stephens

Saturday, May 10, nine of the girls from Lindenwood's A. A. went to Columbia to participate in the Play Day held at Stephens College. Louise Tubbs, Tuck Mitchell, La Verne Wright, Rebecca Carr, Rose Keile, Eleanor Eldridge Madeline Johnson, Dolly Kircher, and Dorothy Joslyn went as A. A. representatives and of course they had the biggest of big times.

"Suttie", The Third Gives Recital

By P McF

Dorothy Sutton was the last of the famous three (Iris, Dottie, and Suttie) to give her Senior recital. Dorothy is really an artist when it comes to playing the pipe-organ, and she looked very charming in a dress of pale pink lace, tight waisted, and tiny puff sleeves.

The opening number, Sonta in D minor (first movement) by Guilment, was brilliantly executed and interpreted. There was one long difficult passage for the pedals alone, and Suttie can play as well with her feet as with her hands. It seemed almost a miracle to the audience how one so small as Suttie could get so much out of the large organ. Bach's *Prelude and Fugue in A minor* was rather light, with numerous runs, which were played very evenly and perfect. In this selection the theme could be played on the keyboard and then repeated on the pedals.

Cantilene by Pierne was a piece with a beautiful singing melody. One could imagine himself on a high hill covered with many trees and wildflowers, which overlooked a lake, and where soft breezes swayed the leaves of the trees, and coming to one in the peaceful quiet was this melody floating out from an organ in a village church. The *Concert Piece in B* by Parker was a bright interesting number from start to finish and was followed by a number, *Con Grazia* by Andrews, which was indeed played with grace—a charming selection with a delightful carefree melody.

Suttie finished her lovely recital by playing the *Andante and Finale* of the Second Symphony of Widor, which as the other numbers did, proved her to be a splendid organist.

Latin Club Meets

Pi Alpha Delta held its monthly meeting in Sibley's Y. W. parlors Wednesday, April 30, at 8 o'clock. Ruth Talbott and Anna Catherine Hurle were initiated into the club.

As this year is dedicated to the memory of Virgil, and Latin scholars all over the world are making pilgrimages to his birth place, it was fitting that a Virgil program should be given. Geraldine Davies gave a short talk on the Visions in the Aeneid. There are four very important visions; the vision of Hector when he warns Aeneas to escape burning Troy; the ghost of Creusa, Aeneas' lost wife, who appears to Aeneas and prophesies concerning his future; the vision that comes to Aeneas in Crete and counsels him to hasten on; the ghost of Anchises, Aeneas' father, who tells him to leave all the weaklings in safety, and to go and found a second Pergama in Italy.

Cary Pankey gave a character sketch of Dido, the queen of Carthage. Dido had a very tragic history. Her brother-in-law, Pygmalion, killed her husband, and she was forced to flee to Africa for safety. When she had established Carthage, Aeneas came and Venus caused her to be stricken by Cupid's dart. Aeneas and Dido lived together happily for some months, and then Mercury was sent to Aeneas, to tell him to leave. Poor Dido plead in vain, and as Aeneas' ships sailed from the harbor of Carthage, Dido stabbed herself on a huge funeral pyre in the court yard, and died.

Julia Thomson gave some extracts from Dido's diary. This diary had been saved from the funeral pyre by a devoted slave who worshiped his mistress. He had kept it with him constantly. One day he had the bad luck

Mr. Farmer Speaks To Bark Reporter

The Lindenwood farm is certainly thriving and things are going on there in a big way. Five hundred new chicks have made their appearance and also fifteen modest little pigs.

Mr. Farmer told the reporter that altogether he had forty-five head of hogs; four geese; two friendly dogs (by the way, one didn't seem so very friendly at the first approach); and four horses. Then he told of his crops. He has twenty-five acres of beautiful green wheat, twelve acres of corn, six of oats, and fifteen of hay. All are doing fine.

While the reporter was gazing at some hogs, peacefully lying in a cool mud hole, a terrible hissing sound almost scared her out of seven years' growth. She turned and saw a big grey goose coming toward her—Well the dust blinded the poor thing so much that it decided to go on about its own business. Thank goodness.

Veal Chop Dinner

Served by Verna

Will they never quit torturing the poor working students with accounts of the luscious Home Ec. dinners? Here Verna Bredenbeck of St. Charles gave one at 6 o'clock, Thursday, May 8. The menu consisted of:

Breaded veal chops
Green string beans Stuffed potatoes
Tomato Salad
Butter horns and ice tea.
Apricot dainty

Miss Morris, Rosemary Schrieber, Ruth Schifferer, and Miss Mortensen were guests at the dinner.

Irwin Houses Much Talent

Irwin Hall presented the program at Y. W. C. A. Wednesday evening, April 30. It was an easy problem for them, since practically every girl in the building has a talent, merely a matter of selection.

So, Maxine Wolf played several popular songs. When the audience finally subsided, Beth Wollemann gave James Whitcomb Riley's "That Old Sweetheart Of Mine". She was received with enthusiasm, too.

The crowning number was "Mac's" singing and playing. Her interpretation of old favorites brought cheers along with the applause. But when she gave two of her own compositions, "Liking You", and "Love Memories", she was met with an ovation, Poor Mac! She has been called upon enough heretofore, but from now on!

to be eaten by a huge crocodile, and the Diary was lost to view for centuries. But Richard Halliburton, while traveling abroad, chanced to go swimming in the Nile and fortunately was swallowed by this same ancient reptile. He was spewed up on the shore, and with him, Dido's Diary. (Miss Thomson said that this story would probably be published in Halliburton's next book). This priceless possession has many pages burned away, but some very interesting extracts—principally concerning the courtship of Aeneas—are still readable.

Effie Blanche Martin read a Parody on Virgil. This parody was a modern version of the leave-taking of Dido and Aeneas. It was regretted that there was not time for the two remaining numbers; The Fall of Troy, Margery Florence, and The Life of Virgil, Elizabeth Pinkerton.

Fluttering Chiffons Grace Home Ec. Tea

The Home Economics department entertained Wednesday afternoon April 30, with a tea, honoring the college administration and faculty. In addition to the guests, each girl in the department invited a friend. The tea was held from 4 to 5:30, in the Home Economics parlors.

Those receiving were Misses Marie Mortensen, Barbara Ringer, Madeline Johnson, and Nina Snyder. Miss Mortensen wore a blue crepe frock, with white collar and cuffs, and white moire slippers. Madeline was dressed in a pastel pink georgette dress with matching slippers. Barbara was in red georgette and Nina in blue.

Tea was served in the dining room, Mary Jane Goodwin and Dorothy Taylor presiding the earlier part of the afternoon. Alice MacLean and Jean Caldwell the latter. Mary Jane was dressed in a frock of beige lace, and Dorothy in one of green crepe. Jean wore orchid organdie and Alice, red.

The table was so very pretty, with its centerpiece of ivory tea roses, and the tall ivory candles burning in silver candle sticks. Tea, fruit punch, an assortment of dainty sandwiches, candies, frosted tea cakes, and salted almonds were served. Everything was delightful, and the Home Economics department is justly proud of its girls, not alone as cooks, but as charming hostesses.

So many pretty dresses were worn at the tea. Mrs. Roemer wore a green and white printed crepe. Dr. Gregg's dress was of printed chiffon, with a black trim, and she wore a black hat. Miss Ada Tucker's dress was of brown georgette. Miss Morris was dressed in a black crepe frock trimmed in cream lace, and a black hat.

Helen Henderson wore a pink flowered chiffon, Laura Hauck's frock was orange georgette, and Elizabeth Burdick was dressed in green georgette. There were just ever so many other pretty dresses, flowered georgettes, chiffons, plain and printed crepes, and every one looked so nice and "summery".

STRAND THEATRE

TUES.—WED.—THUR.—FRI. NIGHT
SAT. MAT.

HAROLD LLOYD'S

First Talkie Mvietone

"Welcome Danger"

SATURDAY NIGHT

Two Road Shows—7:00 and 9:00 P. M.

Road Show Special

All In Natural Colors

The Vagabond King

with

Dennis King—Jeanette McDonald