

LINDEN BARK

Vol. 26—No. 27

Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Missouri, Tuesday, May 20, 1930.

Price 5c

Internationally Quoted

Mrs. Bose through Bark reporter, makes her bow.

To be internationally quoted is an honor that everybody doesn't have, but such is the pleasure that is Marjorie Taylor's, who wrote the account of the address of Mrs. Bose on India in the issue of the Linden Bark for February 18, 1930, and this was repeated, word for word, in *The East Bengal Times* of Saturday, April 5. This is a paper that is edited weekly by Charuchandra Guha, containing, in full, firsthand information of situations in India. The first paragraph of the story, as introducing the copy of Miss Taylor, is as follows:

"They say that India could not get along if she were independent. They say she has 250 languages; that she is heterogeneous; that she is ignorant. What of America! She is independent, she leads in industry, she leads in education; yet she is most heterogeneous of all the countries! Give India a chance."—In these words, Mrs. Anne Z. M. A., wife of Dr. Sudhindra Bose, M. A., Ph. D. (U. S. A.) characterized the present situation in India before a large meeting in the city of St. Louis, one of the largest cities in the U. S. A. Mrs. Bose is an American lady and is a professor of Modern Languages in Lindenwood College, U.S.A. During the last visit in India she resided in and mixed freely with the Indian families and thus had the firsthand knowledge about our social affairs. The speech was originally made in French and the following report appeared on February 18, 1930, in the Linden Bark."

From this point the account of Mrs. Bose's address in the exact words of Lindenwood is proud to be honored through this notable honor, and also through the efforts of Mrs. Bose.

Senior Mirror

Presented at Y. W.

Those who attended Y. W. last Wednesday evening (pardon us, afternoon), were privileged to take a look ahead ten years into the private lives of certain prominent seniors. A privilege granted by our own Ayres Hall.

Jo Bowman was found to be happily married and to have been blessed with a charming son. (Bee Scotland and Mary Jo took these parts like seasoned troopers). Teter, the tea-room hound, had blossomed into a regular he-man cowboy, and the trio of Iris, Dottie and Suttie were still carrying on the glory gained in stillitch.

Before the even—afternoon was over everyone knew just exactly what our senior class would be doing ten years hence. Lucile Gable and Gretchen Nitchner acted the parts of Mary Sue and Mary Catherine to perfection, while Jean Pattee did the part of Adeline ditto.

Lindenwood Plays Host

Entertains Eighth District of Federated Clubs

Friday May 9, was a big day on the campus and everyone certainly did look forward to that luncheon. It was served at one o'clock to the Eighth District of Womens Federated Clubs, the faculty, and to the students. The menu consisted of celery, olives, tomato and cucumber salad, chicken a la king on toast, new potatoes, hot rolls and butter with cherry preserves, coffee, and strawberry short cake. And oh was it good!

During this most important part of the whole day, all sang, "Dearest Of All Lindenwood". Then the different class sang, with the seniors first, then the juniors, sophomores and the freshmen. The women of the Eighth District sang, "How Do You Do Dr. Roemer," and the girls answered back with, "How Do You Do Eighth District." There was an intermission in which everyone made good use of the food, then the guests gave fifteen RAHS for Lindenwood, and all ended by the girls singing, "Who Says Eighth District They Ain't Got No Pep." Everybody came out with a satisfied grin on their faces, so the Luncheon was well appreciated.

Spirits of the Dance

An aesthetic dancing recital was presented by the pupils of Miss Anne Duggan on the campus at two-thirty. The club women of the Eighth District Federation were entertained by these tall slim girls who danced over the short-clipped grasses of Sibley lawn to the airs of Schubert and Chopin. Girls forming mists of gossamer pinks, floating clouds of blues, zephyrs of lavenders and greens appeared like elves and wood nymphs. Free, ecstatic dances were interpreted by graceful movements. The calm of a summer twilight was accentuated by the ease of the dancers; the beauty of the surroundings was marked by the colorful robes and scarfs of the interpreters.

Attention: Juniors and Seniors of '31.

(Contributed)

Attention Juniors and Seniors of '31! How many hours in social sciences have you? National pledging of Pi Gamma Mu takes place the first semester of next year. All Juniors and Seniors are eligible if they have been in Lindenwood one semester, have completed ten hours of grade II or III courses in social sciences, are carrying two grade II or III courses (unless they have twenty hours in social science and are carrying one course in social science), and have an S average in twenty hours of social science with an M in academic standing for two previous semesters. Check up on yourselves, upperclassmen of '31 and if you have any questions see Virginia Bear.

Meet Governor Guy

It's Gov. Motley from now on. For Guy has gone governor of the Rotarians. His brother clubmen met at Mexico, Missouri, and elected him to this exalted position at the annual convention.

Governor Motley will assume the duties of his office on the first of July. He will go to Chicago June 15, where he will be instructed as to what his duties will be. He will remain in Chicago and will attend the international conference. At the Mexico 14th district meeting, the association discussed the caring for crippled children and establishing some kind of an institution where children with criminal tendencies might be paroled.

The St. Charles Banner-News says of the election of Governor Motley: "The governor-elect was well chosen. Mr. Motley is a very talented man and is thoroughly capable of taking care of the fine points of this great organization. He has built up a reputation full of good merit and business accomplishments as secretary of Lindenwood College. He has acquired many friends in this city and many others owing to his pleasing personality and willingness to be a friend. To him, the Banner-News joins in extending the most hearty congratulations."

Beta Pi Theta Has New French Flag

Thanks Are Due To "Board".

Theta Xi Chapter of Beta Pi Theta, National Honorary French Fraternity, is proud to announce a new inspiration for the department of Modern Languages:—a beautiful silk French flag mounted on an imposing stand. The idea of purchasing a flag was considered last year, but it was not until this year, under the leadership of the 1929-'30 Board, that the Dream came true. Beta Pi Theta wishes to thank the "outgoing board", Rosalind Sachs, president; Mary Ambler, vice president; Eliabeth Pinkerton, recording secretary; Doris Force, treasurer, and Jeanne Barry, corresponding secretary, for contributing not their zeal but their money to the project. This French flag, en-fin, represents not only the national emblem of France, but the hopes the aspirations and successes of those who, under Miss Stone's sponsorship, have made Beta Pi Theta one of the leading organizations on the campus.

Dr. Stumberg attended a convention of the Missouri State Medical Association, last week at Hannibal, Mo., serving as a member of the general committee in charge of arrangements. Scientific sessions were held in the mornings at the Elks Club. In the afternoons they played off a golf tournament and visited the Mark Twain shrines.

Juniors and Seniors Gives Idea to Y. W.

College Fashion Display at Prom.

Butler gymnasium was transformed into a bower of flowers and greenery for the junior-senior prom on Saturday, May 10. The walls were entirely covered with green branches, and at intervals purple blossoms were interwoven with green.

The big feature of the decorations was the huge crystal ball which hung from the center of the ceiling. As it revolved it flashed rainbow-colored light around the dance floor, creating a beautiful effect.

One end of the gymnasium was set off by a little picket fence arranged so as to give the effect of a garden. Here the chaperons and sponsors sat to receive the guests. The whole place seemed like a lovely spring scene and served as an effective background for the girls' dainty evening dresses.

The Junior prom was—in every sense of the word—a great success. Even the slight rain which fell served only to cool the atmosphere, and seemed to have no dampening effect upon the spirits of the guests.

The program dances started at eight thirty. After the fifth dance supper was served in Ayres dining hall. Tables were screened off from the large wing of the dining roof, the dividing screens were decorated with vines—carrying out the decoration scheme of the gym. On each of the tables there was a bouquet of pink roses. The place cards were black and white pictures of little old-fashioned ladies and gentlemen.

Dr. and Mrs. Roemer, Dr. Gipson, Miss Hankins and Miss Schaper were seated at the center of their dining room. At each of their places were daintily wrapped in white and pink packages. These gifts, when opened, revealed a gold framed silhouette for Mother Roemer, a Godey print for Miss Hankins, and for Mr. Roemer, Dr. Gipson and Miss Schaper, new books.

At the Senior places were new little gift packages, containing framed silhouettes of various designs. There were hoop-skirted ladies, sprinkling their clothes, little girls washing dollie clothes, and tiny roly-polly puppies chasing butterflies. And all these were made by a certain clever junior, "Tid" Thomas. The favors given to the fellows were heavy crested letter knives.

The supper menu consisted of chicken salad, french fried potatoes, nut bread sandwiches, olives, radishes, salted almonds, ice cream with fresh strawberries, cake and coffee.

After supper seven more program dances were played. During the last dance the ceiling lights were switched off, and the hall was lighted by the colored lights focused on the revolving crystal ball.

Much is to be said of the frocks

(Continued on page 3, col. 3)

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:

Charle 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
Phyllis McFarland, '32
Betty Palmer, '32
Cary Pankey, '32
Marjorie Taylor, '32
Dorothy Turner, '32
Mary Louise Wardley, '31

TUESDAY, MAY 20, 1930

The Linden Bark:

The Linden Bark:

Preparedness
(For Exams)

For all your days prepare,
And meet them everyone alike:
When you are the anvil, bear—
When you are the hammer, strike.

Edwin Markham.

"LOST: The Fine Art of Letter Writing"

It is common saying now, as it was two thousand years ago, that the world is going to the dogs. And, along with this old favorite goes the familiar lament concerning the younger generation, and the pervalence of iniquity in all its forms in all the educational institutions. They—those who claim to know—repeat that there is no spiritual feeling.

Lindenwood, founded in 1827 by Major and Mrs. George C. Sibley, was, and is, a Christian school for young women. The spirit has been carried on down through the years since it was formed. Years ago, it was the thing for young ladies to be modest—superficially modest, and to profess a total ignorance, and a blissful leaning on the masculine sex in all things requiring some certain amount of knowledge. But now, all that is wiped out. We of today talk a little more, and pride ourselves on having at least a working knowledge of things going on. We are, as some of the more understanding authorities have expressed, fundamentally finer.

As for the lack of religious feeling—perhaps we do look rather with contempt on the old methods of fearing the Lord because of punishment, and upon the old dogmas and creeds which made purely for the outside appearance, and were followed to gain the plaudits of the crowd, and not for one's own moral well-being. Each of us, now, has his or her own religion, which we believe in thoroughly and sincerely, and which we each follow to the best of our ability.

In 1827, Major and Mrs. George C. Sibley founded Lindenwood, which was, and is a Christian school for young women. And is it that spirit of Christianity—perhaps not in its old form, but fundamentally there—and a spirit of true sincerity, that now is "the spirit of Lindenwood".

"Types of Dancing Vary With Times"

Dancing has been much in the thoughts of everyone lately; the Natural Dancing Recital and the important Junior-Senior Prom. Some girls wish that they might go into graceful poses as Miss Duggan's students do, others would be satisfied if they could follow their partners in the intricacies of—oh well, the tango, for example. We were reading an article in the Cosmopolitan the other day, "And They Call This Dancing". Pictures of very modern young people gratifying in the latest step were contrasted with young people of a very different generation who were gliding to the strains of "The Blue Danube Waltz". And, in another generation, probably our pictures will be contrasted as examples of the "queer things that our parents used to do."

Dancing has always been an approved form of pleasure and exercise. The Greeks indulged in dancing to satisfy their love of the beautiful. To them, ugliness was an evil, and they thought that beautiful and graceful movements would bring a loveliness and grace to the soul.

For a long while, interest in classic dancing waned, and was lost in the complicated forms of movement (we can not say dancing) but now classic dancing is being revived as one of the lost arts. Perhaps, as the Greeks thought, graceful dancing does influence one's mind. Do you remember when the Black Bottom first came in, and how shocked all the prudes were? They might have had the same idea as the ancients, and knew that such dancing might affect one's conduct, not to say one's personal appearance.

Just a few years ago, the debutante slouch was all the thing—some still haven't recovered from that idea, it seems. And have you noticed how everyone is straightening up these days, and how much more graceful the dresses are becoming? Nobody can stamp up and down and twitch and twirl as in the old days with all the impediments of long skirts around one's heels.

Classic dancing has not caused all this change of costume or ideas concerning posture and grace, but it has influenced it. Why now, one doesn't have to walk a great many painful miles in the country, or perspire in some Turkish hat to lose those unwanted pounds, one has only to join a class in classic dancing and become svelt and graceful at the same time. (We do have advantages undreamed of ten years ago). Maybe ten years from now we'll all go to dances in flowing costumes—similar—to the costumes for natural dancing—and leap and fall in graceful poses as the old Greeks did. Well, one never can tell. Perhaps you had better sign up right now for a course in classic dancing, and be prepared.

On the Inside Looking Out

The bored eight o'clock gaze of a student wanders out to the campus. A limp hand supports a too-supple neck. Then—in the practically silent classroom (only the instructor utters more than a mumbled, I don't know.) That bored gaze widens, and a finger of the limp hand stiffens to tap her neighbor—"Lookee, see Betts"—and they watch Betts cross to the tea room. A funny Betts in long blue trousers and a dark blue frock coat. Where's the stove pipe sat? The question buzzes around the room to the complete exclusion of. What's the valence of Carbon? The instructor by sheer persistency and doggedness is still speaking when the class drops back to its Spring stupidity. Then—two-longer-than-the-mode skirted girls, one in atrocious purple and yellow combination, the other in a Christmas tree effect and red and green, walk brazenly to the tea room. We might suggest the scenery shifts, used to such excellent advantage in the dance recital, to be annexed as camonflag—do not think us critical—we are only considerate. You know, the Golden rule and what not. Nevermind—we have a costume too, everyone has one, for every single one of us is going to be in the May fete. And as soon as this class is out—we'll make your eyes admire our lovely fringe and make your ears ring with our precious, darling, cute Indian guises and our WAR WHOOPS!

Picnic In the Air—

Ants Make Merry

Spring is always the open season for picnics at Lindenwood, and this year everyone is running true to form. Sigma Tau Delta and the newly organized Triangle club went picnicking on Tuesday, May 13. Sigma Tau Delta went to a lovely spot, discovered by Dr. Gregg, at the foot of a hill on the Caulk road. Miss Parker, Dr. Gipson, Dr. Gregg, Miss Dawson, and Miss Margaret Dyer were guests along with all the members of the fraternity. Dorothy Turner was responsible for the most delicious and satisfying lunch which was one of the main features of the evening. After the food had disappeared in the way that food does on a picnic, Miss Parker kept the company highly entertained with palm-reading. She was busy until dark, reading one hand after another, and had to decipher several fortunes by aid of a flash-light so that no one would be left out.

The Triangle club went to the St. Charles park with Miss Lear, Dr. Ennis, Miss Karr, and Miss Larson. The result of the outing was a lot of fun for everyone and a new recipe to be used only on picnics. It took a math student and a chemist, Catherine Orr and Helen Bopp, to discover that devil dogs are delicious when toasted on a stick over a fire.

Read the Linden Bark.

"Practical Education In Ideals At Lindenwood"

When we find people coming back to Lindenwood, coming back with words of praise after many years have gone by since they were among the students on this campus, we realize the truth of the statement that college days are the happiest ones in a person's life. Friendships are formed that are never forgotten, and contacts are made that years afterwards are revived again. Besides learning about languages, composition and other things, one learns the most important lesson in life—that of getting along with other people. And because these years are so rich we remember them better and they stand out in our lives.

Always foremost when we think about our college days are the actual buildings and campus itself. As an institution the college means more than mere buildings, it represents something vital in itself, and for every object there is a feeling of tenderness. Especially does one remember her own room—the little peculiarities that no one else would notice. Almost every spot on the campus brings up some memory that is accompanied by a wave of homesickness for the days that were of such happiness. It is not a question of trying to remember one's Alma Mater, it is simply a natural consequence after the impress that the years have made upon one. We will remember Lindenwood because we learned here some of the greatest lessons in life and because it represents to us something worth remembering. Its beauty will be remembered always, its ideals cannot be forgotten, and the good times, the happy, carefree god times it would be impossible ever to forget. The friends made here will live on in our memories even if some are never seen again. It will be with pride that we speak of Lindenwood as our Alma Mater.

"The Younger Generation Makes Its Bow"

Letters! What a great power they hold! Nations have gone to war because of them, men have been brought to court because of them, lovers have separated through their influence, and many hearts have been cheered just by receiving a letter.

Daily the postman goes from house to house, depositing the mail designated for the occupants. Some times he sees, behind closed doors, the eager face of a young girl (perhaps she even meets him at the door). Sometimes he is met by a group of children who are expecting a letter from an older brother or sister, or from their parents whom they are expecting home. Too often, however, he is met by a disappointed mother who watches, for him each day, anxiously for a letter from a thoughtless son or daughter.

In this present-day world of speed when it is so easy to send telegrams, people are becoming thoughtless, and selfish. Students, who are away from home, go from day to day, enjoying themselves, going to parties, playing golf and forgetting about their mother who would be so delighted with a long interesting letter, telling them of the things that have been happening. Instead, they get a short note, that generally ends with, "And I need some money, too. Am awfully sleepy, so g'night . . . etc." And what is worse, on mother's birthday, when she expects a letter, (for she thinks that surely this will be one time when she won't be disappointed) she receives a . . . telegram, sent on last minute thought. If students would only stop to think, they could make their parents so much happier by just using the mail a wee bit oftener.

Rev. Mr. Reiter Speaks On Mother's Day

Mother's Day, one of the sweetest and most sacred days of the year, was very appropriately observed at Lindenwood, Sunday night, May 11, at Vesper services. "Lest We Forget" was the topic chosen by Rev. Frederic A. Reiter of Akron, Ohio, for his sermon.

From the song of Solomon, 1:4, one reads, "We will remember thy love", which refers to the love of God for his children, and one can look at the love of a mother for her children and apply the same words. The unpleasant memories of childhood are far outnumbered by the pleasant ones, and perhaps most of these enjoyable recollections with one's mother. If one is farther away from heaven than he was five or ten years ago, it is because one has been away from that contact with a mother.

The love of God and a mother are remembered for the same reasons. One recalls the love of a mother because of its utter unselfishness; and as the mother, God love simply for the beauty and joy of love. The love of a child for God is in a certain way selfish, because man feels it pays to love God. This love of God for humanity and that of the mother for her child stand out because they are supremely unselfish. A mother's love for the weakest, most deformed child is just as great as that for the strong, well child; a love calling for supreme sacrifices. One sees the love of God because he laid down his life for us, and in that same spirit of self-sacrifice does a mother lay down her life for her child, in order that the child might be saved for time and eternity. There is no sacrifice too great for that of your flesh and blood, is the creed of a mother.

Again, the love of God and of the mother is remembered for its unflinching, unremitting, unanswering constancy. The word of God contains one passage after another of God's constant love for humanity, and a mother's love is an undying love to the very last.

Then too, there is the constraining power of the love of God and mother, it is the power that turns the child's life to the path of God. So let one realize this mother's love now before it is too late, as all that is worth while in life should be remembered.

Preceding the sermon, a lovely duet "Mother, My Dear" by Treharne, was sung by Iris Fleischaker and Frances McPherson.

News From the Dean's Office

Dean Gipson said, in giving the news of the office, that everyone is tremendously busy getting out the announcements of the end of the year. They are checking up on this year's work and activities, and the activities of the coming year.

Mr. Brent of the Education Department spoke to the Parent-Teachers' Association at the St. Charles High School on May 15, on the subject of education.

Dean Gipson's novel, "Silence", is to make its appearance about the middle of June. It is to be published by The Caxton Printers in Caldwell, Idaho. Announcements will be sent to all of the girls.

It has been two years since Dean Gipson has been home to Caldwell, Idaho, to visit her parents. Her present plans are to go there for awhile, and then she may go East to do research work at Columbia University in New York.

Interviews With Talented Seniors

Elisabeth Will Return

What will Lindenwood be without its seniors? As more and more are interviewed, one realizes how much they will be missed in every phase of school life. Here is Elisabeth Pinkerton graduating, having thoroughly enjoyed her four years at Lindenwood. When she was asked if she would return to visit Lindenwood when she had become a celebrity, she replied: "Oh, but I won't wait that long".

Elisabeth is not sure about her plans for next year. She thinks she may teach if she is "lucky" enough to get a position teaching Latin, French, or English; otherwise, she will go to more school, or "just stay at home". She's awfully sorry to leave Lindenwood, because she feels that this is home.

Elisabeth is very tactful about hobbies—she likes "everything". But swimming, walking, and reading are her favorites, and eating—but I promised not to mention that.

Beauty and Brains

How are those people who think that brains and looks are an impossible combination going to explain Jeanne Berry? How is it that she can belong to Alpha Sigma Tau, Beta Pi Theta, Pi Gamma Mu, El Circulo Espanol, and International Relations, and still spend most of her time in St. Louis, or the Tea Room, or other places not especially notorious for a scholarly atmosphere? It simply must be capacity and ability and all those other psychological terms that express intellect.

The "looks" part is indisputable. A mere glance at Jeanne proves it. Here comes the final blow. Normally, one would at least expect the young lady to be temperamental. But the records show that she has roomed with the same girl for four years. How is that for a splendid disposition if that roommate is Rosalind Sachs? It is still a matter of fortitude. Those people will either have to change their minds, or else compromise and call Jeanne the exception to the rule.

Senior Table Talk

Reveals Secrets.

Any underclassmen no doubt has lofty ideas of the intellectual and weighty "table-talk" of the exalted Seniors—But not so!

One has visions of long discussions of the disarmament question, or a heated argument over the deplorable present day condition of Russia. Can't you just hear Ruthie Teter painstakingly explaining the Einstein theory to Catherine Orr?

What an awful disillusionment it was to learn the real topics of "round table" discussion among the Seniors! "Lessons", the most unpleasant thing possible, is a favorite topic. They show a vital interest in week-ends, and talk at great length about them. Their plans for next year, their possible positions, or trips, are discussed in detail. Clubs, and social events are popular subjects of conversation, and for the last few weeks the "prom" has been a standard topic.

So you see, in spite of their rank and position, the Seniors are human, their every-day interests are just like the "common-herd".

Read the Linden Bark.

St. Louis Women Enjoy Natural Dancing Recital

The Missouri Federation of Women's Clubs from now on brings thoughts of the day that the St. Louis chapter spent out here at Lindenwood. An assembly followed by a token of Miss Walter's culinary skill, and then a "dancing upon the green" by the natural dancing pupils. And that very same night, Mrs. Ruth Kelso Renfrow state chairman of literature, wrote a letter of appreciation for "a day of inspiration".... "The nature work was charming," she said, "I congratulate you upon your faculty and seniors, several of whom I really feel well acquainted with after our day together."

Class Tennis Teams Start Tournament

The tennis tournament is really going strong this year. It is in the form of a round robin tournament and is inter-class, a new cup going to the winner. The rules are ones to be strictly kept—there must be a scorekeeper and a linesman, the sets must be played off on schedule, record the score in games, play two sets out of three. There are both singles and doubles matches, and much enthusiasm is displayed on the courts, both by the champions and their rooters. Three girls are representing each class: senior—Sandy Mastress, Catherine Orr, Mary Jane Goodwin; junior—Sylvie Knothe, Frances Blair, Lorraine Robie, sophomore—Mammie Ghiatta, Madeline Johnson, Alta Smith; freshman—Agnes Grover, Effie Blanche Martin, Louise Tubbs. Luck to you, girls, and may the best man win!

(Continued from page 1, col. 4)

worn at the prom. "Mother" Roemer wore a flowered frock. Dr. Gipson's dress was of peach colored crepe. Miss Hankins wore an apricot satin and Miss Schaper a peach crepe frock.

Helen Weber was dressed in a cream colored lace frock. Mary Sue's dress was of blue flowered georgette, and Adeline Brubaker's of combined peach taffeta and dotted net. Lorraine Robie wore a blue georgette. Mary Elizabeth Miller's dress was cream colored lace net. Another lace frock, of peach color, was worn by Betty Hosmer. Doris Force was wearing a crepe frock of pastel pink. "Shaver" Davis wore a dress of combined white and flowered organdie.

As the girls walked about the campus between dances, new evening wraps were very much in evidence. There were heavy shawls, pert looking short velvet coats, in pastel shades of blue, peach and lavender, black velvet wrap-around capes, black velvet coats, and wraps of combined black and white.

The young men guests at the Junior-Senior prom included the following: Messrs. Francis Silver, Carson McCormack, Robert Herr, Jack Cramer, James McClelland, Bill Teasdale, Frank Blair, Ted Frossard, Robert Denvir, Robert O'Brien, Tom Mosheim, Paul Kavenay, Fred Whaler, Carl Wentker, Wm. Hey, Carl Moushart, Bill Daley, Richard Condon, Leon Motter, Jim Loupe, Andy Seitz, Joe Dorgan, Edwin Boose, Richard Anderson, Randolph Lovelace, Elmer Bukey, Gayle Jackson, Cecil Rogers, John Ward, Harold Winters, Russel Griffith, Ray Pratt, June McClure, Bob Courtney, David Pohlman, H. C. Berghoefter, Joseph Granville, Milton Meyershardt, Charles Lynn, Frank Wait, Graham Woolridge, Rusby Seabaugh, DeRoo Weber, Marion Boucher, Glenn Hubbard.

Sophomore Recital

Gabel and Lott

Lucile Gabel and Genevieve Lott gave their Sophomore recital in Roemer auditorium, Tuesday afternoon, May 13, at 4:45 o'clock. Lucile wore a printed chiffon with a violet crepe jacket of the same material.

The program presented consisted of: Sonata, Op. 2, No. 3, Beethoven, played by Lucile Gabel; Ecossaises, Beethoven-Busoni, and Rondo, Op. 129, played by Genevieve Lott, the latter selection was very good. Next, Lucile played Legend No. 1, Campbell-Tipton, which was typical of its kind; Waltz, Op. 4, No. 1, Chopin; Fairy Tale, Medtner; Capriccio, Dohnanyi, which was very good. The final group was presented by Genevieve which consisted of Danza Tango and Castanets from Spanish Suite, Sequeria, which were very interesting, and Etude, La Piccola, Leschetizky.

Mrs. Pegram of New York

Metropolitan president of college club speaks to girls.

Lindenwood had a very interesting visitor Monday, May 12, when Mrs. George H. Pegram of New York returned to the college. She spoke to the students in the dining room at luncheon, and told of her joy at the progress of the college. Mrs. Pegram, who was formerly Jessie Murielles Crawford, graduated from Lindenwood in 1886. She said that when she was here, the school had but one building, and there were only ninety girls, but they had just as good a time as the girls now have.

Mrs. Pegram is now president of the New York Lindenwood Club, and keeps up her associations with the college, although she has not seen the campus for a great many years. With Mrs. Pegram were Mrs. John Crawford of Webster Groves, her sister-in-law, and her hostess, and Mr. Penny, formerly head of a mercantile establishment in St. Louis.

44 Little Gardens In a Row

44 Young Gardeners—Hope They Grow

Forty-four little garden plots are laid out across the creek. Yes, it is the Botany class, and not spring fever coming on. They are beautiful little gardens, that were planted last Friday, and what do you think, some of the girls have picked flowers from them already. Well, they did plant the pansy plants, and they did have blooms on them. Besides the five pansy plants, there is a potato, a forget-me-not, a row of lettuce, beans, beets, onions, and radishes. There will probably be a picnic, if the plants grow before school is out.

Steak Dinner Given By Ruth Buckley

Ruth Buckley entertained with her Home Ec. dinner recently. Her guests were Lois McKeehan and Roberta Hunt. Miriam Runnenburger was host.

The attractive menu consisted of swiss steak and potatoes, green beans, orange salad and orange buckets. Grape-nut ice-cream and coffee ended the thoroughly enjoyable dinner.

Read the Linden Bark.

College Calendar

Tuesday, May 20—
Senior class play, "Boomerang", at 7:45 o'clock.
Friday, May 23—
Examinations begin.

"The Boomerang"

Senior Play to be Presented To-Night

"The Boomerang", a three act comedy by Winchell Smith and Victor Mapes, will be given by the Seniors tonight. In the first place, Miss Gordon is directing it, and with Ruth Teter as stage manager, it can't help being a fine play.

Can you imagine Dottie Gartner as a doctor? She is a first class physician, and just watch her tonight, if you don't believe it. And what would a doctor be without a pretty assistant, especially one like Dorothy Sutton, who becomes Virginia Zelva in the play? Budd Woodbridge, who is played by Julia Thomson, is a very sick young man. He has a mysterious disease called "jealously", and Budd comes to Dr. Summer to be cured of this terrible malady.

Grace Tyler, who is the cause of Budd's illness, is played by the very versatile Iris Fleischaker, and indeed, who would mind being sick, if it helped to gain the hand of the fair Grace? No Senior play would be complete without Catherine Orr, and in this one she is the mother of the desperate young man, Budd Woodbridge, and Joe Bowman is Budd's sister, Marion.

Introducing some new actors, there is Rosalind Sachs as Preston DeWitt, who insists on making love to Grace, in spite of the anxiety of Budd; Mary Sue Wisdom as a Mr. Stone, a patient; Jean Caldwell as Gertrude Ludlow, Porma Paul Ruedi as a French speaking valet, and Alice Mac Lean, a naughty butler.

The ending is not going to be disclosed, but it is guaranteed to please, so come one and all to see the mighty Seniors in their farewell Lindenwood play.

Dedicate Library

on May 30th.

People have grown so used to the Margaret Leggett Butler Library, that it is hard to realize its newness. This time last year the corner stone was not yet laid. Now even the seniors can scarcely remember studying in Roemer. But the building has not been dedicated yet. The date set for the formal ceremony is May 30, at two thirty in the afternoon. Dr. Fairchild of the University of Missouri will speak. The importance of this event is readily appreciated, when one thinks of what an addition the library has been to the campus.

Rebecca Carr's Dinner

Are you hungry? Just listen to this. It's another one of those Home-Ec. dinners given by Rebecca Carr on May 12, at six o'clock. The menu consisted of:

Broiled veal chops
Buttered peas Stuffed baked potatoes
Molded Vegetable salad
Butter horns Ice tea
Apricot ice Angel food cake

Frances Nef acted as "host", and the guests were Miss Isidor, Miss Mortensen and Irene Brooks. According to the guests, the dinner was very successful.

Dr. Roemer Attends L. C. College Club

For the seventeenth consecutive year, Dr. Roemer attended the annual luncheon given by the Lindenwood College Club of Kansas City, Monday, May 12. It was held at the Woman's City Club, and Dr. Roemer was the guest of honor for the occasion, and as usual was called upon to speak. It was said by one of the members:

"We are always glad to have Dr. Roemer with us to tell all the Lindenwood news of the year. He has never failed to do this for seventeen long years of which we are very grateful, and only sorry that Mrs. Roemer was unable to attend."

Mrs. Paul Ellis, president of the club, presided, and expressed the pleasure and privilege that was theirs with Dr. Roemer as their guest.

Friday, May 16, Dr. Roemer went to LaVella, Mo., where he gave the address to the graduating class of the high school there.

Exciting Swimming Meet Won By Freshmen

Splashing, screaming, routing, every variety of noise expressible emerged from the swimming pool, Thursday afternoon, April 10. The most exciting meet in years was in process. Catherine Orr conducted it, a fact that explains in part its tremendous success. The judges were Miss Reichert, Miss Frances Stumberg, and Mrs. Willbrand of St. Charles. Jo Bowman raced up and down the sides reporting results to the most efficient scorekeeper, Miss Parker.

The outstanding heroine of the meet was Shaver Davis, captain of the Junior team. She amassed the highest number of points totalling thirty-six. "Doody" Tralles and Dolly Kircher tied for second place with thirty points. Their swimming was two good reasons why the Freshman team won the meet. Ruth Clement took third place in the individual scoring.

In the separate events, there was close competition. The Juniors won the novelty relay, the most exciting of all. The girls were to swim a length, carrying a balloon, and blow it up at the end of the pool. The next girl could not start until her teammate's balloon bursted. Then she had to repeat the performance. In diving, "Doody" was granted first place, with Shaver and Camilla Luther, trying for second. In the races, Dolly won the breast and back stroke, and "Doody" the free style events.

Swimming for form, Shaver Davis and Betty Rose were judged best.

Cover To Cover

By K. L. D.

"Coronet" by Manuel Komroff, another startling new historical novel, is making the same whirlwind progress and meeting the same popularity that so many such books are doing today. This story is an epic romance, extending from 1600 to 1919. The theme is the decay of aristocracy, which is symbolized by a jeweled coronet, passing from one generation to another of the Burrin family. This novel is delicately made up of a series of episodes beginning with the Italian Renaissance, and following the passing of the artistic aristocracy, represented by this period. The author presents, through the picture of the Napoleonic invasion of Russia and his Moscow retreat, the downfall of military aristocracy,

The last part of the book deals with

Bobbie Burns in Galamorous Glory

"O wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us. To see ourselves as others see us. This was the opportunity the faculty of Lindenwood had at Y. W. C. A. recently, when Butler Hall presented the program as a take-off on the teachers. Familiar characteristics were presented in exact duplicates, and it was one time that teachers and students could laugh with and at each other. Providing local color, and background, the faculty gathered, one by one, at a faculty meeting, with even Spotser (Tid Thomas) playing his role in his usual, lachadaisical manner.

Doris Force, doubling for the evening, for Miss Hankins, accomplished a masterpiece of imitation, while Miss Stone, (Mary Sue Wisdom) with her occasional "pardonéz-moi", and Miss Terhune (Mary Jane Goodwin) and her leather portfolio and scarf were hilariously cast. Dr. Gregg (Mary Mason) as usual talked of her garden and baking, while the physical education department, Miss Duggan (Shaver Davis), Dr. Casé (Sylvia Knothe), Miss Morris (Ruth Clement, Dr. Reuter (Margaret Brody). The English department, Miss Parker, Miss Dawson and Miss Stumberg, (Judy Thornton, Sarah Stuck and Frances Blair) were well represented. Miss Schaper in her usual bustling way was well taken care of by Dorothea Lange, while Billie Davenport and Elsie Prip changed places with Miss Isidor and Mr. Brent for the evening. Last, but not least, Dr. Gipson was present in the character of Elizabeth Clarke. The meeting proceeded in the customary fashion with the discussion of the point system being the outstanding feature, while Dr. Fairchild, of England (Mary Ambler) gave a most interesting talk between Spotser's sudden bursts of ventilation.

The program was something entirely new, and one that everyone enjoyed. Score one for Butler.

Steak Dinner

Oh to Know a Home Ec. Girl.

Margaret Baird entertained at her Home Ec. dinner, May 14, with Lola Henry as host and Miss Tucker and Marie Schmutzler as guests. The very appetizing menu was:

Rolled Flank Steak
Sweet Potato Puffs Buttered Peas
Fruit Salad Clover Leaf Rolls
Grapenut Ice Cream
Coffee

the collapse of the intellectual aristocracy, and reaches its climax with the War, and the Russian revolution. In the chapters entitled, "The Arts Bow Low", Chopin is pictured dying in France, and the disintegration of Balzac is a second notable episode. With the effect of the anti-climax the coronet finally passes from the hands of the last of the original family, to Chicago, where it is purchased by a hog butcher millionaire, Mallet, as a gift for his daughter.

Manuel Komroff is a fine story teller and a master of descriptive detail. According to critics, his irony is regarded as rather weak, but he is to be given the credit of handling an age-old theme of greed, lust for power and vague idealism, in a powerful and effective way. "Primarily it is an heroic-sized panorama of almost four centuries of human life with an amazing and vivid foreground against which the drama of history becomes a melodrama, at once ironic and impressive."

Average Freshman Letter Home Along About Now

Dearest Mother: I do not know just why you didn't know that I charged that dress while I was home, because I distinctly remember showing it to you, or anyhow, I showed it to someone, and maybe it was Sis.

Mother, now, I want you to talk to Dad before I get home, and find out just whether or not he is going to get me a car, because, you see, when a person gets to be a Freshman in college, and they are as old as I am, well surely, they know their own minds, and won't go out and deliberately run into a telephone post or something, and I will buy the gas out of my own allowance, and I think that's fair enough, don't you, because, you see, Dad can't stop my allowance this summer because if he did, just what would I use for money? I think I was very fair about this, because I offered last summer to work in the ten cent store or the cigar factory, and if you won't let me do that, what can I do?

And, another thing, I'm afraid I'm going to need some more money, because, you know I went away this week end, and, you know I was careful with it but, anyhow, I have 35 cents left for the rest of the month, and some bills too. Yes, I have been buying clothes, but I just did it because I didn't want you to be ashamed of me while I'm away from home, and everybody had been looking at me for a long time like they were sorry for me, and there's the darlinest chiffon evening dress in St. Louis.

We are all getting sunburned up here, and I will come home looking very healthy, and that's where some of my money goes, because I don't want to be thin when I come home like I was last time, so I go to the tea room, just so I won't worry you all—Do have Dad send a check—Your loving daughter.

STRAND THEATRE

TUESDAY

"FURIES"

with

H. B. Warner—Lois Wilson

WED.—THUR.—FRI.

RICHARD BARTHELMESS

in

"Son of the Gods"

SAT. NIGHT

A College Story

NANCY CARROLL

in

"SWEETIE"

with

Jack Oakie, Helen Gane Stanley Smith