

LINDEN BARK

Vol. 5.—No. 18

Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Mo., Tuesday, March 12, 1929.

Price 5c

IMPRESSIVE LENTEN SERVICE

Sermon by Dr. Roemer

Dr. Roemer, in the third of the Lenten services planned by the Young Women's Christian Association, spoke on the subject "Man Shall Not Live By Bread Alone." The atmosphere was indeed inspiring with the glowing candles, in contrast to the gloomy outside, showing up the white dresses of the Cabinet and Choir.

The theme of Dr. Roemer's was that physical needs are not the only ones to be tended to. He emphasized memory because after all, when the march of time has taken away everything, all that remains to man in memory.

The second point which Dr. Roemer emphasized was Experience. Everything which we intend to do is determined by our decision as to how the act will affect others. Thus experience is a criterion by which we must orientate our careers.

The third point in the address was that without faith we can accomplish nothing for there is nothing for us to cling to or to be guided by except faith. Faith is the mainspring of the universe.

The fourth point was that hope is an all abiding necessity in the game of life. If we do not hope, we might as well stop endeavoring for it must be the guiding star of the universe.

Lillie Bloomenstiel donated the flowers, in memory of her Mother, who recently passed away. After the services they were taken to St. Joseph's Hospital and distributed to the sick.

Dr. Roemer will go from Lindenwood to the meeting of the North Central Association of colleges. It will be held in Chicago March 13, 14, 15. Dr. Gipson will be unable to attend.

"TWEET! TWEET!" SANG THE SPARROW

Doctor Ennis was the originator and manager of a most interesting early morning ramble Tuesday morning, March 5. The biology classes and those interested in birds and their habits and habitudes were invited to attend.

The bird lovers started out at six o'clock. There were four students, Miss Sherman, and Doctor Ennis in the party—a goodly number considering the early hour. Their route led out the highway, to a fork in the road, where, taking the left turn, they came to a sheltered cemetery.

A number of birds were noticed, among them the bluebird, the robin, the meadowlark, the red-headed woodpecker, the sparrow, the junco, and many others. The song sparrow was heard but not observed.

The department plans one walk a week during the spring. Every one interested in bird lore is invited to go. For those interested in nature it is indeed a golden opportunity to study birds.

MISS TITCOMB ENTERTAINS

Lindenwood had reason to swell with pride over the accomplishments of one of the members of her faculty, Miss Titcomb, who appeared twice in a program given by the Missouri Chapter of the American Guild of Organists at the Sheldon Auditorium in St. Louis on Monday, February 25. Miss Titcomb's first number was an exquisite rendition of Vierne's *First Symphony*, and her second, which completed the entire program, was *Nun Danket Alle Gott* by Karg-Elert.

A select assembly of music-lovers attended the Symphony and Lindenwood may rest assured that Miss Titcomb's work was greatly admired and appreciated.

INAUGURAL CELEBRATIONS

Mr. Motley on hand to hear "I Do"

That affair at Washington on the 4th was really legal, for Mr. Motley, Lindenwood's delegate, was on hand to oversee all the details. Lindenwood was also represented by Ruth Fuller. Mr. Motley's trip, which included a visit to New York, Baltimore, and 'points east', occupied about ten days. A telegram received from him sent his love to all the girls and an assurance that although the Democrats were not so prominent in the celebrations, he was enjoying it all. And the girls, by the way, enjoyed the inauguration themselves, for the radio was hitched up in the auditorium so that everyone could listen in on the proceedings.

The eleven o'clock classes were cut a little short so that everyone could be on hand to hear that solemn and impressive "I do". The descriptions which came over the wires of the home State senators, the appearance and actions of the assembly, and even the wet seats were of top notch interest. Following Vice-President Curtis, President Hoover was sworn in amid wild applause, and began his inauguration speech. As one would expect from a man of his caliber, the speech was conservative, non-sensational, and marked by a dignified respect for law and order. Strict observance of the rules of the Kellogg Treaty, support of world peace, and enforcement of law were among the outstanding points.

At eight o'clock tomorrow night, in Roemer Auditorium, Miss Ethelynde Smith, soprano of Portland, Maine will give a song recital with Arthur Lieber as accompanist. Mr. Lieber is a well-known organist of St. Louis. The program will include songs of many nations.

LINDEN BARK

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TUESDAY MARCH 12, 1929.

The Linden Bark:

"The Ides of March are come."
 Shakespear—*Julius Caesar Act 3*

LONG LIVE GIRLS' SCHOOLS!

What are the reasons that have possibly brought hundreds of girls to Lindenwood each year for the past century instead of turning their footsteps toward the institutions that are co-educational? When we decide upon our school have we not more in mind than the scholastic, or the entertaining side? The essentials of all schools are well known to be its ranking in its educational reputation, its type of students, its environment by which it offers to the girls the finer things in life.

In a girls' boarding school one has many advantages that are not included in university life. The personal contact that one gets in classes with one's teachers is usually one of much pleasure for through a personal association the democratic spirit of the college is developed.

Possibly one of the most wonderful advantages of a girls' boarding school are the close friendships that are brought together. Students entering college are thrown with many different types of girls and living in such close contact with them that they find their own companions in those they admire and respect. Although the deeper friendships may not be established until later, possibly in the sophomore

and junior year, the students have ample opportunity by that time to have "come into their own" and have their own companies. In a university the students have very little association except in fraternity life. Those who do not belong to some special organization in which they become closely associated are entirely unaware of the friends that make living such a pleasure.

There is a very great danger in ridiculing friendships in a college but if each one remembers that others business is not their own—those friendships that have the essentials of a true one will last and it will be much happier if there have been no petty comments to mar them.

Last but not least, and to some not an advantage, there are no distractions in the presence of the opposite sex. This is perhaps a minor point that matters little to some, but to the majority it is perhaps the biggest disadvantage.

THE OUTLOOK FOR SPRING

Robins and bluebirds merrily singing on the quad and the announcement of the May Queen and her party are sure signs that Spring has come to Lindenwood. At many sheltered nooks around the campus small green sprouts of early spring flowers have come through the now damp ground and some of the shrubs are beginning to show signs of life returning.

—A surer sign than these is the display of new spring hats and ensembles and the talk of future shopping trips and spring vacation, for even those who cannot go home are anxiously counting those fifteen more days until there long—looked for plans will be carried out.

The Sophomore Prom will really herald the coming of Spring, at least for some members of the Lindenwood family. This will be the first social event after the true beginning of Spring according to the calendar. It will be a veritable fashion plate of the newest in formal dress for spring and the hearts of the girls will be gayer that Spring as officially entered.

With Spring comes, too, the annual play sponsored by the Alpha Psi Omega to give the girls a happy beginning of vacation. This is an event long looked forward to and will be greatly enjoyed.

The Athletic Association girls

COLLEGE CALENDAR

Tuesday, March 12—5 P. M.
 Music Students' Recital
 Wednesday, March 13.—8 P. M.
 Ethlynde Smith, Soprano.
 Thursday March 14,—11 A. M.
 Oratory Recital
 Friday, March 15,—
 Freshman Party
 Sunday, March 17.—6:30 P. M.
 Rev. R. S. Kenaston

are already looking forward to their banquet which will be given at a hotel in the city and when the time comes the "four hundred" will certainly envy the "elect." With vacation, too, the gym. classes will change and Spring will arrive in earnest when the girls start training for track swimming meet, and tennis tournament. Hikes and golf will soon take on a new interest, cameras have been doing double duty and the quad will blossom with girls as well as flowers.

After vacation the campus will buzz with the stories of social successes and new boy friends, to say nothing of new pins and rings. Soon the time will fly till the Juniors give the Seniors their Prom—one of the social triumphs of the year, bringing the social activities of the spring near a close.

OLD SIBLEY COTTAGE

IS NO MORE

Old Sibley cottage is gone. Torn down with the cruel, swift heartlessness which seems so characteristic of all workmen who are engaged on a job of this sort. Of course, their victim holds no sentiment, no memories for them; hence, the rapid debilitation.

Yes, the old cottage was becoming a bit of an eyesore on Lindenwood's lovely campus. The sight of it, old, out-of-date, slowly crumbling didn't fit in, somehow, with the smart, new buildings on which our Alma Mater prides herself. Altogether it was quite appropriate that the cottage should yield her place to the new library, which is to be erected very soon. The library will fit in; its architectural beauty will blend perfectly, and a sense of utter rightness will easily pervade the atmosphere. But, somehow, there will be a place in our memories for old Sibley which

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CLAREMORE

By Margaret Ruth Johnson

There is a little town in Oklahoma known as Claremore, which, according to Will Rogers, is the best town in the world. Whether this is some of his humor or merely loyalty to his birthplace, I cannot tell. At any rate, it is not an accepted fact.

Claremore is a typical small western town. On each side of Main Street are two or three barn-like hotels, having balconies supported by half-rotten posts. A hamburger stand, a shade lighter than the dust which rises from the unpaved streets, attracts the visitor's eye because of the glaring advertisements posted on its sides. Next—a shoe store. High boots displayed in the window resemble the mustard used by the hamburger stand. Farther on is a men's clothing store, in front of which hangs a pair of overalls so large that one cannot imagine a human being wearing them. All the buildings look hastily thrown together for temporary use only. That is the chief impression one receives in Claremore. Nothing is permanent.

Aside from being the birthplace of Will Rogers, Claremore's chief claim to fame is its sulphur baths. It has become quite a health resort for those who cannot afford the more exclusive French Lick Springs or Hot Springs. However, I rather doubt its health-giving propensities. Anyone who is able to endure the boredom of a season there is not very ill anyway.

Last summer I drove to Claremore with my family to meet a train at four-thirty in the morning. We arrived at this metropolis an hour early and decided to have breakfast to take up the time. As we were "drifting" slowly down Main Street, searching for some kind of life, two hounds that were using the middle of the road for sleeping quarters, sat up and with a remarkable demonstration of the fearlessness of the West, merely yawned in our faces as we turned out of our path to avoid them. I looked back and saw that they had resumed their first posture as if nothing had happened. We kept on until we found one place open. This was the Imperial Cafe. We were sitting on the stools at the

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ATTEMPT AT A SONNET

By Mary Elisabeth Baker

They say I should attempt to make
a rime,
To use some words and form of
them a sonnet.
Now what can rime with sonnet
but a bonnet,
That old, beribboned Easter one
of mine?
All day to-day I've tried from time
to time
To find a thought and words to
hang upon it,
And dress it up, and call it then a
sonnet;
I even tried to buy one for a dime.
But luck has been against me this
day long;
No one's had time to help me in
my search;
They said to copy one would be
quite wrong,
And thus I was left rather in the
lurch.
My trials have failed and are no
good you see,
My feeble efforts to write poetry.

A MOONLIGHT STROLL

By Martha Craig Rucker

My restless feet shivered in their coverings; a shiver of mesmeric anticipation played up and down my spine. I drew the folds of my robe about me and, raising the latch with a tentative forefinger, slipped out and mingled with the shadows.

Little beads of moisture cooled my burning ankles and clung to the hem of my gown as I glided through the tender grass; I stooped and brushing the velvety blades with eager, cupped palms, bathed my forehead in a miniature drenching of dew.

The path ahead shimmered like tarnished silver, spots of black dancing capriciously among the light. A crawly, spineless thing uncoiled itself and slithered off into the darkness. I gasped and quivered but ventured further. The guttural notes of the water creatures droned dismally in my ears. My nostrils discovered the appealing sweetness of jasmine blossoms and I filled my lungs greedily. On I strolled, until I reached a spot where the ribbon of tarnished silver raveled out into a square of gossamer cloth and my weary limbs sank down to rest.

MOUTHS

By Virginia Furnish

It has been proven that the mouth is the key to facial expression. So often we hear this statement, "She (or he) has such expressive eyes." But if the mouth wereto be hidden, only an expressionless countenance would remain. Therefore the human mouth with its mystery and its revelation, certainly offers a fascinating subject for pursuit.

Imagine, if you can, a mouthless face. Not only would such a condition be a great handicap to the owner from the standpoint of food importation and gossip exportation, but the resulting appearance would be heartbreaking to any sympathetic spectator. However, regardless of sympathy, I feel sure that it would be a very ludicrous sight to see a person, who already possessed an ample chin, deprived of the great monotony-breaker, the mouth. Everyone will agree with me that any type of mouth is better than none at all.

This brings us to types of mouths. There are thick lips, thin lips, the big mouth, and the little mouth, but, as yet I have to locate that which is called "the rose-bud mouth." Mouths even the ugliest, naturally are endowed with a degree of attraction. Some people, however, are so filled with the barbaric as to torture their faithful servant, the mouth, by applying to it outlandish colors and more outlandish shapes. I can say, without fear of falsity, that many times when the mouth looks in the mirror it has difficulty in recognizing itself.

Yes, mouths are faithful servants. Did you ever stop to think how faithful? The person becomes hungry. He takes a piece of food, the mouth obediently opens, receives the food, closes (usually), and proceeds to work with all diligence until the food is ready for the digestive tract. Probably, when the person's hunger is satisfied, the barbaric instinct again asserts itself, and he thinks of some particularly cutting remark he might make to an acquaintance or even to a friend. Oh my! what a chance gone bad if it were not for the ever loyal mouth. But no matter how badly this organ hates to do an uncharit-

able thing it must open and shut so many times until the owner of the mouth has thoroughly offended his victim. Often, though, the mouth is allowed to play the good angel and make somebody happy by a kind word rightly spoken. Thus the mouth is not only an ornament but the center of the utmost power for good or for evil.

These many points just mentioned concerning this ever-loyal friend of man (and maid of all work for women) are not of such keen interest when compared with one other great fact. The mouth is many times the index to character—quite frequently fictitious character, I admit. Of course, we all have certain types of people to which we attach a distinctive mouth. Did you ever visualize a miser with thick lips, a jovial creature with thin, tight lips, the drunkard with a firm mouth, or the dreamer with a hard mouth? Certainly not! But much more interesting than creating imaginary characters and applying mouths it is to study the mouth of an actual person and visualize his character. Often this fails when put to test, but really it is a fascinating pastime when some lecture proves particularly boresome and you have counted the lights in the auditorium until you can do it with your eyes shut, or when you are too near the front to sleep peacefully without detection. This is more effective when there is some group of people, practically unknown to you, on the platform in front of the room. When I first came to Lindenwood and found an entire choir in front of me, each member with a mouth—well—until each one of those mouths had been carefully observed, lectures were not in it at all. I revelled in all those mouths and had great sport creating a personality to go behind each one. But woe unto me! I wasted so much time. As I have become more and more acquainted with the owner of each mouth, I find that only in one case have I not been mistaken in my characterization. For another girl I have created such a personality from her mouth that I fear if I should really come to know her my dream picture would crash against my hobby, mouth study, and destroy it completely. Therefore this girl I carefully avoid.

Yes, my favorite pursuit is a waste of time. I grant it. But at

least, it keeps me busy and consequently out of mischief.

A MEXICAN ADOBE

By Margaret Ross

Clear white-blue sky and sun beating down on yellow mesquite and bright green cottonwoods. A little white-washed adobe with bright red peppers hanging on its walls protected from the heat and wind by two little hills, one on the side and one at the back. The sun-baked ground and hills changing colors in the late afternoon. All is silence except for the little squeals of happiness coming from two naked bronzed children as they romp and play with their long, lanky brown dog. The old grandmother is sitting on the door step smoking her pipe and drowsily watching them. Her hair is white and her skin wrinkled and dried. She has lived in this hut with its mud-plastered walls, beamed ceiling, and earthy floor all of her life and has become as brown and cracked as the ground at her feet. Here is a dry, clear, restful feeling. I have the desire to remain with no care or worry of the manana.

THE FIRE

By Helen Sweeney

The flaming fire burns low and now remains
A bed of coals whose life ebbs fast away.
The color shifts and interflows.
The heat,
Like serpents, coils and writhes and rushes. Red
Now dusky and now vivid; red, red, red;
And little tongues so fast diminishing.
I sit in brown and twisted, broken light
All full of patches, quiverings, and shades.
Our life at last must dimmed be of all
Its pulsing fire, The light, the warmth, which we
In youth possess now fades. Dark mists hang o'er
Us. All our glow is broken and replaced
By quieter, more peaceful glimmerings.

(Continued from page 3, col. 1)

counter drinking coffee and munching dough-nuts, when my attention was drawn to a nickel slot machine, which resembled a victrola. Drawn as if by a magnet, I walked to it—I have a passion for putting coins in slots, even having ridden the busses in Chicago to hear dimes click as they dropped into the conductor's fare-box—and was about to play a record of the death of Floyd Collins, when I saw a sign forbidding its use after eight at night. The guests at the hotel across the street, most of whom are there because of ill health, had objected to having their rest disturbed after this hour, and had succeeded in having a law passed against the innocent victrola. The proprietor and I agreed that this was not constitutional, but he hadn't been able to do anything about it as yet.

Scarcely any time passed before two rather old working-men came in for their breakfasts. They had just finished their night-shifts somewhere down the railroad tracks, and they opened their conversation by telling the proprietor in an unexcited drawl that there had been a freight wreck a few moments ago with seven men hurt. Also a new well had been opened at Amarillo and there were good jobs for everyone. They were thinking of moving on. As their conversation progressed, it turned to the subject of Will Rogers, who is uppermost in the minds of all Claremoreans. It seems the boys were planning a square dance for him when he came back that year. We were interested, and glad to find new listeners, they eagerly launched upon the subject of his life. Bill came back every year, and they gave all kinds of old-time parties that they knew he liked. He had never changed a bit. No sir, there was no big head about Bill Rogers—that Hollywood hadn't hurt him. He still didn't drink or smoke. On and on they continued to enumerate the virtues of their foremost native son. By the time we left to meet the train, I could easily understand why Will Rogers loves Claremore. In all the cities where he has received the adulation and praises of so many important people, I am sure he could never find such blind worship as the people of his own town give him.

Read the Linden Bark.

POUNDS: MORE OR LESS

By Joan Lytle

At the mere mention of reducing all feminine ears are immediately tuned in and other wave lengths no matter how absorbing a few minutes before, are shut off. For exercise and diet are the woman of fashion's slave drivers, serving their great god Slenderness. But, in spite of the universality of reducing as a topic, it fails to have universal, physical attention. There are many slackers falsely enrolled in the cause and the morale of all suffers from the slip of these backsliders, who in a moment of weakness have indulged in a chocolate eclair.

...This cause, always a duty, becomes imperious to the college girl, who in a girl's school and out of the eyes of the world for six months, has carelessly entertained first ounces, then pounds, until finally they are like lingering guests who threaten to be permanent, though not welcome.

A few weeks before spring vacation she becomes frantic, willing to go any length to lose, and immediately begins a great siege, attempting various and sundry methods of losing weight. Anxiously believing their advertised values and hoping for the best, she squanders her capital on Reducing Remedies. The candy, and show funds are all invested in calorie books, reducing records, rolling pins, bathing solutions and various other remedies, knowledge of which the writer's scanty experience of one year at a girls' school has denied her. But even with the equipment mentioned one may rightly expect drastic results. For now the crusade is entered with fanatical zeal and woe unto the friend who fails to notice how thin the energetic loser of bulk has become.

With barely a twinge of regret, favorite desserts are ignored, Candy receives only a distant glance. And even potatoes and gravy are only somewhat longingly sniffed. Halls are filled with contortionists, gymnasts, and vigorously puffing fat girls. One begins to notice in their eyes, a starved look that great amounts of water and spinach will not dispel. The torture of Philip Nolan was trivial compared to theirs. For what is a country without food?

At night a mistreated stomach entertains them with dreams of feasts of juicy sirloin steaks, roast duck, turkey, pie and cake. Or equal suffering is imposed upon them by a nightmare of dying of starvation before they are able to enjoy ice cream puffs just once more.

...Finally, after several centuries of agony, measured on the calendar by weeks, the fast is over. With no little tremor and excitement the reducee visits the scales and cautiously steps up on the platform. Joy of all joys! She screams hysterically, falling into the waiting arms of her friends. For on this fair day of spring, she stands, a historic figure, the proud loser of fifteen pounds. Now she may return home and holding her head high say, when asked if it were not hard to keep from gaining, "No, not at all. I sort of lost my appetite for awhile and didn't care a thing about eating."

But her triumph is deserved and her story surely excusable.

FROM MY WINDOW

By Elaine Snider

Tired of studying conjugations and linear equations I gaze out of my open window, and a feeling of restfulness mingled with loneliness takes hold of me. The cool, damp night air fans my hot face and brings with it the low rhythmic ringing of distant church bells and the muffled bark of a dog. Above me the sky is black, unbroken by the twinkle of a single star, while the ground, until it fades into the darkness, is covered here and there with patches of snows, an immense picture-puzzle to baffle the mind of one who tries to make anything of it. A bunch of scrawny, gnarled trees like old men bent to whisper a dark secret, draws my wandering eyes. Then away in the distance a tiny light flashes, disappears, then brightens the whole landscape as an automobile, possibly from home, comes over the top of the hill. The monotonous swish of tires on the pavement and whir of motors makes a chill run down my spine, and I glance up to see the moon slowly creeping from behind a cloud. I turn from my window with a feeling of disgust as the discord of a badly played scale breaks in on my moment of reverie.

ON HAVING NOTHING TO WRITE ABOUT

By Roberta Manning

It would be interesting to know the number of times that the excuse, "I had nothing to write about," has been presented, since teachers first assigned composition work to students. Why, it may have been that George Washington cut down the cherry tree, because his English teacher wanted a composition written from personal experience. It may seem absurd to some that there should be so little subject matter for essays in such a large world, but there are many that have the difficulty I have in this matter.

For a week my poor brain had whirled with a steady chant, "What are you going to write about? What are you going to write about?" It was repeated not twice, but a thousand times. Imposing subjects came to my mind, but no, they would not do. Too bad that I had not sailed around the world; that I had no knowledge of a lawn-mower; that I had dropped the only baby I was ever allowed to hold. Would Miss Parker like to know, what I thought of the suffragette? No, I was doubtful about her interest in the subject, and I really didn't think much about it, myself.

With the faint hope of getting an idea, I questioned my friends, "What are you writing about for Friday?" Wasn't it queer, that they all had perfect ideas for essays? Indignantly, I asked myself, "Roberta, do you never have a brilliant thought? You could have written about any of those subjects. You think of a subject after three people have already written on it."

I went home, and seated myself at the desk, for it is said that desks give that scholarly atmosphere. With pen poised hopefully over a too blank piece of paper, I gazed out the window at the golf course, dismal in the rain. The scales and exercises ascending from the basement where industrious musicians worked diligently at the piano and violin, did not inspire me with any great thoughts. Laboring under these handicaps, there was nothing for me to do but write an essay, "On Having Nothing to Write About."

Read the Linden Bark.

METROPOLIS IN SLEET

By Cora Glasgow

A mist of chilly, pungent rain
Was soaking all the street;
St. Louis on a winter day—
Metropolis in sleet.
People bustling through the streets
In slickers, shiny bright—
A newsboy, with his shoulders
bunched
To fend the coming night.
Above the soft and hazy line
Of buildings, blurred in smoke,
A sky of softest pigeon grey
Hung low, a draped cloak
A city with the surging life
Of busy, happy crowds—
A city drowned in shades of
grey—,
Serene and calm with clouds.
Its spirit sank into the thoughts
Of those who sought its themes—
A sombre grey, and yet a grey
Of incense-heavy dreams.

FROM THE BANK

By Helen B. Wilson

Stretched flat upon my back, I
drowsed luxuriously upon the green
cushioned bank. Close beside my
sleepy ear, a clear little mountain
stream tinkled and swirled about
the pebbles painted in dull, warm
browns and reds. I crumbled the
rich, black soil in my inert hand. It
fell to creamy fragments just as
fudge melts into thick, moist bits
under crunching teeth. My idle eye
wandered up the brown trunk of a
near by tree, lingering on a decay-
ing chip of bark under which I
caught a glimpse of tender, white
wood, pausing to follow the course
of a tiny beetle whose glistening
black armor reflected the rays of
the low hung sun.

Then, my eye was caught by
the gleam of sprouting leaves
sketched upon the hazy blue can-
vas of the sky misted here and there
by the trailing white chiffon of the
clouds. Then the flame of a robin's
breast caught my glance and my
drowsy eyes followed his flight in-
to the green of the leaves until he
hovered over a tiny nest of dried
grass neatly tucked away among the
warm brown branches. Four half-
naked scrawny necks and glistening
yellow beaks gave evidence that the
familiar whirr of his wings was
eagerly welcomed. Perched upon
the nest's edge, he dropped a wrig-

gling white grubworm into a wide-
ly gaping bill, watching to see
that the fortunate one was not de-
prived for his spoil by clamorous
brothers. Then he flew out in
search of more fat worms or deli-
cious insects.

The April wind blew gently
through the swaying branches, lift-
ing my hair with timid fingers. I
drifted to sleep under the soft
music of its hum.

MERELY A BATH

By Edith Parker

If a bath means nothing to you
except the custom of this civilized
world of getting into a tub of
water, which is usually too hot or
too cold; scrubbing yourself until
you smart all over; getting soap in
both eyes; then jumping out onto
a slimy floor and nearly freezing—
well then, this essay was never
intended for you, so toss it aside.
But, if a bath to you means the
recreation of stepping into a nice
white tub of lukewarm water,
highly perfumed by bath salts; lei-
surely lying back while the water
folds about you; making delightful
foamy soapsuds; then after splash-
ing cold water, briskly rubbing
yourself until you feel as if you'd
visited the fountain of youth—
then you are my friend. To me a
bath is almost sacred. It is a rite I
perform every day of my life as
regularly as I eat my meals. The
old jokes of the Saturday night
bath only, I think, are simply vul-
gar.

When I was a child and grew
tired in the middle of the day, I
was put to bed for a nap. But
now, after a busy day at school I
take my bath and then I'm ready
for dinner, a dance, or whatever
the evening's program may be.

During my bath I have time to
relax and think over my day. If
something has gone wrong I try to
work it out or I plan what I want
the rest of my day to be like.

Sometimes I'm not concerned
with the present but wonder about
the future. Where will I be in ten
years? Twenty years? What is my
life work going to be? I love these
thoughts!

When I'm in a deep philosophi-
cal mood, I wonder about big
things. Reincarnation is one of
my favorite questions. I think that
maybe I was here before or will

come again—perhaps as some tal-
ented person. I ponder over Mars
and enlarge upon H. G. Wells'
"Men Like Gods".

If I have been reading either a
novel by Walpole or poems by
Sarah Teasdale, during my bath I
follow. Harmer John, trying to
solve his problem, or perhaps I re-
main in the mystic land of poetry.
If it is frivolous reading I've been
doing, for instance stories by Alice
Duer Miller, Temple Bailey, or
Berta Ruck, I picture these carefree,
everyday characters as I lie on my
perfumed cushions of water.

I sing, too. My bath would
never be complete unless I rendered
two or three of my latest "favor-
ites". At other times I dare not
open my mouth because I well
know that my voice is my failing.
But in the solitude of a bath I soar
high to the sky or down to the
very depths. I believe that I in-
herited this trait because at home it
was never the alarm that awakened
me in the morning, but my father
singing "I found a horse shoe" as
he took his morning shower.

Best of all, though, I like to
build air castles. They loom up as
the bubbles of my soap. They last
for awhile, but as the bubbles
vanish when the water hits them,
so my castles disappear as I get
out, dress, and return to my right
mind. However, soap bubbles have
left their impression because I am
clean and refreshed. Thus my
"bath dreams" have cleared my
mind and I take up life again with
new vim and enthusiasm.

'I'VE MISSED YOU SO'

By Elisabeth Austin

"I've missed you so....."
Is all that I can say.

How can I tell him
Of hours of tears?
Of longing, of pain?
Of hours of heartache?

That white moon yonder
Across the cedar trees
Only makes me long
For the red moon and windy hill
Of long ago.

"I've missed you so....."
Is all that I can say.

Across a dull sky
Trails a haggard moon,
Her beauty dimmed by morning
veils.

(Continued from page 2, col. 3)

was built by Mrs. Sibley, and no matter how many beautiful, new buildings rise to take its place, we will always remember the humble little house as it has stood for so many years.

STUDENTS' TUESDAY

RECITAL

The music students' recital given in Roemer Auditorium Tuesday, March 5, consisted of two groups of piano numbers and one group of songs. In the first group were Jennie Ruth Gamble who played *Elegie*, by Nolle, and Phyllis McFarland who played *Ballade, Op. 23* by Gilbert. These were charming selections and very well rendered.

Ann Hoefler sang beautifully *Jenne Fillette* an 18th century Bergette, and *Snowflakes*, by Malinson. These were given in Ann's well-known charming manner. Lillian Smith captivated her audience with *The Blackbird's Song*, by Scott and *Little Shepherd's Song*, by Edwards. Hester Moore sang delightfully *Two Roses*, by Gilberte and *Ma Little Banjo*, by Dichmont.

The two piano numbers, *Japanese Ballade*, by Yamada, played by Georgie Daniels and *Valick* by Mokrejs, played by Hardy Albright were very lovely.

ADVANCE STUDENTS

RECITAL

A very excellent program was given at the Thursday assembly, February 21, by the students of the Music Department. The pianists were: Ruth Correa, Ruth Fuller Mary Catherine Craven, and Virginia Ann Shrimpton. The soloists were Ruth Thompson, and Pauline Brown. Naida Porter, accompanied by Letha Bailey, played two violin solos. A duet by Wilma Rhinehart and Clara Bowles was postponed on account of the formers illness.

Miss Linneman of the Art Department spent last week-end in Columbia, Missouri as the guest of Dean and Mrs. Jas. T. Quarles. Dean Quarles was head of the Music Department at Lindenwood. Friday night, March 8, Miss Linnemann with her host and hostess attended the Beaux Arts Ball at the Tiger Hotel.

FRENCH INITIATES
PRESENT PLAY

The members of Beta Pi Theta were delightfully entertained at their meeting held the afternoon of March 6, by the fraternity initiates, who presented a clever little farce by Schentove, entitled, "L'Anglais qu'on le parle". These newly initiated members showed themselves dramatically inclined, for the play was given in a professional manner.

Betty Jack took the part of the ardent lover, and was supported by Dorothea McCulloh with whom she was eloping. The heavy father was played in a very characteristic manner by Eleanor Richardson, who took delight in embarrassing the interpreter, Frances Elliot. Pep Perry was the pert efficient cashier to perfection. She was aided by Helen Diehr, the bell-boy. Helen was particularly good in this part and deserves a lot of credit. Clara Nathan was the inspector and she inspected very well. Ruth Lemen played a dual role. She was The Policeman. She also gave a summary of the play before it opened. Marian Becker had charge of the costumes and Doris Force of the properties. As the first effort at entertainment by these new members, this play was remarkably popular.

"LIVING PLUS"

Subject at Vespers

Mr. Preston G. Orwig, a member of the Youth's Foundation of St. Louis and an Elder in the First Presbyterian Church spoke at Vespers Sunday night, February 24 on "Living Plus" which is living according to the Jesus Way.

Van Dyke gave "Four things a man must learn to do" If he would make his living true: To think without confusion clearly, To act with honest motives purely, To love your fellow men sincerely, To trust in God and Heaven securely." Mr. Orwig believes that Van Dyke had "living plus" in mind when he wrote this poem. "Religion is life. The greatest command is 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart with all thy soul and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself.' This tallies with Van Dyke's poem, with Luke in 'And the boy, Jesus increased in wisdom, in stature, in favor with God and his Fellow men.'

SIRENS OF CAPRI
APPEAR IN TATLER

Views of Capri, that enchanting isle at the Mediterranean gateway to Naples, comprise this week's Roman Tatler. Capri is famous for the sirens who used to lure sailors to destruction on the rocky coasts. These sailors sealed their ears with sealing wax to avoid the fateful songs. One of the pictures shows the fabled rock from which the sirens saw the "Winged Galley" bear Ulysses safely by. Another shows a modern siren.

There is a view of their island from the height of Monte Solaro, and another of a distant summit on which may be seen the ruins of the Villa Jovis, where Tiberius, stepson and successor to Augustus Caesar, lived the last ten years of his life. In the background is the Sorrentine Peninsula on the mainland. There are two other pictures. One shows a corner of the garden of a Capri villa, with lavish foliage. The other shows a garden of pines on a Caprian hill. The Tatler concludes with a note that modern voyagers who wish to escape the lure of this island should wear blindfolds.

The Roman Tatler last week was very unusual for it gave, in the literary section, a beauty talk by Helen of Troy. She says that it is the advertising that makes the beauty because man never knows what he wants until some other man wants it. A woman must be an artful deceiver. In the same section was a short play showing that Cupid and Psyche had matrimonial troubles even as people of today do. There was a very good picture of the Greek Sculpture of the fourth century B. C.—Aphrodite.

In the feature section was an article about Ambrose, an Austrian sculptor and his *The Aviator's End*. In the Legend, Icarus fell when his wax wings melted. The agonized face and the position of his body shows Ambrose's genius. rose's genius.

The jokes were exceedingly clever and the advertisement in red certainly attractive. It is entitled *Thumbs Up* and sets forth the fact that perfect piston rings today are just as important as oats were to the Roman charioteer of Nero's time.

SOPHS PLANS FOR PROM PRINCIPALLY MEN

Once again the sophs come into their own—this time with men. Many are the carefully penned missives that are being dropped in the mail boxes. The solution to the mystery is none other than the Sophomore Prom.

Rumors have been circulating freely among the sophs, but they were definitely affirmed last week with the result that every sophomore who can possibly entice a man squeals eagerly and frequently, "Can't wait till the twenty-second," for Friday, March 22 is the date set for the Sophomore dinner dance which will be begun at 6:30 P. M. in the dining room and continue—well, there are more rumors as to how long it will be continued. Let it suffice to say that up to the present time no sophomore has looked downcast at the mention of it so the chances are that the gentlemen friends will not be leaving at the customary hour of ten.

It seems as though there was a reason after all for the class choosing black and white for their colors. Futuristic decorations are quite the thing at present, and can anyone imagine anything more clever than a prom with black and white futuristic decorations.

MARCH TAKES THE LEAD

Spring Brings Vacation Thoughts

March had the leading masculine role in the Springtime Musical Comedy which was presented at 5 o'clock on a Friday morning. With a chorus of cloud maidens, to the lilting strains of a bird orchestra, the fickle actor parted the orchard and rose curtains which shielded the Sun God and stepped forth to be the central attraction for 31 days.

All this translated into Weatherman English simply reads: Fair Friday and Saturday, storm clouds on Saturday and probably rain. Only an energetic early bird or Journalist intent on getting the proper data would get up at 5 o'clock in the morning to watch whether a mouth "came in" as the proverbial lion or lamb. But early birds, worms and journalists were well repaid by the glorious sunrise. Careful attention was paid to the detail but no lambs were seen

gamboling on the campus, though there were some dogs frisking over the golf course.

March has a particular significance for Lindenwood girls. On its 27th day is the beginning of Spring Vacation. April fairs not so well in collegiate minds for its showers are the accumulation of the tears of those vacationists who had not had cuts to take or had taken too many.

But first of all, the giddy lady herself must be ushered in on the 21st. O. O. McIntyre says "it's time for all the poets to begin composing sonnets." Not everybody rhymes words, but not a few are preparing lyrics in new spring outfits. Green bids fair to rival all other colors in fashion notes. From head to heel it is well expressed in the range of shades, including the mens' bright soft felts and the return engagement of light toned pumps for the ladies.

For those who aren't vitally interested in clothes, but who isn't, there are the seed catalogues to cause an evolution in the soul. Sweet pea seeds, what was it Keats said about curling fingers, are already under the moist soil, and no doubt in some places the crocuses are croaking at the occasional cold spells.

MUSIC AND ORATORY FACULTY ENTERTAIN

Miss Criswell opened the faculty recital at Roemer Auditorium, Friday Night, March 1, with three short French songs: "Je Suis Trop Jeunette" by Deems Taylor (French Air of the 14th Century), "Je pleure en reve" by Hue, and "Le Coeur de Ma Mie" by Dalcroze. She wore a blue chiffon gown ornamented at the waist with a large flat pink rose.

Miss Steeve, attired in a pink lace gown which was very becoming to her tall blond beauty, read J. M. Barrie's "Twelve Pound Look", and Miss Criswell followed with Puccini's "Si mi chiamano Mimi" (La Boheme).

Miss Rhodes then came on the stage in a gown of shaded red and white chiffon and played five numbers: "Aufshwing" by Schumann; Chopin's "Impromptu"; silvery "Peflets dans l'eau" by Debussy; and Albeuiz's spirited "Sequidilla." Her numbers were enthusiastically received.

Miss Criswell then sang four

numbers in English: "Song of the Robin" by Case, "Sanctuary" by LaForge, "Yesterday and Today" by Spross, and "Butterflies" by Seiler. Miss Gravely was her accompanist.

Miss Steeve's last number, "Edith Cavell" by Ruth Comfort Mitchell gave an opportunity for portrayal of emotion and character in the personification of the martyred Nurse Cavell of the World War. Miss Criswell, the soprano, Miss Rhodes the pianist, and Miss Steeve the reader, all received beautiful flowers from admiring friends and students.

TRAVELING BY HEART

Miss Gertrude Prack, secretary of the young people's work in the Second Presbyterian Church of St. Louis, spoke to the eleven o'clock assembly, Thursday, February 28, on the subject of "Traveling by Heart."

Miss Prack quoted from a poem which says, "A little road says go and a little house says stay." "No matter how happy we are, the little road calls us to go to find the country to which God calls us.

"Traveling by the heart is much harder than by geography, for there are no formulas for the journey of life. However, it is easier if we get some equipment. Some think the guide can be found in books, and they become students, but there are places where we must go alone.

Decisions and situations arise that exist for only one person. God does not want us to be in such peril, so He has offered Christ to us with the chance of choosing whether we shall take him or go our own way. This is one of the greatest decisions which we have to make in our lives.

SPEAKER AT VESPERS

Rev. R. W. Ely of the First Presbyterian Church of St. Charles, was the speaker at the vesper service in Roemer auditorium at 6:30 o'clock on Sunday evening, March 3. Dr. Ely, who is a well-known speaker here, chose his text from John 8:12, where Jesus said, "I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."