

LINDEN BARK

Vol. 5—No. 28

Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Mo., Tuesday, May 28, 1929.

Price 5c

FACULTY VACATIONERS

PLANS FOR STUDY, TRAVEL, AND REST.

Dr. and "Mother" Roemer have planned an overland trip to Colorado for their summer vacation. In June Dr. Roemer will attend the Lindenwood Board meeting here and the Synod in Columbia, Missouri, after which they will drive to Colorado, starting late in June or the first of July. They do not plan to stop to visit on the way. They anticipate an enjoyable trip. Their whole vacation will be spent in Colorado and on the journey each way.

Dr. Alice E. Gipson, dean of the college, is going to spend her vacation in study and in research work. She is still undecided about where she will be, Chicago or New York. She may divide her time between the two cities.

The three people who are really the absolute necessities on the campus are going to take a vacation from planning menus and directing the making of multitudinous sandwiches. Miss Cora Walter is going traveling in "Henry A", the little Ford Coupe which has taken the place of "Henry T". She will visit Northern Illinois, Wisconsin and Michigan. Miss Arabella Foster, the assistant Dietician, will spend two months right here at Lindenwood, superintending the feeding of the many who will be getting the college ready for September.

Miss Mabel Clement, head of the Tea Room, will go directly from school to Kennewick, Washington, where she will visit her brother. After this, she will go to California to spend the remainder of the summer with other relatives.

Dr. Gregg will "teach as usual at Las Vegas, New Mexico", for twelve weeks, followed by a visit

to her mother in Chehalis, Washington. When she returns to Lindenwood it will be to live in a new house in the Lindenwood Addition facing Gamble street, which she and Misses Karr and Lear are having built this summer.

Miss Karr of the science department will spend the summer in Europe leaving this country about the middle of June. She will return the first of September. A great deal of her time will be spent in France, Italy, and Switzerland, with a few days in Holland and Belgium. Her stay in England will be more leisurely, probably covering about three weeks.

Miss Parker is looking forward to spending part of the summer reading and studying in her home at Jefferson City.

Miss Gordon, of the Oratory Department, will spend part of her time this summer at her home in Walton Kentucky, and the rest of the time traveling. She has made no definite plans concerning her itinerary yet.

Miss Mortensen has decided to remain in the college atmosphere after school is out at Lindenwood, but this time as a student rather than a teacher as she is planning to attend summer school for six weeks at the Iowa University at Ames, Iowa.

This vacation will find Miss Tucker enjoying the summer months at her home in Lansing, Michigan.

Dr. Bertha Ann Reuter, of the history department is undecided about her plans for the summer. She

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ATHLETIC ACTIVITIES

Athletes at Lindenwood held their annual banquet in the Hotel Corondo, St. Louis, on Friday, May 17th. Members of the Athletic Association had as their guests, Dr. and Mrs. John L. Roemer, Dean Alice E. Gipson, Miss Anne Duggan, and Miss Marie Reichert.

This event, one of the most outstanding of the year, was held in a private dining room. Marjorie Bright, retiring president of the organization, greeted the guests on their arrival. Dinner was served at 7 o'clock. The motif selected for decoration was golf and imitation golf balls with attached cards marked the places at the tables. Roses, in the time-honored yellow and white of Lindenwood, adorned the tables, which were placed in the form of a U. The menu consisted of tomato bouillon, broiled Spring chicken on toast, string beans, potatoes, rolls, butter, lettuce salad with dressing, raspberry ice, tea cakes, and demi tasse.

Margie Bright "teed off" for the association and kept the ball going all the way around the eighteen hole course of the banquet.

Dr. Roemer swung off the tee into a "Good Drive". He named three elements of a good drive. It begins with an objective. "Drive for something and know where you are going. The man who gets anywhere is the one who is going somewhere. "Test of the quality of the drive centers on the person." There may be something in luck, but don't hold to it too strongly. It is the equipment that makes the mark "The concluding element of a good drive is the energy expended." "Know when to expend too much energy and when to use not so much."

With Dr. Roemer's "Good Drive" the ball of toasts landed on

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LINDEN BARK

A Weekly newspaper published at Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Missouri, by the Department of Journalism

Published every Tuesday of the school year. Subscription rate, \$1.00 per year, 5 cents per copy.

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Helen Hook, '29

TUESDAY, MAY 28, 1929.

Linden Bark:

"I was always a man of woe."
Lay of the Last Minstrel—
—Sir Walter Scott.

VALEDICTORY

Four-tirty at the tea room. I sat by the window, waiting for the roommate, and looked across the campus towards Roemer. And then it sunk it on me that in one week I'd be taking my last look at Lindenwood. No more four-thirty mails, no feeds, no bells, no pop quizzes, no between class Milky Ways—in short, just no more Lindenwood.

I'd had my share of homesickness and blues and fussing, but the things that stuck in my mind are a half hour's chat in that swing in front of Jubil—I mean Ayres, a dizzy sing-song after dinner on Irwin steps, Eskimo Pies at a house party, four letters on a noon mail, trips to the city, a box from home, the first snow, hikes, the Collegiate Ate of the musical Comedy, hamburgers at the Busy Bee, a long distance call, the night before Christmas vacation, the dash to get a table together at breakfast, evenings spent planning next summer's house parties—All these and lots more like them filled the store of memory and mingled with them were a few French verbs, color theories, spigggyra diagrams, rules for unity, coherence and emphasis, dress pat-

terns, algebra aquations, dominant seventh chords, and "Tears, bitter tears."

Flossie came in with a Clark Bar, and Joan with an apple; Marie nonchalantly took seven orders at once; Lucie Mae and Mary Alice stopped for ice cream; Betz and Pope passed in the other direction; Edith and Judy called for a sandwich. Everything took on a new signifiacnce now that the year was drawing to a close.

I shut my eyes for a second to absorb it all—"Well if this meager allowance has to last six—", don't mention them, mine's already a thing of the past", "me, an English peasant!", "six sizes too big for—", "—don't care, I CAN'T diet during finals",—if he thinks two letters in—"; and then the roommate's "C' mon le's go to the post office and eat afterwards—only have three minutes—"

PROSPECTS AND PLANS

Some foresighted individuals begin buying Christmas presents in August and fireworks in February. Lindenwood girls aren't quite as advanced but they are already making plans for next year, when this one has a few days and how many hours to go. The Seniors of '30 have checked their credits; and the Seniors of '29 have landed jobs or engagements rings. Some both. The Juniors to be have rallied together to decide just what they are going to major in, the Sophs are laying deep and wicked plans for the Freshies who are now walking up the platforms of high schools all over the country. Quite a prospect.

The administration part of the college, that which keeps the wheels of education turning, watches with pride the New Library taking shape and form, and nods sagel to the query, "Will it be ready next fall?"

Pencil pad questionnaires prove that most of the '30 Seniors are planning to inhabit second floor Butler, and the Juniors are scrambling for rooms on the upper floor. Rumors are abroad that the Upper Class Dorm will be even more wonderful than before.

Clubs are electing officers, and moans are heard everywhere, "What will we do without"—names which are symbolic of the pep of this year's departing class—which brings us back to the starting point. Classes may come and classes may go, but the college goes on forever.

COLLEGE CALENDAR

Friday May 31.

3-6 P. M.—Art Exhibit.

Saturday, June 1.

5:30—Spring Festival.

8:00 "The Romancers".

Sunday, June 2.

3:00 — Baccalaureate Sermon, Rev. Dr. Wm. B. Lampe.

5:00 P. M.—Tea.

6:30 P. M.—Choir Concert.

Monday, June 3.

9:00—Class Reunion.

10:00—Laying of Corner Stone of Library.

10.30—Senior Class Day.

2:30—Home-Coming Program.

8:00 P. M.—Irene Pavloska followed by reception.

Tuesday, June 4.

10:00 A. M.—Commencement Address by Dr. John W. MacIvor, Second Presbyterian Church.

12:00—Farewell luncheon in the dining room.

JUNIORS HONOR SENIORS

Distinction Shown in Indian Names

The Junior Class chose the old Indian custom of bestowing new names on those worthy of distinction for honoring the Seniors on Tuesday, May 21, at chapel. The Juniors, dressed in white and red, were seated on the platform, with Dorothy Gartner, Katherine Orr, and Mary Farthing seated in Indian blankets around a campfire. The Seniors field in, headed by the Senior and Junior sponsors, Mrs. Roemer and Miss Schaper, and the class presidents, Mary Sue Wisdom and Ruth Bullion. The Seniors were seated in the front rows of the chapel reserved for them and given white roses by two of the Juniors.

Dorothy Gartner sang the "Kashmiri Song" and then she and Iris Fleischaker sang the "Indian Love Call" from "Rose Marie". Mary Sue presented Mrs. Roemer and Ruth with presents from the Junior Class, and then read to each senior the Indian name chosen for her honor and explained its meaning. Iris sang "By the Waters of Minnetonka" after which the Juniors escorted the Seniors from the auditorium.

Sunday evening, May 26, Rev. Allen Duncan, pastor of the Coates Street Presbyterian Church, of Moberly, Missouri, conducted the vesper services.

LINDENWOOD'S 102nd ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT

LINDENWOOD IS PLANNING A BIGGER AND BETTER CELEBRATION IN HONOR OF DR. AND MRS. ROEMER'S FIFTEENTH YEAR AS HEADS OF THE COLLEGE—HOME COMING WILL BE A GLORIOUS AFFAIR WITH ALL THE ROEMER GIRLS TOGETHER AGAIN.

ARTISTIC INTERESTS

Next Friday afternoon from three to five o'clock an exhibit will be held in the Art department at which the best examples of the year's work will be displayed. There will be posters, batik and tied and dyed articles, costume design charts, charcoal drawings, water color studies, and most interesting of all, exhibits from the public school music course.

IN DAYS OF OLD

The spring term at Lindenwood is outstanding for several reasons, the most delightful of which is also the last event of the year in which everyone takes part, the Spring Festival. This annual event is to be held outside, on the picturesque slope back of Niccolls hall at 5:30 Saturday afternoon.

The theme of the program is taken from medieval times when Queens were crowned and Robin Hood went about righting the wrongs of the world. It is a festive day for the peasants as the Queen is to be crowned that day. Robin Hood and his merry band have arrived in time to save a man who has been arrested and thrown in stocks.

Before the dances begin, the queen to be crowned on this day will enter, resplendent in white satin, attended by her five maids, clad in blue satin. Then in the joy of the celebration and in honor of their queen, the peasants amuse themselves with dancing. The special events will be morris dancers numbers, and the sword dance.

Such an entertainment as this is not achieved without a lot of co-operation on the part of the school and most of all the untiring efforts of Miss Duggan, Miss Reichert; their student assistants, Lucille Kelly, Catherine Orr, Marjorie Bright and Joan Whitney, and the pianists, Dorothy Johnson, Irene Horton and Ruth Correa.

"ROMANCERS"—THE PLAY

The day of the May Festival will come to a triumphant close

which will be given at 8 o'clock in the Auditorium. The play to be presented this year by the dramatic art fraternity under the directorship of Miss Gordon is "The Romancers", a comedy in three acts by Edmond Rostand.

The five actresses taking part have won recognition of their abilities in previous productions and promise an exceptionally entertaining evening. Marjorie Smith will take the part of Percinet the lover of Sylvette who is Josephine Bowman. To encourage a match between these two their fathers, played by Helen Manary and Ruth Bullion pretend to be enemies, and even go so far as to fake an abduction. The part of the abductor, or a Bravo is taken by Marjorie Bright. Marion Pope is the old gardener, who has been in the family for years and is interested in all their affairs.

BACCALAUREATE SERMON

Baccalaureate services will be held in Roemer Auditorium on Sunday, June 2, at 3 p. m. Rev. Wm. B. Lampe, D. D., of the West Presbyterian Church of St. Louis, will deliver the sermon. The music for the afternoon will be given by the vesper choir, the anthem being "I waited for the Lord". Dorothy Gartner, Iris Fleischaker and Louise Cauger will give solos, and Miss Grace Terhune will sing "How Lovely are thy Dwellings" by Liddle. Miss Cora N. Edwards will direct the choir.

This Baccalaureate service is given for a class receiving 87 degrees diplomas and certificates. There will be twenty-nine B. A. degrees, six B. S. and two B. M. degrees in this year's Senior Class represented by those who will march in black caps and gowns. The number of A. A. degrees, diplomas and certificates to be awarded is fifty, and those who will receive these honors will march on Sunday afternoon in grey caps and gowns. There will be many guests at this time. Among them will be many Lindenwood girls of the last fifteen years, girls of the Roemer Regime.

ANNOUNCING NEW OFFICERS

Sunday afternoon following the Baccalaureate, the members of Alpha Sigma Tau, honorary scholastic fraternity, will have an initiation of Seniors and pledging of new members in Sibley parlors in connection with a tea to which they will invite all former members of the fraternity and their parents.

The old officers, Mary Alice Lange, president; Mary E. Ambler, vice-president; and Sue Austin, secretary-treasurer, will be succeeded by the new ones recently selected, who are: president, Mary Mason; vice president, Julia Thompson; secretary-treasurer, Doris Force.

COMMENCEMENT VESPERS

The Commencement Concert will be given Sunday night by the choir, directed by Miss Cora N. Edwards., Martha Mae Baugh will be the accompanist. The program of sacred music is as follows: Processional, "The Son of God", Cutler; anthems, "The Lord Is My Shepherd" Schubert; "Lift Thine Eyes" Elijah, Mendelssohn "O Lord Most Holy", Franck, soprano solo, Iris Fleischaker.

Solo, "O Divine Redeemer", Gounod, Miss Pauline Brown, violin obligato Naida Porter; anthems, Agnus Dei, Bizet, violin obligato, Miss Isidor; Ave Maria, Beethoven, Ave Maria, Brahms.

Violin solo Hebrew melody, Achron, Miss Gertrude Isidor, Miss Mildred Gravley accompanist; anthems, "Faith, Hope and Love", Shelley; Greens, Rasbach; "The Voice in the Wilderness" Scott; soprano solo, Dorothy Gartner; Recessional, "My Faith Looks Up to Thee", Mason.

MONDAY IS REUNION DAY

Reunion Day has been set for Monday, June 3, and on that day events will start by a Reunion of Classes which is at nine o'clock. All the old girls will have an opportunity to meet their friends again and many happy people will

no doubt wear broad smiles afterwards.

At ten o'clock that morning the corner stone of the new Library Building will be laid. The program for this exercise will be as follows: Song, "Neath the Shade of Massive Lindens"; Invocation, Rev. R. S. Kenaston; Address, Dr. J. L. Roemer; Laying of the stone; Song, "Lindenwood, We're Loyal Until the Lost", and the Benediction by Rev. Dr. R. W. Ely.

The Senior Class Day Exercises will be held at ten-thirty a. m., in which that class will entertain the students and all of the guests.

At two-thirty p. m. will be the Assembly of Classes 1914 to 1929. Here the program will be: Lindenwood Hymn; Piano Solo, "Elegie in C sharp Minor", by E. Nellet, Opus 88, by Elizabeth McCoy Barshfield; Address of Welcome, "Looking Forward", Dr. Roemer; Vocal Solo, "Corisande", Sandersen; "Absent", Metcalf, by Helen Margaret Somerville Whitten who will be accompanied by Elizabeth McCoy Barshfield. Mrs. Roemer will give an address. After this the famed Lindenwood Quartette will sing several selected songs. Greetings from representatives of the classes 1914-1929 will follow, and the program of the afternoon will be concluded by the hymn, "Blest Be the Tie that Binds".

The annual operatic concert of the evening will be at eight o'clock, the singer will be Irene Pavloska, mezzo-soprano of the Chicago Civic Opera Company.

Following this concert Dr. and Mrs. Roemer, assisted by the Alpha Mu Mu, will have a reception in Sibley chapel for all the students and guests.

COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM

Dr. Roemer, Dean Gipson, and the Board of Directors will be on the platform at the Commencement Day exercises, which will be held in Roemer Auditorium, at 10 a. m., Tuesday, June 4.

The address will be given by Dr. John W. Mac Ivor, pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church of St. Louis, and president of the Lindenwood Board of Directors. Clara Bowles will sing "Mon Coeur s'avre a ta voix (Samson et Delila) by Saint-Saens, and Hortense Wolfort will sing "I List the Thrill of Gold Throat (Natoma)" by Herbert. Then the award of

SOPHOMORE RECITAL

Ruth Fuller and Dorothy Helen Johnson presented their Sophomore Piano recital in Roemer auditorium at 4:45 o'clock, Tuesday, May 21. Both of them will receive their diplomas at Commencement.

Ruth, who opened the program, wore a yellow crepe de chine frock with a ruffled skirt and a separate jacket. Her light beige shoes and hose with entrancing clocks, bended into her ensemble. Her opening number was Sonata Pathetique (Grave; Allegro, Adagio Cantabile, and Rondo) by Beethoven.

Dorothy wore a black chiffon dress with filmy, uneven draperies. She wore a shoulder corsage of roses and lilies of the valley. Her opening number was Sonata, Op. 27, No. 1 (Andante; Allegro, Adagio, and Allegro Vivace) by Beethoven.

Ruth's second group consisted of Mazurka, Op. 68, No. 2 by Chopin, Danse Apache by Kramm, Volga Boatmen's Song arranged by Manney, and Serenade Fantastique by Clerbois.

Dorothy concluded the program with Nocturn, Op. 32, No. 1 by Chopin, Caprice by Paderewski, Habanera by Ravel, and Rhapsodie No. 8 by Liszt.

HOME EC. DINNER

Katherine Thompson was hostess at a carefully planned and attractive dinner given in the Home Ec. Apartment, Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. Marion Kaiser assisted her in entertaining her guests who were Ruth Buckley and Miss Mortensen. The tempting menu of this excellently cooked dinner follows:

Breaded Veal Steak
Mashed Potatoes
New Beans Cloverleaf Rolls
Fruit Salad
Strawberry Rhubarb Pie and Coffee

Beta Pi Theta terminated the year with a called meeting, Tuesday, May 21, at five o'clock in Sibley Y. W. C. A. parlors. Lillie Bloomenstiel who has been president of the organization for the past two years presented a Bible in memory of her mother. This Bible is to be used in the fraternity initiations hereafter.

graduating honors will take place, thirty-seven bachelors' degrees and fifty other degrees, diplomas and certificates are to be awarded.

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will go perhaps to a location of peculiar historical environment in Door county, Wisconsin, near Green Bay. If she takes this trip it will be by motor in July. The novelty of the place lies in its being an old French Jesuit settlement. The other alternative for Dr. Reuter will be Chicago. She is as, yet, however, quite undecided.

Mr. Thomas, head of the Music Department, is planning a very enjoyable summer including a trip to the cool climate of Colorado Springs.

Miss Grace Terhune will be a member of the faculty of the Chicago Conservatory of Music.

Miss Schaper, head of the Sociology department, will study all summer in New York University, New York.

Miss Duggan is planning one of the more useful summers at present. She is going to study more physical education at the university of California. Physical ed. that is in both theory and practice. She may go a bit further afield and take a course or so in education and psychology.

But her biggest joy she announced in a typically feminine thrilled voice. "I'm Going Home First", she said, evidently transported to the heights at the idea. "Be sure to tell them that", she added. And so here is her many admirers' chance to be happy with a favorite teacher; for an instructor certainly deserves a happy and restful vacation after a long winter term of endeavoring to teach Lindenwood girls that laziness is very non-essential. And Belton, Texas, will have many distractions for the little teacher, we are sure.

Miss Allyn, head of the department of business plans to spend her vacation in California and touring the coast up to Washington. She also expects to do some studying.

Miss Hankins, head of the Classical Department, is going to continue her study for a doctor's degree, and Miss Lear of the Chemistry Department is also planning to study. They have not chosen the university as yet.

The Housemothers are traveling from one part of the country to an-

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IF DORMITORY WALLS
COULD SPEAK

By Katharine Seymour

"Moms dear, there's one girl I'm just dying to meet,—Kathleen Ellis. She's marvelous! Simply stunning looking! She's got personality, and poise, and everything! I just stand and look at her from afar, fascinated!" June Witzel's pen emphatically underlined words and punctuated them with exclamation points as she sent her nightly letter home to her mother, full of Freshman enthusiasm, awe of upper classmen, the strenuous duties of the day, the complexities of college.

It was six-thirty. The hum of a building full of voices was quite frequently pierced by a laughing treble, more laughter, often mounting to shrieks, and accompanied by the sound of many running feet. The blend of four or five victrolas was not really inharmonious. It was in keeping with the general motley of sounds through the corridor. Voices calling to each other outside could be faintly heard above the inner tumult. Feet, thudded upstairs and down, quickly, or with broken pauses, while some one chatted over the banister to a second floor girl. June lived on second floor, where the sounds from above drifted to her. She lived in a corner room, entertainment reaching her from only one side. It was farther to flee to, when the quiet step of the house mother's bedroom slipper was heard after darkness had enveloped the corridor.

June held her pen between her first and second fingers and scrutinized the fingernails on her left hand seriously. She was thinking of Kathleen Ellis, whom she admired with all her young heart and soul. She envied her height and slimness. June was rather short. She loved the way her blonde hair waved softly back of her ears. Kathleen had poise, she reflected. She was aristocratic, confident. Her own black head, as she looked up at it in the mirror, really wasn't a bit aristocratic looking, with its tumbled waves of stubborn hair.

Her roommate and two sophomores trooped in upon her reflections, and she forgot for the moment that her hair was unruly, and that even high heels brought

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THE COSMOS

By Elizabeth Austin

It was summer.
(Why are summers so short?)
And the murmur
Of breezes in the cosmos blurred
The sound of splashing water in
the court.

The sky was blue,
(That deep blue that only summer
knows)
And the dew
Still left from dawn's swift flight
Was hued with mauve and gold
and rose.

The cosmos waved,
And laughed and glinted in the
morning sun,
Its green leaves laved
In glittering, tinted dew,
And the orioles song from the white
trellis won.

Gone was summer
Summers are—oh—too short!)
And the murmur
Of breezes in the cosmos died
away—
Nothing left but water splashing in
a court.

DUNDY

By Adaline Martin

A slow, humming, summer afternoon—a game of fairy princess and dwarf—the princess hops nimbly off her willow tree horse and bends to examine the pitiful little dwarf, lying in the wood almost dead—. "Adaline, Adaline!—Come home now and take your nap!" To me, this was a call to what seemed centuries of tossing, tumbling and squirming between hot sheets in an effort to catch up with sleep, unless—unless I could go to Dundy's! "O Mother, let me go to Dundy's to take my nap?"

Dundy was my mother's older sister, June, and, to me, the most charming person on earth. She was a tall woman—O, my!—"awful tall" and she wore a transformation! Perhaps if I'd hurry I would get there in time to see Dundy remove the long fringe of hair on a string, and maybe she'd even put my head in it as she had the time Mother was in Cleveland so long with poor, sick Granddaddy Vance.

Today found Dundy pouring

TO BE A GYPSY!

By Dorothy Emmert

Oh, to be a gypsy
With sparkling, vivid jangles
All spangly;
With glorious, glorious freedom
Gleaming in each glittering move
Swinging down the long road
Of happy madness,
Never knowing, never caring
What adventure waits!

fresh, cold water in that cute tin thing that fit in her bay window. What an ideal place to sail ships if I could just get rid of the flower pots. "Hello darling!—Goody, you've come to take a nap with Aunty. Run on upstairs to 'Ernie Peache's room' and we'll lie down on that nice soft mattress where it's cool and comfy."

'Ernie Peache's room' was a small room once belonging to a much-loved German "hired girl." There the breeze which blew across the clean, white counterpane brought the "swish-swish" of the leaves, the sounds of mama birds calling to papa birds to come see the baby's new feathers, and all sorts of interesting things. Dundy and I lay there listening and I learned which were the robins, the thrush, and sometimes even the meadow lark. Then would begin the stories; first, my favorite, the story of "the miller's daughter who found the king's crown". There was the old king's crown, tumbling off his head bouncing out the window, and rolling "over and over and over down the long hill" right to the feet of the miller's daughter. Then came the misfortunes of the little duck "who would not mind its mother"; and last, Dundy would begin, in a somewhat squeaky soprano, the song of the "Poor Little Girl and the Rich Little Girl." The voice of the mean, hateful, rich little girl saying, "My dolly has got hair of gold and eyes that go to sleep—while yours dum dum dum—." And then the soft, sweet voice of the poor little girl, "My dolly has no silks and lace but I am not ashamed—Even though her hair is paint, I love her just the same." Slower, slower, farther away—dimmer—now just a faint rhythm and—yes! Dundy had accomplished the impossible, I was asleep!

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her up to only five feet four.

"Hi, Junie. You know Ruthie and Pauline, don't you? I was sure you did. Sending off the usual nightly book? Gee, kid, my family would fade out of the picture if they got a volume like that from me every day."

"Do you write every day?" Pauline asked with wide eyes and mouth. "How do you do it?"

"Oh, there's always so much to say that if I waited two days I'd have a couple of volumes, as the roomie calls my correspondence. Here, I'll shove these clothes off the bed and you can sit down. I think there are some cookies in the closet about a couple of weeks old if you are really famished for something to eat."

"Couldn't eat a thing!" Ruth exclaimed emphatically. "Never ate so much dinner in my life! That dessert was sort of good, wasn't it?"

"Stick o na record, Junie," Lois suggested.

"Anything your heart desires." June laughed. "What will you have?"

The strains of "High Upon a Hilltop" started feet to tap tapping and shoulders to swaying.

"Suppose she'd catch us if we danced in the hall?" one sophomore asked of the other.

"I'll watch and give you the high sign if you like." June offered.

"Great! Will you?"

June's vigil and the dancing were interrupted by the approach of another girl, a graceful blonde who joined the little group at the end of the corridor.

"Hi, Kathleen!" Lois greeted her.

"Dancing in the hall! Really, girls, is that the right attitude?"

"Listen here, Miss Ellis, since when did you undertake reforming the school?" Lois answered her.

June's adoring eyes followed the slim figure of Kathleen Ellis, envying her every movement, admiring the turn of her head, inwardly praising her tone of voice, her mannerisms, simple little remarks she made. When she, June Witzel, became an upper classman.....?

"Oh, that piece always makes me think of Bob." Kathleen was saying, her blue eyes affecting a tender

mood. "If I don't write soon the poor boy will be coming up to find out what's the matter. He's such a sil, though. Thinks I'm in love with him, and I don't care a rap what happens to him."

No wonder Bob loved such an adorable creature, June reflected.

"Oh, I suppose we're engaged," the worshipped one went on. "But it means nothing to me. You have to tell them something or they pester you to death. I know when I was engaged to Jack he was so horribly jealous I couldn't make a decent move without his pouncing on me."

"Yes, the first six engagements must be the hardest", one sophomore observed, looking through a pile of records. "I've never been bothered with superfluous proposals."

June wondered whether she had detected the faintest sarcasm in that remark.

Kathleen stood before the mirror and combed her lovely, blonde hair, punching in the soft waves. "I told you about the time Jack got so furious when I dated Harvey for the New Years dance, didn't I, Lois? I'll never forget that night! I had to feed Jack the biggest line. I did have a heavenly time, though. And it was perfectly silly of him to be mad just because he was out of town and I wanted to go to the dance. But he said I didn't care much about him if I'd date when he was out of town. So I fed him a big line, that 'nobody but you stuff', and he calmed down for a while."

"Pauline, play 'Me and the Man in the Moon.' Is it there?" Ruth lay stretched out on the bed, her head in the midst of a small billow of flimsy pillows.

"I haven't heard from Jimmy for so long. I'm pretty sore!" Kathleen's pretty face was wrinkled up in a pout. "He can wait good and long for me to answer when he does write, too. I treated him horribly, though, when I was home. You know I promised to date him and then gave all my dates to Jack."

June's mind dwelt for a moment on the history test she had to study for.

"Want to play bridge, anybody?" Ruth asked from the pile of organdy and lace.

"Do you know, I've simply got

to learn to play bridge better!" Kathleen announced. "Jack says he judges a woman's intelligence by how she plays bridge. I think that's perfectly terrible, and I told him so, but he does anyway. Did you ever hear of anything so unreasonable? It makes me positively embarrassed. I always get the prize for low score at every party I go to."

June's eyes left the worried face of the poor bridge player to glance at the unfinished letter to her mother. She reflected momentarily on some other letters she owed.

"Do you think I could wear my hair parted in the middle, Lois?" Kathleen asked, combing her hair evenly down each side.

"Sure, why not?"

"I wore it this way all last summer, and Jack detested it. He said it made me look saintly. Can you wait! Me looking saintly! Goodness, is that the bell? I had no idea it was seven-thirty already! I've got to go home and write a theme, and I don't know what in the world to write about! Come and see me, you all. Please! I'll be mad if you don't!"

June's roommate and the two sophomores accompanied the departing guest down the corridor, and June went back to her mother's letter and finished it. Just before sealing it she took it out of the envelope and added a postscript. "P. S. Met Kathleen Ellis. Somehow don't like her as well as I thought I would."

She was reflecting on the hosts of girls around her in school and the difficulties of being a freshman, when her roommate returned.

"June, I've a comp for you, peach of a one. Ruth, she was one of the sophs., you know, said she thinks you're a dear, and you have so much poise."

June's face flushed with pleasure as she licked a stamp and placed it on the envelope she had just sealed.

BEAR WALLOW

By Margaret Lee Hughes

Early summer in the mountains, Blue Ridge mountains; morning, after ten deep hours for sleeping, fresh, still grey, waiting with silver dew on its smooth face, for the sunrise. The noisy stillness of its anticipation awoke me, my senses all

alert to catch this fleeting mood of the morning. Quickly I stepped into my clothes, slipped carefully out from the door of our renovated mountain chain, and sped, panting with excitement, up to the road. There I spun around once or twice in ecstasy to take in the vista of sleeping cottages. Already, further up the mountain I fancied I could see a faint light coming around the highest tree-tops. I took a big, tingling breath, and started at a run down the soft, brown-dirt road. Half a mile of road, of turns, of still greenness, lazy in the early morning, and I would reach Bear Wallow. At first I ran swiftly, steadily, then I stopped to peer down the steep slope of trailing vines and black tree trunks to where, far down, the white edge of the highway grinned back up at me in a dizzy fashion. Several times I stopped, almost certain that over the mountain the determined sun had already burst forth. Finally I reached and passed the cove, rounded Shady Rock, and, breathless, raced up the last stretch to Bear Wallow. All around me now was the soft glow of a coming dawn. The last "thud-thud" of my footsteps on the dirt echoed behind me, and I dashed into the wallow. The sun and I had timed ourselves to the instant. Over the broken back of old Ladder Mountain, he poked his radiant red head, sending the blue and purple shadows deep down into the valley. Bear Wallow is an open space on our ridge where the mountain ranges on either side, and the gnarled top of our knob as well, can be seen. Here in the spring blew the first warm winds, and following them came the bears in the early days when they roamed at will the Chestnut Ridge. Now as then, I watched the sun top the wild grass golden, and even sink a shaft of yellow light into the cool depths of the grass where strawberries waited, sweet with dew. He followed with sunshine the turn of the brown dirt till the road dipped back into its still shady depths. Next he vaulted the broken-down fence that straggled up the hillside, and rolled up the rough front of the knob, splashing light on the wind-swept apple trees, and, once at the top, settling comfortably down on the tin roof of the sleeping Roger cottage. From there he directed his warm light on the distant range of the Black Brothers, still shrouded

"HOME FROM SCHOOL"

By Mildred Milam

Hurry up, Porter. Gee, you're slow. I want off, don't you know? Don't get reckless with those bags. They hold all my newest rags. There's my Mother—there's my Dad. Here I am! Aren't you glad? Where's the dog? where is Sister? I'm sorry that I bumped you, Mister. What? You think I'm looking great? Well I've just gained twenty-eight.

MR. BLISS

By Betsy McAntire

The hot sun beat down upon an uncovered head of gray. Hands, rough and cracked with labor, grasped the plow handles in a strong grip turning the rich soil into furrows of dark, chocolate-colored earth, from which arose an odor of dampness. Bits of the loom clung to the man's rough, heavy shoes, and a few particles flew up into his face, which was flushed with the heat of the spring day. The plow stopped, and from a pocket in his blue overalls the man pulled a bandana handkerchief of the same blue and quickly mopped his face with it. A breeze came from somewhere—cooled his hot face and body and brought a sparkle to his bright blue eyes. For a moment he rested, gazing at the surrounding hills—tender new green broken only by the white of the dogwood and the pink of the redbud. How still it was—only the occasional cry of birds and the distant barking of dogs broke the silence. A smile spread over the ruddy face of the man as, rested, he started on. His mild voice spoke to the horses—gently urged them onward; and whistling the tune of an old song, his diminutive figure lost itself in one end of the large field.

in the pall of their blue bronze. Suddenly, turning again, he leveled his now seven o'clock rays at me, and sent me rejoicing, glad, back to the early morning stir of the

Read The Linden Bark.

AN OLD FORT

By Martha Craig Rucker

We crossed a rickety drawbridge that had long since been made comparatively stationary, for the convenience of sightseers, and entered a draughty hall, open at both ends, that seemed to boast of nothing in particular except hundreds of cob webs, bald, gray stone, and souvenir booths in abundance.

A guide was easily acquired and as he steered us through the opposite opening, his mouth working mechanically, a repulsive beggar, horribly deformed plucked at our sleeves and offered gaudy pencils in exchange for silver. A few coins jingled and we moved on, leaving the pencils still in his possession.

The courtyard into which we were guided was fairly overflowing with rusty cannon and dented musket balls, to say nothing of glaring posters advertising everything from Smith Brothers' Cough Drops to Mellen's Baby Food.

The guide was growing elosuent. We were led into one of the tiny, cell-like rooms that surrounded the courtyard, and were confronted by oh! horrors, an Indian? No, no, the guide is explaining now; merely a striking likeness in wax, donated to their collection of Indian relics by some eminent statesman. Then followed the usual display of tomahawks, headdresses, wigwams, and treacherous-looking bows and arrows. The next cell was the one in which two infamous Indian chiefs were held prisoners and starved within an inch of their lives. You could still see where they had dug crude steps out of the walls with their nails so that they might climb to the iron grating above and see the daylight once more—you could see too, where Bobby Smith, Katie Jones, and hundreds of others had stealthily carved their initials and the dates of their visits on the worn footholds.

Next, the death cell, a terrible place, I had heard, blacker than the blackest negro and cold as death, with quicksand pits in the corners and instruments of torture concealed in the walls.

We stooped, tremblingly, and entered through the tiny opening, but—cheated again—click! and the place was flooded with light by one

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"THE RECTANGLE

REPRINT"

The following "episode" is reprinted from the May issue of *The Rectangle*, the magazine published by Sigma Tau Delta, National Honorary English fraternity. In this same number is an essay by Rielen Hammer, another member of the Kappa Beta chapter of Lindenwood, of which Miss Alice Parker is sponsor. Julia Thompson '30 is the president of Kappa Beta for next year.

A SERVICE-CAR

By Mary Alice Lange

He was dark and firm-faced, and thin-lipped. His cap was drawn over one eye at a somewhat musketeer angle. He wrapped his left arm around the steering-wheel, allowing the right to remain free to shift gears. He drove his Service-Car with a rush of long-drawn acceleration, syncopated by frequent applications of brakes whenever a stop light, a policeman, a daring pedestrian, or an insolent car made it necessary. As he drove he aimed emphatic remarks at those who deemed a wait on a slippery street corner and a ride in a smoky bus at a dime preferable to a journey in a luxurious touring car of 1924 model, musically escorted by a number of harmonizing rattles at a quarter. He was, withal, a type—not of romance but of the realism which means romance to all who are not of it.

He aimed a particularly cutting remark to a plain little man who held his umbrella defensively above him and shook his head timidly. He went on, in remarks of still further defamatory character:

"Some guys you hafta knock in the head to get 'em to spend an extra fifteen cents."

I was silent. I had debated between the bus and the service-car myself.

"Yeah," he continued, although I had said nothing to which he need assent. I had a suspicion he had guessed that I, too, was in the class of the self-respectless little man on the corner. "Yeah, there's only one way to make any money in this game, and that's to do your own advertising. You got to drag the

people in, even on a night like this."

I thought a comment was necessary on my part to prevent the conversation from becoming a voluntary monologue.

"You do!" I ventured, my most tactful muses being foremost.

"Do I! Well, I guess yes. This here business ain't no snap. Why, over on Lindell, if any guy drives on the route who ain't supposed, them guys like as not will beat 'im up."

"There was a woman once, she made a lot of money doing this business. She had a sick husband and a little baby." I liked the way he said 'baby'. "This woman," he went on, "supported the family and bought another car."

Again I thought it time for a word on my part.

"Are you married?" I asked.

"Am I?" he asked, as he struck a match on the steering wheel and let it flare into a halo around his cigarette. "Am I? Well, I'll tell the world I am—and that's not all—there's three of us!"

Three blocks wore their pattern of lighted windows and telephone poles before he spoke again.

"It's a hard life to get by—I figure the world owes me a living, though, and I get it."

I wondered if he were expecting any addition to the quarter that a damp street corner had made me decide to spend.

"There's many a guy I give a free ride to, though. I've been broke myself, and when I see a fellow standing on a street with his girl, waiting for the one o'clock car, I give him a lucky break. I'm going that way anyway."

We were two blocks from my destination, and I wondered if any more philosophy were forthcoming. One block passed and I thought not. But the second block brought forth one final gem.

"I do a lot of gassing, but life's a pretty good break—as long as I got a car to drive, and a home to go to and something to eat. I'm happy."

He and Omar Khayyam, I reflected, were cut from much the same bolt of material.

My corner came. It was a quarter that I paid him.

"Good night," he said.

"Good night," I said.

MATURITY

By Virginia Ann Shrimpton

Late August! Only two more weeks at home!

Vacation started only yesterday! I waited all last year, and hoped, and lived

For summer, when I'd be at home once more!

I spent each minute I could steal, to put

On paper every word I longed to say

To Mother dear, and Father, here at home.

It made the time seem less: the year go fast.

For though I loved each day at Lindenwood

I deemed it rarest joy to cross it from

My calendar,—another step toward home.

Late August! And just now I realize

That after all is said and done, I must

Admit the time I spend at home is just

The slightest portion of the year; and now

I think I see the answer to it all—

It terrifies me, burdens me with grief:

It means, alas, that I have grown away

From childhood, and must cease to be a child.

It means my home is not a home, but that

I only visit there occasionally.

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of Edison's double strength Mazdas; and See America First posters glared at us from every wall.

The guide was a dauntless person however, and persisted in showing us a dozen or more rooms, exact replicas of the first, to say nothing of four watch towers that boasted Naval cruise posters, Pep cards, recommendations of Chesterfield Cigarettes and Wrigley's Chewing Gum, respectively.

After spending all we had on illustrated booklets, picture postcards, and toy cannons, we returned to the hotel to write:

"Having wonderful time. Wish you were here. Went to see old Spanish Fort this afternoon. Lovely, so picturesque. See you next week."

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other. Mrs. Wenger of Sibley is going abroad. Miss Blackwell, Nicolls, to Hopkinsville, Kentucky, Mrs. Peyton of Butler to Mount Eagle, Tenn., and Miss Hough, Irwin, to Morgantown, West Va.

Miss Stone has interesting plans for a tour of southwest Missouri and Iowa with stops at Burlington, Iowa, for a brief visit with relatives. Next, to Madison, Wisconsin when the summer session starts, to continue her work in French. After this work she plans to tour East.

Madam Bose will join her husband, Professor Bose, at the University of Iowa, to do some extension work in connection with their work. They will take an apartment in Iowa City.

Miss Mary Terhune intends to do graduate work at Middlebury, Vermont. From there, she will continue to her home in New Albany, Indiana.

Miss Abi Russell, Librarian, is planning to continue her studies in Columbia University New York City, this summer. She will enter the University on the 4th of July. Her course, as she plans it now, will entail further study of library work, with, possibly, some literature courses.

The summer plans of Dr. Ennis have been changed several times, she is not sure of any of them yet, except that she will spend at least part of the summer at her home in Illinois.

Miss Linnemann, head of the Art Department, plans to spend the summer in New York City. While there she will study art, and the famous museums of the city offer many advantages for this pursuit.

DR. ROEMER AT COLLEGE UNION

Dr. Roemer returned the latter part of last week from St. Paul, Minnesota, where he has been attending the Presbyterian College Union, held in connection with the General Assembly. The fifty-seven Presbyterian colleges in the United States are represented there, and Dr. Roemer went in behalf of Lindenwood.

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(Continued from page 1, col. 3)

the "Fairway" which Mrs. Roemer described. "It is accomplishing hard things which makes the game interesting. God gave us difficult things to overcome in order to appreciate the good things. If you do your duty and do the right thing all through life, you will come out on the fairway."

Josephine Bowman as next year's president came down the course with "Fore" for any other player who might be within hearing distance. Backed up by the other officers, she is yelling "fore" for next year's association which makes it look as though big things were going to happen.

Dean Gipson took her turn in the game with "A Well-Aimed Putt." This implies that success is in view and that something has gone before which has made it possible for the player to see his goal. "The seniors have come to the place where they should feel that a well-aimed putt will put them where they aimed when they teed off as freshmen.

"Miss Duggan brought the game to a close on the "Eighteen h Hole" "It represents the end of the drive, but the player is not all through at the eighteenth hole. He should not rest on the laurels. Activity and larger growth should be the inspiration of the last hole. An aim for high standards and growth through purposeful activity should be created here at the end."

STUDENT RECITAL

Miss Grace Terhune presented her vocal pupils in Roemer Auditorium Thursday, May 16, at five o'clock. Mary Catherine Craven accompanied throughout the entire program which consisted of, *Flower Song-Faust*, by Gounod, Earnestine Wilson; *Eastern Romance-Rinsky*, Korsakoff, and *Ho! Mr. Piper!* Curran, Cora Glasgow; *Quando m'en vo Soletta-LaBoeme*, Puccini, Wilma Rhinehart; *A Wish*, Dichmont, and *When Soft Winds Blow*, Gedy, Hester Moore; *Se tu Moami*, DeFesche, and *Song of the Open*, LaForge, Ruth Fuller; *Down in the Forest*, Ronald and Will o' the Wisp, Spross, Iola Trigg; *Mon Coeur Souva ta Voix-Samson et Dalila*, Saint-Sains, Clara Bowles; *Le Filles de Cadiz*, Delibes, and *Micaett Aria* Carmen, Marjorie Smith.

GUESTS IN TWO CITIES

Dr. Roemer went to Kansas City to attend the fifteenth anniversary of the Lindenwood Kansas City Club, and was well entertained at a luncheon. From there he went to Moberly, where Mrs. Roemer met him, and they attended the Fourteenth District Meeting of the Rotary. Here they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Priesmeyer, parents of Fredericka Priesmeyer, 1916, at present Mrs. Jack Cook of Kansas City. There were many lectures and a banquet and ball. At the Moberly Country Club a luncheon was given for the ladies. Here Mrs. George Perry, Katherine Perry's mother, presided. Souvenirs were given of embossed plates with the Rotary Emblem on them.

SIGMA TAU DELTA ADDS NEW LITERARY ABILITIES

Sigma Tau Delta has taken on a new duty in addition to those in the literary line, and this time it is that of adding circumstantial evidence to prove that adages are true. "Small but mighty" is the statement in question, rather in proof, at the moment, for the picnic to which they rode away so merrily Tuesday evening, May 21, was mighty in every way that could be expected of a picnic.

Dr. Gipson was unable to be present, but the eleven members, including Dr. Gregg, Miss Parker who is sponsor, Miss Dawson, and Miss Wallenbrock drove "over the hills and far away."

Aside from the facts that Dr. Gregg had a slight difficulty in cooking her first bacon and cheese, that Mary Alice's aim with orange peel was not that of a big leaguer, and that the pickles "pickled" into the wrong car by that chance which made so many Fords look exactly alike, the picnic moved very smoothly. The discovery of Miss Parker's ability as a palmist made her the center of attraction immediately—after the food had disappeared.

Lucille McCulloh was called home Thursday morning because of the death of her grandfather. She returned Monday for the examinations. Lindenwood extends sincere sympathy.

Read The Linden Bark.

CONE-SMITH RECITAL

George Evelyn Cone assisted by Marjorie Smith who was accompanied by Mary Catherine Craven, gave her oratory graduating recital Wednesday evening, May 22, at 7:30 in Roemer Auditorium. George Evelyn was charming in a ruffled flesh colored starched chiffon with a shoulder corsage of pink and lavender sweet-peas, and green satin slippers. Marjorie wore pink taffeta and tulle with pink pumps.

The first number on the program was the reading from Act 1 to Act 2, scene one, of the play, "The Silver Cord", by Sidney Howard. Then Margie thrilled every one present when she sang, "Les Filles de Cadiz", by Delibes; "Fairy Bark" by Ware; and "Summer" by Ronald. Marjorie has a quality in her voice which makes for clearness. Her voice is dearly loved by all the students. George Evelyn Cone finished off the program by completing the play. George Evelyn is well known for her dramatic ability. Her recital is the best piece of work she has done this year—this is saying a lot. This is the last recital and another proof that "last is by no means least."

BREAKS INTO PRINT

The May issue of The Rectangle, National Honorary English fraternity, includes in the table of contents the following: "A Service-Car, Episode"—Mary Alice Lange page 22; "If I Were A God", essay—Helen Hammer page 31. The Bark does not need to introduce either one of these writers.

Sigma Tau Delta is known as the "most exclusive organization" on the sampus because of the difficulties of "getting in". Miss Hammer is the retiring president of the Kappa Beta chapter and Miss Julia Thompson another St. Charles girl is the president for the coming year.

MOONLIGHT

By Marion Pope

Moonlight
Falls in cool gold shafts
On the head of a young boy,
With tender fingers twining
His hair into soft curls.
A look of calm peacefulness
Radiates from the child's face
And mingles with the moonlight
Falling in cool gold shafts.

SENIORS SNEAK AWAY
FOR BIG KABITZING

And the Seniors went sneaking off! Where do you suppose that they went? They went off behind Roemer, after every one had gone to breakfast. That was the morning for bacon but in spite of that fact the Seniors were decided they would go. They piled into taxis and went to town. They met at Walgreen's drug store in Wellston, thirty-three strong. How they ever managed to get together no one will ever know. Some took the bus, others the street car, and of course Lucie Mae and Mamie had to taxi in, Mrs. Ritz and Mrs. Waldorf Astoria.

Well if Child's was not deserving of—its name it will never be. Here came thirty-three hungry Seniors of Lindenwood, school for women. Hungry and craving for food. Well they got it, Mr. Offspring came down himself and fed the famished babes. Then to Loew's State they traveled. From here they went to the Coronado. From the swarm of people one heard a bell-boy calling "Miss Sharon". What a thrill! So Lucie Mae went over and "Kabitzed." This was not all the Kabitzing either. The Bell Telephone collected many nickels particularly to Main 4080.

Ruthie gave Bell telephone many nickels but all to no avail—she just never did get her number. After the fine lunch the girls journeyed to The Missouri. They left before the show to get back for Y. W. C. A. Happy is no word. Thrilled hardly expresses their emotions. The first sneak day. May it become a tradition!

Marion Kaiser was entertained Tuesday, May 14, by the faculty of the Emerson school which is located at Page and Arlington avenues in St. Louis. Marion was formerly a member of the faculty of the school, and the affair was given in honor of her graduation from Lindenwood next month. It was a surprise to which several former principals and faculty members came. Favors were typical of commencement and graduation time. The climax in the surprise and fun came when Marion was presented with a red purse. Light refreshments closed the entertainment of the party which occurred between the hours of four and six.

FORMER EDITOR

The Linden Bark is happy to announce the marriage on May 20, of one who for three years was a member of the Bark staff, the editor of the Bulletin: Ruth Kern. Miss Kern who graduated in '24, has devoted her time to Journalism. Lately she held the position of editor of a millinery magazine in St. Louis, and also did advertising and publicity work. Mr. Eugene Francis Messing, who is the choice of the journalist, is connected with a large publishing house. Mr. and Mrs. Messing will be at home at 4405 West Pine Boulevard, St. Louis.

SPANISH CLUB TEA

A charmingly appointed tea was given by the Spanish Club in Butler Parlors on May 13. Mrs. Roemer, the Dean, and the faculty of the Language department were guests of honor.

Red and yellow, the club colors, were carried out in everything from the salad to the mints. The retiring president, Margaret Maxwell, and the president for next year, Betty Jack, presided at the coffee and tea services. A musical program composed of Spanish music was given by Mary Catherine Craven, Hortense Wolfort and Clara Bowles.

HOME EC. DINNER

BEGINS WEEK

Monday night, May 20, Helen Smith entertained with another of the series of Home Ec. dinners in the apartment of Roemer Hall. For her guests Helen had Mrs. Roberts and Miss Mortensen. Meredith Moulton assisted the hostess acting as the "host". The menu consisted of:

Meat Ring	Stuffed Baked Potatoes
	Cauliflower Salad
Hot Rolls	Preserves
Marshmallow	Nut Roll Coffee

Rev. R. S. Kenaston of the St. Charles Methodist Church preached the last of a series of third Sunday Vesper sermons on May 19. He took for his theme the ambition to tread the little road and the desire to stay in the little house. Lindenwood has appreciated Dr. Kenaston's Sunday night talks as much as he says he has enjoyed giving them and everyone is looking forward to the third Sunday of each month next year.