

LINDEN BARK

Vol. 4.—No. 24.

Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Mo., Tuesday, April 17, 1928.

Price 5c

LOVELY LENTEN SERVICE

"The Son of God loved me, and gave Himself for me".

Dr. Roemer preached his last Lenten service Sunday, April 1; using as his text "The Son of God loved me and gave Himself for me".

Dr. Roemer said, "Shakepeare defines ingratitude as a marble-hearted friend. But the Bible says that gratitude is not born of the flesh but comes from the heart. Thus it was that Paul, the converted, was grateful to his Lord and he became known as the apostle of Faith, for from his gratefulness he found that faith is had by only realizing that some one loves them.

'Everything that is accomplished is done so through love. Paul made his way through life because his love for Christ was his master motive. Nobody can get along without it for as it raised Paul to a higher life so it will raise us.'

'It is said that man lives life in three stories—beast, savage, and man. The greatest conquest of our lives is to live in the third story. Always do we seek the level of our thoughts. Those that complain when they see so much of the seamy side of life in the newspapers have no right to do so for the editors only strive to please.'

'Paul's new love gave him a new life and raised him to the third story of life, he possessed a new energy and he knew where he was going. Speed such as we have in this day and age with no goal in sight is useless, but Paul knew where he was going and he was great. He found a new meaning of the cross. To him it represented all the love and suffering for which Jesus stood. People that don't care to have anything to do with the cross lose all hope of success and happiness for its the hardships that make life worth while.'

LINDEN LEAVES GUIDE CLEVER AND USEFUL

Who says the Lindenwoodits aren't modern? I know everybody has read the Linden Leaflet Shopping Guide by now and really aren't you awfully keen on it? Besides all the advertisement to help the poor student lost in the wilderness of the St. Charles shopping district, there are numerous ditties and clever sayings throughout the book.

For instance no intelligent student can afford to miss the paragraph on our poor trustful teachers. Its the last word in "What the Student of Today Needs to Know".

"Rush Hour" is a short sketch on the most exciting thing of Lindenwood—namely the Daily Mail. Woe unto the weak—for here it is a survival of the fittest. A short prayer to the guardian angel and it's sink or swim, mostly sink. Too true—far too true.

Read my children and you shall see the "Plea of a Typical Student" One realizes that this happens far too often to be of any comfort in his own sad life. "Books, 'tis a dull and endless strife".....Vacation—Ain't it a grand and glorious feeling?

Last, but certainly not in any way the least, "A Before and After". For a number of weeks it has always been a question in my mind why there was so much slicking and preening on Monday night. But after reading this the question was answered—Three Rousing Cheers for "Business Law".

COME ON MR. PIM SENIOR PLAY PATIENTLY AWAITED

And as the time grows near for the Senior Class to make its bow to Lindenwood, the class puts on a play which is anticipated by all the students and the faculty members. This year the class has chosen the play "Mr. Pim Passes By" which

(Continued on page 7, col. 1)

DEBATE WAXED WARM

Michigan Girls Carry Off Favorable Decision of Judge.

On Friday night, March 30, three girls and a coach from East Lansing, Michigan came to Lindenwood to debate on the question, "Resolved. That the United States should cease to intervene by armed force in the Latin American countries". The Lindenwood debaters, Ruth Bullion, Elizabeth Tracey, Helen Hammer had the affirmative side of the debate, while Virginia Dell, Thelma Estelle, and Alice Hutchinson took the negative. Mr. Blake, who is Michigan's best coach and is married to a Lindenwood girl, came as the coach for the team.

There was only one judge, Dr. McCluer, from Westminster. He is coach of the team there, and was unofficially accompanied by Charles Lambkin, the captain of the Westminster team which is soon leaving for a debating trip to Europe.

The affirmative explained and outlined the intervention of the United States in the affairs of Latin America showing how her policy has changed from one of protection to aggrandizement and exploration. They further showed that the Latin American states due to their growth and development have attained that degree of political stability and military strength whereby they can protect themselves and each other. Future relations and interests between the United States and Latin America depend now not upon a basis of military intervention, but upon a basis of mutual confidence and cooperation.

It was brought out that the Latin American States do not want help of the United States if it is to be at the cost of their moral dignity, governmental integrity, and self-respect. We cannot continue this dual policy of peaceful intervention in theory and military intervention in practice. Never can complete sincerity be

(Continued on page 8, col. 3)

Linden Bark

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

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

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

Ruth Bullion '29

EDITORIAL STAFF:

Louise Blake '30
Martha Brinkerhoff '30
Marcia Wallace '30
Helen Hook '29
Abigail Holmes, '30.
Julia Palmer '28
Gertrude Webb '28

ASSOCIATES:

Frances Stone, '28.
Geraldine Thompson, '28.
Kathryn Walker '28

TUESDAY, APRIL 17, 1928.

The Linden Bark:

Every tear is answered by a blossom
Every sigh with songs and laughter blent.
Apple blooms upon the breezes toss there
April knows the own and is content.

Susan Coolidge, "April"

THE SENIORS LAMENT

Vacation is over. That Easter holidays which we have been looking forward to three long months, has come and gone. And, for the last time, we Seniors have returned to the bosom of our L. C. family, as students. Yes, we are coming to the last of things. Our last basketball game has been played. Our last musical comedy has been written and danced. Our last snow man has been made (let it be hoped). We have had our last vacation.

There are still exams ahead of us, and the Senior play, the "Prom" and May Day, too, before it is all over. Six weeks of our four years are left. Six busy, happy weeks! But already we pause to look backward over the years, to see what they have given us, and what we have given them. We have given our hopes and our dreams, (What Freshman comes to college without some dreams) and they have given us memories. But that is not all. They have given a wealth of experiences. Of them all, it seems that Friendship is the dearest. Just think of the really beautiful friend-

ships that have grown on the Lindenwood campus, and of them all, how many are in the Senior class. Each Senior has her cherished friendship which she will take away from college along with her degree.

And then, there is the "Lindenwood Spirit". When we are right here at our Alma Mater, we sometimes lose it in the press of college life, but when we are away for a time, we find it a true and as precious as ever. Lindenwood is our Alma Mater, and she stands for something one can not put into words, but that one can feel and can live, if she only will. Lindenwood's vision is, it is

"Ours just to make, not to mar it".

You who are here, are to keep it bright and make it grow even greater. We who go are to take it into the world.

EVERYBODY BACK

Hey, hey girls! Ain't it great to be back with everybody again? and what I mean is—ain't it great? Home is just alright, in fact it is pretty perfect, but when we got to thinking of the short time left to be with you all, we just hopped on the train and came back—a day late! We always used to think that school drudgery was pretty tiresome, but the strenuous life of parties, shows, shopping, dates and seeing the folks was almost too much for us back home. Anyhow I imagine none of us would have rested for anything. A few of the girls took some of their friends home with them, and entertained them royally. Others went home and rested, or went to some of their friends homes, and read English. Am I not right?

The sighs, and lingers, and longing looks betray the fact, that Cupid was sure enough on the job. The new men were divine, and the old faithfuls were faithfuller, and sweeter than ever. Have you all seen the new pins? Don't miss them, for they are perfect beauties. Pearls and diamonds have always become prominent in the springtime. The old adage is tried, and true. Just ask the girls, lots of them tried it, and strange to say—it came true. The knowing smiles, and pensive, thoughtful expressions on the faces of the girls around here show that "Absence makes the heart grow fonder", and it won't be so long that he will have a chance to "grow fonder of the other fellow". Take heart, friends, just six weeks.

COLLEGE CALENDAR

Tuesday, April 17,
5:00 p. m.—Musical Recital.
Euneva Lynn.
Wednesday, April 18,
8:00 p. m., "Adam and Eva".
Thursday, April 19,
11:00—Musical Recital.
8:00—Senior Oratory Recital.
Friday, April 20,
Sophomore Dinner Dance.
Sunday, April 22,
6:30—Rev. H. H. Marsden.

INTERPRETIVE SWIMMING

By Gloria Butterfield

Oh come on! Its not so cold! Six lengths trudgeon quick! "Betty was relentlessly pacing the side of the pool, her little wooden heels clicking excitedly on the grey floor. Usually she leaned lazily against the warm white pipes encircling the wall, but now she was at first one end and then the other, always glancing toward the door.

"Number off, and take racing churns between swift praises or careful criticism, he paused, stood as a robin listening for a coveted worm, head cocked on one side., then ran her hand briskly through her hair, and directed again. We went on to the dives—clean, straight dives, clumsy, splashing things—with Betty making an effort to wing her arm nonchalantly.

Suddenly, "Betty! Betty! He's here, he's here!" and she ran impetuously from the room. We listened to the wooden shoes clattering as far as the steps, then falling off in blank despair, and bare feet pattering a little louder than rain. Then all noise ceased in a shriek.

Her thrill infectious caught us and threw us into a strenuous game of water polo. Soon, above the splashes and screams of our game, the sabots capered again, this time even faster than before. Betty burst in and jumped up and down in ecstatic glee, shrieking "Oh! The cutest car! That long—"stretching arms full length—"and green—a little Willys thing on the front—all covered with mud!" Fingers trembling with emotion designated myriads of muddy spatter on the otherwise gleaming car. Hanging in midair, this lovely vision of power, beauty, and dirt drew our gasps of admiration.

First a lovely swan dive by Miss Marguerite Charles! Give her a hand, girls! Beautiful! Eeeeeee!" Betty bounced around in little circles of rapture, "Oh, I'm so happy!—so happy that class is out early!"

DIMPLES

By Lorraine Robie

How many dimples there are in this small world of ours! In fact, they are so numerous that we take them quite as a matter of course. Yet dimples as dimples are quite interesting. For instance, we might wonder where they came from, and what good they do.

Just where did they come from? Well, I have found out that most of my friends have accepted the idea that dimples are the result of an angel's kiss. I do not believe that this is true, my pet theory is that on baby's way through the milky way to earth, he was accidentally bumped into several stars, and their points left little marks on his tender skin of course, the first theory much the gentler of the two, but I believe the last to be more logical because an angel's kiss would be too light to make the impressions called by us mortals, dimples.

Dimple, whether in the cheek, chin, shoulder, elbow, or knee are of great value to their owner. Alluring dimples are quite evidently the best sort because they tend to ensnare both males and females. Perhaps the next most important dimples are the coaxing dimples which help one get what he wants and finally come the equally valuable whimsical and "cute" dimples which attract and bewilder men and women.

There should be no argument as to where dimples are oftenest to be found. Dimples in the cheek, although the most evident, are the best situated. Because these dimples are the only ones which can be controlled by their owner, they are the most useful. If a girl wants that "come hither" look, let her pop her dimples out every once in a while and she will soon get results. And dimples, used in this way, are an open indication of a girl's intentions. If a girl has naturally alluring dimples, she does not need to "crack her face" to get the result which the other girl gets by smiling quickly and often. The dimple in the chin is next best, but it cannot be used by its owner. It is there all the time, for better or for worse. If it is there for better, it makes a too strong chin look "just right"; of for worse, it draws attention to a weak chin. The latter purpose is the one deplored by the possessor of a weak chin and a dimple. The dimple in a shoulder, elbow, or knee is not very valuable, partly because it cannot be used physically by its

owner, but mostly because it can very seldom be seen.

"Sh! See that girl who passed us? Look at her coy little dimple. See you later,—after I see her. That's my girl!"

NIGHT

By Virginia Ott

Night with her shimmering silky sheath

Night with her shadowy blue
Creeps o'er the earth with steps so light

Enfolding me and you.

She glimmers in her silvery sheen
Revealed by moon and star,
She glides o'er bush and tree and field

Showering her gifts afar.

She wraps her cloak around the sad
A comfort and a joy,

She holds all love close to herself
And they her powers employ.

A lady Night with voice divine
And beauties all untold,
Reveal to us your glories bright
That we may seek their mold.

When day is o'er and rest is sweet
Come softly as thou will
And take me in your arms, O Night
That I may feel you still.

O lovely Night, O beauteous Night
O Night of all supreme,
Come let me rest my weary head
As on your breast I dream.

THE RECITAL

By Alberta Sievert

With dread Jane counted the days until the recital, for after one more week of practice she would have to face her first audience. As the four o'clock bell rang every afternoon she entered the dark, spacious auditorium. How small she felt among the hundreds of vacant chairs and expanse of platform, bare except for the huge grand piano at one end. "What is there to be scared of?", she asked herself over and over again. "Certainly nothing is going to bite me." She played the piece through without a mistake and it was with more self-confidence that she left the auditorium on the last afternoon.

"Aren't you just scared stiff?" greeted her on the morning of the fatal day. Yes, she was scared and her fingers were cold and stiff. Twelve o'clock! At two o'clock she would have to play. The curtain went up promptly at two. Jane

walked out onto the platform, her knees shaking so she felt sure she would never reach the piano bench. The audience of giggling girls applauded, which only added to poor Jane's fright, if that were possible. With damp, icy fingers she started the piece. She must hurry, faster and faster went her fingers; they were slighting some of the notes now but she must keep her pace; it was too late to slow down. Her knees were still shaking and only with great effort was she able to push the pedals. Her heart was pounding and her head seemed to be filled with a rushing, roaring river. What was wrong? She felt she had been there for hours and was still playing the first section. At the end of the first repeat she found herself playing that first section for the third time. The only thing to do was to go on and make sure she played the second ending this time. There she was again! For the fourth time Jane raced through that first section, she couldn't stay there much longer. The notes of the last few measures rushed to her confused mind and with shaking hands she played them.

She fairly ran from the stage and dropped into the nearest chair completely exhausted. With gasping breath and parched mouth she heard the usual praises from those back stage. With thankful heart she knew that only she and the teacher would ever know that she had played the end and fourth section four times.

"COFFEE PLEASE"

By Elizabeth Dent

"Do you wish coffee or Cocoa?"
"Coffee, please."

Five hundred times this little dialogue is repeated at least once a day in the dining room at Lindenwood College. Sometimes the answer is different when a girl wants cocoa or when she is one of those rare individuals who drink neither

Each girl knows just what that particular question will be asked her. First the maid goes to the head of the table and asks the vital question. If one happens to be sitting next to the hostess, she lays down the bit of bread she was about to pop into her mouth as she sees the maid coming to her with one hand holding the steaming coffee pot and the other eagerly outstretched to seize the empty cup. Everyone always waits until the question has been asked and then she replies—if she

would command the respect of the none too interested maid—after having paused a while to consider such a weighty question, in a grave and serious manner, looking the maid straight in the eye all the while.

If the maid is inclined to be timid she will tremble before such a searching gaze and proceed to pour the cup full to overflowing, being careful to spill a few drops of the dark brown liquid on the clean table cloth, and hasten on to the next girl to repeat the same question as if the fate of nations hung upon the same answer.

If the maid has a strong will of her own she will return the look, seize the cup in ruthless fingers and pour it half full.

It is really surprising how the different maids ask the same question. Some take great pains to enunciate every word much as if they were biting the words off at the end to prevent them from slipping back; others run the whole sentence together and swallow it. One charming little maid has worked out an easy, musical and individual way of "popping the question". If one sits at her table for the first time, one is pleasantly surprised to hear her whisper forcibly in the right ear.

"D'yu' want coffee?"

Some maids ask this important question with their voices tense with the earnestness of their inquiry, others drawl the words out so long that the coffee gets cold before she has made the rounds of her assigned tables.

If all the energy that is used in repeating this old question over and over again in one week could be utilized, I have no doubt but that the power generated would be strong enough to rebuild all the storm destroyed district in St. Louis in one day.

Some one of creature genius should invent a machine to be attached on the table and two lights be placed before the plates, a red one for coffee and a blue one for cocoa. If a girl did not want either coffee or cocoa no lights should be turned on. On the other hand this would deprive the maids of exercise and the girls of the thrill they have when it comes their turn to say,

"Coffee, please".

"ADAM AND EVA"

The Play You Shouldn't Miss.

THE HANDY MAN

By Doris Belle Arnold

"A pin, please!" yelled Martha holding a crepe paper flower in place on an artificial vine. She was on the stage of the high school auditorium, working on some scenery.

"Here's one, Martie," responded Wilma, commonly called Bill, as she ran down the aisle and up on to the stage. "This setting is going to be keen if we can just get your plans all carried out right. From the back of the auditorium, that vine sure looks real. Who made it, anyway?"

"Oh, Victor did that for me the other afternoon. Say! I wonder where he is now. Do you suppose he's gone home yet? Has the dismissal bell rung? We need him in here. Will you try to find him?"

"The last bell rang just about five minutes ago, Martie. I think I know where he is. I heard him tell Miss Loeffler that he'd stop in her room this aft and show her some new kind of embroidery stitch that he learned lately."

"Bill! You don't mean embroidery stitch!"

"Yes, I do! He's a wizard at those things. Why, he makes beautiful things for his mother. Some are embroidered, some are crocheted, some are knitted, I'll ask him if he won't come in here pretty soon. Be back in just a minute."

Away she flitted, and Martha kept on making the vine climb up the side of the paste-board porch, just so. The stage door slammed and back came Bill.

"He'll be here in a jiffy, old top. Of course, (rather sophisticated) he'd be glad to sojourn in here and aid us as best he can. You know, Martie, it's hard to keep from laughing in his face, some times. He always speaks in such serious terms. He——. Oh! Hello, Vic."

Victor suddenly opened the door and walked in. He had on shiny patent leather shoes, a plain dark suit, a very loud tie, and a brilliantly-colored handkerchief stuck out of his pocket. His hair was cut extremely short on the back of his head, and it stood on end all over the top. He wore large tortoise-shell rimmed glasses, and a very thoughtful look was on his face.

"Very exquisite, girls! Very! How realistic those flowers are.

Just why I was making that vine the other day, I didn't know. But now, I understand. What would you have me do?"

Martha immediately put him to work.

"Victor, will you please paint some window views for our living-room scene? Don't be particular with them. We have two windows in the room, which open on to an old-fashioned, formal garden. See? We want them as soon as possible."

"Oh yes, I perceive your idea. I shall do my best to hurry without making them gelogenic. Shall I work here?"

"Right there, Vic. Fine and dandy! Here is some heavy paper and some paint. You're sure a good sport."

Immediately, the boy and two girls were busy. After about twenty minutes of quiet, Bill broke the silence.

"Say, Victor, how are you and your music getting along lately? I understand that you have several parts in the play."

"I simply adore my piano study. Music inspires me so. And girls! I'm learning to play jazz. I don't care much for it, but I do not wish to seem queer or a back-number, so I play one or two popular pieces now. Yes, they put me in the play. I seem to be stuck in here and there wherever it was most convenient to put me, and I shall be kept very busy changing costumes. I take parts of the girls music professor, her grandmother, and her art teacher. Now, why do I have to be her grandmother? Can you tell me that?"

Martha answered.

"Victor! You, and no one else, are just the one to play those parts. You have so much talent, and easily change your outward appearance. You should feel complimented to be asked to take them."

"Yes, I know."

"Girls, do these suit you? I must go now. If you would suggest any change, I shall be glad to help you again tomorrow. I have to go to the football field now, for I am partaking in track this year. My music teacher suggested that I go out and get physically tired instead of reading, and such, all the time. Last Wednesday was my first day out. We met on the athletic field, ran five miles out in the country and back. Then I ran all the way to my home, which was one more mile. Immediately, I went to music lesson, and could

not do a thing. My teacher said I had exercised too much for the first time. I did not feel so well for the next day or two, either. Well, good-day, girls. Let me know when you need me again."

"Thanks just loads, Vic old boy. These views are quite the thing, so long."

He departed. Both girls looked at each other and burst out laughing.

HONEY BABE

By Jane Everett

Darkey babe a-croonin' dar
Happy as a lark,
You don' know the troubles comin'
Jus' a'cause yo's dark,
Honey babe.

Jus' a'cause yo ain' like white folks,
Sho' yo heart ain' black!
Jus' a'caus yo's brand a darkey
On yo little back,
Honey babe.

Jus'a'cause yo dark skin glistens
Caus yo eyes are bright.
Don' you worry; you jus' smile,
In Hebben you'll be white,
Honey babe.

CONCERNING THE GYM SUIT

By Clara Nathan

Having decided to take hockey during my first semester at Lindenwood, I was duly informed by practically everyone I spoke to that I would be compelled to buy a gym suit.

"A gym suit!" I thought to myself, "Why how lovely, probably something new and different". And I thought right, for once, for so it turned out to be, a quite new creation and painfully different from anything I had ever seen.

After making six or seven trips to the room assigned for the purchasing of the new curiosity, all of which were timed so beautifully that the said room was closed each one of the six times, I was seen one day to make my exit from Roemer Hall with a mass of black and white in my hand and a very pleased expression on my face. Ah, so far so good my dear readers, but now we have run up against what is commonly called in slang "the hitch" of the story.

When I reached my room, after returning from my pilgrimage, which was at that time as important in my mind as the Crusader, I found

I had all of five minutes in which to dress in the new array for hockey class. Off came my clothes in a rather crude manner, to say the least, and with a sigh as if anticipating something extremely interesting I unrolled carefully and tenderly the mass I had carried across the campus and took hold of what I thought was the shirt. I believe we might very appropriately christen this third of that Lindenwood gym suit the eighth wonder of the world. When spread out on the top of a flat surface so that one could get the whole effect with one glance, it resembles strangely my father's night shirt. However, that is not the hitch. Just be patient a moment.

A very perplexing problem confronted me, namely, how I was to get myself into this queer arrangement, or in other words, how was I to get the queer arrangement on myself? It was only with the help of my room mate and my two suite mates that I finally discovered the most complicated combination of the shirt, and succeeded in getting into it.

Next came those alluring knickerbockers which I was told had to meet our stockings in order that none of the bare leg would show. I had a rather difficult time making ends meet because of the superfluity of my lower appendages but was finally successful in my attempts at modesty. And then I was all fixed and ready for the athletic field. But no! Something was surely wrong. My acute sense of feeling could not be mistaken. The Sherllock Holmes that I am soon discovered that the "knickers" were on back side front. More fun! After I had readjusted myself I slipped the jersey on without any trouble, strange as the latter may seem, and was off once more.

However, on this trip over the campus I must admit my facial expression was not pleasant nor were those of the passers-by. I do not believe I have ever witnessed such a feeling of self-consciousness and utter embarrassment in my life. I felt as if I were composed solely of two legs and two arms each longer than the law allows, and that I looked like a great piece of something extra.

In concluding, I give fair warning to all who still have the pleasure awaiting them of buying one of these attractive outfits to consider just whether she would not prefer to take swimming or golf at Lindenwood.

AN ITALIAN STILETTO

By Mary Mason

"And now I find you black and dulled with rust;
Encased on glass, admired, on red velvet.
'Twas then you gleamed so sharp.
No need of dust
To gather on our hilt with rubies set.
In court intrigues you payed a cruel debt.
Of blood spilled forth upon a marble floor;
A coward throat, a dreading heart you met.
In mad vendett', thrown from a shadowed door
You loved a soul, and dripping, gleaming, asked for more."

AT THE PLAYHOUSE

By Elizabeth Carstasphen

Arm in arm, a small army of sixth grade boys and girls half ran, half stumbled over rocks and gullies in their eagerness to get to that favorite playground, which was centered around the "big tree". It was a lonely looking place, to which ran paths worn smooth by red cattle and grunting hogs that came to drink there in that shallow basin. There were other smooth spots too, made by children's feet. The "b.g feature", however, of the playground was the queer, sprawling old elm tree just at the brink of the water. It was not an ordinary tree. From a distance, it looked like a giant hand hanging over the water. The thumb extended far in the air, on to the high grassy knoll beyond.

It was toward this point that Jim, the boldest of the crowd gazed. Then to Jean, the undisputed leader of the girls, he cast a scornful—

"Bet 'yer can't go over that limb."

"Hymp! 'sall you know about it—can too!"

"Dare you, dare you", chorused the noisy ten.

"All right then, I'm not 'ascared!' boasted Jean.

Then with a light step, and a clean spring, she swung up among gnarled branches of the "playhouse". Boldly she tossed herself ape-like around through the four fingers until she reached the beginning of the thumb. As she looked up, she became sick and faint, but when she glanced down and saw the eye of every playmate glued upon her, she felt pangs of remorse at this doubtful feat she had under-

taken. With a grim jaw, she leaped astride the limb, and scooted herself forward inch by inch, her hands tugging in front of her at the loose bark, and her feet dangling in space below.

As she dragged herself forward, her bare legs were torn by "sprickly" twigs and "itchy" leaves. A big tear dropped on her sore little sturdy hand, and without hesitation she turned to go back. To her horror she found that she could not go back because she had not way of turning around without losing her balance.

With a heart of terror she scooted on and on and on. Never had she so wanted to be safe at home "playing house", or just "sitting". She had never imagined she would die like this—Ugh! when she let go how terrible that dizzy, breath-taking fall would be before she landed on those sharp rocks—Perhaps she would soon die and not feel it when the crawfish bite and clawed over her—Yes, her friends would laugh and leave her "cold". With her eyes closed, these thoughts and many more rumbled like a din through Jean's mind.

But the limb was growing smaller now, and Jean gasped wonderingly as she opened her eyes and saw the end of the water and the beginning of the grassy bank not five feet away. Now, with fresh bravado she wriggled on the rest of the way until her weight slowly pulled the end of the limb down, and she slid the rest of the way until with a quick jump, she landed safely on that spot where her friends cheered her lustily. Not a trace of a tear now—and no one ever knew.

Then Jim caught her hand shyly, and whispered meaningly, "Gee, that was great; I didn't think ya' had it in yer'."

THE SHAKESPEAREAN COMEDY HEROINE

By Jane White

There are heroines and heroines. Enough of the charmers can be found in English literature alone to fill a book in the mere mention of them. We love *Dorothy Vernon* with her red hair and adorable tantrums, the gentle *Lorna Doone*, the aristocratic *Mary Tudor*, the Saxon *Bowena*, Charlotte Brontë's *Jane Eyre*, and the magnificent *Clo Wildairs*, but where, in all the literature of England or the world, shall we find the peer of Shakespeare's comedy heroine as an exam-

ple of the ideal of her sex? Shakespeare, unlike many of his kind, was quite unhampered by any mistaken ideas of chivalry toward his ladies, so we find his *Rosalind* and his *Viola*, his *Beatrice* and finally his *Portia*, who fulfill the characteristics of them all, not only sweet and charming ladies, but also delightfully human beings. He, too, has a flair, natural to the playwright, for letting his characters be themselves, instead of re-enforcing the delineation of them by lengthy and glowing description. And somehow we appreciate characters more when we are allowed to let our own imaginations play as well as those of the authors.

First of all, the comedy heroine of Shakespeare has an alluring exterior. Our minds are so constructed that we cannot imagine Shakespeare has hastened to oblige by giving *Viola*, for instance, such a handsome face that the wayward countess, *Olivia*, fell head over heels in love with it, enhanced, as it was, by masculine garb and gentle manners. And, what heroine could have been more utterly devastating than *Rosalind*, whose cousin, *Celia*, loved her so much that she would not have her exiled with her father, and whose winsome smile and graciously bestowed token were the best stimulants *Orlando* could boast in his preparation for the dual with *Charles*.

Another stimulating quality with which our author endows his ladies is cleverness, resourcefulness, courage or what you will. Again, *Viola* comes forward to exhibit this trait. She was the sheltered daughter of a wealthy merchant, a fine lady tenderly reared. No one would have guessed it, however, from the way in which she stepped into her brother's clothes and set gallantly forth to seek the *Duke Orsino*.

In the same way, did the "more than common tall" *Rosalind* seek to compete with a world that had used her rather ill, but she had more use than that for her shepherd boy's garb when she discovered the lovesick *Orlando* in the Forest of Arden.

Beatrice—, the very round of the name calls up notions of a sprightly and sometimes stinging wit, "Much Ado About Nothing" would truly be an unsiced cake without *Beatrice*.

Nor does the canny poet fail in the gift of those most womanly qualities, tact and understanding. *Celia's* sweet sympathy and tenderness made her as true a comfort to *Rosalind*, affording a beautiful con-

tract to the brisk, audacious characteristics of the latter. The richly endowed *Viola* can lay claim to these virtues, too. Surely no one without the soul of a true diplomat could have shown so much delicacy and finesse about the love affairs of her *Duke* when she herself was so much in love with him.

Even a comedy heroine may have gentleness and humility. The long-suffering *Hero*, the nun-like *Isabella* and the innocent *Miranda* adorn some of the master's sprightliest most joyous plays. It is characteristic more to be expected of saints than young women but there is a pleasing glamour about it that rests, like a halo, around their lovely heads and looks most becoming indeed.

And, now, what do we find but that the master playwright has conceived and delineated a woman who combines the quintessence of all these personalities. We find her not far from Venice in her richly-furnished house becoming greatly bored with the too-numerous applications for her hand in marriage from princes, dukes, and counts enough to fill a kingdom. She was more beautiful than any of the others, as resourceful and clever as *Viola* herself, as witness the courtroom scene and the "young doctor", was gifted with as witty a tongue as *Beatrice* with which she prodded the vanities of her would-be suitors, was as tactful and sympathetic as *Celia*, and had as true a conception of the "quality of mercy" as *Hero's* or *Isabella's*. *Portia*, the exemplifier of the Shakespearean comedy heroine, is truly an ideal woman.

FIDELITY

By Elisabeth Chinn

The rose and golden day of dawn
Upon an azure sea,
Sereneness gently murmuring
That brings me thoughts of thee
The moon rays vividly glaring
Upon a seething sea,
The sultry breeze that scarcely
stirred
Still brings me thoughts of thee.
The sun set purple shadows hue
Upon a languid sea
Like Limsid pools of glowing fire
That brings me thoughts of thee.
A mellow moonlight glowing dawn
Upon a silvery sea
All breathe exsacy enchantment
That bring me thoughts of thee.

(Continued from page 1, col. 3)

achieved until there is equality.

Our relations with the Latin American States should depend not upon military intervention but upon mutual cooperation and respect. In the rebuttal speech Elizabeth Tracey said, "It is the right of any democratic country to work out its own salvation". The Negative regarded this as "an economic and political question". Miss Alice Hutchinson, first speaker for the negative said, "Unless we have failed along these lines (economic and political) in Latin America, we should not abandon our present policy". And the Negative endeavored to show that the present policy of the United States was a success both economically and politically.

The main arguments follows:

I. The policy is based upon correct principals of International law, and was developed to meet specific cases such as the need arose; II. The present policy is of benefit to both the United States and Latin America; III. Armed intervention is an essential part of our present policy.

The first speaker for the negative Miss Hutchinson, traced the development of the present policy. Her strong point was the Monroe Doctrine, which was worked out to meet the situations which arose following the Napoleonic wars. It was a self-protective policy aimed against the Holy Alliance and insisted upon "America for Americans". The Spanish American War was the next case cited. Here the United States was actuated by altruism, to free Cuba from Spanish oppression. Sir Edward Crecy was quoted, "Intervention is justified when in behalf of a grievously oppressed nation". Haiti, Mexico, the Venezuelan boundary dispute, and Nicaragua were considered. In the Venezuelan controversy we participated by invitation. The other cases furnished examples of the United States intervening to assist in establishing a stable social order. (In 1825, the marines were withdrawn from Nicaragua, where they had been stationed since 1910, when it was felt that a stable government had been established. It was only when this proved to be too optimistic a view of the situation, and then only upon the request of the president of the country, that this country intervened again. So, the present policy is not the result of the principle of imperialism, but the natural out-

growth of our efforts to preserve American integrity, to prevent European intervention and to help "our weaker sisters" to establish a secure social order, when they have failed to do so without aid.

Miss Virginia Dell, the second speaker of the negative, stressed the tremendous value of the products of Central and South America, to this country. The development of these great natural resources would be impossible without foreign capital. So "American" citizens invest in these countries. Coffee, oil, rubber, and many other valuable commodities flow into this country. We benefit. Our money goes into their countries. Railroads and hospitals are built and sanitation is made possible. Education is furthered. They benefit. Presidents of different countries to the South were quoted to show how eager these countries are for this help. But "these interests must be protected".

The last speaker, Miss Thelma Etelle, characterized armed intervention as the "teeth" of the present policy. Without it, the policy would fail. Foreign capital would not be invested in the countries, so "peaceful intervention" could not continue. The fact that force was used only in case of absolute necessity, was stressed. So was the fact that, if the United States did not guarantee to protect the life and property of European nations, these nations would intervene. The Negative summed up its argument, "We believe that our present policy is the only policy that is workable".

ORATORY RECITAL

CHARMS AUDIENCE

The oratory recital given at the chapel hour on Thursday, March 29, was especially attractive. The program consisted of three selections, all of a different nature, but proving equally interesting.

Flora Mae Gillespie read the first scene of Elizabeth McFadden's play, "The Boy Who Discovered Easter". This touching story of the man who was "not on speaking terms with God or man", but who was led to believe again through the devotion of a small boy, was an appropriate reading for this season. Flora Mae reads very well and is easy to follow. She looked lovely in a flowered chiffon dress made with many ruffles.

The very amusing reading of "Jane Entertains The Minister" was given by Jean Cameron. This gay selection in which "Jane tells the minister what everyone thinks of him, put the audience into a cheerful mood. Jean, wearing a brown smoked frock, portrayed "Jane" very well indeed.

"Lonesome-Like", the author of which is Harold Brighthouse, was read by Ida Hayes, and was one of the best readings given this year. Ida read the peculiar dialect of the Welsh with perfection, giving us the story of the "lonesome-like" boy who was "strong in the arm and weak in the head". She wore a smart two-piece dress of tan crepe.

PUPILS OF MR. THOMAS

The last studio recital before the Easter vacation was given by pupils of John Thomas, at Margaret Hall, March 25, at five o'clock. Alice Rowland played Brewer's "At Sunset", and Daisy Long played "Chanson Trieste" by Tschaiowsky. Leoni's "Savage Dance" was played by Cornelia Prather, and Stoeerbatcheff's "Orientale" by Harriet Grove. Lucile Rothrock played Upcraft's "Valse Impromptu", Mary Jane White played "Caprice" by Stavenhagen, and Kathleen Criswell played Longo's "Capriccio". Iris Fleischaker gave two numbers, Conte's "Meditation", and "Moon Paths" by Adams. Ruth Kirby concluded the program with "M'nuet", by Gabrilowitsch.

DON'T MISS

"ADAM AND EVA"

Strand Theatre

FRI. NIGHT—SAT. MATINEE

CLARA BOW

in

"RED HAIR"

SATURDAY NIGHT

MARION DAVIES

in

"QUALITY STREET"

with

CONRAD NAGEL

NEXT WEEK

FRI. NIGHT—SAT. MATINEE

CORINNE GRIFFITH

in

"GARDEN OF EDEN"

"THREE SPRINGS" GIVEN BY CHORAL CLUB

On Monday, April 2, Lindenwood was entertained with a concert given by the Orchestra and the Choral Club.

The Orchestra first played a lovely Serenata by Cojani. The next number was Valse Triste, which was introduced by Ruth Ellen Olcott who read the synopsis of it. The piece was a very wierd but fascinating one.

Virginia Rhorer then sang "Make Me a Song" and "The Answer". Both of which were charming songs and as always Virginia sang exquisitely.

The Orchestra then played its third and last selection, Massenet's Overture "Phedre".

The Choral Club sang Paul Bliss's cantata, "Three Springs". It was a story of three springs that rise on high on the mountain side under a willow tree. One is blue, one is white, and one is gold. The dip of the willow branches bids each a fond farewell. First, in the little limpid pool, they listen to the Butterfly's advice to the ambitious Lily—"be content", until they come to the Three Little Falls, where it is "rough and dark" but "cool, oh, cool."

They go down the sluggish, slow moving river, hearing the song of the flowers, then "leaping and falling" they shoot over the "Great Waterfall", and at last from the tip of a wave out on the ocean vast, they are drawn up by the sun to the oft clouds above, to be wafted back to their lovely home, high on the mountain side.

Solo parts in the cantata were sung by Louise Blake, Margaret McDonald and Iris Fleischaker. The three dancers or the three springs were blue, Virginia Derby; white, Jean Whitney; and gold, Ida Hays. The butterflies were a number of adorable little St. Charles girls. The program was given exceptionally well and thoroughly enjoyed by the school as well as the number of visitors who came.

Miss Terhune and Miss Isador, who directed the Choral Club and the Orchestra respectively, deserve much praise for giving us something new and charming in the line of musical recitals. Miss Eschbach who trained the dancers and Mary Catherine Craven, who accompanied both the Orchestra and the Choral Club, also should be given credit for their part in making the concert a big success.

A SCARE

By Gladys Halliburton

We were "hitching up" to return home after a weary day in school. Our buggy stood near a large, white barn at the summit of a rolling hill, down which ran a rough, narrow, deeply grooved road. Mary listlessly entered the barn to harness the horse, I turning the light rig around in the middle of the road to be in readiness. Slowly and sleepily I gathered our books, thrown carelessly on the ground, and neatly arranged them in the box for carrying purposes at the rear of the buggy. So engrossed I was that I did not perceive Mary had led the horse from the stable nor did I know the mumbling words were intended for me. I heard words but so remote they were I could not fathom them. The unreceived message said, "Hold the buggy while I lift the shafts". Suddenly, I awoke with a start as the buggy I was leaning on darted forward and down the hill at a tremendous speed. Was I seeing right or still day dreaming? My cousin most certainly was between the shafts, guiding that uncontrolled force down the hill with almost superhuman power. The ruts were deeply furrowed, and the buggy leaped and plunged from side to side, threatening constantly to crash to the ground, but keeping on and pushing ahead a little faster as the hill descended. I was cold with fright, the possible disasters looming in horrifying reality before my fixed staring eyes as I thought of the street at the foot of the hill over which poured a constantly flowing stream of traffic. It was too much for my trembling knees, and I sank to the ground, covering my eyes and waiting. Horrid, anguish-filled moments dragged by as I listened for the inevitable thud of an overturned buggy and shriek of an injured person. Scarcely breathing, I turned and looked. I beheld a breathless, but uninjured person climbing the hill with difficulty. Running forward I demanded, "Mary, why didn't you let go of that buggy and save yourself?" Contemptuously she beheld me as she answered, "Do you think I would willingly let the shafts of father's buggy be broken?"



Q. Just about this time of the year, which is the class that wishes that June 3rd would never come?

A. The Senior class, because the members are beginning to realize that their happy college days are surely numbered and the thought of leaving Lindenwood is not the happiest thing to be thought of at just this time.

Q. When is the earliest hour that one must play tennis in the morning on the courts,

A. The earliest possible minute is that in which you can get away quietly enough so that the roommate or corridor one's don't land on your neck for so much noise. I advise that you stay dressed from the night before, so as not to cause any disturbance in dressing.

Q. Which building is going to get the big prize from the Y. W.?

A. The building which has the most true loyalty to its house mother and house president and wishes to see that its building really is the best one by all means.

Q. How can I get 1000 words in print as an entrance credit to the new English Fraternity?

A. By writing for the Bark. Bring your master pieces up to the Bark Office and if you would like to see your work in print this is the place to bring it.

(Continued from page 1, col. 2)

they will put on under the splendid coaching of Miss Hutchins on May 4. Last week the try out was held and the following seniors were the lucky ones to obtain parts in the production.

Ann	Betty Brown
Carraway Pim	Dorothea Meyers
Brian Strange	Mildred Henny
Olivia Marden	Frances Stumberg
George Marden	Gertrude Webb
Lady Marden	Mildred Ifrig

With these well known seniors all in one group and putting on one production it ought to be the prize one of the year. WE, the common Student Body at large await with baited breath to see and applaud this super fine drama which the high and mighty Seniors are going to give in the near future. Let Mr. Pim pass by.

WEDNESDAY,

APRIL 17th,

"ADAM AND EVA"