

LINDEN BARK

VOL 4.—No. 27

Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Mo., Tuesday, May 8, 1928.

Price 5c

L. C. "BIG EVENT"

Eastern and Oklahoma Girls Lead in Honors to President.

"Happy birthday Dr. Roemer, happy birthday to you," sang the girls at breakfast. And thus started the day. All the day there was an air of suppressed excitement. Girls slipped to the gym to take a look and wish it was time for the party to start. At last the bell rang. From all parts of the campus came the girls in their very best to do honor to Dr. Roemer. Dr. Roemer, one of the best loved of all men, royally received the good wishes that were showered upon him.

The tables in the dining room held red tulips and red tulip nut cups, as the table decorations. But Dr. Roemer's birthday was the main attraction just then. Miss Walter and her corps more than put the dinner over. The menu was as follows:-

Fruit Cocktail
Olives Celery
Breaded Veal Cutlets
Creamed New Potatoes
Asparagus Peas Tulip Radishes
Tomato and Cucumber Salad
Hot Rolls Applesauce
Fresh Strawberry Sunade
Demi tase
Nuts

After dinner came the Big Event of the whole day. The dance in the Gym honoring Dr. Roemer.

Upon stepping into the gym one was transported to Holland. The red brick dyke enclosed us. Growing on the wall were tulips for which Holland is so famous. At the far end of the gym stood a huge windmill pumping water. Upon closer inspection we found that it was not water but punch. Dainty little Dutch Maids served behind a true Dutch bar.

At the opposite end of the gym was a booth with a sign "Made in Holland". We wondered and wondered about that booth but it seem-

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WHO'S GOING TO WIN?

Now Is The Time For Testing.

The track meet is the center of attention now that the swimming meet is over. Every afternoon one can see the hopes of each class diligently practicing her particular event.

Mary Farthing skimming over the hurdles in beautiful form. Kelly slinging a wicked javelin. Borchers jumping higher each day. Margie Bright making a tremendous hole in the air with the discus. "Back" pitching the baseball. Baker practicing her putting. Garnette putting the tennis balls just where she wants them. In fact there isn't a single event that hasn't someone practicing for it already.

It is whispered that the Seniors are bound and determined to do big things. Since the other classes have so kindly ceased practicing on Wednesday and Thursday the Upperclassmen have taken over these practices. Watch for the outcome.

The track meet will be held tomorrow May 9th, and the following events will be on the program that day:- 50 yard dash, 60 yard hurdles, the javelin and discus throw, the high jump, and the 400 yard relay. The minor events are:- the basketball and baseball throw, golf, tennis, dancing, archery, and a number of stunts. The stunts are the hit of the day. One can't deny that it is funny to see some of the dignified Seniors worming their

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SITTING ON THE INSIDE LOOKING ON THE OUTSIDE

Miss Eschbach playing a wild game of tennis and Miss Gus watching—Ann Walthall carrying a huge box—Martha Brinkerhoff trying to do something out of the walking???—All the girls in formal in the afternoon—no ideas of studying even in the air—vacation thoughts right with us—Mrs. Roberts out in a new dress.

A. A. AT FOREST PARK

Dr. Roemer Speaks; Toasts and Dancing.

Wasn't that a darb? The A.A. banquet I mean—Of course it did look rather foolish to be taxiing off the campus in formals at six o'clock, but even then it didn't look half as foolish as those who had to walk to the hotel when they had "Car trouble".

The banquet was at the Forest Park hotel, in St. Louis. Dinner was served at 7:30 and consisted of:-

Fruit Cocktail
Celery Olives
Broiled Chicken
French Fried Fresh Peas
Potatoes
Rolls
Ice Cream Cakes
Coffee Nuts

Cocky little girls representing different athletics stood for the place cards. Cunning little jockey caps of different colors contained the nuts. The programs were plain white.

After everyone had finished eating Harriet Liddle introduced the two speakers of the evening. Dr. Roemer first and then the next years president, Margie Bright. Dr. Roemer's speech to the "athletes" was not only most entertaining, but full of most excellent advice. His admonition was to "educate the head as well as the heels." There is nothing to be gained by a one-sided education of one phase of the body. He said that Miss Eschbach and Miss Gustavus were examples of a well-rounded education of both heels and head. Without knowing and being able to govern the activities of the heels with an understanding and rationality in the head no one can be an athlete.

He regretted that Lindenwood is to lose her two fine instructors in the department of Physical Education, one is to launch out on

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Linden Bark

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TUESDAY, MAY 8, 1928.

The Linden Bark:

Violets! Deep blue violets!

April's loveliest coronets.

There are no flowers grow in the
vale,

Kissed by the dew, wooed by the
gale,

None by the dew of twilight
wet,

So sweet as the deep blue
violet.

—L. E. London.

MENTIONABLE MEMORIALS

It is one of the ingrained characteristics of the human race to desire, in departing to leave behind us some record, whether it be "Foot-prints in the sands of Time" or memorials in the halls of our Alma Mater. Lindenwood is made beautiful by the gifts of her departed daughters. The halls of Roemer are lined with lovely pictures, given by departing classes, and portraits of those, who in the past and in the present, have made Lindenwood what it is today. At the entrance stand three busts of three great men. But it is not only in Roemer that we see memorials.

The campus, too, is made more beautiful. Benches of marble, sundial, and gazing crystal all lend their charm. Living things, too, attest the love of former students. Trees planted by the classes are growing in beauty. Little barkers at their feet tell who put them there. And will those who have seen them ever forget the Centennial roses, that make a path of

color from Irwin to Nicolls?

Most of the dormitories boast their memorials as well, handsome tablets in bronze, in honor of the men for whom Sibley Hall was as does Roemer Hall. In addition, Sibley now displays plaques of Major George and Mary Easton Sibley, the founders of Lindenwood, from whom Sibley Hall was named. These are the gift of Lindenwood's Centennial Class.

As the years go by Lindenwood will grow even more beautiful. New buildings will rise to meet new needs, new courts and links will stretch beneath the sun, and new memorials will record the love of Lindenwood's daughters for their Alma Mater.

US POLITICAL FIENDS

This coming summer will be very important politically because each party will be presenting its candidates in the best possible light. It will be the duty then of the voters to select the candidates whom they think best fitted. But where, you ask, does Lindenwood come in? She comes in this way. At Lindenwood one has the opportunity of gathering material on all the candidates. By sifting down the hodge-podge in all the papers one can get a glimmer of the truth. One can not deny that however small the glimmer is, it is at least something. The Lindenwoodite can then go around, a la Mary Sunshine, and spread the truth. Can't you see the Lindenwooder going around telling people how to vote? Especially since she will in all probability be unable to vote herself.

Seriously, though, it is the duty of everyone to take this business of voting seriously. It is a real task to a cog in the fashioning of the party's policies for that is what one does when one casts a vote.

More 'n more loves! Has everyone seen the gorgeous new Phi Delt pin that Louise Lamb put on a week ago Wednesday night? It's about the prettiest one ever. Dan Cupid wonders if Charlie didn't have the future in mind when he ordered it. Louise insists that she is wearing this pin in a different way than the usual run, but then most of the girls are wearing them, in a different way—this however is different than the usual different. Poor Charlie has gone to Europe for the summer, and won't even get to see her, but then he's not so unlucky after all.

COLLEGE CALENDAR

May 8, 4:45—Sophomore Recital.

Iris Fleischaker

Mary Catherine Craven.

May 9, Field Day. No afternoon classes.

May 10, 11:00—Oratory Recital.

8:00, Silva Synder Senior Recital.

May 12, Junior-Senior Prom.

May 13, 6:30—Mother's Day Program.

MOTHER GOOSE

The Roman Tatler this week is really something new and different. It is a Mother Goose Edition, composed of Mother Goose Rhymes written partly in English and partly in Latin. Three very clever, and good drawings in black and white adorn the paper, one of little Miss Muffett, another of little Bo-Peep and a third of Peter the Pumpkin-Eater, and his wife that he couldn't keep. The wife doesn't look as if she minded being kept in that manner, for she is winking slyly and smiling at those who come to see her. The editor-in-chief, and the special editors are respectively, Dorothy Jackson, Betty Earnes, and Elizabeth Pinkerton. The very talented young artist is Geneva Jorgenson.

LINDENWOOD LOVES

One can be terribly lonesome on a train. Thoughts of the past may be happy, and dreams of the future happier, but this is a day when Youth lives in the present. Thus, if a young man (very handsome, dark and athletic) should see a wee doll of a girl with big brown eyes that say "come hither", there really is nothing left for him to do except to inquire if she would like the window raised or lowered as the case may be. Of course the wee girl wanted the window just the opposite from the way it was.

Now isn't that just what Ruth Ellen told you when she read "Cousin Kate" for her graduation recital? But you didn't know that she was telling you her own love story in disguise. Ruth Ellen met Bishop on the train and they met again, and then again, and now soon they are to meet never to part until death do they part. Wedding bells will ring for Ruth Ellen on June 25.

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ed that our curiosity was not to be satisfied. Finally Dr. Roemer announced that, "We have just received a consignment of Holland Linen and we want everyone to get in the Grand March and receive their share." Immediately there was a dash for the booth where little Dutch girls were giving away the favors which were Holland Linen Hankies.

The entertainment program was ingenious, "Dick" and "Margie" were having quite a difficult time trying to decide whither to go. They were youngsters from America, greatly laden with bags, on a tour to see Europe with their own eyes, but they landed in Holland flat broke. While they were pondering on the whence and so, a little French girl, Alease Wilson, all a study in pink, danced gaily before them, and the two boys hastily decided it should be Paree or nowhere. Alice McLean, a veritable Scotch lassie, danced the Highland Fling so realistically that the boys thought they heard the sound of distant bagpipes, and although still true to the French girl decided to their Paris trip.

An alluring exotic rose from Espagnol would not be neglected for these simple creatures from France, and Scotland. Ida Hayes tangoed before the Dutch windmill, a wicked vampire, and caused the boys to forget their earlier plans. They were just ready to pick up their bags and follow her to the earth, when a demure, sweet young thing from Ireland came clogging out to the bar. Her green gingham dress, her long black tresses hanging over either shoulder, and those eyes, triumphed over even the brilliant red satin of the Spanish dancer. The Yankees tried to flirt, and pat her on the cheek, but No!—s. s. and g., as Virginia Derby may have been, she dealt each a resounding blow, and clogged defiantly away. The poor boys were in a terrible fog, and getting homesick as could be. Joanne Lytell and Margaret Banschach came from their own patrie to lure them back to the prom at home. They could dance that old Charleston, and the forlorn travelers decided there was no place like home. They were thirsty though, and once more demanded service at the Dutch bar. A precious Dutch maiden appeared from nowhere, and smiled at them as only Beatrice Powell can smile. She sang "When It's Tulip Time In Holland", and completely won the day. Dick and Margie decided

that the Dutch aren't what they used to be.

Spring has come. Anyone who may have been in doubt was reassured by the galaxy of spring frocks that appeared at this party. Mrs. Roemer wore a lovely dress of black lace over white. She carried a beautiful bouquet of roses. Miss Cook, who assisted the presidents of the Eastern and the Oklahoma Clubs in their plans for the party, wore a blue and rose printed chiffon dress and a wrist bouquet of Ophelia roses. The president of the Eastern Club, Janet Hood was lovely in heavily beaded pink georgette, while Daphne Boop, of the Oklahoma Club was very demure in an old-fashioned frock of green organdy, decorated with applied flowers in pastel shades.

Organdy seems to be fashions favorite for the coming season. Blue organdies, pink organdies, green organdies, flowered organdies, turned twentieth century flappers into nineteenth century belles. Spring has come.

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the Atlantic, the other on the Sea of Matrimony. Since they have always exhibited trained heels and heads, they no doubt will find easy sailing.

Two able instructors are to be here next year too, though, and they are Miss Anne S. Duggan, from Columbia University, who will be head of the department, and Miss Marie Reichert, who will be assistant.

Dr. Roemer's jocularly and good advice were enjoyed and appreciated by his audience, and he was heartily applauded for a suggestion or rather proposition that he introduced to the Association. "Why not," he said "erect a physical education building in remembrance of our two fine instructors?" That is something for the Athletic Association to strive for next year, and from the enthusiasm exhibited it seems probable that such a dream can be accomplished.

Margie talked of the future of Athletics in Lindenwood. She told of the track meets, tournaments, hockey games, and swimming meets, past and present. She added that it was the girls and their cooperation and sportmanship behind them that made them the successes they were. She ended with a quotation from Kipling's "If for Girls":

"If you can keep sweet and gen-

tle spirit

In spite of fame or fortune, rank or place

And though you win your goal or only near it—

Can win with poise or lose with equal grace".

After the toasts were finished, the girls strolled about the hotel until the tables were cleared away and the orchestra arrived. When the dancing began one could stand in the doorway and see—a lovely little printed chiffon dress, slightly longer but on so long as the more extreme ones. It showed a great deal of fullness in the skirt and a fluttering cape. An extraordinary pink taffeta, made of two shades of material, uneven hemline, very bouffant on the long side with a cluster of flowers on the hip. A simple little green satin, whose mere simplicity is its attractiveness. This dress was made with a sort of a girdle, full skirt and a beaded flower on the hip end shoulder. Another which was bound to catch the eye was a brown lace affair. Made very straight with the ruffles on the front skirt coming around in the back and fastening on the shoulders, forming a cape like appearance.

Dancing lasted until eleven thirty and then those hefty athletes piled in their cars and trundled home, tired but supremely contented—for even athletes are happy on a full stomach.

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wiggly way along the ground or some of the high and mighty Sophs. grovelling in the dirt, pushing a peanut in the meantime. Or one of the lean and lanky Frosh. coupled with a short and fat one doing the three legged race.

Of course one of the high lights of the day is the Baseball game. This game would make Hornsby or Babe Ruth die off (Editor's Note—The writer neglected to say what the death of the Baseball Star would be from but we imagine the writer meant envy). The competing teams will be composed of Seniors and Sophomores vs. Freshmen and Juniors.

Archdeacon H. H. Marsden, of the St. Charles Trinity Episcopal Church, delivered the Sunday evening vesper service on April 22. Rev. Mr. Marsden is always gladly received at Lindenwood, and is a friend to many of the Lindenwood girls.

HERE WE ARE AGAIN AND ON TOP

Kersplash! ! And another Red-sk—er we mean Sophomore hit the water. But don't ever think that the only ones in the water were the Sophs because they weren't. The other classes were very much in the swim at the meet held April 26.

Polly Buol was the first one in the pool to open the meet. Form swimming was one of the biggest point "getters". In order to enter one had to enter for all of the strokes which were side, breast, elementary back and thrudgeon. Although these are considered to be generally known a number of girls were kept out of the meet because of their unfamiliarity with one of the required strokes. Betty Kelso, head of swimming, was the only girl in the meet to win 5 points on every one of her four strokes for form.

Dix, a Sophomore plunger, was the first to plunge for distance. She made it easy. Some of the plungers were not in very good trim or practice and these were the ones that created excitement. "Cries of hold it, hold it. You're almost there. Stiffen out. Keep your feet together. Atta girl you're almost there." And then—"Wheel she made it!

The marathon swimming race created a lot of excitement. Although each girl was in the pool alone she was swimming against time. Any one knowing anything at all about racing knows that the hardest race is the race against no other competitor but time. However the contestants were speeded on by the spectators. Catherine Schaffer was the first to open the marathon race. It was most exciting to have the distance raised by quarter lengths and even whole lengths. Two of the prettiest exhibitions of speed swimming were given by Catherine Orr and Betty Jack.

The diving was just about the favorite event of the meet. Cheers and applause greeted each dive. One of the prettiest of the standing front dives was that of Dot Alley's. It was absolutely perfect. Henney—the Senior Swimming Team—did an optional dive. It was a back somersault.

Of course everyone loves speed and especially when there are competitors. The streak of greased lightning in the races was Betty Jack. She simply flashes through the water. In the Frosh-Soph. Relay Race

the third swimmer for the Frosh. lost the lead. By the time she touched the edge of the pool and Betty Jack, the last swimmer for the Frosh, dived in, Gardiner, Sophomore Swimmer, had almost a half the pool lead on Betty. Inch by inch Betty crept on Gardiner. The Frosh went wild. The Sophs. were frantic. A half length to go and Betty was almost up to Gardiner. Gardiner dug in faster. Only a foot remained. Eagerly Gardiner's finger's groped for the edge of the the pool—they touched it! A split second later Betty's touched. The Sophomores had won the race and the cup but the Freshmen gave them a mighty fight.

In the final count it is found that Betty Howland is high point girl in the meet, that Mary Dix, is second, that Betty Kelso is third and that Adeline Brunbaker and Lucille Kelly tied for fourth place.

THE MOTLEY CREW GONE

Secretary Guy C. Motley left Sunday, May 6, at 10 p. m. to spend a week in Kansas, where he will sing his popular little song, "By The Sea Side", for the many friends of Lindenwood. He will be in Lawrence, Leavenworth, Topeka, Hutchinson, Wichita, Pittsburg, and scores of other Kansas towns, coming back into Missouri at Joplin, on May 12.

Every year the St. Louis Chamber of Commerce (of which Lindenwood is a member, sponsors a Good Will Tour through some state, and this year it is Kansas. The Tour spends a short time in each town. It carries a band and the member parade from the station up town where the band gives a concert and the members of the Tour hunt up their friends to say "Howdy" and bring Greetings.

Mr. Motley hopes to meet many former students of Lindenwood, and also prospective students and patrons. Lindenwood wishes Mr. Motley a "fine and dandy" time, and trust that he will not forget the words of "By The Sea Side".

Cora Glasgow, that quiet little girl from Texas who wouldn't look at a man, if he were too far away, is sporting a new Kappa Sig pin that is much good looking. She seems to pick on the Kappa Sigs, for when she visited Lawrence during Easter vacation, she received the rush of a lifetime from two of them.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

Winners Will Eat.

Don't forget that the last serial installment will appear next week. Who will be the one to turn in the winner? We want some more fine stories. The students have co-operated extremely well thus far and we would like to have them continue to do so.

We also take this time to announce that the authors of the installments chosen will be entertained with a luncheon at the Tea Room May 15.

All of you who prefer a luncheon at the Tea Room to that in the dining room had better sharpen up the wits and the pencils for we anticipate a lot of competition.

AYRES HONORS ROYALTY

This has been a big year for old Jubilee Hall. In the very first of the year it received a new name and was rededicated "Ayers Hall". Now another great glory has come upon it. Both of the selected beauties of the Sophomore Class were chosen from this building. Therefore Mrs. Roberts decided that it was time to "throw" a grand old party. So Ayres gave one in honor of its two attendants, Adeline Brubaker and Gertrude Hull. The party was given in Ayres Parlors at 9:00 last Tuesday night. At the very beginning of the party, after all the distinguished guests had arrived, lovely corsages were presented to the attendants. These flowers were roses clustered in between lavender violets. Then came the program. Mildred McNew, Evelyn Watkins, and Abigail Holmes gave a short skit which turned out to be a farce after the girls had gotten stage struck and forgotten all their parts. However it ended very happily and well for all concerned and if nothing else, it did amuse the audience. As an encore to this, Ruth Ellen Olenthusiasm that has accompanied reading which was greatly enjoyed.

After the program, ice cream covered with crushed strawberries was served and little tea cakes passed by the different girls who were asked to serve. Dr. Roemer, Miss Walter, Miss Cook and Miss Chadwick were guests of the evening. Everybody seemed to have a big time and all the girls from Ayres are waiting for another excuse to have another party.

MR. GALSWORTHY
AND I PROTEST*By Geneva Jorgenson*

Bitter as my feeling is on the subject of vivisection of dogs, never before have I dared venture a protest against it, for allied with the vivisectionist is that most powerful of enemies, public opinion. It is really useless to fight against it; some of the greatest minds of the world have merely battered themselves to death in the attempt. But since I have discovered that John Galsworthy is on my side, I feel encouraged to throw myself into some very deep water. Probably I shall sink; but I shall not feel that I am sinking alone. Mr. Galsworthy, I am sure, when he hears about it, will be highly gratified that his plea for dogs has gained him such support.

The vivisectionist, seconded by public opinion, declares that it is "for the good of man-kind", that these animals are sacrificed, and that dog, being a higher type, must be included. It seems that the higher the animal, the better results science obtains. That is no doubt true, and of course it is the right of the conqueror to use the conquered in any way he sees fit. So man, having prevailed over all other animals, may use them for his betterment in any way he wishes. Of course, if some other animal had got the better of man, that animal would have done the same. This is the way of the world; there is no quarreling with it. It used to be that man offered certain animals as sacrifices to his gods to save his soul. He has become more civilized now, and sees that practice did him no good; so that now he offers certain animals as sacrifices to science to save his body. We do progress! But there was one animal that man did not use for sacrifice, or for his own personal benefit. Instead, far back in the dawn of history, he gained the love and confidence of the dog, took him into his home and made of him more of an equal than any other animal. The friend of man he is called. He is the one animal, with the possible exception of the horse, that does his work out of pure love for his master. Often he has no work to perform; he is the companion of man. There are stories all through history of dogs giving up their lives voluntarily to save their masters. There is a certain bond between man and dog that can hardly be explained, but it

is a beautiful thing. It approaches the spiritual if it does not entirely reach it. I do not mean the maudlin sentiment a silly woman lavishes on the ball of hair called a "lap-dog"; I mean the honest love and comradeship existing between a man and a dog. Throughout the ages man has singled out the dog and has developed this "one spiritual bond existing between man and beast". And today, because of that very development man has encouraged, the scientists says dog is the most suitable specimen for his work. To regard man's "friend" as a mere specimen to be tortured and cut up in a laboratory for humanity's problematical good, is to destroy that bond, to destroy one more sympathetic tie. Isn't our world mechanical enough now? Love of fine horses is dying fast and cannot be saved. Modern machinery has seen to that. Are we going to let science see to the slow death of our love for dogs? Let the scientist use the guinea pigs and rabbits if he must, but don't let him coldly destroy a beautiful sentiment. We need some sentiment. Can the serum science may get from the agony of dogs make up for the loss of decent human feeling? Isn't that a fine way to treat a friend? We humans believe ourselves to be the best and highest of beings, but would the dog, so far below us, betray his friend to the knife of a cold scientist for his good, if he had the chance?

OF GRIPING

(In imitation of Theophrastus)

By Julia Palmer

"Griping" (in colloquial usage) is a continual complaining of the conditions in which one finds oneself. A "griper" is she who detracts from her school; who longs for that which she has not. If any acquaintance mentions a report to be made for "Romantic Poets", she at once has two reports and a term paper due the next day. No one else can have as much work to do as she, and no one works under as great difficulties. Wherever she goes she is forever finding fault; and is in much distress. Her room is the coldest in winter; the warmest in spring. When at table, the food is never to her taste. If she receives three letters and a package, or any other good thing, she will not remember it. Some conditions she finds at college do not meet her expectations; some conditions are dis-

tasteful to her; some conditions are the worst she has ever seen. Nothing is as you may know her. "Why don't they let us do this; Where I was before they did that; Imagine a "formal" without men. She will tell you that this place is purgatory; paradise is just around the corner. But, in truth, one knows that such girls will find no paradise. They carry their own purgatories in their minds.

MY VOCABULARY

By Ruth Lemen

I have always admired those masters of language who wave a baton and are instantly rewarded by that remarkable gift--command over a vocabulary. They are generals by divine right. At their "Forward March! Column left! About face!" the boldest word in the dictionary falls submissively into position. They have but to give orders and neat lines of words parade beautifully across innumerable pages, paragraph following paragraph more perfectly than regiment ever follows regiment. "At ease!"--and an informal essay appears. "Shoulder arms!"--and a thesis steps forward. Every word is always ready for inspection, uniformed and tidy, each in its place and as erect as the straightest lieutenant eager for promotion.

My vocabulary is quite the opposite. Perhaps because I have not the mind of a general or even of a corporal, it is not under my control at all. Words will not pay me the respect and obedience I ask. They regard the dictionary as a ballroom and life as a festival; they dance their way and hardly hear me when I call. They are too charming for me to lose temper with them, their politeness being exceeded only by their playfulness; and combined beauty and temperament have ever been irresistibly fascinating.

What a cosmopolitan group hobnobs together in the dictionary. There are feminine words, gracious and graceful, which move softly, wearing deep-colored garments richly embroidered with connotation. Some have feline eyes, it is true, and carry a keen double meaning. Pompous powdered Latinates bow in magnificent dignity, hand on heart, though indeed, their bows are granted to only a few. Dark Italian ladies smile coquettishly into the eyes of blond Scandinavians. An occasional new-comer, clad in foreign accent, rustles her gaudy silk to attract attention. Ragamuf-

fin who have crept in through the back doors whirl their vivid tatters of slang in our faces. Here and there is a word of foreign parentage whose clever disguise in English is betrayed only by the loss of a letter. Then again, curious masked creatures steal about like smoke; they are outworn slang and diction grown obsolete.

And every word among them is two-faced. Their moods are shifting as the colors in an iridescent gem and they slip from meaning to meaning as a school girl changes her dress. *Fast* is now supple, slim, enchanting; now meager and wrinkled. *Wind* is now a softly draped being with swift, sweet breath; now a hilarious elf with a thin, painted face. *Fall* is a little rogue, unfaithful to any one meaning but favoring many, noun one moment and verb the next. All hail me from one corner, but quickly as I turn around, they send a challenge from another corner, and I hardly know them the same.

Were they not so charming in their disobedience, I should renounce their company forever and confine myself to a few Anglo-Saxon dependables. But, after all, just because I have no power to force these light-footed crowds to my will, shall I lose their friendship forever? Because my mind is not military, and cannot order by vocabulary to parade as I wish over the paper where it frolics gleefully, Shall I discard my pen? Shall I become ungracious, resort to sullenness, and tie down my speech to monosyllables, because I am not master, but slave, to the sparkling beauty of words?

A YOUNG LADY OF A FINISHING SCHOOL

(Imitation of John Earle's "Young Gentleman of the University")

By Mildred Henney.

A young lady of a finishing school is one who goes there to say she has graduated from Miss So-and-So's school. Her mother sent her there because she heard the daughters of the 'best families' went there; from there she gains her education, from her studio us roommate the oversight. The first element in her knowledge is to be shown the school and initiated in the tea room which she will learn later for herself. The mark of her seniority is her air of superiority, where she can once snub a new comer, she is a freshman no more. Her room has

many pillows and a row of beautifully bound books which she shows to her relatives and never moves for fear of misplacing. On days bad for play she retires to her room and reads the latest novel someone as given her for which she thinks herself due a holiday. Her main loitering is at the library where she meets her friends and crushes and turns a lady snob. Above all things she endures not to be taken for a scholar and hates a fountain pen tho' it be of solid gold. Her companion is a gold-digger, notorious for her "yessing" of celebrities, whom she lines at first and afterwards despises. If she has a mind or a brain she may learn some flashes of knowledge which may do her some good for her country later. But she is now gone to the country club where she busies herself to forget what little she learned and to learn of the fashion.

CHEWING GUM

By Mary Alice Lauge

Chewing gum, it seems, has become the great indoor sport. No longer is its use confined to shop girls and dyspeptics. Today it is as common an occurrence to see even a college professor chewing gum as to see a Ford with a bent fender. Electric signs encourage us to chew gum because it is good for you. After every meal, because it keeps our teeth white, because it is good for the digestion. But they fail to mention all that, the fact that this gum-chewing is a remarkable help doctors attempting to examine the throats of their patients, it being no longer necessary to insert a wooden tongue depressor and give instructions to give that melodious "ah". Indeed, the results which the popularization of gum-chewing has brought to America are many and far reaching.

First of all, the sale of tooth brushes and tooth paste has fallen off. We Americans have such faith in advertising that we exchange a tooth brush for a stick of gum, as it were, and watch for results. While we are watching we are at the same time aiding digestion and eating it after every meal. We think better, too, since we have made national this practice. There is something in the rhythm of a good gum chewer that strangely conducive to thought-clear, systematic thought. The I. Q. of the average American has advanced six points since this innovation. Thus we see how broad

and inclusive has been the effect of, Mr. Wrigley selling his first coupon.

In the consideration of a matter of this sort, it is always worth while to note the origin of the of the practice. Gum-chewing began in 1842, Charles Dickens had just published his American notes in which he delineated Americas character and customs. The chief characteristics of the American according to Mr. Dickens, was the expectorative ability made possible by his tobacco chewing. To the bulk of unthinking Americans, this was a joke, to be pleasantly criticized and lightly passed off. They did not take it to heart. But happily there was in America one young blade of the day who was of a speculative turn of mind. It occurred to him that perhaps there should be a substitute for tobacco which would require no expectoration, which he deemed unworthy of the American character. To search of a quiet place where he might think, therefore this young man Ned Kenivorthy being his name wandered into a woods at the edge of which was a pasture. He sat himself upon the stone wall which divided the pasture from the wood and proceeded to ruminate. Suddenly he noticed a cow peacefully chewing her cud near by. Right on the spot he invented chewing gum!

With such an interesting history and with a vogue for the time when the technique of chewing gum will take the place of the League of Nations in being that something that sets the whole world kin.

LAMPS

By Shirley Pierson

I think there is nothing lovelier than the glow of lamps shining through windows on a cold winter night. I like to walk down the streets on such a night. The snow makes a crunching sound that sounds so loud on the still air. Somewhere a wagon makes a curious ringing song, and I hear the horse's hoofs striking the pavement where the snow has been worn off. A wind, just a little wind, stirs the crystalized bushes and knocks the ice-coated tree branches together so they make a clear, tinkling sound as if Chinese tea chimes had been hung in the limbs. The street lamps make everything twinkle and glisten and spread my shadow for me to walk upon, but somehow I never seem to catch up with him. That matters not at all

to me, for I pay little attention to him; he is such a cold, gloomy shadow on a winter night, and I want to be cheerful and to laugh out loud when a snow-flake wiggles down my neck between my coat collar and my hat. I want to talk to myself and not to be disturbed by someone who thinks it very foolish for me to talk or chuckle. A chuckle sounds so nice on a frosty night. My chuckle hops out into the night and sounds so funny that I have to chuckle all over again and then I laugh. I like to laugh when I am alone; it makes me feel so jolly and gay and so proud of myself that I can laugh when there is really no reason but just pure joy of living and the sight of lamps in windows. Lights in windows always make me have the coziest feeling inside me, and cozy feelings make me chuckle.

When I see a lamp shedding a soft sheen out from its window, I feel as though I could love that lamp. It is doing its little bit so bravely trying to help man to be happy. I have a great respect for the small, struggling lamps that try with all their might to shine out of a dingy window and spread their feeble glow around a dingy room. Perhaps when they sit in such a window, they can see little children playing by their light. I often wonder if they would like to be out there in the snow, playing, for their light dances up and down in perfect rhythm with the children's movements.

I appreciate a beautiful lamp, but it does not hold for me the same fascination that a poor lamp does. Oh yes, the rich lamps spread a more lustrous light, but I have always felt that their hearts were cold and that they rather turned their noses up at those smaller and more humble than themselves, even though they might be their neighbors.

The Avenue is the place to learn lamps. Here one may see a beautiful lamp with a gorgeous shade. It may be standing on a table close to a window. As I go by, it does not deign to notice me. Its cold light seems to say that it is only for those inside. But there may be a lamp next door to it, and it seems to glow brighter as you have seen people's faces do when they smile. Indeed, I can almost see a face in the cheerful lamp, and it just beams because it is so glad to have someone notice it. On down the street I go, and the little lamps glow all the harder for my noticing them and

the big lamps all the colder. I guess I am rather a middle class person since the rich and powerful lamps will not even know I am around. Their light make the snow seem so cold and unhappy, but I know it is not, for when the little lamp shines on it, it glows too and crunches so merrily under foot that I have to chuckle again. My breath spirals up like smoke and makes me look like a steam engine just to make fun of me, and because I am so good natured I have to laugh. The lamps seem to laugh too. I like the little lamps best.

FIVE IN TWO

By Dorothy Emmert

Five in two—it sounds like the "two in one" shoe polish, doesn't it? But this is a more serious matter than shoe polish. My "two in one" is five girls in two beds.

As my roommate and I are sitting at our little white (not exactly white any more) desk studying, we are aroused from our labors by the sound of skipping feet in the hall and giggling voices. Then our door flies open and in comes three of the girls "caring their nightie behind them". We are informed that they have come to spend the night with us—such a surprise! I groan inwardly—five of us in our two small beds!

We slide the beds close together, trying to make the crack look like a very inviting spot. Next we must decide "who is going to sleep where". After much discussion, we decide to draw for places. Of course, the measuring of the places must be done to see that no one gets more room than she should have. I bring forth my Chemistry ruler. We measure the beds, divide by five, and discover, much to our delight (?) that each girl may have a pace of thirty-five centimeters and four and one-half millimeters on which to spend the night. Next, we draw for the places. The roomy spot next to the wall is number one; the enticing location, adjacent to number one, is number two; the lovely position next to the radiator is number three; the alluring site, directly beneath the window, is number four; and—best of all—the cute little crack is number five. I draw, glance at the number and—miracles—I am on the crack!

It is time to retire. We crawl into our places very gingerly so that the beds will not be disturbed in their sleep. I sink to my spot,

discovering that my backbone very obligingly fits into my friend, the crack. The crack and I are very congenial, I decide. After making friends with him, I am ready to take a look at my surroundings. Number four, to my right, is nice and plump; she will make a good radiator. Number two, to my left, is rather lean; she will probably not use all of her allotted space, which means that I shall be able to get a few more millimeters for myself. The window behind number four is going to keep my temperature down. That reminds me—isn't wool a conductor of heat? If it is, the blankets next to the radiator will conduct the heat to me: I am beginning to believe that my nook is the best one after all.

The clock strikes eleven; everyone is sleeping sweetly but number five on the crack. I begin to count the ticks of the clock. That doesn't seem to be satisfactory. I commence to realize that the blankets are conducting the heat from the radiator very efficiently. I toss; I turn. Then number three gives the signal in her sleep, to change position—just like saying "hep" in a football game—and we all turn to our right, automatically. The clock strikes twelve. My spinal column is quarreling with the crack. I try to settle matters, but my backbone insists that the crack is pinching it. What can I do! The clock strikes one. I begin to hear music. Maybe I am dying because of an injured backbone. Well, if I am on my way to hear the angels sing, I won't have any more troubles. I won't ever have to write any more English themes, or get up at six o'clock in the morning. Joy! The music grows louder—it seems to be right in my ear. Horrors—number four is snoring!

At six-thirty in the morning, when the bell rings, I thankfully crawl quietly out of my nesting place, leaving the other sleepers still in dreamland. It may be comfortable for four to sleep in two beds, but it is far from comfortable for the fifth. I know.

THE END OF A CAREER

By Mary Miller

"Ignorance is bliss". When I was young and foolish, mother persuaded me to take music. The idea never entered my head that I would not be able to play as well as anyone, within a few weeks. My best friend had started a year before, and was now practicing an hour a day. When the teacher in-

formed me that I was only to practice an half hour, I was disappointed, and asked for the whole period.

This sudden ambition lasted until I discovered that it would take at least three or four years to become an average pianist. At first I could hardly believe that such a thing was possible. The dreams of yesterday would probably take years of study to become the realities of tomorrow.

Music began to pall on me. The once delightful practice hour became a dreaded, daily occurrence. The piano was placed between two windows, giving me a full view of the neighboring children at play. Their whoop of laughter made me writhe inwardly, and it was all that I could do to sit through another hour, but that is another story.

As a rule, I have a wonderful conscience, and it has saved me from many a dangerous folly. I owe it a great deal, but there was one thing it could not affect. This was in regard to practising. Many a time mother has returned from her afternoon club or some bridge party to say, "Well, did my darling, little daughter practice to-day?" With no scruples whatsoever I would reply, "Yes, mother, I practiced today." The aforesaid conscience could be silenced by reminding it of the fact that she had asked if I had practised, not how long.

Recitals! Even to this day I look back on them as the only black spots in my otherwise happy childhood. For weeks ahead, I would dream of the hated performance. Prayers were offered up for me by all of my friends that I would sprain a wrist, break a finger, or suddenly become ill. This was not done in a sacreligious way, but in a spirit of earnestness.

One recital stands out vividly in my mind, as it ended my musical career. I appeared before the audience, dressed in a new frock, and seated myself before the piano. My mind was an utter blank. After striking one chord, I arose and said, "Wait a minute", and walked off of the stage. All of the king's horses and all of the king's men could not have dragged me on again.

The case was declared hopeless. Mother gave up in despair, and I am now living in peace. It does me good to hear the various sounds coming from the music rooms at Lindenwood, and know that is someone else's task, not mine.

THE DENTISTS HAPPY HUNTING GROUND

By Joan Lytle

What are dentists for? For teeth. What are teeth for? For dentists. We might go round and round in a circle, but I insist upon stopping and considering this distasteful subject of dentists. They frighten me. Although I have had no toothache for months, when one approaches I clamp my jaws shut with a sure feeling that were he to gaze within, he would find something to satisfy his hunger for when my mouth, by incessant pounding and hammering, warns me that it has still worse things in store, unless I go immediately to see that fiendish man, I am helpless. I hunt his number in the telephone book. Unluckily I find it without trouble. My heart approaches my waist at the sound of his voice; it sinks further in my anatomy when in a crisp tone (endeavoring to conceal his eagerness to just get me there in the chair) he says there is plenty of time for me. The following days I manage to complain about everything until the paternal element almost begins to hope that the dentist strangles me. The day arrives. No, I am not sick and there is no mistake about the date. My search for an excuse reveals nothing. So, at the appointed hour, I am wavering upon the threshold of his office. In a daze I am transferred to the inner office. Although almost unconscious, I am vaguely aware of innumerable instruments lying about on shelves. Near the chair lurks that insidious buzz saw that bores holes in your teeth and, if you would allow it, through your jaw. While you grow more depressed, he becomes almost gay, a hunting hound happy on the scent of prey. But his joy is not to be taken quickly.

Deliberately he adjusts you. According to his idea of what should be comfortable. Over your fainting heart and about your neck he then places and immaculate towel, repeating with the last snap of the holder the dentist's slogan, "Open Wide". If you comply with his request, in dart two shining instruments, one to probe, the other to reflect. All the hidden secrets of your mouth are revealed, concealed cavities exposed and your mouth disfigured. When he spies the cavity a sigh of inexplicable bliss escapes, and click, he is intent upon his work. First the gun to kill, then the drill (oh that drill, I can

feel it yet) to clean it and finally the cement to stuff it. I have passed quickly through the worst part of the procedure to spare you any unnecessary agony.

When he is done, he helps you to alight from the chair and assists you into the reception room with the air of a man come home from a fishing trip with fifteen pounds of bass over his shoulder. You breathe once more, your color returns and you begin to think you are going to pull through after all, when like a bolt from the ethereal waves, he invites you to return next week to let him look at another cavity he had noticed. Look at! Such hypocrisy! He will not be happy until he has that too stuffed with his horrid cement.

"WHY"

By Lucie Spense

Why have an education? Why all this fuss about higher education? Sometimes it seems to me too much emphasis is put on that one word-culture. Are we any richer? Although I am pursuing the road of learning with great perseverance, yet, in my downcast moods, I wonder whether I am really doing what is worth while.

Why not take my little knapsack with provisions enough for only a day, and wander away down an unknown trail trusting that God will care for me, just singing a song, and taking my time with no definite place in view, no definite time for arriving anywhere?

Would we not all be better off if we tried to be Peter Pan, just whistling our cares away? The happiest man I ever saw was a ne'er-do-well; and is not happiness the greatest treasure of life?

Why all this fuss about flying over the ocean? Do we gain anything? I am inclined to think we lose more than we gain. Do you remember what Washington Irving infers in his essay, "The Voyage"? He implies that the voyage across the ocean makes the scenes of our own country fade away so that our minds are more able to appreciate new views. Also the trip gives us time to think and form conjectures on the wanderers of the sea. Flying across the sea in twenty-four hours hardly allows us time for fanciful thinking and certainly not for views to fade away.

Again, who gave us all our modern conveniences-the auto-and aeroplane? It was not always

the most cultured man. Far from it. It was often the idler, the whimsical man who thought out the seemingly impossible. Laziness is the source of invention," and yet in this "era of science" we condemn the idler, the fantastic thinker. Are we really justified in so doing?

POLITICS INTEREST JOURNALISM CLASS

Thursday, April 26, the Journalism Class had a very distinguished and intensely interesting visitor. She was Mrs. Marguerite Ely McDonald, who is at present the Woman's Club Editor on the Globe-Democrat. Mrs. McDonald was several years the Woman's Political Editor on this same newspaper. At this time she was sent to both the Democratic and Republican Conventions during the presidential campaign year of 1924. She told the class in minute detail the entire routine a woman reporter would go to at such a place and each and every member of this class decided to qualify at the earliest date for the best position of this kind available.

Mrs. McDonald said that the main thing to do in a place and at such a time as this was to get good news to wire back to the home paper. Therefore the minute that she arrived at the convention she made herself acquainted with the Woman Vice-President of the National Committee. This done and all the necessary hints received to make a suitable beginning the next thing to do is to eat and then rest up for the worst is yet to come at the big convention itself the next day.

The main scope for a woman at such a place is Women. That is why a woman is sent. "Do not try to steal the job of the men for you can find so much to say about the interesting women there and can do so much better." And so it was for Mrs. McDonald when she wrote up the nomination speech for Davis which was made by a very smartly dressed woman. The things of interest for a woman reporter do not lie on the platform, for they are all around in the crowd and many a good election hint or story has been found in just this way.

In sending she gave a little poem which anyone and particularly a reporter might make good use of.

I have six honest serving men
They taught me all I knew
Their names are "what" and
"why" and "when"

And how" and "where" and
"how".

However maybe there is more than the thrilling time to this reporter work for soon after our heroine returned from her trip she met a lover and hence the name Mrs. McDonald. Not only that but now there are little twin McDonalds.

NEW DIRECTORS AT L. C.

On Thursday, April 26, two plays were presented to the college. The first, "Brothers In Arms" was directed by Josephine Bowman. Ruth Bullion took the part of Altrus Browne, a wealthy young man, who with his wife Dorothea, (Peg Keesor) a lover of the great outdoors are spending their vacation in a small shack in the Canadian woods. Word comes that they must come home immediately. They await Charlie Henderson (Ida Hayes) very impatiently to take them in to the station. In the meantime spending the time in pouring out their woes to Sid White (Marian Crutcher) a very aggravating individual who gives them little information or sympathy either one. The climax is reached when Charlie finally arrives after hours of waiting and announces that Syd could take them down.

The second play, "Logs" was written and directed by Marian Crutcher. This is also laid in the Canadian woods. Mrs. Powers (Jo Bowman) and her small daughter Mildred (Inez Patton) are anxiously awaiting the arrival of Mr. Powers (Peg Keesor) and their son. The son has been away several years going to college and now working in a bank. While they are preparing dinner Sheriff McKinley (Genevra Jorgenson) and his deputy (Halcyon Burch) enter and demand the son in connection with a bank robbery. Mrs. Powers is stunned with such a demand. A little later Mr. Powers comes in alone and says the son did not come because the train had been held up by snow. Just then the radio announces that the train on which the boy was supposed to have arrived, had been wrecked and there were no survivors. Mrs. Powers murmurs to herself that her son was one man that Sheriff McKinley would never bring in.

The plays were both admirably

ADVENTURE.

Installment III.

By L. B. M.

Slowly the boys eyes fluttered open, then he recognized the girl. "No! No! Not back there, please", he pleaded. They beat me so"—his hands went to his back, "See!"

Sally stripped off the boys shirt and there on his back were terrible welts from a recent beating. Sally touched one of them, and the boy screamed horrible, then burst into a pitiful tirade against his foster father back in the "haunted house", Sally gathered from his complaining that his mother was dead, and that his foster father was a wicked man, who insisted upon living in this haunted house. Montey, the boy, had just that day discovered the passage to the counterfeit rooms and found many men working at this business of cheating the government. That had explained to him all the "haunts", as he called them. When Montey was returning to the upper floors of the house, his father had found him, and had lashed him with a whip until he had promised never to disclose this secret.

"And my brother, Charlie Stanton, is coming to see me, and I want to stop him before he goes to that awful place. He should be here now."

As he finished speaking the clatter of flying hoofs, and the sound of branches being broken came to Sally's ears, and a man on a beautiful bay horse galloped into sight.

"That's him. That's my Charlie, he'll save me." "Charlie!" screamed the boy. The horse reared and plunged to a panting halt. "Charlie" saw the two people by the side of the road, and galloped over.

Sally looked at the man as he leaped off the splendid animal, and her heart stood still.

"Why, why—this is the man I was dreaming about, my dream man," she gasped to her self. Charlie gathered the boy in his arms, why Sally stared at him, unable to remove her eyes. Her heart wouldn't beat! A hand clutched her throat in a deadly grasp. Finally she became conscious that he was looking at her, and she forced her eyes downward. Now her heart beat so violently that she knew he could hear it.

Charlie looked questionably at

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(Continued on page 10, col. 2)



My! My! this ole typewriter is gonna be hot when I finish my barking today! And how! Believe me, I have lots to bark about, because I haven't been prowling around gleaning the gory bones of gossip for nothing this week.

How about the Freshman who tore over to the kitchen after Miss Walters when told to go bring Miss Cook to the gym? And the other one who went to the library for the "Scarlet Letter"? After gazing at the shelf for several minutes she told Miss Russell that she couldn't tell which one the teacher wanted her to read (copy one or copy two).

Have you all seen the mystery-plane swooping about and around the L. C. campus every morning bright and early between 6:45 and 7:00? Can it be that one of our aviatrixes is planning an elopement with some lone eagle? Things look bad for Winter!

And this spring moving that's going on in Ayres! After all we maintain that there's nothing like a general 'house-cleaning' to make new women of us all.

And Mac seems to be in the whirl in more ways than one, rating a bon-fire igniter from Lou's man-that-was.

More night-prowlers in Nicolls, causing little Ruth McCall to have hysterics, and Dorothy Arrison and Shirley Green to alarm the other inmates. Who flashed the flash-light, and who was "snooping" up the fire escape?

This sounds like a fish-story! Iris has been practicing by singing at the fish-funerals of Utzy, Wutzy, Pinky, Winky, and any number of Goldstein's fishies, who found the crowded conditions on third floor Sibley. Bach lets her Jerry, Art and Pizzlywith play about in the tub, but some day the cork is going to be pulled, and then good-bye!

This "partnership" dancing at the parties with the one eligible swain is getting better all the time. Pope starts the fun for the other little Arkansas gals, and then it continues world without end. But for heaven's sake, girls when you

shoot it out to the finish, be mighty careful whose finish.

Fawncy will do her shopping in spite of A. A. banquets. Nothin' like it. And she also has a certain degree of charm—else how could she retain Dick in the face of Dix's withering glance when she tried to cut?

And girls, if you wish to obtain wholesale price, take a trip with the Case-Work class to the shoe-factory and note the procedure of that tall vampire from where?

Where, oh where was Anna Marian at 3:28 P. M. Tuesday? Causing much grinding of brakes on the part of an engineer on the K. C. train enroute to St. Louis.

Now look out for the Hound, because my hunting instincts are aroused by the finding of so much bigger and better bones to chew, and I intend to over-look no one of you from now until school is out.

I see Bobbie out there waiting for me, so I'll have to run.

HOT-DOG.

(Continued from page 9, col. 3)

his brother, Montey, with the volubility of a child was only too glad to supply the information he had. Charlie turned to speak to her, then he noticed her confusion and he became silent. The two, the man and the girl looked at each other for some seconds without a word. Finally the man regained his voice.

"You've been wonderful to Montey", he managed.

"I—I wanted to be wonderful to him. Poor kid needed someone to help him. I tried to determine whether he had any broken bones or not. I thought that his leg was broken but I wasn't sure."

"Well, let's have a look." There was silence until Charlie completed his examination. "It isn't broken, old timer, but you've certainly strained it badly. I can carry you until we get a more comfortable means of transportation. Come on fellow, let's be up and doing." So saying he tenderly picked the little chap up. Montey groaned, then smiled bravely.

"Oh! be careful! Are you sure it isn't broken?" protested Sally.

"Huh. My brother is the best doctor that ever lived and I guess he knows what he's talking about"

"Listen youngster, don't talk so much. The lady wants to be getting home to her lunch. Take Rob there and when you get home tie

the bridle up short so he can't sample all the grass along the way and turn him loose. He'll find his way back to his stall," said Charlie.

But this Sally refused to do. At length the argument was settled by Sally riding Rob and holding Montey in her arms. And so they started back to the road. For a time there was only the sound of the saddle creaking. Then—"I'm going to get someone to clean out that place back there regardless of what happens. I don't care if he is my step-father."

The writer of the above installment is so shy, that he, or she, or it, refused to sign it. If the writer will call at the Journalism Room and leave the name we will be glad to give some information that will be of great interest.

(Continued from page 9, col. 2)

put on, and their youthful directors are to be congratulated. And especial notice should be given to our budding play-write for her play was truly excellent.

PERSONALS

Tyler Place Presbyterian Church, of St. Louis, announced "Roemer Day", Sunday, May 6. Dr. Roemer preached at the morning service. He was the pastor of Tyler Place, before he became the president of Lindenwood, and is beloved by the congregation.

Strand Theatre

FRIDAY NIGHT ONLY

KING VIDOR'S

"The Crowd"

King Vidor says this is his best picture since "The Big Parade"

SATURDAY NIGHT

BEBE DANIELS

in

"The 50-50 Girl"

(Now at Missouri Theatre)