

# LINDEN BARK

Vol. 12—No. 12.

Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Missouri, Tuesday, January 17, 1933

PRICE 5 CENTS

## News from the Dean's Office

It is assumed that the examination schedule is final. See that your program agrees with the posted schedule. Unless there is a statement to the contrary examinations will be held in the rooms in which class recitations take place.

The final examination in orientation will be given this Thursday at two o'clock in the afternoon. The freshmen are requested to consult the bulletin board as to the room to which they will report for the examination.

Registration for the second semester will take place in room 108 the last four days of this week from one to four o'clock. Juniors and seniors will register this afternoon, the sophomores, on Wednesday, and the freshmen, on Thursday and Friday.

## Present-Day Slogans Given In Latin

The latest "Roman Tatler", appearing just outside of the Latin class room, is quite a colorful piece of work. A large amount of it is devoted to bright pictures of present-day commodities, at the top of which is the question, "Do you know these slogans?" Underneath each picture the slogan of the company who manufactures the particular article appears in Latin.

Below the pictures are some interesting cartoons entitled College Humor, Some Recollections of the Public Wars, by one with a hazy memory. Several clever stories, and a few jokes add spice to the "Tatler".

Under editorials, Professor Alfredo, an Italian, deciphers the Etruscan language and solves a puzzle of the ages, and an account is given of the digging up of Herculaneum, long lost to the world, from its lava shroud.

## Increased Circulation of Library Books

It is with a great deal of pride that the announcement of the circulation of the books of the Lindenwood library, that is, the books going out of the library, has increased very much over the same four months last year. This apparently indicates that the girls are much more interested in the library and are taking advantages of the very fine opportunities offered. The Lindenwood Library is one of the finest and when we see these statistics we are gratified in the efforts to make it a worth while thing

### Circulation

1931	1932
Sept. 756	995, Sept.
Oct. 1843	2278, Oct.
Nov. 1773	2256, Nov.
Dec. 774	1071, Dec.
5146	6301
	5146
	1555

Increase from September to December in 1932.

## Dr. Mauze Well Received At Chapel

Lindenwood girls enjoy discussion of speaker's opinion of youth

At chapel, Wednesday, January 11, after the invocation by Dr. Case, Rev. Mr. McCoigan introduced Dr. J. Layton Mauze, Pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church of Kansas City, as the speaker.

"Youth is the most misunderstood, the most criminal, and yet the most heroic and spiritual group on this earth", Dr. Mauze told the girls, "yet each one of us have our own personality, which makes us who we are. God intended that we should have a good time, still we should not regard life as a toy or a plaything. We should either use it as a tool to help humanity, or as a trust, the highest conception of life, that we are accountable to God for the use of this time and our talents.

"As Moses threw the shepherd's staff on the ground and it turned into a hissing snake," Dr. Mauze continued, "so we can throw away and change the beautiful things of life." Only a hand that is clean can handle the staff of life in the right manner.

## Lindenwood Extends Sympathy

All Lindenwood is sorry to hear of the death of Dr. Henry Lawrence Southwick, President of Emerson College of Oratory in Boston and a noted Shakespearean interpreter. For the past eleven years, Lindenwood students have been entertained by his splendid recitations and readings. He will be remembered by the present students for his splendid rendition of "The Rivals" and his lecture of last year, "The Orators and Oratory of Shakespeare."

Dr. Southwick, in addition to his activities as an educator, had for years been a prominent figure on the public platform. He was recognized as one of the country's leading Shakespearean scholars and interpreters of the classics. Shortly before Thanksgiving he was taken ill while on his twenty-ninth annual professional tour of the United States and Canada, and was forced to return to his home in Boston, where his death occurred. Dr. Southwick was in his 69th year and serving his 38th year at Emerson. Classes were suspended for the day of his funeral in respect to his memory.

## Moving Pictures To Be Shown Here

The League of Women Voters has gone mercenary on us! They are having a show tonight for the mere purpose of acquiring funds. You can rest assured, however, that it will be priceless. Why, just imagine seeing "Will Rogers in Dublin", and "Captain of the Guards", enacted by Laura La Plant and John Boles—both silent productions—for only twenty cents.

## Orientation Lecture By Dr. Schaper

Vocations for Women are Numerous, Choose One, and Adapt Yourself

Miss Schaper spoke in the Orientation course Tuesday, January 10, summing up the theme of vocations. She said that in the course of the last few months only a few vocations out of the possible 572 of which women participate in all but 35, have been analyzed. The ones that have been presented are only a few of the vocations college women can carry on.

Miss Schaper said if one picks a vocation outside of the home, before deciding for certain whether to choose that particular vocation, she should ask the following questions: What personal qualifications are required for the occupation? People with poor feet shouldn't do social work. People that can't get along with others shouldn't be good teachers. What preparation is required for this job? How much schooling will it take and how much money? What are the advantages of the job? What are the disadvantages? Is there a demand for the type of work chosen? She said that one must have essential characteristics for an occupation. The essential habits one should build up are: physical confidence, mental alertness, emotional stability.

Miss Schaper said that the Director of Psychology in Macy's Store in New York named certain characteristics that the worker must have. These are alertness, intelligence, physical health, activeness, shrewdness, and a great deal of insight. Usually one must pass through an apprenticeship period if she wishes to be good at her profession. This means hard work, long hours, and not much pay. If someone offers you a desirable position with three months' work without pay, it would be best to take it. It is necessary to make continual adjustments. One should be willing to make herself adaptable to other positions than the one in which she is chiefly interested. The stage in which a person can do only one thing is passed. A test given by the University of Minnesota over a period of four years proved that women equal and sometimes excel men in mechanical ability. There are 12,000,000 workers in this country and about two-thirds of them work outside of the home.

## Mrs. Stoker To Speak on Russia

Lindenwood is to be very fortunate in having as the guest speaker for Thursday morning chapel, Mrs. Lelah H. Stoker, who comes from University City. Mrs. Stoker has chosen to speak on the question of Russia. The subject will undoubtedly prove to be very beneficial and interesting. for Russia is a topic of great discussion at the present time, and Mrs. Stoker is especially well informed, as she has spent about twenty years

## Rev. Mr. Inglis at Vesper Service

"Line and Color", Subject of First Vesper Sermon of This Year

Rev. John C. Inglis spoke upon the subject of "Line and Color" at the vesper service Sunday evening, January 9. This was the first vesper service of the new year and Mr. Inglis asked that the students seek the spirit that giveth life.

Mr. Inglis said: "We know that a great deal is made of line and color and the student of art knows that line without color means death. Literature and poetry may have line but lack color. Shelley's 'Ode to a Skylark' shows harmony and beauty of expression.

"Browning has said of Andrea del Sarto, 'He has lack of warmth, just mind, and no richness of color'. If we might stand in Northern India and look into the distance of some forty miles we would see a most beautiful scene of rock formation. You might call upon the geologist or chemist to tell the factors of which these rocks are composed and they could do so, but we see more than only the chemicals there, for we see the exquisite technique of color developed.

"Some literature is over-colored and touches the heart and preys upon the sympathies. This illustrates the fact that color often gives too much of life. Our generation tries to save itself in machinery, so that today we are confronted with that great economic problem. We find that property values are considered greater than life values.

"Did you ever keep a five-year diary?" the minister asked. "Re-read it in later years and realize the various moods and emotions that had occurred when you wrote it. A mentally disturbed person employs a doctor who tries to settle his mind after a mechanical fashion and does not succeed. But another physician might treat him along the line of color and succeed admirably. This would give him a new beauty of thought. Through necessity we come before the great shrine of color."

In speaking of friendship, Mr. Inglis remarked: "We are losing the art of friendship, losing it to the shrine of selfishness. 'Street Scene' was a play that brought out all that is to be abhorred in the slums of New York City. The play did not take into consideration that there is something finer and greater in that section of the world."

In conclusion he said: "Isaiah introduced parables of color. Color brings forth beautiful thought. We may have line but we must have color. May we always turn to the shrine of color to portray life."

studying conditions in Russia.

Mrs. Stoker has lectured often in various colleges of the country, and has also entertained the St. Louis Lindenwood College Club. Lindenwood may well look forward to her hour of entertainment.



# 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, \$1.25 per year, 5 cents per copy.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF  
Sarah Louise Greer

## EDITORIAL STAFF

Anna Marie Balsiger '33	Gretchen Hunker '33
Lois Burch '34	Maurine McClure '33
Jeanette Caplan '35	Jacqueline McCullough '34
Mary Cowan '34	Margaret Ethel Moore '33
Alice Rice Davis '35	Ruth Schaper '35
Evelyn Fox '35	Rosemary Smith '35

TUESDAY, JANUARY 17, 1933.

### Linden Bark:

Let me on an anvil, O God.  
Beat me and hammer me into a steel spike.  
Drive me into the girders that hold a skyscraper together.  
Take red-hot rivets and fasten me into the central girders.  
Let me be the great nail holding a skyscraper through blue nights  
into white stars.  
—Carl Sandburg.

### "SIBLEYANA"—Mrs. Sibley's Birthday Soon

Mary Smith Easton, the oldest child of Rufus Easton and Alby Abiel Smith Easton, was born January 24, 1800, in Rome, N. Y. (Taken from George C. Sibley's Santa Fe Diary is this quotation—"Tuesday, Jan. 24, 1826. This is my dear Wife's birthday—God bless and preserve her; & may she live to enjoy many more happy years.") She was educated in St. Louis and in a girls' school in Kentucky. She married George Champlin Sibley in St. Louis, August 19, 1815.

Her husband in a letter to his brother Samuel Hopkins Sibley on Aug. 20, 1815, St. Louis, says: "For you must know my dear Father, Brothers and Sisters, and all others interested, that I was married yesterday evening at 7 P. M. to Miss Mary Smith Easton, the eldest daughter of the Hon. Rufus Easton of this place. I confidently ask all your congratulations on this event. I have had the singular good fortune to obtain a young Lady to be my friend and companion thro' life, who I am very confident will not deceive my hopes and happiness. Her amiable disposition, mental acquirements and personal accomplishments, and most excellent bringing up, eminently qualify her for the task. She has with pleasure & zeal undertaken, to make me happy—Such are the qualifications of my Wife—She will be Sixteen in January next—about the size and appearance of Ann Eliza, when I saw her last, but somewhat handsomer—Her Fortune I know nothing about, I never enquired—her father is reckoned very wealthy, he has Seven children, and every prospect of having as many more.

"I anticipate the question from you all in one breath—'Do you intend to take this charming Wife with you among the Indians?' and I answer you all, yes She has long ago expressed her perfect willingness to live anywhere with me, and until I can withdraw from the Indian Service, she will willingly share with me the privations of a forest life—I mean to have a very comfortable establishment, and make no doubt we shall pass the time quite happily in the 'howling wilderness.'"

Later at Fort Osage he was heard to say, "Mary amuses me and herself every day for an hour or two with her Pianno, on which she performs extremely well; and She has latterly undertaken to instruct her younger sister Louisa (who is with us) on that Instrument—you may be sure Mary is a very great favorite among the Indians, indeed they literally idolize her since they have seen her play."

Mary Smith Easton Sibley, charming hostess to travelers and explorers up the Missouri and also out the Santa Fe Trail, taught music to the pupils and hired the one other teacher for other instruction at Lindenwood College.

In the 30's and 40's, when cholera was raging in St. Charles and St. Louis she headed the Sisters of Bethany, the first Protestant charitable organization in this part of the country. The college has her annual reports for the society on file in the Library Vault.

In the 50's when the Sibleys gave the land and improvements to the Presbytery of St. Louis to be an endowment for Lindenwood College, Mrs. Sibley helped raise the money to build Sibley Hall—she canvassed for funds among the Sibley and Presbyterian friends in St. Louis and in St. Charles, and also made a trip to New York in the interest of that endowment and building.

Throughout her life-time she was a person of great beauty both in appearance and in the beauty of her soul and the many altruistic things she did. After her husband became ill she devoted a great deal of her time to caring for this totally disabled man.

It is altogether fitting that we should let our thoughts go back to those years of trials and tribulations which she went through and then to look with pride in our eyes at the great school of Lindenwood that from her eager beginning we now have established for us.

### Speedy Approach of Exams Brings Qualms

If one wishes to enjoy preparing for these examinations which are to be presented to the students always too soon, it is necessary to spend the week-end in the city taking in several shows and luncheons. The week-end will certainly be enjoyed because of that guilty feeling that makes one feel that she really should be cramming for American History or Orientation or some equally disturbing course.

A teacher recently told her class that she had written an examination which the class began at eight o'clock in the morning, took time out for lunch, and were writing until six o'clock. While others were still writing she handed the kind professor her paper and offered an apology for not being able to write more and for the relapse her grade might suffer. The tired student heard words to this effect as she left the classroom, "Your grades went in yesterday." Imagine! Was our teacher hinting anything about not

### Santa Claus Never Forgets The Good Girls

Santa Claus was good to all of his girls in Lindenwood this year. He brought everybody something. Have the girls noticed the new clothes on the campus, the new exquisite jewelry, and the new furniture, decorations, and knick-knacks?

Some of the girls will never grow up. Dorothy Holcomb has a little set of dogs. Evelyn Knippenberg has a puppy dog for her room whose name is Oswald. A "Scotty" dog is the possession of Barbara Scott. Ruth Schaper has a teddy bear and Jeanette Chase a doll. A flower pot with an electrically lighted flower in it and an old Japanese scarf adorns Kathleen Breit's dresser.

One of Dorothy Miller's gifts was a large stick of red and white peppermint candy with a bow tied around it with an announcement saying "I hope you won't get stuck up with it." She also received a baby bib. No one suffered from lack of candy this Xmas. Santa Claus remembered that Lindenwood has a sweet tooth.

Some girls were gifted with the "flu" during the Christmas Holidays. This group included Eleanor Foster, Anna-Marie Balsiger, Mary Erwin, Lois Senden, Dorothy Miller, Elizabeth Hitch, Jeanette Chase, Doris Oxley, and Helen Everett.

Santa Claus gave many beautiful clothes to his girls. Have you noticed Mary Cowan's gray broadtail coat and "Ib" Wheeler's new Hudson Seal coat? Frances Vance received a new black swagger suit and Anna Marie Balsiger a tan polo coat with shoes and hat to match. Barbara Buttner is wearing a stunning bracelet. The girls that are waiting for some icy weather in order to wear their new ski suits are Betty Bell and Ruth Griesz. Evelyn Fox is also waiting to try out her new ice skates.

### "The Edwardians"

Unusual Story of The Privileged Class

By M. C.

"The Edwardians", Victoria Sackville-West, Doubleday Doran and Company, Garden City, New York, 1930.

Miss Sackville-West could not possibly have chosen a better subject for her novel than the fall of the privileged class in England. Being a member of the privileged class she is in a place to give her readers a true picture of conditions as they were in the period just before the great war. The intimate contact which she has had with the characters of her book makes one feel as if she had met each character personally.

As a novel of manners, to be read merely for the sake of the background which Miss Sackville-West gives in such minute detail as even to picture the dishes and the crested stationery of the family, it is a prize piece of work. The wealth of good material furnished about the time of Edward has never been surpassed in novel form. As a true novel, however, the book is very bad. The characters, with the exception of the mother, are merely symbols of such abstract qualities as indecision and rebellion. They very seldom, if ever, take on any life or distinct identity. This lack of life in the story is probably due to their lack of drama and the fact that Miss Sackville-West treats the affairs of the family from a purely intellectual basis.

The plot is very weak, seeming to have arrived at no particular conclusion in the end. Sebastian, a young nobleman, is rapidly arriving at the marrying age. This grieves

(Continued on page 5, Col. 4)

taking the examinations too seriously? They certainly can give one the most dreadful headaches. The same teacher asked the class for a paper organizing the course.

If one enjoys studying, there will be no cramming the night before for the unfriendly questions to be answered in little blue books. Her thoughts on the subjects are organized because she enjoys her work and has kept a remarkable number of facts in her notebook. There are students who will need only to glance at notebooks to polish the rough edges in their memories. Yes, there are such students even among us at Lindenwood.

For the opposite type student who memorizes facts she should make keys to her courses such as this one for those in Bible:—Remember 39 books in the Old Testament and 27 in the New Testament. Freshmen, ask the upper classmen all their cues. One must define Sociology and Psychology and memorize passages in Shakespeare, for there never was a time when those questions weren't asked. They're good old stand-patters.

The students who live at home will lose the respect of their family if they talk exams at the table, want the radio turned off or go to bed murmuring the names of the bones in the body.

The practice teachers are the only students who sympathize with the teachers and try to make their task easier by making clear, concise answers. That must come from some of their own experiences.

The reader thought she would find a solution to her problem of how to study for the exams, but the writer doesn't know if she has proved successful and offers her apology now that you've read all the above. Thank you. An assignment is an assignment, you know.

### The English Make A Few Suggestions

Now, of course, we know that you all have your ideas as to when you would like to say your prayers and deposit your weary body between the sheets, but we're wondering if you could digest this schedule suggested in a London paper—no, we won't tell you about it, but merely write word for word the article that made us a little dubious about going to England on a vacation. "It is something akin to an 'Oh, Yeah' frame on mind that school girls of flapper age in many households in Britain have responded to an early-to-bed timetable advocated by the head mistresses of several well known schools. The timetable favored by the head of a Beclenham school sets 9:30 p. m. as the limit for a girl of 18. At 15 it is specified that bedtime should be 8:15 p. m., at 16, 9 p. m., and 17, 9:15 p. m. Nothing is said about the time for getting up. According to some head mistresses, girls of flapper age are not obtaining enough sleep because of the radio and home dancing. There are experienced parents who say that only a spinster would suggest 9:30 as the latest bedtime hour for a girl of 18!"

It doesn't take much persuasion or concentrated thought, does it, to agree with the "experienced parents?" Just imagine what our lives would be like, if lights were suddenly switched off at 9:30—horrors—why we couldn't have recreation hour from 10 to 10:30, or even listen to "Cab" for a little while on Saturday night. Ah, 'tis, indeed, a blessing that our bedtime is not arranged according to the severe plan in England!



## EARS

By Helen Thomas

Those outside extensions of the organs, the ears, are a curious portion in human anatomy. They are identical cartilaginous funnels, with a more or less spiral pattern, protruding on either side of the skull, and having a pigskin color that varies with the weather and the emotions of the owner. The size, angle, and shape of these projections are not a problem for mathematical solution, but differ erratically or according to Mendel. In other words, there are ears and ears and ears.

Ears aren't often noticed at all. They aren't a subject of attention as are those other parts of the physiognomy: hair, eyes, mouth, eyebrows, and chin. Perhaps this is because there is nothing to do about them. Every other exposed feature of the body can be remodelled in a beauty parlor, and there are dozens of special preparations for home use designed to enhance these portions of all homely individuals. But the poor ears! They alone are unprovided for. Indeed, what could be done for the improvement of ears? They have been projecting on either side of the countenance so long that they are taken for granted. But occasionally, as observed by his fellowmen, a person's ears present varied aspects of humor or wonder.

Some ears are almost beautiful, so perfect is their form, so close do they lie to the head. Others might be termed noble from their very attitude and placement. On the other hand, there are sinister ones, that hardly are ears, they look so deceitful. Some large persons have very small, inadequate ears. Many may be found with over-sized ones that either spread out or else extend boldly into the atmosphere. Often an inspection of these organs is most entertaining.

Men's ears seem to present a greater degree of incongruity than women's. Consider a man of great proportions with a round, fleshy face set off by absurdly small ears at right angles to his cranium; a young man with handsome features back to the ears, which are round, seeming to be curtailed about one-third, and giving the impression of ludicrous babyishness; then ever a source of amusement, the boy with abnormally large ears and a mysterious power of wriggling them; the same boy coming down the street on a windy day, his ears like sails reaching out to catch the wind, and seeming to speed him along.

The functions of ears are as varied as their appearances. They are the only things which prevent some men's headgear from encompassing their foreheads down to their noses. They even co-operate, for together with the nose, they support spectacles on half the population. Business would be markedly hindered, denied the book-keepers' pencil props. Ears are the basis of a great industry, the manufacture and sale of ear-muffs; for without ears, ear-muffs would have no market. And think of the unemployed.

Women would be well-nigh helpless without ears, which provide a convenient hold for stray locks of hair. are the only excuse for some styles of hairdress, and most important of all, support those necessary adornments, ear rings. Here they are quite essential, for, lacking ears, where would one wear ear rings?

There are, however, certain disadvantages in connection with the possession of ears. This is exceedingly evident to small boys whose mothers insist on clean-eared children. There is a strange discomfort about washing ears that is not ex-

clusive to children. Watch your mirror the next time you perform this rite. Another physical distress they incur depends on the weather. Next to the nose, ears are most severely affected by cold weather. They sting, burn, ache and assume a brilliant hue under the stress of a sharp north wind. The supreme agony caused by ears is, for some people, exquisite mental torture. For them, their ears are an unflinching index of emotions. Their blushing ears may indicate wrath, shame, or self-consciousness, and the color deepens and deepens.

## QUERY

By Ella McAdow

You, moon, that curl your back in cold.

With hunger, lean and hollow, old,  
That through the days will grow  
and grow—

Oh, Moon! for whom is all your  
show?

## BLACK MAGIC

By Ellen Jane Phillips

As the trail was of tremendous height the horses were to be left at the High Point Lodge. You tied them there—you always did, for the altitude had a strange, uncaunty effect upon them. Then you gathered a breath of the silvery mountain air and forced your legs on to additional accomplishments. You marched solemnly by the groups of processional lilies; stopped short and gazed in admiration at the little bear, as he toiled up the tree. His first attempt. He was so sure of himself. He knew he could fasten his claws securely enough to succeed.

Then you cautiously ascended the shining, dirty stones into the dark and dark Black Forest. The grey, darkened trees presented a phosphorescent figure in the gloomy twilight of a spring evening. The demon of fire drove across this once vast and magic land, to leave but a spirit of former splendor. In the oozing, thickly sticking mud lurked the dread and fear of all men, a minute but deadly poison, the streptococcus germ of infection. So one trod carefully there. On and on, to and through the forest-outward ever, over the stones and "jags" of many peculiar sizes. You traveled long and always upward, until, with a quick emotional sensation, you realized you were balancing on the universal ledge left by some long past glacier. And then, you looked downward. I onward past the tiers of trees, first the dwarfed ones at timber line, then the mammoth, gorgeous specimens at mile-high level; past the trail of ice and snow; past the waterfall that tumbles ferociously on to—a ghostly, ghostly, magnificent thing, a blackened gem of deepest beauty. The Black Lake of Black Forest.

## TO THE EDITOR

By Louise H. Walker

I know I've small ability  
But there's the possibility,  
If I achieve agility,  
I may write verses yet.

Of course, I'll never be a Spenser,  
Because, you see, my brain is denser,  
Nevertheless, I'll try again, sir—  
And yet again, you bet.

Although my rhythm may be rough,  
Perhaps if you'll just read enough,  
You'll really grow to like the stuff  
And raise me out of debt.

Read the Linden Bark.

## ON A DREAM

For a long time I have wanted to write this down. Now I will. I want it written down so that I can read it and rejoice. I want it written down so that I can show it to my children and grandchildren. Perhaps they will think me silly. Many people do. Maybe I am silly. I do not think so.

My dream home will be in the country, because my husband will be a farmer—a soil farmer. I shall be able to hear the wind whistle and moan across vast fields and meadows. I shall be able to smell the odor of new plowed fields and new cut grasses. I shall be able to smell all the other farm odors that I love. My eyes will not be tired by city dust and smoke. I shall be able to see long distances through clean, fresh air. At night my body will be weary with the day's work, and I shall be glad, because I like to work.

There will be eight people in my home: my husband, my four sons, my two daughters, and myself. I shall work and play with these people, and know the sweetness of a full life. I shall love each dearly.

I know the disadvantages of farm life. I know all of them; I ought to, because I have been told enough times.

I have had the desire for this dream home for so long that I feel as though I had been born with it. It is no passing fancy that came and will go quickly. If this dream does not come true, I shall be broken-hearted.

—Anon.

## THE WINDS HOWL COLD

By Betty Hart

The winds howl cold, the nights  
and days are long,  
And men cannot their weariness  
forget,  
But listen in their sleep to vain  
regret  
Which drowns all peace in a monotonous  
song.  
The black of night which should  
be hiding wrong  
Keeps men from needed rest, and  
does not let  
Them hide in darkness from their  
long-owed debt  
To other men, nor let them drift  
along.  
Men's lives are thus not in harmonious  
peace  
But daily they in foolish ignorance  
go,  
Not knowing that their longings all  
would cease  
If they would only wish the truth  
to know.  
Thus in men's hearts there is no  
sweet release,  
Like truth, from all their heavy  
cares and woe.

## IT'S ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK

By Eleanor Hibbard

An exciting life, a thrill every minute. The big, luminous stars are still blinking down upon the earth when the stage coach driver gets up for the day's work. His breath shows plainly in the crisp mountain air as he mounts the wrangling horse preparatory to getting his teams. The east is getting lighter as he comes in on a full gallop, his teams ahead of him. This morning he chooses the grays, pintos and black. It is better to have one's best teams when there have been Indian signs. The glass-eyed pinto fights as usual, but soon he is harnessed waiting with the rest for the morning grain. y this time long, pale pink streaks are announcing the coming of dawn. Dan, as we shall call him, hurries in to his substantial breakfast of eggs, bacon, fried potatoes, bread and coffee. Immediately

after breakfast he draws on his heavy gloves and hitches the horses to the coach. Going back to give his wife a hasty kiss he gets his lunch, which is lying on the table. Of course, the heavy revolvers and shot guns are included. Dan draws up in front of the postoffice, general store, etc., gets the mail sacks and two passengers and is off shortly after the sun passes the horizon. The three teams shine in the sun as they set out on a brisk trot down the road. All goes well in the morning. The sloping hills are taken at an easy gait. At noon the travelers eat a sparkling mountain spring. The hot afternoon wanes away as the horses toil up to the summit of the mesa, but it is worth it. The country can be seen for miles. The road winds down the long slope, and is hidden in places by cedar brush or tall boulders.

Down, down the scores carefully pick their way over the loose stones. Only a half mile more, when the brake slips and gives way. Dan sees immediately what must be done. He strikes the horses sharply, gives out a wild whoop, and hangs on. If only the horses can keep ahead of the swaying coach. The pinto leaders "know their stuff" and keep the wild stride until the smooth, level ground is reached. They slowly begin to stop their headlong pace, in a deep cloud of dust. Dan keeps them at a tort and they soon reach their destination with mail safe, but with scared passengers. Here he unhitches the horses, carefully rubs them down, feeds them, and turns them out. He eats a bountiful meal, smokes a pipe-full of tobacco, then retires to prepare for another day.

## IMAGES

By Nancy Culbertson

The lights of Quebec around the harbor  
Make a brilliant horseshoe ring;  
"Have you a landing card, Lady?"  
The splash of the anchor at the stern  
Makes a boiling circle of foam;  
"Get a landing card, Lady."  
We are taking our last walk on deck,  
But it's hard because of the baggage.  
"Telegram for you, Lady."  
It is hard to say goodbye now  
Although I have known him only four days.  
"Where is your trunk, Lady?"  
He won't look at me or say goodbye.  
What funny things we are saying—  
"Watch the gangplank, Lady."  
I can see him talking to the custom's officer,  
With a light gray coat over his arm,  
"What's in your trunk, Lady?"

## A FANTASY

By Margaret Taylor

As I sit by the window of my room, I look upon a very strange scene. Not far away, there stands an old, dark house. Two blackened posts, from which the gate has been removed, mark the entrance, and the drive circles around an oval of dead flowers, before the front door. Heavy old shrubbery shields the side-porch from sight and spreads in clumps over the grounds. The barn at the rear is partly screened from my eyes, but must be clearly visible from the back of the house. Beside the barn is a deep ravine, filled with skeletons of dead trees and shrubs. The house itself is built of dull gray stone with a flight of balustraded steps leading up to a wide-arched door. As I look,



I can see this door slowly swinging open and a charming young woman framer on the threshold. She appears to be neatly, though shabbily dressed, and possesses a remarkable type of beauty. She simply stands with out-stretched arms and gazes directly in front of her, yet you feel that she is seeing nothing. Slowly her hands drop inertly at her sides and she turns her back—the door closes. Once more the house is tranquil, seeming to contain no life. There is only the melancholy whir of the wind through the trees and the faint twitter of birds.

#### WOULD YOU BE A LIBRARIAN?

By Marie Blaske

It has always seemed rather queer to me that people could have a definite dislike for a library and library work. In fact it is not unusual to have people look down their noses in a pitying sort of way as if they washed their hands of any young woman who chose to bury herself in a stuffy bookish atmosphere. Wasn't it a fact that most librarians were genteel older ladies who worked in the library to gain a little pin money? It wasn't a profession that needed training like teaching. Whatever in the world could one learn in a library school? A librarian gave out and received books—that was all there was to it—it was perfectly silly to waste time and money learning how to do that.

To be perfectly fair, I would say that not everyone has this attitude, but it is still the belief of a comfortable majority whom I should like to convince that library work is most interesting and fascinating and needs training on the part of its workers.

Try to imagine a busy room lined with books and magazines—people are coming and going all the time—each one goes to the desk with his own particular request. One man wants to know how he can find out where water is to be found near his clubhouse; he wants to dig a well and deserves to keep down expense by having the well dug where he knows he will find water. Is it possible to test ground for water by using a wand or can the librarian suggest a method? The librarian never having drunk well water, much less sunk a well, is at first rather startled—not for long, however. She recalls that geological survey maps are made by the government which will give the man just the information he is looking for. The map gives the whole makeup of the ground, where water is to be found, and how near the surface of the ground in the county where the clubhouse is situated, and all that is left to do is dig the well.

No sooner has he been satisfied than another bewildered-looking young man comes up and wants a picture of a cricket. This picture must be absolutely correct scientifically and large enough that a design may be made from it. This time her miscellaneous picture collection gives the gentleman exactly what he needs.

Shortly a most business-like man comes in and excitedly tells the librarian that his firm has won a case in court through some valuable information given in a book which the librarian had found for him.

Another interesting and almost daily visitor is the answer man for the newspaper. He brings with him a sheaf of letters with questions about everything from how to take wildew out of clothes to the names of the cabinet members of Andrew Jackson's cabinet. He usually gives the librarian a busy half hour.

In between such calls come the telephone calls—someone wants to know how to spell and pronounce a word, another wants to know how to make chocolate pie and still

another wants to know who said, "The pen is mightier than the sword."

So far one sees only the reference side of library work—a most important phase of work and needing a great deal of training in itself.

The librarian has to be ready to suggest titles for the boy who wants a war story and not an "I" war story, or for the girl who wants a novel similar to those of Margaret Pedlers. There the usual requests for new books, book lists, good books, books for reports, and books on any conceivable subject.

Isn't it natural, then, that the librarian must have training in order to know what to say and give when she is asked for such information?

This includes only the training needed for the work which the public sees. Such work as cataloging, classifying, selecting, and annotating is rarely brought before the public eye but its lack would mean chaos as far as the library was concerned.

If one feels that such work is not appealing, surely he cannot resist the temptation to do children's work. Here one can combine the duties of a pseudo-mother, teacher, and counselor. One has the chance to make a beauty spot for poor children who have not the smallest bit of beauty at home. He has the thrill of giving the books which he found so interesting, to children who will in turn find joy in them. He can attempt at least to bring some of the finer things of life not only in literature, but art and music as well, since library work is no longer just work with books but has branched out to include these other sources of culture. It is here that the girl who has talent with posers, puppets, and dolls can use that talent to the utmost—that is, if she has the definite knowledge of books and personal qualifications. Even more than the adult librarian, the children's librarian must have patience, sincerity, a sense of humor, a liking for her work, and, perhaps most difficult of all, a personality appealing to children.

Or perhaps if you have the zeal of the educator you may find the adult education field one particularly to your liking. We do not realize how much the adults of today, no matter what their former education, are interested in exploring new fields. The adult education movement is planned for the adult who has the interest and ambition to do any reading at all. Here he will find regular courses planned, and lists compiled in such a way that he scarcely ever loses interest in the subject. The work is not compulsory, but it is the duty of the adviser or librarian to acquaint her patrons with the benefits and possibilities of the readers' advisory service and adult education. She must be able to suggest subjects and follow-up books—a teacher without a formal compulsory class.

Then, if you would be a librarian you should have the training I have mentioned and a lot more, too. You must have patience, a sense of humor, ability, and above all a liking for, interest in, and enthusiasm for your work. Perhaps this seems dreadfully dull and uninteresting, but once you are in the work you see how wrong you were to think it anything but absorbing and worthy of your greatest effort.

#### CHARACTER STUDY

By Jane D. Goethe

Curls of steam vibrated the characters on the window pane: "Ching Lee, Chinese Laundry." A pair of slanting eyes peered out into the gray mists and watched booted feet shuffle through the wet snow. Suddenly one pair of those footsteps segregated itself from the multitude and descended

brown rocks sending out fuzzy streamers into the water. Beneath these rocks were deep green shadows and occasionally, a minnow would dart out from them to some other place of refuge. One unfortunately darted into the home of the old sea-devil. I held my breath expectantly. The next instant the little red body darted out again with a pair of mean-looking pinchers reaching out after him. I wanted to call out in my excitement, but my better judgment held my tongue; the next moment I was rewarded by seeing the little minnow escape beneath a bit of rock.

For a short time, everything was quiet, surely everyone hadn't gone to sleep! No, here came an old snake-doctor—perhaps Grandpa Crayfish had another attack of gout or Molly Bullfrog had given Baby Bullfrog too much paregoric. I watched the scene expectantly, but the Doctor hovered over my world only a few minutes and then flew farther down the stream. In a few moments, I heard a feeble croak and a splash, and then the Doctor came sailing serenely back—it probably was just a slight case of indigestion!

Soon the sun swung down from its pinnacle and shone warmly upon the water; in a few moments the quiet little place was transformed into a roaring metropolis. Little Mother Toad swam to shore in search of food; adventurous minnows chased each other in and out the rocks; Mr. Bullfrog hopped upon a rock and began to croak loudly if not melodiously; the old sea-devil ventured forth again in search of more victims; and the ambitious crayfish crawled out from their excavations to court some lovely damsel.

"Here, indeed", I thought, "I have found something new in nature!" I cautiously crawled back on my hands and knees and then tramped home. There on the library table lay a Nature book—ha! A new one! I picked it up and idly thumbed through its pages. Suddenly from a page there stared up at me in big, black letters, "The Little Worlds We Do Not See!" New, did I say? Well, if there's anything new in this world, I should like to see it!

#### SOMEONE'S MOTHER

By Dorothy Du Quoin

The minute you step into her home, you have the feeling that the person who lives in this home must be different. The living room has individuality. It doesn't look as if an interior decorator had had a hand in its arrangement. Not that it isn't artistic, for it is, with its orientals, its lovely drapes, splendid books, beautiful piano, and above all, plants. An ivy, in a mellow yellow pot, trails leisurely down from one window sill, while a small rubber plant stands partly up in another window. And a dainty, green moss rests on a table. Bittersweet spreads from a bulging, black bowl, with a priceless Japanese print above it. Such is the house.

Then the woman enters. She isn't unusual looking, unless large, expressive and interest you. Her clothes aren't "le dernier mot," but are suitable. When she talks, her conversation isn't of herself, but of her son, daughter. Maybe she will show you a beautiful etching she has recently acquired, perhaps one her son gave her. It might be a book she will discuss with you—and not a Best Seller. She might surprise you by telling you what she's having for dinner. It will be something appetizing, you may be sure, and something that will please her family.

When you leave, you invariably have a new ambition and vim, and different standards, with the feeling that you'll always be thankful for those few minutes you "dropped in."

the flight of icy steps to the accompaniment of continued grumblings. With a gust of December gale which threatened the swinging yellow lamp, Officer Patrick O'Keefe presented himself in the doorway.

"Emerald Isle, what a night! Haven't ye the decency to shovel your steps? Come nigh to breakin' my neck!" The object of his complaint stood complacently indifferent; his black eyes fixed steadily on the speaker. From sleek black hair to neatly shod feet, his slight figure was motionless.

"Now look at this —". The irate customer drew a paper bundle from his ample bosom. "These shirts came back with two buttons missin'." He fumbled at the starched linen. "And the cuffs ain't clean. Do you brattlin' Chinamen expect to git away with that?"

Still the little foreigner maintained his glassy stare. It was queer how he fitted so appropriately into his surroundings—his wrinkled musty countenance seemed a part of the modesty and order of the shop. Only his delicate hands—he had a nervous habit of suddenly raising one only to drop it vainly—protruded his attention.

"Now see here. You tend to these here shirts and nevair again so insult an officer of the law. Git on with ye." A slight bow and "We attend to it, sir" came from the oriental.

"Dumb Chink!" With a flourish of brass buttons, Officer Patrick O'Keefe was off to more important business. Slanting eyes watched footsteps crunch the snow. "Still waters run deep", he quoted absently.

#### SOMETHING NEW IN NATURE

By Edna Buenger

At different stages in your life, you are brought in contact with nature in one way or other, whether you are aware of it or not. How interesting or how variable it is, you rarely note, even though in it are reflected actions of your own. On one occasion, I made a discovery in nature, a new world!—that is, new to me. Lying flat on your stomach on the bank of a quiet stream, you can look down at one of these little worlds. There is no whirl of planets or meteors, no sweeping gale that you must penetrate; only the gurgle of the brook, The fall of a leaf breaks the stillness.

It was on an autumn day that I made this discovery. The orange, red, and gold-tinted leaves drifted lazily on the water—little fairy ships in guest of adventure. On the sides of the stream and piled up up-jutting tracks clung the fast-decaying hulls of similar ships that had taken similar voyages, and I wondered what had become of their crews. While I was thus idly speculating, a gray shadow glided from beneath a large rack toward one little ship that was especially brilliant in its coloring. Without a moment's warning a formidable pincher shot out from the water and pulled the beautiful ship beneath it—could Columbus or Drake have known such terrors?

This sad episode called my attention to what lay beneath the shimmering, blue surface. To be sure, there were numerous shells of sea-going vessels piled up on the bottom, and there on one particularly large heap lay the little ship that had just met its doom, beside it lumbered the terrible monster that had brought it there. Probably here was the treasure trove of another Captain Kid, and who knows how many fairy queens this old sea-devil held captive in his gloomy abode? The water was several feet deep and a muddy ooze formed the floor of the stream, bubbles rose up from it in various places where ambitious crayfish were making excavations. On the sides, half-buried in the ooze, were large,



## Languages As A Study

Knowledge of Foreign Languages Valuable in Many Fields

"The Value of Language Study", was the subject upon which Miss Hankins and Miss Wurster talked at the Orientation period, Tuesday, January 10. Miss Hankins began her talk by saying that although Latin is called the "dead" language, it forms the basis for Italian, French, Spanish, Roumanian, and two-thirds of the English tongue.

The first part of Miss Hankins' talk dealt with reasons for studying language. Among these reasons was the powerful argument that studying merely from a utilitarian standpoint does not give one an all-round education, for by not coming in contact with the cultural in education, we make no preparation for using our leisure time. The study of language adds new words to our vocabulary besides giving old ones new meaning, trains one in clearness and accuracy in word usage, gives intellectual power through translation work, and makes students of all of us. For post-graduate work, knowledge of language is necessary. By knowing their language one knows better the civilization of other nations, for "the language and literature of people more than any other thing reveal their civilization." And a broadened scope of understanding makes life more worthwhile.

Under the subject "what to do with language study", Miss Hankins listed teaching it. Some of the primary uses for French, German, or Spanish are: one may enter the American foreign service, take clerkships or interpreting positions, enter immigration service, travel agencies, or become translators. To become a journalist, doctor, lawyer, or scientist, one needs Latin. Secondary uses of language are in the missionary field, in secretarial duties, for general pronunciation, and as an asset in the study of music and literature.

Miss Hankins expressed her "hobby" as being archeology, a new science not quite a hundred years old, with the object of uncovering past civilizations. The archeologist must know languages in order to translate the facts on the tablets of stone that he finds. Miss Hankins showed two pieces of recording that came from excavations at Nineveh, and also a small Grecian vase.

Miss Wurster took up the discussion, telling about Miss Gudrun Carlson, a friend, who made great use of her bi-lingual ability. International relations enthusiasts realize the advantages of knowing another language.

Frances Parkinson Keyes went to Norway in 1931, met Miss Carlson, and in an article in "Good Housekeeping" told about her achievements, which article Miss Wurster read to the class. Miss Carlson was Norwegian on her mother's side, and Swedish on her father's. Swedish and English were spoken in the home. She graduated from the University of Minnesota, took work at Columbia University, and later became head of "foods" at a New Jersey College for Women.

About four years ago Miss Carlson took a vacation trip to Norway and there the idea for her later work came. When she returned to America she passed the examinations of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce. She became an American trade commissioner to Norway, with the important duty of observing changing conditions and opportunity for American business which are sent to Washington, D. C. It is her task to note any changes that may affect foreign trade and the market. She

## Fine Student Teachers

The first semester student teachers are putting the finishing touches to their work, and for the most part are enthusiastic over their teaching experiences. Dr. Dewey reports that the girls have done nice work. In fact, some of the girls have done such outstanding work that townspeople have commented upon it.

Those who will do student teaching in the St. Charles high school the second semester are: Elizabeth Vance, who will assist in the chemistry department; Eutha Olds, Agnes Bachman, and Margaret Hoover, in home economics; Harriette Gannaway, in American Problems; Doris Elliott, in English; and Madeline John in physical education.

In the Benton school Evelyn Knippenberg will assist in the fifth grade; Ethelda Gross, in the first grade; Ruth Gresiz, in the third grade; Katharine Simpson, in the second grade; Jane Boone, in the fourth grade, and Anita Cross, in the sixth grade.

At the Lincoln school Noveta Wilks will assist in the sixth grade; Anna MacGregor, in the fifth grade; Arametha McFadden, in art; Elinor Hibbard, in the first grade; and Mildred McWilliams, in the second grade.

## Thoughts of A Senior

The Last Few Months of School Life Fly Too Swiftly.

As 1932 fades out of sight and 1933 appears, various thoughts come into the minds of students. To a Freshman or Sophomore it is just another year, but to a Senior, it is the last year, the last semester. As a Senior girl goes to the station to return to school after her Christmas vacation, bids her friends "Goodbye" and boards the train filled with other students, all anxious to hear what their friends have been doing and so full of life and the joy of living that their sparkling eyes have a difficult time radiating all the excitement and thrills their souls contain, when the Senior greets this merry throng, she can't help remembering that next year she will be a member of one of the little groups on the platform waving goodbyes and feeling sad and lonesome. During that moment, between the time she kisses fond parents adieu and says hello to classmates, a little lump comes into her throat and she suffers a little pang; but it is just for a moment, for before her eyes have time to blink back the tears that would have been forthcoming, someone begins telling her about her new engagement and then you just have to tell her about your latest flame, and there it is, begun all over again, for another whole semester, with just the break for Easter vacation coming in between.

But that is not all that 1933 suggests to a Senior. It is her last semester and whatever record she intends to leave for herself depends a great deal on these last few months that will fly so swiftly, once they have started. But even more important than the record of the last semester, is the Senior's sentiment of love and carefree, happy memories of Lindenwood. The Senior feels that in this last semester must be crammed enough happy memories of boarding school life to extend over all the years to come. It is her last chance and she must put all that she possesses of energy and love into everything she undertakes in order that she may live to the fullest and reap the best possible harvest.

is now in Oslo, Norway, where she is well-liked. Her achievement is possible because she is familiar with a language not her own.

## Valuable Information

For Job Seekers

The Occupational Bulletin Board, planned by Dr. Schaper, has many interesting pamphlets and clippings on it. There are articles affording valuable guidance for all students interested in entering fields of music, architecture, Art, design arts, and advertising, besides clippings from eminent writers on women in industry, particularly the modern college woman and her problems.

The most interesting article is the one on the art of advertising. The data included in the compilation is taken from the consensus of a group of a number of New York professionals in this field, who replied to a questionnaire sent out by the New York Regional Art Council in April, 1932. The questions covered the nature of the work demanded in the field of advertising; the personal qualities most important for success; the training and experiences most valuable; how employment is secured; and a list of the schools offering special courses in advertising. All those considering the art of advertising as an occupation should go over this article very carefully.

Another clipping selected by Dr. Schaper, written by Ann Morgan, President of the American Women's Association, says that women face a future with revised values, a statement which immediately arrests the attention of all college girls. Miss Morgan states it more clearly in her own words, "Whatever economic and social changes are coming in the next few years, one thing is certain: Americans, and particularly American women will face it with a new set of values and a stronger realization of their own resources and abilities.

"American women have learned during the past three years that business or professional success is not enough. It is not enough to be equipped for only one vocation. The broader the experience and conception of the field in which American women are working and the wider their interests in it and allied fields, the more flexible and adaptable they are during periods when readjustment is necessary."

Miss Morgan concludes her article by saying in behalf of all women, these words, "Women do not want to be discriminated against nor advanced because they are women. They want to be considered as individuals and to stand or fall on their abilities and capacities as individuals to do whatever job is to be done."

This bulletin is changed from time to time and always affords interesting and worthwhile material for all students seeking employment and specialized work.

## WHO'S WHO?

Just Who is Who around here anyway? Oh well, I know one. This "un" observes in the St. Charles High School, teachin' American Problems. Senior? Of course. Tall, slender and attractively dark. Did you say something about knowledge? Well, you are catching on soon. What this girl doesn't know about English and books and learning,—do I need to say any more? You don't have to use your imagination, for she does possess knowledge. Well as I started to say a minute ago, quiet but keen, pleasant and witty. She is one of those truest of friends that you remember when you recall the pleasant memories of college life. Yes, she lives on second floor of Sibley. Member of the Poetry Club, Sigma Tau Delta, and so many others I couldn't name them all. No need to say any more, for you guessed who'twas a long time ago.

## B-a-r-k-s-!

How many times have you written it '32 instead of '33?

Nancy, it pays to stay awake in the Dean's class (from one who knows) when she is talking about the Duke. It does sound silly to answer "The Duke" and hear her say "I said the Duke" and then for you to say "I" said the Duke. Comes the dawn when you realize you have been sleeping, eh what?

Everyone in Shakespeare class must have had a successful vacation from the reading of, think as drink and wind the clock as wind the clock—you know—the difference between the noun and the verb.

The class in Hygiene was much surprised—possibly not any more than Ruth, however—when she heard herself say the essential parts of the body are the liver and.....er, the gizzard.

Have you got the jig-saw puzzle craze? At least solitaire can rest during exam-week now that the puzzles have come into being. Both Mrs. Roemer and Miss Blackwell are trying to get the "Lions at Sunset."

All right, all right, the phrase "This time last week I was" is getting old—In fact you'll have to say "This time two weeks ago" or better still, why bring it up at all?

Nitcher is wearing the latest thing in petticoats torn on the bias instead of cut on the bias.

After the new love wrote and said "I wish I could gaze into your blue eyes again"—Marian is wondering how she is going to change the color of her eyes from brown. My, but these boys are observing, aren't they, Marian?

The fact that Margaret Ethel's nickname is Little Moore is self-explanatory to everyone on campus except Maxine, who wanted to know why. Is there a Big Moore on campus too? OOOh, some people!

The other day in the study of etiquette in one of the English classes the class was much amused when the teacher read along "It is customary to use cards in a city but in towns, watering places, and"—the reading was interrupted by Betty Galford with the comment, "That book must be awfully old. Watering places?..... why we use automobiles now." Betty, you couldn't have been thinking of watering troughs or water holes by any chance, could you?

(Continued from page 2, Col. 4)

his mother considerably because she realizes that as soon as Sebastian does marry she will have to relinquish her position as head of the house to the new duchess. All through the story she encourages Sebastian into shallow love affairs. Anything, she felt, would be better than to have him marry any sooner than was absolutely necessary. At the end of the book Miss Sackville-West leaves things more or less in the air. It is up to the reader to figure out whether Sebastian goes on in his indifferent manner and become just another "large landowner and peer of the realm", the fate he had always feared would be his, or whether he went away and tried to make something worth while out of his life.



## COLLEGE CALENDAR

Tuesday, January 17:

Student Music Recital in Auditorium at 5 o'clock.

Movie in Auditorium, sponsored by the League of Women Voters at 6:30 o'clock.

Thursday, January 19s

An address on Russia by Mrs. Lelah H. Stokes, in Auditorium at 11 o'clock.

Friday, January 20:

Faculty Recital presenting Miss Mary Gordon in Auditorium at 8 o'clock.

Sunday, January 22:

Rev. J. L. Dobbs, missionary of Saharahpur, North India, will speak at vesper, 6:30 p. m.

Monday, January 23:

Beginning of examination week, marking close of the First Semester

## Sidelights of Society

Dr. Roemer made an eastern trip last week to Atlantic City, to attend the meetings of Presbyterian College Union and the Association of College Presidents. He also visited Mrs. Roemer's former home in Morgantown, West Virginia, before his return to the college at the end of the week.

Miss Englehart attended the Symphony Friday afternoon and afterwards visited the Friesses in the city. She spent Saturday shopping.

### Pi Alpha Delta Meeting

Pi Alpha Delta, the Latin sorority, enjoyed its first meeting of the new year, Monday night, January 9, when the members met in the College Club Room at 6:30 o'clock for a social gathering. The four new members, Nancy Montgomery, Marie Brink, Evelyn Wood, and Wilma Hoen, were pledged, then Latin songs were sung.

Refreshments of cake and coffee were served, and a most enjoyable meeting was reported.

### Radio City Described at Y. W. C. A.

Wednesday, January 10, the Y. W. C. A. held a very interesting meeting. Miss Marie Reichert of the physical education department gave a splendid talk on Radio City. She held the attention of her audience by telling them all about the construction of this unusual place, the cost, and in conclusion, the details of the first program to be presented in the theatre.

### Sigma Tau Delta Meeting

After a short business session at the meeting of Sigma Tau Delta which was held Tuesday afternoon at 5 o'clock in the Club Rooms, the program was devoted to the study of V. Sackville-West, the famous English novelist. Ella McAdow gave a short biography of the novelist. Three of her novels were reviewed: Mary Cowan reviewed "The Edwardians", Sarah Louise Greer, "All Passion Spent", and Elizabeth Combs, "Challenge."

Chocolate cake with whipped cream and coffee were served to the members.

Winifred Diehl visited her home the week end of January 6.

Margaret Dallmeyer, a day-student at the college, attended the Governor's Ball given at Jefferson City Monday evening.

## WINDY LINDY

### Question and Answer Column

Questions intended for this column must be addressed to Windy Lindy of

the Linden Bark staff. Windy will answer all questions of general interest, and those who do not care to have their letters published may enclose an addressed and stamped envelope for a personal reply. But don't forget the stamp!

Q. Dear Windy: What in the world are "Crepes Suzettes?" I have never eaten or seen them. My friends return from Europe or the East and talk learnedly about "Crepes Suzettes" and of course take for granted every one is posted. I haven't dared ask.

"Frenchy".

A. I know perfectly well how you feel, Frenchy, but "Crepes Suzettes" are merely French pancakes rolled in Crepes Suzette sauce. Now don't ever let it ever disturb you when your friends speak of "Crepes Suzettes". And above all let nothing disturb you while you eat them!

Q. Dear Windy: I have a cousin who visits our home quite often and seems to have a peculiar grudge against me. On New Year's Day I met him on the street and tried to be friendly by saying "Happy New Year". He passed me and turned around and said "Happy New Year; I hope you drown yourself." What do you think of that?

A. It may be his queer sense of humor, but most anyone would have to have a queer sense of humor to take it as a joke. Next time you see him ask him to come out and dine with the family—and add, "I hope you choke."

Q. Dear Windy: My hands are my greatest worry, Windy; they are always dirty, no matter how often I wash them; and it does make them so rough to use so much soap.

"Waiting and Washing".

A. Would it be possible for you to wear gloves if you are having such a terrible time? Or could you carry your lotion with you in a dainty hand bag so that after the washing you could prevent chapping? If were you dear, I really wouldn't worry, because I have noticed that 'most everyone's hands haven't that immaculate look.

J. Dear Windy: I know he was the "man of my dreams". Oh, it's terribly tragic, but he is in love with my best friend. I am heartbroken. It makes me so uncomfortable to hear about all the things they do, and to act as if I am interested. Do you think there is any way out?

"Troubled One".

A. I can see that you are quite sensible and not letting it get the best of you. I would just laugh it off that he was the man of your dreams; it is quite natural, for we all dream about some one of whom we think a great deal. But now you must get someone else in your dreams, as the conductor or the garbage man, so that young man may cease to be the man of your dreams. You have quite a good plot for a book, if you have any ability to write. Let me know if you will be the bridesmaid at their wedding. I have some darling suggestions for a wedding.

## Prize-Possessions of Lindenwoodites

Indian and Mexican Jewelry very popular.

It is not an unusual thing for girls to like jewelry, but it is not often that such various kinds of costume jewelry are found in one place as on the Lindenwood campus. There are valuable antique lockets and bracelets, precious heirlooms in the form of dinner rings and earrings, some dating back as far as three generations ago; there is Indian and Mex-

ican jewelry, stones that have been brought back as gifts and souvenirs of every type imaginable from foreign countries. It is not possible to describe here all the interesting and attractive pieces of jewelry that are worn by the Lindenwood girls, but the type that seems most popular at present, and of the most unusual design, is the Indian jewelry.

There are two girls, who are roommates in Sibley Hall, that could very easily start an exclusive jewelry shop of their own, for they are the possessors of numerous and unusual pieces of Indian and Mexican costume jewelry. They are Evelyn Johnsen and Geraldine Hamblin. Evelyn lives in Las Vegas, New Mexico, and this partly explains why she is so fortunate to own these rare pieces. The most attractive is a set made of Mexican silver and turquoise. There is a bracelet, necklace and ring. The silver is made from Mexican dollars combined with two different kinds of turquoise—one a light blue, and the other a bluish green. The green contains a certain amount of matrix and it is especially interesting to notice the design which has been worn into the stone by the matrix. This jewelry was made by Pueblo Indians and is one of the most individual sets to be found. Evelyn also owns a concho belt, which was made by the native Indians.

Geraldine Hamblin owns another interesting Indian jewelry an especially pretty ring made by the Navajo Indians in Colorado. Besides Indian jewelry, she owns a very beautiful locket, which is an heirloom. It came from Dresden, Germany, and has unusual coloring. The design on the locket is in the form of a dragon. Another interesting piece is an exquisite cameo ring which came from Pompeii.

Sally Kelly is another proud owner of this popular Indian jewelry. The thing most prized by Sally is her concho belt, made by Awa Tsireh, a Navajo Indian, who is one of the best known Indian artists in the United States. The belt has ten small conchos and four large conchos in it. It is the only one of this particular design. She also has a beautiful silver and turquoise ring, a large number of bracelets made by the Indians in Colorado, and some ear-rings. Sally knows the meaning and story of many of the symbols carved on her jewelry, and it is indeed interesting to have her explain them. She told that the reason Indian bracelets are never solid is because the Indians fear the evil spirits, and wish to leave a space in the bracelet so that these spirits might escape. Sally also has two beautiful Indian tapestries.

There are many other interesting pieces, but these are the most popular types, for Indian jewelry can be worn on so many different occasions.

## "A BIRD IN THE HAND WORTH TWO IN THE BUSH"

By Eleanor Huff

The person who wrote the old proverb, "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush", must have been a dreadfully mercenary soul. Having stopped to ponder his words of wisdom, I find that one short statement bringing horrible mental pictures before my sensitive eyes. Cannot you see the crusty old codger standing tightly clutching some poor, broken little bird which vainly tries to escape in flight, while all the time there is a self-satisfied smirk on the villain's face and a greedy glitter in his eye?

Why not consider the case from the bird's point of view? He's now a captive with no hope of regaining his freedom, and nothing to look forward to but having his neck wrung

and being thrust into the pot to broil. While, on the nearby bush, his two old playmates perch, complacently twittering. How the sight of those two happy souls must arouse his anger and jealousy! To think that he, of all birds, should be caught in such a grasp as this.

No—it's quite too horrible—I could never hold any poor little bundle of feathers for the mere sake of obeying the handed-down advice of some one long since dead. It would be a big blot on my conscience; and besides, I'd feel I had to go out and catch those two other birds just for the sake of justice.

Anyway—I'll wager that proverb was written long before the game laws were passed.

## Enna Jettick

Spring Walking Shoes  
"SCOUT"  
in natural elk at  
**\$4.40**

Pure Silk Chiffon or  
Service Weight  
**HOSE**  
Unusual Quality  
55c pr.; 2 for \$1

**Stahlbehl's**  
THE NEW RED STORE

Phone 136

## St. Charles Laundry

WE CALL AND DELIVER  
400-402 S. Main Street  
ST. CHARLES, MISSOURI

Telephone 133

Terminal  
Cabs

## STRAND THEATRE

TUESDAY—WEDNESDAY

Joan Blondell—Wm. Powell in  
"LAWYER MAN"

THURSDAY

Mary Boland—Charles Ruggles in  
"EVENINGS FOR SALE"  
also BOB STEELE in  
"YOUNG BLOOD"

FRIDAY NIGHT—SATURDAY MAT.

Barbara Stanwyck—George Brent  
in  
"THE PURCHASE PRICE"

SATURDAY NIGHT

CLARA BOW in  
in  
"THEY CALL HER SAVAGE"