

LINDEN BARK

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Lindenwood Becomes A "No Man's Land"

Addys Brown Crowned Halloween
Queen

East may be East, and West may be West, but contrary to popular belief the twain met in the Lindenwood gymnasium Friday night, October 30, at precisely eight o'clock in the evening. Goblins from Goblin-land; a wildman from East of the Sun, and West of the Moon; a baby straight from the stork's marshes; and a Knight of the Bath with his Lady, all joined forces and in apparent amity marched together to the tune of that good old American song, THE WASHINGTON-LEE SWING.

As the party swung into action, and the different factions became warmed to associating with each other, two gay Spanish Caballeros cooled their hot blood with the rarest of confections, Eskimo pies straight from the polar regions, and delivered by two most excellent polar bears. The festive spirit claimed the occasion, and the eskimo pies proved the ice-breakers of the evening.

In such a gay court there must be a gracious lady, so amid much feasting and dancing two wood spirits raised the mystic veil of the Surprise Land, and revealed the beautiful queen of the mysterious country of East of the Sun, and West of the Moon. In her majestic way she stepped down from the royal dais, and joined the merry-makers.

There hovered over the group during the entire evening a benign spirit that blessed the revelers with his presence. Now here, now there, never for an instant careless in his ceaseless vigil that every one had a good time the Faculty spread his wings of approval. And radiating happiness in every pore slipping through the crowd went the gracious host, the Y. W. C. A.

The East and the West have met. Lindenwood was "No Man's Land." Long live the land that is East of the Sun, and West of the Moon!

A queen, the chief or best of her kind, was true to definition, as well as tradition, when Lindenwood was formally introduced to her Halloween queen, Addys Brown, of Stamps, Arkansas.

During the intermission, a short tap dance program preceded the "crowning" event of the evening.

Behind the large black curtain the legs of a small platform were first seen, and suspense was at its height when suddenly the curtains were pulled back and "BEHOLD THE QUEEN."

She was exquisite in a long, flaring, brown silk crepe formal with a short evening jacket of matching material. The lovely lines of the dress seemed molded to her slender, stately figure, giving an impression of extreme individuality. Her golden brown curly hair and her complexion blended with her gown to form a symphony in brown in contrast with her blue eyes.

Attend Kreisler Concert

Lindenwood Girls Enthusiastic
About Great Violinist

Complete silence and then thundering applause greeted Fritz Kreisler as he walked out on the stage at the Odeon Theatre in St. Louis, Friday evening, October 30. Head up, violin swinging at his right side and the thumb of his left hand hooked in the lapel of his coat, Kreisler stood for a moment dominating the capacity audience, before ever touching his bow to the strings. Then his perfect tonal quality, beginning softly and growing in volume, and his individuality of rhythm was heard, holding the crowd for the remainder of his program.

Kreisler is literally master of his instrument, having perfect bow control, rhythm, and technique. His program suited both music specialists and the "hoi polloi" in that the first part consisted of Haendel's Sonata, D-Major; Bach's Sarabande and Gigue, for violin alone; and Mozart's Concerto No. 3, G-Major, while the last part was devoted to shorter and more understandable things: Andantino, by Padre Martini; Menuet, by Porpora; Tango by Albertz-Kreisler; Danse Espagnole, by M. de Falla-Kreisler; Humoresque, by Tchaikowsky-Kreisler; Fantasy, by Rimsky-Korsakoff-Kreisler. His arrangement of Albertz' Tango was so well-liked that he played it again. He also favored his listeners with three encores, the Londonderry Air, and his own compositions Schoen-Rosemarin and Liebesfreud.

Kreisler has such violin mastery and stage presence that he leaves his hearers awed. He speaks through his violin, and St. Louis' appreciation of such an artist was shown by the attendance at the concert.

Lindenwood's appreciation was also shown, for several groups went in, Miss Isidor, Miss Rhodes, and Miss Englehart chaperoned groups. Dr. Ennis, Dr. Tupper, and Miss Mitchell attended; and a group of upper classmen, Mary Louise Bowles, Frances Kayser, Willa Waters, Ruth Tuthill, Katherine Davidson, and Lois McKeehan also went in.

Miss Isidor says, "Kreisler's emotional qualities combined with his intellectual understanding makes his playing appreciable to all," and from others in the groups the writer heard the following: "He's perfectly marvelous!" "I don't see how anyone does that." "He's just perfect, that's all!" and Katherine Davidson, having heard him play five times, reports that she enjoyed him more this time than ever. Which just goes to prove that Kreisler is Kreisler, always, and that is saying all that can be said.

Around her waist the queen had a dark green girdle, and underneath the little jacket was a white crepe blouse, cut low in the back.

To complete the picture she wore
(Continued on page 6, Col. 3)

Sophs Have Their Fun With Freshmen

Peace restored to Campus, Frosh
and Sophs friends now

Moans and shrieks of laughter! "Its near!" "What's near?" "Sophomore Day, of course."

After a day of squelching silence toward the lowly Freshmen on the part of the mighty Sophomores, the activities began in earnest Monday night at nine o'clock in Roemer Auditorium. All those formerly ignorant as to the real significance of "Sophomore Day" began their lesson then.

In silence the Freshmen marched to their chapel seats, in silence they listened to the instructions provided for by the "omnipotent Sophomores." As a token of their ignorance, green caps and capes were given to the "Freshies", the caps to be worn until Thanksgiving, and the ceremony connected with the wearing of these tokens was explained by the Sophomore president.

Tuesday morning bright and early, (six o'clock to be exact), peacefully slumbering students were awakened by scurrying feet and screams to "hurry or you'll be late." On the quad about the flagpole gathered the white clad Freshmen, and the Sophomores, arrayed in their attractive new jackets. With the upper classmen as an audience, the Freshmen performed. There was a great deal of gambling on the green, a debate on "Why Life is Like a Hardwood Floor", an imitation of Maurice Chevalier, an instructive speech on "How to Cure Callosities," a recipe sung backwards to the tune of "The Old Gray Mare", and many other astonishing feats. Provisions for the day's entertainment were made, as instructions were read to the attentive Freshmen.

During the course of the day strange sights greeted the eye of a passerby. "Cape, Freshman", was heard on every side, and following such a command by a mighty Sophomore, the "Freshie" would drop her books, (usually those belonging to some "Soph"), place her cape on the ground before the Sophomore, bow low with cap placed over her heart, and say, "Before thee now, I humbly bow, obviously green, I trow." The effect was amazing, (or amusing). A bearded lady, a snake charmer, a Hula Hula girl, an airplane, a swimmer, and the four Marx brothers were only a few of the interesting sights to be seen about campus.

Many and varied were the duties of the Freshmen. They could be seen dashing madly about on errands, cutting basketfuls of grass with nail scissors, sweeping walks with toothbrushes, dusting off taxicabs, and walking or running backwards. An intermission at noon gave breathing time for both classes—but not for long.

At five o'clock the tired Sophomores and the overworked Freshmen gathered on the quad again. This friendly

Mr. McColgan at Vespers

Test, Try, and Trust Religion

Vesper services on November 1 were led by Rev. W. L. McColgan of the First Presbyterian Church of St. Charles, who spoke on "Religious Certainty." Entirely free from the "embarrassment" which characterized his former talk here, he spoke with ease and evident enjoyment.

Reading the story of the blind man who received his eyesight through following the instructions of Jesus, Rev. Mr. McColgan went on to tell why college people should assert religious certitude in the three ways shown in the story he had read.

More than in anyone else, skepticism is evident in college people. When children learn religious things at home and then go to college where their ideas are changed by the study of psychology, science and philosophy, they naturally become skeptical. Before accepting anything as a truth the modern tendency is to prove it. But the man who was healed of blindness with which he had been afflicted since birth, simply by bathing his eyes as directed by Jesus, followed His directions in the dark. If he had been modern he would have rationalized and finally have decided not to do as he was told.

This blind man trusted in God and when people asked him to explain how he had received sight he could not do so, but said, "Whether he is a sinner or not I know not, but whereas I was blind I now see." Though not able to explain the miracle, he was content in knowing that it had occurred.

Gradually his faith in Jesus grew. At first he thought of him as merely a man, then as a prophet and finally as Lord of Lords and King of Kings.

Religious facts cannot be proven but must be taken in blind faith and one must say with Paul, "I know Him whom I have believed," and with Job, "I know that my redeemer liveth." Until peace with Him is found, our souls will be restless and before we can have any real degree of religious certitude we must test, try, and have trust in religion.

meeting ended hostilities, and the Freshmen were invited to attend the dance in Butler Gym that evening.

Following the song of the Sophomores to the Freshmen, during which each Freshmen received a rose from the Sophomore class, sister class songs were sung by all the classes in the dining room that evening.

Many happy faces were seen at the dance in the gym. The decorations on the walls showed the progress of the day, beginning with the reign of the Sophomores and ending with the rose ceremony. Sophomores danced with Freshmen, old girls with new girls, and everyone went home tired but happy after this most eventful day.

Linden Bark

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NOVEMBER 10, 1931.

The Linden Bark:

The autumn is a gipsy, when the frost is in the air;
A joyous, tattered wanderer, with sumac in her hair.

A. Aundsen,

Our Loving Tribute To "Mother Roemer"

We have come to the time of the year when, especially, we want to show our appreciation for all Mrs. Roemer has done and is doing for us, and more than that we want to show our love for her as our school "Mother." On this, the occasion of her birthday, we extend to her our very best wishes, and hope she will enjoy many more happy birthdays.

From the beginning of the year, her guiding influence is felt among us. What could make a poor homesick Freshman, or any girl in school, happier and feel more at home than the gracious, truly motherly welcome that "Mother" Roemer gives to us all at the beginning of the school year? It makes us feel that we are individual members and really belong in that one, large, happy family which is Lindenwood. It is she to whom we carry our problems, big and little, and from whom we receive wise guidance and counsel throughout the year.

She is nobly carrying on the work begun one hundred and five years ago by Mary Easton Sibley, and she has helped to make modern Lindenwood all the Founders could have wished it to be. Again, to Mrs. Roemer, we wish the best of everything, and many happy returns of her birthday.

Alpha Sigma Tau a Goal Worth Working Toward

Alpha Sigma Tau meets today! Does the announcement mean anything to you? Alpha Sigma Tau is Lindenwood's Phi Beta Kappa, and is considered the most important sorority on the campus. The requirements to enter this sorority are good grades. In order to be a pledge one must have obtained between an S and an E average for three semesters.

This sounds very difficult, doesn't it, but if we would use all the time that we spend over at the tea-room or trying to figure out how we can "get out" of getting our assignments, all of us would be in Alpha Sigma Tau. Perhaps that is a bit of stouthing, but, nevertheless, it certainly is a goal worth working for. Psychologists tell us that without a definite goal in mind our life becomes a rather futile and non-interested one, but with a definite goal our life becomes a rich and beautiful one. Why wouldn't Alpha Sigma Tau be a good goal for all of us to have?

Perhaps if this were the goal of all Lindenwood girls, the worried looks that we see on the girls' faces just before the post-office opens after a session of six-weeks exams, would not be so much in evidence. Think what a grand feeling the people in Alpha Sigma Tau must have. They never worry about going to their mail box and seeing the "T" warrant. Some people have the absurd idea that in order to be a good student, and that means in Alpha Sigma Tau, they must study all the time and never have any "fun." However if we would look at the girls in this honorary sorority, we would find they are the most active girls on the campus. Alpha Sigma Tau boasts the ever-popular Senior president, the capable editor of the Linden Bark, and the editor of the Linden Leaves. Isn't that a record for one sorority?

Perhaps we should go on and tell you of all the other advantages of being in this sorority, but that would take too long. The next time we hear the announcement that Alpha Sigma Tau will meet today, just make a little check-up on yourself and see how closely you come to being in the best sorority on the Lindenwood campus.

Sophomores Are Really Human

Sophomores, your reputation is changing! You who have been so haughty, so unrelenting, so unmerciful, are losing the appellation of "those terrifying girls." You have appeared to be a dignified group, walking to and fro on campus, disdainful Freshmen with all the freezing power allotted to a Soph. You have seemed to be a secretive organization of Imperial order, holding mysterious meetings, and brewing dark plans. "Freshman, open that door!"; "Freshman, beware, you'll get it soon!" were your by-phrases. Oh, but you've been excellent fear-inspiring demons.

A very awe-inspiring group you turned out to be on Sophomore day. "Bow down, Freshman", screamed about campus, and ten timid Freshmen lifted their caps, spread their capes, and humbly said, "Before thee now, I humbly bow; obviously green, I trow." It was difficult keeping that stern look, but you accomplished all nobly. All the "dirty work" ordered done by you was ordered with grim lips, but an unhidable twinkle was in your eyes. Before that DAY was over you had completely broken from the hastily put-on shell of superiority, and had shown the Frosh, who had begun to believe that there was no such thing as a friendly Soph, that they were wrong in this idea.

Yes, your reputation has changed over night. The Freshmen are beginning to see you as do the Upperclassmen. You are represented by a keen class, good sports, fine athletes, and industrious students. No longer will you have to brace yourself to uphold your class dignity by no speaking to the

Judgment of Freshmen

Queen Helen Morgan Rules
on Sophomore Day

A very, very important trial was held in Chapel Tuesday morning, November 3, or as it was better known on campus, Sophomore Day. The Freshmen stood while the Sophomore Court advanced, led by the Queen, Helen Morgan. Her coming was announced by two Heralds; Mary Cowan and Vida Patten. The train bearers of Her Majesty were Nancy Watson and Evelyn Polski.

The rest of the court included; the Jester, Lucille Miller; Councilors, Sarah Louise Greer, Kay Williams, Virginia Sterling, Ruth Martin, and Dorothy Holcomb. The Minister of State was Kathryn Hull; the officers, Mildred French and Helen Reith; the Bailiff, Glenn Jennings; Jailer, Margaret Carter; Sargeant-at-Arms, Madeline John; and Headsman, Mary Jean Clapper. The Queen took her place on the throne, while the Councilors sat at tables on each side of the stage. Then Her Majesty called on the Councilors who reported the sins of the Freshmen.

Several Freshmen were brought before the Queen, who decided to save their lives, if they would all pledge their loyalty to Lindenwood. Of course the Freshmen were happy to get off with such a pleasant sentence, and willingly pledged themselves to uphold Lindenwood. The court was dismissed and the Queen led the way out while the Sophomores sang their Loyalty Song.

Triangle Club Meets

The Triangle Club had its first meeting in the Club Rooms Wednesday, November 4. The program was a tribute to Edison. Verna Bredenbeck told of his first workshop and the electric light. He had his first workshop in Boston, his first invention being the vote-reporting machine. However, Edison could not persuade the men at Washington to accept this.

His biggest contribution to the world was the invention of the electric light. After he succeeded in getting it to burn, he watched it for three days to be sure that it was dependable.

Mary Chowning told of the Golden Day that was celebrated in Edison's honor. Many notables were present at this occasion, including Henry Ford. Part of the life of Edison was reenacted.

The work that Edison had completed just before his death was the experiment on rubber as a potential wartime necessity. Margaret Schaberg told of this. He had a ten acre experimental garden with 4,000 tropical and subtropical plants both cultivated and wild. Botanist and Plant specialists were employed to tour the country for plants that would be useful in this experiment. All specimens were tested for their durability, suitability and quality. Margaret also read extracts from Hoover's tribute to Edison given at Dearborn, Michigan in 1920. He said, "The world owes Edison a great debt for having given his life over to experimenting and finding things to aid the living and comfort to the people."

There was an election of the three new officers: Virginia Green, president; Jane Laughlin, secretary; and Mary Helen Kingston, Treasurer.

Read the Linden Bark.

Freshmen. You have shown them what is expected of a good Sophomore on Sophomore Day; and you are showing them now what good Classmates you can be. Freshmen, we wish to affirm your changing opinion. The Sophomores are one of the best, friendliest, and squarest classes on Campus!

Miss Schaper Speaks At Y. W. Meeting

Miss Schaper gave a very interesting talk Wednesday at the Y. W. C. A. meeting. The "core" of her talk was "The importance of planning the time element of life."

She said that there are not many ideas in the world. We all meditate along one line of thought, and we have little time to think. Most students feel their life is disconnected and aimless because they are not permanently settled. This can be helped a great deal by thought. If one thinks of the span of life, he realizes how much there is to be accomplished in a relatively short time. Browning says "Grow old along with me. The best is yet to be." We should not let routine cheat us out of realizing the beauty surrounding us. Miss Schaper said that thinking is a pleasure.

If we get bored with life now, what will we think and look like many years hence? If we stop to think that we are living in the big sweep of the universe, it should help to show that there are so many things to live for that are not boring. She cited the beautiful season of autumn as an instance.

The seasonal changes are part of a great scheme and are so very regular. If we try to see the beauty of the world we will be far from anything such as boredom. She concluded by quoting two lines which are very expressive:

"Learn as if to live forever,
Live as if to die tomorrow."

Student's Recital

Much Talk is Displayed in First
Recital

The first student recital of the year was held in Roemer Auditorium, Tuesday, November 2, at five o'clock where an audience composed of students, faculty, and housemothers enjoyed an interesting program.

A number of those on the program were freshman and appeared for the first time in Lindenwood's music circles. Almost all the selections were from modern composers except for a few favorites from Chopin, Schubert, and Schumann.

Unusual ability and musicianship was displayed in the piano, voice, and violin numbers, for a first recital, which gives much promise for a big musical year.

The program was as follows: a piano group of Jenson's *Elfin Dance* and Field's *E Flat Major Rondo*, by Alice Belding, and *Valse Impromptu* of Adams, by Dorothy Marie Wetzel; a group of songs composed of *The Hills of Home of Fox*, by Kathryn Burkhardt, *Neidlinger's On the Shore* and *Ronald's Drift Down, Drift Down* by Jane Warner; a violin solo, *Goldmark's Air* by Edith Knoits; another group of songs, *Hedge Rocco* of Schubert, sung by Georgia Wise, and *To Eostra* by Curran, sung by Vida Patten; and a concluding piano group, *Ferrata's Serenata Romaneca* played by Allie Mae Bornman, *Schubert's Whims* and *Chopin's Nocturne, F Minor, Op. 55, No. 1* played by Jane Thomas; *Valse Brillante* of Loth by Albertina Flach.

If the first recital is an indication of those to follow many very fine programs will be given by the music students this year.

THE BABBITT AND THE DREAMER

By Ella McAdow

The sun flares crimson through Linden branches as I press my body against the dying grass of autumn. Chocolate-colored sticks mingle with the brown, gold-flecked leaves that crumble beneath my stretching body. In the decaying leaves linger the faint whiffs that remind me of dead attics and old books. I chase a hurying ant with a tiny twig, not with a Calliban's gloating, but with a desire to see how swiftly it scurries away under the rusty earth. I remember a thought from Marcus Aurelius that "Man is made for action, not for idleness or pleasure," and I wonder if Antoninus actually believed that! I am the happiest during minutes when my mind lies dull, and my senses absorb the stimulation of my surroundings. But, now, as I feel the beauty of dying summer in my thumping blood, I wonder if it is not an error to cherish these happy moments when peace shines as the more perfect goal. For happiness is a mood of only a few minutes, or a few hours, while peace is a settled state of mind, a precious enduring thing. Matthew Arnold once said of peace, "The man who finds himself loses his misery." How few men ever become satisfied with their answers to the questions that cause them misery! And, yet, how few men even question! I know two boys who balance, in their extremes, the see-saw "Youth" in their seeking for happiness and for peace. Each is captivated in his perfection—the Babbitt and the Dreamer.

The Babbitt stands foremost in that class admired by the bulk of the nation—the "Solid Citizen." He is the man whose friends envy his well-ordered life. He is the stuffy pudding without the fluffy cream. The Dreamer is not a leader and has few friends. No one covets his possessions because no one knows anything about them. He is the cream without the foundation of the pudding.

The Babbitt struts the street, an exceedingly well-fed youth, a symphony in brown. He reminds me of a chauntecleer. Of his physique he is justly proud, for it signifies hours of football practice, not through love of the game, but because his Anglo-Saxon sense of duty tells him to do it. Beneath questioning gray eyes the "Dreamer" bites the "unforgivable" pipe as he strides by in a shaggy sweater and plus-fours. He loves sports, but the bickering of teams nauseates him. He despises crowds of his own. Celtic in his love of beauty, he wanders in lanes and woods thoughtfully kicking aside coffee-colored leaves.

The Babbitt believes as Morley said, "That hardships are medicine to the soul, that some mortal spasm is a fortifying discipline." He possesses the terrifying iron determination of Bismarck. With this determination he meets squarely the hardships of his life that he believes are medicine for his soul. Slowly, steadily he pushes toward his goal, success." To the Babbitt success signifies the approbation of the world, to the Dreamer success is measured in the eyes of his own soul. He scorns the smattering knowledge of the Babbitt, the complacent existence he seeks to live, and his serene affability. He builds the castles he can never possess; he dreams the dreams he can never realize; he seeks the answers for questions unanswerable. He is the lad endowed with the priceless, harrowing possession, Imagination. Housman thinks of this man when he says: "If young hearts were not so clever,

Oh! they would be young forever. Think no more; 'tis only thinking Lays lads underground."

If they were both here now, the Babbitt would laugh and say that I was wasting time. The Dreamer would look at me steadily a minute, and then lie on the grass, too.

"I wish to be happy," the Babbitt would cry.

"And I wish for peace," the Dreamer would murmur.

I admire the boy Babbitt; he personifies the good citizen, he will prove a financial and social success, and he will become the sturdy backbone of the nation. He will meet the external obstacles of his life as so many hurdles to leap in order that he reach his goal. Of his internal obstacles he is unaware. And the Dreamer will muse among his well-thumbed books, ever the idealist, ever the questioner.

I must go, 'tis not good to think too long." The sun has gone, and the earth cools beneath me for the night while overhead hang the infinitesimal stars.

SOAPSUDS

By Barbara Hirsch

I admit one extravagance, one luxury, with which I feel I'll never be able to part. I like to go to bed at night so that I can look forward to it in the morning, and I like to get up in the morning so I can look forward to it at night. It conjures up before me all the fascinating iridescence of fairyland. It fills my mind with vague fancies and gay phantasmagoria. It soothes my perspiring brow and cleanses me from the layer of filth and grime that necessarily accumulates.

Soapsuds! Huge puffs of creamy lather! Great conglomerations of scintillating bubbles! Billowy wads of softness that caress and at the same time purge! The very thought fills me with anticipation. I am happiest when my ears are filled with their whiteness, my eyes smarting with their loving sting, and my mouth vainly trying to masticate their absolute nothingness. I awaken in the dead of night and have a subconscious desire to arise and envelop myself with big "gobs" of cottony suds, but strangely enough, before I can convey the message to the brain, or back to the legs, I have completely forgotten the momentous project and am once more enjoying the "balm of woe".

I can remodel myself to my own pleasure by adding an extra ear of suds, a turned up nose, or even a beard, and likewise I can hide those personal idiosyncrasies in which I take no pride. I endow myself with a warlike scalplock, reminiscent of Deerslayer, with their plastic acid; and I see myself as a great giant while crushing their cobwebby texture in my comparatively large fists. I become the world's most renowned chef, creating delicate, unheard of pastries; and I practically make myself a sea sick churning up white caps from their foam. I become a ghastly phantom, at will, and as quickly change to a second Lady Godiva, having no compunction whatever about riding through town garbed in my sudsy raiment.

There is no end of jollity in their glistening midst, and there is therefore, no end of compassion in my heart for those unfortunate mortals who have never indulged in this engrossing pastime.

Someday I shall surprise the world with an ingenious preparation for preserving soapsuds. I shall labor untiringly to perfect a method of handing these beautiful baubles down to posterity.

THREE PORTRAITS

By Betty Wilson

There is a tiny country town in Northern Michigan called Alanson whose population wavers between three and four hundred. The town is full of extraordinary individuals, three of whom are particularly interesting. The first, John Casey, is even more Irish than his name. He is small and wiry and is always hopping about. He owns and operates a general store. He married an Indian woman, the daughter of a chief who has had a college education and is a great asset to the store. She is very tall and stately and can do a man's work, even though the eight little Caseys do demand a great deal of her attention. Mr. Casey adores his wife. He thinks she is the most wonderful woman on this earth. He loves his children and says that he won't be satisfied until he has twelve. The more he has the better he likes it. The children are all little Indians with Irish blue eyes. He doesn't own a car because he says, if he did, it would have to be a Greyhound bus to hold them all. His one weakness is getting drunk on the fourth of July. His wife used to have him locked up regularly on the fourth. However he has not been on a spree for four years. The last time, he drank all the extract of vanilla in the store and was so ill that he swore to drink.

Up the street is another grocery store. Mr. Dreese, a modest, quiet, courteous man of about fifty-five owns it. He is a gentleman. Although he has not had much education, he can discuss intelligently almost any subject. His son, of whom he is very proud, is the head of the electrical engineering department of the Ohio State University. In all the summers we have known Mr. Dreese, last summer was the first time we heard of his son's remarkable success. Mr. Dreese said simply, "Why, I knew there was nothing here for the boy, so I sent him to college and let him choose his own life work." This would sound perfectly natural from a well-to-do city business man, but from a struggling, worn-out storekeeper in an equally worn-out village, it is nothing short of miraculous.

My third character is John Sebastabe, the village bootlegger. Of course, we city people, regular patrons of the cinema, picture a bootlegger as a "tough egg" bristling with guns. John is different. He is a simple and charming soul. Of course he rarely draws a sober breath, but he never gets dead drunk. He is merely "under the influence of liquor." He lives in a shanty, accessible only by boat, about a quarter of a mile up the river. On certain days there is a flag hanging to a tree on the river bank. This is a notice to his customers that he is ready for business. He owns a miserable old launch which he uses to carry "loads" down from the Canadian border. Naive as a child, he sees nothing wrong with his vocation; it is merely his way of getting enough money to live through the winter. On his more sober days he is a fishing guide, but he doesn't enjoy it much because "These here city folks is too dumb; they can't even bait their own hooks!"

A DEFENSE OF CATS

By Helen Zimmerman

I like cats! Quite the nicest pet I ever had was a cat. When I was seven years old, I had a birthday party, and while we were all seated around a table, Mother brought in a small yellow basket tied with a wide, blue ribbon. In this basket was a tiny

yellow kitten. He was christened Dick with a very impressive ceremony. When Dick was in his prime, he weighed fourteen pounds. He had long, thick, yellow fur and big golden eyes. All of us loved and petted him. He could do nearly as he pleased—sleep on any bed in the house, and even prowl through Mother's beloved flower garden. Dad used to call him the "Boss".

In the last issue of the Linden Bark a theme was published, On Contemplating Cats, by Sarah Louise Greer. Her last sentence was: "I hate cats! . . . Am I not justified?" I do not think that she was. She speaks of a cat clawing her after she had roughly pushed it away. That was only natural, wasn't it? Isn't it instinctive to strick back when you have been hit? If a human being is hurt or tormented he tries to defend himself as best he can. Why can't dogs or cats do the same thing without arousing the cry of "mad dog" or "mean-tempered?" I had a friend who delighted in teasing animals. I remember one time especially when he kept pulling Dick's tail. Finally the cat struck out and a line of blood appeared across the back of the boy's hand. I was surprised that the cat didn't do it sooner than he did.

I feel that Miss Greer has let her imagination run wild. She talks about cats as though she had been reading Poe's *The Black Cat*. Dick used to walk through a room or stalk majestically across a street as though he were indeed the "Boss." I can't remember anything "slinky" about him. And as for green eyes, a great many nice people have them. Don't you believe that some green-eyed cats could be nice?

DAYBREAK

By Marion Welch

Very early one August morning I slipped my feet into a pair of sneakers, drew on my ancient rose corduroy, and stole softly out to perch on the orchard gate to wait for the sunrise. The orchard (or rather the ex-orchard which is at present a pasture) slopes up toward the east, so that my neck was strained in order to see the sky, which was swiftly becoming tinged with rose. Babe-horse came up and nudged me inquiringly with her warm, damp muzzle, and I placed my arm around her sleek, chestnut neck, and waited.

There is something about an early August morning that makes it different from other mornings. The heat is forgotten, and a coldness as of death broods over all the earth. And so it was on this morning.

Babe-horse's ears were pricked up, catching the countless tiny noises of a new day. A crisp, cold breeze brushed over the tree tops, and rushed through the woods on the hill, murmuringly. Inside someone was building the fire, and the dull thud of wood and the rattle of coal on iron came clearly to me. Little by little the sky became lighter and less rosy. The front door swung back with a screech of old, rusty, hand-wrought hinges, and crashed against the wall. In the distance a horse whinnied, and Babe answered. Cocks crowed, and were answered by other crows, far distant.

Everything seemed to be awakening. The tinkle of the distant sheep bells mingled with the "baa-baa" of the flock. From over the eastern ridge a throaty steamer sang forth at intervals, as it plied the Ohio on its morning run to Marietta. And suddenly, with a blinding flash of gold, the sun rose. Within, someone called.

THE ATHEIST

By Catharine Marsh

Quickly I sway with every passing wind,
Uncertain of direction,
Purpose, light,
Standing on my two feet, here, alone,
And they not deeply rooted.
Godless, I am—which is to be
Like a sunflower in a sunless world.

ON STUDYING

By Sophia Wisdom

All studying, to paraphrase Caesar's well-known passage on Gaul, is divided into three methods. The first, dignified by the name of "interruption", is advocated by some students; the second, called "inspirational", by others; while the last, classified as "imperative", is the resort of every student at one time or another in her college life.

To be a true disciple of the "interruption" method, you must follow these directions implicitly. First, clear your desk of all unnecessary articles, such as letter openers, blotters, books, dogs, and other inevitable accoutrements of a typical college desk. Then lay out the necessary material for the preparation of the next day's assignments. This will probably require the better part of ten minutes. Sit down at the table with a prayerful attitude, to accustom yourself to the unusual idea of concentration. Open the text of your first class, and turn to the page where the lesson begins. If you fail to have this bit of knowledge, arise and instigate a search for some member of the class who has it. Having ascertained this important bit of information, return to your desk. Read carefully for fifteen minutes. Then close the book, assume an attitude of deep thought, and review what you have read. If you are able to remember, very well; if not, don't let it worry you, for probably no one else in the class will know it either. Then think of something which needs to be rinsed out, a pair of hose, for instance, and suit your action to your thoughts. This bit of mental labor will relax the mind and permit a more facile preparation of the next lesson. Repeat the process as many times as you have lessons, and you will undoubtedly be one of the more intelligent girls on the morrow.

The second line of attack differs radically from the first, as the name would indicate. All knick-knacks may be left undisturbed on the desk, and especially a picture of the "one and only" must remain, or the procedure will fail utterly. This method may be used to best advantage when writing a short theme, or a book review of some sort. Place clean sheets of paper before you, and start writing. If any difficulty is experienced in conceiving a brilliant opening sentence, glance at the photograph. Think of all the witty things "he" might say at the beginning of such a paper and you will be sure to receive an inspiration. During the construction of the remainder of the theme, if any unexpected difficulty presents itself, gaze fixedly at "his" noble brow and firm chin, and you will attack the problem with renewed vigor. As a last resort, when all other methods fail, look out at the moon and think of the last time you were together. This will inspire you to such a degree that the entire paper will be written with an ease such as you never dreamed of possessing. The "inspirational" method is recommended chiefly to those deep in love.

The "imperative" mode of study

differs somewhat from the other two in that it occurs after "lights". It is advised strongly by all housemothers. To employ this method you should first have an assignment of considerable length, which has been assigned for all of four weeks, but has been left until the last night. A second requisite is that you be a lover of ease. The preparation is quite complicated, but very satisfactory when complete. First, select a dry bathtub where the faucet is not addicted to dripping. Spread a nice warm blanket in the tub so that the bottom and sides are covered as much as possible, and arrange a number of pillows for a back-rest. Then collect all of the necessary materials for the writing of the manuscript—paper, pen, eraser, reference books, and notes previously collected. These materials may be augmented by a tin can of cookies; tin because such delightful noises are the result of accidental contact with the porcelain of the tub. This noise is a great aid to concentration, as is also the struggle to find the opening of the can while continuing to write. The materials will inevitably become lost in the folds of the blanket, and the papers will become hopelessly mixed, but think nothing of it, for everything will eventually reappear. As the night wears on, your eye-lids will probably droop. The remedy for this condition is to climb from the tub and saunter down the hall to a drinking fountain where ice-water may be dashed on the face. The stimulating effect of this procedure is truly marvelous. Then return to your improvised study-nook and begin to write with renewed fixity of purpose. The paper will soon be finished, in some form or other, and you can then seek your bed with an appreciation never before experienced. Indeed, this is the chief virtue of the "imperative" method.

Have no qualms in accepting these methods, for prominent educators have endorsed them all as the most efficient ways of obtaining success in all types of classes. Feel assured, therefore, that you will be rewarded for any efforts you may choose to make in the line of study.

SUGGESTIONS ARE WELCOME

By Nancy Key

My problem is a universal one. There are few men or women who can look the world unflinchingly in the eye and say, "Under normal conditions, I have never gone to bed and found it impossible to sleep." In fact, sleeplessness might even be called a common occurrence in the lives of an alarming number of nice people. One never hears about a cave man throwing himself down at night beside a fire, and then being unable to sleep; he always falls instantly into deep slumber. Insomnia is an evil which seems actually to be a product of our civilization. Obviously, something should be done about it.

I do not pretend to be an authority on the subject, but from my humble personal experience, suggest a few methods which might relieve fellow-sufferers. The first thing to be done in outlining an aggressive plan of campaign is usually to explode someone's pet theory. In this case, the theory is the old one that sleep may be captured at once by counting endless imaginary sheep hopping through a hole in an imaginary wall. However, the ease with which my mind can wander from the main issue is remarkable, and it is no time before I am wondering how it occurred to the sheep to clamber through the hole, and whether sheep have black or pink eyes. There is one pitfall which lures every victim of chronic in-

somnia and which spells instant ruin—the temptation to think tensely about a subject, preferably a fanciful one, until the senses are wide awake and elusive slumber has fled.

As for positive cures, I have tested innumerable ones. I have chained my mind to any amount of dull thoughts; I have recited inane verses over and over interminably. I have counted the cracks on the ceiling until I have memorized the correct number and there has no longer been any need to count. My last trial, however, was the only one that ever truly accomplished its purpose. During the past summer, my father offered me twelve dollars to read H. G. Well's *Outline of History*. Since I was at that state, no doubt a familiar one in this time of depression, where I would read anything for twelve dollars, I agreed, unfortunately. I always managed to jolly myself into putting off reading it until bedtime, and it proved an infallible remedy for insomnia. (So potent, indeed, was its influence that I have never had another attack of my malady, and, with no reflections at all on the book itself, am delighted to recommend it to suffering humanity.)

THE ANTI-FAT LEAGUE

By Maude E. Dorsett

Before I came to school I pledged myself to return home with my girlish figure intact. Others had gone away to college and had returned so much heavier that I didn't want to look as they did. I even boasted that I wouldn't gain. They laughed and warned me, but I have listened and heeded too late. I am gaining and gaining rapidly, in spite of my many preventions.

The first week I managed very well. I was homesick; and everything was so new and exciting that I couldn't eat. After things settled down, my weight started going up. I blamed the first few pounds on the box from home, but after those goodies were devoured, my avoirdupois was still on the ascent. I resolved to discover the cause. First of all, I examined my expense account. Such items as ice cream, 10c, candy, 10c, cookies, 15c, stood out as a cause of my present anxiety. I'd have to cut out the Tea Room, the joy of my off-hours.

Now I didn't want to be the only one who was gaining. So I asked my associates if they had noticed any difference in the fit of their clothes. To my relief, they had. Consequently, we are banded together as "Sisters of the Anti-Fat League."

The rules and regulations of this worth-while organization are very simple. No one is to take a second helping at the table; the Tea Room is to be avoided; boxes from home are regarded as dormitory property. Although these laws are not complex in direction, their execution means work, exercise, concentration, and will power. My days are overshadowed by trying to apply them. I oversleep and miss breakfast; I have classes or practice hours all morning; then comes noon and lunch time. What am I to do? Starve or violate an ace of the sister league?—that is my dilemma. By late afternoon my idea of a light lunch has reached the proportion of a Thanksgiving dinner. I am confronted with that problem of eating or regaining my once sylph-like figure. At dinner I am in the same situation. Thus, my days are miserable for want of food.

The meetings of the Anti-Fat League are held every evening after study hour. Then a full report of the day is given and the black marks are recorded. For entertainment we roll on the floor and rock on our stomachs. The meeting is closed by our mount-

ing the scales. With our eyes alert and every muscle trembling, we read the markings on the scales. Have we gained or—or can it be that we have lost a quarter of a pound? Exhausted from so much exercise but proud of our efforts, we tumble into bed with the hope of losing enough to get into our formals by Christmas vacation.

Praise be to the Anti-Fat League and all that she stands for! Success and slenderness to her!

"MOODS"

By Annette Fleischbein

I am an extremely moody person. The least little occurrence can cause me to be elated beyond measure, or else to be plunged in the deepest melancholy. Perhaps I am affected most by the weather.

On a rainy day, it isn't hard to be depressed and sad. The solemn drip, drip of the rain, falling from the leaves or pattering softly on the roof, seems to be reminiscent of all the sad things that have happened. On these days my mind wanders far away, back into the long-ago, or I begin to think on very profound subjects, even, at times, to meditate on my own shortcomings.

Then, in contrast, when the air is frosty and nipping and the gay autumn sun shines brightly, my spirits rise to their highest. I am inclined to be joyous and happy. Have you ever watched a beautiful horse on a day like this? He raises his head high, full in the wind, and runs, runs for the supreme joy of it! Sometimes I wish I could do the same thing, just be turned loose at my own pleasure and race, with the breezes blowing through my hair. But it is very seldom that such an occasion offers itself; so I merely take an invigorating walk which serves the purpose admirably well.

Then come the cold, winter days, with the biting winds and frosty nights, when one hardly dares to venture out. Now is the time to draw a comfortable chair up close to a roaring fire, while the snow and sleet beat sharply against the windows and the wind sings and whistles around the corners. Outside, the twinkling streetlights catch the gleam of the tiny drops which are drifting in the wind. They glisten like the most precious stones. All the while I am sitting in a warm, cozy room, reading a book and munching some sweets. Then, I lay the book aside and dream, dream of pleasant things, or in my mind, go over all the beautiful places I have visited. Then slowly, slowly, my thoughts become confused and I drift off into a beautiful land of dreams.

AESOP TIPS

By Margaret Ringer

The grasshopper plays through the summer.
The ants work hard.
The grasshopper shivers in winter.
The ants keep warm.
And in the spring there will be millions
More ants by the thousands and millions
Who will work and work through the summer,
In order to live well in winter.
But there will be lots of grasshoppers, too
And they, at least, will have fun.
Why should ants work and work
To the end that there be
More ants who will work and work?
I think that's a bit
Provincial.

Armistice Day

Mr. Channing Pollock, playwright, will speak to the Lindenwood students on November 11, Armistice Day. Mr. Pollock has written 'The Fool', 'The Enemy', 'Mr. Moneybags', and 'The House Beautiful'. Everyone is acquainted with some work of Mr. Pollock, and is anticipating with great pleasure the chance of hearing him talk.

Confidences of An

L. C. Diary

Friday, October 27:

The Hallowe'en Dance—The Hallowe'en Queen! Wasn't she darling! Why do people look so cute and yet so crazy at masquerades? When I came to my room after the dance, I had forgotten my assumed identity—, imagine my surprise when I saw a funny looking man staring at me—from the mirror.

Monday, November 2:

Who invented week-ends which begin early Saturday morning and end late Sunday night. Also—just what sort of nonchalance should I assume, Diary, when a command for the "Imperfect Subjunctive of Avoir" interrupts my mental review of Saturday night? This was Silence Day—at least the Freshmen did not get many orders today. Tonight they got their cut little green caps and capes at a very impressive ceremony. Early to bed, for tomorrow is THE DAY.

Tuesday, November 3:

It's over! It was fun! But then, I'm not a Freshman. Out on the Quad, at 6:30 to watch the antics of the Frosh under the haughty directions of the mighty Sophomores. To Breakfast—To Breakfast for the third time this year. A Trial for the Freshmen was held in Chapel. Again the Sophs held forth royally in the Dining Room. At Dinner, when all the Freshmen were given a rose and the sister class songs were sung, everyone looked weepy. What a funny time to cry. The dance was grand. The Sophs had decorated the Gym with darling silhouettes of typical scenes of the day. Was I ever so tired?

Wednesday, November 4:

The Juniors beat the Freshmen in the Hockey Game. What a pretty day. Two letters which inspired me to sleep all afternoon. A theme to write. A report to read. Mother Roemer and the House Mothers went to Bagnell Dam. Shall I buy a brown velvet dress or a black one? Do you know, Diary, that there is wheat in almost everything we eat? Why isn't the plural of moose, meese? I'm sleepy again. Goodnight.

Thursday, November 5:

This was just another day. To class; to chapel; to lunch; to class; to town; to the Post Office; to dinner; and so to bed.

Death of Miss Taylor

Saddens Lindenwood

The faculty and students are grieved over the death of Miss Goldie Taylor, who was for two years assistant librarian of the college. Miss Taylor was in ill health most of the summer, and after a tonsil operation in St. John's Hospital in St. Louis she developed pernicious anemia. On Thursday morning, October 29, she died at the home of her brother in St. Louis. The funeral services were held Saturday morning at her home church in Lebanon, Illinois.

Before coming to Lindenwood, Miss Taylor was employed in the St. Louis Public Library. While at Lindenwood, she was very popular among both students and faculty.

Superior Salesmanship Getting Good Results

The first annual "Linden Leaves" sale of the year was held in front Dr. Gipson's office on Wednesday afternoon from two until four and again on Thursday afternoon at the same time. The books sold for \$4 on this first sale. This sum could be divided into two payments with a down payment of \$2.50 and the rest payable on one of the future sales, but a great many of the girls preferred to pay the whole sum of \$4.00 at once. The price was cheaper than usual and there was a fine response on this first sale. The price at the next sale, which will take place during the first week of December will be \$4.50, and the price will go up fifty cents or each sale until the final price will be \$5.50.

There is a prize of a free annual offered to the member of the annual staff who promotes the most sales throughout the year. There are a great many reasons why every girl in college should buy an annual. By means of the annual you secure a record of the year to take school home with you. It is your daily opportunity to secure a complete chronicle of the year's activities. And then for friendship sake, to remember your classmates. You may think now that you will never forget them, but names and faces slip away sooner than you think and in just a year or two you'll be glad to have that annual to refer to when you are trying in vain to remember some old classmate. A great many of you here are from far away and your families have never seen your school. What better way can you use to show the folks back home what college is like than your annual? You'll buy an annual because "everybody's doin' it," and after all, it is your book—the record of your school in your day, edited by your classmates.

There are just four more Saturdays to have pictures taken. There can't be an annual without pictures, and your picture is as important and needed just as much as your neighbor's. Be fair to your friends and have your picture in the annual.

German Class Edits Paper Club Meets Once A Week

"Pandora's Box", which usually calls to mind the fairy tale of that title, now has a new use in serving as the name of a German paper which Mrs. Jennings's 11 o'clock Intermediate class puts out every other week. Each member of the class has a position on the staff. Doris Oxley is editor, Margaret Carter has charge of humor, Matilda Cönover of advertising, Marietta Hansen of Society, and Virginia Graham, Lillian Wilson, and Grace Ritter are news reporters.

Not only by organizing the newspaper has Mrs. Jennings changed the method of instruction, but in various ways is trying to create a German atmosphere so the language may be learned as a living one and not merely as a series of grammatical facts. Each week a club meeting is held and at each meeting a different president and secretary preside. A program consisting of stories, games and songs helps to make the meetings interesting. Posters, which consist of articles of interest to every nationality, German names, and speech exclusively in the language being studied, make that study fascinating.

By using these various methods in carrying out her purpose, Mrs. Jennings hopes that eventually the girls will act out plays which they have written themselves, that they shall be able to converse freely in German.

Personal Responsibility

Dr. Miller Addresses Assembly

Dr. Edmund F. Miller of the Tyler Place Presbyterian Church of St. Louis spoke to the assembly on Thursday, October 29, at 11 o'clock. Dr. Miller is a frequent visitor at Lindenwood and is very popular with the students.

For his subject Dr. Miller chose the story of the Golden Calf which Aaron molded for the people of Israel to worship while Moses was on the Mount. He compared life's materials to the golden trinkets thrown into the fire of desire and the golden calf to the image we make of our lives. Dr. Miller said that we are ready to deceive ourselves into believing that the form which comes out of the fire of human experience, is an inevitable thing, a work of God or fate. But, Dr. Miller declares, "You are not what the fire makes you but what you put into the fire." Aaron denied to Moses that he placed in the flame a molten form of the gold he had collected, and just so we deny to ourselves that the experience and life material we have collected is molding the form of our characters which are to emerge from the fire.

Dr. Miller explained that the reason for this self-deception and self-justification was the individual's sense of responsibility to self and to life. "Life," he said, "is an overwhelming parade which buries the inner life of the individual." But the Doctrine of Christianity is to exalt a sense of individuality and personal responsibility and raise the inner life above the ravages of the fire of human experience. "The escape from manufacturing golden calves to worship," Dr. Miller concluded, "is found in a character ashamed to blame the fire of environment for the result which comes from the flame."

Senior-Soph Game Opens Hockey Season

Hockey! The season opened with a big game on November 2, between the Seniors and Sophomores. The Senior-ites, in spite of their age, forgot their dignity, and rushed to the scene of battle, armed with hockey sticks, and clad in blue sweaters to meet their worthy and more agile foes, the Sophomores. The umpire, Helen Everett, blew her whistle, and both sides scrambled up and down the field, puffing and blowing, socking hockey sticks right and left, striking at the ball, sometimes cracking the knee of some unfortunate. Frenchy, the Senior captain, lustily careered her team onward against those tough Sophomores, headed by that old sportswoman, Reith. Morgan rushed madly about, mumbering to herself as she dribbled. Pee Wee, the famous Senior wing, flew to and fro, swift for her size, to knock the ball from the Sophomores. "Yea, rah rah!" screamed the noble supporters from the sidelines, as the battle ended with no fatalities, several bruises, and the score two to nothing in favor of the Sophs.

"Live Properly"

Miss Tucker and Miss Anderson address Orientation

Thursday, October 29, Miss Tucker, and Miss Anderson, both of the Home Economics department, addressed the Freshman Orientation Class.

Miss Tucker's subject was, "The Hygiene of Clothing." Clothes must be good for both body and mind, she said.

"Hygienically speaking, clothes have

ON THE CAMPUS

Seniors and Sophs turn athletic—two Seniors on hockey team do excellent polo work—Silence dimly lit auditorium—a haughty Soph, a trembling Frosh—College rises at six—green caps and capes—four Marx brothers—snake charmer—commands and obedience—peace comes with roses—groggy students in classes the rest of week—annual sales—horrible case of stammering hits five people on third floor Irwin—inmates of Sibley can't talk without tongue in cheek—"Take me back, Iggy, take me back to Nutty-crest! Packard—Inoleum—"Leaves come tumbling down round my head"—solos—bright and fair—thus endeth thith week.

WHO'S WHO?

A petite body, gentle hands, and a cheerful voice; always, both winter and spring, one finds this "next to mother" person in white, from tip to toe. She is continually at the rescue of sore throats, cut fingers, colds, pains and other ills of both teachers and students; making one feel all new again in less than no time.

Patience is her middle name and Smiles her motto. No need of telling who this is for it's really not hard to guess, but if you are "up a tree" go to second floor Sibley and turn to the right. Who is found? No other than "Nursie!"

not been given enough attention until lately." When we think of the past with its bustles, high heeled, pointed shoes, tight corsets and other monstrosities, we can see the progress of our age.

There are five physical requirements for healthful clothes, namely, normal temperature, adequate ventilation, cleanliness, dryness, and unrestricted styles.

"Foundation garments should conform to, not deform, the figure." Shoes are the most unhygienic part of our clothing.

There is the mental, as well as the physical aspect, to consider. Our clothes express our personality, therefore our time and thought should be put on an ensemble before it is bought.

"Analyze your figure, know yourself and your lines, carriage, type, and how you feel underneath, so that your clothes may suit your personality."

Miss Anderson spoke on "Diets", and the proper way to proceed with one. In planning a diet we need a knowledge of food values so that we may remain healthy, and not weaken our system, making it susceptible to the various diseases lying dormant.

Bad health from improper food causes a gloomy, discontented outlook upon life in general. Young women and girls are the worst offenders of dietary rules.

"The first essential is the right amount of necessary food stuffs." Miss Anderson gave a list of the number of calories used per pound per hour for various activities. She also gave a list of the amount of foodstuffs in which one hundred calories is contained.

Our diet should contain the proper amount of minerals, the most important of which are phosphorus, calcium and iron.

When dieting we should eat laxative foods, foods with low calory values, drink plenty of water, and attack the problem with determination. "Don't live to eat—eat to live efficiently."

COLLEGE CALENDAR

Tuesday, November 10:
5 p. m.—Alpha Psi Omega.
6:30 p. m.—International Relations Club.

Wednesday, November 11:
11:00—Armistice Day—Talk by Channing Pollock, Playwright.
5:00 p. m.—Sigma Tau Delta.
6:45 p. m.—Y. W. C. A. and Cabinet Meeting.

Thursday, November 12:
11:00 a. m.—John L. Alexander, St. Louis Representative, American Youth Foundation.
5:00 p. m.—Spanish Club.
6:30 p. m.—Pi Alpha Delta.

Friday, November 13:
6:30 p. m.—Freshman Dinner Dance

Saturday, November 14:
Missouri Conference Athletics for College Women.

Sunday, November 15:
Vespers—Dr. R. Calvin Dobson of the First Presbyterian Church, St. Louis, Missouri.

Monday, November 16:
6:30 p. m.—Student Council Meeting.

Tuesday, November 17:
5:00 p. m.—Student Recital.
7:30 p. m.—Alpha Sigma Tau.

Sidelights of Society

Miss Reichert, freshman sponsor, and Mary Priest, freshman president, have announced the committees for the Freshman Formal to be given next Friday evening.

Paper cutting is under the charge of Veri Schaumburg; costumes, Dorothy Finley, Evelyn Keck, and Alice Kerby; ceiling decoration, Jane Warner; side decoration, Elaine Barnes, Drusilla Aden, and Marion Hauck; dance programs, Barbara Everham; favors, Aline Graham, Juanita Mecklessel, Sybil Powell, Dorothy Miller, and Addys Brown; and program, Anne Briscoe and Winifred Diehl.

Delta Phi Delta, Lindenwood's public school music sorority entertained the faculty and public school music majors at a tea in the club rooms Thursday afternoon at 4:30.

Tearle Seiling, president of the organization, opened the meeting. Following her few introductory remarks, Miss Criswell explained the requirements of two hours of S and no grades below M for membership.

This was followed by a very interesting program. Albertine Flach played a harp solo, *Berceuse*, by Hasselmann. The next group was composed of two vocal solos, *Awakening* by Golde, and *Evening Song* by Gilberte. Thelma Harpe concluded the program with a piano group composed of *Torjusson's Northern Lights*, and *Moskowsk's Love Waltz*.

Mrs. Roemer was unable to attend because of illness, but Dr. Roemer and the entire music faculty were present.

Sandwiches, pastries, and tea were served as refreshments.

The officers of the sorority are: president, Tearle Seiling; vice-president, Katharine Davidson; secretary, Maxine Namur; treasurer, Albertine Flach.

The Nicolls girls who spent the week-end at Columbia celebrating home-coming are: Maxine Bishop, Emily and Eleanor Runnenburger, Alice R. Davis, Virginia Finley, Alice Standeven, Jean Brawnles and Charlotte Bennison.

Mary E. Priest spent the week-end, Oct. 30-Nov. 1 in Chicago.

Ruby Bishop spent the weekend at her home in Belton, Mo.

Rosine Saxe and Minna Krakauer visited in Columbia with friends this last weekend.

Helen Purvine went to her home in Pleasant Plains, Illinois for the week-end.

Minna Krakauer spent Monday morning in St. Louis with friends.

The first Civic Music League Concert of the year was held Tuesday night, at the Odeon Theatre in St. Louis. The Lindenwood girls who attended were: Maxine Namur, Vida Patten, Saraetta Hadaway, Helen Zimmerman, Audrey McAnulty, Mildred Reed, and Constance (or was it Mary Key?) Wandel. Miss Hankins chaperoned the party.

Several of the faculty members attended also. From all reports it must have been a lovely concert, and the next one, which will not be until December 15, is being much looked forward to.

Mary Jane Laughlin visited Dr. Pearl Thompson in St. Louis last weekend.

Betty Burrows and Margaret Rossy spent the weekend with friends in St. Louis.

A number of Lindenwood girls attended the exciting Missouri-Nebraska football game in Columbia last weekend. Among these were: Mildred French, Esther Groves, Caroline Frasher, Betty Sinclair, Sue James, Mary Louise Burch, Jean Brownlee, Mary Cowan, Minna Krakauer and Rosine Saxe.

Mary Jean Clapper took as her guests to her home in Omaha, Nebraska for the weekend of November 6, her Frances and Catherine Hull. They attended the Nebraska-Iowa football game at Lincoln, Saturday.

Shirley Haas and Dorothy Hamacher were the weekend guests of Roslyn Well at her home in St. Charles. They spent Sunday in St. Louis.

Katherine Erwin spent the week-end of November 6 with Jane Tobin at her home in Springfield, Illinois.

Lucille Meinholtz visited friends in St. Louis last weekend.

Ellnor Head was visited here by her parents last Saturday and Sunday. Sunday, Barbara Burton, Kathryn Burkhart, Barbara Bennett, Winifred Bainbridge, and Ellnor were their dinner guests.

Dorothy Brunswick spent last week-end at her home in Pittsfield, Illinois.

Louise Condon spent the weekend of November 6 at her home in Omaha, Nebraska.

Dorothy Wetzel was visited this weekend by her parents and cousin, Maxine Krone of Kansas City, Missouri, who took her into St. Louis for the weekend.

Marie Nord's mother and friends, Belle Elggs and Marian Woods, of Louisiann, Missouri, came to Lindenwood Friday and took Marie home with them.

Doris Martin spent the week-end at her home in Moberly, Missouri.

Margaret Ethel Moore left Thursday for her home in Trenton, Mo.

Martha Duffy spent the week-end at Stephens College in Columbia, visiting friends.

Jane Babcock spent the week-end in Kirkwood.

(Continued from page 1, Col. 2)

very unusual brown laced patent-leather sandals, which scarcely were evident beneath the long rippling skirt. The only jewelry worn was a pair of gold drop earrings.

In a truly gracious and queenly manner Addys received the ovations and acclaims accorded to the Halloween queen.

A court of peoples from many lands gathered. Habits of their native countries were forgotten and such sights as Queen Elizabeth in a regal purple and gold gown dancing with a common house-maid, were not uncommon. Juliet could be seen roaming throughout the crowds with a far-away look in her eyes, for alas, Romeo was missing from this court.

A bridal party always adds spice to any occasion, and the Lindenwood court possessed a very picturesque one. A priest in his robes headed the procession as the "sky pilot". He was followed by a child ring-bearer carrying the ring on a huge sofa pillow. Then came the bridesmaids, beautiful in taffeta dresses of several seasons past, and drooping picture hats made of dear old panama. The parents of the bride lent dignity to the procession, but their grief was too overwhelming. Father's hip-pocket was the source of much curiosity. It was lintment! The important members were kept till last. The bride, oh the bride! Very tall and sweet in her short white dress with a rainbow-colored belt, black shoes, and blue hose. Her veil was imported from various linen closets and was caught at the head with flowers gathered from her friends' last year's hats. Her bridal bouquet was well fitted to the season—autumn leaves! The groom appeared very insignificant beside the bride's height and dignity. Revelers followed the bridal party. Sambo, a mischievous Negro boy, finally succeeded in dislodging the imported veil.

Other persons in evidence were cowboys from the West, a tin soldier from a fairy book, Russians, Gypsies, Chinese, Dutch maidens, pirates, and Bowery girls. An ape captured from far-away jungles was lead around by his trainer. It was a remarkable ape, actually enjoying ice-cream. The fire-chief from Camden, Arkansas, came well prepared to put out a fire with his slicker and huge fire-hat. His close friend was "Lockjaw the Defective" who discovers anyone's secrets. Two "Saturday nite" lassies wore bath-towel gowns with a sponge and soap accessories. Similar to them were the Knight and Lady of the bath. A human clothesline with hose to spare, and a pug-nosed troubadour struck-up a huge friendship. They furnished their own music with a musical (?) alarm clock. A witch, capable of frightening Dracula, persisted in causing innocent victims to run and hide their heads. The only baby prodigy in existence was present. From its dress and infantile face one would gather that it was capable only of crying and sleeping. But this baby could walk, talk, and even dance. Many ghosts stalked about as if they might be keeping watch for some higher dignitary. The unseen ruler of the mixed and unusual court of pleasure never appeared to voice her approval of the proceedings. However, at midnight she could be heard playing the organ in Sibley chapel. Maybe she was trying

to convey that all was well in her Lindenwood court.

The prizes given for the most original and the funniest costumes were awarded to:

Maude Dorsett, who wore a costume very appropriate for a Freshman, that of a baby. Billy Wallace and Helen Thompson, disciples of Cleanliness were arrayed in bath towels, portraying "Ladies of the Bath." Helen Everett horrified everyone by her appearance. She was a combination of a "Crazy Man" and the "Wild Man of Borneo." Shrieking cries pervaded the gym when she moved toward any one person. Virginia Baker was a Mexican and if long noses show character, she was just overwhelmed with it. Her nose was at least 12 by 4. (Inches or feet? You guess!) Elizabeth French was a wash line. She was all hung up with hose, handkerchiefs, and other clothes one usually sees on a clothesline.

Members of the Faculty, who were outstanding in their dress were: Miss Reichert, the carpenter and Miss Anderson, a nurse. Dr. Terhune wore a very beautiful black lace Spanish mantilla, over comb in her hair. Dorothy Gehlbach was "Mary Sunshine" and Miss Torrence a "Nigger Boy."

Paper On Folk Lore

Kappi Pi, National Honorary Art Fraternity, met Wednesday, November 4, in the art studio. The new officers performed their duties for the first time at this meeting. The roll was called to which each member answered with a current event concerning art. Business was next discussed and the Kappi Pi members have agreed to sponsor a Christmas card sale this year. The President, Norman Rinehart, read a paper, 'Folk Lore and Its Influence on Modern Art.' The meeting then adjourned until January, 20.

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TONIGHT

Bob Steele in
"THE NEVADA BUCKAROO"

Wednesday
Constance Bennett in
"BOUGHT"

Thursday—Friday
Oscar Hammerstein's
Sigmund Remberg's
"CHILDREN OF DREAMS"

Saturday
Dorothy Sebastian—Bill Boyd in
"THE BIG GAMBLE"