

# LINDEN BARK

Vol. 7—No. 6

Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Missouri, Tuesday, November 11, 1930.

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## Game, Sermon, Dinner, Tea-Dance, Gifts, Play

Thanksgiving Day is always looked forward to by the students not only because it is a holiday but also because it is a day filled with all kinds of interest for everyone. The program for the day will open with a hockey game between the Seniors-Sophomores and Juniors-Freshmen at 9:30. Pep squads for the different classes are formed which will add to the enthusiasm.

At the eleven o'clock assembly Dr. Frank S. Arnold, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Butler, Missouri, will deliver the Thanksgiving address. This is to be followed by the dinner in the dining room which all the old girls know about and the new girls have heard about.

In the afternoon the Y. W. C. A. distributes its annual box to the poor farm. Members go around to the inmates and ask them what they would like to have on that day. Each person is given what he asks for. At 4:30 the Y. W. C. A. entertains with a tea dance in the gym. For the occasion it will be decorated in the fall motif.

The big day closes with a play under the direction of Miss Gordon. The play selected for this year is "Lucky Break" by Zella Sears. It is a farce comedy and from all reports will be very good.

## ON THE CAMPUS

Brilliant new hockey sweaters... hockey tournament with Mary Louise Bowles and Doris Force receiving injuries in loyally defending their classes. Steak for dinner Tuesday night. The gorgeous weather continuing... More new fur coats. Friends of Betty Stoutenborough motoring down from Springfield to see Dean Gipson because they admired her book. Helen Garret receiving flowers. Frantic, last minute preparations for the Freshman party... green capped students dashing here and there... That's been the Lindenwood campus for this week.

## From the Dean's Office

Dr. Gipson is very busy these days finishing her interview with students so that she can leave this week for Kansas City where she will attend the convention of the State Teachers' Association. She has also begun work on next year's catalogue and is registering students for degrees and certificates to be awarded at commencement next June.

**Silence**, Dr. Gipson's novel, is still receiving favorable mention. She has been invited to speak to the St. Louis College Club on this subject on November 18. She intends to talk of the background of experience necessary in writing such a historical novel and will read passages from **Silence** to illustrate her points.

## Hallowe'en Bogies

Dinner De Luxe, Queen and Costumes

Of the nine girls chosen to represent the freshman class in the competition for Hallowe'en Queen, Sarah Burgess of Larned, Kansas was elected Queen by the vote of the entire student body.

At the informal masquerade dance held in the gymnasium in Butler Hall Friday evening, October 31, to celebrate Hallowe'en, Sarah was crowned as the royal Queen, amid much festivity. She was indeed a regal beauty, attired in a beautiful black chiffon formal gown with rhinestone accessories. Although the news of her election was as much a surprise to her as to the students, she conducted herself with an enviable amount of poise during the coronation march, when she promenaded to the entire length of the gymnasium, unattended.

A short program was arranged to celebrate the coronation. Six girls, dressed in checked gamblers suits and grotesque faces, gave a most unusual clog dance.

After the coronation, Sarah received congratulations from Mrs. Roemer, Dean Gipson, the housemothers and her many friends.

The costumes of the other guests at the dance were quite unusual, since there was only one ghost and no witch get-ups; all of the students responded so well to the masquerade and some most interesting effects were produced. There were costumes of all sorts and descriptions, pirates, pierrots and pierettes, vampires, sailors, cowboys, polo players, and even the clergy were represented. The prize for the funniest masquerade went to Charlotte Kanealy and Carolyn Frasher, who were dressed identically in striped flannel nightgowns, tennis shoes, and glasses, with their hair combed a la Topsy style. Madaline Johnson, attired as a hobo even to the bandana pack sack, received the prize for the most disguised, and Miriam Ashcraft was awarded the prize for the prettiest costume. Miriam was garbed in a Spanish shawl.

At the dinner preceding the dance, the dining-room was very attractive. Large lighted pumpkins sat on the piano and in the middle of each table was a little one. At each girl's place a noise-making device was placed. Oh! The noise that was made! It was enough to scare every ghost and goblin in the country away.

A Hallowe'en color scheme was carried out in the menu. There was chicken, cooked Spanish style and smothered in mushrooms; candied sweet potatoes; peas; hot rolls; cider; and olives and jelly. For dessert, vanilla brick ice cream with a little black witch riding a room stick in the center, was served.

The gym was decorated with corn husks. They lined the walls clear around, almost hiding the orchestra. The lights were covered with orange, lending a very mysterious atmosphere to the room.

## "To Live Is Christ"

Dr. Case's Sermon and Music Numbers

At Sunday evening vesper services in Roemer auditorium, November 2, at 6:45 o'clock, Pauline Brown sang a solo, "Oh Divine Redeemer." She was accompanied by Betty Leek at the piano and Katharine Davidson on the violin. The vesper choir sang "Open Our Eyes", a composition of MacFarlane.

Dr. Ralph T. Case of the faculty delivered the sermon on the subject, "To Live Is Christ." He took his text from Paul's Epistle to the Philippians Chap. 1:21. He said that this chapter gives Paul's philosophy of life.

Dr. Case said that to live Christ one must have a fundamental attitude of love. Love is the one thing to be sought and the one thing to be kept after it is attained. He gave the words of Christ as an illustration, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." He also added, "Love vitalizes life with its permeating spirit of good".

He emphasized the importance of eliminating selfishness in living Christ, "As self is bridled, life really becomes worth living." He said that the truly great man is one who has given himself up for the benefit of others.

One of the chief characteristics of love, according to Dr. Case, is sacrifice. He used as an illustration the hardships which Paul endured in serving Christ.

For a final rule in living Christ he advised a whole hearted devotion to the Kingdom of God. Religion cannot be ignored. He divided life into two sides, the making of living and the ventures in the spiritual world. The latter, the religious side of life, is just as important as the first.

In conclusion, he stressed the thought that the Kingdom of Christ is attained by the application of Christ's gospel to life.

## Sibley's House Party

Thursday night, October 30, Sibley gave its first house party of the season. Dancing filled in the time until the guests of honor, Dr. and Mrs. Roemer and Dean Gibson arrived. After their arrival Maxine and Camilla Luther and Martha Jane Keseling entertained with several popular numbers in close harmony. Indeed so popular were these numbers, that encores were requested. Refreshments consisting of vanilla and orange ice Dixies, cup cakes, and small cream chocolates were then served. The ten-thirty bell rang long before the girls were ready to leave, but Mrs. Wenger insisted that they had enough for one night. It was almost eleven before quiet reigned in the building, for everyone was telling each other what a good time she had.

Mrs. Wenger and Eleanor Kriekhaus, house president, are to be congratulated on their successful party.

Read the Linden Bark.

## Lindenwood To Entertain State Teacher's Meet.

Dr. Roemer, Dean Gipson, and Mr. Motley, will take a very brief respite from their duties to attend the Missouri College Union, which is in connection with the Union of the Senior Colleges of Missouri, and the State Teachers' Association. This meeting is of great interest and importance to educators throughout the state, is to take place in Kansas City starting November 14.

The meeting is an annual event, and Dr. Roemer always gives a luncheon for the old Lindenwood girls of the city—in which it is held, and especially for the former Lindenwood girls who are among the teachers attending the convention. This year the luncheon is to be given Friday, November 14, at the Hotel Muehlbach, in Kansas City.

Many of the teachers throughout the state claim Lindenwood as their alma mater, so without a doubt the attendance at the luncheon will be large, enabling it to take on the festive air of an alumnae meeting.

## Unusual Honor

### To Dr. Roemer

President Roemer was one of three Protestant ministers of St. Louis and vicinity, who were invited to attend the dinner given for Cardinal Hayes of New York by the Catholics of St. Louis at the Hotel Chase in St. Louis, Wednesday night, November 5.

Dr. Roemer was especially honored by being placed at the head table with the Cardinal. The other two Protestant ministers present at the banquet were Dr. A. H. Armstrong, executive secretary of the Church Federation and Dr. M. Ashby Jones, pastor of the Second Baptist Church of St. Louis.

## Lindenwood Will Remember

The college expresses deep regret at the death of Miss Helen Stumberg, mother of Dr. Stumberg the college physician, who died Monday night, November 3. She was eighty-one years old. So many of her family have been connected with the school. Miss Frances Stumberg, a granddaughter, attended school here for four years and is now on the college faculty. Dr. Stumberg, besides being the college doctor, is on the board of directors.

Dr. Roemer officiated at the funeral services. In his talk he mentioned how much Lindenwood was indebted to Mrs. Stumberg for the lovely flowers she had given to the school. She gave the bulbs that border the walk to Irwin Hall as well as other lilies and iris. The college will never forget her as she will live in the flowers.

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TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1930.

THE LINDEN BARK:

## "Toward Home!"

Bright flag at yonder tapering mast,  
Fling out your field of azure blue;  
Let star and stripe be westward cast,  
And point as freedom's eagle flew!  
Strain Home! O lithe and quivering spars!  
Point home, my country's flag of stars!  
My mother, in thy prayer tonight  
There comes new words and warmer tears;  
On long, long darkness breaks the light,  
Comes home the loved, the lost for years.

Nathaniel Parker Willis.

## "A Tribute to Mother Roemer, a 'la Birthday"

Birthdays may seem rather trivial things. And, in a way, they are. But, when it comes to our great heroes, national and otherwise, they really aren't trivial matters. Birthdays are days for celebration!

And, so it is fitting that we recognize the birthdays of those, even among us, who are great. Last Sunday, November 9, was the birthday of her who is the "mother" of all Lindenwood students; It is fitting, then, that we should celebrate Mother Roemer's birthday, with great joy.

There is no other among us who holds the place that she holds. No other do we appreciate and honor as we do Mother Roemer. She has made each of us feel welcome here, she has dealt tactfully and fairly with the girls' problems she has solved many of the difficulties that have loomed so large in the lives of Lindenwood girls, she has striven constantly and faithfully to uphold and maintain the standards of the College, and to instill into the heart and life of every Lindenwood girl, the high and noble ideals of our school. With Dr. Roemer, she is still carrying on, in a most admirable way, the work that was started here more than one-hundred years ago. We truly appreciate all of these things.

It is, then, to her who has always endeavored, as far as it is possible to take the place of our own mothers, it is to our own Mother Roemer, that we offer our best wishes for this and many more happy birthdays.

## "Armistice Day"

November 11, 1930. Today we all go about our work and play much as we would any other Tuesday in the year. However on this same day only twelve years ago something of vast importance in all our lives happened.

The Armistice was signed on this day. This agreement ended the greatest conflict of recent history. For years the strongest nations in the world had been destroying one another without any caution or thought.

Several weeks before the true ending of the war a false report had been circulated stating that the war was over. The world had gone wild. You can well imagine the excitement and joy when the real Armistice was signed.

All of America's youth turned out to offer everything to their country in her greatest need. They willingly risked their all to make our country one which we could be proud of. Some of them never came back to enjoy the peace they helped gain.

As a tribute to the loyalty of men to their country we might well afford to take a few moments from the mad whirl of the day and think seriously about them. Perhaps after a little serious thought we will better realize the benefits of this much talked of arbitration.

## "Because of Music Study We Are Better"

The study courses in arts offered in the college curriculum of today all offer advantages to the student but of these, music acts more upon the emotions and stands alone as a fascinating power in stimulating the soul.

George Everett Patridge, formerly a teacher in Clark University in his book of "Philosophy of Education" considers music as a study well worth consideration. He says the quality of music in schools is very poor, especially in this true of courses offered in music in the high schools. Music adds color experience, and makes a nation expressive.

There is need for an awakening to its value in America so that all may participate in its educational uplift. European countries offer training in the arts as an essential unit in the training of the student and not as an extra raffle in the finish one receives in the fashionable boarding school.

Statistics gathered by Rose Yont in her book "The Value of Music in Education" show that in most of the states music is recognized in the grade and high schools, but not required. The universities and colleges have certainly gone a long way in offering music courses which bring to the student the most worth and value.

Lindenwood College especially has demonstrated a vital interest in the promotion of music in the offering of good courses and well-trained and effi-

## Dr. Gregg Tells What Books to Buy

Dr. Gregg, an ever popular speaker, addressed the Orientation class Thursday, October 30, on the subject of Books. Her talk was very helpful as well as interesting as she told the class not only how to buy books but also what books to buy. Dr. Gregg said that Americans buy and read books for less than the Europeans. "We should read what we want to read and not be influenced by criticism of other people."

The best ways to buy books are through the Book Clubs. The oldest of these is the Book of the Month Club. There are also the Literary Guild, the Book League of America, and the Bonnte Paper-Back Club. "There are all sorts of other book clubs, some offering the best book of the month on religion, science and similar subjects. There is a lot to be said for this book club movement, especially in small towns where good books are not always available."

In St. Louis there are several places to buy books she said. Doubleday Doran is perhaps the best place. They may also be purchased at the department stores, Scruggs, Stix Baer and Fuller, and Famous-Barr. There is a tendency for books to be cheaper now, as they can be bought for as low as one dollar "If you do not want to buy books there are several places you can borrow them." There is a Public Library in St. Louis from which you can get any book you desire. In some of the department stores there are circulating libraries with a very small rental fee.

Dr. Gregg ended her talk with a summary of the worthwhile authors to read. In this list she mentioned Arnold Bennett, Joseph Conrad, Warwick Deeping, John Galsworthy, Sir Phillip Gibbs, Thomas Hardy, Sheila K. Smith, Hugh Walpole, H. G. Wells, Willa Cather, Theodore Dreiser, John Erskine, Edna Ferber, Zona Gale, Joseph Hergesheimer and Marthe Ostenso.

## Classic Numbers

A faculty recital, by Miss Doris Gieselman, soprano; Miss Gertrude Isidor, violinist; and Miss Eva Englehart, accompanist, will be given in Roemer Auditorium on Friday evening, November 14, at eight o'clock. The program follows:

- Voice—
- Ouvre tes yeux bleus.....Massenet
- J'ai pleure' en reve.....Hue
- LaFolletta.....Marchesi
- "Elsa's Traum (Lohengrin), Wagner
- Violin—
- Concerto No. 3.....Saint-Saens
- Andantion
- Allegro non troppo
- Voice and Violin—
- Panis Angelicus.....Franek
- Voice—
- The Time for Making Songs Has Come.....Rogers
- Balloons in the Snow.....Boyd
- O Think of Me.....Cerwonky
- Love Went a Riding.....Bridge
- Violin—
- Turkish March.....Beethoven-Auer
- Romance Andaluza.....Sarasate
- Persian Song.....Glinka-Zimbalist
- Tzigane.....Ravel

cient instructors. Not only may one gain training and knowledge of music in the Music Department but there are organizations such as the Choir, Choral and Orchestra which go far in proving of real worth to the student.

Music has come to mean much in the lives of the people. The radio is a great seller in the appreciation of music to the people. If this music which comes to us over the air is bad, it spurs us on to hear good music from sources such as the larger cities offer in concerts and operas. After all, our canned music coming from the radio and victrola is never as satisfying and stimulating as when we are able to see the artist as we hear his music. Appreciation of music must certainly be founded upon a study of it.

## Music and Charity

Miss Dorothy Detweiler, of the Music faculty, was greatly appreciated by all those who attended Y. W. C. A. on Wednesday evening, November 5, at 6:30, in Roemer auditorium.

Miss Detweiler sang two groups of songs, *Pleading*, by Gramer, and *The Look*, by Rasbach *The Sleep that Flits on Babies' Eyes*, by Carpenter, and *I Have the Sorrows*, by Ashby. Her selection of songs was especially pleasing and appropriate for the occasion, and she presented them in a most charming manner.

Madeline Johnson, as Chairman of the Social Service department, told of the work done by Y. W. during the year. She announced the fact that a white service would be held on the Sunday evening before Thanksgiving and on the last Sunday evening before Christmas vacation at which times collections will be taken for the poor people of St. Charles and St. Louis. There will also be a collection of clothes taken before Christmas. These things have formerly been distributed largely through Dr. King of St. Louis. This year, however, the Chamber of Commerce of St. Charles is cooperating with Y. W. and a large part of the work will be done here in St. Charles. The Social Service department is very anxious that the girls respond to this call.

Elizabeth Thomas, president of Y. W. and Eleanor Eldredge, vice-president, expressed the appreciation of the entire assembly for the cooperation of Miss Detweiler, whose program was wholly in accordance with the aim of Y. W.—that of helping all to live a full and creative life. They asked also that the girls should give suggestions as to the types of programs they like best.

## Eight Gifted Girls Entertain at Roemer

A student's recital was given in Roemer Auditorium at five P. M. on Tuesday, November 4.

The first to appear on the program was Blanche Edna Hestwood who gave a very good piano number, Beethoven's "German Dance, No 1". The next piano solo was by Martha E. Holmes who played "Nocturne, F. Minor" by Chopin. This was very well rendered with a nice touch and good interpretation.

The next group consisted of songs, the first two solos being given by Charlotte Lehrack. Charlotte sang nicely "Forever and a Day" by Gilberte, and "Night" by Brown. Kathryn Martin in her delightful voice sang "The Cave" by Schneider.

A violin solo which was greatly enjoyed was "Extase" by Gaume, played by Kathryn Eggen.

The last group of songs were sung by two of Lindenwood's favorites, Alice Denton and Frances McPherson. Alice sang "To a Rose" by MacFayden and "Song of the Open" by LaForge. Frances sang "Come, Ye Blessed" by Scott.

Albertina Flach completed the program with a piano solo "Fantasia, d minor" by Mozart. As usual Albertina gave a good performance and the first student recital was termed "a success".

## THE MARRIAGE OF BEOWULF

By Mabel Ponder

(NOTE: The poem "Beowulf" gives no record of the marriage of Beowulf; the only allusion to Freawaru is in Beowulf's report to his king, Hygelac.)

Many hundreds of years ago, in the land of Sweden there lived a great hero named Beowulf. In all the Northland there was no warrior stronger, braver, or nobler than he. His fame was so great and so widespread that, when sturdy thegns gathered in mead-halls from the Elbe to the Baltic, it was of the mighty deeds of Beowulf that the scop and the gleeman sang most often.

Now it happened that while he was yet a young man, Beowulf heard of a horrible monster, Grendel by name, who was ravaging Heorot, the mead-hall of the venerable Hrothgar, king of the Ring-Danes. Ever a lover of adventure and of battle, Beowulf gathered together a company of valiant athelings to seek this desecrator of the dwellers in Denmark. In their dragon ship, rimmed 'round with battle shields and decorated with noble armor, they sped over the whale-path to the land of the Scyldings.

While they were in the land of the Ring-Danes, many wonderful experiences befell them. Their noble leader, the great Beowulf, was able, after gigantic struggles, to kill both Grendel and the mere-wife, loathsome mother of the monster.

But, while he was in Denmark, yet another experience came to the brave Beowulf—an experience more wonderful than all the others because it was not of the body, but of the soul. It happened in this wise: the night before the great hero was to return to his native land, the worthy Hrothgar gave a great feast in honor of the deliverer of his kingdom. After the banquet, the mead-horns were passed to all the warriors by Wealhtheow, Hrothgar's lovely queen, and by Freawaru, his only daughter, whom, because of his fear of his war-like neighbors, the Heathobards, Hrothgar had betrothed to Hirdel, son of Froda, their king. Many tales had Beowulf heard of the beauty of the maiden Freawaru, but when she offered him the golden mead-horn, he knew that no words could truly tell of her loveliness. She was tall and well-shaped, as a daughter of the Vikings should be, with red-gold hair and eyes as blue as the skies in early autumn, before the Winter-King clothes the land with ice and snow.

All that evening, while the scop sang of his deeds and re-told the tales of the mighty Sigemund, Beowulf thought of the fair Freawaru. Lucky was the son of Froda to wed such a maid! Some day when the battle-field held less lure for him, he, too, would see an dwin a fair daughter of the North, who would give him sturdy sons to whom he could bequeath his armor and his swords.

Even after the return of Beowulf and his followers to their home in the land of Weders, the great hero thought of the lovely daughter of Hrothgar. It soon came that Beowulf no longer was eager for battle and for the nights of drinking and song in the mead-halls. Night and day, he thought only of Freawaru and longed for her loveliness.

One day after he had been home for nearly three months, Beowulf presented himself in the royal chamber and spoke to the king of the Weders, Hygelac, the brother of his

mother: "Oh, Hygelac! You who gave me rings and armor, who advised me in my youth, help me! I cannot live without the daughter of Hrothgar. Give me a hundred sturdy warriors, that I may go to her father, the king, and that I may fight to the death any man who denies the maiden to me."

Ever kind to the son of his dead sister, Hygelac gave orders that one hundred of his greatest warriors make ready to go to Denmark with the brave Beowulf.

Before many days had passed, Beowulf and his followers presented themselves at the court of Hrothgar. The worthy king of the Scyldings was sorely troubled when he learned of the mission of Beowulf. While he loved the mighty hero as he did his own sons, and while he had no slight reason to believe that the fair Freawaru would be most willing to marry the noble savior of Heorot, yet he feared exceedingly the wrath of Froda and of the son of Froda, should be sanctioned such a union. Although Beowulf was willing and anxious to fight the host of the Heathobards, yet Hrothgar hesitated to plunge the peaceful Ring-Danes into war with the powerful followers of Froda.

Finally the high priest of the Ring-Danes, the wise Hreththeow, was called down from his dwelling at the edge of the sacred wood which the spirit of Hertha, goddess of the earth, often visited. In his chariot drawn by the twelve sacred horses, white as the spume of the wave-crest, who alone of the horses in the land grazed in the sacred wood, Hreththeow drove slowly and thoughtfully back from the throne room of Hrothgar to the sacred wood. Binding himself with heavy chains of iron to signify his dependence on Hertha, Hreththeow entered the sacred linden wood to seek the advice of the goddess concerning the proper husband for the daughter of Hrothgar.

Early the next morning, the chariot of Hreththeow was seen coming down to Heorot, mead-hall of Hrothgar. In the royal chamber, the priest spoke to the eagerly listening king:

"Oh mighty king of the Ring-Danes, we are favored among mortals—the great and good goddess consented to speak with me. She decreed that the fair Freawaru must marry the noble Beowulf—the son of Froda is not so worthy a man as is the pride of the Geats. I also asked her if war with the Heathobards would come because of this marriage, but she answered never a word to that question. I go, oh king, and may the union be a happy and fruitful one, blessed as it is by all-powerful Hertha!"

The next day, the mead-hall of Hrothgar was filled with warriors and women. In a proud and stately manner, the bravest of the Weders gave to the king of the Ring-Danes many gifts of oxen, horses, fine armor, and wonderfully wrought rings—the purchase price of the most beautiful woman ever seen by Viking warrior. In return, the lovely maiden gave to her future lord a suit of golden armor, made at the forge of Thor and given by the god to her great-grandfather, the first of the Scyldings. After this fitting exchange of fine gifts, the noble Beowulf placed on the third finger of fair Freawaru's right hand a ring

beautifully wrought of gold and enamel. In this manner did the lovely daughter of Hrothgar become the promised bride of the noblest of the Northmen.

There was great rejoicing throughout the land of the Ring-Danes as preparations went forward for the marriage ceremony of the well-loved couple. From all Denmark, thegns and athelings gathered to do honor to the most beautiful maiden in all Scandia and to the bravest warrior in the world. Nightly great feasts were held in Heorot and the merriment grew as the days passed.

It happened that one of the thegns of Hrothgar was not mindful of the rings and of the armor that he had received from the people-king. For desire of gold, he fled to the courts of Froda, and told of the coming marriage of the one who had one-time been betrothed to Hirdel. The mighty Froda and the son of Froda were not pleased to hear of this breaking of oaths. They began secretly to gather ships and men to attack the Scyldings and the warrior hero of the Weders.

Even for the impatient Beowulf, the marriage day came at last. The night before, Heorot had rung with songs and laughter until long after Woden, the sun-king, had gone to visit the depths of hell. Yet the Giver of light and warmth had scarcely returned to earth again before there was a great stir in the mead-hall of Hrothgar. Every warrior arrayed himself in his noblest armor to do honor to the important event. As the long procession, led by the stately Hrothgar, the brave Beowulf, and the fair Freawaru, wound up the stone-paved road to the sacred wood, many admiring glances were given to the happy couple. Not few of the warriors would have been glad for a bride like the daughter of Hrothgar. Even in the bright light of the young sun, in her face and figure no flaw could be seen. Her dress was of fine purple cloth, covered by a tunic of white, wonderfully embroidered with golden designs. From her shoulder hung a fur mantle, lined with richest yellow. On her arms were bracelets of wrought gold and amber. And no northern maiden would have scorned the love of Beowulf; he was not unpleasing to the eye. On his strong body he wore a short tunic of flaming red woolen stuff, partly covered by a cuirass of golden scales fastened to leather, the skin of the reindeer. Of silver and bronze were his bracelets, his belt, and his helmet surmounted by the head of the boar. His favorite sword he carried and his shield of linden, decorated with designs of bronze.

At the edge of the sacred wood, the procession was met by Hreththeow, high priest of the Ring-Danes. After he led the way into the linden wood, there was no more of talking and laughing among the great host of warriors and women. At the very center of the wood, the company halted; with hands and eyes upraised, the wise Hreththeow evoked the blessing of Hertha. Then from the right hand of Freawaru he took the golden betrothal ring and placed it upon her left hand, thus signifying that she was no longer a maiden, but a bride.

Until the edge of the sacred wood was reached, one would have said that there was no tongue in all that vast procession. But, as the company descended the hill to Heorot, there was the pleasing sound of great rejoicing.

From the early afternoon, the mead-hall of Hrothgar was filled with banqueting hosts—never in all Denmark had such a feast been held. The tables were piled high with round loaves of bread, with all kinds of fish, with the flesh of the bear, of the reindeer, and of the wild boar, with snowy heaps of cheese, and with the ruddy wild ap-

ple; the great mead-horns were never long empty. Scops sang of the noble deeds of the groom, of the beauty of the bride, and of other marriages in other times and other places. There was great rolling of dice—many a warrior lost all his armor and even his freedom that night.

Three hours before dawn, all had become quiet in Heorot, and the warriors were slumbering heavily.

As the gray mist and fog of the night were slowly lifting from the earth and sea, the coast guard of Hrothgar saw far off the great fleet of Froda, with the banners of the Heathobards floating over the beak-prowed ship.

With great haste, the guards rushed to warn the sleepers in the mead-hall of Hrothgar, and before the great fleet had landed, all the warriors were aroused and armed.

Through the morning, through the noon, and until the late watches of the afternoon, the hosts of the Ring-Danes and the Heathobards fought at the water's edge. Great was the hewing with axes and the splintering of helmets, high rose the noise of spears, and red grew the blades of the swords. Finally, as Woden, the sun-god, was casting a last lingering look on the fierce battle, the great Beowulf succeeded in killing the body-guard of Froda and of the son of Froda. With a mighty thrust he drove his spear into the heart of Froda; then calling on his good sword Naegling, Beowulf clove the helmet of Hirdel; the two sides of the bronze helmet fell to earth with a clang, as the son of Froda sank on the sand.

At the death of their leaders the army of the Heathobards were thrown in confusion. They fled toward their ship, but few were the followers of Froda who reached home alive. The beach was aswim with blood of the fleeing foemen.

In honor of a victory nobly won the warriors of the Ring-Danes that night made merry in Heorot, but many hearts were sad, for early on the morrow Beowulf and his bride were to sail over the ocean path to the land of the Weders.

The next day, the fleet of Beowulf sailed for Sweden, following the path of the rising sun. Great was the grief in the hearts of the people to see the last of this noble company, but clear rose the calls of farewell from the shore as the bronze-beaked ships clove their way over the swanroad.

### ELEVATOR

By Maxine Luther

Outlined  
Against the silver evening sky.  
Across dry wheat fields  
And the tan, dusty mounds  
Of prairie dogs,  
Towers the one elevator,  
Sky scraper of the plains.  
There stretch  
On either side for miles on miles,  
Two gleaming rails.  
The towering elevator, darkening  
With the sky  
Stands gentle and strong;  
Watchman over the farmer's  
night.

### THE STARS ARE LITTLE KITTEN EYES

By Erna Louise Karsten

The stars are little kitten eyes  
That wink and blink and nod  
At you and me.  
And when a big black dog-cloud  
Comes blustering along,  
The little kitten stars  
All scamper away.

Read the Linden Bark.

## THE STORM

By Gretchen Hunker

There was a distant rumbling mumbling sound, so faint it could hardly be heard, as if it had come from some far-away planet. The air was heavy and close. Heat waves choked out all electric fans. Then again, I heard that strange, low rumbling coming, nearer than before, and a little bit stronger.

"There will be a storm," my uncle prophesied, "A terrible storm. Do you see that cloud?" We went out on the porch to get a better view of it. Heavy, black clouds were surrounding us. Darkness was descending over the entire landscape. The clouds were traveling in a seething mass as if they were racing for a prize. I followed my companion's pointed finger and, startled, jumped back. An awful funnel-shaped cloud was separating itself from the others. It twirled and whirled faster than I could count.

Suddenly, a breeze reached us. This revolved into violent wind, more stormy than fierce Orion, who wrecked Aeneas. It shook the tree tops and picked up the dust, blowing it into our eyes.

"It's traveling fast. You'd better go in", he told me in his calm voice that seemed to express so much knowledge. I wondered why he wouldn't come in with me. He told me he wanted to watch his first tornado. I was glad enough to go inside, for the lightning frightened me. Just then, the whirling funnel hit the ground. We could see it for miles over the flat prairie as it bounced over the land leaving destruction everywhere it touched. Without warning the winds changed their course and headed themselves towards the farm directly opposite ours. As I opened the door, I saw a ripping flash of fire followed by a clap of thunder, that almost shook the pillars from under the house. Then I heard a scream—the cry of a mother who had lost her child—and the house a little way down the road burst into flames. The storm was coming towards us. Through the torrent my uncle was shouting, "The cellar. Hurry!" But I couldn't make my muscles move. He ran back and dragged me through the falling trees to the door, forced it open, and dragged us both inside. We were just in time. When it struck us the noise outside was worse than a thousand thunders at once. It was only for a minute, however. When it had passed, my uncle opened the door and we stepped out again. It seemed as if I had been transported into a strange world. The house was—why there was no house. Only one room that had been located in the middle of the structure was left standing. The rest was swept by the winds and scattered all over the lawn. The picture of my grandmother was tilted on a fallen tree-trunk. The big trees were uprooted and stretched out on the ground. Only one side of the barn was standing upright. The hay and corn had been blown from its loft and planted in the fields for yards around. The roof was caught and wrapped around the few remaining trees that were stripped of all foliage. The once proud, white fence was laid low. The whole scene was utterly barren and forsaken. My uncle cleared his throat, reminding me of his presence. He, too, had been looking at the ruin of all that he had striven so hard to build, and of all he loved and cherished.

"Thank the good Lord", he said at last, in that same quiet voice, "that we were saved. He preserved us for a purpose, dear. There is something

## EVERYDAY IMPRESSIONS

By Burnette Billman

Monday:

The day is cool and gray—like a nun. Misty air blows in my face and through my hair. The yellow leaves of a tree look like a rusty gold gleaming behind another still green one.

Tuesday:

The rain pours down, refreshing the earth—and me, as it pelts my face. Girls dash from one building to another, their heads ducked, to avoid getting wet. How I should love to put on old clothes, and tramp through the wet grass in the rain!

Wednesday:

The sun smiles down softly once more on the wet earth. The leaves of the trees make intricate lazy shadows with the sunlight on the street. Girls are gathered in the tea-room, talking, laughing, and enjoying a mid-afternoon bite to eat.

Thursday:

A beautiful sunshiny day makes being outside a pleasure. The balmy air is typical of lovely, lazy Indian summer. The leaves fall softly now and then when the wind suddenly stirs. The auditorium has a haunted, spooky atmosphere. The only lights are red fuses, which cast grotesque shadows as the black-clad sophomores file silently by. Freshmen's faces have a look that seems to say, "What is this all about?"

Friday:

Although the evergreen trees will have their glory this winter, they seem sad now while the others are flaunting their flaming colors. A perspiring freshman, with a green cap perched on top of her head, is obediently raking leaves. A stern sophomore is standing near with folded arms.

## CONSTRUCTION

By Norman Rinehart

Men, clad in dusty overalls,  
Sweated and steamed,  
As they hammered with vigorous  
blows.  
High in the skeleton structure,  
Tidgits pounded and drilled.  
Below,  
The curious-city-crowd  
Paused to crane and watch  
The elevators, filled with laborers,  
Scale the framework.  
Men stood in perilous positions  
On steel shafts,  
Working above the scurrying traffic  
As they obeyed the orders given by  
foreman,  
Who swore and cursed in hoarse  
shouts.  
Heavily-loaded wheelbarrows  
Rumbled  
As they were hurried  
Over wooden planks,  
"Get a move on!  
Whadda ya think yer doin'?"  
Blared a superintendent,  
And the stream of workmen quick-  
ened.  
An architect,  
With a pencil in his hand  
Bent over pages of figures  
And frowned.  
The crowd stooped a moment  
To wipe the grime from their shoes,  
And then pushed on.

else on this old earth for us to do, before he takes us. Now let's walk over to our neighbor's and see if he came through as well as we did."

## PRAIRIE AT DUSK

By Pearl Hartt

Green-gray, it stretches long arms out,  
This wide and vast expanse,  
Tinted now with aureate beams,  
The sun's lax vigilance  
Has carelessly let drip and fall.  
A black and somber cloud,  
With tentacles like eagles' claws,  
Spreads darkly to enshroud  
These lingering gleams, then leaves  
all black.  
The rough but quiet sea  
Of sagebrush, with its steel-blue  
waves,  
Seems vacant now, and free,  
Within the depths of this black sea  
A lurid road is lost—  
Is swallowed by the murky shades  
Of low foot-hills, embossed  
With thrusting swords and sharpened  
spears,  
That pierce the very claw  
That clutches at their dangerous  
points.  
The stars look on with awe.  
A coyote shrills its yelping call,  
That makes the blood run cold.  
And now nigrescent night, the king,  
O'er all the earth has hold.

## THOUGHTS OF A RECLUSE

(On Coming to College)

By Jeanne Warfield

Morning after morning marked by a long wind-blown tramp over dew-wet hills, a collie, a -singing rain, or a flower lifting its sweet, wild face to the sun. The surging exaltation that comes of a splendid horse stretching, clean-limbed over a flying earth. The peace of a still evening before the hearth, a book, and flame-thrown shadows. Beauty, freedom, poetry.

Far behind me,—all this. Far from the moaning train and soot, and finally from the drab little station where I perched, with my thoughts, on a pile of luggage. Where was I, the real self that so short a time ago had romped a jolly farewell with a tawny chum? Bleakness, gray space instead of live, throbbing interest.

Beeedeedeep! "Taxi to the school, ma'am?"

I stared.

"Is this your luggage, ma'am?"

Utter vacancy.

The driver pushed back his grimy cap and scratched a patch of tousled hair. "Just where was you all headed fer, miss?"

I blinked rapidly several times, no doubt with returning consciousness slightly apparent. "Ohh!.....Yes.....No.....I mean I don't know."

Then fortunately something, probably the absolute incredulity registered on the face of the man, roused me to such heights that I could successfully point to the little green tag secured to my trunk. But my chauffeur was still rather dubious as he helped me out of the car, (a little too carefully I thought), and stated the price with hopeful eyes. I think he nearly fainted when I drew out perfectly normal money and paid him.

Registration rather seldom adds to one's lucidity of thought but at least it settled my ideas into some notion of definite routine. With this advantage I was under the impression, as I left the administration building, that at last my niche had been found, and after all, college life would fulfill itself. But "pride cometh before the fall." My thoughts were soaring with the flower-drenched air and black birds flying; suddenly she loomed over

## HOW TO BE A GOOD FISHERMAN

By Catherine Marsh

There is one precept that all women should remember if they expect to be allowed to go fishing with their fathers, brothers, or other relations, and that is that angling is the most masculine of all sports and as such should not be sullied by any exhibitions of female temperament. I am taking for granted that your escort is the ardent type of fisherman who will start out before the sun is well up and still be waiting eagerly for the next strike when it is so dark that he can scarcely see to bait his hook.

In the very beginning you must throw all your cherished habits and precedents to the four winds and get up immediately the first time you are called. You will find that for once punctuality augments your feminine charm, although the brusque atmosphere of the breakfast table may cause you to wonder if you are either feminine or charming. The process of loading up the boat or the car is an intricate one, requiring great generalship and experience. Your services will probably be bent in the direction of fetching and carrying—thermos-jugs, boat-cushions, tackle, lunch, oil-skins; and woe to your prestige in masculine eyes if you have not dressed suitably and object to hooks caught in clothing and water spilled or splashed on stockings.

The guide is the only person who will show you any tolerance; he has that aristocratic assurance resulting from long experience so that he is not afraid to sympathize with amateurs. He is also earning his living. He can be counted upon to bait your line, remove your catch, and, if you are casting instead of trolling, untangle the snarls. He may, under the soothing influence of a foul-smelling pipe, regale you with tales of former catches, when every strike was landed and the limit was reached in three hours.

More important than listening to these whoppers without any tell-tale twitching of the mouth, is your attitude when you catch a fish. It is generally conceded that women are better anglers than most men, because their hands are more sensitive and their gambling instincts keener. But beware of gloating over your spoils. A little mourning when you snag your line or reel in an empty hook is quite permissible, but anything more joyous than a poker-faced "Nice one, what?" when you actually land a fish, is simply unethical and not to be stomachied by the veteran.

Remember, be as unobtrusive as possible along conventionable lines, develop a profound aptitude for concentrating on nothing, make no womanly gestures, suppress all feeling of physical discomfort, and the first thing you know you'll rather enjoy the strenuous sport of being a good companion.

me, a tall, thin girl, with laughing gray eyes.

"Walkin' around in a big fog, kid?"

I stumbled up the stairs of the dormitory and into the tiny bare cell whose door bore only a number. A pedestal crashed. I sat down bleakly.

Somewhere lurks the vague memory of a wind-swept moor at dawn, and now,.....only the chaos of running feet, treble laughter, shouting voices, the ceaseless drum of scales, and white walls to hem in freedom.

Read the Linden Bark.

**"In Honest Doubt"**Dr. Miller Suggests Way to  
Firmer Faith

Dr. E. F. Miller, pastor of the Tyler Place Presbyterian church in St. Louis delivered a most interesting talk at the assembly on Thursday, October 30. He spoke to an attentive and enthusiastic audience on the necessity of doubting. Through intelligent doubting of accepting truths may come deeper faith and firmer belief in those truths.

Doubts arise from many sources, said Dr. Miller. They may come from intellectual conceit, moral disobedience, environment, or spiritual earnestness. Some doubters are the comfortable, fireside kind of people who are merely indifferent to the true aspect of doubting which demands that they live their doubt. Others are cynics, and this problem of cynicism is much more important than that of skepticism; these people just drift with the tide. Some people question accepted issues from spiritual earnestness, believing with Tennyson that "there lives more faith in honest doubts than in half the creeds." Thus the doubters are either great believers, utter disbelievers, or drifters.

There is a darker side for those who must win through honest doubt, for as Shakespeare said, "Our doubts are traitors." Jesus leads through the depths to faith so that those who come to see the "tender light of faith" must first suffer humiliation.

Faith requires daring, and Dr. Miller's plea was to "make faith the dominating factor, to scorn that which is debasing, follow the light which we do have."

**Lovely Fashion Show**

Madame Louise and Her Aids

The entire student body was the audience for a most unusual fashion show, conducted in the Salon of Madame Louise (Sara Stuck), which was organized to present the nine freshmen girls who had been elected by their class as representatives in the contest for the Y. W. C. A. Halloween Queen.

Evelyn Walker, Mary Louise Bowles, Margot Francis, Lucille Tralles, Ann Ragsdale, Helen Teter, and Ann Armstrong posed as guest patrons of the hostess. They were all charmingly attired in street ensembles and furs, black and white being the predominating effect.

The freshmen girls who acted as mannequins were: Sue Farthing, Miriam Ashcraft, Dorothy Gahuly, Jeanne Warfield, Mary Lou Tucker, Esther Groves, Mary Ann Haines, Katharine Durham, and Sarah Burgess. The girls modeled winter formals, in black, white, and pastel shades, with matching wraps of velvet. A few white lapin fur jackets were shown and both black and white long kid gloves.

During the intermission, while the girls were changing gowns, the guests were served with tea and cakes. Genevieve Michelson assisted Madame Louise and Frances McPherson favored with selections from her popular repertoire.

As a finale, the models grouped themselves in a semi-circle, forming a veritable rainbow of color against a black background.

Read the Linden Bark.

**Sports****Side Lights, Hockey Game**

It was gratifying to see the number of students who turned out to watch the games. Miss Stookey and Miss Reichert were among the present.

The Frosh added a touch of college spirit to the games by having a regular cheering section, with yells 'n' every thing. Peggy Gurley is to be given credit for not only did she organize it, but she got out there and lead the cheers. More power to you, Peggy.

Ellen Jennings added a bit of comedy to the games by "helping" Abie Olson run balls. It seemed as though everywhere Abie went, Ellen was sure to follow.

The Seniors had wisely brought a blanket out to sit on, but, strange to say, few Seniors could be found on that blanket. The reason was that the Sophomores know a good thing when they see it, and as soon as they saw that blanket they knew that that would be a good thing for them to sit on, and down they sat.

The huddle system was extensively used on the side lines. The ground was mighty cold, and after the sun went down the temperature also went down, making the huddle necessary to keep the spectators warm.

**Prospects of Hockey**

In order to insure impartial referees for the hockey games, Rose Keile has secured the services of a member of the St. Louis Hockey team, Miss Gertrude Webb. She is a graduate of Lindenwood, '28, and the donor of the present Hockey Cup. While attending college Miss Webb took an active part in athletics, winning her L. and being head of hockey one year. Since graduating she played on the St. Louis team, been chosen on the Mid-west team, and has been sent to Philadelphia to try out for the All American Hockey Team.

The new hockey uniforms made their first appearance last Monday. The Juniors chose blue, the Sophs, red and the Freshmen were appropriately dressed in green. The Seniors stuck to the conventional gym suit, donning their Viking sweaters after the game.

It is being rumored that there will be but two terms of gym this year instead of three.

**From South America  
To Farthest India**

The International Relations organization of the college met in the Library Club Rooms on Wednesday, October 22. Dr. Reuter and Miss Mitchell of the history department were both present. Seven new members were admitted and Charlotte Abildgaard was elected vice president.

The following program was given:  
"South American Revolutions"—Josephine Peck.  
"The Imperial Conference"—Jennie Jeffries.  
"Threatened German Revolution"—Lena Lewis.  
"The Russian Revolution"—Doris Force.  
"Peace Problems of India"—Anne Louise Kelley.

**Christmas Shopping Early**Untold Opportunities Right Here in  
College

Christmas will soon be here. Only forty-three more days until the 25th of December rolls round once again. Twenty-six more days of school and thirty-two more shopping days. Is it pible that all of the girls from dear old Lindenwood will soon be packing their bags and making general preparations for 'Xmas Holidays'? And that brings us to that nerveracking question, which is so much worse than the most fatiguing exam question "What shall I give?"

It is comparatively easy to pick something for the folks at home because they have repeatedly 'given hints', but the girls here at school. That is the distressing problem. They are so hard to choose for, because they are so critical and then, again, they seem to have everything that college girls should possess according to Hoyle. There is only one solution—the Post Office.

Miss Jeck suggests that the thundering herd pause for a few moments when passing through for mail and cast their eyes upon the gifts which are arrayed so fittingly opposite the mail windows. There one will find everything from jeweled pins to fountain pens and Kodak films. A great many of the upperclassmen do not need to be reminded of this fact having had experience last year, but for those who have forgotten about last year's shopping rush and for the new girls who have just entered Lindenwood this term, let this be a 'hint to the wise'.

A very good suggestion is the crested book ends, letter-openers and knives, book ends, and desk letter-holders. And useful? Oh, my yes. Wouldn't 'Roomy' appreciate a gift with the crest of dear 'Alma Mamma' on it?

Other friends might prefer the crested stationery arranged in price from 75c to \$1.50 per box, or, if she has changed the color of her room, a different colored blotter, perhaps, would be appreciated.

One might choose as your Christmas gift for other acquaintances here at school any of the various other articles such as compacts, brooches, and bar-pins which are surmounted with the College crest in silver.

There are, of course, other miscellaneous articles, such as pennants, golf balls, bathing suits, song books and laundry-cases, but that is a matter of taste.

There is an order in for tissue wrapping paper and tinsel ribbon for these same gifts so let's save ourselves time and many trips to town, by purchasing as many gifts as possible here on campus at the Post Office.

**Five Science Talks**

The Triangle Club, a science fraternity, held a meeting Thursday afternoon, October 30, in the Lindenwood club room. The club met to discuss some of the very eminent scientists. The discussion was carried on by five student lectures.

Elizabeth Clark reviewed Einstein. Elizabeth Thomas talked on Menel and his work, Marguerite Zimmerman discussed Audubon and his work, Verna Bredenbeck dealt with the work of Pasteur, and Margaret Schaberg gave interesting facts on the St. Louis chemists' work on insulin.

Read the Linden Bark.

**American Advertising's  
Effect on Horace**

The Roman Tatler for November 7 contained a long article celebrating Vergil. There was also a large picture of this immortal personage.

In the picture section there were pictures of Roman furniture, the Dome of St. Peter's from Aventine Hall, the Claudian Aqueduct, and "Agri Romani".

Under the column headed "Beggd, Borrowed or Stolen" there were some very clever jokes, poems and articles. Tantalus, the man who served his child as food to the gods received his share of comment. There was a very clever poem that was supposed to have been written by Horace after he had read some American advertising:

**POETRY OF COMMERCE**

Sarah Bellum

Lux sapolio tonsillitis duplex  
Iodent congoleum taxi speedex  
Camera tuxedo esysipelas rex  
Delco castoria.

Bakelite rem filmo sansco.  
Paintex oleo pyorrhea ansco  
Gaviar pax auditorium dento  
Phantasmagoria.

Halitosis simplex vacuum asco  
Regina texaco luxor tobacco  
Phoenix curio pepsodent duce  
Stucco tomato.

Cleanex electro Pontiac fatimo  
Radio domino cantilever asthma  
Piano prophylactic coca cola  
Felix mulatto.

**"Lest They Transform Me  
To A Piece of Cheese"**

The immortal character of Falstaff, presented by Shakespeare, has actually come to life again in a room in Irwin. What a difference a funny whiskered face, a hat placed jauntily on top of it, an old pair of sailor pants, a dark coat, and a few pillows can make.

After all these things were put together in the shape of a man, it was slumped in a chair before a table, its legs and feet stretched out on the floor. In one of its hands it held some cards belonging to a deck which was on the table in solitaire form. The other hand clutched a brown, suspicious looking glass jug as if it were about to pour something from it.

To add to this ghastly spectacle, a lamp was used to form the head. When turned on, it gave a weird yellowish tint of the already horrible face. The grayish, brownish whiskers, made of stiff yarn, protruded at a ridiculous angle. The little round cap on his stringy black hair added the last touch to this famous haunter on inns.

The creators of this famous Falstaff are Norman Rinehart and Pearl Hartt.

**WHO'S WHO?**

An old man ran from place to place in the gym on Halloween night swatting flies. At least the girl in question was dressed as an old man. Then last Wednesday, the same girl was wearing a patch over her eye, resulting for man injury received in the hockey game. This girl is a very attractive blonde with a charming personality. She holds a high executive position on the campus and has a high scholastic record. Can you guess who she is?

## COLLEGE CALENDAR

Thursday, November 13:

11 a. m.—Student Musical Recital, Roemer Auditorium.

Friday, November 14:

8 p. m.—Faculty Recital.

Sunday, November 16:

6:30 p. m.—Vesper Services, Dr. Calvin Dobson.

## Sidelights of Society

Lindenwood is sharing in the praise given to Dr. Gipson's novel. On Tuesday, November 4, Mr. and Mrs. Albert H. Rankin of Springfield, Illinois, motored to St. Charles for the sole purpose of meeting the author of *Silence*. Mr. Rankin is vice-president of the First National Bank of Springfield; his father was a great admirer and friend of Lincoln's and is remembered for the fact that he preserved many valuable manuscripts dealing with Lincoln.

Mrs. Rankin particularly wished to meet Dr. Gipson because she was preparing a review of *Silence* to be read before the exclusive Book Review Club of Springfield. Mr. and Mrs. Rankin had never been to Lindenwood before and were delighted to be shown over the campus. They talked to Betty Lou Stoutenborough whom they knew.

Dr. Gipson was the guest of the Rankins at luncheon at the St. Charles hotel.

Lindenwood girls continue to be in great demand socially. Every week-end there is a grand exodus of those fortunate ones who have invitations for house-parties, football games, and all the other activities dear to the collegian's heart.

Bernice Thomas entertained her parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. G. Thomas, the week-end of November 1. They arrived unexpectedly on Friday night after having driven all the way from Oklahoma City. Margery Hazen spent Sunday with her father in St. Louis.

Quite a few of the girls have been at Fulton last week end, and Winifred Bainbridge went to Kemper.

Pi Alpha Delta, Latin sorority, held a meeting on Thursday, November 6, at which Miss Dorothy Emery, a former Lindenwood student, was the speaker. Miss Emery is now a teacher in University City and had a most interesting trip abroad last summer. Rome was the subject of her talk.

Last, but decidedly not least, was one of the big events of the year, Mrs. Roemer's birthday party given by the freshman class on Friday, November 7.

## Cowman Tells Real Story

By A. K.

"Range Rider", written by Bud Cowan, is a new western story which has just come out within the last month and a half, and which has been attracting quite a lot of attention. It is a generation ago, and wonderful to relate it does not read like a movie scenario. The shooting, liquor, and gambling are reduced to a sensible minimum, and the "love interest" is almost negligible. Bud's romance is disposed of in three dry, matter-of-fact sentences. On towards the latter half of the book, he says: "In the Spring of 1893 I got married, and took my wife to the ranch to live." Several pages later he relates: "My wife and I had a falling out, and she left me." And somewhat later he writes: "I made in-

## Sustenance Prepared

How Miss Walter Carries On Her Essential Work

From an interview with Miss Cora Walter, the college dietician, one would suppose that there was no such thing as dieting. The amounts of food and the extensive preparations necessary for serving daily only one meal give the impression that Miss Walter is about to feed the starving Armenians.

When scrambled eggs are on the menu, 30 dozen of them are prepared. Or the sandwiches which the girls seem to prefer, 90 loaves of bread must be sliced in the electric contrivance which is used for that purpose alone. In spite of the fact that potatoes are dangerous to that girlish figure, four bushels are consumed at one meal. These potatoes are first peeled by an electric machine and are then gone over by hand so that all the 'eyes' may be removed. Ten pounds of butter is used for ordinary meals; but when rolls are served, from ten to fifteen pounds is necessary.

According to Miss Walter, assorted sandwiches are the favorite luncheon menu for the girls. For dessert they prefer chocolate ice-box cake or ice cream with chocolate sauce. And coffee is the favorite beverage. Approximately 15 gallons of coffee serves the college at one meal; this huge amount is prepared in a big container which has a capacity of 25 gallons. Just by way of statistics, it is enlightening to know that it took 98 pies to serve the whole school on the day of the bankers' convention and that 1951 croquettes were made for luncheon on Tuesday.

When the students are just opening one eye to look at the clock and then rolling over for another nap, the cooks are arriving to prepare their breakfast. It takes about an hour and a half to have everything ready for the mad rush to the dining room at seven-thirty. There are 11 colored people who work in the kitchen and 27 maids to do the actual serving. The maximum capacity of the dining room is 620.

The kitchens are arranged so as to be most convenient in every way. The refrigerator, which is not just a box but a whole room, opens off the main kitchen. The rest of the space is divided so that the desserts are prepared in one section, the meats in another, and the vegetables in still another. Cooking is done by electricity, gas, steam, and coal. The dishes are kept warm in heated compartments, and they are washed by an electrical dish-washer.

Lindenwood's students should be well fed, considering the great amount of skill and money expended in preparing their meals. Just to go through the kitchens is an enlightening and interesting experience.

quiries and discovered that my wife had divorced me and remarried."

With utter simplicity, and in a way that convinces one of the truth of his state this old cowman describes the humors and tragedies of ranch life in frontier days when Indians were terrors, and cattle rustlers common. He does not use the aid of artificial "cow-boy talk" but uses the true lingo of the West of a generation ago.

The author is sixty years old, and this story takes him only to 1901, when he was thirty-two years old; so later events must hold material for another novel—at least it is hoped that they do if he is able to duplicate the charming simplicity, truthfulness, and humor of "Range Rider".

## Miss Stookey Gave Interesting Lecture

Miss Margaret Stookey, head of the Physical Education department, continued her freshman Orientation lectures, on Tuesday, October 28. She gave a very interesting and worthwhile lecture, covering three important topics—clothing, sleep and daytime makeup.

"The reason we wear clothing", said Miss Stookey, "is in response to a dawning sense of modesty. Different peoples differ in their ideas concerning the types and amount of clothing to be worn. Clothing affects health in three different ways. It affects posture, cleanliness, and the temperature of the body. One should wear enough clothing in cold weather to help the body to produce the necessary heat. There is no rule as to the amount of clothing one should wear. This differs with individuals. Wool should never be worn next to the body. Silk is much better than wool or cotton, because it absorbs perspiration. Dark clothes attract heat, and tight clothes are warmer than loose ones. All clothing should be changed according to the weather. Hats should never be too tight, and they should always be worn on cold, snowy, or windy days."

"Probably as many people suffer from lack of sleep as from any other disease", is the statement of a prominent doctor. In this respect, too, individuals differ. Those of a nervous temperament need more sleep. Success in school depends not on the number of hours spent in study, but in the quality of the mental processes. When the mind is mentally alert, one can accomplish three times as much in the same time as when it is tired. If some part of the body is weak, more sleep is necessary, for the whole nervous system has become upset. The type of bed, the temperature of the room, too short an interval between work and sleep, and taking either a very hot or a very cold bath just before going to bed, are some of the causes of poor sleep. Fear or worry, however, are the most common reasons."

The best position for sleeping is lying flat on one's back, without a pillow. Other positions are likely to cause curvature of the spine, improper breathing, rounded shoulders, wrinkles on the side of the face on which you sleep, and eye troubles. The correct sleeping position, will keep the hips and shoulders straight, and will stretch one out, make one taller, and will also aid the digestion.

Miss Stookey gave quite a discussion about the kinds of makeup to wear in the daytime and at night. Evening makeup should be twice as bright as that worn in the daytime, and used in greater quantities. Powders must match the skin as nearly as possible. White or flesh powders may be used only in very exceptional cases. Foundation creams should be used only on very dry skins. Indelible lipstick should be used at night, while darker shades are best for daytime wear. If the eyebrows are puckered they should be arched. Eye makeup may be used only at night, and then only on the outer half of the eye. Fingernails should be one-eighth inch longer than the finger. The mode of hairdress, the color of clothing, and colors, must be chosen according to the type of the individual, and not wholly according to the fashion of the day.

"There is no girl in the world that couldn't be beautiful, if she knew all the little tricks of beauty, and practiced them," says Miss Stookey.

Read the Linden Bark.

## Expert Vocational Advice Open To All Freshmen

Vocational lectures were inaugurated for the freshman orientation class Tuesday afternoon, November 4. Miss Florence Schaper had charge of the first of this series.

Miss Schaper gave a partial review of the census of the United States Department of Commerce. This authority stated that there are nine million women wage-earners in the United States today. Over one-third of the women employed are under twenty-five years of age. At the beginning of the twentieth century there were less than three million women workers.

Women of today have not given up their homes, but they go out to work because they have leisure time. The drudgery of house work has been eliminated and the house-wife no longer is tied to her house. Women work so that they may have the luxuries and securities that otherwise might be denied them.

There are 50,000 wage earners in the country, including both men and women. Every year there are 100,000 college graduates, 1,000,000 high school graduates and 2,000,000 elementary school graduates who are seeking jobs.

Miss Schaper passed out pamphlets with various occupations open to women listed. Jobs which were formerly open only to men are now open to women. New fields are being developed constantly. Miss Schaper extended an invitation to the students to consult her concerning vocations in case of any question.

## Formfit Girdleieres...

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TODAY beauty is so easily within the reach of every woman that there is hardly an excuse for not presenting a charming appearance. Attractiveness of figure, the integral basis of Beauty, is pleasurablely acquired by selecting the Formfit style designed for your proportions. Whatever your measurements, slight, generous, or in-between—there is a Formfit that will make Beauty a Figure permanently yours—and, as naturally as a birthright.

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ST. CHARLES, MISSOURI

## STRAND THEATRE

MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY  
RICHARD BARTHELMESS

in

## "Dawn Patrol"

THURSDAY and FRIDAY

Saturday Matinee

CHARLES (Buddy) ROGERS

in

## "Heads Up"

SATURDAY NIGHT

Two Shows—7 and 9 p. m.

## "Scarlet Pages"

with

Elsie Ferguson—Grant Withers