

LINDEN BARK

Vol. 6—No. 12

Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Missouri, Tuesday, January 14, 1930

Price 5c

DR. KING OF ST. LOUIS

Speaks of His Charity Work at Christmas

Thursday morning, December 12, at the eleven o'clock chapel hour, Dr. G. W. King, Lindenwood's representative among the poor of St. Louis, spoke to the students and faculty.

"I feel that I am among my friends" he said, "and I wanted to come out here to say thank you for the lovely gift. When that special delivery letter came we had just been through Thanksgiving, and how! We had taken small gifts and divided them among 42 families. During the distribution, more hard luck stories were heard, families without food, children pitifully clad, their feet were literally on the ground." Dr. King told of a crippled widow who is a member of another faith, who had said she was going to take her life when her savings were used up.

The work of Dr. King, is in the ideal that "it is more blessed to give than to receive." Lindenwood's gift made it possible to give the poor children a Christmas. The plans that Lindenwood's representative worked out for Christmas were most interesting and altruistic. There was one-half pound of candy for each child, one box of animal crackers, one doll for each girl, one aeroplane for each boy, and a gift of clothing for each one. The remainder of the money Lindenwood contributed went to take care of the heating of the kindergarten for the winter months. The children had an entertainment, giving the play, "Santa Borrows Trouble". The grandmothers had a Christmas party. "This year there have been made plans to have a white Christmas", said Dr. King, "thirty-four people will be in this pageant. It is a splendid thing to teach people to give."

The speaker closed the talk with, "I wish you all a lovely, happy Christmas, and a very successful New Year."

EACH STUDENT RECEIVES

CHRISTMAS CALENDAR

Calendars are sent at Christmas time to each student of the college. The card usually depicts some familiar scene on the campus. Last year the calendar was done in black and white, with an etching of the new library building above the date pad.

This year the card is done in gold, green and black. There is a picture of the entrance of Roemer Hall, with the massive lindens hiding the rest of the building from view. The bed of cannaes and the flagpole in the quadrangle are in the scene.

The black building and the dark green foliage are printed on an old gold card. There is an inscription, "Lengthening shadows call, Come ye back to Lindenwood." The gold cord is tied in a bow.

Printed on the calendar is the name of the College, the date of its founding, and the location.

PRESIDENT SENDS NEW YEAR'S GREETINGS FROM CHICAGO

Of course, everyone has read the message on the bulletin board in Roemer. Why it's the first thing that greets your mournful self as you wander discontentedly about the halls—wondering just which class you should be attending now. Don't you know, really? It's the New Year's greetings from Dr. and Mrs. Roemer that they sent from Chicago to help make the dreary halls more friendly. The telegram is printed on paper with "HOLIDAY GREETINGS" boldly staring you in the face, and it says,

From Chicago, Ill.

Lindenwood College, St. Charles.

To everyone on the campus, happiest New Year's Greetings.

Dr. and Mrs. J. L. Roemer.

Now doesn't it make you feel better to know that you aren't nearly as forlorn and friendless as you thought you were? And don't you know that that sinking elevator is only the usual after-Christmas feeling? Why, of course.

PSYCHOLOGY LECTURE

Interesting positions open to girls

Miss Morris spoke most interestingly to the freshmen orientation class Tuesday, December 3, upon the subject of psychology, a topic that must be of note to everyone. Miss Morris defined psychology as the study of human behavior, and stated that the fields open to the wide-awake girl are many and varied.

Said Miss Morris: "There is the position of psychology in schools, as well as giving mental tests to the students. If a girl is interested in the feeble-minded she can find positions in institutions for the feeble-minded, as in the St. Louis hospital under the direction of Dr. Leopold. Many children are in need of patience and training to aid them in taking care of themselves, and this would be a position where sympathy is needed. There are clinics and normal schools where the girl interested may become absorbed in ferreting out fancied ills. The psychologist helps people to get hold of elusive memories, conquer imaginary fears, and become ordinary citizens."

"In the field of mental hygiene there is a great deal of rehabilitation work to be done. There are hospitals for the insane, and workers are needed to care for the patients, while others can examine and find out the trouble and attempt treatment and cure. Even in industry the psychologist is needed to find out how to make the best adjustments and get efficiency. It seems that in the advertisements so brightly colored, the psychologist has been at work, selecting colors which will attract attention, ads that will catch the eye, intensity of color and repetition. In the movies and theatres the psychologist comes to the front—in Hollywood she plans the endings of pictures that will please, watches the lighting

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FOREIGN MISSIONS DRIVE

Lindenwood to have speakers

During the week of January 19-26 the Foreign Missionary Campaign will be held in the St. Louis Presbytery under the direction of the Rev. W. A. Murdoch, pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Southampton. The plan is stated by Dr. Murdoch:

"The purpose of the campaign is to reach every individual, man, woman and child, in the presbytery and, at least, expose them to the contagion of an interest in the foreign mission enterprise of the Presbyterian Church. It is the purpose to have a missionary speaker to address every meeting of every description in the week, January 19-26."

And, of course, Lindenwood will have a part in this movement too. At the Sunday evening vesper service on January 19, the Rev. James E. Detweiler will be the speaker. Rev. Dr. Detweiler was for many years a missionary in Japan, and he was recently appointed general secretary of Presbyterian foreign missions in the south and southwest. Lindenwood will have a second speaker on Thursday morning, January 23, when Miss Marcia Kerr, secretary of the board, will talk.

On January 26 Dr. Robert T. Speer, senior secretary of the board, will fill the pulpit of Dr. MacIvor at the 2nd Presbyterian Church in St. Louis. Dr. MacIvor is the president of Lindenwood's board of directors.

HOME EC. LECTURE

Miss Mortensen Gives Possibilities Of Training

Miss Mortensen, of the home economics department lectured to the Freshmen orientation class Thursday, December 5. Her talk dealt with the vocational possibilities for those having home economic training. She was especially concerned with the foods department.

First of the vocations she cited was that of homemaking.

"Woman is responsible for the happiness of all the members of her household—and she should be well trained. Both our mental abilities and physical lives are determined early, so mothers are responsible rather than school teachers."

In each of the vocations she mentioned, Miss Mortensen told the courses girls would most need. In homemaking she suggested, English, history and literature, sociology, psychology and a course in foods.

"Most college girls go into outside work for time at least, and home economics trains you for many possible vocations." Dietetics was suggested as a profitable and interesting type of work. And under dietetics, Miss Mortensen mentioned several different positions; dietitians on steamships, in colleges, summer resorts, cafes and

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MISS STONE AT CONVENTION

Modern Language Ass'n. At Cleveland

At the forty-sixth annual convention of the Modern Languages Association of America which met in Cleveland, Ohio, December 30, 31, and January 1, Lindenwood was represented by Miss E. Louise Stone, head of the modern languages department.

The association was the guest of the Western Reserve University in Cleveland and had its headquarters in the Statler Hotel. The association is comprised of the heads of modern languages departments in the leading colleges and universities in the United States.

Miss Stone was particularly pleased to meet several of her former professors and associates from her Alma Mater, the University of Chicago. Dr. William A. Nitze of this institution is the president of the association.

Monday afternoon, December 30, Miss Stone attended the meeting of the association of teachers of French which followed a reception and tea held at the Art Museum. Here, the association was welcomed by President Vincent of the local university. The response was given by Dr. Nitze.

Tuesday afternoon, December 31, she attended a luncheon at the Statler where many distinguished modern language professors met. Professor Wilkins, formerly of the University of Chicago, Professor Shinz of Pennsylvania, and B. Q. Morgan, literary editor of the Modern Languages Journal, were among those present.

Miss Stone particularly enjoyed the discussion of phonetics given by Professor Parmenter of the University of Chicago. There was much discussion about the main objective of modern languages work. According to a consensus of opinion, the objective still remains that of reading.

Dr. Heller, dean of the graduate school of Washington University also attended the convention. He read a paper on "Faust and Faustus". Miss Stone left the convention Wednesday, January at noon.

DR. REUTER ENTHUSIASTIC

Junior League of Women Voters To Have Convention Here

Dr. Reuter spent her Christmas vacation right here in St. Charles just resting and "taking things easy." Dr. Reuter as sponsor of the Lindenwood League of Women Voters, is looking forward to the convention of the Junior League of Women Voters, which is to be held here February 14 and 15.

Helen Weber, who is president of the Junior League, is also president of the local league. Doris Force is vice-president and Mary Mason is secretary-treasurer. "Efficient Citizenship" is to be the theme of the convention. There will be delegates from Missouri

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LINDEN BARK

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

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

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TUESDAY, JANUARY 14, 1930.

The Linden Bark:

"That blasts of January would blow you through and through".

—Shakespeare, *Winter's Tale*

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IMPORTANCE OF Y. W. AT LINDENWOOD

The Young Woman's Christian Association of Lindenwood College—what a mouth-filling phrase! We can hardly realize that this is the official name of our beloved Y. W. that does so many nice things for us, and for others.

The Y. W. is the very first to welcome us to Lindenwood. Why yes, it's the Y. W. that appoints the big sisters, and tells them to write to their adopted little sisters before they have ever left home. Then, in those first confused days of a freshman's college life, the Y. W. has "get together affairs", and organizes social groups. And will we ever forget that first big social event—the Founders' Day party. The Y. W. was responsible for that, too.

But the Y. W. is here to help us in our religious and charitable activities, too. It takes up a collection for the poor people on Thanksgiving and Christmas. And, by aiding the Y. W. in making a Christmas for those unfortunates, we aid ourselves by giving to others; for, "It is more blessed to give than to receive". And soon the Easter services will be beginning, (it's only about three more months) and we will attend the services in Roemer auditorium, and sense the solemnity of Easter, and feel sweetly solemn, and all that.

These are all extra events of the Y. W., but what a treat are the weekly Y. W. gatherings. A great many famous people come to Lindenwood on behalf of them, and lots of problems are threshed out at the little group meetings. How everyone enjoyed that Christmas program given right before the holidays. Half of us hardly realized that vacation was so near until we saw the Christmas service in that great cathedral on the hill, and heard the chimes ring.

The Y. W. brings other lasting benefits in our lives. Many of the Y. W. executives are learning to preside and "execute". Perhaps the first woman president of the United States will say, "I owe all my training to the dear old Y. W. at Lindenwood College. It was there that I received my first training in any official capacity."

Speaking more seriously, the Y. W. is the best organization on the campus—for aren't we all members of it? and doesn't it fit in everywhere, and have a hand in everything that's done? As this is at the very beginning of a new year, let's all do our best to make the Y. W. "bigger and better" than ever. Three cheers for the Y. W.

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HEALTHFUL ADVICE GIVEN TO GIRLS

"Button up your overcoat when the wind is free." A good, sound, sensible idea—perhaps the first one ever discovered in a popular song. But it is splendid advice for keeping well in midwinter. Not only button up your coat but your galoshes as well. Pull your hat down over your ears and your fur-lined mittens up over your wrists. It will keep out the cold and brighten your spirits at the same time to wrap a gay scarf around your neck. Bound in this suit of armor, you can brave any driving wind, snow, sleet or rain storm, and come out without a sniffle in your nose, or a rasp in your voice.

Outdoor life is a great thing, even in winter. Don't shun the North Wind or he may consider you an enemy and send "a cold in the head" to plague the life out of you. And not only colds! Watch that slippery sidewalk. Be cautious and modest and take sure, flat footed steps. Always land on a cinder if you can. And don't relax when you come in sight of your house. Most tumbles take place during that movement of relief and confidence, experienced when you straighten up and sigh, at the foot of your own driveway. A jar is always rather unpleasant, and embarrassing, no matter how many layers of chinchilla or fur you may be wrapped in, no matter how deserted the district.

Sleep lots. Don't be afraid of a little current of air in your bedroom. Coax your roommate to wear that outlandish suit of flannel pajamas, with the feet hands and hood. Then she will never realize you have the window boosted past the three-inch mark, traced on the frame.

Another thing! Don't avoid winter by staying in all the time. What is the sense of keeping well by staying home? You may just as well be sick. At least then you would receive thoughtful attention of your family. The other way, you grumble, they scold, antagonism results, and everyone is miserable.

So, button up your overcoat, and face winter squarely. Remember, even

MISS MUELLER OF THE GLOBE GIVES LECTURE

Miss Anita Mueller, of St. Louis who is connected with the movie and stage reviews on the Globe-Democrat gave a lecture to the journalism class on Thursday, December 5. She said:

"The working week for the press agent begins Tuesday because the Sunday copy must be prepared then. The shows are reviewed over the weekend in the paper for the week to come. Usually this page that is given over to the movies contains pictures of all the prominent stars playing that week and a review of each of the shows at the seven different houses that are covered each week. Some of the houses carry a picture more than one week and in that case there are not so many shows reviewed."

Miss Mueller gave several types of reviews. The first she mentioned is the conservative style which usually finds something constructive to say about the picture or stage production and is never sarcastic. The second type of review is the clever attractive style that is amusing to read. The third type is merely a review with the names of stars, the plot in detail and the names of the director and other officials connected with the picture.

There have been a number of interesting people connected with newspaper work that have lectured to the journalism class this year and Miss Mueller is among the most interesting because of her work in that particular department. The movies have a very great appeal to young students entering journalism and many have decided to become movie editors.

SPORTS IN FULL SWING DURING WINTER SEASON

Sports! Again they are interesting. The ice and snow cannot halt them at Lindenwood. The middle semester of gym that overlaps the two academic semesters has, of course, begun. During this time there will be a round robin tournament in basketball, in swimming, and in the ever-exciting fencing. In addition the regular gym classes continue as they were before Christmas. Work on the musical comedy, while not of the Physical education department, is sponsored by them and a great deal of time will be devoted to it.

if you do catch cold or fall down, there is always a box of bromo-quinine and a bottle of Sloan's Liniment on the first half of the medicine cabinet.

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LINDENWOOD TO ENTERTAIN L. OF W. V. DELEGATES

One month from today the League of Women Voters at Lindenwood will be hostesses to representatives from seven other schools besides several important officials of the state and national leagues. Each of the colleges is entitled to send four delegates and a sponsor to the convention. Washington University, Hardin College, William Woods College, Stephens College, Christian College, Cotter College, Drury College and Lindenwood will constitute the eight schools represented. Among the officials of the State league will be Mrs. Ralph Douglas, president of Missouri league; Miss Longon, regional director of the State league; Miss Constance Roach, executive secretary; and Mrs. George Gelhorn. Mrs. Alexander Hope, chairman of all college leagues, will be the guest from the national league.

The general theme of the convention will be that of "efficient citizenship", and many helpful addresses are expected to be given. The league at Lindenwood has had a very interesting year with programs that have been and will continue to be very progressive. The purpose of the league is brought out perhaps best in the foreword. This states that "because the law of the past has discriminated against women so that they have not been free to enjoy privileges which men have enjoyed, nor to perform services men were free to perform, the National League of Women Voters was formed, believing that qualified women would contribute a necessary view to government in the United States and to its international relation". Such subjects as Child Welfare, Foreign Policy of the United States, Legal Status of Women, and Efficiency in Government have been included in the program for this year. The officers of the Lindenwood League are Helen Weber, president; Doris Force, vice-president; Mary Mason, secretary-treasurer; and Dr. Reuter, sponsor. They are all busy making great plans for the convention, and anticipate a very beneficial and stimulating program.

ORIENTATION LECTURE

Miss Stone Lectures on Modern Languages

Miss Stone spoke to the Orientation class Thursday, December 12, on the modern languages. She gave the Romance languages as Spanish, French, and Italian, and then the Modern languages as Spanish, French, and German.

Miss Stone says that all doctors and scientists must know at least two of the modern languages, preferably French and German, because of the International research work and technical terms. There are many opportunities for women in the modern language field. She gave some of these as the following teachers, translators, holding foreign offices. The translators in the field must pass a Civil Service examination. Some of the many ways that the modern languages helps one is; it gives a cultural value, a value of mental training, memory development, and then it always aids when traveling in the foreign. One who travels much should have a knowledge of all the languages.

DR. REUTER LECTURES

Dr. Reuter spoke to the Freshman Orientation class Thursday, December 12, on the economic opportunities of a history course. Students should not let a minor dislike keep them from taking courses which are valuable to one even if they are not apparently so attractive. Dr. Reuter urged the students to decide exactly what they wanted, and then to go after it, leaving the future to take care of itself. Try to choose courses leading to your main interest in life.

In teaching history and government, the work of the critic has the best pay for women. For those, who can teach history together with another course such as art or music, there is a great demand, and also very good pay. A knowledge of history and government is always necessary for corporation and general law practice. Law often leads to very interesting work in domestic relations.

In libraries, a person with a good historical background plus practical experience is always in demand. Then too, one can write for newspapers, and historical stories for children.

HOW TO BE CHEERFUL, ALONE, ON A DREARY WINTER EVENING

By Dorothy Winter

It is that unexciting time, December the twenty-sixth, when the fun of Christmas is over, and New Year is too far away to be interesting. You are all alone because the Helens must stay at home with the family, the Johnnys and Roses must make the most of the short vacation, Father has gone to a lodge meeting, Mother and Sister went to see "On With The Show", all colored, all talkie, that you saw at school, and even the cat has wandered off.

Outside it is drizzling rain that turns to ice on the sidewalks. A raw blast of wind whistles around the corner of the house, the mere sound chilling you to the marrow of your bones. You look out of the window on a drab, slate-colored scene, devoid of human life, for who would voluntarily venture out into the somber bleakness of such a night? Believe it or not, you can be cheerful, and here is the way to brighten your corner.

The necessary materials are: a pair of outing-flannel pajamas built for comfort rather than style; an enveloping robe of a soft fleecy material; a pair of warm bedroom slippers, preferably lined with sheep-skin; an easy chair with grate fire; lots of shiny red apples, and fresh salty nuts; and a book. The book must not be dull and prosy, or the victim of loneliness and the blues is in danger of going to sleep, so I should suggest *The Greene Murder Case* by S. S. Van Dyne.

First, don your pajamas, robe, and slippers, and I might say here that these, as well as the other materials might be varied with discretion, without endangering the bliss of the evening; for example, you might prefer candy or pop corn balls to apples and nuts.

Next, let yourself be swallowed up by the voluminous arm-chair, in front of the fireplace. Either curl your feet under you, converting yourself into a jack-knife or stretch them out in front to be toasted by the friendly blaze. In this last position you will resemble a woolly bear.

The turbulent orange tongues of flame lick the sides of the chimney, defying the gusts of wind that sweep down to threaten your security, while you settle down cosily with your book in one hand, and a luscious apple in the other. Amid the illuminating flashes of light, you are prepared to be introduced to each character upon whom you look with suspicion as the possible murderer.

If the wind chooses to shriek through the weather strips with an unearthly sound at the very moment that the first victim meets his end, do not be alarmed. Just coolly and collectedly think where you are.

If the radiator pops when a shot "rings out" in the book, eat some nuts, and rest assured that people are not likely to go out in such weather even to commit murder.

Your house was newly built in the spring, so you can be reasonably sure that when you hear a grating sound, apparently from the basement, it is nothing so uncanny as a "haunt". It is probably icicles on the maple tree scraping against the bricks.

The clock above the mantel ticks away the minutes as the characters are annihilated one by one. When the suspense ends with the discovery that the most innocent-looking person in the narrative is the originator of all the atrocities, the fire has sunk to a

(Continued in next column)

NEW YEAR, NEW TERM

By Mary Frances Drullinger

New Year, new term, and to school once more.

Exams and crams and studies galore,
With another semester of toil in store,
But gay we'll be when exams are o'er.

We'll dance each night in the good old gym

To keep us all from becoming grim,
And sing as we dance to keep in trim,

For gay we'll be when exams are o'er.

Then some will go away once more,
But Easter morn when it begins to pour,

We'll think of exams we can't ignore.
Not long will it be till exams are o'er.

WEATHER OF THE PRAIRIE

By Maxine Luther

Sunshiny days in late spring on the plains are like heaven. Rolling, brownish-green hills catch the brilliancy and throw back the light in softer shades. In the draw, where a dry creek bed is partly hidden by an occasional tree, there are deep, cool shadows entoned with the yellow, parched glare and glitter of the sun striking full on the sand. The sky is a brilliant blue near the horizon and a burning golden shade far around the sun. One seems to drink the sunshine and light with each breath. These bright days of spring are the birth and youth of life on the prairie.

Windy days in the plains country are an awful uproar of earth and sky. In summer the wind hastens down from the northwest carrying with it loose dirt and tumble-weeds. Sand flies and then sweeps along at a stinging pace and ends up in a miniature whirlwind. When the dirt and thistles have been swept far away, the wind blows along, joyfully, singing and washing the air clean. The wind in late summer exposes the merry, useful middle age of the prairies—the fields in their season of bearing. To walk with the clean air blowing a mighty gale, after being swept free of dust, is refreshing to one's spirits.

Rainy days in the fall with leaden clouds and a drizzling downpour are often disheartening. The sky is a blur of grey and the earth is a darker shadow with only the rain drops occasionally bouncing with a silvery spark to color the scene. But the sound of the rain on wheat stubble and dry corn stalks is merry, not at all as one would think. It is a companionable splatter and is musical. It shows the rich old age of the plains, drab in appearance but happy in spirit. To be in the rain is like a long rest and meditation.

Cold weather in mid-winter is the climax to the shifting scenes. The creek bed is filled with snow amid noisy shrieking winds. The few trees are covered with a gorgeous, soft white, with cold blue shadows in the folds of the drifts at their feet. Far as eye can see the snow drives down till horizon meets sky in a blur of chill, icy sleet. On one's face it cuts sharply and stings. The scene is a glorious resurrection with the martial music of the winds playing a loud accompaniment.

I feel I could live forever if I spent the years on the prairie. It nourishes the life in one.

(Continued from column 1)

mass of glowing coals, bathing you with a roseate light, but leaving the corners in dusky shadow. It is time to go to bed, where you drift asleep with a warm, secure, drowsy feeling.

LONELINESS

By Irene Brooks

Cold winter days of loneliness
Are passing slow,
Bright shining days of happiness
Covered with snow,
I wish that my soul could slumber,
My heart not feel the pain,
Dreary days of endless number
Might fade away in rain.
Oh! that it were spring!

ON NOTHING

By Carmen Sylvia Woodson

An interpretation of something? Well, I implore you be patient, for here is an interpretation of nothing. After all what could be more vast than nothing? It is all those "unforgiving minutes" that we have lost; it is the trivialities of living that no one pays attention to; it is the rustling of the leaves; it is those elusive thoughts that we are always trying to catch up with; it is the sudden exaltation caused merely by noticing sunlight through a dish of honey, or a rain-bow on a dewy spiderweb. Oh yes, undoubtedly nothing is everything.

An insignificant bit of dust said to the sole of my shoe, "I'm just a speck of one of your prehistoric ancestors, nothing in fact, but I certainly can get you dirty." No wonder my shoe-sole tickled my foot humorously.

The jolly way leaves slap each other on the back means nothing really, but it always reminds me of poetry and tall fairy talk...and and rustling silk.

That minute I lost yesterday wasn't much in a life time, but lifetimes are built of minutes. Still, no one but me will ever realize what amazing adventure of discovery my soul indulged in at that moment. I discovered for myself that I am divine, that I do have a place and that it is entirely up to me how great or small I make it. Oh yes, time isn't much, just at the minute, but now I have a new courage whereas my neighbor may be in despair because of fate's quirk in a second.

On a rainy day I saw a tiny boy assist his equally tiny sister across a puddle—they were ragged and clean. Queer how small nothings affect one. I immediately attempted to share my umbrella with a bedraggled puppy; I even saved a bit of candy for my big brother who is a wicked tease.

I have sat watching clouds by the hour. They are much more than mist. Sometimes I am in Japan or watching shepherds in Wales, or climbing the Alps. Clouds mean so much; they make wonderful pageants of sunsets. Who could watch a sunset and not find religion? Ah yes, clouds are just a mass of mist, nothing much—but life discloses to us only those things which are reflected from within ourselves—And nothing is everything.

LYRIC

By Helen Merritt

Alas! to write a lyric is my fate,
Some pensive verses, gleaned from long ago,
And while my mind does slowly hesitate,
I stop and ponder, and I write down slow
These meager lines, but little do they show
Of wisdom's light, or intellect's bright ray;
I sit and wish that I might let them go,
To sing, and laugh, and talk another day,
But duty calls, and Wyatt points the way.

ICE-SKATING

By Josephine Peck

To learn to ice-skate, you need a pair of sharp skates, a frozen lake, or better, an indoor skating rink, a strong pair of ankles, a determined will, and a boy. The last article named is not an absolute requisite, but it makes the literally hard process much easier.

Ice-skating is tiring for most ankles; and if you are the possessor of slim, silk-stockinged ones accustomed only to walking from the door of the motor car to the door of the hotel, you will have a wobbly time of it. I had always thought that my ankles were perfectly sound and hardy, of good flesh and bone, but I soon found that they were made of paper, flimsy, cobweb-sheer tissue paper. I tried on a pair of ice skates in the store, stood up, and promptly sat down again on the bench.

I decided then that the best thing to do was to practice walking on the skates on solid ground before venturing on the slippery ice. I bought a pair of guards; so that I might walk about in the house. Of course, if your mother does not object to your cutting long grooves in the carpets or making scratches on the waxed floor, the guards are not necessary. I walked for miles in my shoe-skates with the aid of a broomstick, from the living room to the kitchen, through the bedrooms, up and down the halls. After a time, I could dispense with the broomstick, only occasionally grabbing hold of the back of a chair or doing a Russian dancer's splits. All this time my ankles had been growing stronger, or at least I fondly imagined that they were, and I was all ready for the ice.

This is where the boy is of great value. Ice skates which are attached to high shoes are very hard to tighten sufficiently; and, while a buttonhook can be used to draw up the strings, ten strong fingers are preferable. The wooden floor from the benches to the rink is the widest extent of space in the world, the Sahara Desert not excepted. It is best to walk on the tips of the skates so as not to dull the blades, but this cannot be achieved at the first attempt. If you have an escort, you can hang on his arm and reach the rink with comparative ease but without grace. He will, unless he is your brother, help you down the steps onto the ice, and the great adventure begins.

If you have never stood on the edge of a slippery, mirror-like circle of ice and felt your knees shaking and your legs going out from under you, you have yet to experience one of the world's greatest thrills. The boy says, "Come on, strike out! It's easy!"; and you "strike out" and strike the ice.

Most beginners attempt to use the same strokes in ice-skating as they do in roller-skating. This is a mistake, for the two processes are not at all alike. In roller-skating, you put forward first one foot and then the other, taking short strides. In ice-skating, you stand on the left foot, strike against the ice with the toe of the right skate, and coast on the left foot as long as you can, keeping the right foot entirely off the ice. That is the hardest part of skating, to balance yourself on one foot; but it is worth practicing, for the longer the stroke, the more graceful the skating and the faster the speed. Most little boys skate exactly as if they were running and consequently spend twice as much energy as necessary.

Speaking of little boys, I must warn you against allowing them to disturb you. Small boys in general are a nuisance and a bane to society, but small boys on a skating rink are in-

SILENCE

By Mary Virginia Stirling

The little clock ticked away regularly. Upstairs someone was running water for a bath. A train whistle reverberated mournfully from hill to hill. When its echoes died, there was no other sound. My lamp on the table, its rose shade tipped at a rakish angle, was still; the two dolls, fastened tightly by their necks to the dresser, were tense and stiff; a slip of paper in my notebook was poised ready to fall. The chair, with its rockers raised off the floor, needed only a loud halloo to set it in violent motion. Something seemed to fill my ears, muffling them, beating into them. The small table was holding itself back ready to spring upon me. The tick-tack, tick-tack of the clock pulsed loudly through the room.

SALISQUY

By Dorothy Dinning

A thin and mytic darkness hovers oer the earth,
The moon, a faint glimmer of light,
Creeps from beneath its retreat of black clouds
To steal a glimpse of the sleeping world.
Before submitting to this overwhelming conqueror, the mists.
A weird echo of a word penetrates the air,
Then dies in the eternal vastness,
Pervading the night and my thoughts.

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sufferable. Especially if you are a beginner, you fear and hate them. They are so much at their ease on skates, and they skate so confidently and swiftly; that you, a grown-up young lady, are painfully conscious of your age and dignity and of your inability even to stand up. If you venture to take a few steps by yourself, one of the little beasts comes whizzing by you, just missing striking your skate with his by a quarter of an inch. Completely unnerved, you have lost all ambition to try to go farther and with much difficulty go back to the rail and cling to it with both hands. But do not pay any attention to them; they too were once beginners.

The best skating rinks to attend are those that have pipe organs. Music is a great help in learning to skate. The organist begins playing the merry old Skaters' Waltz and your clumsy feet forget that they cannot skate and go swinging out over the ice in time with the irresistible rhythm. Waltzing on ice skates is one of the most graceful and beautiful forms of dancing; and a beginner, watching experienced skaters dance, has the ambition to be able to do likewise.

When the bell rings, the rink must be cleared. That does not mean, however, that your trials and tribulations are over. The formidable wooden floor has to be crossed again and if crossing was difficult a few hours before, it is now almost impossible. You will never be able to make your sore, tired ankles bear you across the Siberia that separates you from the benches. You grit your teeth, totter across the room, and sink down exhausted on the hard wooden bench that, in spite of your bruises, feels softer than any luxurious velvet couch. Your friend takes off your skates and puts on your slippers for you. Your first ice skating lesson has ended.

Read the Linden Bark.

ON ANSWERING LETEDS

By Margery Hazen

I always make New Year's resolutions. Not because I hope to be able to keep them more than a month, but—well, because it seems to be the thing to do. Besides, people never keep New Year's resolutions; do they? It seems to be a standing unwritten agreement that all resolutions be broken within a reasonable time.

One of the rules near the head of my list is one which all Lindenwood girls should bear in mind. At least, I would think so judging from the wails of "Oh, Goh!—No mail!" coming from disconsolate freshmen and indigent upperclassmen, at about ten minutes to one daily. The resolution is, of course: Resolved, to answer all letters promptly.

By promptly I do not mean on the day you receive them. Oh, no. For who wants a return-mail letter beginning "Just got your note today—" and ending with the inevitable "Write soon", when heaven knows! the recipient had completely exhausted his or her supply of news only the day before.

As every wise girl knows, it will never do to write to the One-and-Only too promptly, and yet, if you wait too long to mention casually the dates you are having 'or the "cute fellow" you met at the Thanksgiving Tea Dance, his devotion may cool slightly. It is best to wait almost a week before answering in order to give him a little time for suspense.

Of course, letters to the Family must go out more often than any others. A letter to some member of the family should be written every other day. However, this is easily accomplished since Dad or Sister are not particular about the stationery or slang you use. You can dash off a rambling epistle at odd moments in the day—say while you are waiting for a book in the "libe" or in a boring lecture class that you really know all about, anyway.

Letters to the Chum are adviseably scribbled on the installment plan. There are always little incidents of the day, long discussions of the latest gossip, or plans for some future vacation (any vacation) that require time to compose. I would suggest that the date be omitted until the document is finished and ready for mailing. Any afterthoughts may be scrawled hastily the back of the envelope.

Various and sundry relatives who request that you tell them "all about what you are doing", must expect to wait at least a week while you assemble enough material to write a most interesting revelation of "this college life." If you are not in the mood for waiting, you can always enclose the latest Linden Bark containing the doings of the days, and write a little note explaining that you are simply swamped with work and must study.

Letters to other friends may be written after dinner, before study hall. If you have a one-track mind and can't think of something different for each letter, save time and energy by inserting stationery and carbon paper in the typewriter and pecking out two pies at a time.

Now the point is, this habit of answering letters promptly should justify your expectation of early mail. However, the best attitude to take is not to expect any mail at all. In fact, prepare yourself to look into an empty box, because, you know, not everyone has the fore thought to make the prompt answering of letters one of his or her New Year's resolutions.

FEAR

By Norman Rinehart

My knees do quake with a palsied shake
My brow quite fevered is.
I wait my doom with downcast gloom,
The cause a chemistry quiz.
My palms are damp, my fingers cramp,
I'll never live it through.
I cannot think, my heart does sink,
My spirit is so blue.
My hair's on end. Where is a friend?
Will none support me now?
I must be calm, my soul to balm,
So to my fate I bow.

HOW TO RIDE A HORSE

By Martha Watson

First of all I should like to make myself clear to my reader on one point. I am not a horsewoman. True, I have tried riding, (no less than three times!) but with such little success that I have finally decided to give up the painful practise. But even if I can't ride I know a great deal about how one should undertake it, and consequently I have compiled the following simple rules for beginners.

First, co-operate with your horse. It is absolutely necessary, if you wish to retain any of your natural dignity and physical comfort, that you and the horse go up and down together. Since the animal has little concern in the matter it is most advisable that you attend to this small point yourself. I have never yet succeeded in doing it—the horse is always at least one count ahead of me—but I've often been told, and I'm telling you, that it's really very simple "after you get on to it."

Next, keep your horse under your control. I've discovered, much to my sorrow that horses are not such "dumb" animals as they seem! Contrary to human beings they refuse to respond to such affectionate pleas as "Come on this way, honey—that's a nice horse!" or "Please, darlin', turn around." They seem to have a natural distrust of the human race—an instinct for fickleness, I suppose. At any rate, you must use force to control them. With all due respect to the S. P. C. A. I maintain that to stop a horse you must pull the reins with sufficient energy to make yourself felt.

My third rule for beginners is this: never ride in the vicinity of horses and people. Oh, how your pride will suffer if you do! Even if you can stand being laughed at, I know you'll resent having people curse and execrate you for "leading" your steed over their flower beds and vegetable gardens.

"But," you may protest, "your first two rules take away all danger of that." Of course they do. But no beginner can possibly follow my first two rules.

The last admonition does not apply to the art of horsemanship itself, but out of human pity I feel compelled to list it. On the following day, upon arising, when you feel that you can no longer move without cracking every bone in your body, take a good hot bath, rub yourself briskly with liniment, and go back to bed. There is no less painful way of enjoying your first ride on horseback.

GRAY INTERLUDE

By Betty Palmer

Grey sky blends into sadden earth,
Trees stand alone and bare,
Dreary mist drifts down on mirth,
Silenced interval to care.

MRS. PARTRIDGE

By Roberta Manning

Mrs. Partridge sat as near to her dinner table as her rather large figure would allow, and talked to her family of all the neighborhood gossip. Her voice was not unpleasant, but her mistakes in grammar were. "If she don't like her job, she ought to stick to it, anyway. She owes it to her family," and with these words of gossip, she took another bite of bread with butter and catsup on it. But unfortunately only the bread and butter reached her mouth, as the catsup slid down the front of her dress.

She wiped her fat triple chin, and gathered up the straying catup. "And this is a new dress," she said ruefully, gazing down at the blue dress, with red and tan stripes. Then as her daughter cleared the table, she adjusted with a be-ringed hand, first the large red earrings, then the many-stranded red beads, and finally with a furtive glance at the rest of the people, the obvious transformation.

As her daughter placed the pudding before her, she sighed, "I just love this kind of dessert, but it's so fattening." Then her face brightened, "I guess I'd better eat it or I'll be hungry before I go to bed." So she ate her dessert.

SURELY YOU WERE

By Agnes McCarthy

Weren't you handsome then?
Surely you were.
Moonlight didn't deceive me,
Surely you were.
Your eyes were not so small,
Or your nose so big and red—
That night you seemed so strong and tall.....
Surely the moonlight deceived me.

I WISH I WERE A COW

By Frances Scott

To be a cow is a suppressed desire of mine. Naturally I don't confede this to everyone; in fact I am very particular about my confidants. Can you yourself imagine anything more comfortable and satisfying than to be in a cool, green pasture all day, and never think of writing English themes or translating French? If some kind fairy should appear before me now and turn me into a contented old "bossy" I should bid farewell to Lindenwood without so much as a backward glance.

Cows can recline and ruminate for hours on the uselessness of the universe, while I have to fling my clothes off for natural dancing one hour, and slap them back on for a class the next. Our bovine acquaintance do not let even flies or ticks bother them much. Only by a disdainful flick of the tail do they recognize these pests' existence, while I, a mere human, have a mild attack of the Bacchante fever when a mosquito buzzes too near my ear, and worry myself down a few pounds over my studies, which are ever behind as Satan should be.

If I had my choice of color for my skin, I should choose a white background splotted with tan. The reason for this is that I had a coat of that color and design once. I was so attached to it! I could have crawled all over the pavement for the Sophomores in that coat, and it never have looked dirty. Believe me, it was quite a superior article.

Now, just because I wish so earnestly to become a cow, I suppose that in the next world I shall amuse the spirits by being a stringy, scrawny, itchy, monkey.

PHYSICAL ED. LECTURE

Miss Duggan Opens the New Year
In Orientation

Miss Duggan opened the first Orientation lecture of this year, January 7, with the quotation, "Each man makes his life a stumbling block or a stepping stone." If we have some training in our life's work, she said, we are more likely to make our lives stepping stones. There are a number of opportunities in this field of Physical Education to make our lives stepping stones. Physical Education has changed from a system of very formal exercise to the more recreational forms. At the present time more than half of the states have laws requiring Physical Education in the schools.

The playground movement is a recent growth. More than 700 cities are interested in this movement; there is a great demand for workers in this field. An interesting thing about this phase is that there is a great demand for teachers not only in the United States but abroad, as in Hawaii, Bermuda, Honolulu, Brazil, Turkey.

Positions are available in the State Departments of Education, Normal Schools, Teachers' Training Schools, Y. W. C. A.'s and kindred organizations, and the summer camps. Very recently the factory heads have made an effort to train their employees in sports; the Elizabeth Arden studios conduct a class for women who desire to take regulated exercise.

Physical Educators, too, require personal qualities that are conducive to their success. One must have personality, a sense of sportsmanship, personal integrity, high ideals, the aim to serve, a love for physical activity and sport, a definite liking for people, and good qualities of leadership.

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hospitals. She told, not only the academic requirements for these positions but included the natural traits one must possess. "One must have thorough knowledge of one's field of work. Good health, initiative, self-confidence and a neat personal appearance.

"A unique type of work is that offered for dietitians of doctors. She is required to work out diets for patients." The salaries for dietitians range from \$1600.00 to \$6000.00 a year, and always include board, room and laundry.

"The hotel business is opening to women. There are possible positions as hostesses, personnel directors, house directors and in catering departments. For this kind of work you have to like people and like working with people.

As a fourth type of vocation, Miss Mortenson discussed demonstrating. To-day many food factories and gas and electric companies employ women to demonstrate their products. There is great opportunity for advancement in this work. One is often called upon to help in the advertising, to write receipts, and do field work in demonstration.

Journalism also offers possibilities to the home economics student. And to-day we find many women broadcasting for different food, electric and gas firms.

In her discussion of these vocations, Miss Mortensen was careful to point out the advantages and disadvantages of each and all and to tell their requirements. Her talk was very interesting, as well as practical and educational.

In closing she gave the girls some helpful advice in regard to dieting, and proper care of their health.

LECTURE BY DR. STUMBERG

Orientation students learn of medical
vocations

"Well, girls, this is the hardest time for you—until after exams," began Dr. Stumberg last Tuesday in the orientation lecture. Sad but true! His subject concerned the vocations open to women in the fields of medicine, nursing, etc.

Dr. Stumberg said, "Women are ideally adapted to the profession of nursing, and today this vocation offers greater advantages than ever before. But nursing is really hard work, and discipline has become attractive to college graduates. It is now possible for prospective nurses to take courses at some universities that will not only give them a B. S. degree, but also training in the nursing field.

"It is advisable for the girl to get her degree first. Young women who have degrees and then go into training are able to obtain much better positions and can command much higher salaries.

"To girls planning to adopt nursing as a profession, certain courses are most vital that may be obtained in college. Social service offers varied possibilities to the person who has some knowledge of nursing. The medical profession is now much more accessible to women than formerly. There have been developed so many fields of specialized work to which women are particularly adapted, but the lines usually most successful for women are those concerned with children, laboratories, or x-ray technique."

COVER TO COVER

The New Spoon River by Edgar Lee Master, \$11 5 M39n, is the book of poetry for today. This book followed the famous **Spoon River Anthology** of Masters. It is a collection of epitaphs from the graveyard of Spoon River. Not ordinary epitaphs, these—they reveal the character and philosophy of these persons. It is interesting in its presentation of such a variety of philosophies and experiences—for, no two of them are at all alike. Some are sad and some are humorous, this makes the book well worth reading, for at no time does it have the least tendency to bore the reader.

Everyone likes foolishness, at least occasionally, the natural conclusion that is drawn from the above fact is that everyone will enjoy Stephen Leacock's **Nonsense Novel**. The cleverest satire appears all through the book, satire on the different types of writing. The one on chivalry is quite humorous, from the opening where Isolde, the Slender, our heroine, is mourning for the love she has never seen, to the finish when the hero and the villain have a fight with the outcome that the villain is flattened out in his suit of armour to resemble the poor sardine in a can. There is a most laughable story for the lovers of detective stories, right in the first of the book. The name is the **Defective Detective**, this detective wears the queerest disguises and acts throughout all the pages as the ideal detective is conventionally supposed to act.

XMAS FINDS MR.

MOTLEY AT HOME

Mr. Guy C. Motley, popular secretary of Lindenwood College, spent an enjoyable though quiet vacation at St. Charles. Except for a brief business trip through the South, he was here during the entire Christmas holiday.

VACATION IN CHICAGO

Dr. and Mrs. Roemer had a very pleasant Christmas vacation. Before leaving for Chicago, where a wonderful week of rest, theatre-going, and shopping was spent, they had their big Christmas dinner with Dr. Stumberg's mother and family.

BIRTHDAY PARTY THURSDAY;
DR. ROEMER TO WASHINGTON

And again Dr. Roemer has gone dashing about the country! This time he has gone to Washington, D. C. to attend conclaves of the Presbyterian College Union, and the American Association of Colleges, for Lindenwood must be represented. And this was the reason for the totally unexpected birthday party last Thursday evening—for since Dr. Roemer could not have been present on Friday, the party date was changed—how could any affair be complete without our President Roemer?

MISS PEYTON BEDFAST

Butler Regent in Hospital in Alabama

Word has come from Birmingham, Alabama, that Mrs. Peyton, house regent of Butler hall, is too ill to return to Lindenwood this year. She is in a private hospital at Birmingham undergoing treatment. Mrs. Peyton spent the holidays with her daughter, Mrs. Riddle of Birmingham, and a letter from Mrs. Riddle says that although her mother did everything in her power to be able to come back it was not possible in this case.

Not only the girls in Butler hall, but everybody on the campus will miss Mrs. Peyton. No one has been appointed to take her place as yet, but the appointment will be made soon. Mrs. Peyton has been a long loved person on Lindenwood's campus and the entire student body joins in wishing her a swift and sure recovery.

PICTURE OF MRS. HAYES' HOME

Miss Mabel Clement, hostess of the college tea room, is the proud possessor of a picture of the lovely home in Duluth of Mrs. Frank Hayes', formerly Miss Nye, the head of the home economics department here. Several years ago, Mrs. Clement visited there, where Mrs. Hays entertained for her. The older students and teachers will remember Miss Nye as a very popular member of the faculty, whose marriage several years ago marked a distinctly important event.

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and Washington Universities, Hardin, William Woods, Stephens, Christian, Cotley, and Drury.

At a dinner Friday night, February 14, there will be several speakers, and a number of people will be introduced. After this a Valentine's dance will be given in Butler gymnasium. Saturday morning, there will be the reports of all delegates, followed by a meeting that afternoon at which Miss Constance Roach will be the leader. Election of officers for the following year will be held. A "Water Carnival", which promises to be something new and different will be one of the features of the afternoon.

That evening at a banquet at the St. Charles Hotel, the newly elected officers will be installed. There will be a birthday cake in memory of Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, who was one of the founders of the League of Women Voters.

Read the Linden Bark.

MANY TIRED TRAVELERS

Girls Happy To Get Back

With snow and sleet, Old Man Winter greeted returning vacationers, on January 7, and by hearty gusts of wind, icy and penetrating, announced that he had come to stay. The campus seemed grey and hazy in the sleet, and lighted dormitories warm and inviting to tired travelers. Those who had classes struggled through them in some miraculous fashion, and then night dropped upon Lindenwood.

After supper—"Hello! When did you get in. Thought you were going to cut classes. Did I have a big Christmas? Um—the most delicious time—can't realize it's all over. And now the fun begins—getting ready for semesters—"

Shouts of greeting, laughter, groans, moans—excited girls talking over splendid holidays—and droopy ones thinking of past joys and semesters. Portables crooning "If I can't have you", or "Baby, Oh where can you be?" Here and there studious ones pull out books and try to settle down to conscientious work. Some are writing letters to the perfect hero "acquired" during vacation. The latest arrivals are unpacking and hectically demanding of the room-mate, "Where did I put my trunk key?" The more industrious are tidying up the room, desperately torn up in the pre-Christmas rush in a frantic search for the missing ear-ring that matches that necklace. Scattered about are "hen parties" in full swing. Thrilling stories of dances and dates and new loves are hashed over, and new frat pins exploited. In some rooms, Sleep, the task master, has conquered, and tired girls have succumbed, even before lights are out, imagine that!

Quiet halls would seem to indicate gloom, but Lindenwood girls can't be kept down, and there's lots ahead to do. Give them a day or two, and they'll be back in "the harness"—happier and peppier than ever.

GLORIES OF COMING BACK

Again The Old Gang Assembles

The thing we all love about coming back to school is the getting back in the dead of night, and waking everyone in the building as we clamber up the steps to the apartment.

Of course, the elevators don't run at twelve P. M. and the janitor always locks the door. After pounding for fifteen minutes we are fully let in, and the big parade starts. On every floor we stop and inquire to the health of each individual there. Sometimes we are told rather pointedly that she is feeling pretty good but kinda sleepy. At another room, the girls won't even wake up when we shout "Happy New Year." This makes us feel rather bad.

But these rebuffs are quickly forgotten when one arrives at one's own floor, and meets one's own kin. The youngsters next door are up, writing in their diaries. They welcome us noisily. Ah! it touches the heart! Someone down the hall shouts even before we have a chance to beat them to it. That's the good old spirit of the third floor!

As we near the door of the apartment, a shuffling sound from within is heard. The door is flung open and there stands Mother—Aw! I got the manuscripts mixed. What I mean to say is: There stands the roommate! Incidentally, in all the glory of your apparel. But even so, she looks very attractive. All is forgiven.

Next week sometime we intend to reprimand her for her impudence, but not just now.....no, not just now.....

COLLEGE CALENDAR

Thursday, January 16—

11:00 a. m. Recital of Advanced Music Students.

Friday, January 17—

8:00 p. m. Recital by Miss Cracraft

Sunday, January 19—

6:30 p. m. The Rev. James E. Detweiler of Japan

Monday, January 20—

8:00 a. m. Examinations begin.

MARRIAGE FOR EX-JOURNALIST

Lil Announces With Order For Bark

Lillie Bloomenstiel, one of the most popular and well-remembered seniors of last year, announced her engagement and future marriage in a letter to the Journalism department.

She says, "My experience in Journalism is going to affect my life now. How many times and in how many different papers did I read 'Advice to the Lovelorn'? And through my training here I have succeeded in obtaining for myself a husband.

"I am announcing my engagement Sunday to Barnard Pearl of Lindenwood College.....(now please see where my mind is)!!? Anyway, he's from Vicksburg, Miss....."

"I have wanted The Bark for ages, but have just put off writing. I am enclosing a money-order for. I believe that's O. K. Please send me some if not all of the back numbers. I am starving for news of my college."

The ever-peppy Lillie, beloved by all those who knew her, also says that she may stop over at Lindenwood on her way to New York for her trousseau.

This is of interest to all of Lindenwood who knew Lillie, and because we knew her, we congratulate Mr. Barnard Pearl—of Vicksburg, Mississippi.

RUMOR OF ENGAGEMENT

OF GRADUATE OF 1929

A rumor comes to the Bark that Miss Hortense Wolfort, who was graduated last June, is now engaged to be married to Benjamin Kossman Jr. of Greenville, Miss. Hortense is now at the high school at Salisbury, Mo., teaching music, of course, as well as other subjects.

OLD BARK GIRL ENGAGED

Announcement has been received from Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Teller, of Vicksburg, Mississippi of the marriage of their daughter Evelyn to Mr. Herbert F. Feilbeman, of Canton, Miss. The marriage ceremony took place January 2. Evelyn was for two years a student in Lindenwood, and during the Centennial year was on the staff of *The Linden Bark*.

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and background.

"The psychiatrist knows the proper time for play, recreation, food, sleep, and other essentials, and comes to the fore in prisons to separate and classify. There are always personell workers in demand, as in stores where someone must know how to manage people.

"Biology, general, mental, child, adolescent, social psychology are all necessary to the would-be psychologist, as are tests and measurements, sociology, keen observation of people and the ability to draw conclusions. The girl who does go into this sort of work will feel well repaid for her efforts."

EXTRACTS FROM
DISTRACTED VACATIONERS

One prominent senior, after having spent a most enjoyable Christmas visiting a friend sophomore, came back to school very sleepy, and with a most terrible cough. Imagine her surprise, upon the second day after her arrival, when she received from one of the flames she left behind her, a package of cough-drops, and a small box of Sta-Awake Tablets.

For once, when Miss Lear ran the picture-machrine over time, no one objected. It was all about coal—so we heard. We were asleep too.

Miss Lear says that every one is interested in diamonds. That may all be true, for quite a few girls are proudly displaying the left hand. It would be most ironical and tragic though, to be happy in the possession of a diamond from Him, and then have to study it as a form of carbon, when everyone knows that it is the supreme token of His love.....

Well—after reading all the above, it may easily be seen that Christmas vacation is over. Quite a few pale girls swear that they are not stepping off the campus until after exams are over. Others swear they would if they could, but they are too broke. In fact, almost everyone is swearing about something or other. Nor that we aren't glad to get back. After much intensive study, we have decided that the only trouble about coming back to school after vacation lie in the fact that there are morning classes. Furthermore, if one has them, one is expected to attend them, which goes much against one's principles and inclinations, in fact, so much so, that one over sleeps, and cuts the class she has already taken all her cuts in. What to do?

Much sleet on the ground. The taxis all come out Jefferson street, and girls get chances to wear their new fur coats. A few who cut their hair go round wishing they hadn't. Ears need protection, and they refuse to wear hats.....

"And so when I left for the New Year's Dance, Mother aid, 'Be good'. Saw my Dad, and he told me to be good. Saw both of my grandmothers and one grandfather, and they all told me to be good. Then I saw my little sister, and she, for variety, and thinking she was being original, told me to be good. Well, I did go to the dance."

AFTER XMAS FASHIONS

Santa Brings New Clothes To
The Girls

My goodness! Santa certainly did right by some of the girls who came back wearing beautiful new fur coats. Lapin, Caracal, Pony, Raccoon, Leopard, well almost any kind of fur one could think of. They come in handy for this weather Lindenwood is having.

One knows for sure that the long dress has been firmly established, because all of the girls are back with long sport clothes, long afternoon dresses, and long flowing evening frocks. The dresses look so attractive hanging several inches below the fur coats. Girls are just wondering now if the high-top shoes will again make their appearance.

Short or long tresses? Well, some have vowed they will let their hair grow and it is now at that terrible shaggy stage, while those who had the coveted flowing locks, came back after Christmas with them shingled off as close to the head as possible. It is disheartening to the hair-growers. Now the question is, "To bob or not to bob?"

IMPROMPTU PARTY

Dr. Roemer's surprise fun for all

"I want all of you to come to my party in the gymnasium tonight," announced Dr. Roemer in chapel on Wednesday morning, December 18. And what a party! Every one left her clothes lying, unpacked, in the middle of the floor and rushed to the gymnasium where the party was in full swing.

Of course, Dr. Roemer was a wonderful host. To add a little variety to the entertainment, he picked the best dancers to run a foot race across the gymnasium. One of the sprinters was unfortunate enough to lose control of her feet, the rest of her body, it seems, could not keep up with them, and this sad state of affairs resulted in a fall. Another feature of the party was the singing of "Silent Night, Holy Night", in Spanish by Miss Terhune; and the singing of the same song in German by several of the students. Yes, it was really the kind of a party that made one forget, for the moment, that she was getting ready to go home the next day.

CHRISTMAS PARTIES

Santa Claus was very busy on the eleventh and twelfth of December. Wednesday he visited Niccolls, and Thursday night he was at Sibley's house party.

Niccolls' house party was held in the parlor. Santa Claus distributed Christmas gifts, with the most charming and appropriate verses attached. He brought to Mrs. LeMaster a beautiful blue quilted robe and to Miss Sue Campbell a lovely necklace of crystals with a pin to match. Santa's helpers served apples and candy canes. And the first Christmas party of the freshmen was a great success.

Sibley's house party was Thursday night; it took place in the Y. W. parlors where everyone danced and made merry. Mrs. Wenger received a gorgeous blue chiffon coat. Santa Claus was not present to hand out the presents, but he had most efficient and capable helpers, who handed out baby dolls, and airplanes, and automobiles on right and left. Refreshments were served in the form of ice-cream with candy Santa Claus's, cup cakes, and candy canes.

Irwin had its Christmas party Thursday evening, December 12, in the recreation parlor. A beautifully decorated tree stood in one corner, loaded with gifts. Virginia Thompson and Billie Everson sang two carols, 'Silent Night' and 'Little Town of Bethlehem'. Then all the girls sang 'Jingle Bells' and during this, old Santa made his appearance to give the gifts to everyone. Miss Hough was presented an over-night bag by Santa and all the girls received very clever gifts.

Well Santa wouldn't neglect dear Ayres Hall. Not Santa! All the girls of Ayres gathered in the parlors at 9:30 where there was the nicest tree, all decorated. Just as they began singing "Jingle Bells" a big cow bell was heard outside, (one wondered why the cow bell, isn't Santa supposed to have reindeer?) then to continue, the old man came in with a jolly grin on his face. Mrs. Roberts was presented with a lovely gift, and just what she wanted. Santa is truly a wise man. Gifts were given to each girl, a sack for each one, containing doughnut, eskimo pies, an apple, and the cutiest sugar candy cane.

ST. LOUIS CLUB LUNCHEONS
AT CORONADO HOTEL

Betty Weinert, president of the St. Louis club, was hostess at a bridge luncheon given by that organization at the Coronado Hotel in St. Louis, during the holidays. She was assisted by Ann Armstrong and Velma Olsen, other officers of the Club.

A game of bridge followed the luncheon, which was served in the main dining room of the hotel. The first prize, a vanity case, was awarded to Velma Olsen. Betsy Davis won the second prize.

LINDENWOOD IS TURNED

INTO CRYSTAL FAIRYLAND

The ice and sleet have turned the campus into a perfect fairy-land that one reads about in books. One doesn't have to go to a shop to see those popular new crystal trees, for there are beautiful crystal trees right here. The sidewalks, the ground, and everything covered with ice, give the girls quite a thrill. It seems so funny to be able to walk on top of the snow and not sink in up to the ankles.

Already sleds and skates are making their appearances. It is just the ideal weather for sleigh-riding, and it isn't necessary to go to the hill on the golf course to slide, for any place on the campus will do. This unusual weather and the beauty of the whole campus seem to pep up all the girls instead of making them despondent.

WORK CONTINUES IN
MUSIC DEPARTMENT

Work will go on as usual in the music department, now that Miss Rhodes has recovered somewhat from her accident, and is preparing to teach her students in the studio once occupied by Miss Isidore in Ayres hall. It will be very convenient for her, because she can have her room near her studio, and can also go to her meals without leaving the building.

DR. TUPPER ENJOYS N. Y.

Dr. Tupper spent her Christmas vacation in New York and Boston. She reports a marvellous time. Who wouldn't have a good time in New York going places?

STRAND
THEATRE

THURSDAY and FRIDAY NIGHTS

Vitaphone—Talking

DOLORES COSTELLO
in

"Hearts In Exile"

SATURDAY NIGHT, January 18

Radio's Wonder Singer in his First
All Talking, All Music Feature Picture
America's Romantic IdolRUDY VALLEE
And His Connecticut Yankees

in

The Vagabond Lover

(Now at the New St. Louis Theatre)