

LINDEN BARK

Vol. 5.—No. 12

Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Mo., January 15, 1929.

Price 5c

ROAMED AT LEISURE DURING HOLIDAYS

Even the authorities like to do just as they please once in a while, and Dr. and Mrs. Roemer spent their Christmas holidays doing that very thing. None of their friends or relatives were informed of their presence in Chicago, so they were free to come and go to suit themselves entirely. They stayed at the magnificent Palmer House, which has all the beauties of America's best of today enhanced by historical fame. They spent much of their time at plays, and Mrs. Roemer especially enjoyed shopping at Marshall Fields.

Last week, at the Read House in Chattanooga, Dr. Roemer attended conventions of the Presbyterian College Union, the Council of Church Boards of Education, and the Association of American Colleges. He returned to the college, however, in good time to attend the banquet of the Ethics class on Friday night.

LINDENWOOD'S CHARITY

Spreads Christmas Cheer

One cold, grey winter's day two Lindenwood girls started out with merry hearts to carry the spirit of Christmas from the girls of Lindenwood to certain poor, unfortunate families of St. Charles of whom they had learned. Enabled by the collection given at the Y. W. service the Sunday night before vacation and the various gifts of clothing and toys, they were to investigate the circumstances of these families and find what was most needed.

After walking many blocks through strange parts of town they finally arrived at the home of the first family on the list. "We're from Lindenwood," were the magic words which opened the door wide and the girls were soon chatting with the Mother and trying very hard to make friends with the tiny golden-haired baby girl. Soon finding out their needs the girls left.

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VACATION PLEASURES

Dr. Gipson spent the greater part of this Christmas vacation in the home of Miss Folsom, in Nashua, New Hampshire. She was there until after Christmas and then went to New York.

During her stay in New York, she saw several good plays. One of these was "MacBeth", which was played by a fine cast, and the manager of its scenery, Gordon Craig, is one of the best. She also saw Ethel Barrymore in "The Kingdom Of God". Another very remarkable and artistic program was given by the Duncan dancers of whom Irma Duncan is the leader.

SCIENTIFIC VACATION

Dr. Ennis Attends Convention in New York

Dr. Ennis, head of the biological science department spent her Christmas in New York City, and during part of the time attended the convention held at Columbia University by the American Association of Science, December 27—31. This convention was the largest meeting of its kind ever held in this country and probably in the world. All sciences were represented, and each was divided into sections with different lectures for each section. Dr. Ennis attended various sections of the botanical group.

The lectures were very interesting Dr. Ennis said, but she was especially impressed by movies of cell division. Real cells were put under the microscope and tremendously magnified, then placed on the movie screen.

An interesting trip was taken out to the Boyce Thompson Institute at Yonkers on Sunday, December, 30, by members of the association. The people who work there, many of whom are celebrated scientists, were on hand to explain the research work which is being done. The Institute devotes its

(Continued on page 7, col. 1)

DR. STUMBERG EXPLAINS 'FLU

In the second lecture to the Freshman Orientation class, January 8, Dr. Stumberg continued with his subject of "Diseases." He spoke of occupational diseases such as are caused by coming into contact with certain raw metals. The types of disease spreading were referred to as epidemic, pandemic, and endemic. The flu germ, he said, was discovered in 1895. The best way to prevent having the flu is to have an antitoxin because no drug has been found yet as its cure.

TELLS OF "LIFE ABUNDANT"

Dr. Kenaston Takes Theme of Village Blacksmith.

On November 17 Lindenwood had the pleasure of hearing Dr. R. S. Kenaston speak at vespers. Dr. Kenaston said that when he came to Lindenwood he was always in doubt as to his subject. This time he chose, "Elements of Life Abundant". Life does not always come as we want it, if it did we would have Peace, Prosperity and Plenty.

Dr. Kenaston said life was like a mountain stream-full of currents and uneven places. The movements of Life's stream are varied. However, the elements of life abundant are toil, rejoicing, sorrow and worshiping.

Toil is one of the unappreciated blessings of life. All the followers of Jesus toil for higher ideals. Sorrow comes to all of us. It is in our hour of sorrow that we call upon God. In life there is also a taste of rejoicing. This we find through Jesus. And last but by no means least comes worship. There is a need in all men and women for church "the representative of God". It is written not only in the Bible but also in the Constitution of every human that man can not live on bread alone.

Dr. Kenaston warned all, not to neglect the spiritual phase of life.

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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, JAN. 15, 1929

The Linden Bark:

"Look, the massy trunks
Are cased in pure crystal; each light
spray,
Nodding and tinkling in the breath
of heaven,
Is studded with its trembling water-
drops,
That glimmer with an amethy-
stine light."
Bryant—"A Winter Piece".

COWARDS AND RESOLUTIONS

A very interesting article was recently published in one of our current magazines, entitled "Why Are We Such Cowards?" It discussed that universal complex, timidity before the man in the uniform; no, not the uniform of the law, but the black and white uniform of the head waiter, the gray and red uniform of the baggage "red cap", the white uniform of the Pullman porter—in short, any uniform which permits the wearer to expect a tip. The article showed us up as real cowards before the question of tipping too much or too little; would that it could have gone farther and discussed some of the other phases of cowardice in this brave, independent America!

Fear of ridicule is perhaps the greatest fear in our country today. It is pitiful to see strong, sound people, sure of their bank account and family tree, cringe before the danger of what the local teaser may say. The most recent and wholesale demonstration of its complex is in the matter of New Year's Resolu-

tions. Once a serious and uplifting affair, New Year's Resolutions have now passed into the realm of the Sunday comic strips and the "pungent paragraphs" of those misguided wits who seek to amuse old man World by making fun of him.

This little article, "A New Year's Greeting," is a defense of the old practise of making good resolutions. Go ahead and resolve to study! Resolve to stop fighting your roommate! Resolve to write home twice a week! Resolve to keep within the bounds of ye allowance! Resolve anything and everything you please, and don't let any long faced teaser pull the old one on you about "hell being paved with good intentions". If true, at least your resolutions will save the tires, and you will arrive in a better fighting condition than your non-resolving neighbor.

Make your resolutions with the intention of keeping them, of course, but don't be afraid of making them because you might have to go back on your word, or because someone might tease you about breaking them. Even if they are just kept a few days, you have paved that much in the opposite direction from Mr. Devil. At least, be honest about it, and don't be a coward. Happy New Year!

THE LAST YEAR

As one steps to the last rung on the ladder of College, she must needs pause for a moment and take inventory of the last four years. The only one to come into a full realization of what happiness has fallen to her lot, in having four years at Lindenwood College, is a senior.

Four years! What a long time that seems. But to the one who has in any way lived to the ideals set up one hundred years ago, four years is a tree in the forest of Life—a tree which will blossom and shed its cooling shade upon all those who go through the Forest.

There are those who come to Lindenwood as freshmen and leave as seniors. They know the joys and sorrows of Lindenwood College. They shed many tears; their laughs can be heard ringing clear and sincerely through the halls.

And now they are gone. Others come to take the place that they leave. Yet the halls through which we have wandered so aimlessly shall linger.

For one never forgets Linden-

COLLEGE CALENDAR

Tuesday, January 15.

5:00 Recital by Students of the Music Department.

Thursday, January 17.

11:00 Dr. John Alexander of Saint Louis.

Friday, January 18.

7:30 West and Northern States Dance.

Sunday, January 20.

6:30 Dr. C. L. Chalfant, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.

wood. She may go far away, but heart will always be true to the Alma Mater. In leaving, one has always one consolation,—Memories. These are something which one can keep forever. They are as children the older they grow, the more attached we become to them.

And so as we leave, it will be with love in our hearts for the best college—Lindenwood.

AMATEUR EXHIBITION CHANCE AT CASH AWARDS

Lindenwood girls are to be given an excellent opportunity to earn a bit of pin money with their own talents in the amateur art exhibition which will be one of the important features of the fourth Annual Woman's National Exposition which is to be held March 4 to 9 inclusive, at the Hotel Jefferson Auditorium.

Amateur artists who exhibit their work will have a chance to win awards, as the best example of water color, oil painting, black and white work, bas relief, religious art will be given cash prizes. According to the rules for hanging, exhibits must not be over 20x22 inches in size. Large frames are emphatically discouraged.

Artists may offer as many exhibits as desired, but no more than three works of any individual will be hung.

The Jefferson chapter of the D. A. R. will sponsor the art exhibit with the object in view of encouraging young artists to exhibit their work in friendly competition. Miss Antionette Taylor is chairman of the exhibit.

A jury of awards which has been chosen to serve at the contest, is composed of Mrs. Walter B. Versteeg, a St. Louis artist, Mrs. Frederick D. Starr, a miniature painter of note, and Mrs. Emily Grant Hutchings, art critic of the St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Out of Doors The Year Round

WINTER SCENE

By Dorothy Emmert

Soft mists roll o'er a scene of white
As snowdops drift their way
Through silence deep, and hush of
sleep,

Neath moon of gentle ray.

Tall trees stand out with stark bare
boughs

And black, against the snows,
While lift their stiff and leafless
arms

To filmy fleeced chateaus.

Disdainful, naughty, and superb,
This woodland looms at night;
But soft and lovely is its calm
As flakes of snow take flight.

RAINY TWILIGHT WALKS

By Elizabeth Greene

There are many things that give
people some particular pleasure—
walking in the rain gives me real
enjoyment and is one of my in-
dulgences. If I have had an un-
usually hard day, perhaps too much
study in the library, a walk will
rid me of these grouchy, dumpy
feelings I get. A walk in the rain
simply does wonders for me!

On some of these rambles in the
rain, the trivial becomes the beauti-
ful, and my world becomes one of
fantastic, imaginative pictures.
Water in the street makes little
earth rainbows, on spots where oil
has been. The iridescent colors all
run into each other, then gradually
grow fainter and fainter, until they
finally fade away. Oh, I feel
gloriously alive and free on a day
like this!

The leaves are like shining silk.
The little far-off lights twinkle in
and out, playing hide and seek in
the foliage. Little baby winds
blow like a soft caress, brushing
curling tendrils of loosened hair
across my face. Gray shadows
deepening into black, hurriedly close
me in, and the blue mist hangs
breathlessly over all.

The old church never seems so
tall as in this dusk. Its steeple
high above all the other little
buildings, is like some royal ruler
with his kneeling subjects.

The low-hung gray clouds al-
most touch my head—almost like
soft feathers. Then, even the
houses with their pretty colored

lights take on an entirely new sig-
nificance for me. These homes are
enchanted, these people belong to
an entirely different world, which
I see only on a rainy night.

As I walk on in this mist, I feel
the last shreds of my discontent
and ill temper leaving me. Every-
thing has a clean smell, free from
dust and coal smoke for a short
while. I again feel the joy of these
objects of nature in their rejuvena-
tion. Oh, these feelings and many
other imaginative pictures arise in
my mind on a rainy twilight
tramp.

A SUNRISE IN SPRING

By Mildred Milam

Omar Khayyam was greedy. He
wanted food, wine, a book, and
a companion to make paradise of
his wilderness. I am not so greedy.
I am content with a lone tree on
a hillside, a cushion beneath my
head, and a sunrise in solitude.

I like to sleep beneath the trees
with the moon and the stars to
watch over me. Then I awaken
with the first hint of dawn, prop
myself against the trunk of the tree,
and await the sunrise.

First the sky is suffused with a
faint, pink glow. I breathe slowly
and deeply of the sweet morning
air and settle myself even more
comfortably against the tree.

Then the sky grows brighter.
Houses and fields appear dimly in
the valley below. The grass is
green, the trees are green, and the
masses of blue and yellow wild-
flowers present a contrasting color
note.

The sky is growing steadily
brighter now. The entire valley is
a panorama of loveliness with here
and there a slight, overhanging
mist.

The rosy hue has disappeared
entirely from the sky. Slowly,
majestically, the sun rises over the
horizon. The mists disappear.
Everything in the valley stands
out with the crystal clearness. The
grass glistens. The sky is blue
with masses of filmy, white clouds
floating across it. Over everything
is the pregnant quiet of early morn-
ing.

My hillside is still deserted, my
cushion is still comfortable, and
my tree is still serene. I am at
peace with the world.

Omar Khayyam may have his

food, his literature, and his lady
fair. They are doubtless desir-
able equipment for a sojourn in the
wilderness. But I will take a tree
and my hillside.

AN AUGUST RAINBOW

By Elizabeth Austin

The pulsing heat of August
throbbled through the air and closed
about the town that lay between
low hills. Glare of sunshine beat
upon the withered grass and on
dusty leaves of trees that stretched
their branches to the brassy blue
sky. And all the while, heavy
cumulus clouds were piling up in
the northwest. Swiftly rising, they
soon obscured the late afternoon
sun. It was still, so still that a
sense of ominous unrest pervaded
the air. A distant mutter of thun-
der foretold the coming storm.
Then suddenly the wind rose.

It blew suddenly, fitfully, then
with increasing violence and
strength, sweeping clouds of dust
across the street, snatching news-
papers and scattering them about
the lawn. The branches of a maple
tree lashed against the windy sky.
A blinding flash of lightning split
the clouds; a deafening crash of
thunder reverberated through the
air and, then, the rain came. The
furious wind blew sheets of water
first north, then south. Trees, for
the first time in months washed
free of dust, stretched out leafy
arms. Then, as quickly as the
storm had come, it passed. Rain
fell more slowly, sinking deep in-
to the parched earth. Along the
ridge of hills toward the west a
streak of blue sky gleamed. In a
few moments the rain had stopped
altogether.

Faintly the sun shone on white
sidewalks, and glistened on the
rain-wet leaves of the maple.
Through the steamy stillness, drift-
ed the call of a robin as he hopped
busily on the wet grass. In the gar-
den, four o'clocks opened and a
humming bird dipped daintily into
the heart of a yellow blossom for
his evening meal.

In the west, the sun tinted a tatter-
ed fragment of cloud with gold
and rose and amethyst, while in
the east a rainbow spanned dark
storm clouds.

CONTENTMENT ON AN OCTOBER DAY

By Elizabeth Larabee

On a Saturday morning when
the air was clear and heady, I be-

thought me of the pleasure of a walk through the country with my friends. The route which we usually took was so familiar to us that we seldom noted the landscape as we paced along discussing life in general. But something in the air sharpened my perceptions, and I noticed new things along our way.

This morning, my companions were in a leisurely mood. We strolled across the campus toward the highway, stepping gingerly among the fallen apples in Mr. Ordelheide's back yard. They sent up the sweet, spicy odor of decay and fermentation, and attracted a buzz of insects about them in the grass.

Emerging on the highway, we were accosted by an uncouth person who asked, "Want a ride, sweetie?" Adopting a lofty demeanor, we froze him with an icy stare, and he shiveringly departed with a grinding of gears and a floating cloud of smoke from his exhaust.

Light-heartedly, we ambled on into the country, down the familiar road, passing several gas stations and hot dog stands on the way. In a leisurely manner, we paused to sit on a bridge beside a corn field. Someone was moving about between the shocks, for I heard the crackle of his movements. The trees that lined the road and stood scatteringly in the neighboring pasture were still green, but rather faded. The grass was yellow and brittle to the touch.

Perched comfortably on the bridge, I suddenly emitted a terrific sneeze, indicative of hay-fever. Casting about for the cause, I saw a clump of golden-rod, swaying slightly and wafting its irritating scent to my nostrils. I suggested that we go on before I became extremely uncomfortable.

A dog attached himself to our company. He was constantly dashing out to bark at a passing motor, only to return with his tongue hanging out and his sides heaving.

We passed an orchard. The trees were laden with luscious red and yellow apples. Several trees drooped their branches obligingly near the fence, in invitation, so it seemed. Breathlessly, we climbed the fence, dreading the sight of an irate farmer, or an entanglement in the barbed wire. We carried away as many apples as possible to munch while we sauntered. How good the juicy apple tasted as we bit into

the sweet, firm flesh of the fruit!

On we went, laughing and eating, feeling like little schoolboys. There was a hint of autumn in the landscape, but it was bathed in the golden warmth of summer. Around a curve, a bed of sumac blazed on a hill, flaunting its vividness against the ploughed earth.

Down a side-road, stumbling over loose stones, we took our way past an old countryside cemetery, filled with forgotten people, between high, weeds on either side of the road, to a clump of a slim-trunked trees, growing on a hillside. There, on the moldering softness of long fallen leaves breathing faintly of earth, we stretched ourselves in utter contentment. The sky was smoky blue above us, the air was caressingly warm, the earth was soft and fragrant beneath us, and we understood each other. Silence, then a word-silence again except for the faint rustle of our movements, or the occasional passage of a car on the highway.

A beautiful day, good friends, a peaceful landscape—each, alone, a rare treasure—together—unforgettable satisfaction and contentment.

A NOVEMBER NIGHT

By Dorothy Gehlbach

There is no moon; the sky is a dull, dark grey mass of nothing, pierced by a few lost-looking stars. The air is still and bitter. I am alone here. The motionless fountain is a phantom of cold stone in the faint light. Around it are masses of crackly brown leaves. Drooping over its side are dead flowers, beautiful once perhaps. The stubbly grey-brown grass cracks sharply under my feet. A tall poplar tree stands in naked relief against the paler sky. Bare of most of its leaves, it still holds a small wreath of them shivering along the lowest branches, as if hugging the trunk for protection from the cheerless night. Three times an owl hoots in the distance, mournfully breaking the awful stillness. From far, far away I hear the whistle and faint roar of a train, and I have a mad desire to get away from this dark, withered place, to go where there are lights and noises and warmth and people.

Annual Sale Soon. Get your money and buy one.

THE REIGN OF WINTER

By Ruth Lemen

The stalwart oak whose branches long bereft
Of leaves, are outlined bleak against a sombre sky;
The faint blue mist surrounding distant hills;
The rustling leaves that fly before the wind;
The melancholy cries of south-bound birds
Are heralds of the autumn's fast departure.
The meadows, silver white with heavy dew;
The first crisp breath of winter in the air
The soft white flakes that fold the sleeping earth;
The cold without, the cheerier warmth within;
The howling winds and icy blasts proclaim
That winter, sovereign of the seasons, reigns.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

By Agnes McCarthy

Pick up the *Post-Dispatch* any day, turn to the editorial section, look on the left hand side of the page, and read the letters from the people. I guarantee you no end of amusement.

This paper, like several others, runs a column for the benefit of their readers who become violently moved about some public affair, and feel that it is their express duty to put their protests or praise, as the case may be, on paper to be sent to the press. I am startled to find that some of these good people who respond so vigorously to all types of questions, can be so much more emotional than I, or my family, could ever be. I must stretch my imagination to the utmost to conceive of my father being aroused to wrath over the neighbor's radio or eight-cent street car fares. W. B. C. and Blue Eyes become passionately stirred over the covers for the Sunday magazine section. I read that Thoughtful wonders why in (%)? (the writer implying very cleverly, *hell*, in order to save the eyes of the moral) do you bother to publish this paper? My attention is also arrested by the letter from A Citizen, telling the editor to come along with more along the same line.

Public letter writing demands no technique. Young writers who never heard of unity, coherence, or

even dangling participles are not denied space in the editor's column. All are published and all contain, I imagine, the characteristics of the writers. They never fail to amuse me, especially these that appear now concerning the election. Mr. Hoover should blush to think that he could not instill something more grownup in a mass of people than the childish statement: "I am not a Catholic and do not want the Pope to rule our nation so I shall vote for Herb."

They are really very funny, but I suppose the poor things are more to be pitied than laughed at, so let us pause and have three minutes' silence in ovation to our army of writers of letters to the people.

A DESERT RAT

By *Thais Home*

If any one man of my acquaintance stands out as a character, it is Doc Fatheringham, which is, of course, not his real name. Always, at a certain season of the year, ever since I can remember this man comes to our house, stays a few days, and then disappears into the silent world, to be seen no more until the next year arrives.

Only twice have I seen him in his own home. Both of these times were when my brother and I were on a hunting trip in the desert. Doc's home is a rude shack, built in a grove of cottonwood trees, beside one of the few springs in that part of the Mojave Desert. There he has a few acres of alfalfa, hardly enough to feed his own horses. He earns his meager living by conducting into the desert, hunting parties in search of the game to be found in that section.

Physical fear is unknown to the man. I have seen him pick up a rattlesnake by the tail, and snap its head off, as one would crack a whip. Every morning, he goes into the corral where he keeps Belshazzar, the man-killing black stallion, which he caught in a band of wild horses on the desert. To be afraid of this demon, who would stamp him under his hoofs at the first chance, never enters his mind. The thought of becoming lost on the desert terrifies him not a bit. He knows the desert, and loves every inch of it, every sun-baked rock, and every clump of mesquite.

One night, after the sun had sunk, and the night breeze had sprung up, bringing with it whisperings of mysterious stories of treasure, love, and death on the

Mojave sands, while sitting before the camp fire, and looking up at the stars that seemed close enough to touch, Doc told us the story of his life. It was a weird, fantastic tale, like those found only in yellow-backed magazines.

Doc told us of his childhood in England, on the country estate of his father, one of England's foremost men of the time, of his medical training at Cambridge, of his father's death, and of his loss of wealth, position, and sweetheart, through a friend's selfish and treacherous act. He described his years in the French Foreign Legion, and the horrors and hardships he had to bear. He told of his wanderings to the far corners of the earth, his gradual degradation, caused by drink and the feeling of despair which had clutched his heart. He told of one horrible night in Hongkong, when he was held prisoner without his accustomed cocaine, and how, through the suffering of that night, he came to realize just how low he had fallen, and what a fool he had made of himself.

From that time he began to improve. He put up a wonderful fight, in order to regain his self-respect. In his struggle, he accepted the invitation of a friend to visit his home on the edge of the Mojave Desert. The next few years of his life were spent at this home, making frequent trips into the desert, where he found peace and quiet. He told us that the desert made him feel his smallness and how infinitesimal his troubles were in comparison to God and His greatness.

Doc Fatheringham returned to civilization and made a name for himself in the medical profession. He was a man who had come back. His company was sought, and he had success in the hollow of his hand. His friends were many, and he had all those things, which most men believe go to make up happiness.

From all this, however, he could get no pleasure. The happiest years of his life had been spent on the Mojave; the desert had laid her hand upon him. Finally, after ten years of companionship with his fellowmen, he returned to happiness and the desert. In his little shack, with no neighbors within fifty miles he has spent the remaining years of his life, coming out only once a year, to visit friends, and to buy provisions. He leads the life of a desert rat, one of the lowest in the human scale of social life, but in it

he has found happiness, and there he intends to stay, spending the remainder of his life in communion with God and the desert.

GALOSHES

By *Dorothy Turner*

The first four years of my life were spent in comparative peace. But when I grew old enough to go to kindergarten, my mother bought me a pair of "artics." I protested as loudly as I could, considering that I had had only five years' experience in the art of being contrary. Nobody but streetcleaners wore those clumsy things! However, Mother put them on me and kissed me good-bye. What was there left for me to do? From then on, I accepted galoshes with no display of aversion, although when I had them on I never was able to rid myself of that messy feeling of walking ankle-deep in mud.

After a few winters, Fashion helped me out. She decreed that all ladies, (mothers too), misses, girls, and little tots should wear galoshes. It was such a consolation to see fellow-sufferers either lift their feet like cats with shoes on, or drag them along the sidewalk as though their footwear were partially anchored. This mutual interest led a few of us to form a club—The Five-Buckle Galosh Club. Before long Style put an end to it. By the time our schoolmates had persuaded their mothers to buy them galoshes with one more buckle, even though their old ones were not worn, Goodrich and Company introduced "zippers." Zippers had swept the school. Somebody had attained a buccaneer effect by folding over the tops, making a wide cuff about her ankles. Our membership dwindled down to nobody.

Various styles have flooded the "home, school, factory, and office," since then, only to be blotted out by some new creation the next winter. Galoshes are no longer the "arctic overshoes" I wore to kindergarten. Why, some, made of velvet for evening wear, are more dainty and delicate than the slippers they protect! Really, a more appropriate name, less suggestive of a swear word, should be invented. Every year I watch for some enterprising shoe manufacturer to advertise his "galoches." Anyway this matter of a suitable label would make a lovely problem for etymologists.

CONTRAST

By Helen Sweeney

Old-fashioned with her hair in
braids, her cheeks
A tint with blushes and her eyes
as soft
As violets laved with dew. Her
fingers, frail
And dainty as the flutt'ring prim-
rose pale,
Her petals trembling in the vale
below
As breezes fanned her fears to
rest. A joy,
Her slipper tips, mouse-shy be-
neath the frills
Of flow'r-sprigged skirts. I saw
her then.
Lithe, supple form, athletic
heritage
Of girls whose greatest joy is
life. Erect
To greet the world with laugh-
ter, face alight
With vigor. Strong, firm arms
tanned brown with sun
And made more firm by worthy
combat waged
With waves, or racket wielded
gracefully
As the Discobolus of old tossed
discs
For love of sport and not for
praise. Her hands
Square, capable, but beautiful in
all
Their character. A little jaunty
tam
Atop her close-clipped curls, un-
ruly, crisp,
By wind a mass of irresistible
Appeal and charm. 'Tis such I
see her now.

A FIGHT FOR THE MAIL

By Mary Norman Rinehart

It is time for the school post of-
fice to open. I swallow my food
hurriedly and with great gulps.
Nervously, I watch the mail clerk,
who sits at a table opposite mine,
She rises with her companions and
they march out. My table also
rises, and I walk in a repressed
manner, behind a faculty member.
At last, I manage to reach the cam-
pus to find that I am not alone, as
other students, who have rushed
through lunch too, are here. I try
to beat the oncoming crowd by
running to the post office.

Again I am surprised, for the
hall is crowded with a motley mob
pressed against the door, which has
not yet been opened. There is such
a din of gibberings that it is im-
possible to hear what my neighbor
is saying, unless she screams and I

I get a letter from John, he hasn't
written yet", "Ssh! be quiet or they
will never open the door", and, "I
do hope I get a box from home to-
day".

Unexpectedly, there is a simul-
taneous shove from the rear, and it
is evident that the door has been
opened by some benevolent person.
For a second time, I become one
strain my ears. However, there are
three sentences that are heard above
the clamoring of voices: "I hope
of the pushing, pulling mob, who
seethe forward with keys in hand
and set teeth.

Someone falls ponderously against
me, and my keys drop to the floor.
I stoop convulsively to rescue them.
Now my keys and body are tramp-
led under merciless feet. I squirm,
twist, and crawl between legs un-
til I spy the gleaming bits of metal.
I give a sudden lunge, almost up-
setting ten people and—hooray!
I have recovered them. I rise im-
pulsively and awkwardly on my
own feet and some one else's.

I make up for lost time and man-
age to reach my box. My key will
not fit. I glance at the number on
the box. Oh! I am at the wrong
one. I grapple and wrestle among
my schoolmates and thus come
nearer my own. Oh! there is a card.
Can it be that I have a package? If
only it's something to eat. I grasp
the card and thrust it between my
teeth. I close my box and examine
my card. No! this cannot be true.
Surely I have not struggled through
this mob just to get a card adver-
tising "Helen's Beauty Shop"!

I am entirely crushed (in several
senses of the word) and allow my-
self, a figure of utter dejection, to
be carried away by the outpouring
stream of laughing or tearful stu-
dents.

THE BEAUTY OF THE EVER DAY

By Margery Hazen

"The beauty of the everyday is
more poignant than the beauty of
the rare and far removed."

The great majority of people
will never have the opportunity to
develop an appreciation of the best
music, pictures, sculpture, and
architecture, but anyone who is
willing can learn to recognize the
beauty in commonplace things.

There are more things included
in the "commonplace" than our
natural surroundings. Almost every-
one loves sunshine, rain, wind, the
purity of snow, the freshness of
grass, and all the variations of form

and color found in nature, but the
person who truly appreciates beauty
looks for something more.

There is beauty in the noise of
a factory. It is the beauty of in-
dustry. There is beauty in the
measured tread of the man who fol-
lows the plow. It is the beauty of
rhythm. There is beauty in the
slow, painful step of the crippled
soldier. It is the beauty of patriot-
ism, of unselfishness and service.
There is beauty even in the poorest
tenement district of a great city,
where one can see those poverty-
stricken people sharing their last bit
of bread with their neighbors. And
that is the beauty of human love
and sacrifice.

Everyone can see beauty in the
twinkle of lights of a distant city
at night, but if one can stand above
a city of broad noon-day, and while
seeing it in all its dust, and grime,
and hodgepodge architecture, still
feel the thrill, half-pain, half-plea-
sure, that comes from the vivid
realization of the beauty that it
symbolizes—the beauty of human
love, and thoughtfulness, and en-
deavor—then he has passed the true
test of the beauty lover.

Do not believe that because a
person goes into rhapsodies over the
tint of a cloud, his is a passionately
beauty—loving nature; do not
feel inferior to the person who can
analyze Raphael. It is the person
who delves deep and brings to
light the hidden beauty of the com-
monplace who is the greater lover
of beauty.

MASQUE

By Louise Wardley

For life is nothing but a masquer-
ade

Where each, according to his
fancy, then

Appears in some guise other than
his true

And natural attire. Each seems
what he

Is not. For some in rags disguise
their wealth,

While poverty in tinsel gold
parades

Its cheap and tawdry finery.
Now here

A clown beneath his grinning
masque grotesque

Hides sorrow with false gaiety;
and there

A jester with his jingling bells
conceives

His great desires, ambitions high-
in vain,

For life is nothing but a mas-
querade.

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longing to squeeze the baby and dress her up in pretty clothes.

At each of the other homes visited the "girls from Lindenwood" were gladly welcomed. Each person visited seemed to long for the girls' company and sympathy, and many were the pathetic stories to which they listened.

As the grey mist closed into the night, the girls, after doing all they could, turned weary steps homeward, thankful, thoughtful, and glad that they could do their little bit in helping bring comfort and cheer to those dear people.

After earnestly describing to the girls their visits they succeeded in enlisting the sympathy of each one who listened to their pitiful story, and quickly plans were made by the others to help out even more, by personal visits and contributions "Lindenwood Girls are a Friendly Lot" and helpful too.

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time chiefly to botanical research work.

Dr. Ennis said that the convention was especially valuable because of the contracts made with other scientists and friends. Professor Margaret C. Ferguson of Wellesley College was elected president of the botanical society. It is the first time that a woman has been chosen for that office. She is one of the most outstanding women botanists in the country and one of the most outstanding in the world.

GYM CLASSES

TAKE ON INTEREST

The most efficient way to descend from a burning building—the most graceful way to run for a street car—the proper technique to employ in escaping a bunch of Chicago gangsters—these are only a few of the useful arts taught in the newest feature of Lindenwood's physical education department: the course in gymnastics. This novel is causing much interest, and many skinned knees, around the campus. Its purpose, according to the instructor, Miss Duggan, is to enable girls to "live more gracefully." It includes a brief training in formal gymnastics, but the main emphasis is placed on exercises calculated to fit the students to meet the demands of everyday life more gracefully and efficiently.

The class began with a series of

tests—mysterious things, such as standing on one foot with the eyes closed for ten seconds (just try it), turning flying somersaults without touching the head on the mattress, or walking on a narrow cross beam four feet above the ground on the hands and knees (ask Helen Henderson). The day the class learned the proper method for descending from a burning balcony by a rope; Lucile Kelly was the first to take the leap from the tower, and just ask any of the girls who are complaining of sore hands and muscles if it is scary!

Formal gymnastics are rapidly giving way to freedom and independence of exercise, and Lindenwood's gymnastics course, rather than being a tiresome rehearsal of unison exercises to count, offers every day some new kind of play-exercise. The class is one of the largest in the department, and undoubtedly one of the most interesting.

OUR MAIL SANTA HAD FLU

Santy Claus has come and gone but not for Lindenwood. The college has perpetual Santa Claus. Who? Why, Miss Jeck. She is the real Popularity Queen. She sees us at our best and at our worst. Twice a day the walls of her castle are stormed. Many hundreds are killed (figuratively speaking), in the rush.

And this Santy, has had "flu". Of course most Santys have "flu" but it is usually with reindeers. And oh how we missed Miss Jeck! It just did not seem natural to see the Post Office and not Miss Jeck. If she had not come back when she did we would have had to move the Post Office to her, so that we would feel more like we were receiving mail. Mail without Miss Jeck just is not mail.

ALPHA SIGMA TAU TEA

Alpha Sigma Tau entertained at a delightful tea at four o'clock on Thursday afternoon in Sibley parlors. Those enjoying the gracious hospitality of the club were Dr. and Mrs. Roemer, the members of the faculty, the wives of faculty members and the house-mothers. Mary Alice Lange, the president, received the guests and Mrs. Roemer most graciously assisted by pouring tea while the girls served tempting sandwiches of nut bread, and olives and nuts, tea cakes, mints and nuts.

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"Toil, sorrow, rejoice and worship the God of Ages". The entire theme of the talk was taken from Longfellow's "Village Blacksmith"

"FRANK'S" NEW HOUSE

ALMOST COMPLETED

"Frank's" new house is rapidly taking form before one's very eyes. The building was started about two weeks before the Christmas holidays, and now completion is approaching almost daily. Students lucky enough to have classes on that side of Roemer, find it pleasantly diverting, when lectures prove too boring, to let their eyes wander thru the window to watch the labors of the workmen down by the hockey field.

The move was occasioned, as everyone knows, by the fact that the Weis residence, the old Sibley Cottage stands exactly on the site which was the final decision for the location of the new library. As soon as the new building project was under way, the consequent moving of the Weisses began.

The new home is a modern eight room house with all the usual conveniences and improvements. This location is decidedly better than the old because it does away with the tiny house which was becoming something of an eyesore, situated as it was precisely in the center of campus activities.

BARK GAINS NOTICE

THROUGH FRENCH FRAT

Lindenwood is certain to gain all the notice and publicity she deserves sooner or later in the scheme of things. "What's Doing in Beta Pi Theta", the monthly publication of the national honorary French fraternity recently re-printed exactly the write-up which had appeared in the Linden Bark, of the French chapel, on Friday, October 12, 1928. Their introduction to the extract was as follows:

"Theta Xi Holds Interesting Pledging Service.

"The following clipping from the Lindenwood College newspaper shows the quality and spirit of the chapter there: Such a chapel service might well be used by other chapters as a model for their public pledging service. If it is too late to profit by Theta Xi's example this year, cut this out and file it away for next year's program."

"THAT'S OUR WEAKNESS NOW"

Lindenwood Society has kept moving even though it has been in various and sundry places. Flada La Van in Saint Louis has announced her engagement. While here two years ago she was a member of Beta Pi Theta and of the Athletic Association.

Josephine Mackey returns with the Christmas Spirit and a diamond on the second finger of her left hand. Jo has spent three years of her college career here. In her sophomore year she will be remembered as one of the few who could say "Home, James."

Dorothy Masters, Lindenwood's own Campus Sheik, has finally succumbed as one of the more "fortunate?" girls. Like-wise has Pauline Sherer consented to do honor to the opposite sex and be some one's "Queen of, Love and Beauty."

Balfour and Burr and Patterson have also been doing their share. Joan Lytle is sporting a Sigma Nu ring and Dorothy Arrison a Sigma Nu Pin.

Olive Stern is doing honor to Z. B. T. by wearing its pin.

Betty Jack and Beatrice McKellar are going to a military Ball. Yes sir, it must be nice. The Ball is at Iowa University. Three cheers for Iowa University!

VACATION SORROWS

Christmas is not always merry—for there is sometimes sorrow and for there is sometimes a sadder day than any other throughout the year. Sorrow at the fireside is most deeply and keenly felt when one sees others care-free and unburdened with sorrow. Death at any time is hard but at holiday time it is more so. At a time like this one feels more deeply the need of friends.

Lindenwood College takes this opportunity to express its sympathy to Miss Folsom, in her recent bereavement. The friend she has lost in her mother will not be easily replaced. But the students and faculty are happy to have her back and are wanting to help her.

To Verna Anderson who also lost her mother, sincere sympathy is also extended. Every one is sympathizing with her and ready to lend a helping hand.

Ruth Elizabeth Higginbotham also is a recipient of Lindenwood's sympathy on the death of her grand-mother.

BITS OF COLOR

By Frances Doak

The smooth, gray floor stretching evenly to the bare brick walls, staring vacant windows, high rounded ceiling,—all contribute to the shivery quiver which one feels in spite of the warmth when entering the gym. Even the bright sunlight cannot dispel the chilly gray which permeates her who enters.

Determined to be undaunted by any obstacle, a group of girls clad in sweaters and skirts swarm suddenly in with a buzzing like bees and a chattering and laughing like bluejays. Ends of red and white crepe paper dangle from arms laden with unruly parcels. Swush! A heap in the center of the floor! The heap dissolves into separate piles—red crepe paper, white, silver leaves, red wreaths. Each pile grows smaller and smaller and finally vanishes as the girls snatch bits to fasten here and there on the walls which gradually take on a cheery tone. Even after all the heap of gaily colored adornments has disappeared, the floor, gray and bare except for bits of red and white here and there, stretches dimly off to the far wall.

Seven forty-five! A burst of syncopated jazz vies with the brilliant lights in creating rollicking fun, and it attracts girls like moths to a flame. The crowd on the floor thickens. The music sighs and slow and smooth, then wails and blares, while rapt, lost expressions fade accordingly into gayly excited faces, with a smile for even the worst enemy. The dance tears madly on, the dancers laughing or dreaming within the ribbon of white paper and red wreaths like lovely garden flowers within mid-lady's nosebag.

GIFTED ALL AROUND

Mary Catherine Craven, of Excelsior Springs, Mo., has missed her calling. Here she is President of Alpha Mu Mu, Lindenwood's honorary musical fraternity, when she really should be in the field of journalism. The editor of The Excelsior Springs Daily Standard called her up and asked her if she would take the position of Society Editor for the holidays. Perhaps that will account for her late return to Lindenwood.

FIRST VESPERS OF NEW YEAR

Dr. Ely Advises, "First Things First."

Dr. Robert W. Ely of the Jefferson Street Presbyterian Church of St. Charles, began the new year at vespers Sunday, January 6. He is one of St. Charles oldest pastors and as such has spoken frequently to the Lindenwood girls.

Sunday evening Dr. Ely spoke on "First Things First," taking his text from Math. 6:33, from the sermon on the Mount. "But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." He emphasized the fact that the kingdom of the Lord must be sought first before all other things. A woman once lost some silver and in her efforts to find it swept her house carefully until it was recovered. It is in this way that the Lord kingdom must be carefully and painstakingly sought. Dr. Ely also told the story of the little boy who was afraid to go in the dark and asked his mother to go half way with him. She replied, "Son, I will gladly go all the way." Christ gladly offers to go all the way with his followers, and in order to reach the kingdom of the Lord, Christ must be accepted as the leader.

The choir sang two anthems, one of which had a solo part taken by Dorothy Gartner.

RUMORS OF FRENCH PLAY

Dame Rumor has charge of things again. Now she comes forward with the news that Theta Xi Chapter of Beta Pi Theta is going to give a play. To those that saw the French play year before last, we need not tell how good the play will be. To the others there is a treat in store. The play this year is, "La Malade Imaginaire" by Moliere. These plays are understood by all who attend, as there is always a complete synopsis in English. Now who would have thought that just anyone would appreciate a French play? The characters have not yet been selected but they will be at an early date. The date set is February 18th.

Annual Sale Soon. Get your money and buy one.