

LINDEN BARK

Vol. 5.—No. 7

Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Mo., Tuesday November 13, 1928.

Price 5c

ELECTION THRILLS

Radio, Red Lights and Food

Lindenwood voted Tuesday, November 6, with the rest of the nation and her choice of the presidential candidate was Herbert Hoover, also,—256 to 138.

Under the auspices of the League of Women Voters a voting place was constructed on first floor Roemer Administration Building. Four booths were fixed especially to give the voter privacy. The judges were Ruth Bullion, Lucie May Sharon, Elizabeth Tracy, Democrats, and Helen Hammer, Katherine Perry, and Marea Hempleman, Republicans. The clerks were Isabelle Achelpohl, Julia Thompson, Marion Pope, Mildred Milan, and Margaret Mauze.

Since Dr. Roemer aided the Republicans in their campaign, the Democrats finally succeeded in getting Mr. Motley on their side. Both parties vied during the day for the most prominence. Mr. Motley and Ruthie Bullion won the the honors of the day for dancing down the hall to the tune of "The Sidewalks of New York."

HOOVER! SMITH! Hoots and catcalls resounded and echoed over the campus. Immediately after dinner, red lights which had previously been strung about, were lighted and the pent-up enthusiasm of the students was released with a noisy burst. Heated arguments ensued between groups of "Hooverites" and "Smithites" with only a few casualties resulting.

A subdued but pregnant silence prevailed throughout the hour and half of study hall; then, at nine o'clock sharp doors were flung wide and everyone tore for Roemer Auditorium where the results of the elections all over the country were coming in thick and fast.

Faces fell and faces smiled as the returns seemed to be in Mr. Hoover's favor. Whenever Gov. Smith came out ahead the Democrats, led by the 100% crowd of Democrats

MISS TERHUNE HONORED

To Be Soloist In St. Louis Pop Concert

Miss Grace Terhune, voice teacher of the Lindenwood music department, was chosen by Mr. Oberhoffer, director of the St. Louis symphony orchestra, Mr. Walter manager of the orchestra, and Mr. Fischer, associate conductor of the orchestra, to be the soloist singing with the orchestra in St. Louis on Sunday, November 25. Competition was very keen for the place.

Miss Terhune studied in Chicago last summer with Richard Hageman and with Herbert Wither-spoon.

Although Miss Terhune is very popular at Lindenwood as an entertainer, she has appeared only a few times this year. She sang in joint recital with Miss Titcomb, organist, in Sibley chapel. She will give a recital in Roemer auditorium on November, 16, using the same songs as she will sing with the symphony in St. Louis. Last year Miss Terhune sang at the Artists' Guild, and gave another recital in St. Louis which was extremely well liked, besides singing often at Lindenwood.

MRS. BOSE ENTERTAINS

Meeting of Beta Pi Theta

After a business meeting of Beta Pi Theta, Wednesday, November 7, in the Y. W. C. A. Parlors of Sibley Hall, in which was discussed the French play that will be presented in February, and the fact that M. Andre Morize, professor of French in Harvard University, and president of Middlebury College in Vermont, will speak at a Thursday morning assembly in January, Mrs. Bose, dressed in an Indian satee of gold and ivory from Benares, spoke on her recent trip in India.

Her talk was full of interesting and not usually known facts that

NEW CALENDAR IN 1939

Thirteen Month Year

"The Romance of the Calendar" was the title of the very interesting address given at Lindenwood's Thursday morning Assembly, October 25, by Lieutenant Colonel Edmund Bullis. The primitive calendar, governed by "moon months" was first organized into a year by Noah, who proclaimed a year of five months. The tribe of Jacob preferred six months to a year, and then Moses originated a year of about 365 days. This change was necessary to regulate the planting of crops, and it is now believed that the pyramids were built not so much to be great tombs as to measure astronomical shadows for the purpose of regulating the calendar.

After the Mosaic calendar of Egypt came the Julian calendar of Rome, and finally the Gregorian Reformed calendar which is used today.

In 1923 the United States asked a committee of the League of Nations to work on a calendar reform. The objections of the calendar as it now stands are that it has an odd number of the days in the months, quarter years, and years, that it has no fixity in the number of work days and week ends in the different months, and that there is no fixed time for Easter and other holidays.

Many plans of reform have been suggested and the committee has selected as the most practical the one called the International Fixed Calendar. This plan divides the year into thirteen months of 28 days. Industrial organizations favor the change because it gives equal basis of months for economic comparison. Apathy, inertia, and sentiment are the only arguments against the reform, and most of the Lindenwood girls united with Lieutenant Colonel Bullis in the hope that Congress of 1939 will adopt a new calendar of standard regulations.

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TUESDAY NOV. 13, 1928.

The Linden Bark:

"To look up and not down,
To look forward and not back,
To look out and not in—and
To lend a hand."

—Edward Everett Hale-Rule
of the "Harry Wadsworth"
Club.

OUR "PART TIME" MOTHER

In every school there is some one who holds a place quite apart from the usual positions on the roll of authority. Especially is such a person necessary in a girls' school, for many of the girls are away from home for the first time and the problems of adjustment to an entirely new life may cause troubles and unhappiness. When a girl is worried about anything, the first person she goes to is her mother; even if she explains nothing about the trouble there is a sense of rest that comes from her mere presence. So it is with Mrs. Roemer, the "part-time" mother to all the girls of Lindenwood. Of course, they do not take their little individual problems to her—a big part of college education is the acquiring of the ability to handle one's own problems—but there is a home-like atmosphere provided by her very presence on the campus. Then, when any real problem confronts a girl, she can always turn to Mrs. Roemer for help and advice. Mrs. Roemer recently showed again her distinctive ability in filling the position of dean of students, when, on Sophomore Day, she endeared herself to both sophomore and

freshmen by her perfect sympathy and understanding. Appreciation of Mrs. Roemer is felt by every freshman, sophomore, junior, and senior; she holds a place in the hearts of the many students who have gone to Lindenwood in the past, and in the hearts of all those who are now attending Lindenwood.

START OF PRIZE SEASON

This time of year all students should begin to think of the various prizes that are being offered. With the entrance of a new class there should be minds with much new material, and many new ideas that are just bubbling over for lack of expression. This is the critical moment for those who are able to express themselves in words and song to begin to work out a plot for a story, or a theme for a song.

The Christmas short story prize is awarded each year to the student who writes the best story. There are always many very fine stories and the one that wins is usually one of which the college may be proud. The junior and senior classes have the reputation of being the group from which this story most generally comes. It is up to the freshmen and sophomores to display the spirit of competition and give these upperclassmen something for which to work. There should be a clever idea in some head, not hitherto worked out, and perhaps some of the various and numerous themes the freshmen are now writing should be an inspiration to the authors to express themselves more fully and really to write a story of much length.

If some of the students' thoughts about the "dear old lindens" are accompanied by anything so wonderful as a melody, the thing to do is to sit down by the light of a sixty-watt bulb and let your imagination play and your theme take shape. The Lindenwood Annual College Song Winner has something of which to be proud when her song is chosen from those selected because they are always good.

"There is always room for one more," and this applies especially to the number of stories and songs that should be submitted for the approval and selection of the committee.

Let's get to work now, all those who have literary ability, and see of what sort of prize-winning stories and songs our college can boast.

COLLEGE CALENDAR

Thursday, Nov. 15—11 a. m.—Mrs. Emily Grant Hutchings "The Importance of Design and Art".

Friday, Nov. 16.—Recital, Miss Rhodes and Miss Grace Terhune.

Sunday, Nov. 18.—6:30 p. m.—Rev. R. S. Kenaston.

MARBLE COLLECTION

Given to Latin Dept.

Has everyone seen the marble collection in Miss Hankins' room? It is really beautiful. The marbles were given to the Latin department by Verna Weis's father, and are examples of the material used in those beautiful old buildings studied in the Latin classes. One of the blocks is from the Island of Skyros, Greece, and the others are from different places in Italy. The piece of yellow marble from Tuscany, quarried near Siena, is one of the loveliest in the collection. Another striking piece is a rich blend of black and gold, some of which is used in the Ambassador Theatre of St. Louis. Then there is an interesting piece of travertine, and those who have seen it know that the church which is to be built entirely of it in St. Louis will indeed be one of the most gorgeous in the city. Many of the ancient buildings of Europe are made of a kind of marble known as Alps Green, and there is a fine example of it, quarried near Castiglione, in the display. Two examples of mellow, white marble complete the collection, which is a valuable addition to the Latin department.

PSYCHOLOGISTS EAT

Everyone has been wondering what makes that Psychology Class think it is powerful. Maybe it's because it is the only class in school that has dined at the new St. Charles Hotel. And perhaps it is right for, from all rumors, the party was a huge success. In the dining room reserved for them Miss Morris and her class enjoyed a tempting dinner of cream tomato soup, steak, French-fried potatoes, green beans, pineapple salad and ice cream and wafers. Some of the girls played the piano while the others danced and sang, between courses and after dinner until 7:15 when everyone had to hurry back for Study Hall.

MARJORIE TAYLOR--- WRITER OF VERSE

By Julia Thompson

Many girls have hopes of becoming famous; many even have daydreams of being recognized by some celebrity. But there is one here at Lindenwood whose dreams have been tinted by the rosy touch of reality, whose work has been recognized by a great man.

Marjorie Taylor, one of the most promising of Lindenwood's freshmen, earned membership in two literary clubs of her Decatur High School. In the Poetry Club she was one of the twelve to meet the membership requirement, which was the submission of an acceptable poem, and in the Prose Club she was one of the eighteen. The purpose of these organizations was to foster whatever literary genius was present among the students. At the end of the year each published an anthology. Marjorie's work was noticeable in both pamphlets, *Fragments of poetry and Phantasies of prose*.

It happened that she chose as the subject for one of her prose pieces an appreciation of Edwin Markham whom she seems to have pleased. He answered her with the following letter.

West New Brighton, N. Y.

June 30, 1928

My dear Marjorie Taylor:

It was dear of you to send me these two pamphlets of poems and prose essays. They have given me real pleasure. I am especially impressed by your poems. Your Enchantment has a far-away mysterious mood—touches of true poetry. Your Thoughts on Seeing a Travel Poster has splashes of color and it molds the attention. In your lyric I Shall Remember You, I find a genuine cry of the heart. Your poem Commiseration is an arresting thing. The meter is broken as you know, but the feeling is there, the touch of the pen of a poet.

You see, Marjorie, that I have a sincere admiration for your work, and I feel that you will accomplish something in poetry worthwhile if you keep on with it. I hope that you will keep on with it, and that you will let me hear from you at intervals.

But I have left one of the chief things to the last—your beautiful tribute to me in poetic prose.

How can I thank you for this fine commentary, so touching and powerful in some of its phrases? Would I were worthier of such lofty homage.

May the Lord of Song watch over you!

Edwin Markham

The last sentence, which must indeed have thrilled Marjorie, as well as the signature, is written by the famous man's own hand.

Here are some of the poems which Edwin Markham thinks outstanding.

THOUGHTS ON SEEING A TRAVEL POSTER

A Spanish galleon sweeping the main;
A barge floating down the mystic Nile;
A Roman galley, majestic and grand,
Skirting the coral-girt shores of Morocco.
A Spanish pirate lustful and bold;
An Egyptian princess fair as the dawn;
A soldier of fortune from the hills of Rome—
The tourists of day before yesterday.

I SHALL REMEMBER YOU

I shall remember you
As a dark cypress
Etched against an autumn sunset.
I shall see you standing there
When the soft night winds caress you,
And the sparklets of moon-dust
Change you to a silver rapier.
I shall remember you there
Against the sky
Alone, always alone.

ENCHANTMENT

Down from the Pass into Peshewar
Came I one day with the camel train
Of precious wares, which every year
Come out from Persia.
Many days and nights had we spent
On the perilous way across Afghanistan.
I was weary and fain would rest.

I heard a silvery voice.... flute-like
Low, haunting, tremulous.... steel
From behind a tinted latticed balcony,
And my weariness fled.
I know not who you are, Beloved,
You whose songs haunt my weary soul;
But I have heard your voice often
In the desert night.

COMMISERATION

Around and around the roof they strut,
Cooing and sobbing their mournful notes,
Those tender doves with opalescent breasts.
Why do they wail and cry out at fate?
In all the morning's brightness they are
The one bleak thing, a minor, weird, foreign
Note played on a muted clarinet between
The trumpets blasts of a marching song.
The plaintive strain falls softly, now, upon my ear,
A melancholy dirge.
I try so hard to keep from hearing it.
Alas! my heart is breaking for them.

Poetry is one of the beautiful things of life which only a few can do. Encouragement of this sort from a man like Edwin Markham should fire ambition in a girl's heart. Some day, even those who do not know her personally, will be saying, "I went to school with Marjorie Taylor."

SMOKE

By Elizabeth Austin

"There is nothing like an odor to stir the memory"—just a line from an essay, but suddenly my mind flashed back to another autumn and another day. I could see the heaps of smouldering leaves and smell the pungent scent of smoke as it shifted northward under cottonwood trees before a fickle wind. And that memory brought visions with it; the fern-*sumac* tree that grew at the edge of the garden. At night, it was like a Japanese etching twisted against a harvest moon, but, now, in the misty gold twilight of autumn it stood companionably close an ash, scarlet *sumac* leaves contrasting vividly with silvery green. The

smoke veered lazily before a rising wind that moaned a bit about the corners of the house as if to presage winter's snow.

HOME

Margaret Lee Hughes

My home is in Jacksonville, Florida, in a part of the city called Avondale. It is a suburb of curving streets, broad parkways, friendly lawns, and homes. Our House is of gray shingle, just the color of the Spanish moss that hangs, a swaying back-ground, from the trees. The moss is graceful and soft with beauty in the day but at night it has the enchantment of pirouetting shadows, swaying pines, and white, pale moonlight, wierd and poignant. Our lawn is mostly to the side of the house, and in Jacksonville one either has few trees and many flowers, or many trees and few flowers. We have the latter, meaning the trees. Every family with a yard full of trees has one particular tree which it speaks of as "our" tree, and it is almost one of the family itself. "Our" tree in this instance is a big sprawling live-oak whose breadth of "sprawl" makes our lawn deep with shade. A rope swing hangs from the limb nearest the driveway, a most lovely rope swing that all the children in the neighborhood play on as they grow up to it. But unfortunately, or perhaps I should say fortunately, it has only one rope, so that you can be swung around in such breath-taking circles that you just barely miss the tree on one side, and then turn up and around you go till you almost bump the fender of the car, if it is parked there, on the other side. The small boys test their "spunk" by seeing who can shinny up the highest toward the green of the nearest limb. There is never a day when some little kid who is trying his best to grow up, doesn't get stuck and shriek, terror-stricken, for someone to "come get me down quick!". Climbing the swing and climbing the gaarge have the same manly appeal.

Our driveway is strictly a personal institution. It has curves that no one except Daddy has as yet mastered. Besides the native curves, you have to curve for stray kiddie-cars, stalled bicycles, dolls, and children, and as a last heroic struggle, the garbage can which always gets thrown in the unavoid-

able center. The sickening crunch it makes when you hit it goes clear through your soul. (It may be that only Jacksonville garbage is high-toned enough to be collected on the front drive-way. This is a note explaining the whereof of said garbage can in said driveway.)

Up-stairs there are various and sundry bedrooms, filled with various and sundry people and articles. Before I came away, with a great deal of formality and much talk and ceremony, I gave my room to Nancy, my little seven-year old sister, which means that she is now definitely graduated from nursery days, and can put on some lordly airs, permitted in a person who has reached the ponderous age of almost eight.

The next thing in chronological order is the couch in the living room. It is wide and it is ample, and wears always a cover of bright cretonne that it changes when the drapes change; but always it retains the same comfortable sag where little children have crawled up to be told a story and bigger children have played Indian and ridden the springs unmercifully.

And last, but extremely important in my home is our river, the St. John's. By "in my home" I mean in the general picture, and the two blocks to our St. John's is a mere step. The Indians first caled it Welka, the river of flowers; then with the coming of the Spanish, it was called the river of May, and finally by the English, the St. John's.

What with the children up and down the block, and the yard and house, and the slow "too-too" every afternoon at the boat, *Osceola* as it goes down the river to Sanford, the days at home are one lovely session of life and sound and color.

CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY

By Ruth Dawson

It was a good many years ago that I was first disillusioned. During my first four or five school years I was very sentimental—it probably came from reading too much. One day I had been spanked—I forget why. Feeling mournful, sentimental, and greatly abused, I ran out of the back door and into the stable lot where my grandfather at the time kept some mules. My object was to confide in one of the mules, to tell my troubles to one of

the dumb, though understanding animals—after the fashion of my favorite heroine of the moment. I could imagine myself as a heroine then.

With a feeling of peculiar though melancholy joy I saw the largest and most ancient of the mules, Old Blue, approaching. I advanced with faltering steps, keeping my tears flowing by much biting of my lower lip. (I could imagine myself dead, pale, and beautiful with long flowing hair, lying on white satin with long candles at head and feet—my mother on her knees sobbing. It was my mother who had spanked me). Old Blue stood still. I went up to him and tried to assume the position so often seen in pictures of girls and horses, getting his sympathy by tearfully whispering my troubles into his ear. He seemed not to understand my object, laid back his ears, and shied away. So far as I had read, my heroine had never had such an experience; consequently I was totally at a loss. Always having been a trifle mulish and stubborn myself, I followed him as he calmly and dignifiedly retreated. He halted suddenly, fixed on me a stony stare which somewhat startled me, and then fidgeted around a little. Suddenly something, I have since been informed it was subconscious instinct, caused me to stop. Old Blue laid back his ears. I started back the way I had come. I was getting pretty close to the gate when he kicked up his hind feet in the air and then charged. By a frantic use of my overly long legs I beat him to it. I've never since had any faith in the theory of the dumb but understanding animal. Perhaps I should have picked a horse.

MY JOB AS PROCTOR

Evalyn Pierpoint

Seven minutes past nine o'clock! Fifty-three minutes 'til ten! How slowly the time drags along! I would much prefer studying history in the library or sleeping soundly under a soft blanket, to sitting here, alone and unoccupied. Before me stretches the long hall with its line of glaring lights and its monotonous row of closed doors. Only here and there, does a wardrobe trunk, standing like a sentinel before its door, add a note of interest. As I try to reflect, I can hear nothing but the steady tick-tack of a typewriter, blended with

the inharmonious tones of an old organ below. But even though I am very tired, it is my duty, as a dignified proctor of Nicolls Hall, to stay in position till ten o'clock.

Why doesn't something happen to break this tedium? As I gaze blankly at a sturdy trunk across the hall, my attention centers upon a bright, important-looking, blue sticker bearing the name, Colorado. What a host of memories crowds in upon me; those dainty wild flowers growing by a rushing stream, that wonderful view above the clouds, those small white cabins where I spent such a delightful time several summers ago. Fascinated by this amusement, I proceed to hunt for other stickers, and soon find a yellow one from Florida. A distinct reaction comes upon me, and although I may be very wrong in my conception, having never been to this state, I immediately see in my mind's eye a foggy swamp abounding with ferns and alligators.

All of a sudden, my game is interrupted by the creaking of a door behind me. Turning around I see a girl stealthily stick out her arm. In a subdued whisper she says "Won't you have a cookie?" How sweet of her! I really don't seem so alone after all, and perhaps there is an element of interest in this job, even if it is nothing but just wondering what will happen next. Of course there is, for I now see a figure in pajamas coming toward me to ask me a question. Would I be nice enough to ask the girl down the hall for a can opener? Would I? Well, decide for yourself.

Looking at my watch again, I am surprised to find that it is two minutes to ten. I look up at the bell on the side of the wall to watch for its vibration and tiny blue spark. Then I hear a shrill deafening peal.

All over for tonight.

WHY I PREFER SUMMER

By Agnes McCarthy

Summer, to me, is the most enjoyable time of the year. When I think back over the good old times I have experienced, I find that they usually have their beginnings in May, and their abrupt endings in September.

Summer creates a leisurely atmosphere, and it is the only season that does. I drift into a state of coma, and there dwell until the crisp fall days bring me back to my

senses with a bang. The hot weather gives me an excuse for being deliciously indolent and lazy. Talking of the immense heat to my neighbors saves my face and character before them. Some consider indolence a sin, but of course one is not expected to bustle about when the thermometer is bursting. I am allowed to flounder around from day to day doing nothing but reading what I can find.

Of course spring is wonderful. It gives birth to new ambitions, worthy ideals, and puts a spring into the step—and really makes a person feel the good of living. But wouldn't go-getters be tiresome all twelve months of the year?

Fall, we all agree, is beautiful and sweet, and would almost be ideal if it were not for the dread of approaching cold weather. I think winter is rather awful. Snow is nice to look at from the window, but to be in, it is quite another matter. I hate red noses, chapped cheeks, and purple hands. Frost is very artistic on the window panes, but it is a cold beauty, and I like things warm. Christmas should be celebrated on the alternative plan—in winter one year, and summer the next. Then we should all be happy; and, as for me, every other summer would be complete.

So I prefer summer, and some day I shall go to the South of France, or some other nice place I have read about and spend my remaining days in quiet leisure.

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

By Helen C. Petty

"V. B. Denton, General Merchandise", proclaims the lettering on the windows of the high, narrow building, windows smeared and greasy, boasting nothing of art in their crowded, haphazard arrangement. On the right, as you enter, are carelessly displayed cases of sticky candies, wilted cigars, and a sad array of pipes. On the left is a dusty, scarred counter cluttered with several half-unwound bolts of calico. The tier of shelves behind it is filled with more of the gaudy stuff.

The proprietor shambles slowly forward, a huge, unkempt figure, his face covered with a grizzly stubble matching his graying hair and enormous moustache in color and in coarseness.

"What kin I do fer you terday?"

he manages to articulate in a lazy drawl.

On mention of the article you wish to purchase comes the invariable reply, "We're all out o'thet. We got a order in fer more an' she'll be here 'bout nex' week."

"How are you today, Mr. Denton?" you ask.

"Oh, purty good," and hitching his thumbs into his stringy suspenders he proceeds to give you his opinion of the weather, of the results of the coming election, of the church, and of the world in general. "Huh!" he says in regard to the church. "This here preacher hain't no sense at all. I heard as he says if ya don't go to church on Sunday ya' wouldn't go to heaven. That hands me a big laugh! Heaven! Ha!" He makes a queer, guttural sound intended for chuckle. "Heaven! Hain't no heaven. Hain't no God. Can't make me believe all that wily nilly. I hain't believin' nothin' I can't see. I'm too smart fer that! Heaven! God! Hain't no such animals!" and he rocks back and forth with mirth at his own wit.

"But", you protest in shocked tones, "who made you? Who made me? Who made this big round world of ours but God?"

"Hah! Round world. That's good! Round world!" A wicked gleam of amusement comes into his dull blue eyes, and he goes into another fit of merriment from which he emerges to give a hitch to his decrepit trousers, a jerk to his frayed, soiled collar, and to remark. "The idee! If this world was round how'd we stay on? No, sir! This world's square as a box. If 'twasn't, off we'd go. But speakin' of churches, my wife, she's great on the church. Wanted to give a cake to the bazaar that Ladies' Aid business had. I shut her off on that mighty quick. I hain't got no money to be throwin' to these here preachers so's they kin git up to lie to a bunch of nit-wits that'll believe it."

"But what of the service the church societies give?" you ask.

"Service—blah! That for service!" He snaps his pudgy fingers. "Every man fer his self."

There you have his whole philosophy of life. He lives for himself and by himself in his ignorant, selfish world. He has no other god but self, no hope of, not even a belief in immortality. His life as cheap, shoddy, dull like his general merchandise.

SPORTING SOPHS

By Frances Jennings

"Hurry, Fran, hurry—aren't you ready yet? Goodness, what are you doing? Combing your hair? Step on it, babe, or the mob will dash off and leave us flat, and I wouldn't miss that hot show for the world—ooh! Garry Cooper!"

Excitedly listening to my roommate's demand, I tried to decide what dress to wear, as I stood before my dresser, on that memorable evening of September the fifteenth. I was intently gazing into the mirror to see if the lipstick were on straight, when I heard someone call me again. Without turning my head, I mumbled, "Just a minute, darlin'" and a disconcerting reply smote my startled ear.

"Freshman, we want you in room 333, Sibley Hall, right now. If I were you I wouldn't waste any time, but hike right on over."

I managed to stammer that I was going to the picture show, but the sophomore friend merely threw a phrase over her shoulder—"Was", is right, Frosh, get a move on!"

No sooner were they down the hall, than all my friends came tearing in. "What did they want, Fran? Did you do something to make 'em mad? Conceited old things! Don't you go, honey, I wouldn't—really!"

By the time I had climbed to the second floor, I was so nervous and, (I'll have to admit it) scared, that I could scarcely force myself on upward. All the tales I had ever heard of the poor, innocent, trust-inf freshmen, the cruel sophomores, and the dreadful hazing, came rushing to my mind. Suppose I had to "run the gauntlet" or wash out clothes, or—something! Room 321—room 327—330—just then a girl came down the hall, moving unsteadily, and crying as though her heart would break. "I'll never, never, never like that soph again never!" she sobbed and blundered on out of my sight.

Whee! That surely made me feel good, and was so encouraging! By now my knees were knocking together like pop corn in a popper, and my teeth chattered like a Hallo-we'en tick tack. "Well, it's now or never, and if I stand here much longer, I'll lose my nerve sure enough. Here goes!"

Well, I entered room 333—"the song is ended, but the melody lingers on"—need I say more?

ADORATION

By Marian Pope

On sacred sand
Beside a sea,
I'll build a shrine
For you and me.
Kist by the tide
The doorstep shall be.
With windows wide
For hilltops to see.
In candle light
I'll kneel to thee
On sacred sand
Beside a sea.

GOING TO LINDENWOOD

By Margery Hazen

"All aboard!"
"It's leaving! You'll have to get on!"

"Goodbye, everybody! Did I get my bag?"

I run across the platform, and make a quick rush for the steps, guided by hands coming out of the darkness. A steady mounting of the grinding roar of the wheels, and the train is off, leaving all of those dear familiar faces to fade into the blackness of the night.

Through a mist of tears, the natural accompaniment to a departure from home, I see a long, dim passage with heaving green walls before me, suggestive of anything but that which I seek, sleep.

"Right this way, lady, to numbah five," a seductive whisper breaks in upon my meditations. Stumbling, I follow a massive blur of black and white through the motley collection of shoes, bags, hat-boxes, and indescribables which choke the aisles.

Now a shaky ladder is unfolded for me to mount, bringing from my lips a vehement protest concerned with upper berths and their evils. However, I am immediately silenced by another of those sibilant whispers, and after a perilous climb, find myself perched on the berth, where I huddle up against the wall to avoid falling out.

After a short but desperate struggle with various articles of clothing, I sink back to the smooth coolness of the pillows. Wait! I emit an agonized squeak, followed by a sigh of resignation, as I take from beneath my right shoulder a sharp-edged tin candy box. Rubbing my shoulder, I examine the box, which exudes the tantalizing odor of chocolates that are no

more. Once again I lower myself with caution for every inch. I draw a long breath; at last, with the exception of one arm which will not go in, I am settled for three whole hours of sleep.

AT 6:45 A. M.

By Dorothy Emmett

Slowly, slowly, through my sleep-benumbed head drifts a shaft of light. It spreads. But why should I get up just because that inconsiderate maid has turned on the lights? It is only six forty-five, anyway—must speak to that maid some—ho, hum, hum—bet it's the one with the black, villainous-looking—oo, hum—hair, all nobbled around, and around, and around her head. I should think Mrs. Roberts would insist—ke-e, choo—that blamed window! I knew Frances put it up too far last night, and I told her—ke-e, choo-o! Darn!

Gee, but this bed is nice and warm; wish I could sleep all day. When Cupid shoots me with his Pierce Arrow, I'm going to have breakfast in bed at noon every—ting-a-ling-a-ling-a-ling-a-ling—oh, where is that alarm?—ting-a-ling-a-ling-a—there, I've got you now, Baby Ben, and after this you had better not "ting-a-ling" at me so impudently, or I'll break your hands for you.

What was that? A mouse? Oh, no, Frances' bed squeaking. Those springs haven't the least consideration for anyone; they squeak when it rains, and squeaks when it blows, and squeak when anyone even looks at them; but why worry 'bout that when I have so many more important things—oh, my French. I was going to get up at five o'clock this morning and study. I don't know a thing. Well, it's too late now, so I might as well forget it, and sleep for another fifteen minutes. It's probably only about seven o'clock anyway. A whole fifteen minutes of bliss.

"Dream kisses, dream kisses, from that dream girl of mine—". Some portable—people ought to know better than to—ding-dong, ding-dong—that maid! Ting-aling-a-ling-a—well, I can shut you up, at least, Mr. Ben, and I will!

Read the Linden Bark

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from Arkansas, shouted their pleasure. Dancing in the gymnasium was one of the most popular events of the evening, especially when hot dogs were sent over by Miss Walter to the hungry crowd. Mr. Motley and Frank supervised the many gay lights that were distributed over the campus. Everything had the appearance of a festive night and it was. At twelve o'clock that hour which few of the Lindenwood students see, except perhaps during vacation, everyone retired for the night, hoping that her own candidate would be the president of the United States.

Mr. Motley endeared himself to the student body more forcefully than ever, since the free bridge hot-dogs were his brilliant and most welcome suggestion.

JOURNALISM CLASS HEARS MRS. MATHEWS

Edith Mathews of the St. Louis Star spoke to the Journalism Department Thursday. She spoke of the interesting women that she had interviewed.

When Dorothy Canfield was in St. Louis Mrs. Mathews had the pleasure interviewing her. Dorothy Canfield has a long list of books of her credit. Among them are "The Bent Twig." This is a sketch of Miss Canfield's life. The writer herself has a great deal of personality and is very simple in her mannerisms.

Another interesting character that Mrs. Mathews interviewed was Nelly Scanlan, a New Zealand newspaper writer. She came to this country as a reporter on The Disarmament Conference. Here she met the wife of Senator Borah and enlisted her as a warm friend. She toured the United States and wrote "Mirrors of Washington."

Anna Hare McCormick, a political writer, was another of the interesting women that Mrs. Mathews interviewed. She went abroad as a reporter for the New York Times. She was the first foreigner to gain an interview with Mussolini. She writes very impartially and very sincerely. She was a very dear friend in the former to Katherine Wright who gave her inheritance to help her brothers in their airplane inventions.

In closing Mrs. Mathews, who has full charge of the Women's Page of the Star, gave as her ideal, to "give women a bit of everything that is going on."

DR. KROEGER APPEARS IN LECTURE-RECITAL

Dr. Ernest R. Kroeger, director of the Kroeger School of Music St. Louis, gave a most enjoyable lecture-recital in Roemer Auditorium, Thursday morning, November 1, at 11 o'clock.

He introduced each selection with a short description of the composer and the meaning of the composition. Perhaps the most delightful number on the program was the Fire Chalm Music from "Die Walkure"—Wagner—Brassin. Dr. Kroeger played a bit of each mood or theme separately in explanation so that the audience were able to hear the crackling of the leaping flames, known by the brooding notes the time when Brunhilde is put to sleep, and hear the entrance of Siegfried.

Three pieces of Schumann were beautifully interpreted, the "Bird Prophet", being especially well-given. Chopin was represented by several numbers, including the well-known "Ballade Opus 47." "Sonnet No. 1" was appreciated by Liszt lovers.

Dr. Kroeger closed the recital with two of his own compositions, the sombre tones of his "March of the Indian Phantoms" contrasting with the light airy notes of "The Dance of the Elves."

UNITY IN THE WORLD

Peace For Men

Rev. W. C. Colby, of the First Presbyterian church of St. Charles, spoke at vespers, Sunday, November 4, on "The Conflict that is in the World." He said:

"The slightest provocation brings trouble between people or nations. There is a lack of oneness. Jesus Christ is the world's greatest example of unity. Perfect unity existed between him and his Father. All the words that he wrote or spoke were not his, but his Father's. It was his desire that people on earth live as one. The world will not know the outpouring of God's blessings until it lives as one. The efforts of the Christian church will be wasted in the main until unity is brought about. Jesus points the way clearly. Many believe that truth as seen through their own eyes is the whole truth. If truth could be seen through the eyes of Jesus, something definite might be accomplished and conflict such as confronts the world would be unknown."

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were fascinating. She mentioned the four distinct castes in India: the Brahmins or scholars, the warriors, merchants, and servants. In the course of her lecture concerning the household life in India, she remarked that because the Indians were very clean, and took baths daily, without fail, they were quite shocked by a rumor that Americans bathed only on Saturday nights. Mrs. Bose delighted the Beta Pi Theta members with several charming photographs of Indian scenes, and a native prayer wheel. Because of the short time given her at this meeting, it is hoped that Mrs. Bose will be able to continue her lecture at some later date.

COLLEGE CHOIR MAKES FAVORABLE IMPRESSION

Sunday, October 21, Miss Edwards and about thirty members of the Lindenwood choir went to St. Louis to participate in the services of the First Presbyterian Church, 7200 Delmar boulevard. The girls sang at both the morning and the evening services. In the morning their selections were: "Sanctus"—Gounod, and "Goin' Home"—Dvorak. At vespers they sang "Evening Hymn"—Dudley Buck, and "Send Out Thy Light"—Gounod.

The girls and Miss Edwards were entertained at the church at luncheon and spent a lovely day.

Lindenwood musicians are always appreciated wherever they go as is shown by a short paragraph in the calendar of this Church which thanks the girls and tells of their pride in "one of our own schools."

LINDENWOOD SYMPATHIZES

The deepest sympathy of the college rests with Lillie Bloemstiel whose mother passed away at ten o'clock a. m. Saturday, November 3, at her home in Donaldson, Louisiana. Lillie received an urgent wire on Friday morning, requesting her immediate departure for home. Mrs. Bloemstiel died while Lillie was hurrying to her side.

Lindenwood extends its sincerest sympathy to Mary Margery Lewis, who was called home on Wednesday, November 7, by the death of her grandmother.



And Mamie in the innocence of her youth almost fell for her toes! Just a lifting of her finger and Mamie rose from her seat in the balcony and was all prepared to get right down to the first floor. It was only by the aid of her friends and their noble efforts that they were able to hold her down. Mamie don't leave so suddenly! Your presence is needed and how!

If we had nine more like Dot Taylor we would have a football team. Can you "Bear" that? Dot likes 'em bigger and better, and they don't come any bigger or better than this boy!

You have heard of Nellie the beautiful Cloak model and Tillie the Toiler and all the other "woiking girls". Well you ain't heard nothin' yet 'till you hear Ruthie B. in Child Welfare.

PERFECT POSTURE DAY

Sponsored by A. A.

"Straighten Up and Pep Up." "Poor Posture Produces Pain," and many other such reminders and threats met one at every turn in the halls of Roemer last Thursday, October 31. For at Lindenwood this day belonged to the Athletic Association as well as to the "pooks" of the lower world. All day long everyone was watched by the judges of A. A. members. Familiar snatches heard between classes were "Straighten up"—"Sit Straight"—or "You'd better hold your head back, this is Perfect Posture Day you know." Out of posture for the day, Clara Bowles, Nell Henninger, Mary Lee Hughes, Margaret Janeway, and Mary Sue Wisdom. In chapel the A. A. presented a playlet revealing to everyone their appearance as others see them in some of their posture lapses. The program closed with the singing of a posture song and round. The driver was backed with such enthusiasm that it should have a permanent effect on the Lindenwood campus.

STUDENTS GIVE RECITAL

The first students' recital of the year was given on Tuesday afternoon, November 6, in Roemer Auditorium. It is interesting to note that all six of the piano numbers were played by members of the freshman class. The three vocalists, however, were upper classmen.

Lucille Gabel played the first number—Beethoven's "Bagatelle, E flat", Gwendolyn Lever followed with a melodious waltz by Davis, and Pauline Edwards, who has been before the eyes of Lindenwood as both a pianist and a vocalist, played "Romance" by Sibelius. Mary Sue Wisdom sang two sweet, mezzo-soprano songs, and "A Pastoral" and "Love's a Merchant", two saucy, dainty numbers, were sung by Marjorie Elnore Smith. "Pace, Pace, mio Dio" by Verdi, a technically different number, was beautifully rendered by Hortense Wolford. Genevieve Lott played a saucy little "Country Dance", and Hardy Albright gave a fine rendition of "Valse Brilialnte" by Loth.

Y. W. C. A. FEATURE

Y. W. C. A. gave a special feature program on Wednesday morning, November 7. Marion Pope in her wonderfully interpretative manner read "The Fool," a dramatic play by Channing Polluck. The audience felt as if they were really seeing the characters enact their parts on the stage.

MUSIC FACULTY RECITAL

A faculty recital by Miss Titcomb, organist, Miss Grace Terhune, soprano, and Miss Mary Catherine Craven, accompanist was given in Sibley Chapel at five p. m., Tuesday, October 23.

The program was given in three groups; Miss Titcomb appearing twice; and Miss Terhune once. Miss Titcomb's rendition of two of Bach's works were indeed beautiful and the portrayal of Haydon's "My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair" by Miss Terhune was doubly interesting to the student audience on account of the fact that so many had studied it. Golde's "Awakening," also sung by Miss Terhune, possessed a delicate lyric quality to which only an artist like Miss "Terry" can truly do justice.

Read the Linden Bark

ORIENTATION LECTURES

Miss Schaper, Dr. Calder

Thursday, November 1, Miss Schaper spoke to the Orientation class about the work of women. "Women have always worked. A woman has two jobs—that of a homemaker and of a mother." Some learning has been handed down, but much is acquired and experience is a very expensive teacher. "I believe every woman need: an occupation, socially, intellectually, aesthetically, and should practice this vocation before marriage," Miss Schaper told the freshmen. She also believes that every woman should hope to return to her vocation later in life.

Dr. Calder addressed the Orientation class Tuesday, November 6, on the subject Religious Education. This is a comparatively new field with a very small capacity at present.

THANKSGIVING COMEDY PROMISES MUCH INTEREST

The Thanksgiving play is to be that well-known comedy, "Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh" and promises to be even better than usual. It is a story of a social climber and the many amusing happenings which occur in her struggle to make herself well known to the "people who count."

Mary Margaret Poorman, a freshman, will portray "Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh; Lucille Kelly as "Mrs. Bumpstead's "mother", Mrs. De Salle, promises to be excellent.

The "Rawsons", who are the family whom "Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh" desires most to impress, are "Miss Rawson," Louise Dressel, represented by Elizabeth Tracy as "Geoffrey Rawson," Marea Hempelmann, Anthony Rawson; and Beatrice McKellor as "Justin Rawson." Jean Whitney is to be "Violet DeSalle," the sister of "Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh" and the daughter of "Mrs. DeSalle."

Pep Perry as "Mrs. Leavitt," and Ruth Thompson as her husband, "Stephen Leavitt," help uphold the socially elite against people like the DeSalles; while Garnette Thompson as "Peter Swallow" helps complicate matters by continually bringing back the days when the "DeSalles" were just plain "Sale." Evelyn Pierpoint will appear as "Kitson," the butler, and Janice Greene as "Nina", the maid.