

LINDEN BARK

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Price 5c

INDIA THROUGH BOOKS DR. CALDER AT VESPERS

The chapel service, Sunday evening January 9, was in charge of Dr. Robert S. Calder who delivered an exceedingly interesting sermon on "Three Books of India".

The first one to be taken up was "The Top of the World", written by the wife of a missionary bishop. As an example of its excellence he mentioned the tribute paid to it by the wife of a missionary who read it and said she would give anything in the world to be able to portray beautiful India like that, with glimpses of the snowcapped Himalayas, its profusion of orchids, rhododendrons and trees, its carved temple-dreams, in marble and the gold trimmed mosques built by mystic India. Dr. Calder made clear that it was not only the beauty of the descriptions that made the book so worth while but its charming personalities. In "The Top of the World" India is represented as the land of giant mountains and winds.

Before last Christmas there was literally hurled at the reading public a book called "Mother India". It is sordid and ugly. The author, Miss Mayo, saw no majestic mountains nor beautiful souls, but only the starving babies, the girl mothers and the sixty million untouchables. Such a book might compare with a book entitled the "Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave" and written concerning the Hickman Case, the Pennsylvania vote buying, the speed maniac slaughtering, the bootlegger escapades and the hold ups of drug stores and filling stations here in our own America; but if we should be so represented in print we would do just as India is doing, we would protest vehemently. Miss Mayo herself admits that her hypothesis may be wrong but says that India gives the wrong impression and although it is not hopeless she has represented the facts. Hinduism is India's greatest evil, everything

(Continued on page 2, Col. 2)

FRENCH TEA.

The initiates of Theta Xi chapter Beta Pi Theta outdid themselves in entertaining the members at tea on December 7. The Y. W. C. A. parlor was transformed into Rumpelmeyer's famous tea room on the Rue de Vivoli. Attractive small tables with purple and gold candles were arranged and after serving oneself to wafers and pastry dainty French maids passed tea, nuts, and mints. The delightful program which concluded the meeting was: French poems, Halcyon Burch; Songs, Margarete Nicolls accompanied by Evelyn Watkins, guests of the fraternity; poems, Erma Meier; piano solo, Mary Gene Saxe; and an account of some Parisian experiences by Betty Howland.

HOME EC. CLUB ENTERTAINS

The Home Economics Club entertained the Home Economics Club of the St. Charles High School at a tea in the Home Economics department, Wednesday, January 18. The Rayon Exhibit was made the chief entertainment for the event, thus combining learning with a social hour.

HOW TO GET 25 POINTS FOR A. A.

Beginning and advanced swimming tests were given on January 10 and January 12 with quite a large number competing. Anyone that swims will find this an easy method by which twenty-five or even fifty points may be gained for admittance into the Athletic Association, for each test passed will entitle one to twenty-five points. Open pool is kept each afternoon from 4:45 until 5:30, the head of the swimming urges that all who swim take advantage of this. Every body out now for open pool and the swimming tests which will be given in the future.

MISS HELEN ROPER IN JUNIOR RECITAL

Helen Roper was presented in a Junior recital in Roemer auditorium Tuesday, January 17. Her program consisted of three groups.

The first, "Suite in G major" by Bach began the first group. It was composed of four numbers (1) Allemande, (2) Courante, (3) Gavotte, and (4) Gigue. They were entirely technical, and typically Bach. The concluding number of the first group "Eccossaise" by Beethoven-Busoni was lovely. The right hand part was very brilliant, and swift moving, and the contrasts were sudden, and delightful.

The second group opened up Scott's "Lento". It was a true lento composed of lovely modern harmonies. "Orientale", by Amani was very oriental. The right hand predominated in oriental fashion. The third "In a Boat" was soft and beautiful. The rhythm was that of the dipping cars. Debussy's "Minstrels" portrayed the jesting and bantering of the minstrels. Frequently, however, throughout it a solemn, sad strain recurred. It worked up to a big climax, returned to the original fortissimo.

The "Concert in G minor" was a composition of Saint-Saens. Miss Roper played it as a duo with Mr. John Thomas, head of the Fine Arts School. The number was very heavy, and yet had so many sudden contrasts and contains so many different elements that it was extremely fascinating to the listeners. Miss Roper and Mr. Thomas played with perfect coordination and responsiveness. The technique displayed was unusually fine.

Helen's Senior recital is eagerly anticipated by all who heard her play.

SONGS OF SEVEN

A most entertaining students' recital was given on Thursday, Jan.

(Continued on page 2, Col. 3)

Linden Bark

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TUESDAY, JAN. 31, 1928.

The Linden Bark:

"Defer not 'till tomorrow to be
wise.
Tomorrow's sun thee my never
rise."

WELCOME HOME

DEAR PEOPLE

Lost!! Lost at Lindenwood two
kind voices, two ever encouraging
smiles and two pairs of loving eyes.
Found!! Dr. and Mrs. Roemer,
And now Lindenwood College will
seem like the good old place that it
is, for our family is home again and
we are no longer orphans. For two
weeks we have missed our Presi-
dent and the first lady of our land.
Now that they are back with us
again, we wish to welcome them
and say just how much we missed
their friendly smiles and welcoming
words. However we do hope that
you enjoyed your trip both in At-
lantic City and in New York but
Lindenwood is mighty glad that
you have returned to her.

NEW IDEA OF SUPERSTITION

It is a noteworthy thing that a
day which has become very familiar
to the average and superstitious
American—namely Ground Hog
Day—should have an origin so far
removed from the present day con-
ception. Just how the ridiculous
idea that the shadow of such a
diminutive and inconspicuous ani-
mal might have such a devastating
effect upon the weather has not

been determined but a great many
sensible and thoughtful people are
known to watch with fear and
trembling the game of hide and seek
which the sun so commonly plays
upon that day.

Another name, not so well
known in America is that of Can-
dlemas Day. Candlemas was an
Ecclesiastical festival instituted by
Pope Gelasius I, in 492 in
commemoration of the presenta-
tion of Christ in the temple,
and of the purification of
the Virgin. Like the above celebra-
tion it is held on February second
and has its name from the fact that
in Roman Catholic churches candles
are blessed and carried in proces-
sion. This very beautiful ceremony
is carried over from an allusion to
the words of Simon spoken of the
infant Christ, "a light to lighten
the Gentiles".

Surely one must appreciate the
difference between the exquisite and
religious conception and the ridi-
culous and silly superstitious one.
Too frequently that is forgotten,
but if our minds might see and ap-
preciate this difference there would
always be something beautiful—
something worth-while and soul-
satisfying to think about.

(Continued from page 1, Col. 1)
else is only a natural consequence.

As an example of a more exqui-
site sort of a book on the same sub-
ject Dr. Calder gave "The Christ
of the India Road". Its author
is Mr. Stanley Jones, who has
labored for eight years as a preach-
er, editor and teacher in India. He
has concluded that the chief trouble
lies in the fact that the better class-
es of people are not trying to enter
the church. Realizing that this
was the chief trouble, he began
a series of lectures in town halls
and even in the compounds of
Hindu temples. He spoke in Eng-
lish, for the well educated Hindu
speaks fluent English. The people
were very enthusiastic and he was
forced to hold meetings in the
early morning that the people
might attend. This book reveals
the change in attitude toward
Christ not toward Christianity.
The people have discovered that a
man can become Christian without
becoming a Christian.

Dr. Calder closed with the ob-
servation that Christianity has been
enriched by every nationality who
seriously accepted it. And now we
have the wonder and hope that the
Hindu may give a new breadth
and depth to the western belief.

(Continued from page 1, Col. 3)

19—the first one of the New Year.
The opening number was a piano
solo, "Polonaise, A Major", play-
ed by Doris Arnold. Another piano
number was "Gavotte", played by
Dorothy Johnson.

Hortense Wolfert sang two num-
bers, "Deh Vieni, Non Tadar",
and "Sunlight" in a pleasing man-
ner. Margarette Nicholls, who
has a soprano voice sang "The
Willow" and "Georgia Sleep
Song". A duet, "Madame Butter-
fly", was beautifully rendered by
Dorothy Gartner and Iris Fleiscaker.

Two piano numbers were played
by Virginia Ann Shrimpton, in
which she can be appraised for her
lovely touch. Her numbers were,
"Bagatelle" and "Viennese Dance".
Debussy's "Nocturne" played by
Mary Gene Saxe closed this inter-
esting program, which could not
help but have inspired everyone.

MRS. HUTCHINGS LECTURES

"Woman in Art" a Feminine Talk

Mrs. Emily Grant Hutchings,
art critic of the St. Louis Globe-
Democrat, lectured for the fourth
year in the Auditorium Thursday,
January 12. Mrs. Hutchings lec-
tured this time on, "Woman in
Art". Her lectures before have
been "Modernism", "Seeing Nature
through the Artist's Eyes" and
"Religion. The Mother of Art."

Because of the fact that Dr. Roe-
mer was away, and Mrs. Hutchings
expected her audience to be made
up of the feminine element only, she
made her lecture, "Woman in Art"
strictly feminine. Instead of bring-
ing portraits that were painted by
women, she brought portraits of
women, the first being a Gains-
borough painting, illustrating the
hat that Gainsborough made
famous.

Miss Hutchings next told about
the first woman who achieved fame
as an artist, by painting the portrait
of Marie Antoinette. She was
Madam Viget LeBrun whose life
was most interesting. She was an
intimate friend of the queen's and
became her court painter. She was
a most prolific painter, leaving six
hundred portraits, two hundred
landscapes, and fifteen historical
pictures.

Two other famous portrait ar-
tists who left a good many paint-
ings were Angelica Kaufmann and
Rosa Bonheur who with Madam

(Continued on page 3, Col. 2)

THE SCIENTIST'S SANCTUM

(Continued from page 2, Col. 3)

Advent of Inebriate Flies.

Dr. Hall has publicly announced the fact that there are to be some new martyrs to the cause of biology, in the form of flies, one quarter inch long, yet which contain certain interesting hereditary characteristics. Some of these flies have white eyes, and some have red eyes, some have big gauzy wings, while others have little wings not strong enough to fly with. It is going to be the laboratory work of heredity students to find out by crossing a red-eyed father and a white-eyed mother, just what kind of eyes the children will have; and by crossing a mother that can fly with a father that can only walk, whether or not the children will walk or fly.

These little flies are very fastidious as to diet, since they prefer bananas to other food, and especially those bananas which have just begun to turn dark brown, and in which the juice is turning to vinegar. In fact they exist almost entirely on this "banana-wine", which smells like vinegar, and have consequently received the nickname of "vinegar flies". This is probably just an excuse to avoid pronouncing their real name, which is *Drosophila melanogaster*. Mendel's law of heredity will be studied and explained by these laboratory experiments. Later these heredity problems will be applied to man's hereditary characteristics.

Miss Cotton told the sad story of nine cats who have been sacrificed to the cause of physiology. Just think of the blood-thirstiness of those students who could take nine little pussy-cats with nine lives apiece and sacrifice them to experiments, thus making a total of eighty-one deaths!

Miss Larson says that the field botanists are going to have some interesting things to relate later on, after they have skirmished about the campus and neighboring community for news of the different classes of plants.

The "field zoology" or continued zoology course will be devoted to the study of fly larvae, tadpoles, and field specimens, which will be brought into the laboratory for experimentation as to their preferences for cold or warmth and light and darkness.

Watch in the "Sanctum" for more startling news!

LeBrun made paintings for women possible.

Mrs. Hutchings told next about Handicrafts of Women. She had with her fabrics made by women from St. Louis to Japan. One of the most beautiful of her collections of handicraft was a hooked rug, that was made by some of the women of New England centuries ago.

She showed a Florentine hand-embroidered shawl, which belonged to her personally. It was indeed a most gorgeous piece of handicraft and every girl in the audience gaped at the sight of its beauty.

A Persian Queen's shawl two hundred years old, a Spanish mantilla of hand-made lace and a Javanese batik were among her collections. The Javanese batik was one hundred years old, and at the time of its making had been dyed twelve times. She told the process which this batik went through before it was a finished product. It was made for the purpose of carrying babies, called by the Javanese women a "Slendang".

Another piece of gorgeous handicraft was a coat which had belonged to a Persian Princess, which was woven of gold and red threads, the former being threads of pure gold.

There was a Japanese coat which had been in the trousseau of a Royal Bride, every design on it being a symbol of a good omen embroidered in the most gorgeous of colors.

The last article in her treasure chest was a portrait of Nell Guynne painted by Sir Peter Lely, court painter in the time of Charles the First. Miss Hutchings reviewed Nell Guynne's life, which though tragic and sad was the inspiration for the most beautiful portrait of a woman. Women have always been an inspiration of art, since the time of the Garden of Eden, and now they have come into their own in the field of art themselves. The mission of women is to give happiness and make brightness in the world. Service is worth while, therefore life is worth while.

COMING FRIDAY

"THE COTTON CARNIVAL"

DON'T MISS IT!

Dear Ma:

Si and me went to the swellest party when we was at Lindenwood. It's an awful high-faluting school, and we was sure proud of our sister. She's a big order of eggs around here. The party was a week ago Friday night, about an hour after supper. They begin things awful late there, but Clara, she says they call it fashionable.

The barn was sure dressed up. The lanterns was all clean, and had lots of fresh oil in them. They burned lots brighter than ours does. There must of been at least two dozen of them, but then I guess they have plenty of money.

When me and Si first went into the barn, we saw all the people who go to school there. We expected to see everybody all dressed up cockey-like, but you know, Maw, they wore clothes almost like we wear to work in, only more like little children. The dresses was terribly short, and some of the women even wore socks! Ain't that terrible? Maybe it's the style, but I know Si wouldn't never let me wear them. One great big tall, lanky girl wore blue rompers, and some twins didn't look alike, only their dresses was sewed alike, one of pink checks, and one of blue checks—so they must have been twins, was there. I thought people had to be growed to go to college, but maybe these were some of the child prodigies that we read about once.

There was lovely corn stalks all around the barn, and the hay was all raked up in bunches, so that people could sit on them. They didn't even take the chickens out tho, and I almost told the high muckey-muck from Iowa, who seemed to have something to do with the party, that it wasn't no good for chickens to be bothered at night by such goings on. The plow was left in the middle of the floor, and so was the mower thing. Si and me almost broke our necks twice. There was a keen horse collar lying around loose, but when Si saw it, it almost wasn't loose any more. Maud needs a new collar bad, and I had to repeat the Commandments to Si, or he sure would of took it. He didn't see why a college would need a horse collar.

Maw, I have to confess that a man flirted with me. When I was dancing with Si, once, he came up and said, "May I cut, please".

(Continued on page 4, Col. 3)

The LINDEN BITE

by
The Campus Hound



I've just about got P-newmonia, from this changeable weather, but guess I'm well enough to sit here at the old machine and spin a few cog-wheels. Collie has been doctoring me to the best of his ability, and I guess that I'll be sitting on top of the world in just one more bound. It seems as if everyone is suffering from colds. Why one poor little girl has just been suffering terrors over in that bad old infirmary from one, and brought her papa just a runnin'. I guess maybe I'd be compelled to take to bed with this one of mine if I thought that my "doggy" Dad would hop to the cry of his little puppy. Did you hear that I just about died from this terrible case of P-Newmonia during the Christmas Holidays? Well, I did, and just barely got my life saved by my foster-father Dr. Roemer, who made the cutest little red-coat for me and I wore it all during the vacation. It was sure cute and I wish I could wear it again so I could show it to you. Maybe if it gets any colder he'll let me wear it.

People are losing their minds, and I don't blame them in the least. With these terrible things called EXAMS, I'd lose mine to I guess. Don't you wish that you were a nice little Hound dorg, so that you wouldn't have to take those old things? When I went to Dog-Kindergarten, all I had to know was the best way to hide a bone, how to dig it up so as to preserve its sweetness, and how to detect when one is in your vicinity. But thank heavens for small favors, when I don't have to know the "Central thought in all the English Essays in the Country" or don't have to know what "S-204" is, or know what "Kant's Doctrine of Criticism is". Anyway, I'm rambling, and that ain't right. What I was talking about was people losing their minds. Did you hear about Kuyke? Why she has lost her mind to such an extent that she doesn't know the difference between her glasses and her flashlight. AND she has become so eccentric in this insanity streak of hers that she starts out to class wearing her bril-

liat red bathrobe instead of going in her coat like all mentally efficient girls around here.

And Trimble's beau-lover sure has a funny name. Go ask her, girls, I can't tell you here, but I guarantee that you will get a big good old laugh out of it. I don't know for certain whether it's his real name or not, but anyway if it isn't she certainly does have a high opinion of him. And just think when she marries him, won't she be Mrs. Devinitz?

Well, the HIM of our College family is certainly stepping out, isn't he? Betty Brown doesn't seem to be worried in the least, so maybe after all it was more advisable not to give up her Christmas dates. Can't decide just from observation whether it's this Jean person for certain; or one of our fine fickle Sophomores that has taken the vacant place. Time will tell, girls, and I guess we'll soon have some developments. From what I hear, she's quite the Cowboy.

Oh, there is so very much that I could go on and just rave at much length about, but you know, they just won't let me have all the room I can use, and have to use a little discretion, but will try to get everyone in next time.

OH! Reservoir (French for Au Revoir)

The Old Dorg Himself.

STRAND Theatre

FRI. NIGHT—SAT. MAT.

Gloria Swanson

—in—

"SADIE THOMPSON"

Also the Popular

"COLLEGIANS"

—with—

George Lewis

SAT NIGHT

Douglas MacLean

—in—

"SOFT CUSHION"

NEXT WEEK

FRI. NIGHT—SAT. MAT

Wallace Berry—Raymond Hatton

in

"THE LIFE SAVERS"

SAT. FEB. 12th.

Richard Barthelmess

—in—

"THE NOOSE"

(Continued from page 3. Col. 3)

Well, Si and me didn't know what he meant, and Si he just about killed him. I asked Clara what he meant, and she said he just wanted to dance with me. He come and "cut" me later, and Maw, I sort of like being cut. He was the handsomest man, real wicked looking. He said more nice things to me. He even said I was divine, and I didn't know what to do. He said to just call him Ebenezer. His wife, who he had only been married to a little while, sure give some dirty looks, but she needn't talk. I saw her with her arm around another man, and she was looking into his eyes so interested like. I almost don't blame her, cause he was a beautiful city fellow. Gosh, he was tall and dark, and had the loveliest eyes. He wore short pants, Maw, but otherwise he was all dressed fit to kill.

The food was fine. They had popcorn balls, apples, and some kind of red drink that Clara called "pop". You'd of thought they hadn't been fed for years, the way they pushed and scrambled. Me and Si could only get three helpings, and I know some other people got more.

The music was awful funny at first, but after you got used to it, it was kind of peppy, and nice. They didn't have no fiddler, but I guess they cost too much. They had some people who sang. I guess maybe they was opera stars, cause they could sing just like the people we heard in Dawsonville. They sang and acted out "K-K-K-Katy". You know that song Hal used to sing to me. Then a boy and girl acted something they called pantomime about fishing. Somebody read, and they did the actions. I suppose they hadn't learned their parts. A girl there said they came from New York. They acted awful well.

Well, Maw, I must close now, for I hear Si at the gate, and I musn't etaoin shrdlu shrdluuuu don't want him to read about Ebenezer. I was truly a good, and faithful wife, but I thought I'd give that wife of Eb's a little scare. I was saying all the time to myself, that I didn't believe anything that man said, and that Si was my own dear husband. I didn't Carry on anything like the other people there

Good-bye, I remain

HETTY.

Read the Linden Bark.