

# LINDEN BARK

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## DR. ROEMER TELLS GIRLS OF BETTER WORLD WITHIN

### *Heart Culture Will Save the World*

"Where to Look for a Better World" was the subject of Dr. Roemer's sermon, Sunday morning, March 4, in Roemer auditorium, at the second of the Y. W. C. A. Lenten services. In view of conditions today, this is a subject of great interest to thinking people, and the advice, to "look within", may be followed by all.

The first question raised was, "What is the matter with the World?" This question would be answered differently by each person, but the diagnosticians have four chief answers. First, there is a lack of leadership. One critic has gone so far as to say that there has not been a great leader in the world, for about the last two thousand years. This is of course an extreme view, but there is undoubtedly a need for leadership.

Others complain that the trouble is due to "Golditis". Of all nations, America is the one suffering the most from this disease. The wealth of America is tremendous. She possesses two-thirds of the world's gold. The rest of the world is covetous. "We are the best hated people in the world". But from within, as well as from without, this wealth threatens us. The emphasis in this country is being placed upon gold, more and more. This is dangerous.

Still others see "Moral Atrophy" as the great evil. Self is the foremost thing in the individual's mind. In answer to the question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" the emphatic answer is "No". Moral responsibility is not accepted.

As there are many answers to the question, "What is the matter", there are many remedies suggested. "Give us law", say many. But there are too many laws, as it is. This does not mean that one is to

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## OUR REPRESENTATIVES

On February 24-25 the Missouri League of Women Voters had a College League Conference at the St. Louis Town Club. Two Universities and seven Colleges were represented, among which was Lindenwood. Dr. Reuter, Head of the History Department, Virginia Sue Campbell, and Harriet Liddle were the Lindenwood representatives at the meeting.

The session opened on Friday but the L. C. girls did not go until Saturday morning. The Saturday morning session opened with Miss Elizabeth Longan, Executive Secretary of the Missouri League of Women Voters, presiding. There was a most interesting discussion that centered about College League problems. Miss Longan told the delegates that the College Leagues represented the unknown quantity of the League. She said that from the National Board on down the leaders were trying to discover just what part the College Leagues should play in the whole scheme of the League and that it was extremely important that this question should be wisely answered since the big home for the future of the League's campaign for an intelli-

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## SITTING ON THE INSIDE LOOKING ON THE OUTSIDE

Philipe running on campus—Miss Gus, Miss Esch, and Ruthie headed for the tea room—Merrill and Janie telling about the man in the airplane—glorious spring—A crocus in bloom down Butler way—Everyone raving about the musical comedy—The songs on the lips of everyone—A lot of old girls back—sure looks good—Fogwell with a corsage—Y. W. girls in white—Birch telling about Bruce and her trip to Lincoln—Debaters worried and doing much work—just look in the library any afternoon.

## DEAN ENJOYS TRIP

### *Makes Use of Time for Both Business and Pleasure*

Dean Gipson might give the student body lessons in using Time to the best advantage. What she accomplished in the ten days she was away, should be an inspiration.

The Conference of the "National Association of Deans", which she attended, was held in Boston. This always meets at the same time as "The Department of Superintendents" of the N. E. A. The most outstanding speech of this meeting was made by President Lowell, of Harvard, who criticized the high schools for the lack of accuracy and completeness of the training they are giving to the youth of the country. Although the high school superintendent attacked his views as being too autocratic, too scholastic, his criticism was really general. The secondary schools often fail to fit the students adequately, not only for college but for life as well. Dr. Gipson feels that this would be the testimony of most college freshmen.

While in Boston, Dr. Gipson did not do much sight-seeing as she has been there so often, but she did have some recreation. She saw William Hodge in his own play, "Straight Through the Door". This was a detective play, and proved interesting. Before reaching Boston, she had seen another new play, in New York, where she spent the weekend. "The Royal Family" is a very good comedy portraying the daily life at a family of actors and actresses, all the hurry and flurry of off-stage life, meals at all hours, flowers arriving, rehearsals. It is, supposedly, a take-off on the Barrymore family.

After the conference, Dr. Gipson stopped over in New London, New Haven, and Washington. Those who remember Miss Josephine MacClatchy, a former teacher at Lindenwood, will be interested to know

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## Linden Bark

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TUESDAY, MARCH 3, 1928

### The Linden Bark:

Hear the robin in the rain;  
Not one note doth he complain,  
But he fills the storm's refrain  
with music of his own.  
Drenched and drooped his finest  
feather,  
Yet he sings in stormy weather;  
Bird and God are glad together.  
A-singing in the rain.  
That seer-congster's vision traces  
Traits of light in darkest places,  
Pouring through earth's stormy  
spaces  
The solace of his song.  
—The Robin in the Rain.

### VOTE, WOMEN, VOTE

A few years ago the right to vote was granted to the women of the United States. Great things were expected "when the women got the vote" but thus far things haven't been changed very much. In fact there is a feeling that the women are neglecting to register let alone vote.

Lindenwood has two organizations that are sponsoring the "Get the Voters Out" movement and these are the League of Women Voters and the International Relations Club. These clubs are endeavoring to interest the students in voting and voting intelligently. Dr. Reuter, of the History Department and sponsor of these two clubs, says that "it is not so important on which ticket one votes as it is to vote and vote intelligently." These organizations are going

to cooperate for the rest of the year and the student body is urged to attend these meetings. Quoting Dr. Reuter again, "Education is the basis of intelligent voting in a democracy and that being the case College girls should feel their responsibility."

### GOOD NEWS FOR US.

In a recent editorial from the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, headed "Careers? Your Granny", the following information was divulged: "Milton Ives Livy, a New York lawyer, abs been making a survey of marriage and divorce in 48 states and his conclusion is that college women and women who have jobs outside their homes make the best wives and are most certain to retain their husbands. The college women because they have common sense, and the old fashioned virtues and appreciate what is fundamental and have a mental balance that centers interest in the home. The working wives because they are following in the footsteps of their busy grandmothers who, though they stayed at home, had wonderful careers, knitting and spinning, making candles, carpets, cakes and clothes, much too busy to ever be bored."

"Not these but the ignorant and idle women make work for the divorce lawyers and the courts, this research man says. For doubters he has the record as proof."

"This is not what everybody has been saying, particularly with reference to wives who work outside their homes, but probably there is something to it. It is going to be a sock to the modern women, though to learn that the careers of which they have been so proud were common place in the days of their grandmothers."

This is all "Good News" for college girls, especially when we realize that this means that the college girls who are intending to work at careers should make just twice as good wives. We don't consider though that our "Grannies" were much ahead of "we moderns", although they did have "wonderful careers, knitting and spinning, making candles, carpets, clothes, "et cetera", because a career nowadays involves a lot more real "skull-practice" than those good ladies ever had to indulge in. Acknowledging that those domestic virtues are wonderful careers, and that the home is the most important insti-

### COLLEGE CALENDAR

Thursday, March 15, 11 a. m.  
—Trio Recital.

Miss Isidor, Mr. Kessler, Mr. Thomas.

Sunday, March 18, 6:30 p. m.  
Dr. Calder.

### EXCHANGES

The Roman Tatler of this week is a mixture of education and wit. On one side of the bulletin a group of coins is shown which was found on the banks of the Meknes River in Morocco. These coins are those used by the dead Caesars. Then there is a splendid picture of the Tomb of Hadrian which overlooks the Tiber River.

Then as to the humor which appears in this edition—the left side is devoted to College Humor take-offs of the old Roman days. There are several amusing pictures and jokes, all of which deserve especial attention. One of the funniest was—

Polydectes—"Was Medusa's face pretty?"

Perseus—"Not so that you could notice it."

On the bottom of the board was a picture of some Roman women being carried in one of the vehicles which was borne on the shoulders of the slaves, and it was added that now "Wilson Bodies" were used. Therefore one may advertise his father's business in the Roman Tatler which is always well worth reading.

tution in society, we maintain that the modern girl can successfully engage in the domestic career and at the same time carry on a career in which she can express that other side of her nature which has a fancy for something besides domesticity. Indeed the careers "of which we have been so proud" were not commonplace in the days of our grandmothers—evidence of which is seen in the faces of some of the dear old ladies who look shocked when the college grand-daughter dissertates upon her career". As this editorial writer remarked though, modern women have a mental balance that centers interest in the home, and there need be no fear that the new types of career will overthrow the old. Instead they will be joined hand in hand in maintaining a happy home-proof.

## WHAT IS COLLEGE?

By M. E. S.

"College? What Is It?" You ask one day,  
And people about you may these things say:

"A College is some buildings round  
A tiny piece of plotted ground  
Or again, "A classroom, still,  
Where knowledge weaves as in a mill.  
A spot where rich and poor have found  
One meeting place, a common bond.  
The way for parties, pep, and fun:—  
Where football games and thrills are won!"

Comments from all sides are such as these;  
They gave you an answer that did not please,  
So think you, "It is not one of the things,  
But really a general group of aims."

You'll learn the joy of give and take,  
And find you must be wide awake;  
Hard problems rise, a test for you,  
To school and friends be always true;  
Be kindly, sincere, never break  
Your, seize for your own sake  
The chance to see what you can do  
With the self that God has given you.

## "ON SITTING ON A TACK"

By Dick Anderson

He who sitteth on a tack will rise again. This is an old proverb which the large majority has found to be plainly true. How the idea of placing tacks on unsuspecting people's chairs originated would be hard to tell. Who knows, Eve or Adam may have introduced the custom. At any rate, the American small boy has enlarged and improved the idea until it has become almost a tradition, like bringing an apple to "dear teacher" or something along a similar trend. This latter custom is much less exciting and involves far less exercise than that which I have chosen to discuss.

There is something about a tack, its handy size, or its nice, sharp point, that invariably fascinates the funmaker. One glance at it and the age-old idea occurs to him like a bolt from the blue, and immediately he is chuckling to himself at the prospect of his future victim hopping two or three feet into the air after a sudden and absolutely unexpected contact with a poor little innocent tack.

The tack, in itself, is harmless

enough and quite a valuable thing to have around the house. Carpets on stairs have a most irritating way of slipping and curling under one's feet without the aid of said tack.

Some of my more critical readers may think that I might have chosen a weightier topic to discuss at such great length. That viewpoint is to be questioned, however. What is more important and to what do we award more attention than brief jabs of pain? Seamstresses can testify to the fact that tiny pricks can be most painful at time. Ask any bachelor about those monthly attempts at darning and mending and he will have a whole extemporaneous speech on the tip of his tongue ready to reel off by the hour.

An examination of almost any small boy's pockets will always yield at least one tack. The youngster would feel lost without a tack handy where he could get at it on a moment's notice. The tack has put the rubber band and its companion, the paper-wad, on the shelf when it comes to furnishing classroom amusement. Of course, elsewhere than in the class-room this playful pastime is indulged in but no-where has it found such hearty advocates of its cause. Ad-

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A PLEA FOR ORDER  
IN THE POST OFFICE

By Elizabeth Kuykendall

(With Apologies to "A Plea For Separation From Great Britain" by Thomas Paine.)

The crushed feet of the injured, the cringing ribs of the ticklish cry, "'tis time something was done." Even the great space with which Fate sees fit to separate you from your post office box is an unshakable and undeniable proof that you were never destined to reach that box for which you strive. The vast crowd which struggles in front of you adds its weight to the argument and the manner in which it struggles increases the force of that argument. You, O struggling one, turn to see a great cavity yawning behind you as if Fate offered a breathing space into which you might turn and be crushed by the crushing horde.

The influence of this crushing mob is a menace to the cringing individual which must in time come to an end: that individual cannot derive lasting pleasure from looking toward the open door under a prayerful conviction that the mob in front must soon come to an end. As cringing individuals we can evidence no joy knowing that this howling mob cannot kill us though it may maim us; according to logic we, since we are being bruised and maimed, should likewise maim and bruise, otherwise we are being cowardly. In order to reach our box in due season we should clutch our key in our hand and plow on to our destination; the destination that is now obscured by a cringing cowardice.

Though I would not unjustly classify another I am inclined to believe that all those who make up the angry mob may be classified thus:

Bullies who will stop at nothing; blusterers who plow on in the wake of the bullies; timid individuals who are pushed blindly; and individuals who think more of themselves than their make up warrants; this last class will be responsible for more bruised feet than any other.

It is the singular fortune of many to be distant from the vortex of the mob: the injurious pushing is not brought close enough to their persons to make them realize the danger of the ribs and feet within

the whirlpool. But let their imaginations carry them thither for a moment and they will forever denounce the crushing force that does us injury. The unfortunate members of that inner circle, who but a few moments ago were quiet and serene upon the campus, have now no choice but to stay and be trampled or forever renounce their destination. Injured by the elbows of their neighbors if they remain, and trampled by the feet of their adversaries if they attempt to leave. In their inner position they are held without hope of survival and in an attempt for escape they are opposed by the forces of those coming in and those leaving.

Individuals inclined to loiter behind look with amusement upon the havoc of the mob and, laughing lightly, call for the downtrodden, bring the knowledge of your own anxiety to bear upon the situation and tell me if you too would not suffer tortures of rib and foot for the attainment of a letter? If you would not then you are untrue to yourself and a menace to your fellowmen. Your eventual contact with your post office box, which you regard with neither fear nor trembling, will not be one of spontaneous joy and will in time become a boredom wretched to endure. If you can still look light heartedly upon the injuries of your fellows then I ask, have you ever been injured? Has your foot been crushed beneath the foot of an adversary? Are your ribs so injured as to prohibit lying upon them at night? Have you had your clothes torn forcibly from you and been left a tattered and cringing survivor? If you have not then you hold not the right to laugh at those who have. But if you have and can still laugh at the seething villains then you are unworthy the name of friend, classmate or fellow student, and whatever be your rank as to class you have the heart of a villain and the spirit of a knave.

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mittedly, the custom is anything but funny to the most important person concerned, the victim, but think of the relief from the boredom of monotony it affords the spectators. If Nathan Hale was "willing to give more than one life for his country", can't we, at least make an effort to take the little practical jokes in life pleasantly?

## HOUSE HUNTING

By Jeanne Reese

When in the course of his life, a man deems it quite necessary to dissolve his bonds of single blessedness and take a mate to love, cherish, and adore him till death does the parting: when in the course of his life and happiness, a man reaches this mental state or condition quite unanalyzable, yet justifiable we presume, then it is that he ventures heart and soul upon a task designedly planned for him by the Almighty. He house hunts.

Whether he pursues his hunt alone or takes his charming love with him, whether he looks for the house before his marriage, or waits until he is sure of his prize, whether he is successful or not, at any rate he house hunts.

He stumbles up and down front flights till his legs ache with pain; he inspects and scrutinizes so many houses that his mind cannot recall them or distinguish between them; he follows addresses that lead to vacant lots and curses the day that houses were invented. He has rettetes with dirty aproned landladies and smells the odor of fried potatoes that clings about them; he battles with growling bull dogs who park in front yards expressly for the purpose of chewing strangers alive; he rolls down back stairs to inspect cellars, (maybe, we venture, to see if the former tenant has left any of that prized possession usually found in cellars; and occasionally, he even gets the "inside dope" on suspicious attics that might hold clanking chains or shades of relatives passed on. He looks at homes that make his eyes bulge with their splendor; he looks at homes that make him shudder with their dinginess; but he never looks at homes that suit him.

Yet indeed, though his hardships be many and varied, the prospective (or retrospective) bride-groom is not discouraged. He sails out upon his task in the same way that he has sailed out upon the sea of matrimony. He is confident and feels extremely important; and he flutters about much like the male species of bird when he hunts a resting place for his mate. At any rate, he assures himself that he is a wise old bird and he plucks and smooths his features with pride. At the end of the first day his wits are exhausted; but the next day at sunrise he is at

it again. For only the early bird catches the worm, and he must needs find a house or die attempting.

If he doesn't hunt houses he hunts flats or hotels, (unless perhaps, he is one of those fortunate souls who may share the home of mother-in-law because of the strong attachment between his wife and her mother). He may find his house at last or he may never find it; he may feel quite at home with mother-in-law, or, indeed, the many trials involved in his task may even discourage his getting married at all or make him regret the day of his wedding. But if, in the end, he does find a cottage that suits—a cozy little love nest where he may house his little dove and raise little fledglings—then, no matter if thousand-fold trials and troubles settle down upon him, he will remain a happy old bird and continue to coo 'till the end of his days.

## LITTLE BEN'S FAMILY ALBUM

By Virginia Derby

At some period in one's life, one forms strange attachments. Little Ben is one of mine. For the last two years he has been my constant companion. If I were to lose him, life wouldn't be quite the same.

He's such a cunning little thing, in fact a "pocket edition" of his father, Big Ben. There is something very whimsical about his round moon-shaped face (for it resembles that heavenly body perfectly). In fact, the longer one looks at his plump face, the more one wonders just what emotions he is trying to express. My room mate says that he looks at her with a sour and sullen scowl, as if to say, "It's a shame my poor mistress has to put up with you for a whole year. Just for spite. I'm going to bother you as much as I can, and I rather imagine that the best way to gain my revenge is to awake you from 'blesed sleep' in the 'wee hours of the morn'". However I think my room mate is a trifle prejudicial, for Ben really is such a quiet and unassuming little thing during the day suming little thing during the day capers at night. I must admit, though, that there is a telltale mischeviousness lurking behind his Sphinx-like face. No doubt he never lets an opportunity pass for a little fun. But I must finish telling

you what a cute little fellow Ben is, before I entirely get off the subject.

The short, stubby little legs supporting his chubby body, and the ill-assorted hands, so long in proportion to his legs, give him a decidedly grotesque appearance. But to me, Ben's most amusing feature is the metal ring which he always wears on the top of his head. It really looks like a halo which has become confused, and which instead of taking its traditional horizontal position, has taken a vertical one. Let this suffice for Little Ben's appearance. If you haven't already guessed who he is, you are probably mad with curiosity concerning his identity. Can't keep you in suspense any longer, Little Ben is no other than my faithful (?) little alarm clock.

I truly think that I am all optimist to use the word "faithful", when speaking of Ben. Don't mistake my meaning, I simply intended to say that as a general rule he performs his duty faithfully, but in a crisis he, like any pampered and spoiled child, absolutely refuses to work. Of course he always has a good excuse for he pretends to run down or even has the impudence to suggest that I neglected to set his alarm. Stubbornness is certainly not one of his virtues but I suppose I shouldn't criticize, I'm no angel myself. In fact I can't boast of a halo, not even one pitched at the wrong angle, as Little Ben can.

The members of his family are equally interesting. Since Little Ben is a "chip off the old block", I need not tell you about Big Ben. Aunts are always numerous and so are Ben's. But his most aristocratic one is the stylish mahogany clock which proudly sits on the mantle piece at home. She may best be described as haughty and proper. It certainly is a good thing that she doesn't mind loneliness, for her attitude toward the two democratic candle sticks is that of a queen to her vassals. Grandfather is a good "old scout", even though his youthful days are over you will find him by the hour, telling stories to all the little clocks while his pen-rhythmic trembling of his once-dulium whiskers away with the powerful frame. Now, Ben's step-mother, like all step-mothers, was a temperamental stop watch. One day in a fit of hysteria, she became so excited that she broke a spring and thus ended her sad life. But this is

almost as bad as bringing out Ben's family album, I shall spare you further pain and conclude as quickly and gracefully as possible.

However, if you want to see true love in action, spent the night with me sometime. At most any hour of the night you will see Little Ben's face alight with love, as he gaily serenades my flapper wrist watch with his merry "tick-tock", "tick-tock". z

### PARASOLS

The sky was overcast with clouds. The rain came down in torrents. I sat at my bedroom window without an inspiration for the theme which was due next hour, when, past the window came airily floating— a purple parasol.

Time was when an umbrella was a dark, rheumatic thing, smelling of wet black dye, and suggestive of wet feet and cold in the head. Its canopy was of funeral black cloth, and its rusty wires dropped gloomily under the downpour of the rain. Hidden in mouldy closets, it became a necessity in time of storm, an embarrassment when the sun shone again.

To be sure, there were lovely parasols in days gone by; ruffled parasols of lace and rosebuds which belonged to garden parties and teas and were frightened at a suggestion of rain.

But the purple parasol which floated airily by is a strong parasol of crisp silk. Its hue is rich, a royal color, and its ribs do not yield to the onslaught of the flood.

As that purple splendor moves away, a scarlet one is blown out bright as an inverted tulip. All its points are tipped with ivory, and its delicately cased ivory handle is very very different from the clumsy wooden handle of days gone by. Such a parasol adds to the spirit of the slim gray ankles which apparently own it.

Next a green, softly bright, walks with a brown, the beautiful brown of wet dead leaves. Crimson and blue and henna follow. Is it not a lovely idea to carry the prettiest and brightest into the dullness and deluge?

I am reminded of many parasol shapes—the half-opened parasols of the earliest buckeye leaf, the great green lily pad which shelters the great green frog, the beds of mandrake or May-apple umbrellas which rise on sunny slopes of woods or under orchard trees, the flat cir-

cles of the nasturtium leaf which may shelter a pixie or add a touch of style to the costume of a doll made from an ear of corn.

The scent of the rain on the lawn and dead leaves comes to my nostril. Few birds are singing thus early in the morning and thus late in the autumn. Only one sparrow twitted as he devours a worm. The brilliant Japanese barberry just outside the window is pastel-tinted under the dew. Cobwebs hang jeweled on every bush. Here and there a fat umbrella pushes through the soil. Ah! Perhaps we shall have mushrooms for lunch today.

### OUR QUEST FOR HAPPINESS

By Kathryn Bennett

It seems that we humans are never satisfied. Before we have any sort of automobile we think that we simply must have a lowly Ford to make us completely happy. Then, when we have at last made the final payment on the Ford, sometimes even before that, we notice that our next door neighbor has a larger, more expensive car, and we find ourselves dissatisfied before we have yet had time to enjoy the shiny new "lizzie".

It is exactly the same in everything nowadays. In our mad rush of living we all have a goal of some sort before us, and as soon as we have reached that we grow dissatisfied with what we've won, and start working for another goal. We are told in our Civilization course that ideals make for progress, and that we can have no progress unless we have a goal to work for. I find that statement much too general. What if our new goals are simply more expensive luxuries to enable us to live a more comfortable life, with no thought that we may be depriving others? For, if you will just notice, that is the truth of the matter.

No wonder our young girls have such a droop to their pretty mouths. Dissatisfaction is slowly but surely spelling ruin for any happiness. We all want everything that our luckier sisters have. How utterly silly and foolish of us! We should stop to realize that no one of these others has every one of these things we want, for none can have everything, and perhaps we have some things which they do not have. If we would just stop to

think of all the advantages we have over the majority of people, we couldn't help but upbraid ourselves for being so unhappy and dissatisfied with our lots.

We are all born into a special sphere, and the very best we can do with life is to make the very best of what is given us, but not one of us will do that. We reach one goal, and without stopping to appreciate it, we begin to bend our thoughts on some new thing we want.

We all experience pure, unadulterated happiness just so long as we are with the people who have no more than we have. When one of us sees someone with something we do not have our enemies, selfish thoughts come back, and our happiness just so long as we are with people who have no more than we have. When one of us sees someone with something we do not have, our envious, selfish thoughts come back, and our happiness is gone. Oh, why can't we be happy all the time. Why can't we lose sight of this curse of our time forever and aye, live the remainder of our lives in joyful bliss.

Some student of society would shout to this, "There would be no progress." How mistaken an idea. There would be much more progress, to say nothing of peace and happiness, if we could but forget the selfish thoughts that fill our minds, and be happy in expending our efforts to better humanity, instead of ourselves.

And, unhappy thought, it is women who cause all this unhappiness. Look at the poorly dressed, over-worked fathers of middle class families. They slave so that the women of their families may have the latest fad of dress. There is no selfish, envious thought in their minds. They are made unhappy by the selfish unhappiness of women, and were it not for this shackle they could, more than likely, be doing something for the good of humanity, and at least be happy.

This curse has even reached such large groups as nations. The more territory and power modern nations gain, the more they seem to want. Why can they not realize, from studying examples in the past, that nothing but downfall and sorrow comes from such greed.

And we must mention the crime wave. The cause of it is very clear to me. How could anyone of weak character help but succumb to the overpowering desire for luxu-

ries people about them have, when we of recognized strong character allow such trivial, selfish desires to make us unhappy.

It seems to me that this much-lauded industrial age which has brought so much progress has also brought unhappiness and discontent which is overshadowing the good effects of the progress made.

I suppose that we will all continue our journey through life wishing we were in someone else's shoes, and watching with envious eyes the fluttering of some more lucky butterfly; and our whole effort will, more than likely, be spent in trying to gain, by hook or crook, some of the things they have.

How far astray we have been led in our quest for that simple, but elusive thing, happiness. For it is just within our grasp if we could but shove out our selfish thoughts to make room for it. Our goal should be to make others happy, since true happiness emanates from the happiness of others.

## HAPPINESS

*By Louise Christian Bentley*

A cloudy mist around the Goddess clings,  
By Fate her veiled beauty guarded well,  
And at her feet lay gifts that many bring  
In hopes that she may with them ever dwell  
The wealth of human souls and love they sell  
For but a golden fragment from her dress  
Sought 'til the hopeless guest doth bring their knell  
And find their cares redressed if they are blessed  
With but a fleeting glimpse of lovely Happiness.

## JAYHAWKS ENTERTAIN "BROOKE JOHNS" PROGRAM

On Friday evening, March 2, the Kansas Club was hostess to the students and faculty. The "gym" was very appropriately decorated. The walls were a yellow background, with tiny jayhawks and sunflowers covering them. At one end a huge jayhawk sat in all his glory, while the merry-makers did him homage. The lights were made to represent some of the massive flowers for which Kansas is so famous. In the course of the evening dainty little

sunflowers, to be worn on the wrist, were given out. Punch—St. Charles orchestra—and Lillie, completed the evening. And how—

A very unique program furnished the entertainment. Mary Alice Lange as Brooke Johns introduced the performers in turn. Evelyn Watkins sang first, and secondly a dance of long ago was illustrated by Evelyn Dukes and Maxine Stoddard. Billie Henney and Dorothy Sutton answered this by whirling through the modern version. But the darling of the evening who took the house by storm was none other than Lillie Bloomenstiel, wailing her "blues" to the audience.

## SIGHS

*By Mary Jane Hare*

Out of the sighs of men are made the clouds.  
The weary sighs of over-burdened hearts  
Can scarce ascend, but weighted hang like shrouds  
Low o'er the earth, and darken all its parts.  
Unlike these is the small child's sighs, which starts  
Quickly to heav'n, of fluttering misty white.  
These sighs hang poised; each gentle breeze that darts  
About them stirs and moves them. They are light  
As fairy wings. The sun through them may still shine bright.

## DEFEAT

*By Mary Elizabeth Sawtell*

As proud and staunch, as ships withstand the gale,  
Stand I, ne'er once admit when dark o'er cast  
In grey defeat, my spirit lost its sail.  
Black thruts and woe, brute blasts and fate rage past;  
Though riggings screech and groan in fear to last.  
Such stress, in silence borne doth undermine  
The battered heart, and leaves the very mast;  
But anchored in myself I'll hold, in line  
To flaunt anew the sail, as if success were mine.

Read the Linden Bark.

(Continued from page 1, col. 3)

break the law. While a law remains on the statute books, it should be obeyed. Whether it pleases the individual or not, "It is a law."

"Psychology", is the cry of many reformers. Its suggestions are legion. Eugenics, too, is regarded by some as the panacea for all ills. "Breed for perfection, and get perfection."

But Dr. Roemer said, "I believe we've gone about it the wrong way. We're looking at things on the outside, to-day. During the war, our slogan was, 'The man behind the gun'." That is the idea to follow now. Look to the force "Behind". Centuries ago, when Samuel was sent to choose one of Jesse's sons to be King of Israel, he too, looked on the outside. He was discouraged when God did not give the "Sign", as son after son passed. At last it was the unexpected one, the one who had been called in from the fields until all the others had been rejected, that was chosen by God as the ruler for his people. God looked upon the heart. Not only once, but time after time, it has been the improbable one who has become the great leader. Moses and Gideon both were keenly aware of their incapacities, but were chosen for tremendous tasks. Abraham Lincoln is a more recent example of this same great force, in an unexpected personality.

In conclusion Dr. Roemer said, "The World is not to be saved by the majority, but by the few,—the Some, looking deeper than the outside appearances. God looketh upon the heart." Television is so wonderful that it staggers the mind built it will be infinitely more wonderful when we can look behind the face and see the thought. Not head culture, but heart culture, is going to save this world." Where are we to look for a better world? Not without, but within."

(Continued from page 1, col. 2)

that Dr. Gipson met her on her trip. She also met Miss Florence Jackson, who was an annual visitor here for several years.

Now if all that isn't about the maximum amount of activity for ten days, the writer gives up.

Read the Linden Bark.

## THE SQUARE OF LIFE

### *A Rule to Live By.*

A practical lesson of life was taught by Rev. Henry H. Marsden, rector of the Trinity Episcopal Church of St. Charles, who spoke at the Sunday vesper service, March 4. Rev. Mr. Marsden also holds the honored office of Archdeacon of Missouri.

Special mention should be made of the beautiful anthem, "Listen to the Lambs", which was rendered by the choir, and which corresponded so perfectly with Rev. Mr. Marsden's sermon.

Unusual was his sermon the "Square of Life", and its four divisions. Rev. Mr. Marsden cautioned "to look up", which is the spiritual side of life, "to look down", and "to look inside and outside", these comprising the "Square of Life". The lesson that can well be remembered as taught by Archdeacon Marsden is that of not allowing success to over-rule us, and to remember our inferiority.

## STRAND THEATRE



FRI. NIGHT—SAT. MATINEE

RAMON NOVARRO

NORMA SHEARER

in

## The Student Prince

SATURDAY NIGHT

ROD LaROCQUE

in

## 'Stand and Deliver'

(Continued from page 1, col. 1)

gent and informed citizenship lies in creating a real interest in governmental problems among the college and university girls.

After Miss Longan's talk the girls were asked to help plan the program for the coming year's activity in the College Leagues. Some of the things that the girls decided would be of vital interest were: A Discussion of Political Machines, of Candidates, and of Ballot Marking; A Mock Trial by Jury; A Talk on International Cooperation to Prevent War; A Discussion of Legislature and "Passing a Bill."

At luncheon the delegates were divided into four round-tables; one was on Efficiency in Government, one on Child Welfare, one on International Cooperation, and one on Jury service for Women. The members of the round-table on International Cooperation recommended to the Conference that a resolution be sent to Senator Hawes asking him to consider favorably Senator Gillette's resolution proposing the re-opening of the question of the World Court. This was acted upon in the name of the Conference of the College Leagues of Women Voters of Missouri.

The next Conference will be held in Jefferson City and it is hoped that Lindenwood will again send her delegates.

### NEW Y. W. CABINET

#### *On With the Work.*

The new officer of the Y. W. C. A. met recently with those of last year and with the faculty advisers to elect the new Cabinet members for this coming year.

The new members are: Hortense Bass, Social Chairman; Jean Whitney, Publicity Chairman; Betty Foster, Social Service Chairman; Margaret Nichols, Music Chairman; Estelle Bradford, International Relation Chairman. This Cabinet working together with the new officers ought to make the Lindenwood Y. W. C. A. "Johnny on the Spot".

Everyone feels that the retiring cabinet is one to be congratulated to the utmost. Katherine Walker and all her hands have worked diligently to make this the best year. Several of the innovations of this year are the Christmas and the Lenten Services. Here's power to the new Cabinet.



# The LINDEN BITE

by  
The Campus Hound

So This Is College! I went to that funny show the other night when all the rest of you trotted over to see what the Athletic Assn. was going to do. Well, I'm here to tell you that they'll get my fifty cents any darn time they want to put that show on again. I sure give the Walker-Roper combine the glad hand and three rousing cheers, as well as everyone else that had anything to do with this play. If Miss Hutchins, Miss Gus, and Miss E. each were here at this writing I'd just nose right up to them and smack them on the jaw in my joy. And Abby Holmes, and Brinkerhoff! Weren't they the best? The chiefs weren't bad either and Annabel Lee was a Wow! As for Doc and the men of the fraternity, they were right there with the brass band. And Ham, too, has to get in for his cheering.

Well, now that that's over, I wonder what will come next. I've never heard of so much going on at once, Eh? Things do go on just the same don't they? I heard of one little girl in one of these buildings near Roemer that had a birthday the other day, and received the loveliest box of green stationery from her best beau in Monnet, Mo. (I believe that's the town). Along with a darling compact. Now, I guess she'll have to just start right in writing him on that trick stat. I'm dying for some. I believe that I'll just trot right down to Kresges and purchase some myself.

And what is this trick I heard about Trimble pulling on Kelso. Yes, I'll admit that it was a good joke. She calls up Betty at ten o'clock one night, (before Jean gets a chance at the telephone) and asked where Jean was. Got our dear little Soph all riled up, for fear the Frosh Song Leader had flew the coop. But all is hotsy-totsy now and things are spinning fine and dandy. The funniest part of the whole affair was that Betty had to leave her bath to go in pursuit.

And who was the dear little Frosh who came to dinner the other

night with a corsage? Such popularity must be deserved. Have we been missing out on something? Or was there some occasion for the floral offering. Has some fair damsel lost the vital organ to you, Dotty?

It won't be long now, before we get to go to the old home towns. will it?

YE CAMPUS HOUND.

## MISS STONE ON NATIONAL COUNCIL

Of course, Lindenwood knows that there are some mighty fine people on the campus, but it gives quite a thrill to have the outside world recognize their ability. Miss Louise Stone has recently been appointed to membership in the National Honorary Fraternity. The Grand Council lays plans for the general program and policies of the fraternity. So you see, Miss Stone is appreciated by this organization.

In the official organ of the fraternity, "What's Doing In Beta Pi Theta", two Lindenwood students Rose Patton and Elizabeth Tracy have themes published. Miss Stone points these out with pride. She is "Awfully Keen" on Beta Pi Theta. It is really a highly honorary organization. Before being pledged, the student must be making at least an S in every French course carried, and at least an M in all other course. Further, they must be approved for membership by the Dean of Students. Before being initiated, the pledge must present a written book report on a French novel, a French short story, and a French play. This report must be approved by the instructor. Also the candidate must learn and give satisfactorily thirty-five lines of French poetry. Assuredly we should be very proud of our Beta Pi Thetas.

## RABINOVITCH SPECIAL.

Great Pianist Endorses Lindenwood Drink.

What would you do if one of your friends called up and said I'm bringing Coolidge over to get a bite to eat? and the tragedy of it was you had nothing to eat and no way to get anything. Just what would you do? That is what Mrs. Clemens wanted to know. Only it wasn't Coolidge, it was Clara Rabinovitch. Her friends thought it



Q. What is the queer thump-thump that one can hear when walking in and out of the corridors of Ayres Hall?

A. Why the little dears are playing jacks and if any one wishes to challenge them just leave your name in Jo Bowmans mail box.

Q. And what is this I hear about the May Queen?

A. Well the time has almost come when we will be voting for our class beauty. Be sure you elect just the girls that you want for it will be too late to be sorry after it is done.

Q. What is this funny language that one is liable to hear if one listens enough?

A. Welfell illit illis velfery dillifilfulfult—solfo thelfey 'salfay. And that is all I can get out of the girls who speak the language.

## CALLED HOME BY DEATH

Lindenwood extends its sincerest sympathy to Lucille Rothrock in the loss of her mother, whose death came suddenly, last week, following a long illness. Mrs. Rothrock's maiden name was May, and her family home was St. Louis, where the funeral was held, with burial in Valhalla. Her residence at the time of her death was Evansville, Ind.

would be nice to take her to the tea room after her recital before going back to the city. It had been a good day at the tea room and consequently there was nothing left. In spite of this and blissfully unaware of anything amiss the party came. What would they have? Oh it didn't matter, just anything—but no—something to drink. Well there is plenty of pop. The girls like it with ice cream in it, would Miss Rabinovitch care to try it? Why yes, she believed she would. But what an odd idea, she had never heard of such a thing. And the enthusiasm with which it was received—why she hadn't had so much fun since she was a child. This is the story of how the Lindenwood drink was introduced to a celebrity.