

LINDEN BARK

Vol. 4.—No. 6.

Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Mo., Tuesday, November 9, 1927

Price 5c

TO CHILlicothe

Dr. and Mrs. Roemer Visit Ohio

Dr. and Mrs. John Lincoln Roemer left Friday for Chillicothe, Ohio, where they will attend the one hundredth and thirtieth anniversary ceremonies of the First Presbyterian Church of Chillicothe, of which Dr. Roemer was the pastor for several years from 1901-5, before coming to St. Louis. The First Presbyterian Church is a historic church in Presbyterianism because of the fact that Dr. Joseph Wilson, grandfather of the late President Wilson, was pastor there.

This is the first time that Mrs. Roemer has been back to Chillicothe since she and Dr. Roemer moved to St. Louis. Dr. Roemer has been back a number of times, but not for an extensive visit. This time they will spend about a week in Chillicothe where they will be the guests of friends and extensively entertained.

Dr. and Mrs. Roemer will motor the four hundred miles, spending two days on the road, with a stop-over in Indianapolis, Indiana, Friday night. Upon returning home, Mrs. Roemer will be the guest of honor at the Freshman Formal given in honor of her birthday.

DRAMATIC AMBITION

The Alpha Psi Omega, Lindenwood's Dramatic Fraternity, gave a delightful tea for those girls eligible for membership, on Wednesday, November 2, at four o'clock, in Ayres parlors.

All members of the faculty attended and, together with the eligible girls, formed quite a gathering. A most entertaining program was given in the form of a one-act play "The Square Peg," by Jo Bowman and Ruth Ellen Olcott. Tea, little cakes, salted pecans and mints were served, and then the party disbanded, with everyone resolved to become a "Sarah Bernhardt" or a "Jane Cowl."

DR. GIPSON DESCRIBES EUROPEAN TRAVELS

The monthly meeting of the Theta Xi chapter of Beta Pi Theta was held Wednesday, November 2, in the Y. W. parlors. The business meeting was followed by an attractive program which ran as follows:

A poem, Elizabeth Tracy
Music, Mary Jean Saxe
Poem, Frances Stumberg
Talk, Dr. Gipson

Dr. Gipson told of her travels in Europe this last summer emphasizing the beauty of France and Switzerland praising especially Mont Blanc which she says is gloriously beautiful at all times of day and night. She mentioned also the extreme poverty of the people in many small European villages. It is hard for us to imagine some of the conditions under which they live. We cannot conceive of the hardships they endure working

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Sitting On The Inside Looking On The Outside

Ghosts walking and talking—the organ pealing forth at midnight—do you suppose the Sibleyites got jipped out of this honor by the daring Niccollites?—Everyone excited about what everybody else is wearing to the Halloween party—Dorothy Gartner and Iris Fleishaker headed for the auditorium to warble a while—Miss Gus and Ruthie saying something about a biscuit that did something, but as yet no one knows anything about what the biscuit did—Pictures being taken for the annual—Sophs much in prominence in their red and white sweatshirts—everyone looking fine and doing better—they are indeed to be congratulated on the fine way in which they put over their day—Great rush for the tea room the other night—good food—much studying being done—and still pretty sunshine.

BEST SOPHOMORE DAY IN HISTORY

Dr. Roemer Said So.

Here we Are Right Now" sang the Sophomores as they marched into the Auditorium last Thursday night. And what did the Freshmen think? Really they were not quite sure even after they were so cordially welcomed whether or not the time had come for the "Freshman Doom." However as Ruth Lindsay Hughes said, All customs must change and so must Sophomore Day at Lindenwood and the Sophomore Class of '28 was the class chosen to make this great innovation. At this meeting the freshman were given green F's to wear over the sternum. At this announcement much concern was expressed in many of the faces and much feeling of bones brought out many laughs from the upper classman who were enjoying it all from the balcony. Three of the school songs were sung with such gusto that one of the dignitaries suggested that the Freshman be sufficiently scared before they were ever asked to sing for company. The Frosh were told to be up and outside of Ayres Hall at 6:45 the following morning, and then they would see the best Sophomore Day in the history of Lindenwood. But still they had their doubts.

At seven that memorable Friday morning one hundred and nine beautifully arranged Sophs marched out of the Hall with much applause from the onlookers. And they deserved all that and more, for they were beautiful, and even the freshman said so in their toast to the Sophs. Each had on a white sweatshirt with a big red S-O-P-H on it. The Class president marched first and then came the two girls who bore the Sophomore banner. All assembled around the flag pole and as all sang "We're Loyal To You, Lindenwood," the Soph flag was raised along with the American flag. Several of the Freshmen were asked

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

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

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Gertrude Webb '28

Kathryn Walker '28

TUESDAY, NOV. 8, 1927

The Linden Bark:

"The year's in the wane;

There is nothing adorning;

The night has no eve

And the day has no morning;

Cold winter gives warning!"

Hood, "Autumn"

"MOTHER ROEMER"

Lindenwood's First Lady

Another year rolls by and again comes the time when the "First Lady of Our Lindenwood Land" will celebrate another birthday. Happy have been the times that many girls have had on this memorable day, for it stands out above all other events of College Life as the most important happening of the year. Everyone saves her best dress and makes herself look her best on the night of Mother Roemer's Birthday Party. The honor of entertaining Mrs. Roemer on the memorable day is given to the Freshmen, who do their dead level best to outdo all foregoing classes.

We trust that these birthdays that we have celebrated have been happy ones for Mother Roemer, and that the years between have been just chuck full of joy and prosperity. May this one be among her happiest and yield fruits that will make the coming year one of peace, happiness and prosperity. We love her and wish her many happy returns of her birthday.

ENDOWMENTS UNFAIR

There has been raised a decided controversy concerning distribution of endowment funds among men's and women's colleges. The

question of fair play for American colleges is raised by the deans of seven institutions; namely, Barnard, Bryn Mawr, Mount Holyoke, Radcliffe, Smith Vassar, and Wellesley. They say that most of America's money being in the hands of men, contributions to male education are much more liberal, and girls of moderate means are being denied. The seven deans number five women and two men, and they sign their protest in the Atlantic monthly, jointly.

Their arguments are most conclusive. None of these colleges is far from fifty years old, and all represent the same period of American educational history, in which woman's rights to higher education has been admitted. Their eight thousand girls represent all sections of the country, about fifty per cent of them marry, and the trend toward marriage is upward.

"If women," says the article, "the mothers and teachers of the next generation, are to have as good an education as their brothers, as solid, as intelligent, and as farseeing, then that education must be established so it cannot slip backward."

If we are to admit the right of women to the same quality of educational training as men, it follows that the institutions for women should receive financial support in proportion. Such support has not been given so far. The deficits in the annual yield of the endowments in women's college must be met by charging higher fees and by greater economy in operation. The fees have already been raised to the point where the number of students from the less well-to-do families is showing a serious decline. A substantial part of the income from increased fees must go for scholarships to retain the clientele among the daughter of professional men of moderate salaries.

It is from these classes that, as a rule, comes the largest proportion of good minds. It would be a great loss to the country if these girls could not be given the educational opportunities of which they make so excellent use.

Lindenwood as a leading women's college of the middle west must consider this vital issue, for in spite of constant efforts the proportion of students from public schools is declining steadily; and we need them to maintain the democracy in the academic life. This "crisis" in feminine institutions of higher learning is of interest to all and must be remedied at an early date.

COLLEGE CALENDAR

Thursday, Nov. 10, 11:00 o'clock,

Mr. Richard Spamer.

Friday, Nov. 11,

Freshman Party

Sunday, Nov. 13, 6:30 P. M.

Rev. Norman L. Euwer, assistant Pastor of Second Presbyterian Church, St. Louis.

EXCHANGES

The ROMAN TATLER has just issued its first number of the year, and a very interesting paper it is. Have you Lindenwood girls dropped by the Latin department since a large bulletin has been posted right outside Miss Hankins' door?

This first issue of the TATLER was edited Theresa Bartos and Dorothy Jackson. It is published under the auspices of the Latin Club, with the sponsorship of Miss Hankins, the head of the Latin department.

The first column is an editorial column, and deals generally with current Italian news, and subjects dealing with the study of Latin. The second column is the feature column. It delves into archeological work being done in Italy, and has views of the place discuss. This first feature column displays pictures of Lake Anemus. The Italian people today are exploring fields, and lakes of Naples trying to substantiate a myth about the ancient Lake Anemus.

The upper part of the third column is always "College Humor". The jokes and the comics are very poignant. They all refer to the Latinists, Greeks and other appropriate subjects. The lower half of the column is devoted to advertising. This edition has a very large picture of the ancient Roman builders. It is head-lined "DO NOT BUILD AS THE ROMANS DO" but "BUILD AS THE ROMANS BUILD". The advertisement is that of the Seiberling Rubber Company.

The ROMAN TATLER is always available on the second floor, just outside of Room 208. It is a very interesting and worth while paper. It also contains plenty of spicy humor, well worth the time of any college girl.

WATCH THE TATLER.

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to toast the flag raising and the class. By the time they were through the Sophs were convinced that they were the most beautiful, benevolent and benign humans this side of St. Peter's Gate.

The march into breakfast ensued and after a song or so, the march out. Th eleven o'clock assembly again brought qualms to some hearts. The extemporeous contest between the Sophs and Frosh was really quite interesting especially since Dr. Gregg agreed with herself that it was a tie.

At sun down the two classes who were settling all their grievances again met, and a hatchet was buried and the Freshman lowered with much tender care the banner which had waved over the campus all the day. Then the key to the campus was presented to the president of the fershman and they were made from that moment on, true Lindenwood girls—girls that Lindenwood will always be proud to claim.

Six thirty, the dinner hour again saw the Sophs assembled. All wore white informal except ten girls. These ten girls were the girls chosen to distribute roses among the Freshman. This was done while all the members of the class sang softly,

"Only a rose we give to you,
A Sophomore gift is true,
This will fade by the morrow
But the Sophomores will stand true.
Thru the days we've watched you,
Found your mistakes and faults,
You've passed the test and you'll
do your best for Lindenwood
Freshman class, we're for you."

After the roses were given out and all the Sophs had seated themselves again Dr. Roemer stood up and brought a thrill to the heart of every girl who had put her heart and soul into the work of making this day a succes. He said that he had never seen a more impressive ceremony in his life time at Lindenwood and never had Sophomore Day been so dignified and so well to be remembered. The Soph asks no more from anybody than Dr. Remer gave them in his sincere speech in that ever to be remembered night.

POLITICAL COMPLEXION OF THIS COLLEGE

Of course there are many types of complexions at Lindenwood—both good and bad, but in considering the "political complexion" it is

rather hard to determine its quality.

At present the general outlook for the Presidential Year seems toward a new President. One girl quotes the Literary Digest in saying that, when Coolidge said, "I do not choose to run. Some put a rather loose interpretation on the word "choose", but in New England it seems to be a strong word and means that a decision has been reached that is final. If this is true in the case of President Coolidge, the Republicans would better begin hunting up a new candidate.

Al Smith does not seem to be exceedingly popular among the voters at Lindenwood, and the majority of them think that Reid hasn't much chance, nor do they think him able to meet the obligations of President. The Senator from Maryland, Ritchie finds favor in the eyes of many devotees.

On the other hand, Lindnwood's Democrats believe that the time has come for a Democratic President, and think Hoover or Borah will be nominated.

Is it any wonder that reporters of such "complexions" become stumped when they try to determine the outlook for President of the United States. However, we may rest assured that Lindenwood girls will chose the best man.

MUSICIANS MERRY

The members of Alpha Mu Mu entertained all girls majoring in music with a Hallowe'en tea and reception at Margaret Hall on Wednesday, October 26, from 4:30 to 6:00. The guests were received by the president, Sylvia Snyder and the vice-president, Euneva Lynn, into the most gala Hallowe'en atmosphere, which had been produced by the noble efforts of the three pledges of the sorority.

After all devotees of music had gathered, the president told them the requirements for membership in Alpha Mu Mu, and then announced the following program: Frances Wachter played "Arabesue", by Debussy; Hortense Wolfort sang "Carmena", by Wilson; Mary Catherine Craven played "Gringo Tango", by Eastwood, and "Spanish Dance," by Grandiose; and then a trio, composed of Miss Edwards, Miss Terhune, and Euneva Lynn sang "Dance of the Snowflakes," by Chaminade, and "Syncopated Lullaby," by Sin.

Tea was poured by Mrs. Roemer, and the guests agreed, that Alpha Mu Mu was worth striving for.

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from morning until night, day after day, poorly clothed poorly fed and having little social intercourse beyond that of their small villages. She was delighted she said to be able to ride all evening in a taxi in Paris and be charged only forty or fifty cents for it. That was one of the things that made it hard for her to return to America. A special zest was added to her trip through the Alps by the fact that her bus driver was tipsy and the bus in consequence was in constant danger of being hurled headlong down a precipice.

Dr. Gipson's choice descriptions of her numerous funny experiences amused the members of Beta Pi Theta. Everyone enjoyed the talk.

HALLOWE'EN PARTY WAS SUCCESSFUL

Gym Gaily Decorated

On Hallowe'en, the evening of October 31, all the Witches flew over the cats and moons that clung to the walls of Butler Gym. The scene of the gayest of parties given by the Y. W. C. A. Stripes of black and orange paper crossed the ceiling from which swung many lanterns. At the far end of the room was the Queen's throne, with its background of cornstalks, and surrounded by many cushions, punkins, and cats. Opposite the orchestra many cornstalks protected the iron kettle, which was brewing over its secret.

Dance in the Gym.

Into the prettily decorated gymnasium straggled various and sundry folk. Yes, the Y. W. C. A. was giving a Masquerade and all the girls were "diked out" in the most humorous funny or beautiful costume that their closet or family back at home could master. Scattered here and there were the brave but bold pirates, rather making a queer setting for the four "spinsters" who arrived in a body with one parasol between them. Then came the "gypsies" who were quite essential for the background of the camp scene which was to tell the secret of the evening.

At eight o'clock sharp in came about forty-two cunning little maids all ranging in age from about four to about five. Of course everybody recognized them to be the dignified seniors. They were the traffic directors of the evening and kept the audience back so that they would not be burned by the huge fire which was at this time lighted in the gypsy

camp. The Gypsies at this show of their home began to hum softly "Slumber on, My Little Gypsy Sweetheartt". Then down the center of the crowd came "Dick and Susie". The little lady desired her palf read and at the invitation of the old lady seated near the fire neared the cozy scene and this is what she and the rest of Lindenwood heard, "You are a student at Lindenwood College where they are having a Hallowe'en Party. There is to be a queen and her name is Miss V-i-r-g-i-n-i-a D-e-r-b-y".

Out from the hut in back of the old hag came the lovely vision of the queen dressed in a charming black and yellow costume. The interested and overjoyed spectators gave vent to a shout of happiness at this pretty spectacle as the queen was lead to the throne and crowned by the President of Y. W., Kathryn Walker. The Queen and Mrs. Roemer then led a grand march down the gym followed by all the guests in their many kinds of costume.

Several members of the faculty were appointed to be judges of the costumes. All those competing passed before the grandstand, modeled themselves and soon the decision was given. Mary Merrill won the prize for being the funniest, Flada LeVan and Adeline Lawson for being the most original, and Helen Deuser for being the most handsome. Mary Merrill was a rag doll, Adeline and Flada were two posts between which hung a week's laundry, and Helen was a charming gentleman of years gone by.

After a few dances refreshments were served, and these were doughnuts and cider. At ten fifteen the orchestra stopped and much too soon for the more effervescent members of the school. The queen retired to get her beauty sleep and all went home and to bed, after struggling out of the costumes that were made some for our brothers, little sisters and grandmothers.

All of the happy revelers hereby give many thanks to the Y. W. C. A. for the pleasant evening and are looking forward to the next masquerade.

.....Dining Hall Dark and Spooky.....

Everyone felt that the spirits of Hallowe'en had most surely assembled in Ayres dining hall and taken up their stations on every table, glaring forth from pumpkins heads and devil's faces with a vengeance, when the students and faculty descended the steps into an eerie, black atmosphere.

When the electric lights came on

the spooky spirits fled, excepting for one big, strong one, who sat menacingly atop the piano.

A great cracking of crackers and squealing of delighted squeals broke out when the girls beheld the cunningly arranged tables. Most everyone donned their orange paper caps together with the good old Hallowe'en spirit.

The dinner was up to Miss Walter's usual festive mood, and she was thanked by the good, old dependable "who says Miss Walter's ain't got no pep" song. Baked ham, creamed cabbage, mashed potatoes, and grape jelly, together with old "King Hallowe'en", himself, in the shape of a most original salad, comprised the main course. Coffee and "upside-down cake" closed the dinner and left everyone with that "satisfied" feeling.

During the dinner every class expressed their exuberant spirits in song and at last everyone joined in the new Lindenwood hymn. It was urged that everyone be at the gym promptly at seven-thirty, so the rollicking chorus disbanded to array themselves in costumes worthy to honor King (and Queen) Hallowe'en.

Outstanding Costume.

The gym was decorated in orange and black, and of course the usual corn stalks were every where. It made a very pretty scene.

After everybody had enjoyed one dance the floor was cleared and the seniors came in, in a body, dressed as little boys and girls. One outstanding figure was that of a little boy in rompers. He was such a little chubby boy.

There were other outstanding figures. There was a human newspaper, a dress of white taffeta which had been run through a press. It was very attractive. Of course everybody saw the rag doll. That was very cleverly done, it made one think that it was a real doll.

One other figure was that of a real Scotchman. This costume had come from Scotland and was the costume of a certain clan. The sword dance and the highland fling were danced by the girl who wore the outfit.

About eight o'clock most of the lights were turned out and a witch dance was given by ten witches. They did very well, and left every one in a spooky mood.

Everybody enjoyed herself and hated to hear the bell ring which meant that each and every one must go home.

TABLE COMMANDMENTS FOLLOW THESE CLOSELY

1. Thou shalt not take more than four nor less than three pieces nor less than three pieces of bread at one helping.

2. Thou shalt sit in thy place and cry loudly for the spoon wherewith to start the potatoes.

3. Thou shalt converse in an undertone with thy right hand neighbor concerning the faults of the head of thy table.

4. Thou shalt place pepper and salt in thy neighbor's glass of water.

5. If thou likest not the food that is given thee, thou shalt so discuss it as to remove the appetites of thy fellows.

6. Thou shalt sit at thy table and talk constantly of thy own trivial affairs.

7. Thou shalt ask for thy coffee to be brought in with thy desert.

8. Thou shalt have more respect for thyself than thou hast for the head of thy table.

9. Thou shalt diet and eat not, but rather sit and survey thy companions with a bored expression that shall convey thy contempt of all those that eat and converse merrily one with the other.

10. Thou shalt place thy fork within the extra salad and then thou shalt inquire loudly if any of thy fellows would have it.

Those that obey these commandments shall be belov'd by the head of their table and their departure shall be attended with loud weeping.

FALSE PEACE RE-

MEMBERED WELL

November 11, 1918, was a great day at Lindenwood. When one of the Linden Bark reporters interviewed Mr. Ordleheide as to the doings here at the college that day he said he could remember only one thing and that was, that everybody went wild. School was closed and it was declared a holiday for all. This all happened when the false statement of the armistice was given, six weeks too soon.

When the real notice of the armistice was given, the girls were afraid to show their joy. They were afraid that it was just another false alarm.

The attitude taken at Lindenwood was the attitude of the people all over the world. The first notice caused much happiness and excitement, but the second notice was not quite so exciting.

IDEAS OF COLLEGE EDUCATION

The following opinions have been written by members of the freshman class, after they had read about others' ideas of a college education.

By Jean Whitney

"The better you get on in your college work, the more easily you can handle the big jobs later on," are the words of Mary C. Trummer in an editorial comment. The significance of this very commonplace statement by Miss Tummer is oft times not appreciated by college students. Then do not realize that there is a logical connection between their proficiency in getting ready for their life work and their success in that work. A man who in college has gained the ability to think straight and to put it into practice is not apt to fail in this regard when he has entered the world of business. It is true that one never knows where opportunity will lead him, but if a man has set about his college preparation with a certain precision it is likely that he will exercise that same precision as he climbs each rung of the ladder of success to prosperity. Hence, it behooves each student with an ambition of any kind to spend his time in worth while preparation for the future.

By Virginia Derby

Frances Warfield in her statement, "In college, I never learned anything that would upset me. I only learned to pluck my eyebrows," apparently has put into words a feeling that is prevalent in our day. In my conception of the state of affairs, it seems impossible that institutions maintained for the purpose of broadening the individual can teach one "nothing." I wonder what sort of college Miss Warfield attended. She says, "My professors told me about great men, but I never read their works." In the opening paragraph of "Some Higher Aims of the University", E. P. Cauley states that one of the higher aims of the university is to teach the individual the art of original discovery. Evidently, there is a great difference in the two writer's ideas of the purpose and value of a college. Until experience proves my error, I am inclined to agree with Mr. Cauley. It is true that a person whose mind is developed to capacity is unfit for a college education. However, the number of people in this class is so small that it can practically be disregarded. I sincerely agree with a modern

writer who says that the greater number of college failures are caused by the unwillingness and indifference of the students. One who learns, "only to pluck her eyebrows," can easily be classed with the preceding types. It certainly cannot be held against the college, if a few students are unwilling to cooperate and receive its broadening influence. "What a man is shines through what he says, his philosophy." Perhaps this old saying can partially explain why one can learn in college, "only to pluck her eyebrows."

By Joan Lytle

James Phinney Munroe said, "A person does not come to college to earn a living; he comes to learn to live." What could more completely express the real purpose of a college education. It is not the gold that we can accumulate but what we are that counts. We concede, at once, that financial success is subordinate to a happy spiritual life and the finding of one's place in the world; yet we entirely overlook this when we criticize the college of today for not making a second Mr. Rockefeller out of a man who by nature is an Aristotle. Anyone who understands the human race can not fairly ask the college to transform all the students that enter it into successful business men. Furthermore, that is not even what the school is attempting. An education does, however, teach a man to think and this, in turn, helps him to succeed in the business world. Consider for a moment the hours spent outside of the office. Are they not usually more important, anyway? A man's mind is not blank, surely, when he is alone. Of what then is he thinking? If he is interested in literature he will read, or perhaps, write a little, for his own amusement; if science appeals to him he may continue his study in it; or if psychology is his hobby, he has human society for his laboratory, an immense field for experimentation. Since education teaches one to take pleasure in these things, we may say that it is in college that one really learns how to live.

By Irene Dawson

In the article, "Education and the Useful Life," the following was quoted from John Ruskin. "The entire object to true education is to make people not merely do the right thing but enjoy right things." That is education in its entirety.

In teaching children right from wrong one cannot tell them not to do the wrong and then leave them

to comprehend the demand. But he must make the right seem as fascination and full of possibilities as the wrong looked. Then, when the children learn that the latter proves to be real joy and that the former is merely and empty semblance of it, they will choose the right always. In the same way, people who are only grown up children, must be taught. A true education teaches them to know life as it is and to be unafraid to face it squarely. When they have come in contact with the most lasting, genuine facts of all the ages. (As they will do in college.) They will come to know and understand the true meaning of all life. It is then that they will strive for the thing that will make their life the richest and most complete.

By Dorothy Emmert

I agree with H. G. Wells when he says, in his article on college education, that "only a minority of the students in the colleges do sound work, and these do it against the current of opinion." From my own experiences, I truly believe this to be true. The idea prevails that one goes to college to have a good time and to make life there one huge joke. To pledge a fraternity or a sorority, as the case may be, is looked upon as the goal toward which he should strive. This idea exists everywhere—in the college and in the home. The parents want their children to have what they did not have—plenty of opportunities for a good time; consequently, the child goes to college, spends money and has a good time. The boy or girl who goes to college to work is called a "sissy" and is remembered as a "stick-in-the-mud." What chance is there in view of this current of opinion, for a boy or girl to make a high scholastic record and, at the same time, have a good time?

By Vashti Poague

Mr. James Phinney Munroe, a member of the Corporation of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, says that one "does not come to college to earn a living; he comes to college to learn to live." A college education enables one to live his hours of leisure in cultural enjoyment. He learns to recognize the pleasures in life which are worth while. A college education develops his appreciation of ideals and teaches him "to distinguish the genuine from the counterfeit in the fields of art and literature." He obtains a liberal culture from which he develops a working philosophy of living. He gains a clear under-

standing of himself and finds his relation to the world. In learning of the past he understands to some small degree the present. He realizes that his life is a continuation of all the history that goes before and that every discovery of science affects and will affect him. There is not a doubt in anyone's mind that college does help one get his own mental grip on reality. A college student is given an index to individuality, morality, and culture and what use he makes of that index in later life determines his success or failure. A college student cannot fail to grasp these qualities and to summarize the value of a college education in these words, "I have begun to live."

"OUR ROOM"

By Margaret Stokes

Find the most glamorous corner in Niccolls Hall, a corner not too untidy and not too neat, and we are there—my roommate and I—in our self-created background. Not long ago we came to this corner when it was barren and the antonym of glamorous, but since then we have successfully thrown over the ugly realities a cloak of color.

The atmosphere is distinctly modern, for a small black victrola shrieks with the music of today. Quite incongruously there comes to me a picture out of Henry Esmond I believe—a silly, sentimental reference about a "little nest."

The room moans with color, but it is a warm, inviting room. One is impressed by the lovely silk scarfs that glow with welcome, the results of tying squares of silk into knots, and dipping them into numerous shades of dye. And the pictures—there are many. Pictures of football heroes, movie actors, and "men", all hung in panels. Scattered among the pictures and scarfs are specials, telegrams, and newspaper pictures.

Near the daintily curtained windows stands a lacquered end table. This is not purely ornamental, because it serves many purposes. Displayed on the bottom shelf are dishes bearing such names as Joe Garavelli, Childs, and Nelsons. By the table leg is our most prized possession, and the pet of our neighbors—a fuzzy little dog. He is called whatever name comes into one's mind, but it is usually "Puff."

The lamp we possess has a wrought iron base (which we intend to paint), and a parchment shade decorated with flowers.

Two or three rose colored rugs cover portions of the dusty floor, and one bears an eloquent ink spot.

The beds are draped with faded rose bed spreads and scattered with small pillows, the last feeble and almost forgotten attempt to create a boudior. The covered radiator at the foot of the beds holds text books, Teasdale poems, short French stories, and Sorrell and son, with two or three coverless Cosmopolitans, all rubbing sides in a most democratic manner.

The dresser is a fiendish nightmare. The mirror is half-hidden with photographs, and snap-shots from a fringe around its edge. Bottles and jars, and probably some crumbling crackers are scattered about on its wrinkled cover. Playing hide and seek among this debris is a modest little ivory toilet set.

Such an array! Dear, careless, colorful college room, with its eternal cry of "Youth."

"ACADEMY" FRIENDS

By Genevra Jorgenson

Nobody, I am sure, knows more of the particular breed of horses resident riding academies than I do. When one lives in a large city and is so unfortunate as to possess a craving for riding, without the financial means of boarding one's own horses, he puts up with the best he can get for a dollar an hour. It has its interesting points, however, this renting of horses. Each horse has its own distinct personality as has every human being, so renting horses one becomes acquainted with the lower life of the horse world. I have met, thus, some of the most interesting characters I have ever seen, horses or human beings.

Pearl stands out vividly in my memory. You couldn't help liking Pearl. She was so frankly plebian. She was born to be just what she was and was fulfilling her mission nobly. Her trot was execrable; her canter horrific; but, ah, her run—especially on the way home—at least had the virtue of speed. Pearl loved her home even if it was only an academy. She left it reluctantly and tore back like a small tornado. She was I believe, the typical academy horse. She represented the majority, the mob.

A very different type was King. King was an ex-race horse who had seen better days and like any fallen gentleman, wished you to realize he was not of the common herd. He was the biggest animal I ever saw. His stirrup was far too high to let

me get my foot in it, so I used a barrel. Once on this "rocky mountain," he was determined to let you know he was related to Man-O'-War. To please him I would "let him out" a little, but he could not do much. He was wind-broken and he never got over being disappointed and hurt at his failure. Poor King! I felt sorry for him.

Charles was a black horse of a very dignified character. Like most dignified people without humor, he could never acquire a nickname. He would trot quietly along without once "shying" or trying to be "kittenish." He had a remarkable good trot for his kind. What he did he did well without ostentation. But Charles would never possess "It".

Black Bess had as nasty a disposition as I ever hope to see. Physically she was far above the average, she was actually pretty, but very few dared to ride her. If I wished to go slowly she was wild to run, but if I desired to gallop I couldn't get out of a slow canter. She kicked and she tried to bite. If her rider dismounted, he was quite suddenly very much alone. I always felt that either Bess had one of those mean sarcastic senses of humor or someone had misused her shamefully in her youth.

But all these poor creatures are dreadfully abused. They are amusing, they are interesting, but above all they are pathetic. Either sold from a comfortable stable and pasture or doomed from birth to a life of pain, they are miserable things. They are ridden at all hours of the day by many riders. They are run to exhaustion by the careless and uncaring, they have their tender mouths jerked and cut by the ignorant, they are kicked and pounded by the cruel. If ever you rent a horse be a little kind. It is not his fault he is deficient, and he so needs a little petting.

THE ART OF LIVING

By Helen Weber

What joy is greater than that of knowing how to live a happy, serviceable life? I would much rather be poor as a church mouse but able to enjoy a beautiful sunset than be rich in things of this world but utterly lacking in that sense of joy in the simplest phenomena of life. Having money without seasoning, like eating bread without seasoning. Unleavened bread fills the cavity but does not satisfy the palate; money supplies the necessities of life but it can not fill that longing for

the appreciation of the finer, more worth while things of life. Only when I have acquired that art of living which will make my life pleasing to myself and, because of my service, necessary to my fellow-men, will I have gained true happiness, because college fits the individual for happiness, success and leadership; because college trains the mind to think clearly, and to discern the truth; because college trains the individual not merely how to make a living, but how to live, because of these convictions have I taken advantage of a college training.

THE ADVANTAGES OF COLLEGE SOCIETY

By Jane White

Society (with a large "S") is a much-maligned institution in the college or university on the grounds that it, and not culture, is the chief purpose in the mind of the boy or girl who goes to college. But, speaking from the point of view of a mere undergraduate who likes sociability (with a small "s"), it is my most ardent hope that the social side of my education will not be neglected while I am in college.

One's ability to "mix" is becoming an all-important factor in the most prosaic of lives today. The person who stays on the top, or the bottom, of the crowd and cannot mingle with it wholly is rather completely "out of it." So the desire to make oneself attractive and pleasing to society is at once the most selfish and unselfish of motives.

Here is an argument for the small girls' college. It is the best place in the world, outside the home, to learn a few of the niceties of social convention. Every girl can profit from the absorption of some good, old-fashioned etiquette be it in ever-so-slight a degree. If a student, incapable of assimilating anything else, does acquire that, she cannot say that her four years in college were wasted even if it was an expensive way of getting it. One is always hearing of this girl or that whose college education may be summed up in the words, "She learned a new way to make fudge, acquired a New York accent, and the ability to dance a good tango." What of it? The girl who got that out of college will probably never need anything else. If she did, she would certainly have seen to getting it. The cultural side of college is for certain ones and there

are others for whom it was never intended.

Somewhat broader and less individualistic are the larger junctions of a coeducational university. Yet, they are to the smaller college functions what the laboratory is to the lecture room of a chemistry course. There one may practice most freely what one has learned in the way of social conduct. It affords actual experience in the society of many different kinds of people. And who shall say that a study of human beings is not, in the highest degree, worthwhile? To people, their fellow beings are the most interesting things in the world. There is scarcely any limit to the things we may learn from association with different types. And "he who loves his fellow man loves the Lord."

Which brings us the consideration of something of a more ethical nature. Living in a big college family teaches the philosophy of "give and take" that will always be of value to the individual. The spoiled "only child" gets a taste of one of life's lessons, that is, what it means to give up to someone else once in a while. He also learns that the one gives the more one is likely to be permitted to take. After all, living with an eye to the feelings of others is "the most enlightened selfishness in the world."

OCTOBER IN IOWA

By Lorna Burkhead

To be alive on an October day in Iowa is recompense enough for having lived other less pleasant days. Morning air is clear-cut and vivifying. One need not be an early riser to see the glint of frost on the green-brown grass. The morning sun is bright, yet aloof. In the forenoon the air begins to take on warmth. By afternoon an atmosphere of languor envelopes everything. Not a leaf stirs. The sun pours down cordial shafts of warmth. A cow in a distant pasture moos lazily. Bees drone among the late flowers, and a caterpillar flows out of a crack in an old stone wall, only to disappear again. It seems as if there is no urgency or haste in life. The leaves on the trees have turned to crimsons and golds; there are green ones mottled with curious designs. A faint breeze causes a dried stem to relax its hold on a twig, and it drifts downward, loath to settle with its scattered companions. Children come trooping home from school. They scuffle across yards, ankle deep in masses of dried leaves. Some

of the children have milk-weed pods, and they blow the contents upward. The fluffy down hangs in the air a few brief seconds, then floats to earth. In late afternoon a more sombre note creeps in. The air loses its warmth, and a stronger breeze rustles plaintively the boughs of the trees. Overhead a v-shaped formation wends its way southward, and the far-off solitude of it brings sharply to mind the fact that winter is coming.

TALK ON MARK TWAIN

*Dr. Armstrong Gives Reminiscences
of Mark Twain*

At the regular Thursday morning assembly on October 20, Lindenwood had a rare treat in hearing Rev. C. J. Armstrong, pastor of the First Christian Church of Hannibal, Missouri, on "Mark Twain".

As his opening remark Dr. Armstrong said that he doubted very much if his audience would feel flattered were he to address the assembly as "fish", yet that was what Mark Twain called some girls in Bermuda. While he was staying on the Bermuda Islands he had noticed a particular little fish in a great aquarium, which was called an "Angel fish", and so he organized a girls' club, calling them "Angel fish". There were only two members in this club—Margaret and Irene. The emblem of the club was this small fish and there were three requirements for membership. First, the girl must be pretty, second, she must be smart, third, she must not be over twelve years of age. Dr. Armstrong then said that if Mark Twain could only look upon the crowd of American beauties in the auditorium he would be glad to call them "Angel fish", because they could meet the beauty and brains conditions, at least.

Since he was addressing college students he was reminded of a saying of Mark Twain's, that "a cauliflower is a cabbage with a college education," and that the difference between an educated girl and an uneducated one is like the difference between the cauliflower and the cabbage.

He came to Hannibal in 1839. Becky Thatcher is the only one of his old friends left. She was six years old and he was nine, when they met for the first time. This meeting is described in "Tom Sawyer." Becky says that it is all true excepting the part where she threw him a pansy, because it was he who threw her a rose. Becky is

now Mrs. Laura Frazier, and is eighty-nine years old. Her eyes are still a deep, sparkling brown. When she speaks of Mark Twain as the boy she calls him "Sam", when as a man, she calls him "Mr. Clemens."

Laura Hawkins was his first sweetheart and they were accustomed to skating together very much in the winter time. Mark Twain has said that he was drowned nine times before he learned to swim. Every time someone pulled him out, dried him, inflated him and sent him home.

The Mark Twain home in Hannibal is a very respectable residence for the period in which it was built. It has been purchased and presented to the city by George A. Mayhem. In the front room is the old printing press which belonged to Mark Twain's father, Mark Twain's favorite chair, and his old typewriter. One of the interesting pictures upon the walls portrays Mark Twain at a reception given by all of his characters.

In the next room of the house is recognized the setting for the episode of "Tom" and the cat Peter. Here it was that the "pain-killer" was administered to old Peter, and Aunt Polly realized what she had been doing to Tom Sawyer in making him take it. Dr. Armstrong said that the old pain-killer was "something that filled you with so much pain that you forgot any pain you had had before." He said that Mark Twain liked dogs but that he had an uncanny love for cats, and that he once said, "No home is complete without a cat—a well-fed cat, a cat that is revered."

Back of Mark Twain's house is the back-yard, the brick-walk, and the wood-shed, scene of many meetings between "Tom" and Aunt Polly. Also in the back-yard is the big, old grape-arbor where Pamela (Cousin Mary in the book) once had a big "candy-pulling" party with sixty-five guests present. On that particular night "Tom" and his father's helper were trying to sleep in the room above the kitchen roof. Two cats were making so much noise that Tom got up, put on his socks, climbed out on the kitchen roof, then on to the grape arbor to reach the cats on the fence. Just as he reached for them with a long pole he slipped and crashed through the midst of the candy-pulling party, lighting in a large pan of hot taffy. Dr. Armstrong said that he has often wondered why he ran up the stairs so fast—whether it was caused by the hot

candy or the fact that he was not arrayed like Solomon in all his glory.

On this same fence where the cats caused this occurrence "Huck Finn" used to wait for "Tom" to slip out of the window. Huck's real name was Tom Blankenship and he was a son of the village roustabout.

If one turns the corner from the Twain house he sees the house where Mark Twain's father died, and farther down the street is the old print-shop where he used to work as a printer's devil, for two suits of clothes and board.

On Byrd Street is the restaurant which is on the spot which Mark Twain's father once occupied as Justice of the Peace, a very good office in that day, ranking something like a Circuit Judge of today. Here it was that Mark Twain started to spend the night one time and found a murdered man lying on the floor. When he went out of the window he took the sash, although, as he said later he really had no use for it.

Across the street from this spot is the machine shop where the greatest tragedy in Mark's life occurred. This was the time when he and some other boys stole a watermelon and took it back of the shop to enjoy it, and upon cutting it found it to be green. Dr. Armstrong said that that was indeed a tragedy, because it was bad enough to steal the watermelon, but to find it green was the worst blow of all. "Never steal green melons."

"Huck" and "Tom" saw some of the most tragic things in their youth. One time while they were up on "Carter's Hill" they witnessed the widow Douglas kill a drunken roustabout who threatened her. They saw the slaves of that time being taken down the river. Away up the hill, opposite the Wabash bridge, was the place where they loosened the huge rock with "borrowed" tools to see it bound down the hill into the river, and after it started saw it hit something and head toward an old negro in a buggy. He was paralyzed with fright and sat frozen while the gigantic rock came toward him. Just as it was upon him it hit a rise and bounded the other way, flying into a cooper's shop.

Dr. Armstrong said that he wanted to sum up Mark Twain as a humorist and a philosopher, but not as a laughing philosopher. He had a sad heart, and was really a humorist with a crushed soul. Mark Twain once said that "the secret of humor is sorrow—there is

no humor in Heaven."

His experiences turned his humor into a wonderful philosophy of life. His writing was of such direct, simple English and he had such a great purpose of helping man, that he shows men up to themselves and lifts them up to greater things.

Two quotations of his that Dr. Armstrong recommended are: "Wrinkles should indicate merely where smiles have been", and "Let us so live that when we die even the undertaker will be sorry." He said that there is a great deal of difference between smiling and grinning. A smile requires a brave heart.

"Mark Twain's laughter is tragic rather than funny. It came from a broken heart, eased a wounded soul, and aimed to dispel the fogs of shams, oppressions and hypocrisies that envelope mankind."

"Mark Twain never told a joke that made one hang his head. His humor pierced the armor of wrong, hatred and malice. It will be a happy day when he makes us serious as well as merry."

"Mark Twain's humor is a mirror in which we see ourselves in our smallness, shams, baseness, hypocrisy, and potentiality. He is not a buffon who pleases us. He is not a cynic who scorns us. He is not a pessimist who depairs of us. He is a scourge who lashes us from conventional complacency into kindlier and better things."

"Humor was to Mark Twain what music was to Beethoven and Mendelssohn, Sculpture to Phidias and Michael Angelo, poetry to Browning and Tennyson, drama to Shakespeare, fiction to Wells and Galsworthy, prose to Carlisle and Emerson, philosophy to Kant and Hegel—the medium of his message. From his mother he received a rich heritage of humor. This accident of birth determined the 'form' of his expression. He had the soul of an artist, and upon the canvass of human experience, he painted his pictures in all the colors of humor. He had the soul of a philosopher, and struggled to answer the "Eternal Why" in terms of humor. He had the passion of the prophet and endeavored to reveal man to himself with all the challenging power of laughter."

"We are too close to him to see this yet. Sometime the world will take him (as it has taken Shakespeare) out of its group of mere funmakers and rank him among the truly great geniuses of all time."

READ THE BARK.

RELIGION AND YOU

Youth is the Time to Choose the Pathway

Rev. R. S. Kenaston, of the Fifth Street Methodist Church of this city, talked on "Religion and You" at the vesper service on Sunday night, October 23.

An illustration to bring out the thought of the subject was the biblical story of the young man who came running to Christ and when he reached him asked how he could inherit eternal life. In reply to the question, Christ quoted the Ten Commandments and inquired if he kept them.

"The young man replied that he had kept them from his youth, but this did not please Christ and he told him to go on his way, sell his belongings and give the proceeds to the poor. And it is said that the young man went away sorrowing.

The young man did not please the Master, because the Master could see and distinguish a vast difference between being good and doing good. The young man had power, popularity, education, wealth, and yet he lacked one thing, obedience to the Son of God. Jesus realized that selfishness was the one thing that stood between him and his Christ.

"Today there are many things that are enmeshing us and keeping us away from our Christ. We should strive to rid ourselves of selfishness, for with it we will never find happiness. Another habit that must be gotten rid of to find true happiness, is the habit of laziness which so many of us are prone to keep."

Pleasure may also keep us away from the Christ. A little anecdote to bring out this point more clearly was given in the case of a minister who was going calling. He asked his wife, so the story goes, if his collar was clean, and his wife merely answered that it was dirty if it was doubtful." So is it with our pleasures. If there is any doubt whatsoever in our minds as to whether they are upright we should cast them aside.

"We should 'remember our Creator in the days of youth' and serve the Lord when we are young and have strength in both mind and body. The lives of the young are valued highly by elders everywhere. Christ evaluated youth highly when he placed the great kingdom of God in the hands of the young men, thus stressing the point that he had ex-

treme confidence in them.

"There are two trails in this life and we may choose the one which we are to follow; the one trail is the high ground and is the will of God, while the other is the lower ground. It is up to us to decide which we will take for our life, and we must choose while we are yet young."

SOPHOMORE PARTY FOR CLASSES AND FACULTY

Whoops gang! Was the Sophomore party a wow? Those freshies will surely have to move a little if they beat it. Power to you,, freshmen.

The gym was decorated very cleverly. Hanging from the ceiling were four large rings with red bags hanging from each. Red and white streamers were swung from the rings completely covering the ceiling, and all the beauties thereof. The orchestra enclosure in the center of the room was in red and white also. A white fence formed the enclosure, and at each corner was a white post wrapped with red. Autumn foliage partially obscured the lattice work.

One original and very successful idea was that of the chaperone nook at the church at the north end of the gym. Rugs were spread out over the floor; the seats were placed cozily together and small floor lamps cast a glow over them artistically. The faculty enjoyed themselves much more than usual. One of them, Mrs. Peyton, especially. Early in the evening some one discovered that Mrs. Peyton had a birthday so the Butler girls, with their house-regent at the head of the line prom-naded the length of the hall. Wasn't it thoughtful of the Sophomores to have their own party, and a birthday party all in one?

Toward the middle of the evening the huge bags hanging from the ceiling burst open, and red and white balloons floated out. There were plenty for everyone, which is a rare happening at any party. Some girls had three and four,, but they didn't last long. The upper classmen, and sophs. saw to that.

There was nothing so lovely at the party as the Sophomores gathered in the orchestra enclosure (all dressed in white) singing to their sponsor, Miss Shaper, and to their sister class, the seniors. The freshmen (in their many colors) later sang to the sophomores "Hail to Thee, O Sophomore Class". The songs added to the evening the little bit of a solemnity and sweetness that

made the party perfect.

Everyone seems to have donned her best for the occasion. In every class there were many lovely dresses. The sophomore president was pretty as she could be. She carried out the motif of the party in her red dress, beaded in rhinestones. She was very striking looking in her red dress, among all the white ones.

Betty Brown, a high and mighty senior,, wore a lovely black dress beaded with crystals. The black against her fair hair, and blue eyes was stunning. Several other seniors looked lovely, not the least among them Betty Birch and Clarice Thompson.

The juniors seemed to be enjoying themselves. Margaret Maxwell was certainly tearing around and doing her duty, dancing with the little freshies. Has anyone ever seen her look so pretty? Her dress was a beaded Salmon pink chiffon. She had ear-rings the color of her dress, and real crystals about her throat.

There were so many cunning freshmen, that folks had a hard time deciding who looked the prettiest at the party. Virginia Derby, the little brunette with blue eyes, wore the most gorgeous green dream of the dress. The bodice of the dress was tight fitting and the skirt fluffed out in big wide tiers of tulle of three different shades, all blending perfectly. Her shoes were green satin, matching her dress. The costume reminds one of the old fashioned princesses in their favorite fairy-tales.

Everyone at the party seemed to enjoy herself more than ever before. Many freshmen were heard to remark that they had never realized girls could have such peppy, and successful parties without an equal number of gentlemen present.

COMMERCIAL CLUB

On the fifth of October the Commercial Club held a call meeting at which the following girls were elected: President, Winifred Bell; Vice-President, Mary Farthing; Secretary and Treasurer, Ruth Twenhoefel.

The club holds its meetings every second Tuesday of the month. At these meetings different girls give discussions relating to business, discussions which should encourage women in the business world.

About the first week in December the club will hold a "Hot Dog" ale. Most everyone at Lindenwood remembers the sales of the past years. They have always been a big success.

READ THE BARK.

The LINDEN BITE

by
The Campus
Hound



Doodness Dracious! And I just have dot so much to write about that I, just don't know how, why or what to begin with so I just guess I'll just jump right in and flounder around and if you can get anything out of this Muddy water why all's well and good, but otherwise you're sure in a bad fix. Well here goes a Jack-knife dive, with good authority from the diving class on how to do it to perfection.

Well, to begin with, there seem to be a lot of wild animals running around in Niccolls lately—not only confined, but loose too. Both seem to be wild but the ones that I've been hearing about take the cake, One little Frosh gets all ready, to climb into bed and low and behold there hopping merrily around her nice warm blankets was a nice little green toad frog. Where the innocent little animal came from we have'nt been able to discover, but we do know that Lucile was just nearly scared out of seven years' growth. Perhaps it would be better if it had and then perhaps we would see her looking just a little paler. But evidently it made no particular difference. And then one more poor little freshie awakes in the middle of the night from sweet dreams to find that she had for a bedfellow the little closet companion, a Mousie, "Wee, cowering' timorous beastie, what a panic musta been in your breastie." Or something like that what I heard Betty Birch trying to learn from Burns. Not physical Burns, though—well, maybe that would be bet unsad.

The Frosh are certainly Devilish creatures lately—Why hadn't you heard that they thought that it was their duty to play the organ on Hallowe'en night, so boldly and brazenly they started out at midnight to conquer Mrs. Sibley's ghost, but Cruel' Fate! The ghost chased them back, or was it a ghost?

And speaking of Crushes—the Upperclassmen seem worse about it this year than the Frosh from whom one would expect such a thing as devotion to one higher up, but that doesn't seem to be the case, and the worst one that I've noticed yet, is the one that had its beginning last year between two seniors.

I understand that they have even taken down one of their beds and both using the other. The room does look much larger, and they are never seen separated, even in matters of cleanliness do they share their tubs. But such is life, and they at least have one another—that's something, and they're happy, so that's something else.

But you can believe that I was indeed surprised when I began to notice that Mary and Bernice had found something in common. It seems as if every time I go to visit over there with Mr. Eberle when he takes the trash, I run into them standing on the steps. Wonder what the little Niccolls Brother of last year thinks about it, or is she satisfied with what has fallen to her lot.

What the third Floor Butlerites find in the Pyrene is hard to understand, but it has certainly become a family expression over there. One never goes over even on bizniz (no matter what kind of bizniz) but what he is not yelled out at "get the Pyrene" or what ever that is. And the big event that happened up there the other morning concerning two of these said "Pyheneists" seemed to cause quite a bit of comment, and for information Clarisse Thompson could and would be glad to give any that you would wish on the subject.

However they know nothing at all about the clocks that have been having the habit of going off in the middle of the night up there. It seems a shame that even one's only hours of quietude are disturbed by alarm clocks not having any better etiquette than to go off at all hours of the night.

I know just gobs more but I'm afraid that this next week will be kinda dull, so I'm saving it all for then. But I think I've done fairly well, don't you?

TUITI FRUITI AND
BANANA SPLITS

And the Tea Room open every
Tuesday and Thursday night.
The Hound.

WHAT IF—

Margie was *Stupid* instead of
Bright
Mary Jane was *Black* instead of
White
Virginia was a *Straw Katy* instead of a *Derby*.
Ruth was *Consomme* instead of
Bullion
Betty was *Maple* instead of *Birch*
Francis was *Rock* instead of
Stone
Ethel was *Lending* instead of
Owen.



Q. What is November 11?

A. November 11 is the day, when the freshmen are the privileged class allowed to celebrate the anniversary of "Mother Roemer's" birthday.

Q. Why are the Spanish and French tables put at the extreme ends of the dining room?

A. Because the members of these tables become so animated in their conversation that they might bother the English speaking tables if they were in the middle of the dining room.

Q. Who have the leads in the Thanksgiving Play?

A. Miss Lucy Seaman, a right snappy and Handsome Freshman who has the leading man part plays opposite the cute and pretty Junior Margaret Fagg, who is the leading lady.

Q. Who is the Campus Hound?

A. The little white dog one sees snapping at the heels of the notables on the campus.

Strand Theatre

FRI. NIGHT—SAT. MATINEE
NOVEMBER 11-12
BUSTER KEATON

in
"College"

SATURDAY NIGHT, NOV. 12
Lewis Stone—Anna Q. Nillson
in

"Lonesome Ladies"

COMING NEXT WEEK

FRI. NIGHT—SAT. MATINEE
NOVEMBER 18-19
Ronald Colman—Vilma Banky
in

"Magic Flame"

SATURDAY NIGHT, NOV. 19
BEBE DANIELS
in

"She's a Sheik"