

LINDEN BARK

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Price 5c

MUSIC AND DRAMA

What Lindenwood Girls Should Hear and See

On Thursday, November 10, Mr. Richard Spamer, of the Globe-Democrat, gave a most interesting and enjoyable lecture on music and drama, a field in which he excels in knowledge.

Mr. Spamer had been most fortunate in having an opportunity to spend practically the entire month of August in New York. Although that is not an excellent season for either music or drama, still he saw some remarkable things in the motion picture industry. Loving the spoken word and the music of the voice, Mr. Spamer is not necessarily an advocate of motion pictures but the scientific skill of the shadow pictures pleased him. The theaters in which the pictures are presented are like immense palaces. The Capital Theater excels in a wonderful orchestra—so wonderful that Mr. Spamer went four successive days just to hear it. This theater was the standard of its kind four or five years ago but is now over-shadowed by the tremendous theater called the Paramount. The art works and decorations of its corridors and foyer are worthy of an art museum. The Roxana has for its great feature three organs. The house darkens and from some unknown depth rises three huge organs, each with its organist. Mr. Spamer felt that that moment was indeed worth traveling a thousand miles to see, let alone hear—then for twenty minutes they played jazz!

In spite of the summer season there were plays on in twenty-five theaters. Among those which he saw were Ziegfeld's Follies, Rio Rita, with its wonderful music beautiful songs and romance, the Desert Song with Arabs, French songs, and hectic love scenes, wonderful impersonations which make

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ILLUSTRATED LECTURES

Miss Jeffers Back From Europe

Miss Mary Jeffers, of Pasadena, California, who has recently returned from a trip abroad, gave two illustrated lectures, assisted by Miss Josephine Peebles, Wednesday night, November 16. Miss Jeffers talked about the "Life of St. Francis." Thursday, at the 11 o'clock assembly, she took her hearers for a "Tour of the Mediterranean," naming four reasons for the cruise—December, January, February and March.

Madira is a great winter resort with many money making hotels. The town is 3,000 feet above sea-level, with a long park facing the harbor and everything is beautiful. The sad thing is that only two percent of the population can read and write. It is in Madira that the beautiful embroidery is made and also port wine. Living conditions are rather primitive, and women go to beautiful fountains in the streets for water. Salt is made as in Sicily, by piling it up and grinding it. There is an old cathedral there and an old monastery, which is now used for a boy's school.

One sees the rock of Gibraltar very bright in color, and guarded on one side by the Spanish and on

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Sitting on the Inside Looking on the Outside

Bernita Noland chewing gum for a change—Liddle watering flowers in the window with the fancy watering pot—Adeline acting most unbecomingly due to her Sophomore dignity—Vi Meyers trying to keep her long hair in place—the Weddell twins much in evidence in both sight and sound—Keefner getting careless with her short skirts and last but not least "our Soph President" trying to be nice to the freshmen still by coaxing Pope into not being so bashful and return her last six calls.

LINDENWOOD FARM

EXPLORED

Many Thrilling Adventures Enjoyed By Girls Seeking a Story

"The farm of Lindenwood!"

Doesn't that sound interesting, and doesn't it send forth its call, not to be resisted? At least it is irresistible to three little college girls. Perhaps it was the "call of the wild," or perhaps they were just curious, but whatever the reason may have been, they answered the call, and after their long walk felt repaid for "that tired feeling."

Directly after lunch last Saturday three young Olympians started northward to seek, not their fortune, but a story. They waded through mud, trampled corn, and climbed over and under fences. Two of the girls were sure that pigs bite, and ran madly from one inquisitive piglet. Finally, the farmer appeared from nowhere, evidently seeking the cause of the disturbance, and one of the girls stepped forth trying her best to appear journalistic. During the course of the interview, she found out that 384 bushels of wheat, 300 of corn, and so many hogs had been the yearly harvest. The girls were accumulating more and more material when suddenly one of them asked what the farm furnished the school. The man, (incidentally he was a mighty nice looking farmer) replied that his farm was not affiliated with the college and that it furnished nothing. After considerable cross-examining the girls finally became convinced that this farm was not the one they were seeking. The farmer explained that the Lindenwood farm was about a half mile across the fields, and that it really wasn't so far as it appeared.

The girls turned back again, and wearily climbed the fences over again with several in addition. Just about at their goal, one of the girls noticed a ferocious-looking cow directly between herself and the

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Linden Bark

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TUESDAY, NOV. 29, 1927

The Linden Bark:

November woods are bare and still
November days are clear and bright,
Each noon burns up the morning's chill.
The morning's snow is gone by night;
Each day my steps grow slow, grow light,
As through the woods I reverent creep
Watching all things lie "down to sleep."

WHAT WILL YOU BE?

What are you going to do when you finish College? That is a question which everybody is asked at some time or other. Many who decide what they want to do before they even enter College change their minds before they graduate from College.

A Freshman entering College has different ideas from what a Senior has when she leaves College. A freshman may enter thinking that she will be an English teacher. Through her four years of work she gets into a Sociology work. When the girl graduates she goes out as a welfare worker. Another freshman decides to be a Home Economics teacher. This freshman takes some Journalism work and when she graduates from College she gets a job on some newspaper.

One may have an idea of what she wants to do when she enters

College, but when one graduates one has a very different idea of it all.

Then there are some who enter College without an idea of what they want to do when they finish. Some of these find their life work in the course of the four years of study; others marry when they finish, or even before they finish; and still others drift from just one thing to another.

At Lindenwood it was found among freshmen that eighty-four want to be teachers, twenty freshmen wish to become artists and twenty to be journalists. Business has a lure to eighteen freshmen and home economics to thirteen. Dramatics as a vocation retains ten girls and twelve wish to train for library work. There are five who want to become social service workers. Five have particular scientific interests, two of the number definitely desiring surgery as a calling, while there is one each for psychology, biology and research.

Wonder what these girls will be doing twenty-five years from now. How many will be doing what they expressed they wanted to do?

WINTER'S LATE ARRIVAL

By all that's right we should at present be suffering from the chilling blast of Father Winter. But instead we are enjoying the balmy weather which usually comes to us in March and April. Where, oh where, is our Winter? On last Thanksgiving Day the girls had to go out on the hockey field and do away with the snow in order to have a game on that day. This year we brought our fans with us. It really is an unfair advantage to those girls who braved the wilds of old Missouri for the winter just to see the beauty of snow for the first time. But don't give up hope yet for in all probability you will be able to step out from your second story window onto a snow covered ground before the winter is over.

One of the saddest phases of the late winter is the outlook of the poor individuals who just will wear their fur coats no matter the temperature. Just imagine feeling you must wear the poor animal whether it be hot or cold since it is now Winter in time if not in spirit.

But even if cold weather will not come it can not keep the days from going by and ushering in the good old yule-tide time. We'll have Christmas if we have it in furs or fans. And to, we'll have our turkeys and cranberries if we have

COLLEGE CALENDAR

Tuesday, Nov. 29, 5:00 P. M.
Organ Recital by Miss Titcomb instructor of the organ department, in Sibley Chapel.

Thursday, Dec. 1, 11:00 A. M.
Mr. Wood, of Hess and Culbertson, will lecture on "Historic diamonds and the diamond industry."

Friday, Dec. 2.

Alpha Sigma Tau Parry.

Sunday, Dec. 4, 6:30.

President Henry L. Southwick of Emerson College of Oratory, will lecture on Theodore Roosevelt.

to, have ice-tea to off set the serious heat of the remainder of the meal. Therefore, girls, take advice from one who knows and leave the little gingham out, be comfortable, but don't be surprised if just about that time Brer Frost comes around the corner and laughs his cold and icy laugh right on your unsuspecting self.

KNEE LENGTH FAVORED BY "15 PER CENT"

And now what is this one hears about Fontbonne College? Yes it's true, and unless the girls there are very different from the girls at Lindenwood there will be some most provoked persons. This is what the great trouble is, "Girls must all have their skirts at least four inches below the knee." How does that seem to the Lindenwood girls? Well, while scouting about, these different opinions were obtained.

If skirts are worn long, the tendency to roll the hose comes more into prominence. Would not one rather see shorter skirts and a covered limb? In fact wouldn't one rather see the entire knee covered than uncovered, at intervals?

Others bring up purely the idea of fashion, while others say it should be regulated according to the person and not the school.

Still others of the more economical side see the saving in the short skirts. Many inches of the costly fabric is saved by the four inches which are to be added at the school in St. Louis.

All in all, the diligent and only too easily influenced reporter decided that the Lindenwood girls are about one hundred and fifty percent for the skirts being worn at four inches above the ankle or at the knee but not just exactly four inches below the knee.

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last gate. She backed up rather suddenly, and started in the other direction. Mercury surely must have lent her his wings. Her companions, after some persuasion convinced her that the cow was a peaceful "bossy". Nevertheless they detoured widely, and climbed two fences where they might have climbed one.

The Lindenwood farm is a comfortable, and nice-looking place. The farm-house is a one-story brick, very cozy. There are many sheds, and barns about, housing untold animals and implements. The farm consists of eighty-three acres of land. Mr. Doerrie has produced 520 bushels of wheat, 340 bushels of corn, 400 of oats, and 50 tons of hay this year from the land. The first living thing to greet the girls was Shes, the ten year old dog. He is a big Shepherd-Collie with absolutely the friendliest wag that ever a dog manifested, and there is a pretty black and white cat, with two cunning kittens, the exact images of their mother. The chickens (poor things, they don't realize that they're doomed to decorate Lindenwood tables) are beautiful white leghorns. There are about 250 to 300 of them. It is certain that at least three Lindenwoodites will never again relish chicken. In the horse corral are six huge working horses. One of them, Dan, has been pensioned for several years, and is enjoying his old age as only a horse can.

Mrs. Doerrie showed the girls all over the farm, and just as they were departing came from the house with three most luscious pears. Then and there, the girls decided to return soon and often. Mr. and Mrs. Doerrie with Cranston, aged 11, and Earl, aged 9, came from Salisbury, Missouri, about three years ago. They like the Lindenwood farm, and are planning to remain. Incidentally, Cranston and Earl walk to St. Charles each day for their education.

FOUND AT LINDENWOOD

Days may come and days may go, but shoes and stockings go on forever. The first days of September bring to the Lindenwood campus new styles that have sprung up mushroom-like after the summer. There are the frivolous sandal-like shoes of the South. There are the gleaming, tailored patent leathers of the North. There are the shining

satins of an aristocratic East and the sturdy brown pumps and oxfords of the West.

But whether the shoes come from the North, South, East or West, they always bring with them the most silky of silk hose and the most plaid of plaid hose. It is the plaid hose that cause the artistic soul to writhe in anguish that is well nigh unbearable. Why? Because how could any person with the slightest respect for color harmony gaze upon the atrocious combinations of color that are used to pick out more atrocious futuristic designs upon the hose of college young ladies and not be so moved.

It has been rumored that the upper classmen can be distinguished from their more lowly sisters by the shoes and hose they wear. It may be that more or less neatly sewed up 'runs' and old half-soled shoes do belong exclusively to the lofty Seniors and Juniors—and the Sophs, but it has been noticed that the new apparel with which Lindenwood's Freshmen decked their pedal extremities in an effort to impress everyone has begun to show signs of having been caught on the roughness of the chairs in some of the rooms and of having been caught in the cracks of some of the St. Charles sidewalks.

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the other by the English, who took it from the Moors and are now in possession of it. It has been said that the Mediterranean is the Mohammed Lake nevertheless the sea is firmly entrenched by Christians, and the sea-front belonging to France looks like "Paris civilization." There are just about twenty monasteries existing now. There are four boy's schools to defend Mohammedism against Christianity. Girls do not go to school, but sit at home and make oriental rugs. Friday is the Mohammed holiday, and one can see the mothers going to the cemetery—which is their great place of merry-making.

Traveling down the Suez canal one sees the wonders of Egypt. The old light-house that was one of the "seven wonders of the world" is gone but there is another to take its place. There is truly little that is old in Egypt. In Cairo there are resident foreigners from all over the world. A monastery of alabaster, built to celebrate a victory, can be seen from all over the city. Old Cairo is falling to pieces and being fast taken away. There are still the two famous columns, and if

you can roll between them, you will be sure of going to heaven." Tradition has held for so long that certain bulrushes along the Nile, harbor the place where Moses was hid, that it has become an accepted fact, long the Nile is to be seen a cube for measuring water that dates back to the third century.

Modern Cairo lies around a square, opposite which are many hotels. There is an American University here for boys of the higher class families. Here also is the King's palace and English parliament buildings. The people are found to be very conservative. A few of the women still wear veils over their faces.

The Greek Sphinx asked a riddle, but the Egyptian Sphinx, upper a god, and lower part a lion—is a riddle. The guides here wear a heavy hood and robe of a style that dates back to 1400 years before Christ. The weather is usually very warm, but they claim to be cool. Shelly writes "the lone and level sand stretch far away," and he has best described the desert of Egypt. And in Egypt he sees the University of the Sun, where the old Greek scholars studied, and the tree, under which Mary and the Christ child sat while pausing on their flight to Egypt.

On the old site of Memphis, the oldest city of Egypt, there is very little left. There is a sphinx of alabaster, a huge statue of Pharaoh, 30 feet long, and a step pyramid—probably the oldest in Egypt.

In closing Miss Jeffers talked of Italy—Rome composed of seven hills, of the remains of the home of the Sultan, which was burned over forty years ago, of the Maiden's Tower, of the Blue Grotto, Montecarlo, and Genoa with its statue of Christopher Columbus.

MISS BOYD ADVISES GIRLS

Miss Betty Boyd, of the Post Dispatch, gave an informal talk to the Journalism girls. She told them of the wide field for women these days in Journalism. She also told them how much easier it would be for them to get a position on some paper than it was for her. She had had no Journalism training before she started and it took her a long time to get where she is now. The girls now won't have that trouble because of their Journalism training.

Journalism is very exciting and interesting work. Miss Boyd fired all the girls with enthusiasm for the newspaper work.

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the Underworld worth while, and that horror. The Spider, in which they do more than enough to the audience. The house is darkened even to the exit lights and down the center aisle there is a murder committed. The show will leave one's nerves absolutely unbalanced, Mr. Spamer guarantees. The Metropolitan Opera House was closed, for all the song birds in August are out in their yachts, Rolls Royces, and planes.

Schubert's Centennial

Mr. Spamer called attention to the fact that next year is Schubert's Centennial, he died a hundred years ago. There will be world wide observance, for he made the most remarkable output of any man in the music world.

The season opened in St. Louis with a motion picture "Old Ironsides," at the American Theater, showing the shortage of plays. There followed that lovely thing "The Countess Meritza" with its old world background, "The Shanghai Gesture" saved by Florence Reed's acting, the terrible George White's Scandals, "The Barker," a story of circus life, and Leon Errol with his disappearing underpinning in "Yours Truly".

Mr. Spamer then gave a sketch of "The Cradle Song", a play of a Spanish convent which has been severely criticized because there is so little action. However a play can be about anything concerning human life good, bad, or different, and only need the magic touch of the playwrights hand to make it presentable as a mirror of nature and life.

The Westminster Choir was highly recommended and complimented by Mr. Spamer when he said, "It was beautiful music beautifully sung, by sixty men and women by memory and without accompaniment. Their pitch and rhythm is extra-ordinary, for they keep together, obeying an almost motionless leader. It is undoubtedly one of the finest choirs of its kind."

St. Louis Symphony Orchestra

Mr. Spamer then devoted some time to the explanation of the rehabilitation of the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra. He ruefully admitted that the musical world has its politics. The leader to be the guest conductor for the next four or five concerts is from Minneapolis and Los Angeles, and it will be noted that under his direction the

voices of the different instruments stand out as individuals. There will be four conductors, this year, every four weeks during the sixteen weeks of the season. There will be German, Italian, Holland and English conductors and under their direction the orchestra should receive a great deal of discipline and should be raised to the pinnacle it deserves.

Mr. Spamer then very kindly opened an opportunity to the girls to ask him any questions. When asked if there was to be any Shakespeare plays in St. Louis this winter, he answered sarcastically that it was "a sad thing but there probably would be, with Mr. Mantell and his wife in Hamlet". Shakespeare spells ruin now for theater managers, because of the misleading of jazz, bridge and the movies. There are no audiences who can bring understanding into playhouses. You can only take away from a work of art what you bring to it. Seeing Shakespeare in St. Louis in the winter, inspires in Mr. Spamer the hope that we as well as other schools are correctly studying Shakespeare, for he gives us true culture.

The "Elijah" will be in St. Louis the 29th and 30th of November with eight principal voices and a tremendous chorus. The director from Springfield, Illinois, is putting them all in costume. It is not to be colorless but in the form of a musical drama with an enormous amount of action—perhaps even the chariot of fire ascending to heaven.

The next question concerned Fred Stone and his hearers learned that he is to be in St. Louis with his long legs and funny sayings, using the same thing with a different name, "the same child rebaptized" to quote Mr. Spamer. The rest of the drama news for the coming season will be found on the Dramatic page in the Globe-Democrat.

It was with the greatest disappointment that the questions were brought to an abrupt close and everyone hopes that Mr. Spamer will find time to be at Lindenwood very soon again.

FURNACES ON ROOFS?

Opinion by Home Ec. Teacher

Although at the convention of the American Gas Association there was forecast a decided change in the position of that most important part of the home—the furnace—it

cannot become popular nor practical for some time to come, for there have been prepared so few facts concerning this innovation. The association predicts that from now on heating plants in office buildings, theaters, and other large buildings will be on the roofs instead of in the basements.

"Installation of heating equipment on the roof of the Capital Theater in London has done much to advance the idea," declared A. A. Philips of the consolidated Gas Company of New York. "The impetus behind the change," he said "is increasing demand for space."

"Cellars in domestic dwellings are fast becoming eliminated," states Miss Stewart, of the Home Economics department of Lindenwood, "and the movement will probably spread to larger buildings."

This may be a true indication of the progressive movement in all fields so characteristic of this day and age. Certainly many fuel troubles will be eliminated and cellar space may be used for parlors and smoking rooms in theaters, and for storage rooms in office buildings, but one cannot help wondering how they expect to get around the well known scientific truth that heat travels most easily in an upward direction rather than down. This problem we assign to the scientist.

PLANTING A LINDEN

The St. Louis Lindenwood Club was entertained, Monday, November 7, by Mrs. George Sullivan at her beautiful home on Baker Ave., Webster Groves. Dr. and Mrs. Roemer were away, and Dr. Stumberg, Miss Linneman, and Miss Schaper attended. Miss Linneman reports that after a short business meeting there was a delightful social hour. Mrs. Sullivan was assisted by her daughter who formerly taught Spanish at Lindenwood. The big event of the meeting was the planting of a Linden tree on the lawn, and each person attributed a shovel full of earth in the name of Lindenwood. There were vocal selections and readings that were in keeping with the planting of the tree.

The next meeting will be held at the regular meeting place, the Forest Park Hotel. Each member will bring a gift in the form of a toy to be sent to an Orphan Home or hospital.

LINDENWOOD FACULTY COMING TO THE FRONT

Dr. Arden R. Johnson, of Lindenwood Chemistry Department, spent last week end at the University of Missouri, Columbia, where he delivered a lecture Friday evening before a joint meeting of the Chemistry Sections of the University of Missouri and the city of St. Louis. Dr. Johnson spoke on his various researches in the chemistry of Boron.

At the Artists' Guild, Saturday, November 19, a Slovak program was presented for the artists and musicians of the Guild. It is quite an honor to sing at the Artists' Guild, and Miss Grace Terhune, of the voice department sang a group of Bohemian folk songs and the soprano in duet "The Gypsy Dance," by Brahms.

Miss Terhune also sang at the Kingshighway Presbyterian Church, Sunday, Nov. 20.

ADELINE BRUBAKER ENTERTAINED

Mrs. W. C. Ferris of St. Louis entertained with a bridge luncheon last Saturday at her home in honor of Miss Adeline Brubaker, who's birthday was November 22. Lindenwood was well represented and all agreed that it was a most pleasant way in which to celebrate one more year gone by. Those attending from here were Adeline Brubaker, Jo Bowman, Mary Dix, Ruth Bullion, Abigail Holmes, Chubby Chinn, Jeanette Witt, Ruth Sager, and Helen Buchanan. Chubby won the first prize, Abigail the second and Ruthie the third, so one sees that Lindenwood girls can "bring home the bacon." Adeline Jo, Ruthie, Jeanette and Helen finished out a well begun week end by staying at Mrs. Ferris's until Sunday afternoon.

APOSTROPHE TO SLICKERS

By Louise Blake

Slickers, you are doomed! Your place of leadership is being usurped, and another is taking your place.

Surely you've noticed the new raincoats on the campus that are coming more and more into evidence whenever "The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;

It rains, and the wind is never weary." They're of every hue; red, green, brown and blue (ah poetry), and they're soft and vel-

very looking, the kind you love to touch. Nobody knows just exactly how they're made, but someone hinted that they were made of a material, and covered with duco like that which is put on automobiles. They don't look so much like an auto, but it would never do to dispute the authorities. The grandest thing about most of these raincoats is that they are lined, and are just as warm as a coat.

Do you admit that you're "deroute"? No?

These raincoats are really distinguished looking. They are most inconspicuous and yet they have that allure which cannot be resisted. The wearer of one of these beautiful garments is properly dressed wherever he or she may appear at school, at the theater, or at the opera. Who would dare wear one of you slickers to a tea, or to the opera? Whosoever would appear in such a garb would immediately become declassé.

Ah, I thought that one would convince you!

Slickers, you are OUT!

SPANISH CLUB TEA

The Spanish Club is coming to the front socially as well as intellectually. Monday, November 14, was the date of their delightful tea at which they received four new members into their company; some twenty pledges receiving badges of red and yellow ribbon—Spanish colors—which they wore with just pride.

The president, Margaret Maxwell and Miss Terhune, their sponsor, presided at the party, where cake, tea and dainties were served. It is a notable and commendable thing concerning this club that last year the members themselves voted to raise the club standard from "M" to "S". The rule is now that in order to be a full fledged member, one must have had an "S" average for one semester, pledges may be admitted before the end of the semester, but will not become members unless they can uphold the standard.

MUSIC AND ART TO-DAY.

By Virginia Derby

One of the most interesting of the vocational lectures given this year in Freshman Orientation were those by Mr. Thomas and Miss Linnemann, Tuesday, November 15. In discussing the opportunities for women in music Mr. Thomas said, "that America offers unlimited op-

portunities for women in music because the great foreign teachers have come to this country". Many of them have become associated with our leading music schools, which are of the best. However, the opportunities depend entirely upon the individual capacity of women themselves.

Every girl, if she is musically inclined, is either a soloist or an accompanist. Women generally make better accompanists than men because they pay attention to small details, and thus the demand for women accompanists is steadily growing.

Commercial radio concerts also offer vast musical opportunities as soloist, accompanist, or studio manager. An accomplished musician is required for all three positions.

In this country today there are also three symphony orchestras conducted by and composed entirely of women. Those wishing to teach will find unlimited opportunities in conservatories, private studios, and public schools. In five years there will be as much music in public schools as there is today in private conservatories. These are only a few of the opportunities for women, but the field is unlimited for women who are now entering all phases of music.

Miss Linnemann also presented a very interesting idea of the part Art plays in every girl's life. "It is essential to everyone even though one cannot use it directly?

Commercialism is fighting a losing battle with art today for America is expanding along the line of beauty.

There is also a movement for the development and appreciation of art in business, for people now demand that everything with which they come in contact be beautiful. Thus the best concepts of art are being applied to everything and art is becoming as necessary to manufacturing as paint and nails. In fact art is required in everything from kitchen utensils to evening gowns.

There is a great deal of money in art for everything depends of it. In the domain of applied arts especially is there much room for different lines of work. Aside from the fine arts there are opportunities in art education and industrial art. Nowhere else have women's professional merits been better recognized than in art, for the artist requires not a knowledge of art alone but also a broad and general education.

The LINDEN BITE

by
The Campus Hound



Again I take my pen in hand and under the Lindens do set myself to watch the race of girls go by and to see which are as bad as you or I. Well, My dears, the big day has come and gone and I've never been so impressed before have you? The game in the morning was just the best one we've ever had and I got so thrilled I just nearly forgot where I was. I got in some good old barks and a couple of bites too. Everyone was down there in all their splendor, the Pep Squads just down there shouting their lungs out and trying to outdo their opponents. The yelling was the best that I've heard in a long time and I can't see why the old classes can't stick together like that every time anything happens like that. The Basketball season is fast approaching on horse back and I'm just holding my breath until I see what's going to happen. The Juniors are laying for the thing with open arms for if they get this years championship, the CUP is theirs. They've had it for two years now and this tells the tale. Alright, other classes, won't you please keep the Cup in circulation.

And now! The jangle of the Eternal Triangle! Girls, prick up your ears and bark ye to the cry of one who heard the jangle. And guess what's is? A Soph and two Frosh. Oh! Well, to break the news gently, it's been pretty hard on the Chubby little Soph, this last week since one of her little friends, the big Handsome Brute of a Freshman, going by the name of Keefner, has had all her "Rec" privileges taken away from her, and Chubby has been just a Wreck trying to keep the trail hot between Niccolls and Ayres. And what has poor little Lucy been doing all this time? Well, I suppose, she is the only one that is glad, outside of Keefner, that her opponent's Rec was taken away, for she was allowed to hang out the door and watch the beloved one come around the corner. What will be the outcome, well we'll let another week tell the tale.

And what is this that came to the ears of my fond self just about two seconds ago? One of my fine

colleagues imparted the information that there was a new arrival over Ayres way, and who has the said Doll? Why none other than our little friend from Illinois and the Captain of the winning Hockey team that just showed what big girls they can be. But she has to leave her team behind for the Dolly might be crying for her, and she has to rush to its rescue. I wandered over there to see for myself and lo and behold all over the telephone there are signs that say, "Quiet, don't wake the Baby." Well, I surely thought that by the time a girl got to the age that they were Sophomores in College that they would lay the dolls aside and realize that even though it hurts to part with the fond toys that it is best and that they are laid aside a while. Well, isn't that just the best?

And our old friend Dix has actually weakened and bobbed the trailing golden locks. I thought that that was just about a part of her, and I sure hated like the dickens to see them go, but new ideas will take on the new, so we mustn't blame her. She HAS caused quite a bit of excitement and has received much attention, and she does look cute, but I sure do hope she lets it grow out pretty soon, for it just ain't our old Dix with the shorn locks.

And to get back to Thanksgiving, weren't the eats just magnanimous. Well, I'll have to elaborate on that next week, and I'll tell you some of the funny things that I saw at the tea dance and the Play that are worth repeating and will last forever they're so funny. Until next time, I am

Very Sincerely
THE CAMPUS HOUND

STRAND THEATRE

Fri. Night, Sat. Mat., Dec. 2-3
CLARA BOW in
"GET YOUR MAN"

Saturday Night, Dec. 3
ESTHER RALSTON in
"FIGURES DON'T LIE"

NEXT WEEK

Fri. Night, Sat. Mat., Dec. 9-10
Wm. Boyd, Mary Astor in
"TWO ARABIAN KNIGHTS"

Saturday Night, Dec. 10
POLA NEGRI in
"BARBED WIRE"



Q. When college girls lob their hair do they necessarily become childish?

A. Well to give a concrete example as an answer to this question, I will tell you how one young lady of my acquaintance has reacted. Mary Dix now appears regularly at breakfast and has no excuse now as to being late to anything (classes included.) As to the childishness—yes I must frankly admit that Dix is a changed human. Why she even uses some hair tonic to make her hair grow so she says.

Q. Why is there a traffic cop out on the campus at rec time at night?

A. Why, my dear, have you never looked out of the window at night to see the rush when the 10 o'clock bell is still tingling? Girls are tearing everywhere from Butler to Niccolls and turn about and then Ayres too comes in for it's share of the exodus. I do hope no one is hurt in the rush.

Q. Where do all of the wasps come from?

A. I really don't know where they come from but I do know that they like Lindenwood and have chosen it as their premanent home because they like We Sweet Young Things.

MID-NOVEMBER RECITAL

On Tuesday, November 15, at five o'clock, one of the student recitals was held in Roemer Auditorium. Mary Jane White, Mary Gene Saxe, and Dorothy Ruskin played in the first piano group.

Miss White opened the program with a number by Schubert, whose anniversary year is this coming one. Miss Saxe and Miss Ruskin both played attractive selections in a most creditable way. Sarah Young, Margarette Nicholls, and Alice Plass each sang two short songs which pleased the audience greatly.

Virginia Ann Shrimpton and Marion Gibson ended the program with piano numbers. Miss Shrimpton played Beethovens Bagatelle with great expression and Miss Gibson's Troika brought a very pleasant program to a close.