

# LINDEN BARK

Vol. 3.—No. 6.

Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Mo., Tuesday, November 9, 1926.

Price 5c.

## HOCKEY GETS GOING

*First Games of the Season Show Spirit, Pep and Interest*

In one of the fastest hockey games ever witnessed at Lindenwood the Upperclassmen whipped the Sophomores Wednesday, by the tight score of 3-1.

The teamwork, passing ability, and speed of the Upperclassmen was, and is, the secret of their victory. The sterling defense of the backfield, especially the goal-keeper, Harriet Liddle, enabled the Upperclassmen to hold the Sophs. to such a low score.

In the Sophomore line-up were some real stars. Everyone of them were fighting and they put up a wonderful battle. In the last minute of play Garnette Thompson, wing, cut loose with a beautiful run that looked like a goal. But the Upperclassmen backs were equal to the occasion and intercepted her.

The game ended with both teams fighting and playing just as hard as they had from the first minute of play. The spirit and pep shown by the rooters who turned out was explainable by the fact that they are Lindenwood girls.

Thursday, November 4, at 4:00, the Freshies sojourned down to the hockey field to greet the Upperclassmen a fair afternoon in the language of hockey. The Upperclassmen returned the greeting in a rather generous measure to the score of 4 to 0.

With the old spirit of good sports, the Freshies played the game in spite of the slight advantage of seniority in years and work accomplished, as well as advanced experience on the hockey field possessed by that mighty Upperclassmen team.

The game was not as fast as it might have been, but at that, little was gathered concerning the players snoozing during the process of the greeting. The Freshies lack of teamwork and short experiences on the field of hockey probably accounted for the defensive game which they were obliged to play in that mighty "salutation" given them by the Upperclass team.

The mighty clash to arms came Friday afternoon, November 5, when the Sophs met the Freshies on the field of battle for a good finish of the war called hockey! The battle ended with

Continued on page 7.)

## ST. LOUIS LINDENWOOD CLUB DISCUSS SIBLEY FUND

The St. Louis Lindenwood Club met on November 1, at the home of Mrs. Loraine Bernero, 5024 Vernon avenue, St. Louis. The attendance was very large and decidedly enthusiastic because the main discussion concerned raising money for the Mary Easton Sibley Scholarship fund.

The meetings of the club this year are to be held at the homes of different members instead of at the Hotels as in years past. This is being done in order that they can give more to the Mary Easton Sibley Fund. Those who have offered their homes are Mrs. George Dyer (Dora Gut), Mrs. Ella Koeneke, Mrs. Krueger, and Miss Marguerite Urban. The Spring meeting is to be held in St. Charles at the home of Misses Aimee and Vivian Becker.

This last meeting was a very successful one, as reported by Miss Linne-mann, who was the Lindenwood representative.

The daughter of Mrs. James Hill, who had come with her mother said at this meeting, "I am not a Lindenwood girl, but I suggest that everyone here leave a silver offering for the Mary Easton Sibley Fund." With this kind of backing the club is certainly due to do some wonderful work this year.

## REVIEW OF PERSONAL

### RELIGION

The Y. W. C. A. services of November the third were led and sponsored by the Sophomore class. After the reading of the scripture Clara Bowles sang a very lovely solo.

Peggy Denise then took charge of the program, which took the form of a general resume of the religious career of the average girl. The audience was likened unto Moses standing on Mount Pisgah, looking backward over the past. Miss Marjorie Bright gave a very sincere and helpful talk about the religion of the high school girl. Then Avanelle Jackson told of the trials and tribulations which the girls' conceptions of God under go in college. The entire meeting was marked by a sincerity which caused most of the audience to go away from the services thinking a little harder about things which may have been slightly neglected in their busy lives.

## VESPER LECTURE

*Archdeacon Marsden Speaks on Value of an Education*

Archdeacon H. H. Marsden, rector of the St. Charles Episcopal Church spoke at the Sunday evening vesper services, October 31. He spoke on the text, "Go ye therefore into all the world and preach the gospel; and, lo, I am with you always, even until the end of the world."

"Some people think that education can be measured by dollars and cents; some want to go to college to gain social position; some to be able to make more money. But it is for the love of humanity that a person should put his best effort into his schooling in order to gain power of mind, body, and spirit to carry on the work of the Savior. The selfishness, the great big "I", can only be overcome by Love; by thinking of others; by crossing out the I, and carrying the significance of the Cross into everything one does."

"People who refuse to become professional athletes because of their love of the game are called fools. Likewise the people who give up earthly pleasures for the love of Jesus are called fools."

Many people wonder just how they are going to obey Christ's command. Did not He say, "And lo, I am with you always, even until the end of the world." Once there was a boy in the Black Forest who wanted to be a sculptor but his parents were not able to send him to school. Years passed. Finally the father made the supreme sacrifice and succeeded in sending the boy away. After the boy became famous he wished to satisfy his father's longing for the beautiful. As a result he built a studio for him on his estate. Here the father modeled the clay with his gnarled, tired old hands failing to make anything wonderful. The next morning the old man found a beautiful masterpiece in place of his own ugly monstrosity. The son had come in the night and with his skilled hands made the clay a thing of perfection. By our own efforts we try to mold humanity, but it is His spirit, His power, His ability which make it a masterpiece.

For Jesus said, "And lo, I am with you always, even until the end of the World."

Read The Bark

# Linden Bark

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

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

## MANAGING EDITORS:

Betty Birch, '28.  
Ruth Bullion, '29.  
Martha Buxton, '29.  
Peggy Denise, '29.  
Florence Good, '27.  
Alice Kingsbury, '29.  
Dixie Laney, '27.  
Catherine Staley, '28.  
Evelyn Teller, '29.  
Laura Lee Thomas, '29.  
Geraldine Thompson, '28.  
Kathryn Walker, '28.

## ASSOCIATES:

Mary Margaret Ransom, '27.  
Gertrude Webb, '28.

Tuesday, November 9, 1926.

The Linden Bark:—

"Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man and writing an exact man."

—Francis Bacon.

"He reads much:

He is a great observer and looks Quite through the deeds of men."

—Julius Caesar.

## MRS. ROEMER

Tuesday, November ninth, we honor Mrs. Roemer. This anniversary is celebrated each year to show in part the respect and admiration the students hold for their dean. But still, the real purpose of this homage is to express the love we hold for our "Mother Roemer". She is indeed a mother to us all, not just a dean of women, because she understands us, and is in sympathy with the girl of to-day. She criticizes our modern tendencies only when they over-step those standards of the qualities of a true lady which Lindenwood promotes. She stands not on "the other side," of every question but impartially views with real thought and concern "our side," then draws a sane medium.

For all these things, her loyalty to us, her knowledge of young girls, and because we know of her devotion to Lindenwood, all of "her girls" do honor on this, "Mother Roemer's Day".

## ARMISTICE DAY

On the memorable day, November 11, 1918, peace came to the world. Everywhere the news "The war is Over" was heralded with joy and thanksgiving. Shared joys made strangers friends. Flags floated above, and here and there the church bells chimed their solemn praise. No longer was there any room for care and grief, and once more the people found life sweet.

Each succeeding year this national

holiday has been celebrated by the Americans in much the same patriotic spirit. The Armistice meant freedom from the yoke of war's oppression and tyranny; it meant hope, joy and peace for the world. To nations war ridden by four hideous years of ceaseless fighting, it brought joy and gladness. Announcement of peace overwhelmed the nations with patriotic enthusiasm. The world realized the terrors of war, and with a promise of peace it knew unbounding joy, for it brought to an end the terrors of war. Brothers, fathers, and sweethearts would return from the war-scarred battlefields of France. Death on the battlefields would be no more. Hatreds were forgotten for the moment in the sheer excitement and patriotic enthusiasm of Armistic Day.

November 11, 1926, will be another anniversary of Armistice Day. Memories of war will be forgotten in once more celebrating a universal peace and brotherhood among all nations.

## THE NINTH OF NOVEMBER

November ninth has for many years been one of the outstanding gala days of Lindenwood. The celebration held the evening of the ninth is the event which is anxiously and eagerly anticipated by the entire school. It is the event for which new and charming frocks are gotten, "little sisters" make dates with "big sisters", and the florist is kept extremely busy. However, members of the Freshman class, as they struggle with huge rolls of crepe paper, will strongly deny that the florist is the only busy person before the ninth of November. The results of these weeks of worrying and planning will, as usual, be a beautiful galaxy of life and color. And, yes, as usual, everyone will have a perfectly lovely time and as usual, ample consideration will be given to the preparation of each and every toilet (and not in middies and skirts). Congratulations are now in order for Mrs. Roemer, for whose birthday these festivities are taking place. It is hoped that her party this year is as successful and as much enjoyed as in previous years.

## ADMONITION

By Garnette Thompson

If you have good posture  
'Twill be your fate  
Not to be stooped or hunched  
But stalwart and straight.

We'll defy any theory  
Of a monkey or ape  
If you pass 'Posture'  
These theories you'll escape.

So don't scrape your chin  
In the gravel or dust,  
But lift your head high  
Act like a queen if you must.

Read The Bark

## COLLEGE CALENDAR

Tuesday, November 9,

Freshmen Party in honor of Mrs. John L. Roemer.

Wednesday, November 10,

Radio broadcast of Sacred Music by Miss Treat and Miss Edwards from K. M. O. X.

Thursday, November 11, 11 A. M.

Armistice Day. Louis E. Miller, Attorney, of St. Louis.

10 A. M., Miss Jane Frances Winn, Book Editor, Globe Democrat.

7:00 P. M. The last movie.

Friday, November 12,

Kansas Club Party.

Saturday, November 13,

Miss Linnemann's Art Class.

Sunday, November 14,

4:15-5:15, Faculty Recital of Miss Isidor and Mr. Thomas.

6:30 Vesper Service, Miss Mary Jeffers of Bryn Mawr, Penn., will give an illustrated lecture on Jerusalem.

Tuesday, November 16,

8:00 P. M., Music Recital by Clara Robinovitch, famous pianist.

## EXCHANGES

"The Roman Tatler," advertised as a "Weekly for everybody" is steadily gaining in popularity at Lindenwood. This week the "Tatler" has put out a feature number under the head of "Italian Cathedrals." Four of the world's greatest cathedrals are especially emphasized. They are the Cathedral of Milan, the Cathedral of Florence, St. Peter's Cathedral, and St. Marks Cathedral. The "Tatler" shows how the Italian cathedral brings out the gradual transition from the simple form of Roman architecture to the Romanesque and the Gothic.

The editors of this week's "Tatler" were Mary Elizabeth Sautel and Elizabeth Kuykendall.

## MARGARET DAWSON IS QUEEN

### A Tea Room Surprise

A surprise birthday dinner which was a "sure" nuff" surprise to all but the hostess and her roommate (one must tell them) was given in the tea room November 1 by Janet Hood, honoring Margaret Dawson. Roses formed the centerpiece, while pink candles, place cards and rose nut cups carried out the decorations. At the end of the delicious three course dinner the lights were turned out and a large birthday cake, placed before the honoree, with an "M" made of lighted candles. The guests were: Margaret Dawson, Elizabeth Barnes, Sue Campbell, Harriet Liddle, Dorothy Taylor, Harriet Collins, Kathryn Walker, and the hostess, Janet Hood.

IDENTIFICATION  
OF THE WISE.

By Frances Stumberg

"How am I to tell which are students and which are faculty members in this complicated organization?" cries the Freshman, and indeed, how is he to tell? Can we expect him to know what it has taken years of experience for us to learn? Yet, learn he must, for his ignorance is constantly leading him to embarrassing situations both for himself and for the faculty. It behooves us then to help him out of his difficulty by teaching him to differentiate. Yet, what upper classman among us is prepared to define the difference or to list the distinguishing features or even to point them out? Beyond a certain student naivete and a certain faculty superior dignity which we more observant and experienced can easily recognize, marks of difference are elusive, indescribable and often almost wholly imperceptible. It is true that wisdom is written broadly on the faces of our faculty—but then, are there not certain upper classmen who like to cover their ignorance with a mask of assumed wisdom? And after all, how can our unsophisticated sisters be certain that it is a mask even though they suspect it to be one? Plainly then, we must find a way to label our faculty as such. Placarding, of course, is out of the question, placards being weighty and inconvenient. Three-cornered black hats are scholarly and impressive but they would prove to be quite a nuisance after the first few days. Tags are most impractical; pins not impressive enough; and rings are too common for an organization so vastly superior. Would there be any objection to ear rings? They have several distinct advantages; for, besides being light in weight and not at all bothersome, they are easily seen, quite unusual (for organization use) and altogether fascinating. We suggest that they be of silver engraved with the single word "Wisdom". They might be in the shape of a book, or an ink bottle or even an owl. Surely this would leave no room for the possibility of a mistake concerning the wearer's identity. We consider the ear ring plan an excellent one and are hoping for its immediate adoption.

LULLABY

Along the dusky wail the candle glow  
Great dancing climbing shadows  
throw  
To leap about.  
Stealing slow, they melt in light,  
Loath to flow in cool green shapes  
Past pine trees deep in snow  
To sleep awhile.

T. D.

Read the Linden Bark.

## Margaret Boles' Story Chosen as Model

If, perchance a member of the class of '27 might next year be confronted with a volume entitled, "The Doorway to English," and asked to propound its contents to her class, she would no doubt, remembering her painfully attained knowledge of matters educational, glance through the pages in order correctly to plan her course. What, then would be her surprise to find on page 313 these words, "Kurt, the Dog Policeman." In the paragraph which follows Lindenwood and other familiar names greet the startled eye. No signature accompanies the little story which is here used as an exercise in Unity and Coherence, so to avoid any possibilities of an unsatisfied curiosity here is the explanation.

Every old girl remembers "Bolesie." This fact was certainly demonstrated by the reception she received when she visited her old Alma Mater earlier in the fall. A student at Lindenwood for two years she is then none other than Margaret Boles who is the author of the aforementioned article. The book in which it appears was compiled by L. W. Rader, Supervisor of English in the St. Louis schools, and P. H. Defendall, Principal of the Blair School, St. Louis, for the purpose of better instructing children, as they express it, to 1. originate and organize thought; 2. give correct and forceful expression to such thought. In doing this they tried, insofar as possible, to obtain original student compositions to use as illustrations. It is indeed an honor to Lindenwood and to Margaret that she should have been chosen to contribute. The story follows:

### KURT, THE DOG POLICEMAN

By Margarete Boles

Nobody seems to know why it is but the popular mascot for a college seems to be some sort of a dog. No particular kind of a dog—just a dog. So of course, being a very up-to-date woman's college, Lindenwood College at St. Charles, Missouri, has a canine mascot. The girls chose a big, beautiful German police dog, Kurt von Lindenholz, commonly known as Kurt.

Kurt's grandfather was Nemo von Hoheluft, of the Palisade Kennels in New York, who was nine times champion of the Madison square Garden Dog Show; and his father, Komet, was equally famous. His mother also comes from a very distinguished dog family. So Kurt is quite well-bred enough to be a proper mascot for such an old and famous college as Lindenwood.

Kurt was born on February 1, 1921, and has ten brothers and sisters. He came to the college on April 1 of that year, having been presented to the president, Dr. John Lincoln Roemer,

by Dr. Kurt Stumberg, attending physician of the college and member of the Board of Directors, for whom Kurt is named. "Von Lindenholz" means literally "of Lindenwood", so the name is very much in keeping with the institution of which Kurt is a most important member.

It has been said of a German police dog in general that he is a "one man dog." This is indeed true, as every dog lover well knows, and Kurt is no exception to the rule. He is devoted to his master and can always be seen near Dr. Roemer as he walks about the campus. Strange to say, Kurt cares nothing at all for girls, although he has spent most of his life in a place where girls make up the greater part of the population.

One of his duties is to go with the night watchman as he patrols the campus at night. He understands this duty and is always alert and watching for any signs of prowlers. He knows the guards by their badges and caps, and has often refused to attend a man until he has donned these emblems of his official duties.

For a long while there was another mascot with whom Kurt shared honors on the campus. This was the small, woolly, beautiful white Alaskan Spitz dog, "Lin". Lin was a great deal older than Kurt and had acquired precedence with his age. Kurt gave Lin his preference in all things and was a devoted friend to the smaller dog. When Lin died in June, 1925, Kurt missed him a great deal and seemed to grow lonely. During the first few weeks Kurt went often to Lin's grave on the side of the hill near the old cemetery and there grieved for his dead comrade. Often he could be heard howling in the cemetery at night and would be found near his companion's grave. When school began again, however, Kurt was called into such active service in guarding the campus and performing his other duties that he no longer had time to harbor his grief and soon became once again his usual solemn, grave, slow, intelligent self.

An amusing story is told which well illustrates Kurt's remarkable instinct or intelligence, whichever it may be. As has been mentioned, he never notices the girls at all. He is, however, a staunch friend of the lady faculty members and acts as escort to those who live off the campus when they are leaving the grounds at night. When he first came to Lindenwood as a puppy of course all the students noticed him and tried to play with him. He ignored them and maintained his usual calm indifference. One young lady was especially eager to win his favor but he ignored her advances as completely as he did those of others. This girl graduated one year and became a member of the faculty of her alma mater the same autumn, only the vacation

months having intervened. Kurt immediately had her placed as a member of the faculty. She had long since given up all hopes of winning the favor of Kurt's elusive dog nature. Imagine her surprise, therefore, when she found him escorting her home at night when she would leave the campus late! The dog knew there was a difference between the person as a student and as a member of the faculty, but how he knew it no one can tell. Perhaps it was the added dignity which being a member of the faculty gave to the girl, or perhaps it was just his canine instinct which told him there was a difference, but, whatever it was, Kurt knew and performed his duty accordingly.

#### LINDENWOOD SENIOR NAMED AMONG KANSAS POETS

In the Topeka Capital there appeared a sonnet, under the head "With the Kansas Poets", which was written by a Lindenwood girl, Florence Good. The poem follows:

Like shades of twilight in the fresh  
springtime,  
So are my many dreams of dusky  
hue.  
Soft, graying mist of deepest, sad-  
dest blue  
Do clothe these tender, phantom  
dreams of mine.  
Pale webs of silver, misty shadowy  
fine,  
Sparkling in glowing sun, all dia-  
mond dew,  
Are blurred, sometimes, by  
shadows, just a few,  
That crush my heart. Oh! can that  
be a sign?  
I sit lone with these, my sun-lit  
dreams,  
Dreams that transient ever are and  
fleet,  
Woven with myriad, singing  
thoughts of you  
Until the memory that holds me  
seems  
To bring you near, and whisper  
portent sweet  
That you, somewhere, perhaps, are  
dreaming too.

#### SOLILOQUY

I once thought God was two great  
eyes, soft and filled with supreme  
compassion, so full that our human  
mistakes caused them to mist over  
with tears that fell in precious drops.

But now I know that each man is  
a God within himself and that the two  
eyes is a child's God.

I once thought an October moon  
was a pumpkin for witches to brew  
in, a pumpkin with walls of bitter-  
sweet and a flame in his heart to warm  
sleek black cats.

But now I know it to be the sign  
for geese over-head to shrill their last

wild cry and the pumpkin is a child's  
fancy.

I once thought that life was laugh-  
ter made warm by love, as sunshine on  
green growing things, love that makes  
it husky.

But now I know that life is pain  
and the laughter is a child's love.

T. D.

#### COMPARISON OF EDITORIALS

By Dixie Laney

The Chicago Daily News and the  
St. Louis Post Dispatch are two news-  
papers which differ a great deal as to  
the form of the editorials. The dif-  
ference is probably due to the founders  
of these papers, along with the envi-  
ronment of each paper. The first edi-  
tors as they were in their home life  
and as they were in their philosophy  
of life, were of a varied nature. The  
papers grew to be the products of their  
handiwork even until this day their  
personality radiates through the re-  
spective papers in no small sense. The  
reader is forced to notice the many  
differences as he glances down the edi-  
torial pages.

In the Chicago Daily News the first  
thing one is apt to notice is the name  
of the founder Victor F. Lawson, fol-  
lowed by a complete list of the news  
offices which are stationed over all the  
world. Then it reminds one that it  
has the services of the Associated Press,  
of the publisher Walter A. Strong, and  
Charles H. Dennis as Editor. Next of  
interest is a strictly traditional custom  
of the News, of publishing the sworn  
statement of the last month's correct  
number of copies sold.

The editorial page of the Post-Dis-  
patch begins with the name of Joseph  
Pulitzer as founder in 1878. The  
most striking feature is the publication,  
each day, of the platform of principles  
as Pulitzer wrote it, April 10, 1907:

I know that my retirement will  
make no difference in its cardinal  
principles, that it will always fight  
for progress or reform, never tol-  
erate injustice or corruption, always  
fight demagogues of all parties,  
never belong to any party, always  
oppose privileged classes and public  
plunderers, never lack sympathy  
with the poor, always remain de-  
voted to the public welfare, never  
be satisfied with merely printing  
news, always be drastically indepen-  
dent; never be afraid to attack  
wrong, whether by predatory pluto-  
cracy or predatory poverty.

Among typical editorials in the  
Chicago Daily News one is apt to find  
such articles as: Cutting out the  
Politics, New York's Stand on Pro-  
hibition, Woman Students; Football  
Junkets, The Capitulation of Trotzky

These editorials give evidence of a  
paper taking interest in national and  
international news as well as local.

The St. Louis Post-Dispatch pub-

lishes quite a different sort of editorial  
page. The first column instead of be-  
ing some article of international inter-  
est which is placed there by the editor  
for emphasis contains letters from the  
people.

Considering the historical signifi-  
cance of the two papers, the Chicago  
Daily News is the life work of Victor  
F. Lawson who died August 25,  
1925. He left \$15,000,000, which  
he had made out of the paper. The  
paper began right after the Chicago  
fire, which contributed much to its ad-  
vancement. One of the things which  
it has stood for is the apology for any  
mistakes made on the paper at any  
time. Today the Chicago Daily News  
ranks as one of the "dominant" ten  
newspapers in the country.

#### THE FRESHMEN

By Norma Paul Ruedi

(All Rights Reserved)

Oh the Freshmen  
Oh the Freshmen,  
You can tell them by their talk  
By their twittering and their stam-  
mering,  
And their undecided walk.

You will meet them on the campus  
Reading books of emerald green,  
That are full of words of wisdom  
And the message of the Dean.

They look up in mortal terror  
At the august student board.  
And invade the cunning tea room  
With the pennies that they hoarde.

How engrossed they are in learning  
The times that they may go  
To St. Louis for the week-end  
To see with him a show.

Sometimes they fail to welcome  
A Sophomore with a smile,  
Then they hear the cryptic warning,  
"We'll get even after while!"

They are homesick of a night time,  
And are blue at lack of mail;  
They bemoan their fates they can-  
not  
Ride at night with Jim or Gale.

But their lives are very simple  
Till the day of finals come,  
Then they find that little Freshies  
Are often very dumb.

In a year, they will be scorning  
All the innocent and small,  
Poor, terrified new Freshman  
Who are living in their hall.

#### GAINS FROM COLLEGE LIFE

By Helen H. Hammer

The fact that our colleges and uni-  
versities are packed with students,  
some eager for learning, others eager  
for fun, presents us with the need to  
view education in a new light. But  
whatever may be the motive which  
prompts a boy or girl to go to college

or however poor a scholar he may be, he gains from college many valuable experiences.

To the student who is thirsting for knowledge, the college proves a fairy-land of wonder where he can experiment and study to his heart's content. Each lecture and address seems to him to be a special challenge to go forth to do big things. His wits and reason, too, are sharpened by his contact and association with others more brilliant than himself. Never does his purpose fail or falter.

However, the student who enters college without this desire for learning does not find his experiences so rich. But even though he misses much of the real pleasure, he gains from his experiences there the virtues which prove most valuable in later life. From his college the student learns the true meaning of loyalty and is able to be loyal at all times when he goes out in the world. He acquires also, the spirit of sportsmanship and service which tend to strengthen and build up his character. Honor and honesty, vital elements in all college life, are also vital in social life, and the person who learns to depend on them early is better able to meet the problems which later on he will be forced to face. If all a student gained going to college would be a firm belief in these ideals his going would be justified.

But even the most careless student gains more than this. Besides the smattering of knowledge which he absorbs in the class room, he gains assurance, poise, and the ability to meet people. All these are assets in the world into which he will go. Even though his path may lead to simple ordinary pursuits, his experiences will make him more capable and better fitted to deal with the questions which will rise to meet him. His education will not have been wasted.

### COLLEGE LANGUAGE

*By Elizabeth Kuykendall*

Collegiate language is certainly misleading to those not "in the know." would Grandfather, for instance, understand the devoted grandson, if that grandson should proudly declare that he hadn't "cracked a book" for such and such a course? Would he know that "cracking a book" is synonymous, in the collegiate mind, with the more genteel but less expressive "studying"? Probably not. Those of an older generation are quite likely to become hopelessly lost in the turns of a sprightly collegiate conversation. Instead why shouldn't they? Students of their day possessed no such vocabulary. Webster failed to include our present day words. But the language of the college student is not to be condemned because of its newness, for it is newness that makes it sparkle with life and expressiveness, which in town are the distinguishing features of the modern youth.

### GIRLS WHO CAN ANSWER "WHAT SHALL I WEAR?"

Men, step right this way! Here in Lindenwood can be found the most efficient and economical of wives. Not only do the girls in the Home Economics department learn how to cook all sorts of savory dishes and to serve large formal dinners, but they are even given a whole course in "Textiles", which enables them to tell what materials are the most practical and most lasting, and thus teaches them to save money in their wardrobes.

"Our whole idea in this course is to make it as practical as possible", says Miss Strain, a new teacher in the Home Economics department, who is in charge of the class. "Everything is done from the standpoint of house-keeping rather than that of science. We test all sorts of materials with simple tests that any housewife could use in her home."

The course must be most fascinating for the girls. One especially interesting work they are doing is the writing of a chapter for a text book by each student. These compositions are on the subject of "Rayon", and are to be written in such a manner that they could be inserted in an approved text on Textiles.

Each girl has an additional term problem in the form of some practical experiment which will be of later use to them. A few of the typical problems are, "Should I object to Rayon in my Hose?" "What stains will Commercial Stain Removers Successfully Remove?" and "What Kinds of Silk and Wool Dresses can be Successfully Washed?" The results of these experiments will certainly be enlightening, and may be given to the rest of the student body in an exhibition to be given by that department later in the year. They should be received with joy by many Lindenwood girls who are in the habit of running big bills at the cleaners.

When the girls have finished this course, there is no doubt that they will run the manufacturers' faulty materials out of business, and at any rate, they will themselves be always faultlessly and economically attired, with all thanks due to Miss Strain.

### PROGRAM BY IRWIN ARTISTS

Jazz is not the only thing that is dominant in the Irwin Club's get-together. At their last meeting, October 27, classical as well as popular music was heard. Jean Kingsbury played the popular Juba Dance, while Florence Lottman gave a violin solo. Dorothy Jansen read a humorous sketch. The new girls were delighted to hear her; while of course every old girl knows what Dorothy can do. A meeting cannot be complete unless Vivian Nickolas plays. She surely did play that somewhat ancient piece, "Kitten on the Keys" dandy. The old expression "a

good time was had by all" speaks of the sentiment of all those present.

### GET READY FOR XMAS

What shall I buy Mother for Christmas, and don't forget Dad and Sis, and Bud and then there's Mary, and Tom and Jim. My, what a lot of presents to buy, with not much time to shop after you get home either. But don't worry, because there's a little surprise awaiting you. Prick up your ears and listen. On Friday, December 10, from 3 to 8 o'clock the Art Department will have a Christmas Bazaar, which will be given for the benefit of the Mary Easton Sibley Scholarship Fund. There will be articles of all sorts and descriptions, so whoop 'em up, girls, and make out that Christmas list so you'll be all ready to take advantage of this wonderful opportunity the art bazaar.

### A TALE

I saw a maiden,  
Fair was she  
And tall  
But Oh, my dears,  
It was a crime  
To all  
To see that maid,  
How she looked  
And walked.  
T'was exactly like  
A striped mule  
That balked.  
I saw this maid  
But my dear  
You know  
You can't surmise  
What a change  
And so  
I stopped and talked  
She told me,  
Tis true  
That the A. A.  
Can do it  
For you.  
The posture tests  
Are not hard  
They say,  
And if you like  
You may  
Take them today.

### HOMESICKNESS

*By Winnifred Scholer*

Of the many problems that confront a freshman, probably the greatest is that of homesickness. It is like a contagious malady, a plague that sweeps one's entire being, it seems, laying many low for several weeks. It is like a mathematical example, a problem, something to ponder over and work over with serious thought. To some the solution comes readily and in a few days they are again content with the world. To others the solution is never revealed as the feeling returns at unexpected moments and the answer for conquering it remains un-

solved forever.

When first venturing forth as a freshman, the entire aspect seems rosy. It is not until we have said the final good-bye to family and many friends, and find ourselves for the first time really alone that we suddenly note that peculiar aching feeling which we can not quite locate. It seems to creep slowly over us and to take our last ounce of resistance. It is an indescribable something, that holds us in its fiendish grasp, making us unable to shake it off.

That dull throb which gives us that lost all gone feeling, why must we have it? Is it a lesson in appreciation of the little things we have let carelessly slip by unnoticed? How we long for those minor things that made up our every day life! We sit in a stupor as these slip across our memory, the one way of living over past events. A certain victrola record, how lonesome it makes us! A certain favorite chair at home, a photograph, that comfortable pair of old patent leather pumps, you place at the table and a thousand other little things bring a rush of tears and we know that we shall never be able to feel really ever quite the same as before we left. We draw a deep breath in an endeavor to clear our brain of this monster, but we can not quite get past that little catch, that smothered feeling, and so we remain in that state of coma, homesickness.

We are not alone in our problem as it seems to confront everyone who leaves home for the first time. Even those who have returned for their second or third year get a tinge of it at times. It is a perfume which permeates the entire atmosphere. Next to love, homesickness is a most deadly affliction. We care nothing for food, are unable to think clearly and are seized alternately with fits of anger and moroseness. Like a fever, we think it is cured entirely but the next day it again mounts high and we are still in its power.

We organize all our will power and resolve to look into the future instead of the past. It is always darkest before the dawn and happiness is bound to come. For those who are of this turn of mind, it is heaven sent gift as they are able at last to overcome that evil spirit, homesickness and rise above its grasp. They find the solution and by watchful care are able to avoid further severe attacks. For the remainder, homesickness and its close attendant, self pity, reign supreme in their minds. They are unable to conquer themselves in short, and must be content with the pleasure of living in the past, small, in comparison, to that of living in the future.

### JOURNALISM IN JAPAN

By Florence Good

Only sixty years have elapsed since modern journalism made its entry into

Japan. In this early period, imitating British journals, great stress was laid upon political discussions. News, at this time was divided into two kinds: "Koha" and "Nampa", that is heavy news and light news. Politics, diplomacy, religion, economics, and education were regarded as heavy news. Theatres, celebrations, festivals, crimes, amusements and literature were regarded as light news. Even after the two classes were combined into one, this distinction remained and the light news writers received smaller salaries and lower ranking positions. However, Japan later began to imitate American journalism and consequently treated the so-called light news with more cordiality. It gradually grew in importance until it now occupies a prominent position in Japanese papers. These stories were read by a larger number of people, and thus caused the widening of the sphere of light news. To-day even the heavy news is treated in the style of "Nampa" or the light news.

There is no newspaper in the world that is so much given to printing serial stories as are those of Japan. Essays and fiction appear every day. An American journalist, noting this, once stated this criticism.

"The newspaper is a publication, every issue of which is complete in itself. To print today a continuation of an article of yesterday, is to submerge the meaning of the newspaper.

The Japanese press is of paramount importance in the Americanization of the alein Japanese population of the islands. These people, unable to read or speak English must rely upon these papers for all information concerning everything from the enactment of new social customs. Thus the racial strains are more closely united.

In order to disseminate among the different countries a better understanding and more complete knowledge of countries and races and to promote a closer unity between them, the press of all countries urged the practice of interchanging journalists. These journalists are to spare no effort in promoting a spirit of world fellowship and understanding.

### FIRST MUSIC RECITAL

Tuesday afternoon, November the second, the students gave their first music recital. The program was divided into three parts, the first composed of five piano numbers, the second, three group of solos. The closing two numbers were piano. "Juba Dance" by Dett, the first number by Jean Kingsbury was a sprightly dance. Contrasting with this was the melodious and plaintive "Lento" by Cyril Scott, played by Elizabeth French. Frances Wachter's number was the technical "Preamble" by Bach. Sylvia Carmichael played "Polichinelle" by the Russian composer Rachmaninoff. Pauline Davis, an upper classman, gave

"Valse Impromptu" with nice expression and a very light touch.

The first song was by Lillian Wolf, mezzo-soprano, consisting of a plaintive song "When Roses Bloom" and Leoni's impression "Birth of Morn". "Duna" familiar and popular, was the first number of the second group by Virginia Ruth Bear. She also sang "Winter Butterflies", a delightful, fanciful thing. Brahms' favorite "Lullaby" and the charming "Lass with the delicate air" by Arne comprised the last group, sung by Dorothy Gartner, a freshman with an extremely high range.

Vivian Nicholas played beautifully her piano solo, "Revery Op. 31" by Margaret R. Lang. Perhaps the outstanding feature of the recital was the closing group of the program by Genevieve Rowe, an advanced music special. Her numbers were "Serenta" by D'Albert and "La Jardin sur La pluie" by the modern composer Debussy. Miss Rowe not only puts expression into her playing but her interpretation is of good quality.

### THE FRESHMAN'S HEAVEN

Last night I was talking  
With a Freshman, old and gray,  
Who told me of a dream he had,  
Way back on Christening Day,  
While snoozing in his history,  
The vision came to view  
For he saw an angel enter,  
Draped in garments white and new.

Said the angel, "I m from Heaven;  
I have just been sent down,  
To bring you up to glory,  
And put on a golden crown,  
You've been an A-1 student  
And studied night and day;  
You've loaned to many a Soph,  
And helped them through the fray  
But what did you get for pay?"

"So we want you up in Glory  
For the noble work you've done;  
And the good Lord is preparing  
Your Eternal just reward."

Then the angel and the Frosh  
Started up toward Glory's Gate  
But when passing close to Hades,  
The angel murmured, "Wait".

"I have a place to show you  
It's the hottest place in hell  
Where the Sophs who ever razzed you  
In torment always dwell".  
And behold the Freshman saw there,  
His old rivals by the score;  
And grabbing up a chair and fan,  
He said, "I wish for nothing more".

He was bound to sit and watch them,  
As they sizzled, singed and burned,  
And his eyes would rest on Sophomores.

Whichever way they turned,  
Said the angel, "Come on Frosh,  
There's the Pearly Gates to see."  
But the Freshman only murmured,  
"This is Heaven enough for me."

(Continued From Page 1)

a score of 5 to 10 in the favor of the Sophs.

The game was a swift one in fact probably the fastest game played on the Lindenwood field this season. Both teams were in excellent trim for a conflict. The Freshmen exhibited a great improvement in team-work and speed. The swift passes made by the wings and the long "socks" made by the center halfback, Turnbull with the long drives made by Miller, caused the Sophs considerable score making.

The Sophomores played an excellent game, ever playing their passes and exercising some evidence of head-work. Some beautiful co-operative passes were hurled across the field because of the players combined speed and accurate hitting.

These games promise something mighty good for the Thanksgiving game between the Missouri and the Kansas team. We shall see what we shall see at that time of the season!

### COURT FOOLS AND SAILORS ELBOWED WITH ROYALTY

On October 29 the gym was the scene of Lindenwood's Hallowe'en party. Ooh! Ooh! Ghosts! With a weird clanking of chains they pushed back the curious group of masqueraders and the witches entered, pulling their heavy black caldron. After many incantations suddenly there was a movement inside and there burst forth an imprisoned maiden, masked. The witches tried in vain to force her under their power again, but aided by two sprites she escaped to the throne, where she was unmasked by Dr. Roemer and crowned Lindenwood's Hallowe'en queen, she was Helen Condon of Omaha, Nebraska.

Those taking part in entry were Margaret Madden, Marion Eldredge, Harriet Liddle, Annavere Brookshire, Margaret Mahan, Marea Hempleman, Ruth Bullion, Katherine Perry, Sue Campbell, and Ida Hayes.

When Queen Helen took her place on the throne and her loyal subjects, gathered to pay her homage on Hallowe'en, she indeed might have been bewildered by their great variety.

There were the sweetest of old-fashioned girls. Marian Sulleba looked the very picture of ye olden tyme, with her hair piled high under a tiny hat. Her dress was her mother's wedding gown, white net trimmed with old lace and white satin ribbon, and her slippers were also worn by her mother on that occasion. Two girls (really they looked like twins) Lenore Shofild and Betty Howland, with long black frocks and powdered wigs pictured another age. Then there were maids of the old South, with tiny pantalettes.

Sailor lads were present in abundance. Must have been many off on shore leave. And good looking men! Why import any? Harriet Liddle was

surely a blond heart smasher, and "Tony" Miller looked mighty collegiate. Some military school had sent a delegate, oh no, it was Betty Denslow.

Really all queens need court fools in their entourage and Lindenwood's had hers. Topsy (Mary Jane White) and Eva (Mary Elizabeth Merrill) kept up their good work all evening. In fact Topsy reigned in place of the queen when she was dancing with her courtiers. From somewhere out in the country Blocher and "Did" wandered in to the party. Wonder where they got their skill in round dancing?

That wandering people, the gypsies, had sent fortune tellers to help us find our fate. Margaret Madden and Virginia Denton plied their trade in a hut aided by a black, black cat. Miss Terhune was a most populr gypsy that evening.

The attractive queen of last year, Betty Birch, came as a swashbuckling pirate, bringing several members of her crew. Ho hum and a bottle of cider!

Freshmen aren't the only Sweet Young Things on the campus, because the number of children at the dance were surprising. Elizabeth Barnes, president of the Y. W. and so hostess at the party, looked too young for the job with her hair down her bark (yes, sir, down) and a big doll to help out. A most precocious child in rompers was really dignified Sophomore, Audrey Weinberg.

A most dashing Spanish couple were Delta Neumann and Ayleen Baker. Then too there were clowns, farmers, pierrettes, ballet dancers and every other costume that suited the girl and the occasion.

### TELLS OF THE VITAPHONE

*Annual Fall Address by Richard Spamer*

"Music, Drama, and the Field of Amusement" was the subject of the lecture delivered by Mr. Richard Spamer in Roemer auditorium Thursday morning, October 21. The most of the lecture was taken up with a detailed explanation of the Vitaphone and its possibilities for the motion picture industry.

Mr. Spamer said: "The Vitaphone is a most remarkable invention for its field of exercise. It is a curious combination of light and sound. It creates this union from the life of the ordinary motion picture by use of the correct electric machine. A few years ago Thomas A. Edison worked on a similar arrangement, but he was unable to perfect it, and his efforts were shifted to other fields.

"Years ago the movie was for amusement only. It did not include art nor education, but was a vacuous way of killing time; nevertheless it has come to stay since the movie has now arrived on a commercial basis. It is a question to me whether we will get as much from motion pictures as we have from the drama which it is quickly

displacing.

"There is no other form of amusement which people attend so regularly and so universally as they do movies. Fifteen to twenty people in the United States go to the movies within every twenty four hours. There are no less than 30,000 movies. Why the magnetic force? Because we learn to understand pictures before we learn to read. It requires such a little thought and yet we are highly entertained.

"Mr. Will Hays is introducing the Vitaphone, and after one looks for a minute at the black screen, his shadow appears and it begins to talk. He taps the desk and both that and his voice can be heard. The enunciation is perfect. The next is the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. The notes of each instrument can be distinguished easily, even the forty violins. By the way, it is a mighty good way to learn to play the violin!

"Because of the ignorance of the value of the Vitaphone to motion picture industry, one number is given of a man with a ukulele. The music such as it is, is all there. The more and the harder he plunks the clearer the reproduction is. Th ukulele man cannot play too fast for the Vitaphone. Marion Talley sings an aria from Rigolet to and the closing act is a regular picture of John Barrymore in Don Juan, with the shadow orchestra playing."

### AND IT WAS THE OTHER ONE AFTER ALL!

Lindenwood College is unusually honored this year in having a pair of Southern twins among her students. The Bacon twins come from Dallas, Texas, as freshmen. They look very much alike, which makes it very difficult at times for those who come in contact with them to be sure which one the conversation should be directed to, for the best results. They are often guilty of sarcasm but this is usually uttered in a clever and tactful way.

The supreme love for the game of tennis seems to be one of their most characteristic tendencies in the sport-world, and they are both able to play the game with considerable art.

Frances and Dell have entered into the spirit of the college this year without delay and are fast proving their abilities in various fields of activity. They are enrolled in the Commercial department of the college and are efficient in the work of the business world. Their abilities seem to be somewhat the same in this respect, while in others, such as in the case of men and other friends as well, they differ in many instances. However it is found that without much trouble they are able to agree and to be successful in most of their personal dealings together and with their associates.

The twins are well liked and are popular on the Lindenwood campus this year. It has been two years since the college has had twins in its midst.

## LINDENWOOD HAS A QUEEN

Miss Jefferson City at Lindenwood

Who'd a thank it? But it's true. Yes sir, Girls, and you didn't know about it. My! but you're slow. It will have to be told you. We have a Queen in our midst!

Miss Evelyn Manchester, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Manchester of Jefferson City, Mo., is "Miss Jefferson City". She was chosen by the artists Diaz and Naegle who went to Jefferson City last year and put on the contest. Out of twenty contestants Evelyn was chosen to represent the city. After serving as "Miss Jefferson City" she was taken to Texas where she competed against forty-eight other beauties from all over the United States, Canada and Mexico, and don't ever think she didn't win tenth place, receiving a hundred dollars. While in Texas she spent most of her time in Galveston and Houston, where she was entertained royally with balls, receptions, dances, and other things due to a queen.

President Baldwin of the Mo. Pacific presented Evelyn with a huge cake with this inscription on it: "To Miss Evelyn Manchester Miss Jefferson City, Enroute to Beauty Pageant from President Baldwin." Evelyn was showered with presents and flowers of all descriptions. It must be wonderful to be a queen, but it doesn't seem to elate Evelyn at all and in telling about it she was quite timid and bashful, but queenly along with it.

Y. W. CONDUCTED  
BY FRESHMEN

By the program which they presented at Y. W. C. A. on October 20, the Freshmen showed that they are not only willing, but most capable to help make this year the best for Y. W. as well as other activities. The program, planned by Virginia Ott was: song, Dorothy Gartner; talk, "What I Expect to Get from the Lindenwood Y. W.", Dorothy Alley; song by all; talk, "What I Expect to Give to the Lindenwood Y. W.", Betty Kelso; song and a reading, "Elizabeth", by Josephine Bowman. The meeting closed with the benediction.

## PLEDGES PRESENT PLAY

The pledges of the Lindenwood Players gave their initiation play entitled "The Man in the Bowler Hat" on the afternoon of October 27.

Every girl rushed for a seat because she rightly prophesied that it would be a very clever and amusing intertainment.

The girls who took part were Lucy Mae Sharon, Helen Baker, Margaret Madden, George Evelyn Cone, Dorothy Dunseth, Aileen Davidson and Mary Louise Blocher who was the mysterious man in the bowler hat.



Dood Night Dir!s! What's a poor old dog gonna do if you don't stir up some excitement? Things are happening for sure, but they're certainly being kept under cover and away from my searching eyes. 'Cause I've got these old squinters open and if I see anything at all down it goes. Maybe you're just getting the best of me. Well that's all right, but watch your step cause pretty soon I'll come back good and strong.

I've been watching the actions of this Senior who heads the Student Body and I confess that the actions are decidedly queer. Is it that poor Lalia is left out completely, or that this Jennie person just has such an irresistible charm that the girl can't get around it and has left the first lady of her heart in the lurch? Never mind, though little girl just like the street car, there'll be another one along. Keep on hoping for bigger and better things. But perhaps we'd better leave off the bigger.

Ah! Sibley is the place where ghosts walk and talk. Who didn't feel a shiver run down their spine when the opening chords of a hymn were played on the organ last Monday Night, Hallowe'en. I tried my best to get over there and peek in the windows, but it was pitch dark and the windows were too high for me to jump in. I'd love to be able to tell you who did it, but of course, you understand why I can't. Spooky things were going on that night too, because a certain girl on the third floor was awakened by a spook in the middle of the night. She didn't see who it was but footsteps in the hall told the tale. Come on Miss Ghost and give yourself up.

Speaking of rating—this person on third floor Sibley must broadcast that she has a sweet tooth. I know of two boxes of candy she's rated in the last week. Can you wait to be Mrs. Astor strutting around after that. I wish she'd throw me a piece, but she prized it so highly that no one got a smell, especially of the last one. I wonder who it could have possibly been from. You'd of thought the King of England or the Prince of Wails sent it, from the way she handled it. First thing we know there'll be a glass case appearing with said box in it.

I've been witnessing a funny situation lately. Let's say it's the Davidson-Edwards-Brubaker corporation. Aline stands on the Stately steps of Sibley and Bernice says, "lets go to my house," and Adeline says, "Come to my house." It looks to me like

poor Aline is between the Devil and the deep blue sea. Figure out for yourself which is which. I just wondered if she did right by going with the Freshman. You never can tell but it looked like she was happy anyhow.

So Peggy Denise knows Lillie's grandmother's first cousin's sons! Well isn't that queer? And how did she meet him? At the football game. Tra la. But I'm not for saying how. It would be lots of fun to be Lillie's kinery, don't you think Peggy?

Things weren't as bad as they looked and I think I've done right noble this time considering the lack of material. Hope you all (as these Southern girls would say Y'ALL) Anyway I hope Y'all enjoyed it.

I guess I'll go. I just saw Delta and Hap go down the road so I gotta go, I'd hate to miss anything. Best wishes for a happy New Year.

Also a Merry Crossmas.

## "SLANG TOO POPULAR"

By Helen Hammer

The fact that college students all over the country have so little regard for the English language is bewailed by professors and educators in general. For the last few years, the youth of our country in the universities have seemed to abandon the pure and beautiful English for the more common, vulgar slang. The very people who are in a few years to become the leaders of society and who are expected to be examples of the cultured man or woman—products of our great educational system—pay least attention to the mastering of their own language. There must be a change within our school or else in the general attitude of the students themselves in order to convert this very grave situation. If we fail to do this the beauty and the traditions which surround our language will be lost.

## New Strand Theatre

Wednesday

"Why Girls Go Back Home"

— with —

PATSY RUTH MILLER

Friday Night—Saturday Matinee

"Her Second Chance"

(Now at Grand Central Theatre, St. Louis)

— with —

ANNA D. NILSSON

Saturday Night

W. C. FIELDS

— in —

"So's Your Old Man"

(Now at Missouri Theatre, St. Louis)

Coming Next Week

RED GRANGE

— in —

"One Minute To Go"

"The Great Gatsby"