

LINDEN BARK

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Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Mo. Wednesday, January 13, 1926.

Price 5c

THINGS MOST IMPORTANT

Dr. Buschman Contrasts Life Values.

At the Thursday morning assembly, December 3, Dr. L. V. Buschman, of the Tyler Place Presbyterian Church, addressed the faculty and student body. After winning the rapt attention of his audience through his genial humor he began his discussion of "The Worth While Things of Life."

In an informal manner which endeared him to the hearts of his hearers and was enthusiastically commented on by all, he discussed the four things which seem of the most intrinsic value in this life.

Of all the many valuable attributes of life presenting themselves for consideration, health is one of the greatest. Dr. Buschman put health before religion, because he felt that "no man can glorify God or enjoy life here or hereafter if he fails to take care of his physical body." Another interesting way of looking at the matter is that a person's health is a bank deposit, credited to his account by ancestors, which may be easily increased or checked out entirely.

The care given the body was unfavorably contrasted with that greater care generally given to the family automobile, in spite of the fact that is possible to have a dozen cars and only one physical body. "However," the speaker remarked, "One does not need to put alcohol in the body to keep it from freezing, nor to paint and enamel it."

In spite of the fact that many people question the monetary value of learning, Dr. Buschman believes that knowledge is truly power and thus he chose learning as the second vitally worth while thing in life. Although not always recognized at its face value in the industrial strife of the world, the reward of knowledge lies in the satisfaction gained from being able to penetrate the mysteries of life. His advice was, "to know all you can about some one subject, but also to know something about all subjects. Don't have a single track mind."

Possibly the most fragile thing in life is a person's reputation. No one can ever be entirely free from the influence of what people think, and the reputation of a life time may easily be destroyed, never to be gained again.

While reputation is what people
(Continued on Page 7)

ST. CHARLES MERCHANT KNOWN AS BENEFACTOR

Sometimes people wonder how it is that the Lindenwood girls can do so much for the poor of the county at Christmas time. The secret is out! A LINDEN BARK representative sent out for a good story, did a little detective work following this scent as a lead, and found the root of all the goodness. It is through the generosity of Mr. Kuhlman of the Kuhlman Dry Goods Store of St. Charles, that we are enabled to do much which we do accomplish. For several years he has given a 10% discount on all the goods purchased of him for this purpose and often there are found, also, little extra things tucked into the bundles which he slips in out of the goodness of his heart. So we do honor to this good man who so wholeheartedly and generously helps us to spread a bit of sunshine on the Yule-tide and we wish him all the success, happiness, and prosperity which the good will and best wishes of five hundred healthy, happy, Lindenwood girls can bring.

AMAZONS BECOME SPRITES

Almost overnight an amazing change was wrought at Lindenwood, for due to the alluring power of the gentle patron goddess of the dance, the lion-hearted amazons of the hockey field have become either bewitching nymphs and sprites, or jolly, rhythmic cloggers. From the close of the fall sports, December 7, the newly formed dancing classes have crowded Butler Gymnasium to its utmost capacity.

The popularity of the dancing classes is due, in a great part, to the instinctive desire of many students for rhythmic expression under the inspiring leadership of physical education faculty, although it is rumored that before the holidays some of the overly plump ones welcomed the exercise as an opportunity to lose some of their surplus avoirdupois. The first lessons of the classes in natural dancing were accompanied with cries of distress when the tender bare feet came in contact with the cold floor, but soon the feet were forgotten except as a means for the greater expression of some musical fancy.

The progress that the dancing classes have already made promises well for their future activities in participation of the spring Mayday activities.

ROTARIANS AT LINDENWOOD

*First Birthday of Local Club
Celebrated*

Friday evening, December 11, the St. Charles Rotary Club celebrated its first anniversary at Lindenwood. John C. Hall, Governor of the 14th District of Rotary, and his wife, and Hiram C. Martin, organizer of the St. Charles Club, from St. Louis, were the honor guests. The Rotary Anns were also present.

There were special tables in the dining room for the 36 Lindenwood girls whose fathers or brothers were Rotarians; and of these girls, Bernice Edwards of Joplin, is a real Rotary Annette, because her father is president of the Rotarians, and her mother is president of the Rotary Anns.

The Rotary colors were carried out in the decorations; clown's hats of gold and blue paper, and large paper mums. The large basket of roses, which the local Rotary Club presented to the Roemers, was on the honor table. The American flag, and the Rotary flag were hung in the dining room.

There was much hilarity during the meal; under the leadership of Guy C. Motley, president of the local club, the Rotary songs were sung; and the hit of the evening was Mr. Motley's solo. The peppy Lindenwood jazz orchestra furnished the other music. Gov. Hall responded to the welcoming address.

After dinner, the men had a short meeting; then at 8 o'clock the dance began; music was furnished by the St. Charles orchestra.

During the intermission, Betty Birch read two selections; Clara Bowles sang two numbers, and a double quartette sang two Christmas numbers.

Dr. Roemer, in behalf of the St. Charles Club, presented Mr. Motley with a Dutch silver cigarette case, and W. F. Knox, secretary, with cuff buttons.

The officers of the Rotary Club are: Guy C. Motley, president; Matt Gauss, vice-president; W. F. Knox, secretary; J. C. Willbrand, treasurer; Dr. John L. Roemer and J. Ed. Travis are board members of the club.

A DAY AT CATHEDRALS

The following girls, with Miss Lineman as chaperone, spent a very enjoyable day in the city, November 22;

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LINDEN BARK

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Mary Bryan, '28.
Margaret Mary Ransom, '27.
Mary Chapman, '28.
June Taylor, '28.

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Mary Tripodi, '29.
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Irene Van Evera, '29.
Louise Wielandy, '29.
Elizabeth Young, '29.

Wednesday, January 13, 1926.

*"Genuine Work alone, what thou
workest faithfully, that is eternal,
as the Almighty Founder and World
Builder Himself."*

*Carlyle—Past and Present.
Bk. II, Ch. XVIII.*

RESOLUTIONS FOR LINDENWOOD

About this time of the year, we hear a lot of talk about new resolutions and new beginnings and new holds on life way? Why is a resolution? Well, why is anything? Like Postum, there's a reason.

But resolutions don't count for such a difference in the happenings of the new year after all. Mainly because they are seldom carried out. It is the things that are to happen which make for such a lot in our histories. For 99 years the people who have made Lindenwood what she is have been working for the highest attainable goal a college can succeed to and '26 is the home stretch. The last year before our hundredth birthady! And what a year it is to be! Girls, faculty, directors, everybody are working together on this, the last lap of our long-run race.

And where are our resolutions? What is to be attained? Let's enumerate. Well, there's the Mary Easton Sibley Fund to be completed so that in '27 L. C. alumnae can begin to give material aid to others, less fortunate than they, to enable them to obtain the advantages offered by and on our campus. Then there are the same high standards of young womanhood and of scholarship to keep up. Someone has called us the "Wellesley of the West" and we are flattered, but do you know, girls, that there are at least five other colleges for women west of the Mississippi which lay claim to the same title? There's another goal, to

establish such a claim to be not the "Wellesley", but the "Leader of the West" that the other places will be out of the running entirely. Of course we know we have it cinched, but do *they*? Then there is another little thing we are all a bit ticklish on, and don't like to think about. That's leaving. To our already long list of New Year's resolutions let's add still another and resolve to be on the campus in June, '27, for that centennial celebration and not to miss it! Wouldn't it be great to sing "Neath the shades of massive lindens, tra la," again in the banner year and know we were all really here neath the shades of the campus scenery once again together? It would make the partings which must inevitably come with the end of each school year much less hard. Can't you all just feel those creepy little thrills we get from unpleasant things already running up and down your vertebrae in anticipation of ye coming great event? To make it doubly or twentily a grand time for celebration let's all take a new lease on campus pride and grade standards and finish for old Father Time and Lindenwood College this hundredth year with a grand flourish. It's not everybody who has a chance to celebrate a hundredth birthday and even the best of us are not apt to have more than one chance, you know. So play up, girls! Let's go!

"KEEP ON KEEPIN' ON"

Lindenwood girls have had their first week after the great joys of being home during the Christmas holidays. If things seem a little hard right now, girls, don't give up—but "keep on keepin' on". If your teachers are cross and unreasonable, don't be pettish, but remember that after all the teachers are only humans and probably did not like the return to a school-room of querulous, jibbering female students one bit more than you did.

Probably, you are more discouraged, and less in love with your Alma Mater than you have ever been before. Before long, however, things will look brighter and the same old thrill come when you hear a college song. Don't think that just because you have had one wonderful time over the holidays that that has utterly ruined your year here at Lindenwood. The fact is, before very long you'll forget all about all those fine dances where they raised such awful rough houses and be able to settle down to sure enough work better than ever. Remember, too, my most foolish friends, that the most exquisite joy is that one of which you have only a memory. Do not think that the joys of Christmas days are entirely gone, for you have the more wonderful joy now of sorting out the happy times that have just passed, of discarding the memories that are not especially agreeable to your fancy, and dressing up those that you like extraordinarily well in a fine armor of exquisiteness so that they might well be

COLLEGE CALENDAR

Thursday, January 14,
11 A. M., Music students recital

Sunday, January 17,
Vespers, 6:30 P M. Rev. Frederic
Niedner, Immanuel Lutheran
Church, St. Charles.

Tuesday, January 19,
Organ students' recital in Sibley
chapel.

preserved.

So girls, hump it up and carry on. If things look dark and dreary and you hate life in general—don't bother your friends with your trials; they have enough troubles of their own, probably. And if you can't be cheerful and instrumental in getting dear old Lindenwood back to a cheerful aspect then just keep your little mouth shut—and it might be well if you'd go into your room, stay there, and keep the door shut, too. A little smile will help out now more than ten or twelve mouthfuls of gripeing, don't forget that.

OF UNIFORM MERIT

The first Thursday morning student recital of the year was held November 19, at 11 o'clock, in Roemer Auditorium. The entire program was exceptionally good, and every number was well received by an unusually appreciative audience.

Mabel Blair opened the program with two numbers from Dett; Prelude (Night), and Humoresque (Honey); her sonorous basses and tinkling melodies made a very pleasing number. The Lark by Balakirew, a most difficult piece, was then played by Mildred Enns; her interpretation of this number was very good, and her graceful touch made it unusually beautiful.

These piano numbers were followed by songs. Euneva Lynn sang Little One a'Cryin by Speaks, and Sonny Boy by Curran. She has a pleasing contralto voice, and her numbers were well received. Emma Monier then sang The Birthday by Woodman, and Last Night I Heard a Nightingale, by Salter, in her usual pleasing manner. Her high notes were clear and her enunciation was perfect.

Next, Norma Erdworm played Arabesque, E major, and Minstrels by Debussy. Norma's playing is very clean cut and her interpretation was very good. Evelyn Cherry played Etude No. 1, F major by Scott and the tricky Sparks by Meskowski with very good technique.

Sharlin Brewster sang Trees by Rasbach, and Starry Night by Densmore. She has a lovely contralto voice, and her tonal quality is indeed good.

The final number, Concerto A minor, first movement by Grieg was brilliantly played by Anita Rudowsky. This most difficult piece was played with remarkable skill, and her technique was wonderful. It took the house by storm.

"YOU AND I"

Critique of Christmas Play

On December 15, the last night before the Christmas holidays, the Lindenwood Players presented the play, "You and I", by Philip Barry.

This play was the prize play of the famous Harvard 47 Workshop for the year 1922. This workshop was the experimental laboratory of Prof. Geo. P. Baker, then of Harvard but now head of the Drama Department at Yale University. It is rather interesting to note that for some six years before the war Mr. John Craig, then manager of the Castle Square Theatre, Boston, had offered a prize of \$500 and a guaranteed production within a year, to the play chosen by three judges, from work of the Harvard 47 Workshop. In 1922 Mr. Richard Herndon gave the prize, but named it from the theatre he directed, "The Belmont Theatre Prize Competition," and the play chosen was Barry's "You and I".

"This play is not a comedy of situation, but a comedy of character." It is pleasant, in this day of trashy plays, to find one in which the people can be wholesome and fine spirited, and still keenly amusing. Such people do exist; why not record their thoughts, rather than go into the byways and hedges for situations that reach only one *You* out of 10,000?

It is the story of "Maitland White", a father who as a young man jilted his art, to marry, and now feels that his forty-three years are rather futile and mis-spent, since he has not yet done the thing he wanted to do. In contrast to his business routine is the life of "Geoffrey Nichols," so admirably played by Mary Louise Blocher. "Nichols", without home ties and cares, has led a life spiced and succulent, representing to "Matey" what he might have been, had he chosen Art instead. Particularly does "Matey" feel that life is just a dump for dreams, when he learns that his son "Ricky", for whom he had great expectations, is giving up his architecture, to marry "Rony Duane."

Willa O'Bannon was just the kind of a dashing young hero to make "Ronny" forget that anything but love held first place in one's life. "Ronny" is just a modern girl with modern thoughts, and big thought they turn out to be, yet when it comes to expressing those thoughts which "You and I" have, it isn't an easy task, and Audrey Richert deserved no little credit and praise for playing the role simply, though beautifully.

"Nancy", the mother, realizing that "Ricky" is determined to go into business, persuades "Matey", since he is free from responsibilities, to try his hand at painting once again. With the assurance of "G. T. Warren" that his position would be kept open for him, he decided to go after the bird in the bush.

As "Warren", June Taylor gave a clean-out impersonation of the self-

assured man of the business world, the man "always on his toes", who is quite pleased over the worlds he conquered.

Of course painters need models, and thus it is that "Etta", the petite housemaid, is brought into the aristocratic world. Helen Almond in the character of "Etta", seeking to emulate "Nancy" and trying to become a great lady, furnished the audience with more than one laugh at her brave attempts to practice in private.

And so for more than nine months everything passes smoothly, and "Matey" becomes very successful with his pictures. And then one day, as Fate has a way of twisting destinies, the lives of the four with whom we are most concerned are brought right about face. "Ronny" suddenly realized that "Rickey" loves his architecture more than he would have her know, and rather than stand between him and the thing he can do best, and keep him from being all that he might be, she breaks the engagement, giving him a trumped-up reason, hoping that he will go abroad as he planned nine months before.

But it is impossible now for "Matey" and "Nancy" to send him, if "Matey" is to continue with his painting. And then "Ronny" reminds "Matey" that unless he gives up his Art and goes back to business and makes it possible, that he is ordering for his son the same kind of a life as he himself has lived. And so Fate scores one more joke on "Matey". Between the conflict of a successful business career and his artistic longings, "Matey" is at a loss as to what to do. Realizing that the happiness of his family means more to him than anything else, he sacrifices his personal desires. When questioned as to whether he is acting wisely, he replies: "Wisdom has nothing to do with love." Which fact is true, and is also life.

Dorothy Williams' portrayal of "Nancy White" was sympathetic, understanding, true and sincere, reminding us of the many times our mothers have tried to rob our tragedies of their bitterness. As "Nancy" herself puts it: "It's the way to live, but it plays simply havoc with nerves".

Frances Baggett in the role of "Matey" had a most difficult character to portray. Middle-aged, cultured, poised, successful, with an artistic soul, giving all he had to those he loved, and, when touched by life's tragedy, turning philosopher to conceal his hurt from those who cared for him. But the characterization was splendid, well conceived, as if the part had been thought of from all viewpoints, so that we forgot for the moment that it was a play, and thought only of "Matey" and his sacrifice.

All in all, one went away from the play, feeling that one had gained something, an insight into the finer sensibilities of characters such as You and I meet every day. This, after all, is the chief object for the existence of the drama.

THE MERMAID'S HEART

By Martha Shortridge

A kind old man lived in a wood,
Beside a sparkling lake;
No noise disturbed his peaceful life,
Days passed without a break.

One night the thunder and the rain
Disturbed the old man's sleep,
He dreamed he saw a mermaid fair
A-washed up from the deep.

All dripping wet with brine was she,
The weed was in her hair.
She called upon the hermit old
Of her to take good care.

The hermit sprang up with a start
And hurried to the door.
The lake had changed in size and
shape:
'Twas larger than before.

He found a mermaid on the bank,
Afraid and ill was she;
He took her to his humble hut,
And cared for her with ease.

The mermaid thrived beneath his care,
She told her story sad,
How she'd been playing all alone
When King Neptune got mad.

He'd sent her up the little stream,
Clear to the hermit's lake,
And now she'd live there all her days,
And happiness they'd make.

The hermit loved her as his child;
She loved him, too, full well.
They'd talk for hours of woods and
trees,
Of springs and bosky dells.

"I'll always live here in the lake,
"From now it is my home,
"And I will always care for thee,
"Until my day shall come."

They lived thus happily for a year,
Until one day there came
A handsome knight in shining mail,
Of much renown and fame.

He tarried long time with them there,
He told the maid of love,
Of gold and jewels without end,
And joy like that above.

The mermaid loved with all her heart
This knight so brave and strong,
And begged that he would stay with
her,
But he had tarried long.

One morning she awoke to find
That he had gone away,
She hoped that soon he would come
back,
If only for a day.

Alas, he did come back one day,
But there was by his side
A lady fair, upon a horse;
He said, "This is my bride."

The poor mermaid sank in despair
To the bottom of the lake,
And stayed down there until she knew
The knight his way must take.

"Oh Hermit, my dear Hermit, tell
 "Is love always this way,
 "That one should love and not be
 loved,
 "And left to pine away?"

"Twas ever thus," the hermit said,
 "But do not pine away,
 "We'll live here as we did before,
 "We'll laugh and play all day."

The mermaid wanly smiled at him.
 "I'll do my best," she said,
 And told a lively tale about
 Life on the ocean's bed.

But day by day she grew more pale,
 So quiet she became,
 The hermit tried his every art
 Of story, joke and game.

At last one day she said to him,
 "I feel that I must die,
 "I can't forget my faithless love
 "And all his shameful lies."

With that she sank down in the lake;
 "Come, come," the hermit cried,
 But she heard him not, nor did she
 come,
 And so the mermaid died.

A sad old man lives in a woods,
 Beside a dreary lake,
 No noise disturbs his lonely life,
 Days pass without a break.

LITTLE BITS OF PASTEBOARD

By Katherine Day

Mother is entertaining at bridge this
 afternoon. How noisy it is! Everyone
 is talking at once! A bell rings and all
 is quiet. Mrs. Kemper is dealing, left
 one, two, three, slap, right, one, two,
 three, slap and back again! How well
 she does it! What an accomplishment
 for one so learned! Over there is poor
 little Miss Carey! She is not adept.
 Those hands that shade the softest
 lights of twilight into a winter scene
 fumble with the tiny pasteboard
 squares, and several are overturned!

At last each player has her thirteen!
 What pretty hands! All red and black!
 What vapid faces the Queens have!

Here is Mrs. Crane. She has reared
 three excellent business men and yet
 she spends hours, separating little red
 bits of pasteboard from little black
 ones.

The game has been played and it is
 time to shuffle again. It is Mrs. Arlen's
 deal. Shuffle, cut, deal, over and over
 again.

Ah! There is Miss Wright. She is
 trying to engage her neighbor in a dis-
 cussion of America's proposed entry
 into the World Court. But no, there
 is not time! It is her play and she
 must decide whether to trump her
 partner's ace or take a chance on its
 being good. Miss Wright is a Con-
 gresswoman and yet she shuffles and
 divides a pack of cards hour after hour
 while America's foreign policy remains
 undiscussed.

Pretty white hands, worn, red ones,
 back and forth, divide and shuffle, pick
 up and lay down, and in the end to do
 it all over again. How futile! How

utterly useless! Ah yes, Addison, you
 are indeed right! "It is wonderful to
 see persons of sense passing hours to-
 gether in shuffling and dividing a pack
 of cards."

THE MOON AND THE STARS

By Minnie N. Seip

A troubadour with face so fair
 Beneath the lattice stood,
 His lady gay to win away
 With music if he could.

He thought he was of no renown,
 And she of high degree,
 And for this reason he did fear
 She would disdain his plea.

"The stars that shine, aren't half so
 fine
 "As you, my lady love!
 "Oh hear my plea, come out to me
 "On balcony above."

But in her room the maiden stayed
 And did not dare to leave,
 A powerful count of high degree
 Did cause her heart to grieve.

Her father's land was in his power
 And she must save the day,
 To marry him within the hour
 Did seem the only way.

The marriage paper she must sign
 The pen was in her hand,
 "Oh lady love, come now with me
 "We'll flee far from this land."

"Thrice seven times I've wooed thee
 thus
 "And now the way winds clear,
 "Oh, wouldst thou have me go alone?
 "Oh come with me, my dear."

"I will not sell myself to thee
 "My heart calls for its mate
 "Oh count, for you I have no fear
 "I'll gladly share his fate."

"False maid, wouldst thou refuse my
 suit
 "With him thou'lt never go,
 "My yeoman there awaits the call
 "To shoot him with his bow."

His hand was raised to give the sign,
 Her eyes grew wide with fears,
 His sweetest songs of serenade
 Were ringing in her ears.

She seized the pen with hand that
 shook
 Her heart was like the lead,
 "Oh better that I sign my name
 "Than you, fair youth, be dead."

Alas, the thought had come too late
 The deed was done so soon
 And seven ladies clothed in gold
 His soul bore to the moon.

The Count the paper did retain
 He thought his trick was fair,
 But through the latticed window came
 A song borne on the air.

"Thrice seven times I've wooed thee
 thus
 "And now the way winds clear,
 "Oh wouldst thou have me go alone?
 "Oh come with me, my dear."

From window high she flung her
 down,

Her heart was in the sky,
 And when she touched the waiting
 ground
 Her soul to a star did fly.

The mighty Count did rage and tear
 "I'm tricked! I'm tricked!" he cried,
 "My son disguised as a troubadour
 "Has won from me my bride."

SEITZ'S "UNCOMMON AMERICANS"

By Mary Chapman

Don A. Seitz, a member of the ed-
 itorial staff of the New York World,
 presents a new book entitled "Uncom-
 mon Americans". In his foreword the
 author explains that Henry Adams
 once wrote that he had discovered the
 easiest road to success, a route much
 sought these days. Adams' plan was to
 conform, but Seitz has another idea.
 This volume is devoted to sketches of
 those who have thus made their place
 in the world.

Among the list of twenty-two char-
 acters chosen by the writer, it is found
 that some are indeed "uncommon",
 and more or less, mostly less, known
 to the average student on Linden-
 wood's campus. Many of the names
 are familiar, but the exact works are a
 trifle hazy. Some seemed to have gain-
 ed distinction in a somewhat obscure
 realm, but every phase of Americanism
 is represented.

Brigham Young seems to head the
 list as the most familiar. There is not
 a girl in sight who has never heard of
 that gentleman! Susan B. Anthony
 follows closely. It's strange how pop-
 ular these two are in a woman's col-
 lege! Ethan Allen, the capturer of Ft.
 Ticonderoga, is also well known.

The preacher of the backwoods,
 Peter Cartwright, is not an utter
 stranger among the ranks, and some
 one recalls Henry George as an politi-
 cal economist "or something".

A chuckle is created at the mention
 of the high-sounding name of Lord
 Timothy Dexter. This is explained in
 the fact that the character was a rich
 old merchant of Massachusetts, who
 assumed his title, among his various
 follies, whims and vanities.

One brilliant enthusiast of the
 dramatic profession recognizes Edwin
 Forrest as an actor. Mr. Seitz com-
 ments upon the fact that in the day of
 Forrest actors dominated the stage, the
 play being of no account. "When the
 auditors were displeased, they hissed,
 not politely, but with the venomous
 meaning of a serpent. It was such a
 hiss as resulted in a tragedy.

Indians always fascinate the Ameri-
 can girl. An Oklahoma student boasts
 the possession of a quotation of Red
 Jacket, the great orator of his people,
 in her diary. Another girl remembers
 hearing her grandmother relate a story
 of her father's part in the battle of
 Thames, where Tecumseh received his
 mortal wound.

DR. LAMPE RELATES EXPERIENCES IN KOREA

Interesting Customs are Told by Missionary

Rev. Dr. Henry W. Lampe, of Korea, addressed the student body at vesper service, on a Sunday evening before vacation. The choir's selection was, 'I Waited for the Lorrd.' A solo was given by Miss Clara Bowles which revealed the rich quality of her tones.

Dr. Lampe described the field of his missionary work in Korea. The native name of this country is Cho Sen which means to the Korean 'Land of the morning calm.'

The climate of this small state is very much like that of this section of our own country. Dr. Lampe remarked that the temperature of Sen Sen, his own district, corresponded to that of St. Louis.

To the Occidental, he said, the names Chinese, Japanese, and Korean suggest the same type of people. This is true in one respect only, and not wholly in that one, namely, appearance. The Chinaman is essentially a merchant. The ideal of the Japanese is a warrior and their demeanor is haughty. The ambition of every Korean is to attain the position of a gentleman scholar who possesses leisure and the means to entertain. This race believes itself to be superior to our own, but they are anxious to learn anything which we may have to teach them. It is for this reason that missionaries are so cordially received by them. They desire to know of Christ and his teachings. Dr. Lampe told of the case of an old Korean scholar who had searched through the teachings of a majority of the Oriental religions for the one, supreme religion, only to find, late in his life, that the religion for which he had been looking was Christianity.

In 1884, Dr. Underwood desired to be sent to Korea as a missionary. After a great many unsuccessful attempts to be assigned to that country, he was finally sent as the first missionary. Contrary to the ordinary method, the missionary in Korea travels from place to place. They usually remain in one place for two weeks. During this time, they not only teach the people the Bible, but give them object lessons in the performance of their daily tasks.

When missionaries first go to Korea, they must study the language for one or two years. In addition to this, they must overcome those habits of the Occidental races which are objectionable to the Korean.

Among the many customs of the Koreans which seem strange to the new missionary, the most unusual are those which have to do with engagements and weddings. If a man needs a maid for his household, he sends a go-between in search of a strong girl. This go-between makes all of the arrangements between the two families. The bride and groom do not see one another until the ceremony is to be per-

formed. After the ceremony the bride goes to the home of her father-in-law. Preceding the wedding, a feast is given at the home of the bride. These feasts are a tremendous expense, since the entire neighborhood is invited. For this reason the missionaries hope to abolish them. A feast is also given at the groom's home. Although the marriage tie is stronger in Korea than it is in Japan, it is not so strong as in America.

Dr. Lampe showed that the schools which the missionaries are founding are helping the Koreans to attain the common goal of their race by placing an education on a plane where it is accessible to a large majority of the people.

A RECIPE

By Belle Campbell

What is the outstading value of a college education to a girl? Acquiring knowledge, forming friendships, having various experiences? These are certainly advantages, but not, in my opinion, the most outstanding.

Some one once said that people may be divided into two classes, the leaders and the followers. However, it seems to me that there are really four classes, the good leaders and the bad ones, the good followers and the bad ones. But what determines the class to which one belongs? The answer to this question is the greatest value of a college education, and is — let me give you a recipe for it.

Place a certain girl in a group of many others with the same advantages. Add gradually experiences and opportunities. Leave for at least nine months or for best results, for four years in an atmosphere of culture, in order to develop poise. Sprinkle with ambition.

This is the recipe for *Developing a Personality*.

THE FLIGHT OF ALICE

By Ethel Landreth

Fair Alice, with locks of golden hair,
Who had been sentenced to die,
Before the end of June should fall,
Because she loved Sir Guy.

Was living a prisoner in castle so tall,
Days one, two, three, passed by,
And still she didn't consider the other,
Because she loved Sir Guy.

"I know that he will come," said she,
She prayed to God on high,
"If not, I will not wed any other,"
Because she loved Sir Guy.

Just three more days in which to live!
She strove to start, to cry,
But forgetting the rope, she took new hope,
Because she loved Sir Guy.

"He'll come and save me soon, I know,"
She whispered, with a sigh,
And looked far out into the night,
Because she loved Sir Guy.

At light of dawn she saw men seven
Come riding through the rye,
Her heart joy filled at sight of them,
Because she loved Sir Guy.

They came very soon to tower so tall,
The knights told her to tie
Her gowns together, and then climb down,
Because she loved Sir Guy.

She thought a moment of joys ahead,
Then said to them, "I'll try
"To tie them tight, and hurry my best",
Because she loved Sir Guy.

Sir Guy waited bye, the rope she descended,
To him she came, with a sigh,
With hope for joys that were to come,
Because she loved Sir Guy.

Bugs to austere parent at Xmas time,
"Dad, I don't wanna go back to school."

Parent, "Well, and why not?"
Bugs, "Aw, I can't learn to spell 'cause the teacher keeps changin' words on me."

FRESHMAN IDEALS

By Virginia Shelton

It's wonderful to go away
To schools of reputation,
It's great to leave the family fold
For lines of self-persuasion.

These are the thoughts that fill the minds
Of freshmen in September,
But opinions change as such things do,
With the coming of December.

Oh it's mighty good to go away
To get an education,
But going home is better yet—
Hurrah! for Saint "Vacation"!

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE SCALES

By Doris Davis

Did someone say problem? Webster should create a new word to express the size of the problem confronting me.

When first I placed my unshod feet upon that little white platform affair called a scale, the harmless looking thing shouted one hundred and thirty pounds at me. That was the first day of registration at Lindenwood.

Rome was built in a day. No! But in three weeks time much can happen. It did!

These extra pounds sneaked upon me in a quiet and gentle manner. My only warning of their nearness was an inch difference in the fit of a certain skirt. Faltering foot steps led me toward Butler basement, and there the story was told by the use of emphasis.

Gentle reader, think! What shall I do, that this food, of the pounds, by the pounds, and for the pounds shall perish into nothingness?

THE JUGGLER

By Kathryn McDavid

A juggler lived who plied his trade
Upon the Irish Isle,
And he was ugly, bent and bowed,
And he was base and vile.

But as for juggling he excelled
All others in the land,
For he could juggle seven balls,
At once upon his wand.

Now it befell that as he roamed
Thruout a woodland deep,
He laid him down beside a well,
And there fell fast asleep.

But this same well by which he lay
Was wondrous wishing-well,
And fairies came from out its depths,
To dance when dark night fell.

They found the juggler lying there,
And they soon him awoke
And made him do his wondrous tricks,
To please the fairy folk.

The show was fair, the show was fine,
The fairies liked it well,
Until the juggler let there slip
A golden sphere within the well.

And then the fairies wroth were they,
And beat upon his head,
For he'd debased their magic well,
And they would have him dead.

But soon before their eyes befell
A wondrous sight, 'tis true,
His back came straight, his face came fair,
His eyes came clear and blue.

"Stand off! Stand off! Ye elves",
cried he,
"For magic has been wrought,
"Since at your hands my head was
cracked,
"That ransom have I sought.

"Now I'm a Prince, of England's
realm,
"Which rules the universe!
"Now I am come into my own!
"You broke a witch's curse."

A MIRROR'S STORY

By Elizabeth Tracy

In the days of hoop skirts and velvet waistcoats, there hung in the spacious hall of a southern mansion, an old mirror set in a rosewood frame. It looked down, sometimes with a smile, and sometimes with a frown on all who passed through that inviting portal. This was the home of the governor of Virginia, and in it had assembled parties of the most cultured men and women of the land. Men went in and out, some never to return, but the mirror hung there defying time.

Mr. Nelson had just been inaugurated as governor of his State and it was the eve of the Governor's Ball. The mirror's face wore a broad smile as Lady Nelson, gowned for the reception, descended the wide marble stairway. It feigned disapproval when Nannie came to admire her exquisite reflection and to give a last touch to a

perfect coiffure. The guests began to arrive, and soon the ball was at its height. There was a gay and colorful picture upon the face of the mirror, of courteous gentlemen adorned in velvet and point lace and ladies in silks of bright hues and brilliant jewels and sweeping fans. No Rubens or Da Vinci could have painted in oils, a more brilliant or exquisite picture than that which the old mirror reflected with joy and pride. Here was a coquette, there a flirt and over yonder a quiet, demure damsel with a huge fan to hide her blushing face. In an alcove in the hail young gallant and maiden appeared in an earnest tete-a-tete, upon whom the mirror smiled in fanciful pleasure. There it stood, keeping a watch until each guest had disappeared.

Years passed on and each day a succession of gay and happy events was reflected. Then the governor died and with a pathetic and sorrowful face, the mirror became the property of another. Washington had stood before that glass on the day of the governor's death and it looked back upon these memories with sad thoughts. Soon, however, there were more gay parties and more years went by. Henry Clay had fastened his riding cloak in that very hall. The old mirror again held high its head.

Then came the terrible declaration of Civil War. Oh, with what pride did the mirror smile when the young son of the family went away and with what joy it learned of his victories. Soon, however, there came news of defeat and then the flight of the family. The house was barred and the mirror was left to gather cobwebs and shadows. One day the silence was broken and the bolts unbarred while a band of northern soldiers encamped there for a fortnight. With what scorn and aloofness it looked down upon a smart young fellow as he gazed at his reflection and tweaked his moustache with much vanity and pride. It looked upon unfamiliar scenes which could only make its shadows darker and more sombre. After a very short time the house was again closed and the mirror left to call forth its ghosts and images and again to live in days gone by.

Today this silvered glass hangs in our hall and still at times it looks sad and weary, for oh, how many lives have passed before it and disappeared. Thus, what a mirror is life, of all our vanities and virtues, our joys and sorrows!

THE CRUEL SHIPMAN

By Ruth Watson

Once on a dark and stormy night,
A winter's night, I trow,
A dismal ship toward Scottish shores
There turned her shadowed prow.

This shipman tall and gaunt and fierce
His strong and warlike crew,
Alike they swore, ere break of day,
A bloody fight to do.

This shipman tall and gaunt and fierce
Desired a lady fair,
Whose father was a goodly knight
And loved his daughter rare.

Her father wished to guard and keep
This maiden dear as gold,
From any shipman fierce of eye,
So cruel and so bold.

Atop a tower lone and high,
Where only birds could play,
His daughter there he kept with care,
To dwell from day to day.

So thus this shipman gaunt and fierce
He swore quite wrathfully
That he would capture this fair maid,
'Ere he put out to sea.

So toward the castle near the shore
They sailed full silently
To snatch their prey at break of day
And take her out to sea.

The shipman had a dream that night
Of fire and blood and war
And thro the smoke he thought he saw
The maiden's sire, his foe.

The knight stood in a window high
The castle wall so near
A voice cried, "Shoot," but at this
point
The dream did disappear.

The cold, gray dawn broke o'er the
land;
The men crept stealthily;
But when they reached the tow'r at last
An arm'd band they did see.

And there a fight at once began,
A gory combat long,
The arrows flew, the swords they
clashed;
The knight's good band was strong.

The shipman tall and gaunt and fierce,
To kill the knight he vowed,
He looked around till this he saw
In haze of battle-cloud:

A tower window high and dark;
A face in it, it seemed.
"The knight", he cried; and then he
thought,
"The vision I have dreamed."

He took good aim; hte arrow sped
So swiftly thro' the air,
And straight to tow'r window where
A form was standing there.

The battle waned: the shipman's crew,
So fierce beyond compare,
Had killed the foe, and now could take
Away the lady fair.

The shipman tall and gaunt and fierce
He climbed the tower high,
And opened a door, there on the floor,
His lady fair did lie.

Her silken hair of golden sheen
Was drenched in blood so red,
And thro her heart the dart he'd shot;
His captive lay there dead.

The shipman tall and gaunt and fierce
Much fiercer now is he.
O'er seven seas he sails, and kens
Her ghest in every sea.

(Continued from Page 1)

think of you, character is what God thinks of you, for the world may judge the outward acts but He sees them inwardly. Pretense always fails sooner or later, so "Don't be what you ain't, just be what you is." A true steadfast character, while it may not be built in a few months, is the surest road to success.

Very closely allied to this is that last worth while factor of life, religion. "This does not mean a blind subscription to any particular denomination, but an intelligent confidence in a supreme being as the result of that self-inquisition which comes out with an unshaken faith. There is no conflict between the truths of the laboratory and the truths of the Deity, for all truth is harmonious." Colleges are given credit for being breeding places of atheism but the truth is that they force a definite approach to the eternal facts of life and immortality. Many students "enjoy maintaining a sophomoric attitude of superiority to the old fashioned religion and are too lazy to wrestle with their beesting doubts. Man only begins to live when he finds a willing confidence with God."

These four things, health, reputation, character, and faith are the essential elements of life, while the popular aims are subordinate to them. "In the business of life there are many failures because people fail to appreciate what things are important. Most people go through life chasing phantom butterflies and return at the close of day with empty nets."

MISS GRAVLEY'S VESPER RECITAL

At different times during the year various members of the Music and Oratory Faculties of the college give recitals which are greatly anticipated and enjoyed. On November 29, at 6:30 Miss Mildred Gravely gave her recital in the auditorium.

Miss Gravley's work shows the finesse of the accomplished pianiste, combined with coloring and feeling.

As an opening number, Beethoven's "Sonata, Opus 31, Number 3" was used. Here we find the calm sweetness of the first part, the allegretto of the second, and the daintiness of the third all combined in the last division to give that study of contrasts which only Beethoven can employ to the best advantage.

As a second group, "The Bird Sermon" and "Dance of the Gnomes" by Liszt were used.

In the third part of her program "Money Musk" by Sowerly, "White Peacock" from Griffes, and the "Dance" by Bartok showed to the best advantage, the delicate interpretation and sincere understanding of the work by the artist.

The last number was a concerto, "Concertstuck", by Chaminade, in which Miss Gravley was assisted by Mr. Thomas.

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Marian Robb, Harriet Caudry, Zona Stevenson, Edna Jean Todd, Jeanette Webb, and Josephine Holdren.

Leaving early in the morning they attended services at Christ Church Cathedral, where they all agreed the services were exquisite, partly due to a wonderful vested choir composed of men and boys, and a perfectly toned pipe organ. They were much impressed by the beauty of the reredos, which was so minutely and exquisitely carved that from the rear of the Cathedral it resembled a huge piece of lacework depicting the various saints and patriarchs. Later in the day they visited the new Catholic Cathedral, which though unfinished is far enough advanced to present a great deal of the beauty for which the finished cathedral will be noted. The mosaics, they declared, were past description, as were also the various chapels decorated in different color schemes. In all, they spent a day of not only instruction but also pleasure, for they devoured two delicious meals that will not soon be forgotten.

MEMORIES OF SANTA CLAUS

'Twas the night before Christmas—
Holidays..

And all through the dining room
Every one felt in her heart,

That Santa'd come soon.

Yes, there was a miniature of Santa Claus himself right beside each plate, and an ideal Christmas dinner was on the table. The spirit of the season was certainly present in the songs and smiles of the girls. At one end of the gay dining room, a table was loaded with mysterious packages, but soon the secret was out. About sixty of those who have labored faithfully to keep Lindenwood running smoothly were presented with gifts from the college. With Miss Edna Hough as chairman of the committee in charge, each of the helpers received just what he or she desired, be it fancy clock or silken hose. Everyone counted the dinner hour of Tuesday, December 15, as one of the happiest of the year.

NATIONAL AFFILIATION

The Lindenwood Euthenics Club has recently become nationally affiliated and is henceforth to be known as the Home Economics Club, according to Miss Elizabeth Stewart, of the Home Economics department. This affiliation is made possible through the interest of Dr. Catherine Blunt, president of the National Home Economics Club and chairman of that department at Chicago University. The Lindenwood members are very enthusiastic over this new step and are planning active work. The officers are: Louise Clough, president; Delta Neuman, vice-president; Barbara Ann Fite, secretary; and Margarite Tainter, treasurer.

MUSIC DIRECTOR'S RECITAL

John Thomas, head of Lindenwood's music department, entertained the faculty and student body, at a piano recital Thursday, December 10.

Mr. Thomas' program was opened with Sonata, Op. 27, No 1, including Andante; Allegro; Allegro vivace. This was a lively piece and quite a favorite among both the students and faculty.

After a short intermission, Mr. Thomas played an original composition which he has named Fantasia on a Welsh Air. It was very greatly appreciated by the audience and won a great deal of applause. Then, he rendered the very interesting selection from Chopin, Waltz, Op. 42. Then, after delighting the girls very much with a well interpreted selection of D'Albert Scherzo F Sharp Major, there was another short intermission.

The program was closed with selection Concert Arabesques by Schulz-Evler. The themes of Strauss's "Blue Danube" in this selection made this one of the special favorites of the students.

STUDENTS DISCUSS METHODS OF DETERMINING GRADES

Are college tests too wooden and formal? This question is being seriously discussed by the leading educators of the day, who are trying to find a solution.

Methods of grading in schools are continually changing, due to the dissatisfaction of the present methods.

Dr. Edwin A. Alderman, president of the University of Virginia, is not satisfied with the present scheme of entrance requirements, and he thinks that in a quarter of a century a complete change will come over the system. He believes this change will be based upon intelligence tests and psychological study of each entering candidate.

A new method is being tried in the public schools in Minneapolis, whereby students are graded on the basis that character building is the important thing; so instead of receiving a grade in arithmetic, reading, or writing, they are graded in thrift, industry, initiative, reliability, judgement, social attitude, self-control, deportment and punctuality. The latter does not merely mean being on time at school but it means being prompt and up to the minute in everything a child does.

College students, everywhere complain about their grades, and the tests. According to Miss Schaper, of Lindenwood, standard educational tests are perhaps the best that can be given, since they are the result of the experimentation of any number of people, while certain other tests are apt to be fallible inasmuch as they are only the judgment of one person. Intelligence tests help the teacher in determining the learning ability of the student, but standardized tests will be fairer to the students. Since this is a new movement, it should be given a chance.

THE CHAPEL PEST.

Lindenwood may add another member to the Pest family and call it the "Chapel Pest", twin brother of the "Movie Pest". Poor suffering listeners! Ye who lend your ears in vain for ye cannot hear, rise to arms! Let us down with these maddening fiends, these whispering, jibbering demons in flapper attire! Being a peaceful people, we cannot resort to the old means, court-plaster, tape, sealing-wax, etc., to silence the wagging tongues. Therefore let us start a campaign with our slogan "Down with the Chapel Pest and Peace to Weary Ears."

COMMERCIALIZES COLLEGIATE SLICKER FAD

"Slickers Painted" is the sign which greets one as she enters the room in Jubilee Hall of Jane Grosvenor, who is specializing in art. The recent fad of painted slickers has brought out a great deal of artistic talent. There are girls in nearly every dormitory who spend their free hours painting fair "co-eds", dapper "collegiates" and even wild cowboys upon gaily colored slickers.

Miss Grosvenor is one of these talented girls. She intends to make art her profession, and since there are no more widely recognized works of art around the campus than these painted slickers, it is excellent practice for her and for the other girls who are interested in art.

WELL RENDERED RECITAL

An excellent students' recital was given in Roemer Auditorium on Tuesday afternoon, November 17, at 5 o'clock.

The piano solos by Misses Hamilton, Wallace, Loud, Blair and Rowe were all exceedingly good, and showed much practice as well as feeling. The vocal solos were also splendidly given, by Misses Lynn, Shirley, Monier and Brewster.

Strand Theatre

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Mae Murray as the widow, John Gilbert as the prince

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in
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Fox News

Admission 40c

Saturday Night

THE UNGUARDED HOUR

Milton Sills, Doris Kenyon

The Goofy Gob

A Bill Dooley Comedy

Screen Snapshots

Admission 35c



Ho hum. The weariness that has infested this place for the past week has crept into my very bones, and I ache, and oh I'm so tired!

All this jibbering and chattering about these fool Toms and Dicks, etc. One ole girl said she had a punk time during the holidays 'cause she had to date the same boy twice! Ain't that too bad, now! Why, me and Collie just had a dandy time here all by ourselves! Everything was so nice and peaceful with all those noisy girls away, but I haven't heard from Collie in a long time, so I suppose he's leaving me with the proverbial embroidered gunny.

I wonder why everybody is so griped. Great goodness, you can't get a kind word out of one soul. I was trying to help out an important looking person the other day, who I thought was always sweet and goodnatured, by licking some dirt off her shoes, and maybe you think she didn't sock me one in the beazer fit to kill. But she did.

Everything's gone all wrong for so long. I don't mean to complain, but it is rather discouraging when you ask a little boy friend to play Cinderella with you just to be pleasant and he sneers and says, "Naw, kid, your feet are too big. 'Wouldn't that tie you, my friends? I says back to him though, "Well, I have big feet so I can stay in good standing, which I don't believe you can say for yourself." He hasn't been over since then. These men are awful babies; I don't see for my life where they get the rep of being the big, buxom, strong sex. Why, if they aren't pampered to death they hafta go off in a corner and sulk. Ain't it the truth?

Well, I guess I'll ring off this gripe and go see if there's any poor love-lorn student that I can cheer up. By the way, if this little piece of work should happen to meet the eyes of the one I love, I wish that he might write me another little note. Collie, you haven't forgotten so soon all those endearing young charms that you told me about, have you?

Dad has decided that daughter would make a good ship since the Xmas bills have come in. He says it's cause the riggin' costs so much.

In the Logic Department

Light is given off by the sun. Feathers are light, therefore feathers are given off by the sun.

All Irish are witted.
"Jamie" is half-Irish.

Therefore Jamie is half-witted.

No cat has nine tails;
Every cat has one tail more;
Therefore every cat must have ten tails.

What's the dif between a dog's tail and a rich man?

Oh, the dog's tail keeps a wagon and the rich man keeps an automobile.

TO SMOKE OR NOT TO SMOKE

"To smoke or not to smoke." That is the question that the colleges are disputing at present. Bryn Mawr is decidedly in favor of smoking and has even gone so far as to furnish smoking rooms in the buildings. On the other hand, Wellesley College is more than just opposed to it, it is absolutely forbidden on or off the campus as long as the student is living under the regulations of the College Government Association. Recently the bill requesting that students "refrain from smoking when such action would offend the good taste of the community or bring unfavorable criticism on the college" was defeated by the Senate of the College Government Association, thereby signifying the retention of the existing rule which forbids the students to smoke any time, any place.

Lindenwood too, is opposed to smoking, and though there is the opinion that away from college, the matter is entirely up to the individual's judgment as to whether or not she should smoke, Lindenwood girls do not smoke.

In a recent St. Louis newspaper article, Dr. Roemer was quoted by the interviewer as saying that as long as he was President of Lindenwood, there would be no smoking in the school.

DR. SOUTHWICK'S READING OF TWELFTH NIGHT.

Dr. Henry L. Southwick of the Emerson School of Oratory delighted his audient Sunday evening, December 6 by a reading of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night". In giving a short synopsis of the play, Dr. Southwick said that "Twelfth Night" is a play of sympathy, humor and rich in humanities. It is a holiday comedy with a holiday title, and was not written for a solemn man. This play is the only one of Shakespeare's that was performed in a place that is now in existence. Dr. Southwick also made note of the fact that Shakespeare's best lines were often put in the mouths of villains and fools.

While giving his reading Dr. Southwick did practically all of his work in one standing position. Once in a while he took one or two steps to interpret some active person in the play, such as the clown. His interpretation of the various characters of "Twelfth Night" was very strong and effective. He made very quick changes from one character to another in a pleasing and impressive way.