

# LINDEN BARK

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Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Mo., Wednesday, March 10, 1926.

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## STUDENTS INFORMED ON VOTING.

*"Best Stick to Party", Says Miss Ely*

Lincoln's birthday was fittingly celebrated at Lindenwood when on Friday, February 12, Miss Gertrude Ely, Secretary of the National League of Women Voters, addressed the assembled student body from eleven to twelve o'clock. Miss Ely took as the key note to her talk that well known phrase of the great president's, "With malice toward none." Because of her superior position politically, economically, and socially among the nations of the world there is, according to the speaker, no excuse for America to have any malice toward anybody.

Miss Ely said in part:

"I happen to live in Bryn Mawr, which is as you know completely surrounded by girls' schools. On last Armistice Day they asked me to talk at the college of Bryn Mawr, for five minutes. I was flabbergasted. I spent two years with the army in France and have numberless experiences I would like to pass on. But to say anything in five minutes. On the day before the occasion I happened to discover that the boy who was demonstrating the car in which I was riding had been in France, so I asked him what I could possibly say. 'Why, that's easy. Just say NEVER AGAIN'

"But I can't take up five minutes with two words, I objected. 'Just repeat it over and over, Never again, never again, never again.' And certainly never before or since have I heard anything quite so expressive."

In addressing the college girls, however, on the next day, Miss Ely told them of some of the experiences had with the various nationalities during the war. She recounted several incidents of the selfless generosity of one soldier toward another of perhaps an entirely different race. For instance, British tommies and doughboys were not supposed to get along at all, and yet one of the most touching stories Miss Ely told dealt with the loyalty of a tommie to his American Buddy. The same thing was found in the French, in fact in all the heterogenous mass of nationalities represented.

The darkies' work was horribly strenuous. They were most frequently

(Continued on page 7)

EVERYBODY OUT!  
PUT THE OTHER CLASS  
TO ROUT  
BY CHEERING FOR YOUR  
OWN CLASS TEAM

## DEAN GIPSON AT WASHINGTON

Dr. Gipson has just returned from a trip to Washington D. C., where she attended the annual meeting of the National Educational Association, which lasted from Monday, February 22, to Thursday, February 25. While there, she attended one meeting of the Deans of Women's Colleges and it has long been a custom for the Deans to meet in the same city and at the same time as the Department of Superintendents.

She stayed at the Wardmen Park Hotel where many dinners and social affairs were held, some of which were presided over by President Park of Bryn Mawr and President Glass of Sweet Briar College.

During her spare minutes, Dean Gipson visited the house which is owned by the National League of Women Voters. It is one of the historic old homes of Washington, having a hundred rooms that have seen many celebrities during its years of service. This is to be used as the headquarters of the League, and each state of the Union is to have a room in it which is to be furnished by the State and used for its particular interests in the League. Dr. Gipson went to see Missouri's room, but as yet no money has been appropriated for it. Every one is certainly glad the Dean is back.

On the night of Lindenwood's Washington Party, Dean Gipson stopped listening to President Coolidge make a speech, long enough to send a telegram, wishing everybody a good time. That showed she was thinking of the college, so it is certain she has brought back some new ideas for Lindenwood.

## FRENCH CLUB MEETS

Le Cercle Francais held one of its most interesting meetings March 3 in the Y. W. Parlors. Each girl responded to the roll call with a French proverb.

(Continued on page 7)

## PRESIDENT WARNS AGAINST LOT'S WIFE'S COMPLEX

Dr. Roemer addressed the students of the college at vespers Sunday evening, February 28. The address was based on the conversation of Jesus found in the seventeenth chapter of Luke. The people were clamoring to find out from Jesus when they should expect the Kingdom of God. Jesus told them that they would find this Kingdom within themselves.

Dr. Roemer cited the instance of Lot and his wife going into Sodom. Of course Mr. Lot took Mrs. Lot into Sodom, but she had much influence upon his choice of a place to go. It was Mrs. Lot who turned around and missed her opportunity.

History cannot be made higher than its womanhood. It can never be greater than women make it. They may build it high and make it good, or they may degrade it; it all depends upon the women.

"Useless people are likened unto pillars of salt, as Mrs. Lot was. The greatest thing in life is to have a God to call on and one who can be your companion. If He takes you a long distance you must remember not to turn around. Do not miss your opportunity. You must found yourself upon a living faith and a fellowship with God and let this faith be your foothold."

## WHO, WHO, WHO?

Conferences here, there, and everywhere! Junior heads stuck together and a Senior session up stairs, and even a Sophomore gang wondering 'what on earth is to be done about it all? Everyone excited but the freshmen and, shall we say it? No? well, let them live and learn, anyway. One would think someone had just walked off with the only man on the campus or that someone else had made that second hole in less than twelve by the wagging tongues and hot words flying all around. But not so. Only election of the Royal Party of the May Festival. Tremendously important one too. Now Miss We Wonder, it's up to you or the Campus Hound or both of you to snoop around and try to find out who got it before we all find out at St. Pat's. party, when it is to be announced.



# LINDEN BARK

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WEDNESDAY, MARCH 10, 1926

### The Linden Bark:

*"Who is the happiest of men? He who values the merits of others. And in their pleasure takes joy, even as though 'twere his own."*  
Goethe, "Distichs."

### THE DRAMATIC URGE

That college students are seeking to broaden their activities from the everyday, class-room-social existence in which they have lived, is a fact long been known and discussed. It was thought for a while that this would be accomplished through athletics but in time even that came to take its place among those routine duties and other things were sought after. Who discovered the remarkable adaptability of dramatics to satisfy this urge is not known but at last the problem has been solved. In the leading universities of the country the movement toward larger and better collegiate drama is being sponsored and pushed by those in authority. Theatres and laboratories are being constructed at enormous expense and new courses in these are rapidly being instituted.

The most remarkable thing about the movement is the plays chosen by the students. One would suppose that they would be light comedies, but not so. Shakespeare, Sophocles and Euripides, Marlowe, and even Moliere and Lope de Vega are produced successfully. One instructor said that the students were happy enough to enjoy tragedy which is perhaps about the gist of the thing.

Whether or not the students of Lindenwood had been informed of this dramatic wave which has taken our fellow colleges in the east so by storm and which is sweeping rapidly west-

ward, there is no way of finding out. But the urge is certainly with us, as is shown by the wave of production presented by talented members of Irwin and Butler Halls recently. Even these crude (sincerest apologies to ye players) attempts go to prove the truth of the existence of the wave. The enthusiasm with which the student body greeted the approach of the Athletic Association musical comedy is another. Even the seniors, they of all students the most dignified, have heard the call and hearkened as we shall see within a few weeks when the Senior Play is presented.

The question now arises, will this dramatic urge suffer the same fate as athletics, and all these numerous and sundry other "urges" which have frequently swept the country, and become commercialized and purely money matters, or will they continue to go on as they have begun purely for the purpose of giving students an opportunity for self expression not found in the routine of college life? It is a proposition for Time and ye Collegiate Critters to solve, but in the meantime, We Wonder.

### DIE OR DIET

F. O. B. multiply number of inches over 5 feet in height by  $5\frac{1}{2}$ ; add 110, rule to find ideal adult weight. Dr. Lula Hunt Peters.

The pendulum of the clock of fashion is circumscribing a slender arc at present. The sad part of the story is that hundreds of women, and a few men, are succumbing to the dictates of fashion, rather than common sense. And fashion is such a fickle god!

One of the most evasperating things about the now fashionable dieting is the standard of judgment used! Girls who are under weight are griping and fretting about their size continuously. It is not only a fallacious judgment but boring. But if you are so self-absorbed that you can't resist upholding yourself, don't discuss the matter at the dinner table.

If you find that you are over weight, diet according to the dictates of a competent physician, not Miss So-and-So said to drink a tablespoon full of vinegar every morning before breakfast, or the like of that.

When a person is dieting, she is irritable and unreasonable. It not only makes her unbearable, but she is not in a receptive mod. Can't you see the a receptive mood. Can't you see the

Don't lose your head, disposition, and friends over a whim of fashion.

Did a poet ever immortalize a scarecrow? Did a sculptor ever pattern a rail? Did a painter ever portray a rail? No the artists, the sculptors, the painters immortalize only the beautiful. The human figure is a thing of beauty and the figure of woman the most beautiful. It is the works of art that have lasted through the years, not the fashion plates. An emaciated figure is

### COLLEGE CALENDAR

Wednesday, March 10; 7:30 P. M. Mr. Deplaine, Stereopticon Lecture.

Thursday, March 11, 11 o'clock, advanced students' music recital.

Friday, March 12, 11:30, Dr. Albert Britt, President of Knox College.

8:00 P. M., Announcement party for the May Queen and her attendants in Butler gym.

Sunday, March 14, 7:00 P. M., Rev. W. C. Timmons, of First Congregation Church, St. Louis.

nothing to be proud of, but rather to be scorned.

There is nothing beautiful or practical about it. As far as practical ability is concerned, though we could forget about the present, we have the future staring us in the face. If we use up all our reserve supply of resisting bodies during a period of rigid dieting, when we are attacked by an army of unfriendly microbes who is going to hold the fort? The gates will be left unprotected and in will march the host and take command, devastating as they go.

From the mental, artistic, and physical point of view, don't drop below the standard.

### "Y" BUSINESS MEETING

Virginia Sue Campbell was elected president of the Y. W. C. A. for the ensuing calendar year, at the business session Wednesday evening, February 24.

Pauline Davis was the successful candidate for vice-president; Catherine Walker was elected secretary; and Jennie Fay Stewart treasurer.

The meeting was presided over by Julia Ayers, retiring president, who congratulated and promised support in the name of the student body.

### COMMERCIAL CLUB'S GIFTS

The Commercial Club of the College met Monday evening, March 1, in Sibley parlors. A business session was held at which was discussed the purchasing of pins and the giving of a dinner in the tea-room. A committee was appointed to select the date for the dinner. The question of pins was left undecided until the next meeting.

Short talks were made by Nancy Hitner and Alice Lee Wydell on Budgets for College Students.

The Commercial Department has done excellent work this year. It pledged fifty dollars to the Mary Easton Sibley Fund and has made the entire amount by the sale of wieners. It is with the money which the members have cleared above the fifty dollars on the wiener sales, that they are to give themselves the dinner.



## FRIENDS

By Clara Bowles

The Judge took leave of me in a frenzy of rage because I, one of his best friends, refused to carry out one of his wild-minded projects. I expect I have lost, for the time being, at least, a very valuable and true friend but I wonder if the Judge's could be called a true friendship. I am sorry and perplexed that it had to come about but how could I advise and help him carry out a thing that would ultimately mean destruction for us both?

It is a cold and lonely day, made colder and more lonely by the rupture which means the loss of a friend. However, as I scan my library walls I am overjoyed with the thought that although one human friend is gone I still have the most valuable friends of a man's life, his books. And what friends they are, coming from their niches in the cases to talk to me when I wish to talk and then remaining silent when I close their pages for a time to reflect on their message and wisdom. When they talk they always have something worth while to say; when they are quiet they leave me with the impression that they are always dependable; always true. Tell me, whose human friends can mean so much? What better comrades could I find than my books, which laugh wholeheartedly and side breakingly when I want to laugh so, or turn serious when I am tired laughing and wish to think of the deeper things of life? Whose friends could carry you away to Elysian fields where life is ever happy and gay when you are feeling sad or disconsolate?

My books are my friends; yes, my very life I live and feel with them and they with me. I would that more lonely old bachelors had my friends to love and would let them brighten their arid existence.

There goes the door bell, perhaps the Judge has returned to make amends.

## FOR AULD LANG SYNE

Lovely, and heart-rending (so they must appear to the eyes of ye students who have gone before and who still carry such a warm place in their hearts for their alma mater) are the campus views presented in the new Lindenwood Viewbook which is just out. There are several interesting views taken from above the campus which show these familiar scenes at an entirely new angle. Instead of the pictures of the college family as a whole, which usually occupies the center of the book, there are brief and interesting accounts of the history of Lindenwood, and Dr. Roemer points out, in a short letter some of the advantages offered by L. C. It is all-together a most interesting book and those who know, are ready to say that it is by far the best yet put out.

## COLUMBINE

By Willa O'Bannon.

Somewhere a warm sea faints upon a shore,  
In scented darkness woven of a dream,  
I see her in the dress,  
that she last wore,  
A dress far lovelier to me it seems,  
Than any ever made by human hands,  
With last night's moonlight hidden in her hair,  
For none from any other land,  
as she,  
Was ever half so young and fair.

She was my sweetest love,  
to be my own,  
But now she's chosen other arms than mine,  
But if she thinks of all that might have been,  
Though she has left me here alone to pine,  
I hope that she will blow one small, sweet kiss  
Back to the lonely, waiting Harlequin.

## LEAF DREAMS

By Elizabeth Limbird.

When I am tired of doing necessary things and of thinking orderly thoughts, I like to sit by the window and dream.

My thoughts are like falling leaves in autumn. They drift silently downward until a breeze catches them, carries them in another direction and finally leaves them in some spot, distant from where they started. As the leaves are carried by the wind in every direction, so my thoughts are carried by passing fancy from one thing to another.

The scarlet leaves are my dreams for the future—vivid, brilliant, and full of promise. They dance merrily in the wind and tumble and frolic for joy. The leaves of yellow are my dreams of home, mother, family, friends—golden remembrances that I treasure. But the leaves of brown, so dark, somber, and dead, are my disappointments, my sorrows, and my regrets.

## ST. LOUIS CLUB MEETS

The St. Louis Lindenwood Club met Tuesday, February 16 at the home of the president, Mrs. Joseph White, 7516 Washington boulevard. Mrs. W. K. Roth gave an illustrated talk on her recent trip to Cairo. Mrs. Frank Koeneke and Mrs. Leonard Scott, the two vice-presidents of the club, presided over the refreshments. Mrs. J. L. Roemer, Dr. Alice E. Gipson, and Miss Alice Linnemann were guests from Lindenwood.

## LE MIRACLE

Par Miriam Robinson

La grande cathedrale d'un vieux couvent sur le Rhin garde une image de la vierge. On vient de grandes distance pour la voir, et l'adorer. La vieille Soeur Sacristain n'a plus de force pour s'acquitter de ses devoirs et l'abbesse, par consequent, remet les clefs a la jeune Soeur Megildis pendant une ceremonie impressive. A la vieille dame elle dit un adieu affectionne. De ce moment la, la jeune Sacristain fait tous les jours la tournée de ses devoirs toute seule. Un jour il parait un joueur de flute qui la voit et lui persuade de danser. Un beau chevalier qui a accompagne le joueur de flute la regarde et est tres charme de tout ce qu'il voit. En le voyant la nonne a peur tout a coup et reste fixee a terre.

L'abbesse revient juste a ce moment-la et naturellement est tres etonnee. Elle reprimande Megildis severement, lui prend les clefs de la cathedrale et ferme les portes a clef derriere le chevalier et le joueur de flute.

La jeune nonne est condamnee a passer la nuit en priere devant l'image de la Madone. La nonne est en priere toute seule dans la sombre cathedrale, quand on frappe vigoureusement a la porte. La nonne, qui est desesperee, implore la Madone lui accorder sa liberte. Elle arrache l'enfant qui etait dans es bras de la Madone. Sur le champ tout devient sombre. L'enfant disparaît. Puis l'autel de la cathedrale se divise et dans l'ouverture paraissent le chevalier et le joueur de flute. Ils sont venus emmener la nonne. Apres plusieurs refus la nonne se rend et les suit dans le bois. Tres lentement l'image de la vierge devient vivante, descend du piedestal, met les vetements de la nonne et fait ses devoirs.

La nonne est absente pendant plusieurs annees. Apres une longue course vagabonde elle arrive a l'eglise encore, avec son enfant. La Madone qui, comme a Soeur Sacristain, a fait pendant ces sept annees les devoirs de la fugitive soeur, maintenant ote les vetements de la nonne qu'elle laisse tomber sur les marches du piedestal. Encore une fois elle reprend la couronne et les robes de la Madone en remontant a sa vieille place. Sa personne devient rigide et sans vie. Elle est encore une image.

La Nonne Megildis entre, son enfant serre ferme a son coeur, mais sa charge tombe inobservee a terre quand elle reconnaît la cathedrale et la statue bien aimee. Sur les marches elle remarque ses vetements qu'elle se depeche a mettre.

Tout parait comme la nuit fatale quand elle a disparu. Soudainement elle rappelle son enfant qu'elle releve mais trouve qu'il est mort. Puis on la voit aller aux genoux devant l'image.

Comme la lumiere de la vie brille sur l'image encore l'enfant est rendu aux bras de la Madone. Les sonnettes du couvent commencent a sonner. Les nonnes entrent et sont transportees de joie en regardant le Miracle.



## TAKING THE GUESSWORK OUT OF COOKERY

I. By *Delta Neumann*

Why make a failure of cooking during this modern age? If a failure is made, is it not due more or less to carelessness, to haste or to thoughtlessness? A failure in cooking in olden times, when the only means of cooking was over some open fire or in some poorly constructed oven or stove, could be overlooked because they knew nothing of modern equipment. The cooking done in those days was guesswork, but today, due to the careful experiments and study of home economists, it is no longer guesswork but is a real art and science. Every housewife should consider it as such, and she should regard cooking as a pleasure. Is it not through food that we eat, live and have our being? So why not let everyone consider it seriously?

Let us first consider taking the guesswork out of cookery, from a psychological standpoint. We need properly cooked food in order to keep our bodies in good condition and able to carry on the life processes. The housewife is directly responsible for the cooking of food. If she does not do it herself, she should consider it a pleasure to prepare food for her family. She should take an interest in her work. Every food that is cooked contains the characteristics of the preparer. This is the reason one should consider it a pleasure. Many women hate the idea of preparing a meal and when they attempt the task, their frame of mind is such that the resulting product is a failure. They have an "I don't care" attitude, anything will do, just so I have something on the table. How could a food, then, prepared while one is in such a frame of mind, be a success? Can you not think of families in which this very thing is carried on? One rarely considers the psychology of the task, but that is probably one thing that counts a great deal.

When you prepare a dish do you stop to consider the proportions to use? Or do you go to the cabinet and just "dump" things together? Nothing in cooking is more important than to have the proper quantities of ingredients in the dish you are cooking. For every spoonful of one ingredient you add to a food there is a certain amount of the others you must add, or a failure will result. This was found to be especially true in the experimental cookery class. In fact, it was found that ingredients and amount of each to be used was the one important thing. In biscuits, for instance, if too much shortening is used, the product is yellow and has a peculiar taste. If too much liquid is used, the product is tough and very unsatisfactory. The same thing was found true of the other problems, and it was especially true of cakes.

There is a standard for everything that is cooked. Every person has a standard in her mind of what the fin-

ished product should be, in appearance, texture, color and flavor. One should study the standard and then try to make the product as near standard as possible, allowing of course for individual differences. Everyone does not agree, it is true, but one should work out her own problem, and should experiment until the product reaches her ideal.

It is extremely important that the housewife should accumulate a few recipes that are so exact that failure to attain a certain result is impossible. In reality, how few are the dishes of this sort that appear on the average table! The method of preparing them should be made not only exact but beyond the possibility of improvement, when agreement has been reached as to the character of the dish desired and the money to be expended for it. One should take a recipe from a cookbook and think, just because it is in a cook book, that it is perfect. You must by all means test your recipe. This was found in class to be extremely important. For instance, several recipes from well-known cook books were tried and no bigger failure could have been made. What is more maddening than to take things for granted in a recipe and prepare the dish without the least bit of doubt, and find that the writer had given the recipe no more thought when publishing it, than you did when you selected it. The housewife should work out her own recipes by careful experiment, and then go by them. She should have the ingredients, mixture, time required to cook, very carefully studied out before she makes her ideal recipe on that food.

Everyone that cooks realizes that it is quite possible to ruin a dish just by baking. This was quite often the case before oven thermometers and over regulators were perfected. There is no one method of baking any given product, however, which can be expected to prove invariably superior to all others. Also the results of the baking operations are not exactly the same in different ovens of varying sizes and construction, even though the thermometer may record the same temperature in every case. When a range of temperatures is suggested as being suitable for baking any given product, choose the temperatures with the following principles in mind:

The larger sizes of loaves, rolls, muffins, or potatoes, usually require lower temperature for longer periods than the smaller sizes, which must have higher temperatures for shorter periods, other things being equal. The composition of the batter or dough, too, governs the baking temperature to a large extent. The small, portable gas oven requires somewhat higher temperatures in order to secure the results attained in a larger oven by very moderate temperatures.

The newest ovens are equipped with regulators which automatically control the heat. There is also the portable

oven thermometer that can be bought and placed in the oven. The application of temperature rules to cooking is not merely a matter of interest to the theorist. It is something which really works out in practice every day. There are three main kinds of kitchen thermometers, the oven, the sugar, the deep fat frying.

The sugar thermometer has come to be almost indispensable in making candies, frosting and jellies. Grainy fudge and hard icings are the results of overcooking, while "bad luck" with jelly is often due to cooking the syrup too little or too long. A thermometer of this sort is inexpensive, and should be in every home.

Side by side with the sugar thermometer goes the deep fat thermometer. The undesirable attributes of fried food are in many instances due to improper frying. The fat, perhaps, has not been hot enough and the food is soaked in grease, which makes it unpalatable and difficult of digestion. The deep fat and sugar thermometers may be identical, provided one registering over 400 degrees is chosen. For candy making, a thermometer above 310 degrees is seldom needed, while the frying thermometer occasionally goes up to 400 degrees.

The use of scales oftentimes prevents a failure. All materials should be carefully weighed. Even carefully trained workers are not always able to measure exactly, duplicated cups of flour or corn meal. To show how important weight really is, for instance, one fourth of a cup of butter as ordinarily measured in a cup may be anywhere from 3 to 5 ounces, or may vary still more widely. The exactness therefore depends upon the scales, and not the cup measurement.

The process of mixture has much to do with the resulting product. In a cake, for instance, a given procedure should follow, as cream, butter and sugar; add the eggs, then milk and flour alternately. This is the general procedure in a cake. It is also wise to separate the white and yolk of an egg and add them separately, beating each until stiff.

The beating of a dough has much to do with the results sometimes. In muffins, one should not beat, but just barely mix the ingredients together. If doughs are beaten too much, it may make the product stiff.

Last but not least, the ingredients should always be fresh and of a good staple brand. There is a certain kind of flour which gives a better result in cakes, and another certain kind which gives a better result in other things.

To take the guesswork out of cookery, use your head, and take your time.

## AUTOMOBILES

By *Helen S. Bahm*

Automobiles are a grand luxury for the country, but I think they take up a great deal of space that should be de-



voted to other things.

A hiker can no longer walk peacefully along a country road, because these are now paved and have become so very completely adapted to motor travel that hiking is no longer safe. The beauty of the countryside is marred by huge signs covered with smoking or motoring advertisements, mostly motoring.

It is, even, no longer safe to walk in the towns and cities. Haven't you noticed the "Do your shopping in a Yellow", or "Ride the Busses Down Town?" Whenever one does chance to walk a few blocks out of the busy shopping centers, the sidewalks on either side of the streets are lined with grand displays of "next year's models". There are automobiles in front of you, behind you, and on both sides! What is a poor person striving to be individual by walking a mile for his 'health' to do, when the public misunderstands his motive and, much disgusted, passes by in its latest machine?

It is becoming a positive crime to let cars flood the streets and run back and forth with merely colored lights to control them. All the display windows and storage houses for motor cars would be much more beneficial to the public if they were converted into skating rinks where the city could find enjoyment in violent exercise, a healthful recreation. It is a positive shame, the way parents lavish cars upon their children, when skates are so much more economical and much less of an annoyance to the community.

The time is coming when the country as a whole will see the necessity of doing away with automobiles and of bringing the good old horse out of his cage, where he has been put for the observation of the younger generation. I for one, am waiting for such a time, may it never come!

### ONE QUIET HOUR

By Marjorie Braham.

When slowly sinks the summer's  
flaming ball,  
And distant objects veil themselves  
in mist,  
The limpid lake with flecks of  
gold is kiss'd  
And thru' the dusk we hear  
the night bird's call.  
A stillness for a moment seems  
to fall  
As though the clock of time a  
beat had missed,  
And all the world is quiet  
while it lists  
Unto the summons for a rest to all,  
'Tis then I pause, and think  
o'er all the day,  
Its hopes and dreams, as yet  
unrealized,  
Its fears and dreads which now  
have come to naught,  
And on the morrow, be it as it may,  
I'll thank God for this quiet hour  
that lies,  
'Twixt night and day which peace  
to me has brought.

### UNE LETTRE

Par Anna Lois Mitchell

College de Lindenwood,  
St. Charles, Mo.

le 10 Novembre, 1925.

Ma Chere Alice:

Je vais vous dire quelques-unes des choses interessantes au sujet de mon voyage cet ete quand ma mere et moi nous sommes allees San Francisco.

Avant que nous soyons arrivees a Oakland notre train s'est couru sur un barque et nous etions transportees au travers de la riviere ou il n'y avait jamais ete un pont. Quand nous sommes arrivees de l'autre cote, notre train a quitte le barque et nous avons continue notre voyage a Oakland, nous sommes descendues du train et entrees dans un bac pour aller au travers' the bay". C'etait une belle vue! Le soleil se couchait deriere une terrasse et nous pouvions voir le celebre "Golden Gate". Il y avait la une flotte de vaisseaux de guerre qui etaient tres beaux.

Quand nous sommes arrivees de l'autre, cote nous sommes entrees dans le grand "ferry building" qui a nouvellement brule. D'ici nous avons pris un taxi a l'hotel. C'etait "Hotel Majestic" ou est mort notre persident Harding.

Après le diner nous sommes sortis tout de suite dans la rue et la premiere chose que nous avons vue c'etait une grande affiche qui dit "To Chinatown By Night." J'etais tres enthousiaste de faire ce voyage parceque j'avais entendu dire tant de ce quartier de la ville. Mais ma mere avait peurelle n'aime pas ces gens-la! Finalment je liu ai persuade que nous etions prudentes de le faire et nous avons pris deux billets. Les grands autobus attendaient. Nous y sommes montees et nous voils parties.

Après avoir traverse la ville nous sommes arrives a Chinatown et notre guide nous a dit de descendre de l'autobus. Puis nous sommes entrees dans un conservatoire chinois ou un vieux homme jouait des instruments anciens. Il a aussi chante des couplets chinois qui etaient vraiment beaux. D'ici nous sommes entrees dans une eglise ou nous avons vu que bien ornee est l'interieur de leurs eglises. Le guide nous a menes par beaucoup de passages petits qui etaient obscures et noirs. Mais toutes ces choses-la ont fait excitante notre visits Et je crois que ma mere s'est amusee aussi bien que moi!

Le matin suivant nous sommes allees voir les curiosites dans la ville et les parcs. La chose la plus interessante etait un musee dont tout le monde nous avait parle Dans ce musee etait la statue d'un homme chinois laquelle il avait sculptee luimeme quand il mourait de tuberculose. Elle est tres naturelle et quand on la regards elle a l'air d'etre vive.

Quand nous avons vu tout ce que nous pouvions voir, nous sommes alles retenir nos places sur le bateau "Yale" qui devait faire voile a quatre heures

l'apres-midi pour aller a Los Angeles.

Il m'est impossible de vous dire tout ce que nous avons fait. Je vous raconterai tout cela quand je vous verrai encore.

Bien a vous,  
Marie.

### ON BEING SMALL

By Pauline Cook

I'm small. Yes, I am smaller than I want to be; yet it is not my fault that I am small. I can't understand why you taller people are always wanting to be smaller. I can't imagine anything worse than being small.

You tall people have a hard time getting through a crowd but we small folks have such a sensation when we are carried along by a crowd. It is the easiest thing in the world to try to hold on to your friend's coats when they can take large steps and push their way through. I never enter a crowd except with a prayer on my lips and a look towards the blue heavens. Yes, my face always turns towards those silent blue skies which I never see for the faces above me. There are faces, faces everywhere and the cruel bodies of those faces push me against some one who in turn pushes me against some one else until I am like a balloon dancing in the air but I always hang on to my friend's coat. When I reach my seat my hat is over one ear, my coat torn, and my feet so mashed that I want to cry aloud, "Why am I small?"

After the crowd, comes dancing. It is my favorite exercise; yet for me it is the most painful exercise that I take. Why do men take such long steps? When I'm dancing I always feel like a pigmy trying to keep step with a giant which is impossible. It makes me quite angry for my partner to take one of those long, gliding steps which I admire so much yet which I never can do with success on account of my short legs.

Then there is that ever present fear of becoming heavy or rather fat. Oh, how I hold my breath each day as I step on the scales afraid to look at them. I look! I step down with a sigh of relief, safe in the knowledge that I may eat more.

Also, there is driving a car. Can you tall people realize the discomfort of sitting on the edge of the seat so as to make it possible to reach the brakes? I don't believe that you can. At least I know that you can't realize what torture it is to twist your body in fifty different ways so that it is possible to reach the clutch and shift the gears at the same time.

Finally, don't wish to be small, for we small people have very many things to worry over. You tall people can always turn the light on or some such thing but when I thank you, you always look at me with that "I'm so sorry for you" smile.



## ON BLOTTERS

By Eunice Brennan

Do we ever stop to think how useful blotters really are? How ridiculous, you say! Nevertheless, we owe many debts to this family that ranges from tiny ones which one gets gratis to large, beautifully colored ones which cover our desks. When a bottle of ink goes clattering to the floor, is not the first sound heard a cry for blotters? It is then that we are glad to have several convenient. Yes, usually they are thought of as a satisfaction and joy but I know of one time when they are a dread disappointment. Ask any girl of Lindenwood whether they can be disappointing. Nothing can be more so than, after racing madly for the noon mail, struggling through the surging crowd and crying with exultation as one spies a letter in one's box to find only a blotter advertising something or other.

Yes they are of minor importance, but to them are entrusted the responsibility of blotting the records of state and federal secrets. They are even capable of swaying the jury when a court case is being decided. A blotter, bearing harmful testimony, can be a very detrimental witness. If blotters could but talk, how wise we all should be! However, they absorb many things and reveal few.

We individuals are much like blotters! We absorb from life the influences cast about us and our facial expressions are stamped with these influences, be they good or bad. Our joys, our sorrows are engraved on our countenances and Fate, having written, moves on. At times it is true, we find a face whose appearance is blank and insignificant, but surely, there can be no character behind a mask. For a face without expression is a face without character, or, if you choose, a blotter that has never been used.

## THE SPIRIT OF JAZZ

By Frances Coles

What kind of music is it that makes us keep timee with our feet, hands, shoulders or anything handy? You answer, "jazz". Yes, but what is it that makes jazz have such an effect on us? What are its ingredients? Jazz is just a name that covers some hidden thing. We cannot say it is the instruments. I have heard pieces played with cornets, banjos, saxophones and other jazz-mania tools which are interesting to hear only if one has nothing else to do. But some pieces with just a touch of saxophone or banjo fairly insist on your doing something about it. And you do. One time my room mate spent the evening playing the victrola while I read a book. I was undisturbed by the music until—presently I missed the meaning of a paragraph. Rereading it did no good. I threw my

book aside, got to my feet and the first thing I knew I was dancing by myself. The record was "Just A Little Bit Bad," and indeed it was. It isn't loud, it isn't brilliant, but it has something—an inner spirit perhaps—that demands attention and not satisfied with that, demands action—and gets it.

We can lay everything to this spirit of jazz. It is for it that young people dance when they should sleep. On Its account, the old folks wonder what the world is coming to. Because of It, men in the pulpits discuss dogs in an unfriendly manner, threatening them with human beings or threatening human beings with dogs or hydrophobia or something. I have never been able to understand just what will happen when we "go to the dogs" "It" is responsible for many other things, for instance the decline of Shakespeare, the unseemly conduct of some middle-aged people, the increasing number of licenses sold and oh—numerous other things. But think of all the good things It does such as giving us pep and energy, the patience needed to learn the Charleston, something to talk about, and an interest in music, or its equivalent.

For a thing that has never been patented, jazz has a lot of uses. Let us remember that and speak of it kindly. Most of us will anyway, for it holds deep within it some unknown thing which has complete power over us.

## WHEN TWILIGHT COMES

By Ruth Watson.

The languid, mossy ease of  
springtime day  
Does gasp and cow'r in fear,  
as suddenly,  
From o'er the hills dark clouds  
heave threateningly  
And paralyze the air; for  
breath we pray.  
Then groaning, howling winds  
the tree-tops sway,  
While torrents pour and light  
we cannot see  
Till lo! the clouds are reft,  
and tenderly  
Sweet twilight charms the  
agony away.  
'Tis thus, dear one, when my  
own life is torn  
By black despair, and hope is  
from me wrenched:  
When sorrows fall, and joy  
by my tears drenched:  
So, groping, I seek peace from  
burdens borne;  
Until I walk in silent paths  
and see  
My everlasting twilight shine  
in thee.

## OLD FAITHFUL

By Doris Davis

Yes, it certainly is faithful. From all angles and viewpoints it has always been entirely too faithful. And yet, faithfulness is a quality to be desired.

But this is different, just awfully different. If that overworked expression, "Variety is the spice of life," be true, what a monotonous life I've led in cool weather for the last three years.

Many's the time when, leaving for a trip, I've tiptoed out of the house, and breathed a sigh of relief, for it was left far behind me. And then, after I'm safe at my destination, before the lapse of two hours and 43 minutes, there it is, ever present. There's something uncanny about the way that thing, like my very shadow, is never left behind me. Either mother or grand mother, thoughtful dears that they are, have so kindly remembered.

But after all, old faithful, you have almost become a part of me, of my personality, haven't you? Still, take warning! You just must disappear while I have one little bit of good humor left. Ssssh, I'll miss you, old Sport Coat of mine.

LINDENWOOD GIRL'S SUCCESS  
IN THE BUSINESS WORLD

The Nelly Don Frock exhibition was leading in attractiveness at the Woman's National Exposition, held at the St. Louis New Coliseum, February 16-22. That Linden Bark is becoming metropolitan is evident in the fact that two representatives were sent to the exhibit.

The booth represented a garden, where pretty models strolled about showing an array of original styles for spring and summer. The distinctive touch that has gained popularity for Nelly Don Frocks is an attribute of every style. There are clever aprons in prints of floral patterns. The dainty smock is with us this spring. Smart striped materials are popular, and all the newest neck lines and details are shown. The individual fashions are adaptable to every daytime need and please the countless women who desire an inexpensive smart vogue.

Lindenwood feels a personal touch in this triumph of home frocks, for Nelly Don, the creator, and more formally known as Mrs. Paul Donnelly is one of her fair daughters. Under Miss Linnemann she received instruction in designing. Her story is that of a modern business romance. Nell Donnelly was a bride, with a bride's ambition, to have a pretty kitchen and to be the prettiest picture in it.

But dissatisfaction with the house dresses offered her in stores, and a slim purse led her to fashion the first Nelly Dons. More of the dainty little frocks made delightful Christmas gifts and the idea of commercializing them grew, and spread. While Mr. Donnelly was in the service during the war, the business prospered to such an extent that when he returned he joined his wife in the management.

So "the apron string kept stretching" and the Nelly Dons began to "Come out of the kitchen." until now the chic little models are favorites among all women.



(Continued from page 1)

made to labor on the roads. The speaker told a most amusing story concerning one of them. "A soldier who stopped to say a word to an old negro was told, 'Say Boss, do you know what them shells says a whizzing over my haid? they says, You-oo-oo aint gwine back to Alabam—y.'"

Miss Ely went on to say:

"Right straight along we had the same experience, seeing people of various nationalities getting along together. Instead of saying as some do, 'Oh, that race ought to be swept right out of the country', let us get under the skin and into the hearts of some of them. We must try and make others realize what an asset different nationalities are. They all have something to contribute.

"Try and discover for yourself, what is an American? What does America stand for? When I got home from the war, I asked this question at the dinner table. We stayed till 12 o'clock. One well educated and extensively travelled young man said 'A real American is a man of pure Anglo-Saxon stock who has together with his ancestors been raised in New England.' A half Pole immediately took issue with him. He felt himself as good an American as anybody. And so all around the table people of different bloods had varied opinions. The whole point is, Is it any of our responsibility? What are we striving for? To make this country into a democracy, that is our aim and purpose. On April 17, New Voters' Day, we are going to discuss how this can be done."

Miss Ely next took up the discussion of party conventions. On this point she said:

"The League of Women Voters endeavors to give you the whole story of all the parties, so you may choose for yourself. Don't be led by father, brother, or sweetheart. Don't be sheep. There is no sense, no reason in that. The only means by which you can function as a citizen is in a party."

#### Typical Political Convention

The following is the speaker's vivid description of a recent party convention.

"A few men congregate in a huge hall. For three days they do nothing but compliment each other, do nothing but waste time. For days and days they nominate men whom they know, whom everybody knows, as candidates who will never be anything. One man will get up and say, 'My candidate is, so and so'. Then these statesmen of ours begin rollicking around the room, after they have demonstrated and shouted, and screamed for this man who is not going to be anything, the next one is brought forward.

"In this particular convention there happened to be a very bad picture of Abraham Lincoln at the back of the stage. One speaker kept gesticulating wildly toward the portrait, comparing

his man with the illustrious President.

"The man who nominated Du Pont talked endlessly on the false prosperity of the Democratic regime, due to the tons of powder sent over to make tons of blood. Not a soul laughed. No one thought it funny.

"What do we do in a crisis in this country? What is a crisis? I suppose you'd say war. A real crisis in the country is when an election is on. War affects a tremendous amount of lives, is a dreadful, stupid thing, but the President of the United States can encourage a few men in the Senate to keep us from even discussing such an issue as the World Court. He can do any number of vital things and yet how many people even notice a President is being elected? Patriotism isn't war. It is are You going to have the right kind of country for people to live in?

"The League of Women Voters asks you to see that this democracy survives."

#### ORATORY RECITAL

A recital was given Thursday morning in Roemer Auditorium at eleven o'clock by the advanced students of expression of Lindenwood, who have been under the direction of Misses Diven and Hutchins of the Oratory department. Miss Lillian Aderhold presented "Elaine and the King's Kiss," a romantic fairy tale by Mary Hastings Bradley. Her manner of presentation was pleasing and she showed that she had had much experience on the stage by the ease with which she gave her reading.

The next number was a comedy selection, "A Little Change for Edward," given by Pauline Cook. The way in which she portrayed the part of the devoted wife, trying the patience of her husband, was excellent, and the cleverness of the reading brought many laughs.

Following this humorous number was one act of the play "Columbine" by Coline Clements. Miss Dorothy Williams presented, with much realism, the difficult portrayal of characters, which are so extreme and vivid in this play.

In her natural, matter of fact way, Miss June Taylor read "An Abandoned Elopement" by Joseph Lincoln. The unusually clever way in which she combined her own little personal touch with the country dialect of the two old people in her selection was extraordinary as well as entertaining.

Last, but by no means least, Miss Betty Birch read "Laddie" by Elvan Whitaker. The ease with which she treated this difficult number gave her a very pleasant stage appearance and her characterization of the little Irish Mother played with the emotions of the audience to such an extent as to bring tears to the eyes of many. This concluded the program which is the first of its kind here this year and which will be followed by many more during the next few months.

(Continued from page 1)

After the business meeting the following program was given, which dealt mainly with French customs.

Christmas, Miriam Robinson.

Poem, Audrey Weinberg.

New Year, Selma Sonin.

Miss Edwards sang most delightfully "Brahme" by Bemberg; "Tes Yeux" by Rabey; and "L'heure Exquise," by Poldoski.

National Holiday, Josephine Chambers

Poem, Patty Ryan.

At the end of the program the girls closed the meeting by singing the Marseillaise.

#### BASKETBALL CLASS LINE-UPS

The first call for Basketeers brought out a wonderful lot of talent. In looking over the Freshmen it looks as though they will be world beaters. In Alma Wilson and Garnette Thompson the Freshmen have a pair that will be hard to beat. Both girls are lightning fast and deadly shots.

But then the Sophomores have a line-up that isn't to be taken lightly. The Sophomore forwards are all right there with the goods and it would be a hard proposition to say just which one is the best.

Last but not by any means least the honorable Juniors and worthy Seniors. In their line-up they include the two Boschert girls, forward and guard, who will cause any opponent considerable worry because with their experience they combine speed and exceptional basketball.

The centers and guards of all teams appear to be working out well but it will take some tall playing to hold any forward of any class. However the advantage will lie with the team that can get the tip-off to their forwards.

Taken all in all no one would dare predict the victory for one class or the other because the line-up of all teams are on a par. So don't lay bets until after the final whistle or you'll be in danger of losing your perfectly good coin.

#### AIN'T IT THE TRUTH?

"On Monday we will write,"

Says teacher number one,

And three and four or two, you know

Will crack the self same pun.

Or maybe it is Tuesday bright

Set as the fateful day,

But that is just as bad, me thinks,

"Have mercy, Sir! we pray!"

And that is just th' way life goes

'Bout nine times every year,

When grades come due and quizzes too

We flunk 'em all, I fear.



## HOW MARCH REALLY DID MARCH IN

Sunday evening, of February 28, might have been an ideal sample of spring, with even the magic of a full moon. In this peaceful atmosphere several hundred Lindenwoodites settled down for their well earned repose, to be rudely awakened by slamming doors, banging doors, and whistling wind. Enter March, and in the role of a raging lion! Never did the king of the forest make his appearance in a more imposing manner.

"The stormy March is come at last, with wind, and cloud, and changing skies,

I hear the rushing of the blast that through the snowy valley flies."

Thus did William Cullen Bryant greet one March, and we, in a brave attempt to retain our footing, and not and on the windy plains of Kansas, salute it too. But as the gale tangles our hair, and serenades us with its siren whistle, we wrap our trusty coats about us and sally forth, remembering the wisdom of Victor Hugo who said, "Madame, bear in mind, that princes govern all things, save the wind."

Pollyanna wise, we notice how very azure the sky is, and how brightly the sun beams. Oh yes, doubtless he is strutting a bit of self satisfaction in the memory of his triumph over the wind. Remember the story of how Old Sol proved himself stronger than the wind by his ability to make Mr. Man remove his coat.

We laugh in glee as we anticipate how very meek and gentle the exit of this self-same March will be in about four weeks, as it creeps out, the meekest of lambs, in the footsteps of Father Time.

"Ah March, we know thou art Kind hearted, spite of ugly looks and threats,

And out of sight art nursing April's violets."

## Strand Theatre

Fri. Night Sat. Matinee

"DANCING MOTHERS"

with

Alice Joyce, Conway Tearle and Clara Bow.

Admission ..... 35c

Saturday Night

"WHAT FOOLS MEN"

with

LEWIS STONE  
SHIRLEY MASON

Admission ..... 35c



Buzz-z-z Buzz. I just know there are all sorts of bugs flying around these precincts but the rub comes when they go in every body's ear but mine. I just catch smatterings of th' whole proceedings and then my tail wags loose at both ends when I think of passing it on for fear I'll get it wrong or miss th' most important part of it or some such tragedic perceedin'! Wiggles came in th' other day all aprime and agog with the news of a certain Sophomore's recently acquired social prestige. Seems th' newspaper wrote to her to come in and have her picture made for it, an' I really do believe she's going. Gee! Wish I could rate somethin' like that but a lowly hound purp like me never does get nothin' but kicks anyway. Maby if I lived in St. Joseph I'd amount to something but alas! 'Tis not so.

From th' highways and byways they're rollin' in and out but when they start rollin toward Wentzville business begins to pick up. Not sayin' though, of course.

Who was it I heard sayin' something about Lindenwood girls gettin' out so seldom? Those fellows better look out. Bet a cracker these peachy Co-eds (elimination of the "Co" part for best meaning) get more real fun out of life than th' guy that said it.

Road hogs, Duroc Jersey hogs, and all th' other pigs have nothin on the girl that hogs th' ball. Nothin' like grandstand playin' but even that falls rather flat when there is no grandstand. Nothin' like it for producin' pore sporsmanship. Take a line from an humble cur, lady athletes and forwards, and try a little cooperation on the floor. Basketball wasn't invented for a one man game and, tho coach didn't exactly tell me so in so many words, I've a hunch the rules aren't likely to be changed for the ladies.

Bein' a curious pup, I like to know th' why and where fore of things so off to Sociology for mine. I'll be a self made pup yet! Benedict!

## COLLEGE NIGHT

Three hundred and eighty-one Lindenwood College students will grace the balcony of the Schubert-Rialto Theatre the evening of March 15, to witness George Arliss in 'Old English,' the occasion being 'College Night', at the theatre.

From Dr. and Mrs. Roemer's box Lindenwood alma mater songs wll be sung by a quartette composed of Clara Bowles, Sharlin Brewster, Euneva Lynn, and Jennie Fay Stewart.

## "WIGGLES"

WIGGLE WAGGLE, our own pup! not a mongrel of unknown origin and no breed at all, but a real police hound, full of the tricks and antics characteristic of his aristocratic lineage! His superiority is recognized by us, yes, but does Hudson know about his high hattedness? Nay on that, people! His greatest delight comes from seeing poor Wiggles face down in the mud, or suffering from a bite inflicted by his low highness. Alright for Hudson yea, but girls, some of us, were broken hearted one day when we viewed an otherwise softhearted house mother holding Wiggles delicately by the neck, professing to drop him from an undetermined height. Poor Wiggles looked at the ground, then turned sympathetic eyes toward an onlooker, who took pity and relieved him of his plight. Girls, let's call out the humane society, what say?

## THE YEAR'S FIRST BRIDE

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Cohen have announced the marriage of their daughter, Roslyn Jeannette, to Mr. Phillip Moss, on Wednesday, February 24, in St. Louis. While Roslyn was at Lindenwood she was very popular in all campus activities, having been president of the French Club, and a prominent officer of the St. Louis Lindenwood Associate Club.

## WE WONDER

1. Who doesn't know the difference between buttercups and jonquils?
2. What Patty Ryan's batting average is? We hear she's shark at killing wasps in the dining-room.
3. Who's going to be May Queen?
4. What kid of a "recreation dress" Hap Barkley is going to wear when it gets warm? We only hope she uses a little discretion.
5. Why people around here can't remember the times of things. The idea of two Sophomores coming to the library at 9:30, prepared for a hard night's work.
6. If Gladys Waldauer finally got in the Mississippi Club picture. We hope she did, since she's dressed especially fo rthis big event every afternoon for the past week.
7. What "Backwoodser" up here being questioned about El Dorado by Margaret Boles.
8. The cause of the Arkansas girls doesn't know the difference between a corn-shock and a hay-stack.
9. Who thought that she was going to get a ride last Sunday afternoon on a bus chartered by the upperclassmen? It's a shame the way the poor Freshies are picked on around these parts. Why, do you know, they even thought that they were to have a male attendant to the Queen?