

# LINDEN BARK

Vol. 2. No. 7.

Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Mo., Wednesday, November 11, 1925.

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## DR. ROEMER'S TRIP.

Dr. Roemer was an attendant at the Deep Water Convention held in Kansas City, October 19 and 20. There were one thousand representatives from seven States, including Missouri, Kansas, Colorado, Nebraska, and Iowa. Herbert Hoover was the principal speaker at the convention. He stated that in twenty years transportation will be so heavy that the railroads will be unable to take care of it and he urged the deep water transportation system. The slogan of the convention was, "Navigate the Missouri."

Dr. Roemer then went to Joplin, Mo., to attend the Presbyterian Synod held October 21 and 22. Education was the chief subject under discussion.

On Thursday the Joplin Club, whose membership is composed of Lindenwood girls of Joplin and vicinity, entertained at a banquet at the Sagamont Hotel. The name of this club was then formally changed to the Tri-State Lindenwood Club. It now includes the three States of Arkansas, Kansas and Missouri. Miss Helene Millsap, of the class of 1923, was elected president.

## EARNED TWENTY-FIVE POINTS

Simple swimming honors were given for the first time this year, one day last week. The tests have been somewhat changed this year and instead of only two tests being given, there will be four, each one passed counting 25 points toward the athletic association. There were thirty people who tried out for this test, and fifteen of that number fulfilled all the requirements. Those who were unable to pass the complete test will be given a chance later to try out again in those events which they missed. Those who passed the test and received the 25 points are as follows: Pauline Gardner, Josephine Chambers, Victoria Renner, Elizabeth Young, Helen Margaret Cowan, Laura Johns, Mary Stewart, Margaret Ritter, Jane Grosvenor, Virginia Kruse, Mariam Robinson, Elisabeth Couper, Mildred Henney, Leona Kramer, Mary Bulmer.

The parents of Doris Davis and Mildred McGraw motored from Broken Bow, Neb. to spend the week end at Lindenwood.

## DR. C. E. JENNEY ADDRESSES ASSEMBLY

*"You Are Kings in the Sight of God."*

Dr. Chester E. Jenney, of the First Presbyterian Church of St. Louis, addressed the student body at eleven o'clock chapel Thursday morning, October 15. Dr. Jenney immediately awakened the interest of his hearers by referring to his sixteen-year-old daughter. He is very interested in the expressive vernacular of the younger generation. The phrase, borrowed from his daughter which he says impresses him most, is "Be yourself."

The speaker said in part:

"You are here in an institution like this to learn how to express yourselves. That is the most difficult art in life, expressing yourself. David insisted upon being himself. When Alexander Pope said "Know thyself" he was getting at the same thing. Learn to know yourself that you may be yourself."

Dr. Jenney does not agree with some more critical pastors of the day in their harsh statements concerning the young people.

According to him:

"You learn to walk, to talk, to think by habit. You do a thing once, the inclination in your soul is to do it again. The greatest problem of the young people to-day is "How can I be myself with all this accumulation of habits?"

The speaker then warned against three paths which some persons pick as the answer to this question. First, there are drifters. "If you don't decide what you want to do and be—and do it—you will be like the boy on the church fence "just hanging around."

Dr. Jenney continued:

"You can revolt against every standard of civilization. You may say "In order to be myself I must be a Bolshevik". I beg of you to know that in tradition itself there is a mighty force no person can completely disregard. Don't throw aside all that's past, but find out the best and build it for the future.

"You can conform, and what a state you'll be in. Just conform and be a follower. Just say all traditions, social customs, and habits are perfect. Nothing about me need be changed. Conform and lose your soul. Conform and lose your peace. Conform

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## BETTY BIRCH, EVERY-BODY'S CHOICE FOR QUEEN OF HALLOWE'EN

The witches have reigned!  
The ghost time is o'er!  
The queen has been crowned  
This fun is no more.

Great was the excitement shown over the selection of Hallowe'en queen this year and on Wednesday night everyone turned out to Y. W. C. A. to vote for her favorite. The strain of waiting until Friday night for the announcement of the winner was almost unbearable but the great night came at last and all the campus folk, properly costumed for the barn dance, were in the gymnasium to see Betty Birch crowned queen. Betty, in a black nymph frock, looked very much like a Halloween queen should and when Dr. Roemer placed the crown of autumn leaves on her auburn curls, the picture was complete. This was one dance when Teddy Bruere was forced to share honors, for he was not the only man on the floor. The number of boys of all ages from the sissy little knickerbockered, "besocked" individual, on up to the regular fellow in dress-suit-and-everything, would have been quite exciting if someone had not let out the secret that they were really only the girls dressed up.

*"Eyes of Cloves" At Dinner*

The six o'clock bell invited the girls into the dark dining room. Hideous faces shone from the centers of the tables, but soon the lights were flashed on, and what a wonderful Halloween spread lay on the tables! Not a detail that bespeaks the season was omitted from the menu. There was even real apple cider, and the faces on the clever fruit salads smiled as if they enjoyed the spirit of the occasion as much as the girls did. One could almost imagine that the eyes of cloves twinkled in response to the merriment created by snapping mottoes. Then there was the real Hallowe'en treat, pumpkin pie.

*Dancing in Gingham*

The Hallowe'en dance was in the gymnasium and such a lovely gym it was. Grinning pumpkins were all around and shocks of corn stood in every corner, while over all of it was shed a ruddy glow from yellow shaded lights high in the ceiling. At the far end rose a dainty throne of black and

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# LINDEN BARK

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Wednesday, November 11, 1925.

## THE LINDEN BARK:

*"Let us have wine and woman,  
mirth and laughter,  
Sermons and soda-water, the day  
after."*

Byron, "Don Juan."

## LINDEN BARK'S LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

"Literature is an Avenue to Glory, ever open for those ingenious men who are deprived of honors or of wealth.—Isaac D'Israeli.

In this issue of Linden Bark, we hail the first edition of our Literary Supplement. The literature printed in this supplement is written by members of our student body who have taken the opportunity open to them. This is not a publication of masterpieces, although there are many worthy manuscripts handed in, but it is a presentation of Lindenwood's best efforts. So, enter into the spirit of the thing and give us a sample of your ability in fiction, thesis, poetry, ballad or narrative; and take a chance upon its being among the best. If you have better things to offer, it will raise the standard of your college. Remember the Literary Supplement every month!

## ARMISTICE DAY.

"The shouting and the tumult dies," yet keen in the minds of every one of us lives the memory of the signing of the Armistice seven years ago to-day. Each one of us experiences a thrill of patriotism at the realization that in our lifetime we have watched the recording of a great deed in the books of history. We each have personal reminiscences of the reception of the news in our immediate surroundings. What shouting, firing of guns and other signs of rejoicing cele-

brated the day!

International hostilities ceased November 11, 1918. The work of the soldier was ended, and the problems of the diplomat were begun. At present there is an almost universal desire for permanent world peace. The problem is not yet solved but the spirit has been inspired.

One year after the signing of the Armistice, the League of Remembrance was founded in commemoration of those who gave their all for the sake of democracy. The League sponsors a plan for an annual simultaneous observance by a two minute silence at the 11th hour of the 11th day of the 11th month. This year there will be a call by radio.

This is indeed a simple means of recognition of the deepness of sentiment concerning peace, and a beautiful tribute to the dead. It is a means available to all races and creeds, so it is the hope of the league to make it universal.

Armistice Day should be observed as a day of religious service and prayer. Ministers should preach the gospel of Peace on Earth with particular emphasis, on this occasion. Simplicity, honesty and honor should mark the day. It is a time to realize the duty of living to preserve peace and to promote the spirit of peace in the world.

## WHAT DREAMS MAY COME IN SUCH A WINTER?

"History repeats itself," they say. We are beginning to believe that that age-old axiom is really meant for the weather. Every rain-weary Lindenwood girl will agree on that fact. Perhaps, then, the news that we will soon be dwelling in the regions of the North Pole comes as a welcome diversion. Indeed though, this isn't very startling after all, if we but push our memories back a week and recall the day or two when we were positive the weather man had gotten the months mixed up; this was surely January, Christmas over and forgotten, and other conclusions hazily concocted as with, chattering teeth we rushed back and forth across the campus.

Last August, we are told, there was printed in several St. Louis newspapers an article which stated that this winter is due to be both long and hard. At that time the sweltering people of the Mississippi valley paid but slight attention to such a notice. Now, however, the following facts are indeed of interest. Father Gabriel, a French astronomer-priest, has made the discovery that the lunar solar cycle is divided into two periods of 747 years, and four periods of 186 years. He declares that the weather conditions follow these periods and that therefore we will have a winter similar in severity to those of the years 1553-4, and 1740-1.

Will the likeness stop with the weather? It is to be remembered that it was in the year 1553 that Bloody Mary was crowned Queen of England.

## COLLEGE CALENDER

Wednesday, November 11:

Armistice Day.  
Lindenwood Players Initiation, 5 P. M. in Roemer Auditorium.

Thursday, November 12:

Dr. William Crowe, pastor of the Westminster Presbyterian Church of St. Louis, at 11 o'clock assembly.

Sunday, November 15:

6:30 Vesper Service.

Tuesday, November 17:

Piano Recital at 5 o'clock in Roemer Auditorium.

The bloodshed of thousands of Protestants marks forever this winter in the history of man. But 1740 comes in for its share of renown since it is the proud possessor of Frederick the Great who at that time ascended the throne of Prussia. We wonder what will 1925-6 offer the generation of 2111 to look back upon besides a lowered thermometer! Food for thought, this!

DR. C. E. JENNY

ADDRESSES ASSEMBLY

(Continued from page 1)

and damn your happiness to the deepest pit.

"Recognize that there are persons, and over and above everything else, that there was one person who down in the past said "I came not to destroy, but to fulfill." When you are seeking for some standard by which to stand, mind you can find it in Jesus. Learn to express yourself in and around and through Christ. Mind you, Christ was no drifter. Mind you, Christ did not conform. Mind you, Christ did not revolt. He brought the great stream of light. We may live in its radiance."

Dr. Jenney concluded his address with the story of the dauphin, Louis XVII, of France. The little prince, after the assassination of his father and mother was placed in the hands of an old hag who was completely submerged in the most heinous crimes. One day when she was instructing him in some particular phase of her life he cried, "I won't do it, I won't do it. I was born to be a king."

"Thus", said the speaker in his conclusion, "y'ou were born to be kings in the sight of God."

## TESTS IN POSTURE

The first posture test of the year was given last week. There were a great many girls who came for a try out in posture and twenty-three passed. There are to be two other tests these people will have to pass before they receive points for the Athletic Association. Those who pass the three tests will receive fifty points. The first test will be given again for those who did not pass them before.



## THE PROCESS OF BECOMING COLLEGIATE.

By Louise Wielandy.

Dear Cousin Hiram:—

I was surprised and flattered to receive your letter, asking my advice on how you can become collegiate. Of course I realize that in this age, either one is acknowledged "collegiate", or one is absolutely "beyond the pale". You said that you wish to know how to become collegiate, as you are to visit a friend in Chicago. I think I can give you a little help.

First, you must regard your appearance. Go to your barber and have him cut your hair very short; this is the latest. Now, about clothes. Perhaps you do not admire collegiate clothes, but they are comfortable, if nothing else, and one of the surest ways of becoming "collegiate" is by wearing collegiate clothes. You must purchase a yellow slicker, and wear it as often as possible. Whenever the weather looks doubtful, sling it over your arm.

You will also need a sheepskin coat and a raccoon coat; the roomier, the better; and a checked lumberjack sweater.

Have your tailor make your new suits with 30-inch balloon trousers, and wear a three-inch wide belt with them. Choose gaily colored ties and checked or plaid socks. Your shoes, of course, will be orange brogues. You will have little need of it, but buy a Prince of Wales hat; let your puppy play with this, or sit on it a few times, and you will procure the desired shape.

Having renewed your wardrobe you must next consider your actions. A true "collegiate" is very sophisticated. To acquire an air of sophistication, practice raising one eyebrow, half-shutting both eyes, and staring off into space.

To appear peppy, you must walk with a springy step, whistle the latest hit, and laugh loudly when anyone tells a new one. Express definite and vehement ideas on any subject that is under discussion. Be enthusiastic, but never too enthusiastic. Occasionally appear bored, to give people the impression that you have known better things. Whenever a subject comes up about which you know nothing at all, wink knowingly, nod your head, and mutter, "Yes, yes". Continually chew on the end of a pipe. Keep well informed on the latest plays, books and moving-pictures. And always remember to use the very newest slang.

I think that the next step is to acquire the truly collegiate style of dancing. This varies in different parts of the country, of course. But if you will remember to hum the tune all the while you are dancing, so as to let your partner know that you know all about the latest, and to seem enwrapped in the intricacies of your dancing to the oblivion of all else, you will pass as a "collegiate" on the dance floor.

Next, you must have a "line", and

know how to use it artfully. A "line", as I suppose you know, is a specified string of remarks, selected previously, which you can use to extend conversation. Never copy any one else's line; be original. But never say anything about any other subject but yourself, a collegiate never does. Wherever you find that conversation's flow is ebbing, you can say something like this: "I remember the last time I was in Paris, I—" This surely will make people recognize you as a real "collegiate".

The last step in becoming a recognized "collegiate" is this: you must become the proud owner of a stripped down Ford. Go to a secondhand dealer and select the rustiest and most ancient one available, which will still run and rattle. Use your own taste in decorating it, but be sure it is well covered with clever bits of wit. Fill this with collegiate friends, and ride about town. I am sure that no one who sees you will fail to smile, shake his head, and sadly say, "There goes another collegiate in his car".

Now, my dear cousin, I hope that by following this plan you will become what you desire, for I have done my best to give you a clear idea of the process of becoming "collegiate".

Lovingly,

Your Cousin.

## THE FLAPPER

By Susan Jordan

We see walking down the street a girl whom some one has called a "Flapper". She wears over her ponzola a very chic hat which does not conceal her rouged cheeks and lips. Her coat is of the mannish mode with large pockets into which she has thrust her hands. Though her coat comes scarcely below her knees we are unable to see much of her legs. Why? Well, her flapping galoshes hide them.

She hastens along with a smile for everyone. Doubtless she is thinking of the "date" which she had the night before or perhaps the dance which she wants to attend next week. Her expression and manner reveal to us her cheery and happy-go-lucky nature.

Some of us may say, "That girl will never amount to anything, she is too much absorbed in having a good time." But let us follow her. What is she doing now? Though she is in a hurry she has stopped to assist an old woman with her heavy basket. She thinks nothing of it, but the woman will remember forever.

Now our young friend is snatching a helpless animal from the lashes of a heartless man. The dog reacts to her soothing words just as if he were human.

Yesterday sophisticated Lucy ignored a school chum of poorer means. Did our flapper? Such an action would never occur to her.

Isn't it a blessing that there are in the world such care free, kindhearted, and willing girls called "Flappers"?

## THE FLIER BRAVE

Ballad by Margarete Boles

Oh hark ye now, my weary lass,  
And hear my tale of woe,  
It is about a flier brave  
Who dared to fly too low.

He lighted in a cabbage patch  
Beside a house of grey.  
'Twas just before the sun came up  
And not yet break of day.

A gentle maid by the cabbage patch  
Lived in the house of grey,  
She watched all day for a handsome man  
Who wouldn't her love betray.

She had lived there long by the cabbage patch,  
In the little house of grey,  
And men had come and men had gone,  
But she would not let them stay.

But that was before fair Jonathan came  
To the little house of grey,  
Where she lived there by the cabbage patch,  
A happy maid and gay.

"Fair maid," said he, "I come not to woo  
To this little house of grey,  
'I come instead for some gasoline  
'And pray say not me nay."

"Fair Sir," said she, "I hate this hole,  
This little house of grey,  
'I like your looks, I love you, Sir,  
'Pray take me far away."

"Oh maiden bold, as the knights of old,  
'I came out on a quest,  
'Pray give me now some gasoline  
'And I'll think what is best."

She gave him then some petrol oil  
From the little house of grey,  
She looked at him with eyes of brown  
And he loved her there that day.

"Oh maiden fair, I love you true,  
'And your little house of grey;  
'Pray let me stay in your cabbage patch  
'And love you day by day."

"I love you, too, fair Jonathan,  
'But not my house of grey,  
'I'll live with you here for half a day,  
'But then take me away."

So thus they strike a compromise  
In the little house of grey,  
And half the day they stay at home,  
But then they fly away.

WANTED: A NEW BELL.

By Frances Coles

In my experiences, one of the biggest problems of being a freshman is my inability to get up in time to go to breakfast.

This last summer at home, I slept till ten or eleven o'clock. I could breakfast then as well as at seven.

I come from a small town. Our



nearest neighbor is an old lady who has an unaccountable liking for geese, chickens, cows. Now to most people, this would mean nothing about a problem of a freshman. But to me it means a lot. Since I am unused to getting up early in the morning. I must have something to awaken me. The breakfast bell wakes me, but others are awakened by another sound, earlier.

The mystery has been solved. Someone said the noise sounded like a cow-bell. Of course, being used to our neighbor's cows, a cowbell would have no effect on me.

Perhaps others come from small towns or the country; so I would like to extend this as a problem of many freshmen.

### THE COW-BELL DEFENDED.

*By Ellen Louise Lutz*

What a menial thing is a cow-bell! Articles are written, books are published, and orators orate, but not about cow-bells; no indeed, the books, articles and orations all deal with important subjects, such as great men, new inventions, explorations, and the like. Yet all through the ages, what an important part has the lowly cow-bell played!

In the United States History of the grammar schools, pupils are impressed by the fact that Lincoln was always up before the sun. In French history, Napoleon while conducting his wonderful campaign against all Europe, always rose early. Columbus was an early riser, and so were Plato and Luther.

Now, although there are no records to prove it, it is very unlikely that any of those men woke so early every morning without aid from some source, and this is where the cow-bell enters to play a very important part.

Although the histories never mention the fact, it is quite certain that cow-bells wakened the people in the morning. There is something in the tone of a cow-bell, which, no matter how accustomed one may become to it, is sure to disturb one's slumbers. Nearly all the great men of to-day were raised on farms where no money could be spared to buy alarm clocks, but where there was always a large supply of cow-bells. Stop to think what lives these men would have lived, if they had been allowed to lie in bed as long as they pleased.

One of the greatest trials of the freshmen at Lindenwood seems to be the early rising. In the morning, when the strident tones of the cow-bell resound through the halls, groans and complaints are heard on all sides.

Freshmen, take heart, and greet the cow-bell with a smile. Remember that all the great men and women in the history woke to the tune of a cow-bell, and you are merely following in their footsteps.

### QUESTION OF WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

A girl dismissed her sweetheart with the statement that she could not think of marrying him until he had a thousand dollars. A few months later she met him and asked him how much he had saved.

"Thirty-five dollars," he said.

"Well," she remarked with a blush, "I guess that's near enough."

### ONE BENEFIT OF A COLLEGE EDUCATION

*By Beata Busenbark*

The benefits derived from a college education are countless. Most benefits are optional; if one chooses, he may take upon himself any type of benefit obtainable from books and study. But there is another type, one which seems to stand out from all others, a different kind of benefit: association and the formation of new friends.

One cannot go through college, or even through one year of college, without making a few friends. Regardless of how evasive and irresponsible one may be to friendly advances, he cannot entirely avoid them. No matter what kind of person he may be, someone will like him and prove his friendship in some way.

These new friends formed in college life are not like the many friends of high school days. There are not the many petty quarrels and antagonistic disturbances. The new friendships seem to have been made with a deeper and more sacred meaning. The benefits derived from association with those from another sphere of life, probably vastly different from that to which one is accustomed, should prove durable and lasting. They should tend to open about one a broader and deeper outlook on life, and cultivate a truly democratic personality.

### RADIO EXPERIMENT

In a recent press dispatch appeared an article which stated that the University of Iowa's "College of Air", by which college credits may be obtained by listening in on lectures, has been made a permanent institution. The course for the semester opened October 5 with seven of the leading professors participating. Lectures are given twice weekly for a little more than an hour each. There is a limited number of subjects that may be studied via the air.

These courses offer the radio fan the equivalent of a college course in his own home at a nominal cost. The student is required to hear the lectures, write for papers and an examination, which must be taken under a recognized official. Thus there is little chance of cutting classes without receiving a lowered grade.

In case static intervenes, a copy of the lecture is supplied so the student suffers no loss.

### THE KING'S CHOICE.

*Ballad by Geraldine Thompson*

Oh once there came the glad refrain  
The King abroad would ride;  
Would visit towns and bonny downs  
To choose for him a bride.

He rode o'er roads of gleaming stone  
And through the country wide,  
He went through vales and distant hills  
To choose for him a bride.

And when he came to Norfolk town  
Down by the river Layre,  
What did this king of vast domain  
See but a maiden fair?

"Ho! ho! fair maid of Norfolk town  
What are you doing here?"  
The maiden blushed, and hung her head  
As if to hide a tear.

The king dismounted from his steed,  
And stooped to the blushing maid.  
He gazed into her tear-dimmed eyes  
And this is what she said.

"Kind sir, as I stood in the bower  
The moon rose o'er the hill.  
Before me appeared a monster,  
And my heart, it stood quite still."

"He threatened, sir, to capture me  
If ever I should wed,  
And put me in a dungeon dark,  
And keep me there till dead."

The king was so enraged at this  
He drew his mighty sword,  
And on he rode to the dragons den  
To avenge the one he adored.

And on he rode to the dragon's den  
He fought with might and main,  
By wielding swiftly his great sword  
He cut the monster right in twain.

Then quickly he went to the lady fair,  
And told her of his ride,  
And told her of the monster fierce,  
And where and how he died.

Oh once there came the glad refrain  
The king would homeward ride;  
He galloped through towns and bonny  
downs  
And brought with him a bride.

### THE BALLAD OF THE LOST BALL.

*By Ione H. Penwell*

A maiden went out in the field,  
Some peppy golf to shoot.  
She wore a bright red leather coat,  
And plaid skirt for a suit.

The maiden hit the ball full hard,  
And off it sailed away.  
She beat the rough for half an hour  
Ere she came back to play.

They quickly asked for her score.  
She added only three.  
"But all those strokes back in the  
rough?"  
"I killed a snake", quoth she.



## THE RUSE

By Irene Van Evera

A story of one of the adventures of a major in the King's Colonial forces, as told by himself:

By all who know me, I am called a man of the desert, a title of which I am not a little proud. I was born in the desert, of English parents, and my mother died when I was born. My father held a commission similar to mine, and most of his time was spent in the desert. I had just completed my last year in school in England, and returned only to find my father on his death bed. Left to myself, I chose that vocation for which I was best suited, because of my knowledge of the desert dialects, and its people, becoming one of His Majesties emissaries to his colonial subjects, the sheiks of the desert.

To one who never has been in the heart of the desert my love for it may seem strange, but it would truly require a man of stone to spend a few days among the wild, free and picturesque people, a few nights when the sky seems almost blotted out by a mass of stars, which seem near enough to touch, and to see some of the wonderful pictures made by the moonlight on the wide stretches of sand, or a band of the reckless riders of the desert, resplendent in their various colored robes, and still remain untouched. I even came to love the terrible sandstorms, and feel a strong affection for the wild, free bands of the children of the desert.

Only recently the tribes of Abdullah and Ahmed, the two most powerful sheiks of the desert had become embroiled in a conflict which inevitably would cause a war among all the tribes and necessitate the sending of an army to quiet them. My task was to interview the belligerent sheiks, and if possible settle the dispute peacefully.

After four days of hard riding with my native helper who always rode with me, I arrived on the scene of what was soon to be a big battle, for the two tribes were camped only a few miles apart. Upon my arrival, I was taken immediately into the presence of Ahmed, and I asked from him the reason of the war. I learned from him that a band of his horses had strayed, and had been confiscated by Abdullah. When Ahmed learned of their whereabouts, he sent three men to bring them back but a fight ensued, and two of his men had been killed. When I asked him what kind of a settlement he would accept, he replied, "None but the blood of Abdullah and his followers. We, the tribe of Ahmed, and a chosen people of the Headless Horseman, have been insulted, and they must pay the price!"

When I asked him who and what the Headless Horseman was, he became angry; and realizing that I could accomplish nothing while he was angry, I started to the camp of Abdullah.

Abdullah was a bit more amiable than Ahmed, but was equally incensed because he and his tribe, a chosen people of the "Headless Horseman", had been insulted. When asked about the Headless Horseman, he told me that years ago, a horseman on a coal black steed, as tall as two ordinary men in the saddle, and wearing flowing white robes, had appeared before his people with the words, "You are my chosen people and henceforth you shall prosper." The tribe had in truth prospered, and so the people had much faith in the legend. I withdrew from him without expressing my views on the Headless Horseman, because nothing would be gained by antagonizing him.

It seemed now that nothing remained but to retrace my steps bringing the news of two sheiks, influenced by an old desert legend, who were about to wage war till one or the other tribe should become extinct. While resting at an oasis, I suddenly conceived a plan which might accomplish what "mortal" man was not able to do, the bringing of peace to the tribes. Going to our equipment, I took two long white robes, my helpers' horse, which luckily was black, and returned to my helper and explained my plan to him. Leaving my horse and our supplies behind, we set out once more to the tribes. My plan was to go first to one and then to the other, and declare to each in turn that "my" chosen people need not and should not fight each other. I was sure of the success of my plan, because none of the people had really seen the apparition; the story was only a legend.

When we had almost reached Ahmed's tribe, my helper took my place in the saddle, and I stood behind him. Then with the two robes, one covering him and almost hanging to the ground, and one covering my head we set out to our first interview. Coming to the top of a small hill, a strange and wonderful sight met our gaze. On one side, the tribe of Ahmed was drawn up and on the other that of Abdullah was awaiting the word to charge. Even as we topped the hill the word was given, and the charge was on. I have never seen a more wonderful picture than that made by this band of fearless horsemen, bearing across the land as fast as they could go, under the ghastly light of the full moon. Realizing that it would be sure death for me to venture down between the two, I sat still on top of the hill, hoping I would be seen. The two tribes were about to clash, when Abdullah threw up his hands as a signal to stop, and pointed to where I was setting. Immediately an awed silence fell on the assemblage and it is little wonder. Imagine a headless man, about six feet tall when sitting on a horse, sitting on a hilltop in the pale light of the moon, and you can understand how the poor superstitious men below me felt. I realized that now was the time for me to act. So assuming an authoritative voice, I reminded

them that they were my "Chosen people", and instructed them to divide the horses equally, and never to war against each other again. I remained only long enough to see my commands obeyed, and then making a dramatic exit from the top of the hill, I left the awed party of warriors who had just seen the "Supernatural," and returned with a feeling that my mission had been well done.

## THE HOT TAMALES MAN.

By Mary Alice Lange

All evening, he pushes his little red wagon around the down-town streets, yelling, "Hot Tamales! Eat 'em while they're hot". The late theatre-goers buy them, and giggle a bit self-consciously as they strive to eat them gracefully. A prosperous business man buys a dozen to take home to his family probably. A crowd of girls enjoy themselves immensely as the grease from the tamales drips upon the sidewalk. And all of them,—women, men, girls,—pass on without giving the hot tamale man a second thought, unless it is to make sure that he has given them the correct change.

I stand here by the popcorn stand, and watch them walk past him. They do not realize that they walk past a drama, of life and of love. I, too, would never have known, if he had not given me tamales one night when I was nearly starved. It was, he told me, his greatest pleasure to be able to give someone the means to live, in stead of handing out tamales to those who ate that they might live to eat more.

He is a dark, wrinkled, true son of Italy. He wears a brass ring about his wrist, to ward of rheumatism. There is a scar under his left ear, and on that scar hinges his drama.

She was the belle of the "Little Italy" of Chicago, and she was his wife. This much he told me that night, and then stopped. It nearly broke his heart to tell it, but like the Ancient Mariner, he must rid his soul of it. He sold a dozen tamales to a descendent of a proud and well learned family. Then the descendant of the proud and well-learned family walked on, and the tamale man went on with his story.

A suitor of his wife's, jealousy, a declaration of the Mafia, a battle of stilettos, and a killing: those were the facts. And then, once the rabbit-warren of Chicago failed to hide its man from the jaws of the Chicago police. After that, Joilet. Now, a little red wagon and hot tamales. That was his story.

By the grace of God and a lenient Parole Board, he is a free man,—free to the demands of tamale-eating people. Some day, he is going back to Chicago to hunt his wife. If she is not there, he will hunt until he finds her, or Death finds him. But it will take money. That is why he lives to serve those who live to eat.



## SENSE OF HUMOR.

By *Elizabeth Limbird*

Sense of humor is a certain quality which causes us to discover amusement in many things, and brings us joy, if we exercise this quality correctly. Some of us, fortunately, are more abundantly endowed with this quality than others.

How barren and colorless must be the lives of those who have little sense of humor! There is scarcely anything that amuses them, little that interests them outside of their own particular lives. They lead only a narrow, selfish existence. How much happier they could be, if only they would cultivate this sense of humor to some extent.

To those fortunate ones possessed must learn by common sense and experience when to laugh, and when not to do so. They must learn to recognize a situation in which laughter would hurt another's feeling.

To be the possessor of a sense of humor, which is a certain quality that causes us to discover amusement in many things and brings us joy if we exercise this quality correctly, should be the aim of everyone.

## WHAT KIND OF CHARITY?

By *Virginia Hourn*.

Charity is a word in almost everybody's vocabulary; yet one often consults the dictionary to employ it.

The different kinds of charity come under two main groups, as liberality, and the disposition to think well of others. Charitable liberality is the giving of one's time or money to somebody who needs it. Many believe that one has to be wealthy to be charitable. Absolutely not! The poorest man in the world may be more charitable than the richest man. It is true that the poor man has no money to give, but he may give all his time and love to others. The rich man of an abundance of this quality are given lives filled with a certain happiness. They are the persons who find, even in defeat, an amusement, and far from being discouraged, they start anew, determined to succeed. And in the end, they do! They are the ones who look on the bright side of life, and find a certain joy just in the privilege of living.

There is danger, however, in being too lavishly endowed with this sense of humor, since sometimes it can be carried to an extreme. Some persons carry it so far that they see or take nothing seriously, and assume an exaggerated attitude of nonchalance. They forget that there are many things to be considered in a very serious manner.

They must be careful to control to some extent the expression of the sense of humor by laughter, because sometimes such expression is liable to get its perpetrator into trouble. They

may give a great deal of money, yet not give the thought and love to those whom it will help.

If one has the disposition to think well of others, he is charitable. A wonderful example of this kind of charity is Jesus Christ. It is very hard, indeed, to think well of your enemies. Since this kind of disposition is hard to develop, very few people have the good fortune to have this universal love for others.

BALLAD OF PUSS  
AND THE OGREBy *Pauline Davis*

Oh once there was an ogre man  
Most awful large and tall  
And there was not a single thing  
He could not do at all.

He'd change his shape, he'd change his  
size  
He'd change most everything  
To animals so very large  
Who could both talk and sing.

This ogre was an evil man  
He stole from rich and poor  
He even pushed a dying nun  
From out his very door.

Now, too, there was a Puss-in-Boots  
Who was both kind and good  
Now he did wish to save his sire  
From everything he could.

And so one dark and dreary night  
When all was calm and still  
He journeyed to the ogre's den  
That stood upon the hill.

He walked so soft no one could hear  
His lightest footstep's sound  
He walked, and walked, and walked  
until  
The palace walls he found.

He reached the walk, he reached the  
steps  
He even reached the door  
When suddenly a sound he heard  
A sound upon the floor.

The door was opened, opened wide  
By other one than he  
He walked into the spacious hall  
To see what he could see.

A beast sat on a lofty throne  
He weighed nigh on a ton  
Whose very horrid countenance  
Would scare the bravest one.

"Kind Sir," Puss said, "I've heard of  
you  
The wondrous things you do  
And so I've come to call, you see  
And pay you tribute true."

These words did please the awful one  
And he did clap and cheer  
"I'll show you, cat, how fine I am  
I'm not a monster mere."

With that he jumped up from his seat  
He said some magic words  
He beat his head, he beat his chest  
And did some things absurd.

Tiger he was, mighty and strong

And now an eagle bold  
And now he was a timid deer  
And a mastodon of old.

At last he was a dog so gay  
He chased poor Puss around  
Until the poor cat almost thought  
He'd wake up in a mound.

"How grand you are," cried crafty  
Puss  
"To be so changeable  
But don't tell me that you can be  
A smaller animal."

"You laugh at me, you dirty cat  
I'll show what I can do  
'Tis but the merest sport for me  
To be as small as you."

With that he changed into a bird  
And flew about the room  
In truth he was a robin small  
No monster did he loom.

"I strive to please" quoth he to Puss  
"What would ye have me be?"  
"Oh Sir," said Puss, "Oh won't you  
turn  
To a mouse so gay and free?"

"No sooner said than done, Oh Puss  
Just see how smart I am"  
For now you see a tiny mouse  
Nor do you see a sham.

Now all this while, sly Puss stood still  
And watched him with a glance  
To put an end to all this sport  
If he but had the chance.

And while the mouse was running  
round  
Sly Puss he made a pounce  
He caught the mouse with his sharp  
claw  
Nor did it he renounce.

He caught the mouse right on the neck  
And twisted it around  
Thrice did he hit him on the back  
And ate the mouse right down.

He licked his chops, he licked them  
twice  
He licked them thrice, did he  
And then he cried "How smart am I!  
For you are inside me!"

Then homeward bound he went his  
way  
As fast as he could go  
And told his master the good word  
That he might quit his woe.

Now all is gay, and all is free  
And Puss he lives in state  
While master dear, his loved sire  
He lives with his sweet Kate.

## "MORE IN OUR NEXT"

As the Linden Bark goes to press, the thought and attention of the entire college is being turned to the great event of Monday night, Mrs. Roemer's Birthday Party. A detailed account of the affair will appear in the next issue.

Read the Linden Bark.



(Continued from page 1)

orange, guarded by lighted pumpkins and tall stalks of corn.

As the peppy orchestra began to play, merry groups of girls began to gather. They were dressed in farmerette style with aprons and overalls that gave the scene a truly informal air. A stately figure, in a black swallow-tail dress suit, lent the one touch of formality. The wearer said that that it had been worn by her father when he was in College and admitted that he weighed less at that time than she does. Then there were children with dolls and lollypops, a Spanish cavalier and a gypsy lady; a clown and a pierrot. All danced and chatted and drank apple cider throughout the joyous evening.

As the clock of Halloween neared nine, the crowd grew suddenly quiet and from a nearby cornstalk stepped the Queen! She was escorted to the throne and crowned by President Roemer. Again the orchestra played and laughter mingled with the hearty congratulations.

#### "Queen Betty" Reigns.

Miss Betty Birch, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. Chester Birch of Kansas City, Mo., the very attractive young sophomore that was chosen by the popular vote of the college to be the Queen of Halloween, emerged into the scene of gay festivities from an inconspicuous cornstalk near the side-door.

Miss Birch made a very appropriate as well as attractive Halloween Queen. Her dress of crepe paper, that was alternately scalloped in orange and black, seemed to set off the curly russet brown of her short bobbed hair and the amber lights of her sparkling brown eyes. This tall, slender young lady with animation fairly radiating from within, created a striking and beautiful picture of youth, health, and happiness, as she was escorted to her throne by Dr. Roemer, amid the cheers and shouts of the students.

Miss Birch is well-known in all student activities, and is a general favorite because of her sunny disposition, pleasing personality, and her ability to adapt herself well, whether she is on the hockey field, or in the ball-room. All hail to this Halloween Queen of '25.

One more spell was cast upon this merry crowd when dainty chocolate cakes were served in which were fixed clever little fortunes.

It was with many protests that the last revelers left the Halloween scene, declaring this party to have been the very best this year.

Lindenwood just doesn't seem the same without "Ros" Cohen here to depend on in emergencies, but Mr. Cupid probably tipped her off on the fact that being college bred is only a four years' loaf anyway.

#### GOING PLACES AND DOING THINGS

Who are the hostesses? There are many kinds of surprise parties, but this thing of not knowing who the hostesses are is a new one. However, that was the case at the tea room at six o'clock on the evening of October 29. Those who received the weird summons to attend this ghostly gathering were: Miss Edna Hough, Dorothy Williams, Mary Olive Crawley, Babe Trap, Ruth Bullion, Hilma Black, Anette Smith, Pauline Gardner, Helen James and Betty Birch. The well planned party had continued for some time before it was discovered that the modest hostesses were June Taylor and Ruth Bullion.

The week end of October 30th, Lucy May Sharon was a guest at the home of her uncle Mr. T. H. Cobbs in St. Louis. Mr. Cobbs is a member of the Lindenwood Board of Directors so we know that Lucy May had a "good lunch".

Something different from the usual line of social events was presented by Babe Caskey in the form of a nine o'clock breakfast at the tea room last party was in honor of Frances Stumberg and the other guests were Mary Carr, Mary Margaret Ransom, Dolly Owens, Judy Martin, Mabel Tibbitts, Dorothy Osmond and Betty Birch.

Martha Smith, Irene VanEvera, Betty Campbell and Betty Lou Stone spent the week end in Kansas City. It is gathered from all reports that while there they may even have spent a few hours in actually visiting their homes.

Miss Mary Banks attended a Sigma Chi party, and the foot ball game during her recently visit to Columbia.

Frances DeLozier, Betty Couper (the 'Little Annabel'), Verna Puls, Liz Colwell, Phebe Welsh, Dolly Owens, Betty Densloe, Hilma Black, Anette Smith, Helen James and Betty Birch went on a steak fry at the ovens last Saturday night. The steak fry was a great success, such a success that several of the guests were nearly killed in the rush to get back to school in time to go to the dining room for dinner.

They sorta slipped up on us this year about our annual organ recital. Mrs. Sibley must be a little rushed for time with her more spiritual duties, because this year she performed at 11:45 P. M. on October 30, instead of at 12:00 P. M. on October 31. Nevertheless she created a sensation, although some irreverent Jubilee resident shouted "Oh, Mrs. Sibley!" through the entire program. It is rumored that Jamie and Birch were possibly more frightened by the music than any other listener.

Miss Susan Woodruff entertained with a dinner in Sibley, on October 29. The party was in honor of the birthday of Miss Peggy Denise. The other guests were Margaret Maxwell, Betty Densloe, Beata Busenbark, Verna Puls, Elizabeth Colwell, and of course, Mary Stewart was there.

Smitty came back to school and showed us "Mr. Smitty". They were married the later part of September and are now living in Springfield, Ill. By the way, they are sometimes known as Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Baker.

#### TODAY'S GIRLS ATTENTIVE TO GIRLS OF YESTERDAY.

L. C. always looks forward to the "home-coming" of the St. Louis Lindenwood Club. It is really hard to judge who enjoys it the more, the old girls or the new. On Tuesday Oct. 27, the Seniors and Juniors gazed down from the balcony not upon the familiar faces of the choir but upon the smiling ones of the girls of yesterday. The college greeted the visitors by singing the old "Lindenwood Hymn" which was followed by the "New Hymn" and "Loyalty".

Dr. Roemer then called on Mrs. Joseph White, president of the club, who spoke a few words. Mrs. D. M. Hardy of Waterloo, Ill, was next introduced. A graduate of the class of 1876, she elicited much interest among her hearers by recounting tales of her college days. Imagine a "round robin" letter circulating among twelve girls for thirty years. Impossible? Ask the members of the class of 1876. Mrs. W. W. Seymour, of Chicago who has been both student and teacher at "L. C." spoke of Lindenwood's splendid standing with other schools. Recently all her credits of 1891 were accepted by the University of Chicago. Mrs. W. K. Roth, a former president of the club, was the next speaker. She was followed by a later graduate from "L. C.". Fern Baird now Mrs. W. C. Hamill.

At 12 the irrepressible bell broke up the gathering, reminding all concerned that hot rolls were waiting in the dining room.

The St. Louis Lindenwood Club was conducted from the chapel exercises, which were given in their honor, by the Associate Lindenwood Club of St. Louis, to the diningroom in Jubilee where there was luncheon ready for the modern girls and also the older or perhaps one would better say the girls of Lindenwood of some previous date. A special luncheon, specially prepared by Miss Walter, was waiting for the old Lindenwood girls and the present ones as well, a menu such as: baked ham, hot rolls, hot coffee, olives and celery, jelly, potatoes au gratin, salad, and caramel sundaes, is never scoffed at in this institution of higher learning, and the girls being very hilarious at this great repast just more than strutted their stuff before the ladies. The



girls entertained the visitors to the very best of their ability by singing class and school songs. It's hard to tell whether the ladies or the girls enjoyed this visit the more. For one let me say,-----Lindenwood passes its O. K. on these former Lindenwood students and wishes the visits would come much oftener.

### STUDENT RECITAL

The first of the Student Recitals was given Tuesday, October 20 in Sibley Chapel.

Organ numbers were given by Miss Nellie Ruth Don Carlos, who played "In Summer," Miss Geraldine Fitzgerald, who played "Caprice," and by Miss Helen James, who played "Hymn of the Nuns" and "Fanfare".

Miss Clara Bowles sang, "I am Thy Harp" and "Thy Beaming Eyes" after Miss Euneva Lynn had sung "Little One a' Cryin" and "L'Esclave."

After the organ selection of Miss Fitzgerald, "The Nightingale" and Miss Elizabeth Burke, who was followed by Miss Sharlin Brewster who sang "Trees".

One wonders why so many of the monkey freshmen lost their "tails" during Sophomore Week. Hudson, a campus dog, seems to be guilty of the disappearance of at least one of them. Being a very playful and youthful puppy, he naturally thought that "monkey tails" were made for his amusement.

Three little freshmen were quietly walking in the rear of Niccolls Hall when Hudson's eye was attracted by the beautiful, brown, stuffed, tail. Giving his playfellows the signal he ran up and removed the tail from its proper position. The three freshmen pursued the wrongdoer, but he and his playmate were always successful in eluding them. The merry chase extended over the campus and Hudson actually enjoyed it much to the discomfort of the "monkey".

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"Ah, my dear girls, what a privilege it is to be able to address such a refreshing audience of smiling faces", no girls I'm kidding you. This isn't the regular Thursday chapel speaker, but only the campus hound firing off a little eloquence. But then eloquence is the spice of life, so why use restraint?

It's dandy hockey weather, isn't it, girls? You can tell that without looking outside if you happen to live anywhere near the infirmary. But girls, must be girls, and rough ones at that sometimes. I'm actually afraid to go down any further than the first bunker for fear of getting knocked for a row by one of those nasty balls that new St. Louis girl socks. I think she used to hang around Principia some, anyway me for the tall grass when she knocks 'em. It's a shame that so many of our little pugilists are going to be knocked out of the game because of grades. I understand that the Dean refuses to have Lindenwood's 'E' students put up for targets on the Hockey field.

But speaking of tumults, I don't know as any hockey team could equal row 'N' in chapel during some of our recent performances in the Auditorium. This has been brought very forcefully before us in more ways than one. While we are on the subject of noise and general uproar, I might put in a word for 3rd floor Butler. They're good girls one and all, but just a bit frivolous. Of course, they are a bad influence on other more timid creatures of the school and should be violently suppressed.

Y'know, Lindenwood doesn't appear to be an especially nervous institute, but it contains some of the nerviest inmates I have ever discovered. I understand that one very prissy Freshman (for reference refer to any soph) came to the gym attired quite appropriately for the dance of the seven veils only she didn't have the veils. Oh whereunto has our modesty flown? I fear we are degenerating in more ways than one because I also hear that one of our old girls, a choir member at that, carries on her love affairs through the medium of one down town church. I wouldn't mind going to church either if I could vamp a man into writing me notes.

Gee girls, this has been a noble struggle. I have scorned crushes until this moment, but now I must needs fall back on the old gore standby. I might announce that an anti-league has been formed namely the S. S. S. Their slogan, I believe is D. W. C. Down with crushes. May all

things good and holy join with them in their moral uplifting.

Perhaps the latest and most denying case is that of a third floor Irwinit, a busy freshman, I believe she's from Arkansas. Anyway her time and attention seems to be centering on the head of the Athletic Association. The effects will not be had, I'm sure, people with the same first name hardly ever do hit it off, and anyway the upper classman seems to have her interest in higher authority.

Gee whiz, I'm getting sleepy. This job ain't all it's cracked up to be anyhow. It always makes me sleepy to have to think. So Tutie Fruitie, I think I'll go take a sun bath out on the tea room porch and watch the dietors come and go.

### CAMPUS CONCORD

Bernice Barkley spent the week end in St. Louis as the guest of Lydia Dodge. Miss Dodge who was a student of Lindenwood for several years, now has a position with a bonding company of St. Louis.

Dixie Laney had as her guest last week end her sister, Mrs. Edwin Kuboli, of Ft. Worth Texas. Mrs. Kuboli will be remembered by the old girls as Marie Laney who attended Lindenwood.

Miss Helen Trusty of Kansas City was the week end guest of Mary Margaret Ransom the past week end. Miss Trusty was a student here last year and is now attending Missouri University.

Susan Jordan spent the past week end at her home in Vincennes, Indiana.

Ruth Bullion and June Taylor entertained a group of friends with a three course dinner at the tea room on Thursday, October 30, at 6:30 P. M. The decorations were suggestive of Halloween and fortunes were given as favors.

Pauline Davis had as her guest the past week end, Miss Virginia Symns of Nevada, who is a student at Missouri University. Miss Symns was a student of Lindenwood for two years during which time she was secretary of the student board, a member of the Players, the French Club, and a member of the staff of Linden Bark.

Lost, Strayed, Stolen—One male lap dog, quite up in years but unusually sprightly. On his back he wears a leopard skin and around his neck a cow-bell. His tail is unusually long and his frame rather skinny. His tongue is a very prominent feature as it dangles while the animal locomotes about. He answers to the name of Apostle Paul. Finder or guilty one will please return to Sanctuary of Snails on second floor Butler and receive her just recompense.