

LINDEN BARK

VOL. 2, No. 8.

Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Mo., Wednesday, November 18, 1925.

Price 5c

VOCATIONAL LECTURER AT LINDENWOOD.

Miss Florence Jackson of Wellesley, Mass., is spending two weeks at Lindenwood. Miss Jackson honors Lindenwood annually with her visits and this year is doing extraordinary work for the students.

During her two weeks' visit here she will interview every Lindenwood Freshman and advise each student as to the vocation for which she is best suited.

On Sunday night, November 8, Miss Jackson lectured to the members of the student body and faculty on the Occupational Progress of Women through-out the ages.

Miss Jackson pointed out that while women had always worked, it was not until the nineteenth century that women began to be actively engaged in occupations outside the home. Prior to this, there had been of course, a few exceptions but it was not generally the case that the women of the times sought occupations outside the home. Miss Jackson gave the histories of the development of the various vocations from the ancient up to the moderns, pointing out the influence exerted by women on the professions.

Miss Jackson said in part:

"In 1798, Northampton, Mass., would not allow women to attend the public schools. Now, Smith College for women is located there with a present enrollment of over 2000 girls. Hartford, Conn., in 1771 was the first to open its schools to women, but even then the girls were not allowed to learn subtraction, multiplication or division but concentrated their attention on addition. It was about this time that women became so vitally interested in education. It was they, with their hard won meager learning, who produced the people who went in so strongly for women's education, making possible our present opportunities. The women of today are not allowed to become either martyrs or pioneers in this field, for our education is much too matter-of-fact to allow such.

"The modern woman is found in all fields of activity but the mid-western woman seems to be ahead in politics. The opportunities for the expansion of woman's work are due chiefly to the Civil and later to the

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HUDSON SUPER WILL APPEAR

Hudson is growing up. Astounding announcement, but nevertheless true. On Thanksgiving night he will make his dignified (?) debut into society. Nothing like putting the point to the story first. Well, here's the proper beginning for the benefit of all those chronologically minded.

Hudson received his name it is said from that of a well known motor vehicle. Indeed such a car one day almost put an end to a very small dog's life. But he was rescued by "Unk", cared for, healed, and hence christened Hudson Super.

Now for the sensational news again. This same Hudson is to appear on Thursday evening November 26, as one of the cast of the Thanksgiving play. Certainly a versatile pup. Three cheers for Hudson. Three cheers for the "Goose Hangs High". Let's go everybody.

BACK IN COLLEGE.

Students are glad to welcome Wilma Sanderson back to her place among the sophomores, after her sad visit to her home in Altus, Okla., occasioned by the death of her father.

IN PERIL OF LIFE.

"Who can tell what is in store for us at our journey's end?"

Last week, Miss Clement, the proprietor of the Tea-room, visited a niece who lives at Alton, just 25 miles north of St. Louis.

Some friends drove to Lindenwood, to take Miss Clement with them to Alton. They first drove to St. Louis, and having some spare time, they decided to go to a show. After that was ended, they started once again for the niece's house.

Between East Alton and Wood River, they had a wreck. Some intoxicated men driving at a terrific speed in a Ford car, ran into the car in which Miss Clement was riding. This was a Studebaker six.

The Studebaker was torn to pieces, but luckily no one was injured. After waiting for a car to pick them up, and to get the necessary evidence against the Ford car and its occupants, the party continued on its way to Alton.

By the time they arrived at their destination, it was 3 A. M.

BIRTHDAY FAIRYLAND FOR MRS. ROEMER

To thee our friend, a toast we raise,
To thee whom we adore.
You've won from us our hearts, our love,
And yet we owe thee more.

And when we've gained the highest peak,
And life's hard battle's done,
We'll pay a tribute on the shrine
Of fame, to thee, dear one.

—Virginia Shelton.

The dinner dance given by the freshman class in honor of Mrs. John L. Roemer's birthday November 9, was begun in Jubilee dining room in a way that was pleasant to the students and guests alike. This party, which is one of the oldest of all Lindenwood traditions, was begun not by simply a dinner, but by a feast fit for even as gracious a queen as Mrs. Roemer herself.

This great feast was introduced by delicious grape-fruit cock-tail. Then, the chicken a la king in pattie shells—so dear to the hearts of Lindenwood; the fine buttered peas; the delicious hot rolls and apple butter; the baked potatoes in the half-shell; the crisp celery and juicy olives were brought under the all-consuming care of the young ladies and guests. The next target for the appetites of these Lindenwood girls was fine pear salad. Then, the dessert ice-cream, in Lindenwood colors, and individual cakes with small candles burning in them, brought in to the strains of the Lindenwood hymn, were served. The finale to this sumptuous feast was a demi-tasse. By each plate was a little bag-shaped basket of salted almonds and the program for the dance that took place in the gym at 8:45.

Songs were sung by all four classes honoring Mrs. Roemer's birthday.

Somebody said that the Veiled Prophet's ball in all of its scintillating splendor is in truth but this—a background for lovely gowns. The Lindenwood gymnasium in its festive attire of Monday night might be likewise described. How many creative artists, designers, might have pointed with pride and said, "There is my masterpiece."

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LINDEN BARK

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Wednesday, November 18, 1925.

THE LINDEN BARK:

"Rejoice in all the honors which come to those you know. That you know them makes you, in a sense, a partner in their fame; that you rejoice with them brings you their friendship",

By Henry Worthington

LINDENWOOD'S CHARITIES

"In faith and hope the world will disagree
But all mankind's concern is charity".

Have you ever stopped to think that everyone who lives within this troubled old Universe of ours receives and gives to somebody else? You know, charities form as great a part of our lives in these busy days as in the long ago when Jesus said "The poor you have with you always", for we are all poor and needy for what someone else has to offer us.

Lindenwood itself was given to the girls of yesterday, the girls of tomorrow and even to you and me, by those who had great charity and realized our need. So we in turn do our small bit in the way of giving, if only to one another. Especially at Thanksgiving time we think more seriously of these things and put them into real practice. Certain organizations, particularly those interested in sociology, are doing very commendable work in the public institutions for the poor here close at home. Although we cannot all help in a big way, we can get the Thanksgiving spirit and be ready to give as well as to receive.

IN COLD TYPE

After all is said and done, there is really no test for a piece of writing be it poetry or prose, blank verse or mod-

ernistic drama, quite so rigid and true as the test of seeing said manuscript in black and white, rather, on the printed page. It makes such a difference even the meaning is changed, when a subject is viewed from the angle of seeing it in print! It's the feeling that comes but once in a life-time, that creepy sensation of seeing for the first time some "pen-chile" of yours subjected to the strain of the public's condemnation or approval. Even the most important things seem trivial sometimes, after they have been put into print or the little things suddenly loom up to occupy great dimensions. One never can tell how things are going to look or be accepted, *in print*. It is great fun, this writing game, and the most risqué of all gambles for our brain children, these innovations-of-our-fountain-pens, is the one of exposing them to the judgment of cold type.

THANKSGIVING PROGRAM

Thanksgiving Day will open in Lindenwood with a hockey game between Kansas and Missouri at nine o'clock. The players on both teams are chosen from those who were members of the class teams. The day's service religious will be conducted by Dr. R. Calvin Dobson at eleven o'clock in Roemer auditorium.

Dr. Dobson is the executive secretary of the St. Louis Presbytery.

Following the services, the Thanksgiving dinner is to be served at one o'clock. Turkey, cranberry sauce, pumpkin pie, and all the necessary trimmings for a Thanksgiving dinner, are included in the menu.

Later in the afternoon a tea dance is to be given under the supervision of the Student Board. Young gentlemen are allowed to attend this dance.

In the evening the Y. W. C. A. gives a play. This year the play is to be "The Goose Hangs High" by Louis Beache. Those who will take parts in the play are Marian Eldridge, Irene Scherer, Virginia Shelton, Alberta Simpson, Selma Sonin, Anna Margaret Brecht, Frances Delozier, Dorothy Jansen, Dorothy Beatty, Aline Davidson, and Dorothy Hall.

WHY GO FARTHER?

Miss Linnemann's department is to design Christmas cards this year and they are to be placed on sale to the students at once. The proceeds from the sale of these cards will go to the Mary Easton Sibley fund. They will be handpainted in original designs and will have on them a place for the name. They will not be "Lindenwood Cards" in any sense of the word since the name of the college will not appear on them but will be simply pretty Christmas Greetings. Later on, the class will make birthday and Lindenwood greeting cards.

COLLEGE CALENDAR.

Thursday, November 19:

11:00 A. M., Students' Recital
Music Department.

Friday, November 20:

Kansas and Missouri girls join in goodfellowship to see the homecoming game at K. U.

Sunday, November 22:

6:30 P. M. Sunday Night Vespers
Dr. George Wales King of Markham Memorial Presbyterian Church

World War, and to the western expansion of the United States. With the men away from home fighting or exploring new eras, the women were left to carry on and thus they proved their metal. There is a Latin motto on the wall of the old music hall at Smith which reads, when translated: 'You get the most kick out of the toughest job.' Women should leave college with the Ten Commandments tucked under their arm and should not allow themselves to be separated from their teachings. They are as good for the dullest moments of the most dreary days as for the brightest of happy days. After all, when they are translated into every day slang, the first, second, third, fourth and fifth commandments combined, read simply, "Thou shalt not shirk."

GOING PLACES AND DOING THINGS

Friday, November the sixth, marked the beginning of a "real" week-end for Lindenwood girls. Such excitement hasn't been witnessed for some time. Almost everyone "went places and did things", except a few poor souls who were either too "broke" or too conscientious, or campused. It was that M. U.-Washington football game that caused so many of the pink thrills, for of course all the Bills and Toms made that game an excuse for getting themselves into the vicinity of St. Charles.

Miss Helen Almond visited friends in St. Louis. She must have had a fine time, but now she's too busy studding to tell anybody about it.

Mr. and Mrs. Banks of Liberty, Mo., who spent the week end at Lindenwood with their daughter Mary, were royally entertained Saturday night by a dinner in Sibley given by Eugenia Whittington, Mary Carr, and Anita Rudowsky. Nellie Ruth Don Carlos and Margaret Keesor were also present. The greatest surprise of the evening came in the form of Clara Bowles sliding down the banister into the midst of the party. However it is difficult to say whether the surprise was greatest on the part of the dinner guests or Clara.

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All eyes were turned first upon the throne where reigned the queen of the occasion. Mrs. Roemer was indeed a most gracious sovereign. Her gown was of brocaded chiffon velvet. Black chiffon formed the background for the silver brocade through which there ran a subdued effect of pastel shades. The slightly irregular hem line was bound in lynx fur, while rhinestone and opal buckles at the waist, and a large flower, shading through the blues and silvers upon the left shoulder blended in perfecting the charm of the costume. Mrs. Roemer's corsage of orchids and pink rose buds was presented her by the Freshman class.

Dean Gipson seated on the left of the throne, wore a straight line gown of nasturium chiffon elaborately embroidered in crystal beads. The Dean carried a corsage of roses and of violets.

On the right of Mrs. Roemer it was indeed a pleasure to all present to greet Miss Florence Jackson. She was gowned in a figured chiffon whose color combination was orange and black. Her corsage was yellow tea roses.

Miss Diven, the Freshman sponsor, whose clever ideas were largely responsible for the artistic effects achieved by the party, wore a frock of king's blue chiffon velvet trimmed in rhinestones. Her corsage was of pink roses and lilies of the valley.

Turning now to the floor with its seething rainbow, one's attention was immediately caught by a splash of purple. Upon closer examination the owner was found to be that vivacious President of the Freshman class. Everyone has heard of pep; many have described it, others longed for it; but to some few it comes as the gift of the gods. Such a favored one is Ruth Bullion. As she flashed by there might be glimpsed a frock of pansy chiffon and net liberally sprinkled with crystal and cut steel beads. Upon the shoulder was perched a bow of net with long ends reaching nearly to the bottom of the skirt. A rhinestone bandeau and corsage of pink rose buds completed the effect.

The brunette charms of the Vice-President of the class were set off to advantage by a frock of blonde satin whose irregular petal hem was faced with rose crepe-de-chene. Velvet roses were placed at intervals along the hem line, and one crowded the left shoulder. Miss Carey's corsage was pink rose buds.

Petite Betty Couper whom one might indeed term the perfect blonde, was attractively gowned in tangerine chiffon trimmed in ostrich of the same hue. She carried pink rose buds.

The Treasurer of the class, charmingly dignified Marguerite Wanger, wore a slim white frock of lace and net over a shell pink slip. The waist line girdle was of delicate blue satin. She carried a corsage of pink roses.

Mrs. Roemer from her place of

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honor, looked upon an artistically decorated dance hall. Shades of pink and orchid were predominant in the streamers and flowers of tissue paper. The festivities were opened with a grand march, the goal of which was the presentation of clever favors, swagger sticks with roses at the head, for the girls, and gay vari-colored boutonnières for the men.

The syncopation of the orchestra and the kaleidoscopic view of the dancing girls made an enjoyable hour until the two darling pages in white satin announced the presentation of "The Garden of Dreams". The pages were Lucille Ross and Hermyne Rosenberger.

Jenny F. Stewart created an atmosphere for the program by her lovely song, "In My Garden of Dreams". Before a back ground of palms and white trellis fence, Ruth Bullion and Mary L. Omstead played the roles of Pierrot and Pierrette delightfully. The maker of dreams, Margaret Madden, presented the sweethearts, the graceful Russian dancer, Patsy Ryan, being the first. Adria Spielberger, in a colonial dress, read a charming story of the fan. Clara Bowles, with all the winsomeness of the Irish, sang "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling." As Sue Shirley Suzanne Robertson, Dorothy Jansen sang, a chorus of Frances Raberts, and Elma Oliphant danced, with graceful little Uona Stevenson as Ballet Queen.

Dainty refreshments were served by a group of freshmen maids and dancing continued until a late hour.

The Freshmen very thoughtfully remembered the honor guests at their party by presenting each of the ladies with a lovely corsage and the men with boutonnières. The sophomores and juniors presented Mrs. Roemer with a large basket of chrysanthemums while the seniors gave her a lovely negligé of lavender and pink flat crepe.

Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Cobbs, Mr. and Mrs. John T. Garrett, Dr. and Mrs. B. Kurt

Stumberg, Judge and Mrs. Bruere, Messrs. and Mesdames Tainter, Kirkpatrick, Rauch, Mudd, Dyer, Fox, Maisden, Willbrand, Gauss, Null, Weil, Travis, Schreiber, Calder, Johnson, Thomas, Odenweller, Motley, Blocher, also, Mrs. Emmons, Mrs. McDearmon, and Misses McDearmon, Wright, Udtsadt, Hutchins, Barnett, Lear, Karr, Riske, Eltinge, Wayne, Lozier, Gauss, Wooster and Muter.

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Miss Elizabeth Goode had as her guest Miss Camille Langston, a student from the University of Missouri. "Oh, yes, she's from Arkansaw!"

That gal who ritzed right up to the door of Butler in a Yellow Cab and was greeted by a whole cheering section of unusually enthusiastic girls, was none other than Marie Laney, correction: Mrs. Kubale, who visited her sister Dixie. Well, anyway, "Laney" seems to be prospering because of (or in spite of) the husband.

Sibley girls felt mighty "big and smart" Monday morning when they got to sleep longer than any other building. But it was only ten minutes longer, for the clever maid seemed to know where to look for hidden "cow bells". Better bury that bell next time, girls!

Miss Mary Olive Crawley was a week end guest at the home of Miss Mabel Tibbetts of St. Louis (and Principia). It is reported that the telephone was really quite over worked yea, even unto the wee small hours of the night, but was it Med or Fran who did the talking?

Miss Helma Black entertained (it is hoped) Miss Mary Ethel Prow, a Pi Phi from Columbia.

More hidden talent has been revealed at L. C. This time it is the movies! Miss Lucy May Sharon has shown remarkable talent along this line and has actually appeared on the screen in St. Louis theatres. Lucy May is too modest, or bashful, to tell about her career, and Lucy Smith must have been blackmailed, for she won't tell either. However, it is whispered around that Miss Sharon played the part of one of the flowers, probably the violet, in Shaw's Garden's latest production the "Flower Show".

Every body was so sorry about Jane Palmer who was the only girl in the infirmary on the night of Mrs. Roemer's birthday party. Jane has been quite ill for some time and the Bark extends its most sincere sympathies to her.

Audrey Rickert, Frances Baggett, Wilma Saunders and Ruth Rodda also spent some time in the infirmary but were fortunate enough to recover in time for the party.

SAMUEL PEPYS
AT LINDENWOOD

Awakened at candle light, by a great cow bell which was rung by a person in black going up and down hall opening from my apartment. In bed from then on until breakfast bell rang, at which time I arose immediately and donned my attire. To breakfast where I did dine on cereal and muffins with many raisins.

From thence to my room where I did sweep the dirt into the hall, Elizabeth Tait having all of the dust pans. To an eight o'clock in which much physical energy was exerted by the professor, and we were told often to pull ourselves up by our bootstraps. From there to the tea room where I did partake of weiners between cold slices of bread covered with much mustard, after which to my apartment where I did rest until noon.

At noon to chapel wherein I was much elated to hear notices that our grades had been pleasing to those in authority. Thence to lunch where there was much discussion as to the grading system, some thinking it should be numerical, some thought it should be by letters. There was much good to be said on both sides and a decision was not reached.

To the tea room at two again, dining on slices of tomatoes between bread, and tea with lemon. I did see Doug Bryan and Carmelita Hoffman engaged in serious controversy as to whether they should study in the tea room or the library, Doug winning, being a mighty talker and hers being the tea room theory.

From there to the infirmary to be treated of the cold, where I did find many others similarly indisposed. Thence to my apartment where I did recreate till dinner time, at which time I dined on roast beef and mashed potatoes with much gravy, followed by chocolate pudding.

After supping, to the gymnasium
(Continued in Col. 3)



Well, well, my very dear young ladies, I'm afraid about all you'll get this week is a lotta perty bum static. The original no soap week has just passed us up, and thank heavens it's gone. All the little girls have just more than been yawning and sleeping in classes since the big affair last Monday night. It's mighty nice they have a party to lay their sleepiness on to, some people in this school are mighty sensitive you know, and teachers can't help getting favorites and non-favorites.

My goodness gracious me, why doesn't somebody that feels real industrious break down and help a poor hound dorg out? Either create a little news for me to snoop out or imagine some and write it up and stick it in the little drawer in the Journalism room marked by the trade mark that heads this column. A little help, my friend, is all I ask of you!

Oh dear, oh dear, I'm so very proud of the dear old school! There's not going to be any more cheating here! No sir! Why, didn't you notice that little announcement on the bulletin board that gave every student the right, why even the privilege, to report any other student that is copying or even that looks like she is thinking about copying. Now we'll find that girl that the moral organization of Lindenwood termed both "popular and worthy". Can you wait?

Speaking of dutiful lassies, can you beat that one about the little girl who was asked (almost) by her mother to go to Kansas on the special train on the twentieth? There she would have met her brother and incidentally her best beau, as he attends school there. Do you think she's going? Why, no, my dears, she's staying here at dear old Lindenwood to work on a term paper. God bless our happy homes. She oughta get a special seat in heaven up front with a certain kind of little cap that, I believe has bells on it.

Business pickin' up. Do you know what? That jolly little lisper of Sibley Hall seems to be getting along rather nicely with a tall, blonde, Sophomore of the third floor of that hall. From all that has come to my ears these two little Sibleyites are having a rather heavy time, so to speak. All hail to our L. O. C. A., or Lindenwood Organized Crush Advocates. Such is life in a girl's school. I've been here many a day, my fair ones, it ain't never been any different!

I understand that one Soph extremely slender and a typical blonde,

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has a little frosh on her mind so much that even when she attempts to comfort other little freshies with outbursts of emotion she doesn't do anything but fervently utter the name of the adored one. Gee, aint love grand? If you don't think so, take my advice and peep into the library some night when it's safe and you can find out then by the sweetie peach glances being handed out that it must not be so worse.

My mind now turns to that cheer leader soph of Butler Hall and her little affair with that dark, vivacious freshman of first floor Niccolls. The freshman seemed to favor the soph's roomie for the big freshman party, but of course somebody might have beat the time of the little frosh. She's just awful slow, donchakno!

I have heard that third floor Butler is all for having a thorough investigation of their corridor to find out just where that leak is up there. It is very bothersome 'cause whenever they do anything this leak has to make itself evident and spills all their doings to the rest of the campus. No, girls, the campus hound has nothing to do with it, I assure you! Just a little court plaster will do the job. It makes a fine gag, my friends.

Well, to make a long story short, I've got to sign off girls and go eat. All's well that ends well they say, and if I end this by starting for the dining room, which I do maintain is a very good sign for any normal individual, perhaps this little column will be all kayo with you.

Continued from Col. 1)

where we were all merry and where I did attempt to follow Helen James in an intricate new dance called the "Charleston". Finding my feet too awkward and the dance too difficult to master in one evening. I did go home where I worked diligently on the "Revolt of Islam" so that in my classroom the next day I should not be told I was a "miserable student, a miserable lot."

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