

LINDEN BARK

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TELLS OF THE LOVE OF GOD

Rev. Frederic Niedner At Vesper Service

Rev. Frederic Niedner delivered the sermon at vesper service Sunday night, January 17, taking as his text Romans 8: 37, 38.

Rev. Mr. Niedner, who is pastor of the Emmanuel Lutheran Church of St. Charles, emphasized the greatness of God's love to man. He said, "Nothing is as great as the consciousness of God's love. If you have worldly wealth, worldly fame, or even worldly love, it will profit you not if you have lost the love of God."

He brought out the thought that the greatest manifestation of God's love was the life of Christ. He also claimed that it was possible to remove one's self from God's love, quoting scriptures to prove his point.

He asked Lindenwood girls to remember one thing, even if they remembered nothing else that he had said. That was the idea expressed in the verses of his text:

"Through all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us.

"For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come.

"Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

WEATHER MAN WATCHED FROM DAWN TILL DARK

Observant students might have been impressed by the weather on February 2, Ground Hog's Day. The students might have thought that the old hog didn't see his shadow at all as the day was, in general, cold and cloudy. But, the fact is, the sun peeped out of the clouds for a fraction of a minute about noon, so that Mr. Ground Hog, if he were watching closely, might very easily have seen his shadow. That means bad weather for six more weeks.

However, one student remarks very appropriately that whether or not the old ground hog saw his girlish silhouette stretched out over the ground, or whether or not he retired in terror to his hole once more, there is not much probability of getting along in Missouri without some bad weather.

TURKS AND LINDENWOOD

In an Associated Press article recently received from Constantinople, Turkey, it is announced that the city council has passed a new set of rules regarding weddings and dowries of the bride. She shall not have more than two dresses made for her wedding and shall not accept presents; her chattels shall not be carried openly to her new home; there shall not be more than 5 carriages or autos accompanying the bride to the bridegroom's house; dancing girls shall not be employed at the wedding, and the festivities are not to continue for more than one day.

Knowing that these collegiate walls harbored more than one prospective bride of the near future, a LINDEN BARK representative sought interviews with the timid creatures in an effort to get their worthy opinions on these harsh rulings of the Turkish city council.

After much coercion on the part of Rep (which means Representative, of course) and a great deal of prompting from dozens of unattached young upper-classmen, one demurely replied "Ask my fiancee", which shows, of course that there are still a few maidens even in the best of colleges who are willing to let the man be Boss, until the preacher has presided, THEN, but that's another story.

Not being daunted in the least by the superior information supplied by her sister, another Inhabitant boldly advanced and, with one whole hand in her pocket and the other holding a dresser edge for support, said, "I should think there would be an alarming shortage of marriage licenses issued in Turkey after that, or do they have licenses? I've forgotten, but anyway, I should think not many people would dare to get married with that little encouragement. Now take me, for instance. I intend to have at least, well as many as I can possible get, dresses in my trousseau besides the things in my hope chest, and as for presents, why even the bungalow is coming from his Father, and Dad is furnishing it, not to mention where the car's coming from, and there will be silver from Granny. And you girls will etc., of course. Naturally, I don't want dancing girls at the wedding or people going home with us after the honeymoon, and as for chattels, I don't even register on that but guess if I have any they

(Continued on page 8)

ARCHDEACON TALKS ON SAILING LIFE'S SEA

Archdeacon Marsden of the Missouri diocese of the Protestant Episcopal Church, rector of the St. Charles Episcopal Church had "Thoughts in sailing the Sea of Life" as the subject of his sermon at vespers, January 31. The scripture lesson was taken from the eighth chapter of Matthew.

Rev. Mr. Marsden said that to sail a ship safely, one must go through all the motions of rigging the sails, because it is "not the gale, but the set of the sail that wafts the ship into port." This is a close analogy in sailing the sea of life; one must know how to set the sail of the ship of which we are the steersman.

"There are three angles from which this must be considered: first, the angle of faith. This twentieth century is being built on scientific knowledge, and in order to live we must have insight and endeavor; the just alone do not live by faith. Faith holds an indispensable place, and its influence is great whether applied religiously or not. The call of the world today that that is most insistent and intent is the call for the rehabilitation of religious faith. This makes a prodigious difference as to whether we think that God is good, and not as Carlyle who thinks Him a huge, immeasurable machine engine, to grind us from limb. Insidious propaganda has been put out to undermine our faith "In God we Trust."

"The second angle is that of 'courage'. Who is the greatest man in history with the exception of Jesus Christ? St. Paul is the greatest in the immediate effect of personality, forcefulness, tenderness, courteousness, and his power to convince. The secret of courage is found in faith and is not a pious attaining. Paul believed and backed his faith with his life, and he can be equalled only by Jesus.

"Prayer is the third angle to be considered. Prayer is the soul of religion; failure in prayer is the loss of religion itself in the theoretical aspect. It demands a living God who deals with us and it challenges Christians to undertake deeds needing divine cooperation. If we do not receive satisfaction of prayer it is because we are unwilling to go to the garden and learn with Christ and learn not 'my will, but thine, O Lord, be done.

(Continued on page 7)

LINDEN BARK

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WEDNESDAY, FEB. 10, 1926

The Linden Bark:

*Oh, to love through deeds
To be as Lincoln was!
That all the land might fill its daily
needs
Glorified by a human cause!
Then even American a vast world
torch
Flaming afaith across the dying
earth
Proclaiming from the Atlantic's rocky
porch,
That a New World was struggling
at the birth!*

James Oppenheim

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

"Valentine's Day is now almost everywhere a much degenerated festival, the only observance of any note consisting merely of the sending of jocular anonymous letters to parties whom one wishes to quiz, and this confined very much to the humble class. Maid servants and young fellows interchange such epistles with each other on the fourteenth of February, no doubt conceiving that the joke is amazingly good."

In the words of our fellow slang addicts, "Just what does that make us?" Indeed we are slightly overcome at the remembrance of last Saturday's plebeian purchases, a plentiful supply of red hearts with tender verses. But be ye reassured one and all. The quotation above is taken from the opening paragraphs of an English article on Valentine's Day the substance of which was too good to pass by. It is strange the difference in customs between two countries so closely related. We in America are shocked and amused at the Englishman's attitude toward what is to us the cherished sentiment of the day, the sending of valentines. We hesitate to place ourselves in the "hum-

ble classes" because in the spirit of love or frolic we are guilty of exchanging small heart be-sprinkled cards. And yet our English cousins are no doubt horrified at our sentimentalism.

In England the old and true ceremony of the day corresponds somewhat to the game of forfeits. An equal number of young ladies and bachelors get together. Each writes his name upon a separate billet which they afterwards draw by lot; the maids taking the men's and the men the maid's. Thus each man draws a young lady whom he calls his valentine, and each young lady draws a man. But the man must show preference for the valentine he himself draws. The chosen ones then give balls and treats to their mistresses, and for several days wear their ladies' billets on their sleeves. This quaint custom often results in love. But if for some reason the valentines are not attracted to one another the gentleman must make the lady a handsome present to atone for his lack of attention.

A tradition with which we are more familiar is that the first person belonging to the other sex met on Valentine morn is destined to be one's life long mate.

Amusing, all of this. And after giving it a casual glance we will each go our separate way. Wonder who will get the most valentines this year?

PILOT OF THE PAST

February, the briefest month of the year, merits its place in the calendar by its abundance of holidays. All America pauses on the twelfth of this month in respect to Abraham Lincoln. As a speaker would say, no introduction is necessary. Each one of us has heard of the humble birthplace, of his days as a "rail-splitter," and hence of his entry to the White House. It is one of the most familiar stories of history and it is not our purpose to repeat the facts so well known to every thinking American.

We each have a visionized picture of Lincoln impressed upon our mind from tender childhood. What a huge rugged character he must have been! We think of photographs of the awkward giant, think of his six feet and four inches of loosely knit muscular figure. There must have been a shambling powerfulness about the personage, yet those who had seen him personally tell of a mysterious expression in his eyes that no photographer was able to catch.

A host of anecdotes reveals to us the strength of the man. There are tales of his honesty, for he was ever an example of clean-cut truthfulness and conscientious. There are stories to which we respond with an amused chuckle, for he possessed a ready wit; and those of tender pathos that appeal to our innermost sympathies.

Lincoln, the man, has won the admiration of all, with an admiration unbiased by old prejudices. He possessed

COLLEGE CALENDARh

Thursday, February 11:
11 A. M., Oratory Recital.
Friday, February 12,
11 A. M., Miss Gertrude Ely, of Bryn Mawr, Penn., National Chairman of New Voter's Branch of the League of Women Voters.
Saturday, February 13,
Illinois State Club Party.
Sunday, February 14,
6:30 P. M., Sunday Night Vespers.

a rare gift for which every girl yearns, a faculty of the greatest benefit to everyone. In everyday life it is called tact, but in statecraft it is given the more statesman-like appellation of diplomacy. As a boy Lincoln was the sort who was chosen to act in the role of umpire at wrestling matches or foot-races. His companions had confidence in his judgment and honesty. As such a person he was peace-maker and court of appeals in difficulties.

It is not our purpose to eulogize Lincoln, too many others have excelled in that. We only stop to think of the captain who piloted this ship of state through perhaps the stormiest part of its course. In the words of Emerson we find this tribute, "In four years, four years of battle days, his endurance, his fertility and resources, his magnanimity, were sorely tried and never found wanting. There, by his courage, his justice, his even temper, his fertile counsel, his humanity, here stood a heroic figure in the center of a heroic age."

CLASSICS AS NEWS

Much has been said in the past few years concerning the decline of interest in the classics. The Roman Tatler has come to Lindenwood to inform those idle conversationalists how utterly useless is their chatter. Everyone has noticed the transformation in the Latin bulletin board. Indeed the weekly newspaper thereon bids fair to become one of the very most prominent of the campus publications. The paper was conceived by Miss Hankins in the belief that in this way the students in general might become at least casually acquainted with Latin and other classical subjects.

The editors are the members of the Vergil and Horace classes. Each week the work is given over to two girls. The most recent edition was compiled by Margaret Keeser and Mary Lou Hook. It is comprised of an editorial column well worth reading; several articles on Latin, its use in daily life; a Woman's Page without which no paper is complete; an illustrated section with pictures of life in ancient Rome and Pompeii; a joke column; and last of all the ever necessary advertisements.

Everybody is looking forward to future Tatlers.

SUGGESTIONS FOR HOME
ECONOMIC COURSES FOR BOYS

By Miss Elizabeth Stewart

Of the new educational ideas concerning Home Economics that are afloat at present, the development of courses in Home Economics for boys in schools and colleges is demanding considerable attention.

Why should it not? Men and boys frequently choose their food and clothing, and why should they not have an opportunity for scientific training in this selection as well as the girls? Why should not boys as well as girls learn something of the home problems and the burdens their fathers and mothers bear? No doubt a large percentage of the boys of our nation will have homes of their own at some time. And does it not stand to reason that these homes will be made better if the bread-earner has a better understanding of cost in relation to home and its real needs and values?

Such courses for boys should be selection courses and need not include the preparation of food, but should consist of a consistent study of: first, food from the nutritional side; second, textiles and clothing from the selection standpoint; third, budgets, a study of spending and saving, from both the personal and household points of view.

AN APOLOGY FOR BORES

By Susan Jordan

Anyone who has tried being a bore will, I am sure, never want to be anything else. And I advise everyone who has not tried it to do so.

When one belongs to this class he is beyond a doubt furnishing a topic for much conversation and sometimes argument. It gives one such a feeling of satisfaction to realize that he has introduced an amusement for others. We are put on earth to please others so why not do our duty to the fullest extent by giving them what they want a topic of conversation? Is it not a distinction to have one's name on every-one's tongue?

To be sure it is an experience to attend a social gathering and do nothing but sit and listen to the talk which goes on about you. Here you hear the truth about Martha's red hair and there you pick up a secret which must not be breathed. There is relief as well as contentment in this, for while you imbibe all the town gossip, you have not your thoughts and your dear friends cannot accuse you of being "catty".

And then it is such a waste of energy to have to spend one's words on trivial matters. It is so much simpler to sit back in your chair and dream and save your sage counsel for a time when it will be appreciated. I have found that my breath is very precious and accordingly I act as a bore to save it, for it is such a pleasant feeling.

TIME, THE CONUNDRUM

By Mary Louise Ruddick

Do apple blossoms fall or is
it snow?
So quick does time the seasons
turn around.
And are the breezes soft
or do winds blow?
Where are the hours that for
old Time are found?
A year was once eternity
to me,
I thought the earth would never
change to green,
But now it doesn't get
quite dressed, I see,
Before it must disrobe for
Summer's Queen.
The red leaves fall on bright
and shining ice,
In Spring warm rains, and then
the scorching heat,
All have joined hands, each other
to surprise,
And so the perfect circle
to complete,
Which whirls around until it seems
to fly,
As we do grow and live
and love, and die.

DISSERTATION ON ATTITUDE

By Margaret Boles

As a general thing, when the public glances at the morning paper as he rapidly consumes his dainty breakfast of a beef steak and two loaves of bread, he does not think of all the various and sundry processes which the numerous individuals connected either directly or indirectly with the staff, have to go through and the functions they are obliged to perform before said news sheet can become a reality. That is, as a general thing, people take this attitude and perhaps it is just as well thus, because even if they did think of the difficulties of putting out a modern newspaper, the chances are that they would merely class newspaper-folks and journalists as a mass, with the plumber and the milk-man and the corner barber, just someone put here through the kindness of the committee on such things to make his life a bit more luxurious and ideal for him. It would be pretty tough if each Percival and Elizabeth in this world would have to strike out news-hunting for themselves to find out the least bit of dope about civilization. There would be no time for anything else in life, were this the case, and think of all the expense! Why spend all the family savings going to Europe and Siam to gather international news when for three cents you can buy a newspaper containing all this information first hand and read it in your own hall bedroom in comfort?

Why is a newspaper? Note the above furnished information for answer. But to those of us who are pecking around the crust of the heap

with a view to delving deeper and extracting a living, pitiable though it may be, from the very bowels of the profession at some favorable time within the distant future, it means more than simply pages and pages of closely typed columns, or figures, if one happens to be looking over the stock reports or the ladies' fashion section.

Immediately succeeding the Great War, civilization suffered a notable slump in economics, finance, and the general morale of the people, a sort of universal reaction from nervous tension and strain, so to speak. This gave reformers and ministers a grand opportunity to air their views and sentiments about sending the world-in-general and the present generation in particular to the very depths of dog-dom, never stopping to reflect or investigate the exact age of that trite sentiment which had been exercised to death by reformers long before even Noah completed his little boat. An ancient journalist, seeing in the park one day, some centuries ago, a pair of lovers wooing the time away, was reminded of a canine baby and so commercialized, or editorialized, or did something about as usual, to his idea. Hence, since that time young love has been known as "puppy love." More people have gone wrong through love, young love at that, than through any other one thing so a reformer who once studied logic reasoned that going wrong was very aptly, cleverly and unusually expressed as going to the dogs, so the world has been rapidly winding its way to the dogs ever since. Rather queer, but the fact is that it never seems to arrive but each new generation has to make a new beginning on this way-to-sure-destruction. All of which applies to the news in the newspaper.

AIR CASTLES

By Frances Stumberg

E'en though I were a monarch
on my throne,
Establishing with wealth and power
my fame,
Though I could call whate'er I would
my own,
Though every nation quaked to hear
my name,
Though all my mines contained a
precious store
Of gems; and all my quarries
marble white,
Though all my flowing rivers
turned to gold
And poured into my coffers
over night,
Yet could I not the stately castles
build
That my brain in its dreamy
lethargy,
When drowsiness my keener sense
hath killed,
Erects and gives to me,
Their gaudy domes and minarets
extravagant,
Their stately gleaming towers
my eyes enchant.

LE FANTOME DE L'OPERA

Par *Beth Campbell*

J'ai vu au theatre li y a quelques semaines la representation d'un livre que j'ai lue une fois. C'était le "Fantome de Opera". Malheureusement, j'étais desillusionnée par cette representation. Quoique les scenes fussent assez magnifiques, elles ne m'ont pas tressaillie comme les mots de l'auteur.

L'histoire de ce livre concerne une jeune fille de la compagnie de l'Opera, Christine. Un jour elle entend chanter une voix comme celle d'un ange, qui semble sortir de l'enceinte des murs. Cette voix devient son maître de musique, mais elle ne voit jamais le possesseur de la belle voix. Elle aime un jeune homme qui l'aime aussi, mais le maître de musique lui defend de cet amour.

Un jour les proprietaires du theatres recoivent une note dans laquelle se trouve le commandement de laisser chanter a Christine le role de la prima donna. Si non "quelque chose terrible arriverait." Les proprietaires ne pensent pas que la note ait tant de valeur et il n'y a pas de changement de roles. Christine ne chante pas.

Helas, ce soir le grand Opera est plein du monde, le grand lustre (c'était magnifique dans la representation) tombe, et beaucoup de monde sont tués. Pendant l'excitation, l'heroïne disparaît. Elle est conduite par "Erik de la belle voix" sous terre dans les catacombes ou demeure-t-il. Il est masque, cependant. Apres avoir traverse un lac ils arrivent chez lui. Pendant qu'il joue de l'orgue, elle grippe le masque—et qu'est ce que c'est qu'elle voit? Une figure hideuse, affreuse comme celles dans un cauchemar!

Sur ces entrefaites, son amant la cherche partout. Il est guide par un homme qui connaît bien cet Opera ancien, et enfin apres, beaucoup de difficulté, ils trouvent la demeure d'Erik. En ce temps, une grande foule cherche Erik aussi, pour venger la mort d'un homme qui a travaillé a l'Opera. Erik fuit avec Christine mais le hero, et la foule l'attrapent. La jeune fille est sauvée et Erik est tué. La fin du livre est heureuse.

L'auteur donne au liseur beaucoup de tressaillement par le suspens et le mystere. On recoit une bonne idee concernant le Paris ancien, et on s'intéresse beaucoup aux catacombes sous la ville de Paris.

FUTURITY

By *Nellie Lee Brecht*

Almost at close of autumn's vivid day,
Far off and faint resounds one last clear call,
Of some tired bird, too weary of life's
To further fly in that procession
gay,
Which southward bound is wending
now its way.

Perhaps 'tis but a swallow small,
lost
From all its merry playmates and
is tossed
O'er hill and dale, till rest is
found at play.
Just so are we, who lift our weary
feet
Along life's path, at times receiving
blow
On blow from Him who never knows
deceit;
And if our goal is not attained,
we know,
Should cries long come from
anguish, dark as night,
Some day sweet peace will bless
us, all wrongs right.

TO CLEOPATRA

By *Elizabeth Kuykendall*

O you so fair of ages
past, within
Your breast were captive held
the charms of all
Elusive womanhood. Men fought
to win
The queenly grace of you,
as you stood tall
And regal 'midst your jewels
and gold. While din
Of cymbals urged them on, three
kings the call
Of thy sweet spells did hear,
and entered in
Thy kingdom rich, and gave
to thee their all.
But kingdoms fell, the kings
all died, the sheen
Of empires fell away
and you still had
Your youth, your jewels, your
beauty; still a queen.
And yet a greater Caesar
came and bade
You follow at his chariot
wheel or die,
And you chose death, O death-
less Cleopatra!

THE ENCHANTED HOUR

By *Mattha McCormick*

The last gay tints of parting
day have flown,
The blackness falls to veil
a day that saw
Some hours of gladness, some with
more of awe,
And some with tears of sorrow for
a rose that's blown.
Would that we might, like happy
sundials,
Count only those hours that
unclouded are,
No darksome shadow coming in
to mar,
To bring a frown where once there
were but smiles.
But we must rather like
an hour-glass be,
The sands of life sift through in
one brief hour,
The gloomy moments woven with
those of glee
Seem fading blossoms twined
with fairer flowers.

COLLEGE GIRLS IN BUSINESS

By *Elizabeth Young*

Miss Grout, director of the college and school department of Bonwit, Teller and Company, says that if the college girl is willing to learn, and will work hard, she will be given a better position than the girl who has not been to college. There are many openings for women in research, statistical and many similar kinds of work, in which college education is an advantage, if not imperative. Many college graduates have worked their way to salaries of \$3,000 to \$5,000 in such positions.

The college girl generally makes good, for in her four years of training she has learned how to work hard, and has gained a certain necessary poise which gives her a definite standing. She has a great advantage in stenography over the girl with only a grammar school or high school education, even though she is inexperienced, and she will receive a much higher salary.

The marked increase in enrollment of women in specialized branches of college work shows, probably, that women soon will be turning in numbers to technological studies. Between 1909 and 1919, there was a great increase of women superintendents, managers, and partners in the manufacturing field. The percentage of women, out of the total number of managers or officials, shows definite gains.

WHAT THE WOMEN READ

Recently the class in Journalism wrote term papers on subjects chosen from various featured articles of the newspapers. In a paper by Mary Chapman on the "Woman's Page," some clever things appear. In speaking of the quest for beauty, woman's incessant occupation, is found the following:

"In this perpetual quest for beauty, woman seeks, as Ponce de Leon, the fountain of eternal youth. She is alert for hints of beautifying herself, anxious to become illusioned concerning her appearance. Through beauty chats conducted by observant and interested women she becomes aware of the fact that the selection of clothes plays a leading part in attaining the ideals, for poor taste in dressing may spoil a lovely figure. Likewise, the less physically perfect woman may dress to an advantage. She learns how to become the recipient of admiring glances, how coveted popularity may be made her personal property how to acquire "skin you love to touch". The proper care of the hair is taught for both the latest bob or the most charming coiffure for the flowing tresses.

"As long as Dan Cupid aims his arrow and as long as there are hearts on this earth to be the prey, there will be lovesick mortals. Like the poor,

they are always with us and in perpetual need of advice. "True love never runs smoothly" and to such big-hearted, sensible women as Dorothy Dix, Doris Blake, Kare Keen, and various others, falls the task of guiding youthful ships in harmony along the stormy course. The mails are crowded with letters to these understanding characters requesting advice in choosing a new tact to set out upon.

"Tales of woe too personal to be related to any of the family or to even a bosom friend are laid at the mercy of these who offer advice. Letters from lovelorn maidens on tear-blistered paper, or anxious queries from a discouraged admirer of the opposite sex are printed and personal advice is given in the most practical way."

NO RADIOS AT GOUCHER

In a recent dispatch from Goucher is found a notice that President William Wesley Guth has banned radios from possession of the students attending that college. No more will they have the opportunity to listen to a favorite dance orchestra, or reports on that fine game they wanted so much to see; nor can they tune in to those interesting bed-time stories that just fascinated them beyond words.

Lindenwood radio enthusiasts have never had opportunity to develop this prevalent American hobby of radio. One girl of Lindenwood asked for permission to install a specially constructed radio in her room. Said permission was not granted. 'Tis not collegiate, the authorities think, as it would divert the scholastic minds of Lindenwood to fields too far away!

ON SPOONS

By Helen E. Jones

At any place where spoons are washed and wiped wholesale, and offered in bulk to the starving masses, these spoons are bound to have original twists and bends. Some spoons I have seen possess a gentle, swan-like bend while others have handles that fly out at most indiscreet angles. Many times during their working day they are rebent by irritated customers, or by soapy hands, which rescue them from the grimy depths of dish water and contort their spinal columns into drastic curves. It seems a pity to me that this all important unit of present day civilization should be subject to the whims and fancies of the inartistic public. Perhaps there are those who would condemn the spoon for being of a weak character, but I ask you, is it the spoon's fault that it is favored by a weak constitution? On the other hand, I have much respect for such a spoon, for it possesses remarkable patience. How many of us would doggedly go about our daily tasks and meekly subject ourselves to be made ridiculous in the eyes of our fellow workers? There are lessons even we perfect humans may learn from a poor, bent spoon.

FAITH

By Mary Margaret Ransom

When I have learned to see through
grief's black guise
A far-flung faith, essence of life
worth while;
And suddenly, from shattered
dreams grown wise,
Perceive the heart of heav'n in just
a smile:
When I have learned that doubt may
not long live
Where love with tolerance is temper'd
well:
That happiness means ever but to
give,
To give for joy alone, and not to sell;
When I have learned not even love's
desire
May bridge the gulf that lies
'tween soul and soul,
That one, by faith alone, may hope to
fire
Another toward the ever distant goal;
Then you, Beloved, will know I
understand,
And smiling, gently clasp my
waiting hand.

ALL THE WORLD'S A FRIEND

By Permelia Donaldson

With truant time I dance
along the way,
As days go by they each
seem best to me,
For friends we meet, and for the
time to see,
And sip the joy of friendship
while we may;
Then leave with hope to meet
ere dies the day,
But through these transient meetings
runs a plea
That one I'll find a perfect
friend to be,
But none as yet have come
with whom to stay.
And now, as o'er the world
I go to find
This fair, elusive phantom of
my dreams,
I see in all, dire fault that
blighting seems,
And falls below the ideal
of my mind,
Then take the world a friend
sincere to be,
And all of life's long journey
will be glee.

LOVE

If I could love as some
have said they love,
I'd never need to worry
o'er my fate:
If I could leave behind
all tho'ts but love,
I'd get my man before
it is too late.
If I could give up every-
thing for love,
Ah, not another moment
would I wait.
But I can't love as others

say they do,
I cannot leave behind
all other tho'ts,
With only love I'd lonely
be, 'tis true,
And I could never count
all else as naught,
So I must search both long
and hard to find
A love which does not leave
all else behind.

OF EYEBROWS

By Mary Alice Lange

Eyebrows are the most expressive feature of the human face, they can tell all or hide everything. Furthermore, I like eyebrows in their natural state. Who could glean character from plucked eyebrows? A girl with plucked eyebrows always reminds me of a chicken without its feathers.

One of the first things I notice about a person are his eyebrows, there is so much to learn from them. A chin may tell us whether its owner has determination, a nose may tell us the wearer's nationality, although this would not hold true in the case of Fanny Brice, Jewish Comedian, who once underwent an operation to have the nationality taken out of her nose, but an eyebrow is a little bit of a person's character.

Popular fiction tells us that all kind old gentlemen have shaggy gray eyebrows, that all dastardly villains have black beetling brows, that all sweet heroines have slender arched ones, that when kind old gentlemen look out from under their "shaggy gray brows" they are about to give the deserving boy a dime 'a la Rockefeller, that when the lustful villain glares beneath his "black beetling brows" the life of the stalwart hero is in danger, that when the sweet heroine raises her "slender arched brows" she is either coquettish or afflicted with a nervous habit. All of which gives one a very wrong impression of eyebrows. It makes one believe that a man with shaggy gray eyebrows is a kind old gentleman, while, for all you know, he may be an amateur Sherlock Holmes, disguised. Villains are not always of black complexion. Where are his black beetling brows if he happens to be a blond, may I ask? Yes, you are right. They are in his make up box.

Before I close this most informatory discourse, I think I ought to say that if I were ever a Suffragette, which I never intend to be, and should happen to be elected to Congress, which I hope shall never happen, I think I should try to convince that excellent body that eyebrows are just as important as Anti-Trust Laws, and that there ought to be a law forbidding authors to depict all kind old gentlemen as having shaggy gray eyebrows and all villains as having black beetling brows, and heroines as having slender arched brows. For then our judgements of people by their eyebrows might not coincide always with those of popular novelists.

"SENATUS POPULUSQUE
ROMANUS"

LINDEN BARK, as well as the rest of the student body, welcomes a new publication to the campus. "THE ROMAN TATLER", a weekly for everybody, made its initial appearance January 20, on the Latin bulletin board on second floor Roemer Hall. The paper is sponsored by Miss Kathryn Hankins, head of the Latin Department, assisted by students having a part in this issue are Pauline Davis, Virginia Saint Johns, and Margaret Patterson.

The paper is a single sheet, with columns to simulate pages. At present the material is collected, and when credit is known the source is given. However Miss Hankins expresses a hope that in the near future a large part of the paper will be original.

The editorial column is composed of discussions of those things connected with Rome. The current issue contains the reports of excavations in that part of the world. "Uncle Ray" of the Globe-Democrat expounds on the feasts of the Romans, and a poem entitled "Roma Aeterna" lauds "Deathless Rome."

Attention is drawn to the fact that Latin will never die, by a discourse on "Latin for English", and the list of a few Latin phrases in our speaking English. The prominence of that language is surprising. Latin mottoes, those of two States and of a university, are presented. "After All These Years" heads a column dealing with Hercules up-to-date, an interesting comparison to the demigod.

Music is not neglected, for there is a part of the paper devoted to the translation of songs in the Latin. "Three O'clock in the Morning", as it might have been sung by the Romans, is quite charming. "Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star" must have had its appeal, too. Comment is made upon the especial brilliance of Jupiter, the star named for that illustrious god, in January.

The humor section deals with jokes and riddles with the Latin interest. And the ever fascinating crossword puzzle is to be solved with Latin words. The keynote is held even to advertisements. An insurance company takes advantage of the last battle of Fabius, the only one in which he was loser. The fact that the expense of his burial was defrayed by the public, is the idea of the advertisers, and the accompanying picture is splendid in Roman connection.

What is Janet's favorite part of dressing? (Hood)

Yes, we all know that Virginia Sue doesn't care for Campbell's 57 varieties (mistake in advertising? surely not!) and that Phoebe Jane doesn't at all agree with the late statesman on the efficiency of Welch's for quenching the thirst.

UNE QUESTIONNAIRE

Par Laura Johns

"Ou demeure le St. Nicolas, Maman?" demande le petit garçon a sa mere.

"Ah, il demeure ou il fait froid tout le temps. L'hiver et l'ete, tous les deux."

"Deemurt-il seul, Maman?"

"Ah, non, mon cher. Il a une femme. Allez-vous-en, s'il vous plait; et jouez avec vos joujoux."

"Sa femme, Maman? A-t-il alors, des enfants?"

"Non, pas d'enfant."

"Mais, pourquoi non? Il este tres bon et gentil et il aime les petits enfants."

"Oui, il les aime, mais il n'aura pas de temps pour eux."

"Pourquoi?"

"Parcequ'il est trop occupe'."

"Quefait-il?"

"Ah, il fait beaucoup de choses."

"Mais, que fait-il, Maman?"

"Ah, vous etes tres ennuyeux. Je ne sais ce que c'est qu'il fait. Probable ment il travaille pour faire les joujoux qu'il donne aux bons petits enfants pour le Noel."

"Il faut qu'il travaille toute l'annee, alors, n'est-ce pas?"

"Qui toute l'annee."

"Je le pense-oui."

"A-t-il des aides pour l'aider?"

"Est-ce qu'ils lui ressemblent?"

"Peut-etre ils lui ressemblent, mais ils sont plus petits, n'est-ce pas?"

"Ah, mon enfant, mon enfant! Que vous etes questionnier! Que voulez-vous savoir, maintenant?"

"Pourquoi—Pourquoi— Comment re'ussit-il a' faire assez de joujoux pour tous les bons petits du monde."

"Il este un homme merveilleux, Il peut faire des choses que l'homme ordinaire ne peut pas faire."

"Neige-t-il ou' demeure le St. Nicolas?"

"Je pense que oui."

"Tout le temps?"

"Ah, mon Dieu, mon petit! Vous me mettez hors de moi! Comme saurais-je s'il meige tout le temps?"

"Je pense qu'il le fait, parceque le St. Nicholas n'emploie jamais d'automobile. Il n'emploie toujours un traineau et des rennes."

"Oui. Vous avez raison, bien entendu."

"Maman, je ne comprends pas—que font les rennes pendant que le St. Nicolas descend la cheminee? Est-ce qu'il les laisse sur le toit? Ils sont trop grands pour descendre avec le St. Nicolas, et je pensais qu'ils ne seraient guere saufs par eux-memes dans le neige. Ils se refroidiraient en se soutenant longtemps. Mais il ne pourrait pas les conduire au bas de la cheminee avec lui, n'est-ce pas?"

"Non, je crois que non. Il les laisse sur le toit. Ils sont des rennes tres extraordinaires, comme leur maitre et ils restent immobiles quand il leur dit de le faire. Maintenant, taisez-

vous. Vous demandez trop de questions."

"Bien, je me tairai, si vous me direz une chose de plus."

"Tres bien, qu'est-ce que c'est?"

Mais autre chose a tire subitement l'attention du petit questionnier, et il a oublie de demaider la dernier question.

DENOUEMENT

Not to Be Taken Seriously

I thought
That I
Would know so much
Before
Exam'
Time
Came,

T'would be
A mere
Restraining sport
To go
And
Write
The
Same.

No blue,
Black cloud
Did I allow
My play
Time
Fair
To
Maim.

My friends
Did weep,
In fact did moan,
While I
Did
Show
Disdain

Why should
A test
No more no less,
Allow
To
Cause
Such
Pain?

I filled
My pen
With ink so black
My brain
Need
I
Explain. . .

Ah, me
It was so empty quite
That I
Did bow in shame.

And so you please
Do pardon my
Anonymity,
In my fall from fame:
(It
Was
A
Shame)

I've ev'en
Misplaced
My Name.

(Continued from page 1)

"If we set our sails at the proper angle we will face the home port cheerfully; our homing instinct guides and whispers that our ship is sailing in the right direction and that the sails are properly set. If we learn to set our sails at the proper angle during the early period in life, we will be making a contribution to our home, country and God; and we should learn as Paul did in prison, 'I have fought the good fight, I have finished the course, I have kept the faith,' and henceforth we will have the satisfaction of a well spent life."

Elizabeth Burke and Jennie Fay Stewart sang, "Forever with the Lord," by Bartlett.

PICTURES FOR ANNUAL

Hand in hand Linden Leaves and the history of the year are in the making. The annual is to be an attractive record of the year and each member of the staff is actively interested in its perfection. The first advance sale of the book was met with enthusiasm and the number of orders was considerably larger than was anticipated.

The abundant glory of marceled hair among the girls and the frequent mention of Van Miller are direct evidence of the fact that photography is in action. A majority of the individual pictures have been taken. This, and the call to the public for humorous contributions as well as the industry of the staff, denote activity, as the student body awaits in anticipation.

TAKING UP GERMAN

Lately there has been a very distinct tendency toward a revival of the popularity of the German language as a part of the curricula offered in a large number of colleges and universities throughout the country. During the war this course was dropped and it has not been until within the past two years that it has been reinstated as a part of the regular college work. In many places it threatens to revive the popular Spanish for first place in the favor of the students. Lindenwood is also offering the course this year and has a class of 8 members. When asked the most plausible reason for this, Miss Stone of the Language department replied, "I think the main cause of this is the desire to know the beauties of the German literature by students, for nowhere, in all the realms of literature, do we find more beautiful things than those produced by Goethe, Lessing and Schiller in German."

ADDITIONAL EDITORS

New members joining the staff of managing editors of LINDEN BARK for the second semester are: "Babe" Caskey, from St. Joseph, Missouri; Clarice Thompson, of Des Moines, Beata Busenbark, of Goodland, Kansas; and Ruth Bullion, of Little Rock.

MAKING DRESSES WITH AND WITHOUT PATTERNS

The Domestic Art classes prove to be among the most interesting of any at Lindenwood when it comes to displaying concrete examples of the work which they have achieved. During the past semester it is found that in the advanced class a great many articles have been made, including: first a slip and then a woolen dress, next a dress to be made over; and finally a child's problem that was especially delightful. They were made by the use of patterns, but individual forms have since been made of each member of the class and dresses of linen and English print were made by draping the material on the form without the aid of a pattern.

This semester this class will continue dress-making, using finer materials in draping evening dresses and frocks for afternoon wear. Later in the year they are to accomplish a coat or suit and perhaps a lingerie dress.

The Freshman classes have been diligent too, as they have been making different kinds of underwear and learning to draft patterns. Before long they will be making dresses of linen and English print and probably a lingerie dress, too. Another interesting group which seems to be accomplishing a great deal is "The Home Makers".

A course in Clothing Selection is beginning this coming semester and is open to all students, regardless of whether they are members of the Home Economics department or not. The course is a study of Art principles in regard to dress, and teaches the selection of individual clothing.

One thing to which many are looking forward in this department is the awarding of the Nellie Don prize at the last of the year. This is not an advance notice of the prize but it is well to keep it in mind.

JOINT ENTERTAINMENT

On the night of January 22 at 8 o'clock, the Choral Club under the direction of Miss Cora Edwards, and the Orchestra under Miss Isidor's direction, gave their annual recital in the auditorium, assisted by Helen Harrison, accompanist for the Choral Club, and Elise Rumph, accompanist for the Orchestra.

The Orchestra opened the program with a suite of classical dances consisting of "Air" by Mattheson, "Gavotte" by Gretry, "Dance of the Sylphs" by Gluck, and "Bouree" by Kribs.

The choral club, made up of 55 of the best voices in college, then sang "The Seasons", a Swedish Folk song, by Gaines, "The Patter of the Shoon" by Engel, and "Snowflakes" by Beatty.

At its second appearance, the Orchestra played "Venetian Boat Song", that familiar song of Huerter; "Moment Musical" by Schubert; and "Spanish Dance, Number 1," from Moszkowsky.

Closing the recital, the Choral Club again appeared and sang a group of three very expressive songs, "The Requiem", Homer, "Through the Silent Night", Rachmaninoff, and "The Icicle" from Basset-Tregarne.

The concert was pronounced superb by the audience and the second appearance of the groups is looked forward to with a great deal of pleasure.

ART, STORIES AND SONG

The Spanish Club met for the first time in 1926 on January 11. Some very interesting talks pertaining to the Spanish painter Velasquez were given. To begin with, some characteristics of Spanish painting were given by Pauline Davis. Then the Life and Works of Velasquez were given by Ellen Lutz. Velasquez's style and feeling in painting were explained by Isabelle French. Some beautiful colored Spanish postal cards and pictures were shown to the club. After the program, the members sang some very pretty Spanish songs.

The next meeting on February 14, will be in the form of a Valentine Party and at this meeting those who have completed one semester of Spanish will be welcomed.

Shortly before Christmas on December 15, this club had a program place in the Y. W. parlors at 5 o'clock. Roll call was rather unusual, as each member answered with a proverb in Spanish. Then the program was devoted to discussions on the Christmas customs of Spain. A paper on the Customs of a Spanish Christmas was given by Carmelita Hoffman. Nellie Lee Brecht sang two Christmas songs in Spanish, and Kathryn Walker explained the Nacimiento which was set up. To conclude the program, Harriet Liddle read a story which she had translated from the Spanish.

CAMPUS CONCORD

We knew that Frances Frasier was connected with the orchestra in some capacity but imagine our surprise when she appeared on Friday evening in the role of stage hand! As her right-hand-woman she employs Sylvia Snyder. They seem to be very proficient in the art.

Interest in Logic classes has taken a sudden upward leap and a petition to run the campus logical principles with every student a Loyal Logician is being circulated. Things might go smoothly for a minute or two but the instant some bright creature begins to prove we are all eggs or horseflies something worse, there would have to be a general rechartering of things.

A new firm of interior decorators has been organized by the name of Barkley-Bullion who are ready to do business. Headquarters where the most laughter comes from and rates reasonable. Some good work has already been issued which will be displayed upon demand.

(Continued from page 1)

will have to be carried openly since we don't have subways where I live, but I certainly hope everybody celebrates as much before the wedding as I know the family will after it's all over."

DR. CALDER SPEAKS

At the vesper service on Sunday evening, January 24, Dr. R. S. Calder stressed the value of Bible reading to people of today. His text was taken from Psalm 19, verse 172, "Thy law is my delight." In his talk Dr. Calder brought out the fact that the Bible contains not only stories, but also other forms of literature, such as essays, letters, history, biography, and poetry.

ARE TOO MANY STUDENTS ATTENDING COLLEGE?

Dr. David Kinley, president of the University of Illinois in a speech on January 8, before a meeting of the St. Louis Masons and Parent-Teachers organizations, made the statement that "too many persons in the United States attend colleges and universities."

"Some of these," Dr. Kinley, stated in his speech on Masonry and Education, "are unfit. Educational institutions, particularly colleges and universities, have become easy marks for critics and the fact that too many persons are attending colleges is a challenge to the fundamental principles of our government where all have the right of equal opportunity." Dr. Kinley ridiculed the idea that higher education was only for the upper classes.

"In 1919, when we expected an enrollment of about 500 students," Dr. Kinley said, "we received 2200, many of whom had to attend lectures in the churches and other buildings that were available." Last June a total of 13,000 students were enrolled at the University of Illinois.



Scat! This chilly atmosphere is shorely getting under my hide and givin' me th' creeps or dog mange or somepin, and it's not all because of weather conditions either. By the way, I hear someone up on second floor Butler is using Glover's Mange Cure on her head but she hasn't had much results yet. It occurred to me that maby that was ole Collie himself but guess I must be clear off cause Collie swears he's never had even an itchin' of th' Mange. Calls for a little more snoopin' around for mine, I reckon. Say! Collie just threw this in the window as he passed and thought maby th' fair sisters would like to hear from an old friend so I'll pass it on.

"Well ole Hound how's the peevish world treating you? Goodness knows someone has been kicking this dog around and doing it plenty.

"Have you seen the fair Third Floor Irwinite that has been out skiing on the Golf Links? Yes, the Irwinite is the President of the Freshman class. All hail to the rising class, it must be growing up for all growing things are green, you know.

"I was snooping around First Floor Butler a few weeks ago and there was a lot of excitement. It seems that some one in the crowd had gone back to her childhood days ad gotten the measles. So a book labeled, "Symtoms" was hauled out and studiously read. It sure was funny how many had the measles. I'll bet that there were lots of ears examined and incidentally washed that hadn't been washed for many a day. However, old dog, you needn't be afraid of catching cold in your ears because of the unaccustomed proximity of H-Two-O, because said cause of excitement is now at large and the danger all past.

"I have been trying to sleep out around Butler but the darn old Bye-Lo Babies on First Floor have been crying at the most unusual hours and keeping everyone awake. One in particular is terrible and my nerves are all ragged because of it.

"You know I've put the old bean to work as suggested by one of the fair Lindenites and thought (a la the sweet songster of second Floor Sibley) and thought, and finally came to the conclusion that something is rotten in Denmark. I mean Lindenwood. You know, friend Hound, that at certain noted meetings they (they equal X, or the unknown power) hold what is called open discussion. I just sit back and laugh for the air is all hot and the atmosphere all wet. First one girl hops up and tells about Showers. Why on earth would anyone want a shower for

when they can just wait until the spring showers come and then it won't get sopped and cause anyone to make, simply make, herself get mad. Then another jumps up and says that the lights are dim. Now that tickled me silly for its the first time that I've ever heard any complaint about the lights being dim; on the campus it usually is the bright lights that get them and also the not so dim parlors that cause the complaining. I really was surprised at that, because as I said before it's usually the other way. I put on the old thinking cap and came to the conclusion that something is putridly wrong and needs changing. In fact the smell is so oderiferous that I'm fading out of the picture and the answer to what's wrong with this picture will be at hand. At any rate I've a little suggestion to spring on you, dear unsuspecting little hound, if you want to hear it. It may be why even our best friends won't tell us. Yes it must be halitosis but is it——? Well that's the question.

Yours in hopes of clearing the atmosphere.

"COLLIE"

And that, dere readers, is exactly what our best friend thinks about conditions around and about.

All th' healthy wealthy young ones are starting to classes so my thim hath come, said th' newly wed as the postman brought her coco-clock, an' I must be out and about (their heels). Night-ho!

ANCIENT MYTHS INTEREST MANY

One of the students of the new Mythology class asked Miss Hankins at the beginning of the semester if Mythology was anything related to zoology. It is a collection of stories of anonymous origin, prevalent among primitive peoples and by them accepted as true, concerning super-natural beings and events, of natural beings and events influenced by super-natural agencies. These myths of the ancients, as the earliest literary crystallization of social order and religious fears, record the incipient history of religious ideals and of moral conduct. There is much interest in Mythology at the present day because people are beginning to delve deeper into the study of the ancients and their life is molded around mythological stories. They serve as a background for English Literature and are interesting because of art.

Students of Mythology study Greek Mythology because it is better preserved and greater and richer in beauty than any other. As a course here in Lindenwood it is taught by the use of Greek plays, and translations, which show the feelings of the Greeks toward their Gods, Lantern slides are also used to give the students an idea of how much mythology is used as subjects for paintings and statues. Mythology quotations and references are always being made so the study is beneficial as well as interesting.

Strand Theatre

Friday Night, Saturday Matinee
A Great 8 Reel Special

"THE AMERICAN VENUS"
(Just had first run at Missouri
Theatre St. Louis)

with

Aster Ralston, Ford Sterling,
Lawrence Gray, "Miss America"
(Ray Lanphier)

and

The Atlantic Bathing Beauties.

Saturday Night
LON CHANEY

in

"THE BLACKBIRD"

(Just had first run at Loews
State Theatre St. Louis)