

LINDEN BARK

Volume 15—No. 6.

Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Mo., Tuesday, December 10, 1935.

\$1.00 A YEAR

From the Office of the Dean

As this is the last issue of the Bark before Christmas, Dr. Gipson wishes to extend to the entire faculty and student body her best wishes for a very happy vacation.

Daughters of Rotarians

The Rotary Club entertained the Lindenwood girls whose fathers are Rotarians Thursday, December 5 with a luncheon at the St. Charles hotel. The girls were called for by members of the club and driven to the hotel.

The Lindenwood sextette sang. It is composed of Ellen Louise Eby, Virginia Jaeger, Margaret Winder, Alice Neal, Pauline Art, and Margaret Burton.

Other girls who attended were: Clara Weary, Betty Lohr, Mary Alice Livingston, Mary Chandler, Harriett Espey, Virginia Niedner, Val Jean Aldred, Bettie Aylward, Martha Woltmann, Mary Buesch, Dorothy Fuft, Mary Stuhler, Adele Byers, Betty White, Doris Lee Atteberry, Jane Montgomery, Sara Willis, Conchita Sutton, Mary Roberts, Jean Wyatt, Rosemary Williams, Joella Berry, Marguerite Raymer, Maxine Elsner, Eleanor Payne, Ruth Jane Allen, and Martha Emerson.

Contest in Dancing

Tau Sigma, the dance sorority, is sponsoring a contest which must be of considerable attraction to many girls on the campus. A prize of \$5 will be given for the best drawing of a dance, the best poem about dancing, or for the most original dance of the year. A contestant may make as many entries as she wishes. The contest closes on February 1, 1936. It is hoped that many girls will try for the prize.

Miss Walker Delights With Her Varied Program

Miss Pearl Walker, of the music faculty gave a recital at 8 o'clock Tuesday, December 3, in Roemer Auditorium. Her program consisted of two groups of German numbers, one group of French and one group of English numbers. While the audience, for the most part, could not understand the French and German numbers very well, still, through the thoughtfulness of Miss Walker they could read the English equivalent from the sheets which were passed out by the ushers with each program. Thus the program was twice as interesting.

Miss Walker was as charming as always, dressed in black satin with a corsage of gardenias. Her lovely stage personality and her exquisitely fine voice charmed the entire audience. It was an evening well spent.

Miss Walker was accompanied by Mr. Paul Friess.

Read the Linden Bark.

Christmas Play Highly Amusing

Fortunate One Looks in on Practice for Next Friday Night.

From the haggard looks on the faces of ten young ladies about the campus it would seem as if Lindenwood were about to enter upon or finish up an endurance contest. However, it's merely the ordeal of play practice going on that causes these weary glances.

All in all, it's really not a bit bad, (when it's all over) and a lot of funny things accrue which help to pass away the time. For instance, the other night, Evelyn Brown was sitting at her desk, taking the character of "Dr. Haggett" very beautifully, until she forgot her lines. From the back of the auditorium came the voice of the director saying, "give the cue again." "But, Miss Gordon", yelled "Brownie", "I'm sitting on it!"

"Abby", Ellen Ann Schachner, (just "stupid" to you) is really a scream. She gets so worked up that she practically has epilepsy right there on the stage. Incidentally one sees she has taken up Art in a big way. She says she has plenty of time and quiet to practice, with the play going on. The writer caught her behind the scenes, drawing strange-looking cats on the black board. Go right ahead, Schachner, after all you'll get to Chicago yet on your merit (one way or another).

If any one has ever seen Betty Brown serious I'd like to know when it was. But she's funnier than ever in the character of "Mrs. Haggett". One should see her serve soup. She's certainly going to spill it all over the stage and the characters. Besides she can't help laughing at "Brownie" and that makes it worse, and more of it.

If there ever were two lovers made for each other those two are Mary Frances Campbell and Margaret Bartholomew, in the characters of "Susan Haggett" and "Warren Creamer". The writer will admit the first few practices were awfully funny; when you have to remember what foot to put up-stage every time you kiss anyone, it "sorta cramps your style".

There are two villains. We'll leave it up to the audience to determine whether the parts are "naturals" or not, "Rosen" is one, (Edwina Peuter in disguise) and "Tallant" the other, in the form of Florence Wilson. It is hoped there may be the very smallest semblance of a moustache on the villains. It would be fun to stand on one's head in order to get the upper lip shaved.

It was very appropriate that Babs Lawton should have been chosen for the part of "Maxwell Davenport" a New York Art critic, since she has such a wide artistic interest.

Last and by no means least is the stage manager, Myrna Huddleston. There's a woman with patience. By the time the play is over, she will know all the lines.

A vote of thanks goes to Miss Gor-

Close-Up of Celebrities

World-Famous Manager Speaks at Lindenwood.

Mr. James B. Pond, of New York, lectured in Roemer Auditorium, last Thursday morning at 11 o'clock, on his experiences while handling celebrities. Mr. Pond said that his father once said that his job was that of "a dealer in other men's brains." The job of a manager, he said, is to present to the people the attractions that they want and will enjoy. Famous people develop queer habits and eccentricities.

The loss of a lecturer is sometimes a grave thing. Irving Batcheller, the author, was to go on tour and at the last minute changed his hotel in New York without telling Mr. Pond. When the instructions for the tour were sent they were sent to the wrong hotel and of course Mr. Batcheller left without them. On the train he wired Mr. Pond and said that he was on his way to St. Louis and would stay at the Hotel Jefferson. Since that was the first stop, Mr. Pond didn't answer and sent his instructions on to the Jefferson hotel. The day that Mr. Batcheller was to lecture, a call from St. Louis said that he was not there and that the audience would have to be dismissed. Later Mr. Batcheller wrote from Emporia, Kans., that he had gone to St. Joseph and as there were no arrangements made he had gone on to Kansas.

Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd, has an affliction that Mr. Pond has christened "train trouble". It seems that the Admiral can't get on trains on time and sometimes can't get off on time. Mr. Pond also spoke of some of the experiences he had had with Sir Arthur Brown, Hugh Walpole, John Masefield, Bernard Shaw, George Russell, and John Galsworthy.

Talk By Dr. Benson

At a meeting of Pi Gamma in the club room at 5 o'clock, November 25, the members discussed the national convention to be held in St. Louis during the Christmas holidays. Pi Gamma Mu decided to send its president, Lenore Schierding, as official representative of the Lindenwood chapter, to a breakfast at which Leray Allyn, National president of Pi Gamma Mu will speak.

A most interesting feature of the meeting was a talk by Dr. Benson on the women's organizations in this country. This is practically a virgin field as far as research is concerned, but Dr. Benson has found some most interesting material, and succeeded in highly entertaining her audience.

don the director (and also the sponsor of the freshman class, aside from teaching all day) for her patience with the rattle-brained college students. She too has an infinite amount of what is called self-control, when it comes to holding herself back from cheerfully choking nine very sweet young ladies.

Major Sibley Honored In American Biography

From the library comes the report that two new volumes of the Dictionary of American Biography have just arrived. This series consisting of 20 volumes is compiled under the auspices of the American Council of Learned Societies. It is edited by Dumas Malone.

The last volume is of special interest to Lindenwood College because it contains the biography of George C. Sibley, who with his wife Mary Easton Sibley founded Lindenwood College. In a foot note after the biography there is made mention of the fact that all the Sibley papers are in the possession of Lindenwood College. It is distinctly an honor to be thus classed as one of America's outstanding men.

Archaeology Or What?

For many weeks they have been digging, digging, between Ayres and Butler, tossing up dirt, putting it back again, tossing it out again, until all Lindenwood is dizzy and just a bit worried. Has someone gone completely insane on the subject of ditchdigging, or oh horrors of horrors, maybe they are preparing to get rid of some of us! Perhaps we are to be buried deep into the earth, never to see the sunlight again. (Huh, that wouldn't be much punishment, we haven't seen it for about three weeks anyway) Or, perhaps someone has suddenly discovered some old Sibley relics down there. I see Dr. Gregg looking on with a glint in her eyes, ready to nab anything that might have belonged to the Founders?

Sometimes it seems they can't find any other place to meet and talk over the news of the day, so they just take that place. At times they get a bit noisy. The Stumbergs seem to be quite in prominence over there also; should someone write to Miss Stumberg and warn her that her family are planning her sudden death? Well, well, well, if there had been a sophomore day, one might think it was a trap for freshmen who did not appreciate the nice sophomores. But alas, one doubts if we ever find out, so just be careful and don't fall in.

P. S. It has been rumored about, that there is something wrong with the piping, but we don't believe it.

Students Enjoy Kirsten Flagstadt

A considerable number of Lindenwood's faculty and student body attended the concert of Kirsten Flagstadt on the evening of November 18. All were deeply impressed by the beauty and purity of Madam Flagstadt's art. Her simple, determined manner and the gracious sweetness of her personality first attracted her audience, but it was the power and beauty of her voice which demanded the deep-

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Linden Bark

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TUESDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1935.

The Linden Bark:

"God bless us,
God Bless us every one said Tiny Tim."
Dickens; Christmas Carol

Is It Really Christmas?

Jingle Bells—Jingle Bells! Only two more weeks 'till Christmas holidays. Some of the girls seem a little confused. Cicero was singing Christmas carols about a month ago, and Weary thinks the holidays are over.

We can hardly wait for the tree on the "quad"; here's hoping the snow lends its hand in the decorations again this year. Everyone begins to feel so "Christmassy" at school that by the time we get home it feels as though it's all over.

Thinking about the scurry, excitement, and all the buses on campus gives us cold thrills. But three weeks is an "awful" long time to stay away from dear old Lindenwood—then again the fresh air may revive some of us. Eh what?

Looking Forward to the Holidays

The first day of December and the air is filled with the elated cries of the students, "Only twenty days until vacation!" No other month arouses so much excitement, goodwill and cheer as this, the twelfth and last month of the year.

The spirit of Christmas is in the air; the 31 days of December are being filled with the hustle and bustle of shopping and important plans. Everybody seems to be spurred on to study harder. Maybe they have heard that time passes more quickly if one is busy.

The last month of the year—that phrase sounds so final, and yet it is merely a time to stop and think, has the last year been satisfactory? It is a time to take "stock" of one's self.

Most people forget the real meaning of Christmas and it becomes merely a time to go to give presents, go to parties, and have a good time. While this is true, in a sense, one should stop and think of the first Christmas.

After what seem long and endless months of waiting, the day suddenly dawns and vacation is here. Perhaps the air is filled with the promise of a "white Christmas", and the departing students are filled with good-will toward fellowmen.

"Not Stern Duenna, But As Fitly Wise"

"Sponsors" (spell it right!) are a happy thought in class life of students almost equivalent to "mother" in earlier days at home. Activities at Lindenwood this fall are abundantly proving the statement. In freshman class, Miss Gordon, just back from her sabbatical leave, was immediately seized upon for the important position of class sponsor, and she has certainly helped to make the freshman class a success. It is quite a job to keep over 200 girls working together in harmony, as they were while making the decorations and arrangements for the dinner-dance of a few weeks ago which was such a grand success.

Miss Anderson, the sponsor of the sophomore class, who has been commandeered right on from the freshman class of last year, helped the sophomores greatly with the plans and decorations for the date dance last Saturday night.

At the beginning of any school year the new students may perhaps fail to realize the importance of the sponsor, but as the year progresses they begin to see how necessary she is to the well being of the class. Full of ideas for parties and dances, she is always ready and willing to help out in any way. We are sure all the students will "take their hats off" to their respective sponsors. mmmf

New Year's Resolutions, Including Mrs. Sibley's

The very mention of the date, "January first", brings to realization the fact that another year has ended and we are ready to face the unknown events of the new year. We often at this time recount our problems of the past and consider ways of meeting them in the new days to come. Many have made great progress in several respects and plan to continue benefitting themselves and others. Whatever may have been our tribulations or our attributes in the past, the single phrase, "the new year", gives us an inner feeling that we have an opportunity to start parts of our lives anew, and live them in a way that will best help us.

One of the ancient customs of welcoming a new year is the making of New Year's resolutions. Some people make and keep resolutions by which they are improving themselves, while others display that diminutive sense of self-appreciation which finds expression in concocting soe childish resolution which they do not intend to keep and which in itself would not seriously affect anything. Now that all of us are old enough to be more or less on our own, it is time we realize that a little serious thinking may prove a good beginning for

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est admiration. The intense stillness in the room, and the refined enthusiasm of the audience, responses which came only from sheer artistic enjoyment and intense feeling, were fitting evidences of the singer's genius. The members of the music faculty felt that in its artistic perfection the concert of Madam Flagstad was the finest they had yet heard. They also expressed a wish that more girls could have had the opportunity of enjoying it with them.

COLLEGE DIARY

By L. M.

December 3.—Miss Walker's recital was tonight. She has the loveliest voice. She has a charm of which we would never tire.

December 4.—Well, today has certainly had its toll of six weeks test victims. Thank heaven they are over now until the final exams. Oh dear.

December 5.—When do we study? Today has been just chock full of things to do. Firts there was a lecture on celebrities. Then the Rotary luncheon for the daughters of Rotarians. (And did they have good food?) The evening was climaxed with a lecture-dance recital. There must be something to this psychology of rhythm after watching Louise Bliss dance.

December 6.—Everyone is working hard at riding. The show is tomorrow and all the girls want to ride Teatray. The sophomores have been ruffling paper for their dance all week and lots of blistered hands show the result of their labors. The French classes attended a lecture in the clubrooms tonight.

December 7.—Good crowd at the horse show this afternoon. And more good riders than I knew were in the school. After the show was over everyone had a grand rush to get back to the hall to dress for the dance. Wasn't the gym, pardon me, the ball room, beautiful?

December 8.—Same dates in vespers every week. Wish we could see some new beaux once in a while.

December 10.—Commercial Club has a formal tea in the clubrooms today. The food is to be elegant, I hear.

Thanksgiving Vespers

Rev. Lewis McColgan of the First Presbyterian Church, St. Charles, spoke at the Thanksgiving vesper service, November 24. His address was concerned with notable failures in life and the causes of them. Sighting the scriptural reference of First Chronicles 10, he said: "Why was it that these men who appeared on the surface to be brave men were not deemed as heroes?"

Then Mr. McColgan stated his reasons why he thought most people failed to attain success. These were lack of stamina to endure the difficulties of everyday life; some uncovered sin; also a lack of concentration. These points he very interestingly elaborated, finally concluding that after these things the ultimate aim is God. Only through Him can we achieve, and with Him achievement is more sure. "Though the world give not great honors, if we have Him the riches of the world do not compare with the joy that will be ours."

a worthwhile life. Resolve to do some of it.

the birthday of Mary Easton Sibley. Mrs. Sibley, the founder of Lindenwood, A fact of great local interest regarding New Year's Day is that it marks the birthday of ary Easton Sibley. Mrs. Sibley, the founder of Lindenwood, was born on this day in 1800. Surely her character has proved an incentive to all of us, and her unselfishness and pride in doing for others denote daily resolutions that made her life greater.

TRIXIE BAREFACTS

Dear Miss Fairfacts:

I'm so distressed that I would like to write and receive your advice on my problem.

I have been going with a young man and on the one available night he does not call me for a date. Knowing he cannot see me again for sometime. I sobbed lonesomely in my room and finally in my despair went to the picture show alone. Now Miss Fairfacts I am told that I'm awfully gullible and I am very innocent and inexperienced with men but do you really think that he was with his cousin who had a broken leg?

Just a lonely girl,

C. W.

Dear little girl:

I don't want to break your heart but regardless of my deep admiration for the complete originality and uniqueness of this story, I think the young man was a little careless with the truth, but never fear my dear, I will personally send you a bubble-pipe to help pass away your lonely hours.

Trixie

Dear Miss Fairfacts:

The problem is really causing me a great deal of worry, also my friends, in fact I am being bothered, and also Ken is a trifle worried. Everytime I'm with Ken lately I faint. Now isn't that just too careless of me? I can't understand it because I'm really only used to him. Could you please diagnose my case?

Sincerely,

Kay.

My Dear Kay:

So you think you are only "used to him." Kay, you'd better wake up to the real thing when it comes along. To be perfectly frank you'd better just settle down and take stock. Be careful of Skeeter and look after those rumors in Cheyenne.

Truly yours,

Trix.

"From Grave to Gay From Lively to Severe"

At the 11 o'clock assembly on November 14, the oratory department had charge of the program. Six students took part and provided an excellent hour of entertainment.

The first number, "China Blue Eyes", by Alma Prudence Foss, was given by Virginia Rice. Her clever interpretation of this humorous skit was very well received.

Following this, Mary Lou Pollock splendidly presented "The Forgotten Man", by Allen Orlands.

Betty Brown, appearing for her second year in these recitals, was next on the program with her version of "A Real Lady". Betty's rendition of this amusing piece was outstanding.

Dorothy Gunter gave a more serious sketch of "Connor", a poor Irishman, and this afforded a good opportunity for Dorothy to show her finesse in this type of work.

Martha Malcolmson gave an amusing version of a typical visit to "A Century of Progress", a play written by Elizabeth Guion Hess.

Edgar Allan Poe's famous "The Murderer's Confession" gave Babs Lawton further cause to display her versatility, and her excellent dramatic ability was exceptional in her presentation of this weird and difficult piece.

CHRISTMAS PRIZE STORY

"ONE POLISH HEART"

By Wilma G. Hoen

It was long after ten. It must almost be eleven and Lucie had not yet come home from the Settlement party. It surely had been hours ago that the radio announcer had broken the tinpanny twang of the endless carolling of Christmas songs to give the time, and to wish everyone a Merry Christmas. Mrs. Nekov sat dully in the creaky, leather rocking-chair. The Merry Christmases boomed forth every few minutes and then stopped only to blend with the full tones of Holy Night, Silent Night. Mary Nekov's stolid, tired face changed not at all. The vibrant Christmas songs brought her no feeling of the world's rightness nor of her rightness in being a part of it. She was not particularly unhappy. She had lived through too many such Christmases to mind too much, to care enough even to try rebelling. It was much worse to be passive about it all, to not mind Lucie's not having any Christmas except that which she had had at the party tonight, which meant a small box of candy, a cup of hot chocolate milk, some cookies, and a sight of a huge, gayly decorated Christmas tree; to not mind Joe's being away all night—perhaps even all Christmas day, and even then returning drunk; to not mind little Joe's being so ill, so ill he had forgotten it was time for the Christ Child to come.

The leather rocker creaked on. She was not worried. She had met and taken too many problems to be that, but she did wish Lucie would get home soon. Mrs. Nekov sighed, but moved more quickly than she had all evening. The bulb was burned out and it was the last in the house. Lucie was not in yet and there must be some light. She remembered an old white candle that lay on the top shelf of the cupboard. With the aid of the tiny light from the radio she got it. Then some part of her, some inner self that remembered Christmas long ago in Poland, lit the candle and placed it in the window.

It was not a tapering, white candle; it was squat, yellow, and dusty. But as she watched it, she saw the flame burn just as brightly as if it had belonged to the other candles she remembered. There was a broad, bright circle of light now against the frosted window. She heard Lucie's steps on the stairs then. Half defiantly she turned toward the door. But Lucie ran radiantly; she was so very happy. The party had been such fun—and more important than all Jim Walker had brought her home. Mary said nothing to Lucie. Any other time that that moment she would probably have raged, for Jim was the son of the corner tavern keeper and much older than thirteen-year-old Lucie. Mary knew it was not right for a child so young—and yet it was Christmas Eve. She knew it now. She had not really known it before she placed the candle in the window. But Lucie did not know the thing that was happening to her mother; the thing was still too tiny a thing, too deeply hidden for her to see. Her mother did not help her as she prepared for bed, only answered gruffly her questions about her brother. She thought little Joe was better for he had been sleeping all evening. She did not have to say anything about Lucie's father, for Lucie did not ask

about him—only quietly was glad he was not there. He would have beaten her had he seen her with Jim.

Even before Lucie was still and asleep Mary had forgotten her. She sat watching the candle. The heat of the flame had slowly made a spot of clearness on the window. The flame, then, was mirrored in the pane and in an icicle hanging outside. The three flames moved in unison. Breathlessly she watched them. They were dancing. Her quick-feeling, Polish heart could see them move, could almost trace the song to which they danced. Her ears had forgotten the radio, so thick was her concentration, but now she heard. Whether she heard, or saw in the dance of the candle she did not know, but she felt every note of Ave Maria. The flames whirled slowly and stretched higher, and higher still. And as they stretched up and up with the soft, strong notes, she felt her whole inner self stretch up and up, until it moved in unison with the song, and with the greater power of the "Maria". Then as the notes clearly, slowly faded away the flames grew shorter, dancing slower and still more slowly; her inner self fell back exhausted yet filled with the same light, the same joy that fed the flame to make it burn straight and high again. The song began again but now more softly.

The flames moved with the music and in them Mary saw herself kneeling before the Mother Mary in the Cathedral in Warsaw. In her hand she held a tall, white candle. As she knelt there thanking the Mother of Jesus for Christmas, for her just being there, young and happy, the choir, high above her, sang Ave Maria.

Slowly Mary Nekov got up from the chair and knelt before the candle. She clasped her hands tightly together and silently prayed. As she prayed the chimes struck twelve o'clock, one by one bringing Christmas to a fear-filled world, and Christmas to Mary's world-filled heart. The last chime struck and left the room in silence, left the candle burning bright and straight, left Mary, her head on her hands still tightly clasped together, crying.

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

By Betty Jean Lohr

Until a few years ago, I had never been one of the "shop-early-for-Christmas" advocates, but as someone once said, "Experience is the best teacher." I had done my shopping by the remote control system up until this time. Mother buying Dad's present for me, and vice versa. It was very convenient, and I never stopped to think what might happen when I grew up and had my own troubles of that sort.

Four years ago I suddenly decided that I wanted to surprise my parents by being individualistic and buying their Christmas gifts all by myself. It was this decision that brought on my initiation into the art of Christmas shopping, or better called, mobbing. The sum total of my finances was two dollars and sixty cents, but I felt like a millionaire. So—I went Christmas shopping.

My first stop on this tour of inspection for the gifts was a large department store in the city where I lived. As I was idly wandering around on the mezzanine floor without a thought in my mind as to what I would buy, I suddenly saw below me on the main floor a table of novelties which caught my fancy. I got into the elevator, went down, and started

toward it not noticing at first the crowd of women which surrounded it. Then, before I knew what was happening, I was caught. I was pushed this way and pulled that. I was punched, yanked, elbowed, squeezed, pinched, and stepped on, all in the course of a few minutes. It was worse than a maelstrom, it was a "femalestrom". It was at this time that I thought of all the poor men who try to do their Christmas shopping. There they are, timid and frightened when they see the feminine horde. Think of them, the poor defenseless men with only a year or two of college football to protect them from that dreadnaught of women shoppers. It's a horrible situation, really.

I finally emerged, my two dollars and sixty cents safe in one pocket, but carrying all the marks of the battle on my person. It really is a sin, the amount of weapons women have,—murderous hat and hair pins, pocket-books with metal appendages on them, and buttons. Yes, buttons! They have been the blame of my existence since that day. Round hard buttons, sharp oblong ones, square pointed ones, and a dozen other kinds. They are positively a menace to society, and if I ever have enough money, I think I shall sue the companies that make the fancy brands.

Well, I got my presents, but since then I've done my Christmas shopping in June.

A SONNET

By Blanche Edna Hestwood

If I could hear the message of the trees,
And understand their murmured lay
As through the night they're sighing
In the breeze
Their story of some long forgotten day;
If I could know who taught the birds
to sing
The same song that will last eternally,
And gave to them a note of joy to bring
To everyone on earth who would be free;
If I could see who paints the morning sky
As cold gray dawn comes breaking in-
to view,
Revealing glistening dewdrops as they lie
And showing to all men day born
anew;
I would know that God with all His
mystery,
Over enriching life He made for me.

FIRE ESCAPES

By Ruth Jane Allen

Fire escapes can serve more than one purpose. The logical definition of a fire escape is any device for escaping from a burning building. Certainly the main purpose and the only legal purpose is for escape from fire, but I can think of more pleasing circumstances surrounding the uses of a fire escape than those causing screaming persons to jump from windows and blazing walls to fall into hopeless debris. It is even in its subordinate purposes, I think, rightfully called an escape, but one can escape more than fire by it.

Many examples could be cited, but one will be sufficient to prove my point. I select a familiar setting, the setting of a girl's dormitory.

It is a cold, clear night in November, but one cannot tell this inside. To the tired, restless, slightly unhappy girls occupying the rooms in the hall, it might as well be raining. Thanksgiving is just near enough to cause a great amount of speculation as to what the days of the vacation

will hold; yet it is far enough away to cause some worry to the person who considers the amount of work to be done between that night and the twenty-sixth.

In one room in particular, it is extremely difficult for the girls to study. Concentration is impossible. The mind of the girl looking intently at her Civilization book wanders from the last summer to the coming summer. Her roommate is sprawled on the floor and is staring blankly at the ceiling.

One cannot tell how or why the human mind leaps from one subject to another, but it is true that it does. Suddenly the girl looking at her Civilization book thinks of the fire escape. "It's awfully hot in here", she suggests to her companion.

Listlessly, the roommate agrees and continues to look at the ceiling. "It would be cool on the fire escape", the first girl continues.

A few minutes pass, and nothing happens. Then, abruptly, the roommate gets up; simultaneously they snatch their top coats and start for the end of the hall.

Sitting on the top rung of the scaffolding which is, to all appearances, a device for escape from burning buildings, they look out through stiff bare limbs of trees and over dark rolling fields. The wind blows sharply and snaps their tweed coats tightly around their legs. Outside life seems different. The stuffy room had killed all ambitions and had made them feel only a part of an institution. Out in the air again, they look down on a beautiful campus and realize that their school is only a part of a lovely world. Again life seems to be moving forward and not standing still. They have escaped for a time the monotony of a set routine of living.

"RED" MCGONIGLE

By Arlene Herwig

Twilight or dawn, late or early, one may see the lone figure of a red-haired man who is tramping the streets of Kansas City in a fruitless effort to find peace and happiness. This tall, gaunt, redhead has had misfortune steal into his life as quickly and quietly as a shadow, leaving sorrow and heart-break in its wake. His is a tragic story.

In 1920 "Red" McGonigle was a happily married man, and making a good living by operating a barber shop. One day he returned home to find that his wife had eloped with his best friend. Bewildered, heart-broken, angry, he swore to avenge this betrayal, and until the day they returned begging his forgiveness, he would neither shave nor cut his hair.

Fifteen years have passed, and he has kept his word. Today he goes his way, alone and friendless—his long beard and hair flowing behind him as he walks. "Red's" face, weather-beaten and rough, is expressionless; yet the keen, piercing, black eyes peer suspiciously at everyone from under overhanging brows. In its ill-fitting, half torn rags, his muscular figure seems lost.

Often as he travels the streets, he is laughed at by thoughtless boys and girls. He always welcomes work of any sort; however one usually sees him pushing a wheelbarrow heavily down the sidewalk. At other times he paces slowly up and down in front of stores, announcing to the world that "Joe's sandwiches are the best." Always he walks straight ahead looking neither to right nor to left; speaking neither to man nor to woman.

No money, no friends, no happiness; loneliness and silence are the prices he is paying for someone else's folly.

A PRAYER FOR MAN

By Mary Louise Mills

The darkness softly creeps about the earth,
While stars shine brightly in the sky above,
The breezes seem to whisper of the mirth
And joy that lies within a song of love.
As clouds float slowly by so far o'er-head,
In some dark land my troubles have retired
And I am happy now while cares are dead.
I sit and think of things I have desired,
And all the while I wonder how inane
My wishes are; and after all I lead
A happy life and have a lot to gain
In doing now and then some simple deed;
I pray the thought that grasps me only could
Keep peace of mind in men and make them good.

THE HUMORS OF BRIDGE

By Martha Ann Woltman

Bridge-playing is a disease. It may calmly sneak upon one and seize one suddenly by the throat. Everyone has heard of the person who shot his partner because the aforesaid partner trumped his ace. Amiable married couples and devoted friends often glare at each other with the hostile looks of utter strangers. There are those players with whom one sits, trembling for fear one will make a wrong play and be casually scalped, physically, mentally, or socially. There are also those players who develop irregular, spasmodic fits of bridge-playing. From experience, I have found myself in the latter class.

There was a definite group of the younger set, who lolled through the hot summer days together at a certain country club in my home town. The club had an attractive golf course and a small lake, which satisfied us for several years, so that we had only disparaging remarks for our elders, who sat hour after hour glowering at hands of cards. They played very serious games, indeed, a matter of life and death, and many were the local feuds that developed and passed away. This summer the disease started and spread swiftly through the younger folks. Of course we had all played for several years, but never before with such ferocity. Real evaluation of a person's character was weighed in the balance with his bridge-playing ability. Couples began going together because they had found mutual contentment in each other as bridge partners. Bridge and swimming were freely interspersed. The chameleon-like, ambitious aspirants for fame would take quick dips in the lake, then back with dripping suits and hair to the cards again. Three friends and I had a particularly favorite sport. We would swim out to a thirty-five foot tower and on the very top landing have our game of bridge. Every so often one or more cards would sail off and float upon the water, while there would be mad scramblings above to dive or jump in after them before they sank. Playing with wet cards so enhanced the fun. Occasionally, if too many cards disappeared beneath the surface, we would nonchalantly toss the rest of deck in and proceed to something else.

During the latter part of the summer, I spent several weeks at a cabin in the wilds of Wisconsin. At night we would gather around the table

and by the aid of several kerosene lamps endeavor to see the spots on our cards. Often as I sat there, I thought, "This is man's cultural progress. This is civilization. Out here in the woods, with no modern conveniences, do we sit around and draw weird pictures on the wall, as did our primitive ancestors? No, we are not so vulgar. We torture our minds trying to remember Culberson's mathematical rule for raising the partner's bid." I had graduated; I was playing contract instead of auction. Why is it that contract players always talk about their game with such a superior air? Having a good reputation at auction and some little knowledge of contract, I learned the finer points of bidding from several aunts and uncles. They never guessed how I sat there, knees shaking, while I glanced apprehensively from one to the other and then timidly raised my voice. I soon gained confidence, however, and became a staunch contract defender, if not an expert. Scientists do not seem to have found any inoculation or counteraction for bridge-play. The victim and his associates merely weeks or years.

THE ART OF INSULT

By Mary Margaret Chandler

I am not a good insulter. I've had the misfortune to be brought up in a home where the old proverb of "Do unto others as you would be done unto" is often emphasized. Consequently when the word-biting itch tickles my tongue, the little white-robed figure of Virtue raises a warning hand, and my sharp sally goes back from where it came. I find this repeated discretion of mine is most misleading to others, who are obviously under the impression that I am either too dull witted to realize that I have received a verbal slap in the face, or that I merely take such things lying down. This galls me to the bone, for among my acquaintances there are three persons who are true artists in the matter of quick and cutting remarks. I want to introduce these three, but not, of course, as their names stand in the city directory.

Number one is a red headed female who never allows her faultless hair to be forgotten. Her remarks are generally connected with clothes or appearance; since these subjects are never out of mind, her opportunities are abundant. I experience her extreme displeasure in the matter of shoes. My feet are considerably smaller than hers, and so I am able to sport the more novel footwear. This matter has never been forgiven me, and I suffer for its existence in that several well-chosen words are always dropped in my hearing concerning my deplorable taste in hosiery and hats. Let it be understood that I am not the only victim, for she has many who would, at times, gladly invest in a sure and quick poison. To answer the girl is futile, for she never favors one with her attention long enough to hear what one would like to say.

Case number two is of the feminine sex, also. Her ability is in rebuffing unfortunate clerks and waiters with whom she comes in contact. Her attitude with such people is one of contempt for their slowness in producing what she desires. Most of my crowd agree that it is downright embarrassing to accompany her on shopping trips. On these occasions, luncheon, which should be a pleasant event, is often ruined by the fuss she makes in depositing her purchases and her pseudo fastidiousness in giving her order. The fact that the people serving her are ordinary humans with feeling and hearing seems quite

beyond her. I ought not to say that, because she delights in saying just the thing which will reddens a clerk's ears, or cause a waitress to fumble while serving something that will spill. That the people with whom she is so superior cannot strike back is more than apparent to her, and an opportunity is never allowed to slip by.

The last of my examples is a young man with a perverted sense of self-importance. His most satisfactory method of showing his adeptness is in humiliating his friends. He does this in numerous ways, but the most apparent is the manner in which he conducts a double date. He is always more than careful to choose a ritzy place for refreshments after dancing, and if there is any demurring from the other fellow as to his choice, the answer is invariably, "Oh, I'll foot the bill, or lend you the money, old man." When the couples are at last inside a restaurant, his manner of removing his companion's wrap, or giving the order is an unmistakable exhibition of the "way it should be done". The worst part of his insults is in that he always asks boys to join him who do not have the spending money he has, or the polish which he has acquired through travel and in expensive academic institutions.

Have my examples made any clearer to you just what a craftsman in insult must be able to do? He must remember that subtle remarks are generally the most biting; that inattention to his victim after the blow has been dealt, so that he has no chance of a return sally, is the most provoking; that a careful choice of persons who are unable to retaliate, because of position or lack of money is the most satisfying.

SUICIDE

By Harriett Bruce

Unapprehending, we opened the door and entered the apartment. Everything was in order. The desk had been neatly cleaned, and on it lay a sheet covered with cool imperishable writing. I picked it up and read:

"I am going blind. Someday I shall see no more. But that will be the climax. After all, the emotions and events preceding it are more bitter, more disheartening. To have tragedy swoop down like a great bird is hard to bear—it is even worse to wait and watch the horror, glimpsed in the answer to a foolish question, approaching from a great distance; to see him coming nearer each day; to note more clearly the details of his garb; and then to turn away, only to find that his presence has saturated life, not to be forgotten while life continues.

"Do not attempt to understand. You, who have good eyes, who face light and dark with equal unconcern, who read and play with joy, who sleep without the fear that if you close your eyes to a ray of light it will not reappear, who see the beauty of the fine and intricate lines of nature;—you can never know.

"And yet I do not fear. I only dread. I dread the days when the grace of a flower, swaying in the breeze, will be unseen; when the beauty of a sunset will be lost, even to memory; when the smile of a friend—a hackneyed theme, yet still so dear—will no longer warm my heart; when the brilliance of fire, and the softness of fog will no longer be to me; all these and a million other pleasures will be gone forever.

"Do I exaggerate? Perhaps so; but can the touch of a hand ever replace the beauty of white skin and sculptured fingers? Can the scents of a garden compensate losing the beauty of

riotous color? Can my love of life, tiny flame as it is, ever replace seeing the marvels wrought in the mighty flames of the lives of millions? Reply not, you who can never know. Answer me, blind of the ages!"

Even as I recognized the drama of the gesture, pity and mercy welled up in my heart. For instead of waiting, my friend had evaded the answer by taking a one way ticket, third class. Life was the fare, and strychnine the passage.

FROM BEETHOVEN TO BUNION CURES

By Betriex Lee

The New York Philharmonic Orchestra under the direction of Arturo Toscanini is on the air. The tender strains of the beautiful music float through the room, casting a spell of enchantment and lifting me to the skies. Was it not Shakespeare who said that music "can change the nature" of a man? He did not exaggerate. There is a transforming, a regenerating power in music that takes one away from all that is petty, annoying, and silly into a higher range of living.

I am reminded of the Toscanini concert that I attended in the Hollywood Bowl. As Toscanini stood on the podium, leaning forward, every musician was alert, serious, and eager. He raised his hand slowly and the sublime music rose from the orchestra, casting over the entire audience that same spell of enchantment I feel now. I wonder if his face is close to his musicians with that look of quiet expectancy and pleasure. As the Beethoven composition ends, I see him bowing and smiling in his gentle, skeptical manner.

As he begins another harmony with his magic wand, I remember that the director has in his mind all of Beethoven's symphonies. He is standing now, with no score before him, producing the almost divine music. Think what that means! Every phrase in his own heart and mind to recall at any moment he desires.

When the last sweet strains of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony die away, I see the vast audience walking from the concert in a trance, refreshed and spiritually uplifted. As I sit fascinated before the radio, a voice comes to me from the distance. It grows nearer and more distinct—"The recordings you have just heard by the New York Philharmonic Orchestra under the direction of Toscanini were brought to you by the courtesy of the Buxley Sure-cure Bunion Corporation. If you have corns or bunions, try the Buxley method. We offer a money-back guarantee. To remove the corns over bunions, simply, simply....."

THOUGHTS OF LONELINESS

By Edwina Peuter

At times, on quiet peaceful nights like this
When skies above are clear; the moon is full,
My dearest friends from far away I miss.
My life apart is often very dull,
And when I'm in this dark and pensive mood
Its dreary drabness only multiplies,
Until the joy of life and all its good
Is wholly wasted on my blinded eyes.
Enchanting memories of other days,
Those days when everything was play and fun
Come rushing in my dreamy mind,
to blaze
The trail for finer, deeper thought to run
Until before I fully realize
Life takes for me a sweeter, gayer guise.

SPORTS

The best news from the Phys. Ed. office is that basketball is starting. There have been lots of girls asking about it so now let's see a lot of enthusiasm.

Hope everyone had a good time at the Horse Show. The girls certainly are to be congratulated on their improvement. Lulu Vee certainly can ride. Derp It, but I heard someone being sorry for the pony.

The annual sister class hockey game was December 2. Kind of soon after vacation for a very large crowd, most everyone was getting some much needed shut eye, however it was a grand game and anyone who didn't see it really missed something. Didn't they, Miss Reichert?

Soph-Sr. (3)	Frosh-Jr. (0)
Hill	R.W. ..Montgomery
Spearing	I.R.Bishop
Mill	C.F.Butler
Spangler	I.L.Stevensen
McCormick	L.W.Neal
Ranolph	R.H.Bishop
Wilner	C.H.Reinemer
Scroggin	L.H.NBook
Thomas	R.B.Loh-
Barton	R.B.Denton
Peuter	G.Randall

Score: Sr.Soph. 3, J.Frosh 0.
Goals—Randolph 1; Winter 2.

Well-Dressed Girls

Silks and Satins in Lindenwood Creations.

Echoes from the sewing room indicate that the girls in that branch of the home economics department are doing big things in preparation for their style show. A description of all the dresses would be practically an impossibility, but the Linden Bark representative did notice a few which caught the eye immediately.

For instance, the satin dinner dress that Catherine Siemer is making is lovely. The skirt is black, made on princess lines, and the long-sleeved blouse is of pink satin. A striking effect, too.

Rhumba crepe, (at least that's what they tell us), seems to be a popular material. Estelle Spencer, Harriett Pipkin, and Virginia Staley are all "creating" from this. Estelle's is a brown sport dress, set off by a green neckkerchief. Harriett's is sport, too, only green, and Virginia's is black with a bright red scarf; a little more dressy.

Gertie Rose Lambert's purple crinkled crepe afternoon dress is lovely, and the gold metal belt is just the right finish. Margaret Wepfer is making a green sport dress of "top hat" crepe with a wide round collar, and small buttons down the back.

A knockout combination of blues is Mary Margaret Gann's crepe dress. The body of the dress is navy, and the collars and cuffs are of sky blue. Another crepe frock in the making is Imogene Hinsch's. Her's is a good-looking maroon sport dress. Connie Cockburn is making a similar dress in green, and Elizabeth Waldrep is doing a grand job on a dark red crepe dress, informal.

Marguerite Raymer is finishing a pure silk sport dress in dark green, while Martha Jeanne Waldner is slaving over a cute brown wool crepe with plenty of tucks.

A stop-off in the sewing room shows diligent labor, and anyone would be envious of the attractive things they turn out. We're expecting big things from them when they award all the prizes, and we hope to get a look-in on the style show next week.

Seniors Come By Eights

Cosmopolitan Class Preparing for June

The seniors number thirty-eight this year. It is the largest class for some time, and they're quite an impressive group. This class of '36. These high and mighty young ladies have distributed themselves among the various dormitories almost evenly, there being eight each in Ayres, Irwin, and Butler; Sibley brings up the rear with only six. There are also eight day students.

Twenty-eight of these girls have been here all four years and only one is a newcomer this year. Awfully nice to have you, though for such a short time, Dorothy.

The girls hail all the way from Wyoming to Persia. What a leaway that gives us. Missouri, of course, has the most with seventeen. Illinois runs a not very close second with nine. Indiana has five, Iowa claims three, and there is one each from Nebraska, Wyoming, California, and Persia.

Picture Taking

Sometimes one finds an individual who just loves to look at her own face. Personally its' never been such a great pleasure but then possibly we of press (who let that in?) aren't so gifted with the feminine charm called "it". But to get back to the subject. We've heard that there has been a general ganging of third floor, to see "my proofs". Would it be too personal to ask what the great rush is? I suppose that "James" or "Harry" or "Jack" or possibly "Babe" or "Lutz" just have to have those pictures for a reminder of what you look like over the holidays, or possibly the O. A. O. needs it for a Christmas present. Well it's too late now to get them developed so why doesn't the student give the poor annual editor a break and just come to get the pictures when she announces that they are waiting? Somebody is going to "burn" for this and we're not at all sure it won't be the writer. But here's hoping no feelings are hurt and a little consideration is instilled in the minds of the motely crowd.

Why We Are Misunderstood

Rev. Mr. Ernest Jones, of the Methodist Church of St. Charles, was the speaker at the vesper service, Sunday night, November 17. The choir sang the anthem, "How Beautiful Upon the Mountain" with Alice Jones as soloist. A duet was sung by Alice Jones and Ruth Pinnell.

In reading the scriptures, Dr. Roemer laid emphasis on the 27th verse of Psalm 36, which read: "For with thee is the fountain of life: in thy light shall we see light." This was the topic for the evening's sermon.

The reason Mr. Jones said, that people are misunderstood is because other people don't take the trouble to know them. "Understanding is a matter of fellowship and communion," he said. "The trouble is that people do not see things clearly—they do not see people as they are. Prejudices are a cause of misunderstanding and people must discard them."

It is a crowning beauty of character, he said, to be able to see life as God sees it. It is essential that everybody have fellowship with God. God, as the father of Jesus Christ, revealed himself in Jesus. "See the glory of God in fellowship with Christ," said Mr. Jones.

In concluding, he said that the greatest sufferers in life are young men and women. See life in God's light and learn how to bear the disappointments in life.

Facts About Ethiopia

Dr. Andre LaVarre gave an interesting illustrated lecture, Thursday night, November 21, at eight o'clock, on the topic, "Abyssinia Awakes". Dr. LaVarre drew a map of Ethiopia and explained the generally accepted reasons for the Italian invasion. There are three: Italy needs an outlet for the population; Italy must protect her African colonies; and Italy needs natural resources. Although these are the reasons set forth by the Italians, he showed why they were not good. The real reason that Italy wants a foothold in Ethiopia is that she wants to become an empire again.

Dr. LaVarre showed pictures of the coronation of the present king of Ethiopia and of the native life in general. In conclusion, the speaker said that if all of the other countries were to let Italy alone, it would still take her five years to secure a foothold, and forty years to subdue the Ethiopians.

Draws Lessons From The Unknown Soldier

Sunday, November 10, the vespers services were conducted by Dr. Case, the speaker being Rev. John C. Inglis, of the Jefferson Street Presbyterian church.

Dr. Betts of the English department sang a solo, entitled "Be Thou Faithful Until Death". The choir sang an anthem.

Rev. Mr. Inglis used as his text Jesus' words in the gospel of St. Luke, on his entry into Jerusalem, "If thou hadst known in this day even thou, those things that belong unto thy peace, but now they are hid from thine eyes".

"We want to forget war", Mr. Inglis said, "and yet we feel that there is a certain feeling of brotherhood that has come out of it. And yet when we think of those who sleep in Flanders Field we wonder. They believed they fought and died to bring some relief to the urden of humanity.

"We fought the last war as a means to end all war. 'To you from failing hands we throw the torch.' We cannot be unfaithful to that trust that we pledged.

"We cannot place the blame of wars on the politicians either. In the world is to live in peace, we must rid it of three illusions."

The speaker named the illusion of false patriotism; the illusion of preparedness; and the illusion of property.

Rev. Mr. Inglis closed his talk by reading a Parable of Peace which involved the speeches of three unknown soldiers, over the grave of the Last Unknown Soldier. They questioned among themselves the futility of having given their lives for a cause so many years ago, when the world was still fighting for the same thing. A fourth figure appears, in the form of Christ. He, too, had died that others might live. Was it after all a vain and futile attempt?

Enjoyable Lecture For Journalism Students

The girls of the journalism class were again very fortunate in having, as the second of a series, a lecture given November 19, by Miss Josephine Fahey, head of the Reference Department of the Globe Democrat. Before taking over this department, Miss Fahey visited leading newspapers in the country, and from their offices gathered valuable information concerning filing systems in reference departments. She said one of the main requisites necessary for work of this kind was to have a broad exper-

ience in finding newspaper needs.

Miss Fahey continued a detailed explanation of the filing system, naming as the three main divisions, the biographical, geographical, and general news, and under each classification are included hundreds of photographs and clippings.

Miss Fahey also has the distinction of being secretary to the managing editor of the Globe-Democrat, and she related many humorous and interesting experiences concerning her work in this capacity.

WHO'S WHO?

A member of the senior class and although she is not very big she is among the mighty—being a member of the student board. Her activities are many and varied and she is always busy doing something around the campus. Something, or somebody, on the Washington University football team seemed to attract her this fall. Just in case you haven't guessed already, she's the house president in Sibley.

Lynn Wood Dictates

By H. J.

Marie laughed at my hat but her red one is even funnier. It turns up all of the way around and sits high on the back of her head displaying a "crop" of bangs. I'll have to admit it is cute, though.

Juanita Jones looks gorgeous in that black crepe tea dress. The brilliant buckle at the neckline with material extending out from it is just too attractive for words. It also has a matching buckle on the belt. It is very form-fitting down to the knees and then flares out with yards of material at its disposal.

"Pinky" Stuhler looked very striking at the senior tea. The dress was of black with a little jacket that fastened over very snugly, in fact the whole dress fit very snugly. It was becoming, and Pinky can really wear black.

...Cicero appeared with all her dignity in a blue crepe with sequins around the neck. It was fitted in at the waist and tied in the back with a slip knot. The black and silver shoes were the best-looking ones I have seen all year—or any year.

Lindenwood Northerner

Down South

Thanksgiving weather was really just incidental in the lives of all of us vacationists unless it had the audacity to inconvenience any of us. This writer spent four glorious days in southeast Missouri but the weather didn't cramp her style at all. However, according to our charming hostess, Miss Judge, it was quite chilly changing a tire at 4 a. m., Friday. Then, too, it must be admitted that Weary's and my hands did get a little brittle out shooting clay birds (clay birds my dear Weary, are not in the form of birds at all, merely figuratively language.) at the unthinkable hour of 10 a. m.

Some girls spent a snowy Thanksgiving, some rainy, and those sojourning in Chicago said the windy city lived up to its name, sho' nuff. They say it even snowed a little here at college, but down in the swamps they were busy picking cotton, almost everything was green, and this northerner would have never dreamed that it was Thanksgiving if it hadn't been for yummy turkey.

COLLEGE CALENDAR

Monday, December 9:

5 p. m., Sports.
6:30 p. m., League of Women Voters.

Tuesday, December 10:

5 p. m., Commercial Club Tea.
6:30 p. m., Beta Pi Theta.

Wednesday, December 11:

4:45 p. m., Faculty Tea.
5 p. m., Sports.
6:30 p. m., Y. W. C. A.

Thursday, December 12:

11 a. m., Music Students' Recital.
5 p. m., Delta Phi Delta.
6:30 p. m., Añaletic Association.

Friday, December 13:

8 p. m., Christmas Play, sponsored by Y. W. C. A.

Monday, December 16:

5 p. m., Sports

Tuesday, December 17:

5 p. m., Music Students' Recital.

Sidelights of Society

Dr. Roemer and Mr. Motley were in Fort Smith, Ark., last Saturday, guests of honor at a luncheon of the Ft. Smith Lindenwood College Club.

Seniors Entertain Faculty

The senior tea, one of the main social events of the season, was given last Tuesday, at 4 o'clock in the library club rooms. In the reception line were the senior class officers, Mary Elizabeth Null, Marie Ellis, Camille McFadden, Florence Wilson, and the class sponsor, Miss Eva Englehart.

Mrs. Roemer and Dr. Gipson served, and the faculty and seniors enjoyed being together once more and talking of freshman days.

A program, made up of Marjorie Hickman's playing a selection on the piano, readings by Ellen Ann Schachner, and selections by the college sextet, afforded entertainment for the guests. Refreshments were served which consisted of tuna fish salad, hot buttered rolls, candy, cookies, nuts, and coffee and tea.

Christmas Scenes

At Sophomore Party

One of the grandest parties of the year was the Christmas dance given Saturday night, December 7, in Butler gymnasium. It was sponsored by the sophomore class under the capable guidance of Miss Anderson. The decorations were most unusual, and gave a striking appearance to the gym. White and silver were the dominant colors, and the lighting effects added much to the brilliance of this clever snow scene.

The ceiling was hung with white ruffled panels and snowballs were suspended from icicles hung in front of the curtains. In each corner of the gymnasium were real Christmas trees glazed with silver powder. The novel Santa Claus did much to promote the jubilant Christmas spirit, and the entire scheme of the decorations lent much to the gaiety of the affair.

The receiving line consisted of Dr. and Mrs. Roemer, Miss Anderson, and the four class officers: Ellen Ann Schachner, Helen Knell, Jean Stephen, son, and Joan Spangler. Acting as chaperones were Dr. and Mrs. Dewey, and Dr. and Mrs. Case.

Mrs. LeMaster has the sympathy of all the college, in the bereavement which has taken her from the college for a few days.

Mary: Please come back. I just stocked up on some gorgeous lingerie from HUNINGS,—no more borrowing. Josephine.

Lindenwood's Own Art Furnishes Christmas Cards

With the spirit of Christmas filling the air, the time has come again to think about buying Christmas cards. The art department is having its annual Christmas card sale on the third floor of Roemer, from now until Christmas, sponsored by Kappa Pi, assisted by all students in the art department.

The designs are original and are done both in woodcut and in design for zinc-cut-reproduction. Among the designers are: Doris Lee Atteberry, Gracia Lou Arnold, Betty Bogenschutz, Betty Boles, Thelma Gaunt, Dorothy Green, Mary Sue Kellams, Helen Semprez, Marjorie Skinner, and Mary Jane Wishropp.

In buying these cards the girls are not only getting lovely cards, but they are also helping the college. The proceeds from this sale will go to the Sibley scholarship fund.

A pleasing custom of the art students, to be carried out this year as always, is the decoration with suitable flowers and greens, of the graves of Major and Mrs. Sibley, founders of Lindenwood. This is to be done by students just before vacation, inspired in large part by the head of the department, herself an alumna, Dr. Linnemann.

Nine groups of students in casework under Miss Morris will be guests at Markham Memorial Presbyterian Church in St. Louis tonight, and will see the Christmas tree, gifts for which were largely provided by Lindenwood's \$100 contribution. Dr. King has sent a letter, thanking all the college for this remembrance.

Music Students

Display Fine Talents

Students of the music department gave a recital Tuesday, November 19 at 5 o'clock, in Roemer auditorium. Betty Gauss, a little girl from St. Charles, played her "Sonatina Op. 36 No. 1 (Spiritoso, Andante, Vivace), (Cementi), with remarkable skill for one so young. Alice Belding played two selections, "Melodie in E," (Rachmaninoff), and "Toccata," (Paradise). Her playing was clean-cut and very expressive. "Gavotte A flat minor" (Sagambati) was played by Virginia McFarland. Her playing was notable for its color and dynamic quality. Wilma Harris, who played "The Dancing Marionette," (Henry) played the selection with skill. Her technique on the modern chords was very effective.

Alice Jones sang two numbers, "Songs My Mother Taught Me," (Dvorak) and "Break O'Day," (Sanderson). Her notes were sweet and clear and the control of tone was very good. Alice Neal sang "Sapphic Ode," (Brahms) very effectively. Poise and tone control were fine.

Jean Brawner played "Præludium E Minor, Op. 10 No. 1" (MacDowell). Her technique was good. Lena Miller played the difficult "Polonaise, Op. 35," (E. Stillman Kelley) with ease. She played with precision and her technique was wonderful. Durine Riddle played "A Ground (Theme and Variations)" (Handel) very charmingly.

Let's All Help Dr. King

November 21, Dr. George Wales King was the guest speaker in chapel. Dr. King is from the Markham Memorial Church in St. Louis, and he spoke of the marvelous work this institution is doing among the less fortunate.

Dr. King said, "Trouble either

softens or hardens and breaks a man's heart." Dr. King gave many examples of the things Markham Church is doing and of the great appreciation which is shown for the most menial task or smallest favor. Markham Memorial is used to being asked for everything "from spiritual help to blood transfusions or baby carriages", and it does its utmost to supply the wants and needs of all who come for help.

Like Mother Hubbard at the present time Markham's cupboard is bare. They need old clothes, and gifts for the children who will come to the Christmas party. Let's all try to help Dr. King by making as great a success of the Christmas offering as we did the Thanksgiving one.

Dr. King closed by quoting from the Bible: "Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend."

Diets For Dictators

Peas! Carrots! Turnips! Did you know there are two real live vegetarians in school this year? Just like Hitler and Mussolini. Of course Miss Osgood and Miss Weary can't always stick to their diet around here or their figures might be pretty flat.

Marjorie Jane Briggs and Marie Ellis also report a liking for vegetables. Marie said that she has learned not to be "choicely". SHE'S LEARNED TO TAKE PRUNES AND LIKE IT. Marjorie Jane when asked about her vegetable diet said, "Well-I, I'm a vegetarian at home". While they prefer vegetables their appetites get the best of them and they eat anything in sight.

The Waterville, Kans. girls don't seem to go much for vegetables. I guess wild meat is the favorite dish out there.

This is not being written in cahoots with Mr. Heinz, but with the constant uprising in meat prices, it is merely to create an interest in vegetables.

Nellie: You know the bracelet Aunt Phoebe sent me from Paris? Well, you can get shoes to match at HUNINGS. Grace.

WHATEVER THE WEATHER

By Evelyn Sears

Ever since I studied Mark Twain's delightful essay on "New England Weather" when I was in the eighth grade, I have never ceased to find enjoyment in whatever weather the day may bring forth. Whether I am at home or visiting, going out or reading in bed, traveling or not traveling, I continue to delight in the weather.

Although I am fond of rain the year 'round, I think I like it best in the summertime, when I am at camp. For there, even though it may soak our beds through and spoil our morning swim, it always brings with it a huge, crackling fire, endless games and songs sung indoors, and a general atmosphere of friendliness. On a rainy day I am at peace with the world.

But how I love the sunshine! One who has never seen, as I, the sun in all its radiance rise from below the horizon just as the last stars are fading out, can love the sun as I do. I have never been able to decide whether or not it is at evening or at morning that I love the sun the best. So many sunsets have I "watched the clouds light up before the sun goes down."

I have seen very little snow in my life. It is so unusual for me that I still love to build snowmen and pitch snowballs when the snow does come. But if it does not, I never miss it.

To the glory of the sun's brightness I prefer the rain, and the peace of the snow which, although it is greyer and duller, softens all sounds, all colors, all harsh lines, and which does not display its own crystalline beauty vauntingly, but adds beauty to all it touches.

And all of this reminds me of a song I once knew:

"We must weather the weather,
Whatever the weather,
Whether we like it or not!"

Frances: O. K., dear, you win. Meet me at HUNING'S this afternoon at four, and I'll get you that darling pair of bedroom slippers. Jim.

HAVE YOU FORGOT TEN ANYONE?

We would be delighted to assist you in your selections . . .

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