

LINDEN BARK

Vol. 13.—No. 6.

Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Missouri, Tuesday, December 12, 1933

\$1.00 A YEAR

News from the Dean's Office

"No news is good news", says Dr. Gipson, but she wishes everybody a very happy vacation.

Alpha Psi Presents "A Church Mouse"

Fodor's Play Well Received by Large Lindenwood Audience.

On Friday, December 8, at eight o'clock, Alpha Psi Omega, national dramatic fraternity, presented Ladislaus Fodor's "A Church Mouse" as its annual Christmas play. The choice was an excellent vehicle for the talents of the cast, which was composed of outstanding students in the dramatic art department, and was enthusiastically received by the audience.

The plot of the comedy follows: Baron Thomas Von Ullrich (Marjorie Wycoff), recently returned from America and convinced of the inefficiency of his banking organization in Vienna, discharges his utterly feminine and inefficient private secretary, Olly Frey. (Nancy Watson.) At the proper moment, Susie Sachs (Elizabeth McSpadden), who describes herself as "poor as a church mouse", but who is most efficient and business-like, persuades the baron to employ her.

After the conclusion of an important oil merger in Paris, the baron suggests that the entire group celebrate for the evening. Susie appears in an evening gown which immediately and surprisingly transforms her from an office machine into a most attractive young woman. The Baron regrets that he has made an appointment to entertain Olly Frey, but Susie has cleverly entangled him for the evening in a series of appointments with business men who are anxious to congratulate him on the success of the merger. Susie leaves in the company of the baron's brother, Baron Frank Von Ullrich, (Suzanne Perrin) and Count Von Talheim, (Evelyn Brown), but returns alone and when she discovers that the baron intends to discharge her. Jackson (Dorothy Holcomb), faithful yes-man of the baron's employ, and Chapie (Isabelle Orr) are drawn into the ridiculous situation.

Later Susie in the drab dress that she had worn the day of her employment by the baron, comes in to receive her dismissal. The baron requests her to take a letter in which he dictates a proposal that Susie accepts as the curtain falls.

The play ran smoothly and rapidly through the three acts of good comedy credit being due Miss Craft, director, and Dorothy Bottani, stage manager. The settings were artistic and in the first act especially elaborate. It was one of the most successful plays of the year and showed the splendid talent of the dramatic organization.

Read The Linden Bark.

Dr. Roemer Speaks at Christmas Vespers

Text, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

The coming of Christmas was observed at the vesper services last Sunday evening. The choir sang a number of well known Christmas songs including "Sing We Noel" a French carol, "Silent Night, Holy Night", a German carol, "God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen", "Good King Wenceslas", and "We Three Kings of Orient Are", traditional carols. Another group of songs included "Angels From the Realms of Glory", by Shelley, "Carol of the Russian Children", a carol from White Russia, and "Calm on the Listening Ear o' Night" by Harker. In the last selection the solo was sung by Frances McPherson and the violin obligato was played by Kathryn Eggen. The String Quartette, composed of Kathryn Effen, Edith Knotts, Mary Agnes Hamacher, and Frances Hamacher, played "Old English Folk Song".

The Christmas offering for the poor was quite generous this year. The money from the offering to be used in the carrying on of relief work.

Dr. Roemer opened his Christmas address with the words of the Lord Jesus, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." "To Paul we owe the record of these words that were almost forgotten. At the climax of his farewell address to the people of Ephesus he said, "Remember the words of the Lord Jesus that he himself said, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'" Today these words are quoted more often than any others.

"The greatest philosophy of life is contained in these words of Jesus. Jesus divided humanity into two classes, the getters and the givers. The getters were the losers of the fulness of life. The givers were the winners of the life that really is.

"The givers are among the blessed, not in the hereafter but in the now. A New York paper, some years ago, said of a millionaire's departure, "Not a single human interest suffered in the least by his death." A bitter epitaph, to say the least. The man had missed the opportunity of his riches. Over in Western Asia there is a lake which annually receives millions of tons of pure, fresh water, yet the water is so corrupt that man or beast can not tolerate it. What is the explanation? It has no outlet. When man came to name it they called it the Dead Sea.

"Everybody can be a giver. Since money is not the only gift, no one needs to go unblest. A poet walking on a dusty road on a hot summer day came to an inviting bench under a shade tree. As he rested he saw a basket of apples with a lettered sign, 'Have An Apple'. As he ate the apple he noticed a sign by a little path, 'Down This Path is a Spring'. He looked about to see to whom he was indebted. Some distance away he discovered a humble house and as he looked he saw an old man coming

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Pike's Peak of the Soul

Vesper Sermon by Methodist Pastor

Rev. James B. Douglas, at Lindenwood's vesper services Sunday evening, December 3, used as his text: Mark 4:8, "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear."

Many do not pause to think, he said, just how important the five senses are. If there were to be a decision on eliminating one or two of the senses, it would be most difficult. Many individuals hear, but they do not hear all. They do not hear with their spiritual ears, the voice of the past, the future and the present.

In looking back to the voice of the past, individuals can feel the hand of the eternal God moving across the pages of history. They can see how wrong men have been controlled and how forcefully the eternal God has been speaking, leading individuals up out of the darkness. Look into the future; see the possible horrid pictures and try to rectify them through the present. The way to help the future is to look into the past and discard that which is wrong, as the present is entered.

The word "ought" is the Pike's Peak of man's soul. The voice within and the voice above are the ones which the men and women who have lifted up the world have heard. He who has ears let him hear the voices of the past, present, and future, the voice of the Master.

Thanksgiving Tea Dance

Dr. and Mrs. Roemer made Lindenwood's Thanksgiving Day a happy one for the girls of the college and their guests.

The tables for Thanksgiving dinner were heavily laden with turkey and all the other dainties that satisfy a Thanksgiving appetite. The dance in the afternoon was a delightful success and was well attended by the students, some of them having escorts but the single ones enjoying it immensely. The orchestra was splendid and punch was served.

Margaret Ringer was lovely in a black satin gown; Nancy Montgomery charming in an orange satin, puffed-sleeved and dark skirt. A sophisticated black afternoon dress with open sleeves and two rhinestone clips caught carelessly at the back was worn by Lucile Chappel. Emmeline Lovellette was striking in a white crepe gown and perky white hat.

At 5:30 the dance ceased with "Auld Lang Syne" and everyone was served tea in the dining room.

Turkey Dinner Climax of Thanksgiving Day

Lindenwood celebrated Thanksgiving with a very full program for the day: hockey game, horse show, a tea dance and best of all, "a turkey and pumpkin pie dinner." The entire menu consisted of: tomato juice cocktail, celery, olives, radishes, roast turkey with giblet dressing,

Senior-Sophomores Win Thanksgiving Hockey Game, 2-1

Damp ground and gray skies did not dampen the spirits of loyal Lindenwoodites who turned out at 10:30 o'clock Thanksgiving morning to cheer their hockey teams in a game which resulted in a 2-1 victory for the Senior-Sophomore team.

Noisy shouts of "Give 'em the axe, axe, axe," and "Cannon ball, cannon ball, sizz, boom, bah," dispelled any gloom that might have lingered over the hockey field. Each cheering squad took opposite sides of the field and faithfully backed its teams to the finish.

The game, although played on a muddy field, and greatly hampered by weather conditions. The ball was kept in active play throughout the entire period. The first goal of the game, which was scored by Helen Lightholder during the second quarter of the first half, was made after the ball had travelled the length of the field. The second score was made during the second quarter of the game by Edna Buenger of the Senior-Sophomore squad.

A possible chance for a tie was offered after the goal for the Freshman-Junior team had been scored by Betty Butler, making the score 2 to 1. Each team cheered by, "We want a goal, we want a goal," strove to put the ball over the line with the result of some swift action but no goal. The score at the end of the fourth quarter remained 2-1 in favor of the Senior-Sophomores Blue Streaks—thus receiving the \$5.00 prize donated by Dr. Roemer.

Substitutions during the game were Morgan for Austin during the second quarter and Austin for Morgan in the second half.

Members of the teams playing were for the Senior-Sophomores: Edna Buenger, captain and center guard; Renna Lee Byars, left; Nancy Smith, inside right; Evelyn Brown, center half; Helen Lightholder, right wing; Madeline John, right back; Helen Foster, left back; and Elizabeth Null, a substitute for Reitz as goalkeeper.

Members of the Freshmen-Junior team were Virginia Rugh, captain and left half; Betty Butler, center forward; Constance Osgood, inside left; Geraldine Robertson, inside right; Dorothy Copps, left wing; Clara Lee, right half; Eileen Reitz, left back and Sue Johnson, goalkeeper.

brown sweet potatoes, buttered peas, head lettuce and tomato salad with thousand island dressing, rolls, butter, cranberry sauce, pumpkin pie with whip cream, coffee and nuts. The tables were attractively garnished with flowers in the center and dainty nut-cups as favors. The holiday spirit seemed to possess students and visitors alike. Miss Walter set places for quite a few visitors, including Mr. and Mrs. Fox of St. Charles, guests of the Roemers, and several faculty guests entertained by Miss Stookey and Dr. Terhune.

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TUESDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1933

The Linden Bark:

"This is the month, and this the happy morn
Wherein the Son of Heaven's Eternal King
Of wedded maid and Virgin Mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring;
For so the holy sages once did sing
That He our deadly forfeit should release,
And with His Father work us a perpetual peace".

—Milton

Yuletide Good-Fellowship

The season of good cheer. What shall it mean to us this year—two weeks of parties, dances, dates and good food, two weeks in which to satisfy our own selfish desires at the expense of others? Or shall we make it two weeks of joy, of that genuine joy that comes only from living?

Coach Stagg, grand old man of the football field, once said that he always formed his judgment of a person's character by their ability to master an assignment. With the approach of Christmas this year there has been placed before each one of us our greatest assignment—an assignment which will undoubtedly be too large for many, but which, if mastered, will prove one of the greatest tests of our capability. That assignment which confronts us consists in aiding to make this Christmas one of true joy for others.

Although such a task may appear simple enough at first glance, it involves greater thought and planning than one glance can give. It means changing this Christmas from one of receiving to one of giving. It means that we shall have to banish any vestige of depression and with it the petty manner of a spoiled child reprieved of a coveted present. We shall have to keep constantly before us the realization of the contrast of a comfortable home to a home-deprived of fuel, proper clothing, food—a home to which such a present as a can of substantial food could bring joy.

For how many of us would a can of peas, of corn, or some such food suffice as a gift? While there are many who would be only too overjoyed to receive such a Christmas gift, yet the most of us will be dissatisfied with a gift costing ten times the value of such food. It seems that if we, to whom food and such things are little, could give, as a part of our giving this year, that food to those who really need it, we would in part be fulfilling our task.

In truth, it will be our ability to sacrifice a part of our holiday enjoyment without visibly portraying the loss, our ability to forget ourselves in helping someone else, our ability in proving ourselves Good Fellows that will ascertain whether or not we shall be able to measure up to standard.

As we go forward on our Christmas task, we can have no better motto before us than that expressed in Ldvy Larcom's poem, "A Christmas Thought."

"Oh! Christmas is coming again you say,
And you long for the things it is bringing;
But the costliest gift may not gladden the day,
Nor help in the merry bells ringing.
Some getting is losing, you understand;
Some hoarding is far from saving;
What you hold in your hand may slip from your hand;
There is something better than having;
We are richer for what we give;
And only by giving we live."

Appreciation of 1934 Opportunities

January 1st means but one thing—a new year—and a new year means a new leaf to turn over, a clean page to start on anew. We are constantly being reminded that "Life moves forever forward—never backward." There is little use to regret the things we have or haven't done in the past for that regretting will never bring back those unhappy experiences to re-live. Let's look toward the future. With the New Year of 1934 let's start a new life; let's do all the things we've planned to do but have neglected or put off until another time or perhaps even forgotten.

This year would be a good year to make and to keep some very worthwhile resolutions. One thing all of us could do would be to be more considerate of others. First of all, be more considerate of our God. It is He who has given us life and shown us how to live it. Next, be more considerate of our parents. They are the ones who have sacrificed for us and made our world a happy one. Lastly, be more considerate of our friends for it is they who have helped in making us what we are today.

This year let's strive to see a little more of the beautiful things in life—to appreciate what we have a little more deeply. There are many people who are practically destitute and have to depend entirely upon the county for their livelihood. We have much for which to be appreciative. We have many things that we take for granted in our every day life, while to some of the less fortunate people they might mean the biggest advantages in the world. Let's be more appreciative of our school. Let's take advantage of the opportunity our parents have afforded us in sending us to college.

In making these resolutions let's plan to keep them and see if our life and the lives of others aren't a bit happier because of our effort.

COLLEGE CALENDAR

Tuesday, Dec. 12:

5:00 o'clock. Organ recital in the Sibley Chapel.

Wednesday, Dec. 13:

11:00 o'clock, John S. Moore, of the League of Nations, on "The Main Springs of the German Revolution".

Friday, Dec. 15:

12:00 o'clock, VACATION.
MERRY CHRISTMAS

Sidelights of Society

Dr. and Mrs. Roemer are undecided decided as to how they will spend the Christmas holidays but more than likely they will leave St. Charles for a while.

Dr. Gipson will spend Christmas vacation in the East. She will see Miss Mitchell, who is studying for her degree at Columbia University, and Mrs. George Bjerko, formerly Dr. Eleanor Tupper. Dr. Gipson will spend Christmas Day in New Haven, Connecticut, with friends and later visit with her brother who is head of the history department at Lehigh University in Pennsylvania. The vacation will close with a few days stay in Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Roberts will spend her Christmas vacation with her daughter, Miss Rosalind Roberts, in Clinton, Kentucky.

Miss Blackwell says that she will be going home to Hopkinsville, Kentucky, just as soon as she can get there.

Mrs. Wenger, plans to divide her Christmas holidays between her home at Carrol, Illinois and Chicago.

Miss Hough, is planning to spend her Christmas vacation at her home in West Virginia.

Mrs. LeMaster plans to spend her vacation in Boonville, Missouri, with her daughter and son-in-law and their family.

Dr. Appleton is planning to spend her Christmas vacation at her home in Providence, Rhode Island, where she will continue her research work for the Dictionary of National Biography.

Dr. Case will spend the Christmas holidays at his home in St. Charles.

Dr. Terhune will spend the first part of the Christmas holidays with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. Thomas B. Terhune in New Albany, Indiana, and the latter part she will spend with her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Ben F. Bitter in Huntington, Indiana.

Miss Englehart will spend Christmas at her home in Kirksville, Mo.

Miss Isidor will spend the vacation at her home in Cincinnati, Ohio, and Miss Gieselman at her home in Macon, Mo.

Dr. Ennis expects to spend part of the vacation in Boston and New York. She hopes to attend the meetings of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. A few days may be spent with Mrs. George Bjerko (Dr. Eleanor Supper) in her Long Island home.

Social Science Tea

Pi Gamma Mu, national social science sorority, gave an informal tea for all social science majors in the

Library Club Rooms Tuesday, December 6, at 5 o'clock. The president, Mary Cowan, welcomed the guests and introduced Lois Gene Sheetz, who made a very fine talk on "Recent Movements in American Life". She discussed child labor; social insurance, old age pensions; problem of liquor control, pure food and drug act, and the compensated dollar.

Ruth Bewley sang three songs, "I'm Lonesome, That's All," "Gipsy Love Song", and "Smiling Through"

Kappi Pi Meeting

Kappa Pi, honorary art sorority, held its regular meeting, Tuesday, December 5, in the art studio in Toemer Hall. Isabelle Orr, a member of the sorority, presided.

Response to the roll call was given with comments on current topics on art. Isabelle Orr read a paper on the topic, "Characteristics of Art in the Nineteenth Century." Papers for the next meeting were assigned to members.

Students in the art department in the last few weeks have gained useful information at the Exhibition of Indian Tribal Arts at the St. Louis Art Museum. They have made some interesting sketches of the designs used by the Indians.

New Riding Society

The riding class under the sponsorship of their director, Mr. Ollie Dapron have organized a riding society, to which they have given the name Beta Chi.

The requirements necessary for membership are: taking a three bar jump, and showing one's horse successfully in a canter, walk, and a trot.

The president of Beta Chi is Nell Shouse; the pledges are Ruth Bewley and Jane Wyman; and the charter members are Annabel Duff, Violet Wipke, Flora Mae Rimerman, and Nell Shouse.

A. A. New Members

Four new members were taken into the Athletic Association at its meeting, Monday, December 4, in the college club room: Mary Roberts, Mildred McWilliams, Helen Jay and Virginia Spears.

Rena Lee Byers was elected head of baseball, and Virginia Rugh was elected head of track. The heads of the various sports made reports. A proposed swimming marathon was discussed.

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Buy Christmas Cards!

This week on Campus the students of the art department are selling Christmas Cards which they designed and made themselves. These cards are very beautiful and would make lovely remembrances for your friends. This year when every one is trying to cut expenses why not sound some of these lovely cards instead of gifts to your friends? The proceeds of this sale are to go to the Mary Easton Sibley Scholarship Fund. The Art Department hopes for as large a sale as possible. Let's all get together and make their fondest wish come true.

The cards were designed by the following girls but are being sold by all students in the Art Department: Elaine Slothower, Alice Williams, Virginia Emerson, Maurine Chandler, Lovella Hurst, Wilma Burnett, Louise McCulloch, Marjory Kinderline, Louise Snyder, Louise Alewel.

Christmas Story Prize Awarded

At chapel Friday Dr. Roemer announced the annual award of five dollars for the best Christmas Story of the year. The winner is Dorothy Tull, of Buffalo, Wyo., whose story is entitled, "The Christmas Tree". Honorable Mention in the contest is given to Gayle Spicer of Grand Rapids, Mich., whose story is called "The New Babiche."

THE CHRISTMAS TREE

By Dorothy Tull

(Prize Christmas Story, 1933)

The pine tree swished and swished against the window. You could hear the long, soft needles bending as they touched the stiff glass. They moved so quietly, so insistently, against the panes, as if they were trying to brush away the glass from the window as you might brush away the spider webs from an unused doorway.

Tamzine lay very still in her warm bed in the little warm room, and shivered as she thought of the pine tree standing outside in the huge darkness and the wind, and pressing so very close to her window, on the night before Christmas Eve. The needles brushed endlessly against the glass as their branches moved in the wind. It was such a quiet, and still such a tremendous sound—the sort of sound that waves of the sea would make as they slipped back from smooth stones. Perhaps the wind itself would make just such a noise, if there were any place where the wind could blow forever and ever without meeting a single thing.

It had never been right that the pine tree should be there, in the ugly little yard beside the ugly little house. Tamzine could not tell just why everything about that house was ugly. It was not because it was so small. Many of the other houses on the street were just as small, and still you would not have to be sorry for a pine tree growing beside them. Of course, there were no other houses so splendid as the long white palace that stood at the end of the block. It was not a palace, really; but it might have been. It was a house where people lived, and where children had grown up and gone away—only they never went quite away. There were a good many trees about that house—several pine trees, even; and two tiny silver birches that must have been left when some little snow flurry melted away. No, none of the other houses were as beautiful as that, but none were as ugly as her own. That must have been because it stood at the top of so many steps, and because the yard was so bare in the winter-time and the pine tree stood all alone.

Suddenly Tamzine was all awake. She had nearly fallen asleep, but all in a moment she realized that the wind had grown stronger, and the heavy branches of the pine tree were knocking against the window. And the tree was roaring with every needle, like someone crying, like someone sobbing deeply and dreadfully, without tears. And the branches knocked and knocked against the window, demanding—suddenly Tamzine knew what the tree was demanding, and she shut her eyes quickly so that she could not see that the little room had a window. The tree was demanding to come into the room—to come INTO HER ROOM! The heavy branches knocked endlessly on the window frame, and the little twigs clawed squeakingly at the glass. She must let it in. She must get up quickly and open the window as wide as she could come in out of the wind and the darkness and the lonesomeness of the

night. And yet she knew she could never do it—she could never, never open the window and let the pine tree come into the room.....

It was almost quiet now. Tamzine could feel the tree standing there just outside the window, all alone in the little yard that was even uglier at night than it was in the daytime; but she could not hear it any longer..... It was not right that a pine tree should be unhappy on the night before Christmas Eve. But then, she was unhappy, too. Not entirely unhappy: it was comfortable to be treated as kindly as these two old people, her aunt and uncle, treated her. But they could not understand how dreadful it was for a pine tree to be sobbing and sobbing and knocking on the window because the little yard where it stood was so ugly..... The pine trees around the white house on the corner never knocked on the windows. Only that evening Tamzine had seen them glowing with strings of colored lights—red, and yellow, and blue, and green. Trees that wore colored lights at Christmas time were something like children who hung their stockings in front of fireplace and found presents under a Christmas tree. Tamzine wished, tonight, that her age were not a little closer to thirteen than to twelve, so that she would not be too old to believe that Santa Claus really visited children on Christmas Eve—at least, children who hung up stockings in front of a fireplace.

There would be Christmas here, in the house of her aunt and uncle. There would be just the kind of dinner her aunt loved to cook, and another aunt and uncle and some little cousins would dine with them. And she would have presents—books, perhaps and perhaps the soft blue coat with the gray squirrel collar that she had been wishing for; and candy, of course. And everyone would wish her Merry Christmas in the grave way that showed how much they loved her. But Christmas night, after she had gone to bed, the pine tree would sob and sob outside her window because it had no strings of colored lights and because she had not hung her stocking in front of a fireplace.....

In the morning there was snow on the ground. Only a little snow—just enough to make the world gitter for a few hours in the sunlight. Early in the afternoon, Tamzine went out to the pine tree. It was not so much alone now as it had been in the darkness, but even now it was brushing gently against the window-glass. She crept under the low branches, the thick bunches of dark-green needles feeling soft and strong against her face; and she leaned up against the beautifully rough bark, wishing that she could tell this tree how very sorry she was that it had no strings of red and yellow and blue and green lights.

And suddenly, she remembered—somewhere she read of the wise people of some far off country who having no colored electric lights for their pine trees, gave them little sheaves of grain to hold for the birds at Christmas time..... In the fall, there had been long stalks of wheat scattered over the flower beds; perhaps she could still find a little grain among the straw..... The faintly yellow stalks were a little damp from the melted

snow, so that they bent sharply from the weight of their tufted heads as she picked them up. One by one Tamzine disentangled the stalks of wheat from the matted straw, very slowly, as though it were a sort of ritual which the least hurry or expedition would spoil. It was a long time before she had gathered her little sheaf of grain; then, twisting it together, she carried it to the pine tree and laid it gently across one of the lower branches on the side facing her window. Then she turned and, without looking back, went into the house.

Very softly Tamzine closed the door of her little room and very quietly went up to the window, where the pine tree was singing in a husky monotone under the twilight of late afternoon. And there she saw, perched on one of the lowest branches, a small brown bird, pecking at a head of lemon-colored wheat. And the swaying needles of the tree reached just to the window, and stroked it absently. What a silly thing a string of colored lights would have been—like crepe-paper flowers in a Japanese vase. This was the perfect Christmas tree—a great, quiet pine, sheltering a small brown bird in its branches

THE NEW BABICHE

By Gayle Spicer

(Honorable Mention)

She was a very grave child, was Felicia; as she sat on the piano bench gazing at the circle of aunts and uncles around her, she had a feeling that she wasn't really there at all. But that was because she was so good at pretending. Felicia adored pretending, and could pretend almost anything. Right now she was pretending with all her might; she wasn't really up in a'! the Brooklyn cold and snow feeling lonely; she was back in the garden in Louisiana where it was warm. And there were Maman and Grandy and Babiche—but most of all Babiche. She didn't miss Maman so much, because Maman had spent all her time upstairs in the sleigh-back bed; Grandy, too, was rather vague in her thoughts; but the thought of Babiche left an ache in Felicia's throat. She saw Maman every morning, when she went in to kiss her; she saw Grandy every evening when she played chess with him; but Babiche was as much a part of Felicia as was the circle comb that bound back her straight black hair. It was Babiche who played tag with Felicia around the fountain in the old walled-in garden; it was Babiche who cuddled down under the covers with Felicia after Mam'selle had turned out the light; it was Babiche whom Felicia mothered as other little girls mother their dolls. For you see, Felicia didn't have any dolls. Grandy didn't believe in dolls, and it was Grandy who ruled the big old house. Maman was too ill, and there hadn't been a Faddo since Felicia was two. So Felicia spent her afternoons in the garden with Babiche because Grandy didn't believe in playmates; Felicia played the lute because Grandy liked to hear it; Felicia knitted an hour each day because Grandy had heard his mother say that knitting pointed one's finger-tips; Mam'selle (who was really very old—older, even, than Grandy, and who had a face like a walnut) taught Felicia every morning to read and write, to sew, embroider, and dance, because Grandy didn't believe in a woman's knowing all the

trash they taught the children in the schools. And in Louisiana Felicia had never heard about God, because Grandy was an atheist.

Felicia looked at the gay room, but it meant little; the heaps of presents didn't excite her. Aunt Julie, with whom she was living at the time, had very carefully explained to her about Christmas, and asked Felicia what she would like to have as a gift. Felicia had been listening attentively, and understood that she might have whatever she wanted. She thought it a rather strange custom to do that only once a year, and to make so much fuss over it. When she had wanted anything in Louisiana, she had had only to mention it to Mam'selle, for Grandy had said that she should "want for nothing".

So Felicia had asked for a new Babiche. She gravely answered all arguments that were raised against it, and was very certain that she wanted that more than anything else. She knew just where you went to get one; it was right across the street from the rectory, which backed up to Maman's garden wall! Piquer sold them, and the last Babiche had come in a kicker basket with a red silk cushion. Piquer's dogs were either dark red or yellow and white. All the other Babiches had been red, because Grandy said that "the Trenton spaniels had always been red." So if they didn't mind, Felicia would like a yellow and white one this time; they looked so much more cuddly. And if they got a very little one—Piquer had them so so tiny you could carry one in your muff, she wouldn't be a bother or take up too much room. Felicia understood about things taking up too much room. Most of the aunts and uncles, instead of living in a whole house, just had a few rooms upstairs, which they called "our apartment", and let other people live in the rest of the house. Felicia knew that if she had a Babiche she would really feel wanted, if it was only by a doggie; she didn't feel wanted in Brooklyn. How could she, traveling about from one aunt to another each month? Of course, she didn't say that, for it would make the aunts unhappy. She never hinted that she would like to settle down in one place and stay there. She remembered that Maman had said, the summer when she was teaching the tiny Felicia chess so that she could play with Grandy, "We don't do things because we want to, but because it makes some one else happy. And if you learn a little bit each day, soon you will be able to play a whole game with Grandy. And that will make you happy because you will know that you are giving him pleasure." Felicia very much doubted that she would learn to like moving about, but a Babiche would help so much. And a Babiche would be a little bit like home; and after all, you do miss a Maman and a Grandy, when you lose them both at once, even if you did see them only once each day. With a Babiche, she could cuddle down in bed and pretend that she was back in her old nursery, in the middle of the huge bed with the carved monkey and pineapple posts—the bed that Maman's grandmother had brought with her from France. With Babiche in her arms, she could cuddle in a big arm-chair, and pretend that it was the old iron bench under the apple tree, and that the fire place fire was the sun shining down through the leaves on her; and, because she was so very good at pretending, the radio

could be Margot, singing as she shook up the feather beds. Indeed, a Babiche would be a great help in pretending.

Felicia thanked each one politely as they gave her her gifts. She wondered why they didn't bring Babiche in. Probably they were going to "surprise" her, the way the Brooklyn people seemed so fond of doing. But as the things proved, one by one, to be dolls (Felicia wondered what Grandy would have thought) picture books (Maman would have them) and other things, Felicia's throat began to close. Even the big bundle that stood on the floor, which she had thought was probably the basket and Babiche, (although she wondered why Babiche stayed in there so quietly) proved to be a doll carriage. It couldn't be that they had thought that she was joking; she never did, because Grandy hadn't liked a jest. She was very certain that she had made it plain to Aunt Julie that it was a new Babiche that she wanted; and Aunt Julie had said, when telling her about Christmas, that she might have any thing she wanted.

Felicia looked up as she saw some one coming toward her. It was Uncle Victor with a wicker basket. Through tears Felicia could see a blob of yellow and white and red. Her heart began to thump, and it felt like Maman's favorite poem, "I can't get out! I can't get out," cried the starling. She brushed away the tears as Uncle Victor set the basket down in front of her. But Babiche didn't move.....and her eyes.....

Felicia dropped her head down onto her arms and sobbed. "But, darling, don't you like it....." "We looked all over for a yellow and white one....." "We had the basket and cushion made up special....." "We thought that as long as we couldn't have a real one, you could pretend....."

EL NOCHE SERENA

Translated from the Spanish of Fray Luis de Leo'n

By Kathryn Fox

The night is encircled with sleep.
It is buried in forgetfulness.
Love and the pain of love
Awake a longing to reach the sky.
Abode of grandeur,
Temple of clarity and divine beauty,
My soul was born
To your sublime height.
What misfortune imprisons me in
earth,
Obscures me in earth!
Man forgets his high destiny;
He abandons himself to a living
sleep;
He follows vain shadows
While life eats away its short hours
Mortals, despair!
Beware your loss!
Immortal souls, born to so high a
stature, will you live in lowly
shadows?
I contemplate the grand concert of
the p'anets,
The sun and moon and stars,
The marvellous spectacle of heaven,
Symbol of peace,
Symbol of quiet content,
Symbol of the immeasurable beauty
of eternal life.
Who is he who can see this
And glory in the lowliness of life,
Of earthly life?
Who is he who can see this and not
moan and sigh;
And long to shatter that which
confines the soul?

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FIRST LOVE

By Mildred Spencer

"Sister, dear, it is almost six-thirty. Do you still want to go with Frank this morning?"

Oh goodness! My heart started racing and I scrambled out of bed in double-quick time. Did I want to go along with Frank? What a stupid question; but then, of course, Mother was just teasing, for she smiled at me happily. I slipped into my little khaki play-suit and scooted into the large, warm kitchen, which smelled deliciously of baking breads and cookies. Mrs. Bollaert, with her cheery good-morning and her red, shiny face so friendly, handed me a large glass of milk. How I hated that warm milk "fresh from Bossy." But I gulped it down hurriedly this morning and rushed pell-mell out to the front gate. Just in time, too, for down the road I spied Frank driving good old Molly and John.

I danced about excitedly. Why didn't Frank hurry? Unable to wait any longer, I ran barefooted down the road to meet him. Frank, so very nice and brown, drew the team to a halt as I clambered onto the rickety old hay wagon (I think it was a hay wagon) and perched happily beside him.

"How're ya, Sister?" He turned and spat over the side of the wagon. Long ago I had learned to overlook that unpleasantness, though I still hated it, for Frank was really grand, and to think that he would even tolerate me! I shivered a little and drew a big sigh.

"Oh, I'm fine." And off we went, jogging jerkily down the deep-rutted road. Jddian and Pa were spraying the apples and I called and waved to them until we started down the ravine. I held my breath and clenched the seat tightly as Molly and John broke into a trot, but were restrained from a gallop by Frank's lean, capable hands. The wagon jounced and rattled frightfully behind us; the metal couplings of the harness jangled excitedly together; the pounding of the horse's hoofs on the hard clay beneath was too, too thrilling, and I fearfully loved it. All too soon we came to the top of the hill and there we turned off. I have always been fascinated at that turn, it is very sharp and a terribly narrow bridge of rotting boards bridges the deep ditch that runs along the road. But Frank maneuvered the team skillfully and soon we entered a field of glorious sweet clover. The air was warm and heavy with the perfume, and I fear it went to my head. I breathed deeply and stole a sheepish glance at Frank. Fortunately, he was guiding the horses. In a bit we passed the cherry orchard. The boughs were bent to the ground with scarlet bunches of sour cherries.

"We'll stop here on the way back." I could have kissed him then and there; he was so understanding. We hit a deep hole in the lane. I woke from my dreaming and felt rather silly.

Presently we drew up to the "pickle-patch" where rows of the green spreading plants, interspersed with spots of yellow blossoms, grew. I scrambled down hastily, and Frank, after tying the horses in the shade, followed with a couple of bushel baskets, dilapidated and old, and we set to work. I thrust my hands under the leaves but drew them back quickly. Stickers!—Ouch!

"Here are some gloves. Thought you might need them." Frank pulled out some grimy, smelly gloves which I gratefully put on. They went around my hands twice and it took me quite a while to learn the art of keeping them on and picking a cucumber without having the overlaps of fingers

get in my way. Frank didn't laugh at me as my brother would have. He was a dear.

We worked for hours and hours, so it seemed. Down one row and back another. The sun began to burn a hole in my back, my face was hot and flushed and my legs were cramped. But it was such fun to uncover a beautiful cucumber and lay it proddly in the basket. I suffered nobly. And then Frank, several rows over, called to me.

"Hungry?" Without waiting for my reply he came over and drew out a rusty jackknife. As he did so, bits of straw and chaff fluttered from his pocket. He peeled a gorgeous, big cucumber for me and for himself, and we munched them very intimately, warm though it was, it was cembrasia to me. Why couldn't my brother be like Frank, I thought. Frank never teased or embarrassed me; he understood me and was so thoughtful and nice. Always a rather reticent child, I liked Frank, for he, too, spoke little (at least when I was around) and then usually such intelligible generalities, "Finding many cues, Sister?" or, "You know, you'd make a good farmer (not farmeress, as most people would say). How about working for me?" I was so proud and happy. He didn't treat me as an eight-year-old, but as an equal. Oh, I loved him! I did too love him.

He jumped up suddenly and looked at me. "Poor kid, I guess you're baking, I'll go to the spring and get you some water." He was back in a moment with a nondescript glass of ice cold iron water. At that moment the current expression "what a man" came into being for me.

But the sun was straight overhead and it was time for lunch. A bit disconsolately, I helped him load the cues in the wagon. Of course I would see him again, but the morning and everything had been so nice that I didn't want to go just yet. But we did go.

I always like to look back upon my romance in the pickle-patch.

DINNER AT EIGHT

By Dorothy Capps

There are people who come to the festive board for a bountiful repast of corned beef and cabbage. They have a good dinner and I suppose consider that they have dined. But dining connotes more than usual people in usual clothing eating usual food. It means dinner at eight, fascinating men and women, evening clothes, conversation, and a dinner—Ah, the dinner! A cocktail of delicately sweet shrimp, fresh from the sea, surrounded with crushed ice; hors-d'oeuvres, olives almost as black as the hostess' gown, crisp young celery, piquant relishes, and the beginning of conversation; steaming soup with an aroma so compelling that would you, you could not leave the merest drop untouched, and conversation as savory with the spices of wits as the soup is with the spices of the East; salad served on amber glass, as is the rest of the dinner, a green lettuce leaf, fruits amber, pinkish, yellow, creamy dressing and a cherry on top, flaunting a challenge, succulent steaks, T-bone, cut thick, broiled to a perfect brown, covered with mushroom sauce; crisp golden potatoes; green vegetables; an ice only slightly darker than the amber of the dish, talk flashing across the table just as the brilliant earrings gleam in the candle light; then biting cheese on crackers to finish well as begun, conversation languishing to grow almost mute as the demi-tasse is served—a rare coffee so delicious

that even those not connoisseurs are awed. The meal has come to an end. The fascinating men and women rise. It is time to leave, for they have dined.

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Students In Music Assembly

The last students' recital before Christmas was given Thursday at 11 o'clock in Roemer Auditorium, with admirable grouping of piano, song and violin numbers. An appreciative audience responded with frequent applause.

Mary Adeline Wilson played "Golliwogg's Cake-Walk" (Debussy); two piano numbers, "Coccatà" (Paradies) and "Bourree, b minor" (Bach-Saint Saens) were given by Margaret Jane Stormant; Alice Belding completed the trio with "Rondo Capriccioso" (Mendelssohn) and "In the Chinese City" (Niemann).

The vocalists were Ruth Bewley, who sang, "After" (Meta Schumann) and "Dawn" (Curran); and Virginia Jaeger, whose numbers were "Clouds" (Charles) and "The Spirit Flower" (Campbell-Tipton).

Three students in piano were in the last group of the program. Mary Marjorie Hickman played "Menuet, Op. 12, No. 2" (Godowsky); Reba Mae Showalter, "Scherzo, Op. 53 No. 2, E major" (Martucci); and Blanche Edna Hestwood, "Prelude and Fugue, B flat major" (Bach).

The concluding player was Edith Knotts, violinist, who gave "Slavonic Fantasie" (Dvorak-Kreisler).

Home Economics Fields Discussed in Vocations

Miss Anderson and Miss Tucker gave vocational lectures to the freshmen, Tuesday, November 28. Miss Anderson, who spoke first, chose the subject, "Things which a home economics course can prepare one to do." One of the foremost advantages, she said, of a Home Economics course is that one works women instead of competing with men as in other kinds of work. Home Economics is one field which has always been in women's hands. Aside from regular work in Home Economics, it is very nice for young housewives to do past-time work; one of the most interesting things which they may do is the editing of the woman's section in magazines and papers. Another aspect of this field is the budget work maintained by banks and by insurance companies. Dieticians in hospitals, sanitariums, physicians' offices and health centers are usually Home Economics girls. This field forms a background for many kinds of work—demonstrations, radio announcements, newspaper columns, nutrition specialties, social service work, extension work, and, probably most important of all, homemaking. The health of the entire family depends upon the housewife and she should be trained in foods and cooking.

Miss Tucker opened her discussion with an open forum. Having given the class the privilege of asking any questions they desired, she found them to be especially interested in buying, costume design, and interior decorating. She gave an interesting talk on buying; telling of the romantic picture most girls have of it in their minds and what a hard position it really is. Costume Design, she told them, requires a background of familiarity with sewing and textiles, a knowledge of styles and a little knowledge of sketching. As to teaching, she said that it doesn't, of course, pay a large salary and there is not much chance of development but it is very pleasant work and the hours are not long. For interior decoration one should have a knowledge of architecture and of period styles. She also told of opportunities along the line of textile designing, testing, importing, freelance interior decorators, and professional shoppers.

Miss Morris Speaks to Y. W. on Social Service

On Wednesday night, December 5, at the Y. W. C. A. meeting, in Sibley parlors, Miss Morris made a very interesting talk on Social Service for the purpose of telling the students something about the people at the County Infirmary; reasons for which they were there; and intelligent ways in which we could help them. She quoted from Socrates, "God made men so they could help one another." Some efforts to help, she said, are really useless; the intelligent way to help the unfortunates of the world is to study causes—their misfortune and remove their causes. There are many reasons for poverty; often people are poor through no fault of their own: great disasters which leave them penniless, economic maladjustments, social causes, improper distribution of wealth, inefficiency in working, feeble-mindedness, bad heredity, or natural individual causes. In illustration of the last, Miss Morris told the story of "Giants of the Earth" and of how the woman was not fitted for her environment and simply could not adjust herself. These people may be in the Infirmary for any of these reasons for others. Miss Morris explained, and they are greatly cheered by the Lindenwood girls who visit them each year. "And, after all," Miss Morris concluded, "we know that it is more blessed to give than to receive."

Woman's Possibilities in the Religious Field Outlined by Dr. Case

Dr. Case spoke to the freshman in orientation Thursday, November 7, on "Leadership in Field of Religion." For clearness he divided religious leadership into two fields, vocational and avocational.

In vocational leadership he explained the two types, lay relationships, and church relationships. The former is leadership that is not related to any particular church, for example, the Y. W. C. A. or Hull House. In the latter he said that there are opportunities along many lines. The first was the rectorate. In 1710 out of 118,018 rectors 685 were women, and in 1920 out of 127,270 rectors 1,787 were women. These statistics in favor of women are increasing continuously. One of the famous woman pastors is Maude Royde, who has been at the head of a church in England for many years and is very popular in this religious work. The second division of religious teaching is the directorship of religious education, a relatively new field but very fascinating. Next is social work and the church secretaryships. These women call on people in and outside of their congregation, help the pastor prepare his sermon, and keep the church running smoothly. Then there are women writers in the field of religion who produce new textbooks, new articles, and new accounts. All of the above mentioned can also be done in foreign fields, which is doubly interesting. We also have leadership in the fine arts: building the church in the field of music, drama, and pageantry.

The qualifications in the religious field are three-fold: educational and physical fitness, and a pleasing personality. There are also five fundamental characteristics which should be emphasized: leadership capacity, love of people, resourcefulness and initiative, understanding, sympathy, social vision, and a sense of zeal and responsibility for the work.

(Continued on page 6, col. 2)

Library Science A Vocation

A vocational lecture for the Freshman class, November 9, was given by Miss Kohlstedt on the subject of library work as a profession. Miss Kohlstedt said most people have the idea that all librarians are "ancient individuals" who have no real contact with the world. This is, of course, untrue, for librarians must keep up with all the latest books and all the trends of literature. It really is a rather new profession and requires special training. Books must be classified, information given, and many other details attended to.

Large libraries are composed of many different divisions, one of which is the Order Department. The work of this department is the consideration the great number of books published annually in America, England, France, Russia, and other countries, and the selection of the most worthwhile of the books to put in the library.

Another is the Cataloguing and Classifying Department. Others are the Reference Department, the Circulation Department, and the Binding Department.

There are also many different types of libraries: branch libraries, state libraries, and many special libraries, (including business libraries, financial libraries, hospital libraries, and others).

In preparing for any type of library work, the first important requisite is the substantial background of a general education. If possible one should decide early in college life on a profession; then if this profession is to be library work, one should study history, literature, languages, sociology, psychology, and science. The best plan is to study in as many different fields as possible in order to get acquainted with the terminology of many different subjects. In doing library work, it is necessary, for one thing, to know how to type. Health, a pleasant personality, accuracy, neatness, common sense, are all assets.

The advantages of work of this sort are: the pleasant atmosphere of the library, a satisfaction in helping people learn to read, variety in life, and broadening effects on the interests and outlook of the individual. However, there are several disadvantages: there is a great deal of routine and detail; it is sometimes dull; there is very much detailed work; and the salaries are not high. Miss Kohlstedt offered to see any of the girls who were interested in this work and talk to them about it.

The Sibleys Remembered

Brightness of Christmas greens and crimson holly berries are to be seen in the small tract of ground in the back of the campus where rest the remains of Major and Mrs. George C. Sibley, founders of Lindenwood. Their graves are decorated annually, as is the case this year also, by the students of the art department. In this way a token of grateful appreciation is always manifest at Christmas time.

WHO'S WHO?

Another Sophomore for this column. She has gorgeous curly red hair. She is very dignified and precise, moves slowly but does every thing quite thoroughly. Paradoxically, she is known as "Jitters." She lives on the first floor of Sibley in the corner room with the fireplace. She is a member of Beta Pi Theta and several other organizations on the campus. She studies hard and receives high grades in reward for her industry.

Music and Art Discussed in Orientation Class

In the Vocational lecture class, Tuesday, December 5, Dr. Linnemann talked on "The Importance of Art and

Some of the Professions open to Women in Art." Some people consider art a luxury but it really is a necessity. It probably comes closer to the lives of men and women than anything else except reading. Our clothes, homes, and all our surroundings show our sensitiveness to art. Calvin Coolidge said, "If we could surround ourselves with the beauty in life, the evil would tend to disappear."

Today in America there is a great movement for art in industry. Even the automobiles have been changed by art.

There are many fields which students in art may enter; architecture, interior architecture, interior decorating, landscape gardening, occupational therapy, costume design, museum work and teaching of art. Art work does pay and is very practical. It is the cornerstone of every worthwhile nation.

Miss Manning, the second speaker, chose as her subject, "History of Public School Music." She said that there is no real American music. France, Italy, and Germany are the three greatest music countries in the world; having old traditions, customs and folksongs, common to all and evolved from common love and grief. America for many years was practically without music; she was facing a grim struggle for existence and had no time for cultural life. However, from the singing of psalms, gradually evolved a certain type of music. From the Boston Academy of Music founded in those early days we have now our system of rote or imitative methods, the basis of vocal training in present day schools. The time is coming, Miss Manning told the freshmen, when every grade teacher will have to teach her own music. Therefore it is necessary that every teacher be trained in public school music.

Campus Diary

Thursday, December 7:

A crowd of us went out to the County Farm today. Needless to say it was rather depressing. I sometimes wonder if we ever stop to think how those unfortunate people really feel. They have such a small world. They seemed to enjoy our visit a great deal, for the sextette gave a short program of songs that was really lovely.

Sunday, December 10:

This evening the choir gave their annual Christmas program, directed by Miss Gieselman.

They sang a group of Christmas carols and a group of sacred Christmas songs, one of the loveliest of which was a modern Russian child's Christmas carol.

The final number was a solo by that temperamental genius "Mac" who was accompanied by Kathryn Eggen and the choir.

Monday, December 11:

Our Christmas party was given this evening for the kitchen force and all the employees of the campus. Mr. Motley was, as usual, his joyful self and made everybody feel quiet at home and very satisfied. The party was held in the dining room immediately following dinner.

Everything was complete: we had gifts, candies, tinsels, a tree, and candle-light. The food was grand. Everyone chattered, laughed, and cheered Santa Claus as he distributed also many wysterious looking packages.

(Continued from page 2, col. 4)

Announcement was made of the final call for original musical comedies to be handed in for the Athletic Association's annual selection.

Dorothea McCulloh of Great Falls, Montana, will spend her vacation visit in Springfield, Missouri, at the home of Mrs. Richard Gum (Mary Shepard, 1927-1928.) She will spend one day visiting in Carthage, Missouri, and then will go on to Kansas City, where she will visit Dorothy May Schooler (1926-1928).

Helen Foster of Tupelo, Mississippi, expects to have several guests from Lindenwood during the vacation.

Rachel Van Winkle will visit in Michigan City, Indiana, with ... Worthington.

Marjorie Hickman spent Thanksgiving week-end at her home in St. Louis.

Helen Sims went home with Sue Perrin to St. Louis for the Thanksgiving week-end.

Elma Cook spent Thanksgiving week-end in St. Louis.

Mary Agnes Hamacher spent Thanksgiving week-end at her home in Richmond, Mo.

Marilyn Graham went home for the Thanksgiving week-end.

Reba Scowalter spent Thanksgiving week-end at her home in Joplin, Mo.

Barbara Combs spent Thanksgiving week-end at her home in Leavenworth, Kansas.

Clara Frances Weary spent the week end with Sara Pemberton.

Margaret McIntosh spent the week-end with Harriet Judge at her home in New Madrid, Mo.

Mary Nell Patterson spent the week-end with Olga Gilster in Chester, Ill.

Gretches Gidley went home with Beatrice Hill to Sullivan, Ill.

Ruth Lothrop had as her guest Friday night Miss Margaret Close, of Webster Groves, Mo.

Katherine Henderson spent the week-end with Ruth Lothrop at her home in Webster Groves, Mo.

Bettie Aylward and Jane Tobin spent the week-end at their homes in Springfield, Ill.

Mary Helen Kingston spent the week-end with Jane Laughlin at her home in Kirksville, Mo.

Josephine Parr spent Thanksgiving day with friends in St. Louis and the following week-end at her home in Ottawa, Ill.

Nancy Platt spent the week-end at her home in St. Louis.

Louise Scott spent Thanksgiving at her home in Muskogee, Okla.

(Continued from page 1, Col. 2)

down the path. Questioned by the wayfarer, the old man half apologetically explained. 'A good many people came walking down the road, and it occurred to us the old bench we are not using would be appreciated by the weary. We thought they might enjoy the apples. Also, we put up the sign lest some thirsty soul

should miss the spring, the traveler bade him adieu. As a result of the experience, the familiar lines, 'I would live in a house by the side of the road,' were born in the soul of their author, E. K. Watson.

"The beauty in the word of Jesus lies in the fact that it was exemplified in the life of the speaker. It explains the richness of His life. 'Joy to the World, the Lord is come' is the universal theme on the day of His advent. In Him is seen the supreme hope of the race and the voices of heaven and earth proclaim in His name, "Peace on earth, Good will among men."

(Continued from page 5, col 2)

The returns for this line of service are not large but furnish a fair degree of comfort and a sense of inner-satisfaction. For foreign workers there is the development of a sense of world citizenship.

There is no pay in the avocational field. Sunday-school teachers are classed in this field. They usually take the position because they are interested in the work or because some friend or member of the congregation insists upon them doing so.

Dr. Case closed with the reading of two letters from former students of his who had specialized in the field of religious leadership.

How the Green Hats Came Off

Hats off! Wednesday, November 29, at 7:30 there assembled in the gymnasium a collection of girls with little green caps on their heads. Then there seemed to be some others who were taking charge of affairs. First the girls wearing the green caps lined up on either side of the room while the others stood at the head of the columns. When at the word of Helen Lightholder they took off the green caps and stood on them. What queer proceedings even for Freshmen that they should want to treat so the beautiful hats so generously provided for them by the Sophomores. Then they procured pins and pinned the hats on the black curtain at the end of the gym. We think they were meant to spell the word Freshmen but one really could not tell. Any way, it was a lovely dance and the gym looked very nice, appropriately decorated with pictures of the Freshmen on the black curtain. A Freshman, slithering for a Sophomore.

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CABARET

By Ruth Schaper

Through the dimness pierced by streaks of blue I see your face. Above the shrieking clash of rhythmic chords I hear your voice. Bending, swaying, clasped in other arms, I feel you near. And yet, with each successive beat Your mem'ry fades, Returning like the mad, undying clamour— Then lost again —Forever.

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