

# LINDEN BARK

"CHRISTMAS NUMBER"

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Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Mo., Tuesday, December 13, 1932

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## Christmas Again!

Halls Are Decorated and Shopping Is In Full Swing

Doors and windows of the Halls decorated with holly wreaths, Christmas lists written on the backs of class notes, and letters home asking for more money for Christmas gifts, those are a few of the things which add to the Christmas spirit here at school. Of course, taxis are a necessity after a Saturday in the city during this season of the year. Everyone is laden down with huge packages, containing gifts, which surely the entire floor will see before the evening is over. And the bright red and green decorations with shimmering tinsel and silvery snow in all the store windows make our hearts thrill with this Christmas spirit. We are all looking forward to night, when the tall cedar tree in the quadrangle of the campus is lighted with the many colored lights. Most of us will be able to lie in bed and watch the Tree, dreaming of another, which probably hasn't yet been purchased.

The celebrations at the college began with the Christmas play, "The Devil in the Cheese", which was presented Friday, December 2. The day students are looking forward to that last minute on Friday, December 16, for more than one reason. They are planning a Christmas party at the Country Club on that afternoon. Won't that be a perfect ending and beginning?

## Delightful Recital Presented

On Tuesday afternoon, December 6, in Roemer Auditorium several music students of the college were presented in a most unusual and interesting recital. The first numbers on the program were played by Mary Ahmann, a high school student of St. Charles who has taken music at the college for some time. She gave an especially good interpretation of "Chatter (Left Hand Alone)" by Lowell; and "Shadow Dance" by MacDowell. Katherine Burkhardt of the college next played "Nocturne" by Briggs and "Caprice gracieuse" by Terry. Mary Marjorie Alcock appeared next with Chopin's "Mazuka, F Sharp Minor, Op. 6 No. 1". Nancy Culbertson closed the first group of piano numbers with a "Nocturne" by Grieg.

Betty Patton appeared in a group of songs, the first, "Press Thy Cheek Against My Own" by Jensen and "I Heard You Singing" by Crerie. June Goethe's interpretation of "Hebrew Melody" by Achron-Heifet on the violin was without doubt excellent. Mary Margaret Bates sang two songs, "Heart's Ease" by Willeby and "What's in the Air To-Day?" by Eden.

The closing piano selections were by three advanced musicians. Margaret Love played Rameau's "Tambourin." Martha Zak the "Scherzo, E. Major" by Martucci and Helen Atwell played "Zonata, Op. 22" (Allegro con brio) by Beethoven.

## Put On Your Beautiful Garments

Rev. Mr. Gearhard Gives Inspirational Talk at Vespers.

Rev. Mr. O. J. Gearhard of the Methodist Church of St. Charles was the speaker at Vespers Sunday evening, December 4. The title of his sermon was "Beautiful Garments", and the text was taken from Isaiah 57:1 to 7.

Rev. Gearhard was especially emphatic as to strength of mind, and he believes that it is one of the finest qualities to be found in an individual. A good appearance, especially cleanliness and neatness, is also to be admired in a person.

"You don't have to look at yourself," Rev. Gearhard said, "But everyone else does. It is important, then, to make ourselves as attractive as possible.

"Life is one of the most uncertain things we know of", he continued. "It may be compared with a road, with its numerous curves, around which we know not what may happen. Life may be taken when one is a tottering old man at the end of the road, or it may be taken at the curve when we least expect it. It is well, then to live a wholesome life, to put on, first of all, our strength and, then, our beautiful garments. We must be prepared so that when we reach the end of this life, we will be fitted to meet God, Christ, and our loved ones who have gone before us, at the end of the road".

## The Great Wealth We Possess

Those who attend the weekly meeting of Y. W. C. A. Wednesday night were indeed delightfully entertained by Miss Alice Parker, who in her own charming manner told the story of "The Young Man Whose Family Never Gave Him A Party", which was the story of the Prodigal Son, but was unusual in that instead of placing emphasis on the character and life of the Prodigal Son, the life of his brother, a minor character, was used as the outstanding personality. The two brothers' lives were contrasted, and they were found to have entirely different careers, the younger son having a very vivid and dramatic career at first, then things reversed and he lost his inheritance; whereas the older son was a hard working, clinging vine type of character, who staid in the background all the time. He lost his inheritance also because he didn't know he had one, which was even worse.

Miss Parker pointed out that the way the older brother lost his inheritance more or less the way we lose ours, because most of us live day by day and miss the joy of possession. We are not conscious of our treasures. Christmas is certainly a time that we should realize this. Do we ever stop to think about what is really ours? For instance, home is ours, sweet companionships, interest

## Mr. Friess In Recital

Speaks On Instrument's Tone Before Organ Program.

Mr. Paul Friess gave an organ recital November 22, in Sibley Chapel. Before beginning his recital he talked about the different touches which make the different tones. The organ is an instrument of precision, he said. Each tone of the organ is entirely blown and not struck as the tones of a piano.

His first number was Bach's "Prelude and Fugue, D Minor". The number was one of contrast, the Prelude was slow and decisive, while the Fugue was a sprightly swift moving piece. The tones of the first part were connected and necessitated a great deal of skill in twisting about of the fingers. The second part was very disconnected and in short tones. The ease with which Mr. Friess played these two extremely different types shows the marks of his marvelous ability and technique.

"Concert Rondo" was by the English composer, Alfred Hollins, who has been blind from the time of his birth. This selection has a series of octaves and rather a fast melody. It had a running staccato pedal and the clean and clear-out phrases were very interesting. A very pretentious, solemn beginning then went into a lovely light melody. The contrasting strains were the solemn serious part with the swift melody of the second.

"Starlight" by Krag-Elert was a good example of modern organ composition. In the middle of the selection is a solo part. It was a very beautiful, soft, dreamy selection which soon lapsed into the solemnity and deepness of night.

"Festivity" was an unusual selection of accented chords by the young Welshman, Cyril Jenkins. This number was very beautiful.

"Marche Champetre" a superb light march of unusual rustic beauty, was a decidedly "different" selection and gave great charm to the most delightful recital. This number was by A. J. Boex.

"Rhapsodie No. 3 (On Breton Melodies)" by Saint-Saens, was a very serious combination of a pastoral air and the dance. The rather serious beginning worked up to a most dramatic dynamic climax and reverted again to the quiet sad tones.

"Fanfare" by the old Belgian composer, J. Lemmens, was the most unusual number on the program, a very staccato selection which was played very fast, yet each note stood out. Mr. Lemmens, the composer, was the first man to write a "beginners" organ book." Mr. Friess gave a splendid interpretation of this truly delightful short number.

of family and friends in us. We should not think about what we are going to get for Christmas, but instead, stop and give thanks for the things that are already ours. "The thing we should strive for", said Miss Parker, is to get the sense of possession".

## Alpha Psi Omega's Play Is Declared Huge Success

College Orchestra Adds to Perfection of Play With Colorful Selections

What a Play! What a Cast! When Alpha Psi Omega put on a play they really 'do the thing up brown'.

To begin with, what does one say when the whole cast was so perfect that there is no deciding which was the outstanding character? It is said that the test of a perfect production is whether or not every character fits her part and whether or not she tries to be a unit in the whole production rather than an outstanding picture. Indeed then, this is perfection, for everyone was a character and all made a whole unit and not a jumble.

Anna Marie Balsiger as Jimmie Chard was the perfect hero. What girl wouldn't love to have a young man as dashing as that to make love to her? Anna-Marie, who always does exceptional work, has just another star in her own crown of glory.

Gretchen Hunker, who was behind the whiskers of Mr. Quigley, was another who "did herself proud". When Gretchen got excited and tried to say she wasn't, didn't everyone scream with laughter. Imagine seeing into another's brain and seeing yourself as others see you—didn't Gretchen utter those terms of righteous indignation to perfection.

Mary Jo Davis—well, again Mary Jo excelled in an unusual part. Mrs. Quigley who was the flighty excitable woman uttering such marvelous screams was indeed a character. Wasn't she good when Jimmy mentioned that her operations were the talk of the United States because of their expense.

Eleanor Foster made a very delightful heroine as Goldina Quigley. Eleanor was angry at her father and she did the anger to a high degree of mastery. Could one ever forget when she and Jimmy removed their hose and staggered all over the stage when the yacht began to toss around on the sea?

Frances Vance was Father Pedros, with all the red whiskers. Frances played her part to the utmost perfection. Wasn't she good when she turned bandit? Did you realize that all of the chattering that she was saying was just another form of "Pig Latin"?

Dr. Pointell Jones, Louise Warner, well, what more can be said than that she was perfect? The fluttering of the hands and all of the silly little things that she said and did were just like a sissy. And was she funny when she told Mrs. Quigley that she had found a bin for her to sleep in.

Chubbock, Betty Galford, a perfect butler, who could want more?

Constantions, Jane Duval, stood with arms folded and stared with all the intensity of a mean bandit. Remember how she ran at Mrs. Quigley and made her scream?

Then there was the Goddess Min. Virginia Kochendorger, who took Mr. Quigley into his daughter's mind. Min was the perfect Goddess glittering on

(Continued on page 2, col. 2)



# Linden Bark

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TUESDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1932.

### The Linden Bark.

Heap on more wood!—the wind is chill,  
But let it whistle as it will,  
We'll keep our Christmas merry still,  
Each age has deem'd the new born year  
The fittest time for festal cheer.  
Then let the holly red be hung,  
And all the sweetest carols sung,  
While we with joy remember them—  
The journeyers to Bethlehem.

F. D. Sherman, "Bells of Christmas"

### 1933—What Will It Bring? Whatever YOU Will!

Upon every New Year's Eve, with the death knell of the past year comes the sudden realization that the "wheels of time move forward always, backward never." It is with a feeling of regret that we kiss goodbye the past twelve months with all their memories and unfulfilled dreams, and with a feeling of uneasiness that we greet the coming months with all their unknown lures and possibilities. It is like leaving an old and tested friend for a new acquaintance.

It doesn't seem possible that twelve months have passed since the bells so lustily rang in old '32 with all its promises for the new year. Your bones may not feel stiff and brittle and maybe you can't find lines in your face, but the divers experiences of good-fortune, worries, and fun have carried you just one year farther along the bumpy old road of life.

Here is 1933, bringing a brand new chance to start the wheels turning down the road you want them to follow for the coming year. Perhaps as the whistles were announcing the dawn of the last new year, you made your usual resolutions with the usual gusto and vim. As a rule, keeping a resolution is very much like dieting, for you always expect to "begin tomorrow." Why not make this coming month an exception, and dust out the old crone, will. This will be a month of reckoning. You want this year 1933 to be better than the one that past, for no matter how full and rich a life you've led, there is always room for improvement.

Why not resolve to serve others in every way possible? Little acts of service not only lighten our fellow traveler's burden but brighten our own spirits as well. Another resolution that the majority could take to heart is the one about criticizing others. It is just as easy to find nice things to say about the one who happens to be passing by as it is to point out the faults, that a friend would try to cover up. And while moralizing seems to be in order, let us include the mistake human nature makes of not being satisfied with what the world gives it. To be dissatisfied is about the most common and most inexcusable bad habit in which we indulge. Let's make a resolution against "gripping", the old practice that makes not only us unhappy but every one with whom we come in contact.

Another resolution, that might be put in the form of a suggestion for all the faculty, is one abolishing quizzes and papers. At the end of each day the students gather, a group of mental and physical wrecks, and discuss the situation in general. In these meetings college profs, appear perfectly heartless, and we wonder if they really do expect us to do all the work they assign. The midnight oil burned so frequently by conscientious students is turning normal girls into weak and care-worn wrecks.

Just a piece of advice might not be amiss. Don't make the mistake of telling your New Year Resolutions, for this is dreadfully dangerous. And don't resolve not to eat between meals, for you will break that resolution within the month.

During this month of reckoning look for new pride and ambition; new heart and strength in all that you do. And remember that, "The wheels of time move forward always, backward never."

### Christmas, 2000 Years Ago and Today

The main topic of conversation on the campus at present is the Christmas vacation. For many weeks have the students looked forward to this holiday with great anticipation. Especially joyful are those girls who live in far distant states, for the Christmas vacation is the only one of the school year in which they can go home.

Nearly two thousand years ago in a far distant Biblical land, two weary travelers were making their way to Bethlehem. Joseph was worn with the day—Mary was weary, and they were far from their destination. Their sure-footed animal trudged onward with his burden and Joseph led him far into the night. When they reached the city, there was no room in the Inn and they were forced to remain in the stables.

The students will go home in coaches and limousines and think nothing of the few hours spent on the journey. The homes that will greet them will be modern and many very luxurious.

The three Wise Men took gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh to the Christ child. Today Christmas means gift-giving the same as centuries ago. People give and receive gifts from relatives and friends. Christmas is thought of as a season of winter beauty, snow and evergreen, and homes cheered by

(Continued from page 1, col. 4)

the stage. Wasn't Virginia splendid every time she had to quiet all of the spontaneous ejaculations of Mr. Quigley?

Ooh la la, the cannibal chief, now sends shivers down the audiences back. Did you recognize Mary Margaret Bates?

When Mr. Quigley's double came on to the stage did you look to see if the real one had left? Nell Shouse played the double magnificently and Quigley was quite the aged old critic.

The parade for Jimmy Chard for president was most unusual. In the mob—and what a good mob—were Joanna Achelpohl, Lois White, Martha Duffy, Mary E. Null, Margaret Taylor, Catherine Kuster, Ruth Adams, Betty Reed, Sara Nelle Pickett and Betty Baer.

Arametha McFadden, the stage manager must not be forgotten. The position of Stage Manager is not an easy one and with as much stage change as this play needed, it really was a job. But everything was perfect in that department too.

Miss Lucille Cracraft, director, deserves more credit than any of the actresses for it was her steady hand who shaped the whole grand play into perfection.

### Musical Ability Is Much in Evidence

The orchestra made its first appearance of the year when it provided the music between the acts of the Alpha Psi Omega play. The musical numbers were well received, and the girls are to be complimented on their musical ability. Included among the selections were the lively "Petite Suite de Ballet", from the Gluck opera, "L'Acquaintaine", by Gabriel Marie, "Allegro", from Symphony number 12, and charming "Serenade"

red and green symbols.

The vacation should be spent in a very profitable way. Christmas season will bring the union of old friendships, the passing of cheery greetings, happy anticipation of the New Year with the hope it will bring prosperity and joy.

When the students return to renew their school work of the new year, they will have been inspired by a joyous vacation.

Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men.

### Rejoice and Be Merry, Christmas is Here

Just think! Only three more days 'till vacation! Is it really possible? For a long time Christmas has been the subject uppermost in the minds of the Freshmen and now even those who are not away from home for the first time are looking forward to December 16 with a great degree of happiness. Almost all of the girls will be going home to their immediate families, friends, and oh yes—last, but by no means least, their "friends" whom many haven't seen for two long months, that have seemed years to the majority of them. Does it seem possible that you will again attend bridges, luncheons, dinners, dance with boys, and get to stay up after the fatal hour of 11 P. M.? Don't worry, girls, you'll all soon fall in line and almost forget you have ever been to a female institution. You'll be so terribly busy going places and doing things that days will fairly fly by—and so will the nights.

Can't you just close your eyes and see the sparkling snow banked high outside your front door with the red, green, blue and yellow lights reflecting from the Christmas tree, which can be plainly seen from the front windows? How cozy and comfortable home looks in the winter with floor lamps, Daddy's big comfy chair with the foot-stool, and the big roaring fire in the fireplace. And it seems like Heaven, when you have been away so long.

It's funny how Christmas makes you feel. You get a thrill out of every thing you undertake, and seem to realize more than at any other time the higher and finer things that this life holds for you. It gives you the usual determination to make new resolutions (even if you do break them, when the whistles blow at midnight and the bells ring out good old 1932, and ring in our clean, new 1933. We hate to see the old year end, for there have been many more happy times than sad ones and we hate to see them end, but the New Year follows with days equally as joyous.

And so, just about the time you begin to feel that you really belong at home, and the family says they have hardly had a chance to be with you at all, but they guess they will excuse you since it is Christmas, then you pack your little black bag with that old yellow sticker on it, and take the midnight train for dear old L. C. again. You hate to leave, it's true, but it's loads of fun to get back and tell all the "gang" what you've done and what you got for Christmas.

Vacations are such superb things. We wish for them oftener but if that were the case, we wouldn't get half so much "kick" out of them, so here's wishing everyone—

A MERRY CHRISTMAS  
AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

from the Mozart suite. The orchestra has an interesting violin section, which is counter-balanced by the other instruments.

The orchestra is under the direction of Mr. Joseph Skinner. Among its members are Margaret Love, Kathryn Eggen, Helen Atwell, Mildred Blount, Virginia Krome, Alice Standeven, Helen Luhrs, Melba Garrett, Ellen Jane Phillips, Mary Comstock Allaine Dunn, Katherine Burkhart, Beatrice Pullen, Margaret Hoover, Louise Alewel, and June Goethe. The girls made an attractive appearance in their dresses of various colors.

### Lindenwood Graduate Receives Honors In Playwriting

Lindenwood does well to point with pride to the accomplishments of another of its grads. Marjorie Taylor, known on the campus as Sue, recently won second place with a one-act play of her composition which she submitted in a National Playwriting contest of Alpha Psi Omega. This contest was conducted last spring but the results were not announced until last week with the publication of the Call Board, the tri-yearly organ of Alpha Psi Omega. This is quite an honor for Sue and shows that her ability to write is recognized not only by her Lindenwood colleagues but by others as well. This fraternity is national in its scope and there were manuscripts submitted from many and varied chapters over the whole wide United State. The title of the play is "The Juggernaut", and it is concerned with a story of the Prussian aristocracy during the late war.

Sue has had other endeavors in this play writing business, for last year the Dramatic Art class presented in Assembly one of the plays which she had written.



## Thanksgiving Service Early

Since there was a Thanksgiving recess this year, the regular Thanksgiving services were held Sunday night, November 20. After the responsive service led by Dr. Roemer, an offering for the poor was taken, sponsored by Y. W. C. A. While the offering was being taken, the choir, under the direction of Miss Gieselman, sang the anthem, "O Give Thanks Unto The Lord."

The speaker for the Thanksgiving service was Rev. W. L. McColgan. He told the story of the Book of Esther; which is a beautiful drama of a queen, who is able to fight her way out of a dilemma and save her race from destruction. The words of Mortichi, which were: "Better know that thou art come to this Kingdom for such a time as this," were used for the theme of the sermon.

"The most important part of the history of our nation is contained in the lives of great men. George Washington was fitted by God to do his work, and his Christian principles are ingrained in the history of our Constitution.

"We have come to the stage in world affairs where confusion and indecision are words descriptive of the land. There are three things which are requisites of this age of ours if we are to think of ourselves as Christians. The first is aggressiveness. We have lost the aggressive spirit and have failed to find that religion is a way of life. If we only knew it, the power of religion is dynamic. Thomas Bridges, an orphan, who was converted at a revival meeting during his youth, believed that God had called him to a special work and he started at once to fulfill that mission. He was sent to South America as a missionary when that country was just in the making, and had no civilization at all. Today Christian churches, schools and works of civilization in that country are evidences that this man's work was not in vain.

"The second requisite is radiance. We have lost the radiance that the early Christians possessed. Their religion was a vital force. They were able to keep their faces uplifted toward God and believe in Him and yet see members of their group stoned to death by angry mobs. We don't give up our lives as they did. What we need is something of the greatness of God to shine on our faces.

The last requisite, but certainly not the least, is Christian scholarship. "We have failed in intellectual standards, for when we find new discoveries and new truths, we fail to connect them with our religious gospel. Reason is undeveloped in modern church movements, and because of this lack we should improve our intellect to use it for the Glory of God. The shallowness of the present age is brought to light by this real need. God is calling us to do a special task. Who knows but what we have come to the Kingdom to do this special service."

## Dr. Gipson Turns M. D.

### Her Advice—Stay Well

Old Man Flu is stalking around leaping at all the little Lindenwood girls who defy him by going out into the rain without galoshes and without hats. You wait and see, for just like the goblins we used to love to hear about, "He'll get you if you don't watch out." For your own sake, please be careful. Vacation time is the very poorest time to get sick. Wear your hat, and dress according to the weather. Heed the warning of Dean Gipson and Nursie.

## Home Economics Field

### Outlined To Freshmen

Miss Tucker and Miss Anderson discuss the fields open to Economic students.

In Orientation class Thursday afternoon, December 1, Miss Tucker of the Home Economics Department spoke on opportunities open to people trained in Home Economics. She stated that ten years from now 75% of the girls will in all probability be managing a home. A few girls will be teachers but for one not particularly interested in teaching the Home Economics field has many other opportunities. One could be a buyer for a shop. Before one arrives at the fact that to be a buyer is her goal, she should go into a department store and see if she likes the mechanics of selling. She should get into store work just as soon as possible and work in a store Saturdays and during summer vacations. If she then thinks that she would like store work, she should get a college degree and then go to school for graduate student's store work and she might step into a nice position.

Miss Tucker said that another important field in Home Economics is journalism. Usually people that write on style don't know everything about the subject but they have a fine personality and know how to get their subject across to the public, thus getting to the top. She stated that costume designing is not such an important field in this country, because the mode for style comes from France and the American designers copy or imitate the Paris styles with a few changes.

Miss Tucker stated as the advantages of Home Economics: One gets satisfaction from creating things; it belongs to the woman's native ability; one isn't in competition with men as in other fields, and one can use art always. Several disadvantages she gave are: you are not associated with men; the business keeps changing and isn't stabilized; and a Home Economics education isn't recognized in some places at its true value.

Miss Anderson also spoke on fields open to Economic students. She said the mother of Home Economics is Miss Ellen H. Edwards, who has founded the Home Economic Association and many schools. She said that a great many girls get married and are not trained to be housewives. It would have been so much more economical for these girls to have learned in a laboratory than in their own homes. She stated that since women buy three-fourths of the things that are sold, the woman should know and learn about values so that she will be better prepared to buy. If she is well-trained, her children will profit by it. If a person knows how to do a thing, it makes her more dignified in her work. The advantages of Home Economics Miss Anderson gave are: one can work inside and outside of the home; one can keep house and then go into a gainful position; there is no competition with men; and Home Economics belongs to the woman's native ability and she is following the natural trend for women.

Some of the fields she stated that are open to Home Economic students are: Editing a women's department in periodical, writing a women's feature, dietician, hostess in a hotel, budget work done in banks and insurance companies, work of specialist in nutrition work, demonstrator, radio speaker and inspector under the supervision of the government. Miss Anderson said that as the Home Economics field is very new, new positions are constantly being created.

## Politics And Public Speaking

Orientation Lectures of Dr. Tupper and Miss Gordon.

In Orientation Tuesday, December 6, Dr. Tupper spoke to the class on what new womanhood is able to do in the field of History and Geography; and Miss Gordon of the Dramatic Department, spoke to the students on Public Speaking and related subjects.

Dr. Tupper said that the study of History begins to train us in political thinking and fits us for political and diplomatic service of our country. It teaches us the art of reasoning, so that we become intelligent women; makes us understand the newspaper and read it more intelligently; helps us to sympathize with the immigrants by understanding the customs of their country; teaches us to vote better and to understand circumstances around us. Finally it teaches us something of life, people and civilization.

The vocational fields of History are vast and varied. The political field holds such positions as that of State Representatives, Senators, Commissions, Customs workers, political researchers or newspaper reporters. In diplomatic service there are the government positions, such as Consular, administrative, professional, and scientific positions, post-mistresses, and in the Department of Labor, the Children's Bureau and Women's Bureau. There are also the positions as librarians in the Library of Congress in Washington D. C. These positions may be procured by passing a Civil Service examination. Associations dealing with international and national governments are numerous in this country, such as the General Federation of Women's Clubs and the League of Women Voters.

The League of Nations has given women more opportunities in the field of History as delegates and advisors, on humanitarian committees, and in secretarial work. Positions as research workers, authors, librarians and instructors are also available to persons having studied History.

Miss Gordon in her lecture on public speaking stressed the importance of a pleasant, forceful, sincere voice. Since we use our voice every day as a means of communication of our thoughts, we should try to perfect it to the greatest extent. There are many night school courses of public speaking for the purpose of teaching how to speak effectively, which are attended by many business men, salesman, executives, and teachers. Public Speaking also teaches us poise, composure before a large audience, and the psychology to organize our thoughts before a group of people. As public readers and in club work, public speaking gives a means of entertaining ourselves and others.

Story Telling is necessary for teachers of all grade schools. Many librarians carry on children's story-telling classes. Churches have also taken up this means of entertaining and educating the children.

In the field of dramatic art there are many positions other than those of the professional actors and actresses. In the professional theatre itself there are the stage managers, directors, playwrights, and scenic artists. Teachers may pursue their dramatic art by coaching debates, directing plays, and conducting public speaking courses. The opportunities for the professional actor may be found in plays, minstrels, pageants, and light operas. The Children's Theatre, in which children's plays are acted by children, has had wonderful results. A love for the beautiful, the familiarizing of their minds with the plays, stimulating emotions, and implanting pictures are all results of this wonder-

## Dr. Schaper Speaks To Orientation Class

Social Service Work Offers Interesting Opportunities for Women.

"Any movement or effort by individuals or groups of individuals that arrests social decay", Dr. Schaper included under social work, which was the topic of her talk to the Orientation class last Thursday afternoon.

Dr. Schaper first spoke of the conditions that have necessitated the rise of social work in American life. Because of the complex urban life of the age, the monotonous routine that the people lead, they must have some outlet of a healthful kind to preserve their sense of balance. Therefore, there is a dire need to help others to adjust themselves when they cannot do it for themselves. A second need that has given rise to social work in America is the economic organization. Already the country has had one hundred and twenty-seven cycles of depression, revival, and prosperity. When the people are unable to find employment they must get financial aid elsewhere, and social service organizations relieve the distress as much as is possible.

There are a number of types of social service departments which Dr. Schaper named; family case work; clinical work, where the intellectually and emotionally maladjusted receive psychiatric care; medical social service, where the social case worker who carries out the doctor's orders finds employment; child welfare agencies; nursing; group work such as the boy scouts and the Red Cross; individual engineering or personnel work, where a trained person finds employment for people on the job they can best do. These engineers also make time or motion studies—how to do a task in the least time with the least effort; and research work in the interests of social service. Dr. Lillian Gillbreth is a leading personnel worker in the United States.

The social service worker looks at the individual as a member of a family, since a family's attitude toward one of its members often determines the career of that person. She tries to enter the home and adjust the personalities found there before disaster appears. Since only efficient individuals can carry on such important work it is to the general interest that they be well paid.

Dr. Schaper next discussed the qualifications and preparation necessary for such social work. As to personal traits, one should be physically strong. Her philosophy should include mental equipment of biology, sociology, and psychology. She should be well controlled emotionally, be able to meet people cordially and be the possessor of a sense of humor. Her qualifications should include a liberal education, a technical school course after college graduation, and summer volunteer work.

The advantages of entering the social service profession are that one's experience is broadened, that it is not an overcrowded profession, and that one can always get part-time work or take it up in later years. It is not the highest paid profession, one hundred dollars a month is the usual salary of a beginner. And social service work does not deal with the upper class.

ful new theatre. The Little Theatre, a civic project, has had its results in education, and in bringing people in closer bonds with their neighbors. Miss Gordon concluded by saying that in business or pleasure public speaking or dramatic art may be utilized to the greatest extent both socially and in a business way.



## Campus Diary

By M. C.

Thursday, December 1.

Big celebration on the campus today. Lindenwood received a chapter of Mu Phi Epsilon, the national music sorority. Of course there was much pomp and ceremony, many important visitors, and an extremely good lunch this noon (even hot rolls). I did feel awfully sorry for Doris when the music decided to lie down or do something like that. This sheet music can pick the worst times to act up, just like babies whose proud families are trying to show them off.

The Pi Gamma Mus really gave a lovely dinner in honor of the new members this evening. There were eleven of us down at the new tea room. It was such a treat to sit down at a table with a nice hand-embroidered Irish linen cloth. The cups were so light that they were in constant danger of being thrown into the air by some of us. Every now and then you would hear one hit the saucer with a little ring.

Friday, December 2.

The red letter event for today was the tea Dr. Gregg had for the Poetry Society. Some people seem to have first place, the English department spent the better part of the afternoon trying to figure out whether Spotser, in a fit of absent mindedness, or a student, either by way of a joke or vengeance for some grave wrong done, was the one guilty of locking them in the English office about four o'clock. If a student did the terrible deed, it will be very disappointing to her to realize that there is another door besides the front one. Look around and see for yourself. Next time be more careful. Possibly the occupants of the office will be more careful about leaving the key in the door, though.

It would have been considerably better for a couple of the guests if more doors around St. Charles had been locked this afternoon. Two of them quite calmly walked up to a house right across from Roemer, knocked on the door, and when they failed to be admitted, opened the door and walked right in. Personally, I think it would be wise to send a guide or body guard out with some of these Juniors when they start for a tea. This is the second time this year such a mistake has been made.

Dr. Gregg had made some of the loveliest cakes and tarts that you have ever put in your mouth. Since I have the excuse that I am trying to gain about five pounds before Christmas, I indulged myself to the extent of eating three of the delicacies. At first I was a little uneasy about eating so many, but my uneasiness turned to regret when I learned that I was about the only one who refused a fourth one. If eating is a tribute to the cook, we certainly paid Dr. Gregg the highest of compliments.

Saturday, December 3.

Vacation should hurry and come! Possibly it would relieve the strain on the poor girl who is contemplating having the corners of the room padded with mattresses and pillow to keep herself from batting her head on the sharp corners. Might I add that it would be wise to extend this padding to the radiator?

Sunday, December 4.

Of all times for me to be in the city and miss vespers. I really feel quite as if I'd missed something. One girl even went so far as to say that she would gladly miss Eddie Cantor again for another such story as the one about the trip through Kansas.

Tuesday, December 6.

Oh dear! Imagine the embarrass-

## Chinese Novel Very Vivid

By R. S.

The amazing realism of Pearl Buck's novel "East Wind: West Wind" gives to us a clearer understanding of the pain and hardships endured by Chinese women, and helps us to appreciate the importance of the Western movement now being introduced in the Far East.

Having always lived in China, except for the time she spent in United States colleges and universities, Pearl Buck is capable of invading the very minds of the Chinese people, and presenting to us, in her own charming manner, exactly what she finds there.

Kwei-Lan, a young Chinese girl of high birth, is forced into marriage with a westernized husband, whom she neither trusts nor understands. The slow process of gentleness and companionship by which he finally wins her confidence and love makes this plot a truly lovely one. All of the superstitions and customs so firmly fixed in Kwei-Lan's mind by her mother must be undone and forgotten before she can find real happiness in her marriage.

The Chinese system, which makes it possible for a man to take as many wives as he is capable of providing for, is presented by Mrs. Buck in all of its harrowing details. The unhappy life of the first wife, who is the head of the household, and the lives of the other wives, or concubines, are given to us in the first person, just as Kwei-Lan herself sees them.

The beautiful descriptive passages make "East Wind: West Wind" one of the loveliest of modern novels. It is a vivid picture of the fight that is now being waged to westernize China, and to bring to the women of this country better health, greater happiness, and a feeling of real importance in living.

## Christmas Traditions Seen in Tatler

The Roman Tatler offers a very symbolic newspaper for this week's exhibition. As a prelude to the Christmas season, copies of pictures relating to Adeste Fideles, Silent Night, Birth of Jesus, the Magi and Herod's Inquiry, have been posted. Although the prints are in Latin they should be intensely interesting in themselves, as the collection is in keeping with traditional ideas and conceptions of Christmas.

An exquisite reproduction of a composite Madonna, "The Spirit of Motherhood," made by Joseph Gray Kitchell after thirty-one years of studies of features in 271 similar paintings which ranged in date from 1293 to 1823, attains a very important corner on the bulletin.

ment of the poor girl who, when asking why she didn't make as good a grade on her paper as some Junior did, was reminded that, "after all, you're just a Sophomore." Another reason for some profound imagining is in the case of the brown-eyed girl who expressed her desire for "A Pair of Blue Eyes."

Wednesday, December 7.

The upperclassmen have always thought they were playing such a joke on the freshmen when they told them there was an elevator in Roemer Hall. Such fun they have had when some innocent one came up and asked as to the whereabouts of the said elevator. Well, now the joke is on the omnipotent upperclassmen. Believe it or not, but there is an elevator in Roemer. Whether it works or not has not been discovered as yet, but there is ample proof to convince even the most skeptical of its existence.

## B-a-r-k-s-!

Don't say that one doesn't learn things at college. Some one said the other day in the presence of a freshman that she had a Charley Horse, to which the freshman replied, "What's that, a kiddie car?" And, my dear, she was serious.

And then there's the senior-two or three there, in fact—that practice teaching is causing to review her gerunds and participles. She says that there is something about those pupils' eyes that makes her do it. We sympathize.

Just trying to be clean outside as inside, that's what she was, and then to be campused a week for it. Little girl, this is a hard life, and since you're here to get facts you might as well learn that one. It's trying, sometimes, but after all, as Rose said in "Street Scene", "It's fun to be alive."

Although we weren't typically Elizabethan we did scorn chapel speakers. But it's all over, now. Dean Gipson has appealed to our better sensibilities, or our fear complex, which is it? Anyway, we won't get that needed fifteen minutes in chapel any more.

It's too bad that the Y. W. didn't have its tea later so that it might have appeared in the Bark. One was given for the freshmen at the beginning of school, and here and now is recognition of the fact. Suggestions for the paper are always appreciated.

## The Classical Corner

By Susan Jane McWilliams

### HESIOD, A PARALLEL TO POOR RICHARD

Hesiod, a Greek poet of the eighth century was born in Boeotia and lived the life of a common-sense farmer. Later the Muses met him and taught him a glorious song, "which in its finished state was called *The Works and Days*". This was a collection of reflections and precepts to teach the country folk how best to accomplish material prosperity. The following interesting maxims are taken from Hesiod's homely advice: "Call your friend to a feast, but leave your enemy alone". "A bad neighbor is a great plague as a good one is a great blessing". "Give to one who gives, but do not give to one who does not give". "The man who trusts woman-kind trusts deceivers" "For if you speak evil, you yourself will soon be worse spoken of" "Talk is mischievous, light, and easily raised, but hard to bear and difficult to be rid of".

Like Hesiod, Benjamin Franklin gave himself to reflections of practical and homely philosophy. He lived a life parallel to Hesiod's in its commonplaceness, since he also was interested in material prosperity, and recent investigation by an association of farmers reveal Franklin was interested in a farm on which he had scientific farming practiced. Franklin in *Poor Richard's Almanac* collected pithy sayings into which he condensed shrewd advice for the conduct of American life. These examples show the similarity between Franklin and Hesiod. Hesiod: "Only when he has suffered does the fool learn"; Franklin: "Experience keeps a dear school, yet fools will learn in on other"; Hesiod: "Do not put your work off"; Franklin: "Have you some thing to do tomorrow, do it today"; Hesiod: "You should be gentle towards your father"; Franklin: "Honor thy father". Through these examples it is interesting to note that Franklin, the typical American business man had philosophies parallel to Hesiod, a Greek farmer.

## WHO'S WHO?

The "who" of this week is a charming lass, Ah! Me! and a music major. Not so tall, not so short either, and when it comes to the violin and piano and being a friend, she's all there regardless of size.

Dark hair and eyes, your first bet best, wavy and short. A smile that wins her friends everywhere.

As a friend she is dependable, confidential and true, one in whom you can always place your faith.

Good sport, now you're talking. Just ask her for some popular music in the parlor after dinner and she's right on the spot, pleasing everyone.

Seniors, we doff our hats to you; we have to, for here is a girl that can't be beat, and she's a member of your class.

Yes, she lives on third floor Butler, you aren't so slow when it comes to guessing riddles. She has a little room all her own where we are sure she dreams of days when she will be a famous musician.

Sigh again, you have another guess comin', there's music in the parlor below, and above the laughter of happy girls you hear the strains of a violin.

## Pets And Play-Things Here And There

Well, for cats and dogs sakes! Depression or no depression, our Alma Mater is making history this year. The animal kingdom (stuffed) has increased its population one hundred per cent. There seems to be a streak of domesticity among our numerous young ladies and they have concentrated their affections on a rare collection of cats, dogs, gold fish, white rats, dolls, trained elephants, and other forms of four-legged species. The Board of Health reports that this year's crop is unusually healthy, due to watchful and careful guidance.

The younger set have their exercise daily, such as two laps around the fish bowl, five paces across the floor or a strenuous game of tag after lights. At present, they are preparing for a Health Week contest which is to be sponsored by Court and Bobby, the superior canines on the campus. At the end of the week one is to be chosen as the perfect specimen and awarded with a lovely trophy. Their trainers are giving their pets workouts and are watching their diet carefully, in order to be fully prepared for the final judgment.

## Editor's Back On the Job

Hello, Sleeze: Aren't you surprised to find an article like this in your paper?

To begin with, Sarah Louise Greer the editor of the Bark, got tired of working and in order to let the rest of Lindenwood see how efficient she really is, she decided to take a holiday and have the old appendix removed. Now, besides a vacation, Sleeze will have something to talk about—Oh, the Doctors, Oh, My Operation.

Sleeze is a personification, surely, of the old saying—"You can't keep a good woman down"—Editor again when this paper came out. She read the proof of this paper all except this Saturday—missing only one paper during her illness.

Congratulations, Editor, you are a very wonderful person, and all Lindenwood is anxious to have you back, for she really knows how to appreciate you now.



## PRIZE CHRISTMAS STORY

### CHRISTMAS BEYOND

By Eleanor Hibbard

A raw, piercing wind blew over the bleak hills. On one stood a lonely, gray-white sheep wagon, its bare surface seemingly shivering from the mighty blasts. Chips blew about in front of it, and the scattered bunches of grass flattened themselves on the frozen ground. A few dirty patches of snow lodged behind sagebrush and under the wagon wheels.

Over the hill struggled old Tony, his wrinkled, weather-beaten face hidden by the upturned collar on his coat. Prince and Nod, his shaggy shepherd dogs, followed closely at his over-shoed heels. He had been out with the sheep since dawn, holding them on the bed grounds. There was little grass to be had and the sheep started out early. He now had them feeding on a southern slope and was hastening back for a bite of breakfast. He soon had a fire built, and ate his hurriedly constructed meal of warmed over mutton stew, biscuits, and coffee. He gave the dogs the remainder of the stew, put a few biscuits in his pocket, and was off again for the sheep. The cutting gusts seemed to be blowing harder as he came out of a ravine onto the plateau where the sheep were located. They all turned their backs toward the wind and started toward the pine-covered hills, it being the easiest direction to go. Tony would stop occasionally and look at the hills southward. Surely the foreman would be coming any minute now with a load of hay for the sheep. He must realize how scant the feed was getting. At noon Tony hunched behind a large rock and ate his cold biscuits. A few spits of snow were coming, each a little longer and with more velocity. The air was becoming thick with blinding flakes, when the dark pines loomed ahead. The sheep sensing shelter, broke into a mad dash and entered the trees. Tony sent the dogs around vainly trying to get them into a compact herd once more. He saw this was useless, but that he must get the sheep or they would be lost and killed by coyotes. The clump of trees was not large so he stared through it to get to the other side. The pines gave forth their peculiar singing or sighing noise as the wind went through them. The powdery snow filtered through the needles making all a mystical, strange world. As Tony saw the snow filled pines he remembered that this was the twenty-fourth of December. Only this morning as he had glanced at the calendar, to make sure it was the day the foreman was to come, he had thought of the next day being Christmas. Well, the pine trees were certainly in spirit with the occasion. He remembered the pines at his home, high in the Pyrenees mountains between Spain and France. There certainly were grand celebrations there; gay clothes, dancing, wine. He had almost forgotten the sheep in the happy memories. Next fall he would have enough money saved to go back home and stay there, but it depended on minding the sheep well now. He saw some ahead of him, and soon had them started in the right direction. Here was another huddled bunch, but nothing could be done with them.

Darkness came early in the chaos of whirling snow and thrashing trees. Tony knew that he must start back to the wagon, and hoped the sheep would stay in the trees. It seemed miles and miles over the hills. Already snow had filled the gulches. Tony struggled through them only to meet the renewed vigor of the storm on a hill

top. Again the thought of home came to him. It was Christmas Eve. How bright the fires would be burning here. His sister and brothers were dancing an old Spanish dance, their eyes flashing, and bright colored costumes swaying. What was the matter with him? He wasn't in a foreign country in a raging blizzard, he was there with them. The bright fire gleamed in a stone fireplace; fowls roasted over the flames. The red pepper sauce was simmering, ready to be poured over the meat. He must have one more whirl with Lutivena before they sat down to eat. Her dark braids swung to and fro in the dance. His old father brought in another log for the fire. An uneasiness overcame Tony, and he went to the window to see the powdery snow sift through the pines. Why was he worried? It always snowed on Christmas Eve. He went back and ate a bountiful feast, drank wine, and danced some more. After all the company was gone the family sat in front of the fireplace discussing the feast, and the one to come the next day. The flickering fire threw strange patterns on their faces, and all was warm and comfortable. The storm roared afresh outside, but one young and at home on Christmas Eve had to be happy.

The day after Christmas the foreman decided he had better go out to Tony and the sheep. He felt a bit guilty not going sooner, but one couldn't expect a man to spend his Christmas day travelling over cold hills in a blizzard. He soon came to the wagon, and decided that Tony had gone out early. Tony must have bedded the sheep away from the wagon, as the fresh snow was unbroken. He decided that the pines would be the place where the sheep would be. The heavily laden wagon creaked over the glistening snow. As the wagon neared the pines, sheep began to come out to get the hay. The foreman called to the herder, but only the dogs came bounding out to greet him. In circling the grove, the foreman came to a mound near one of the trees. Under the glittering, diamond-like layer of snow lay old Tony, happy at home from his Christmas celebration.

### (HONORABLE MENTION)

#### GLAMOUR

By Nancy Culbertson

Miss Winter stood on the corner of Main Street waiting for the street car. She was thinking that she must have wrapped nearly three hundred pairs of hose that day. Down in the basement of the store it had been cold, with the delivery boys opening that door on her all the time, and then standing on the stone floor all day. She was also wondering if the little red hat that she had taken so tenderly out of its box this morning, looked very ridiculous and old-fashioned. "Oh well", she thought to herself, "it was a lovely, warm red when I bought it." And no matter if she was about forty, it sort of gave her a sense of glamour to wear it on this Christmas Eve. Everything on the streets and in the windows looked so gay. A street car stopped and everyone pushed and jammed to get on. As she mounted the step, the conductor shoved the door closed because the car was full already. She turned back in the street with the wet snow and wind blowing in her pale face. Just then, a lovely girl came out of a gift shop, smiling up at the tall, young man at her side. Miss Winter felt as if she could smell the lovely gardenias on the girl's shoulder across all that

crowd. As the two came near, a blind man who was wedged up in a corner of the sidewalk, the girl snatched at her gardenias and threw them into the old man's hat. Miss Winter could hear him croak, "God be with you, God be with you." And she felt an impulse to take off her old red hat and throw it in there too..... her glamour.

Miss Winter climbed the rickety steps of her boarding house, one, two, three flights, and stood panting a minute on the top landing. Such a hard day. She went into her cold room, took off her hat and started to put it away carefully in the little box. She looked at it, a wet, bedraggled piece of felt. With a sinking, hopeless feeling, she flung it into a corner of the closet. She took off her thin, wet coat and pulled the shoes off of her aching feet. It was good to be home. Home? She began to wonder where the girl with the gardenias lived. That man would take her to a big Park Avenue place and he would say, "I'll be by for you at eight thirty, darling." Then she would smile her beautiful, slow smile at him, and go inside with the thick rugs on the floors and a blazing fireplace and the scarlet roses on her dressing table. She would slowly draw off her white kid gloves and smile to herself, thinking about him.

Poor Miss Winter, this line of thought rather surprised her. There she was, sitting in her cold, dark room and she hadn't made any tea or cleaned up. She was just sitting, like a silly, inquisitive, old maid. Then she thought how the girl would put on a new white satin dress and he would bring more flowers for her to wear. They would go off to the new Grill, that was opening that night. She had remembered reading about its mirrored walls and the glass dancing floor where the lights kept changing color underneath all the time. She went on telling herself that she wouldn't think of such things if it were not Christmas time. But here it was—she couldn't help the time of year. It simply came around. She always felt like a carnival was going on, as if everyone were dancing but her. She wanted to laugh, she cried instead. And Christmas morning she always felt let down, as if someone had taken away from her whatever it is we live by, and had left her sitting there, alone.

It wasn't that Miss Winter was jealous of that girl. She didn't want to be wicked and unthankful for a job and a bed of her own at night. After all, what did one need but something to do, something to eat and somewhere to sleep! She reasoned with and placated herself that way, but she couldn't help thinking of those two. How beautiful she was and he looked so poised and assured,—and proud of her. They must be very happy; she could almost feel exuberant herself, when she was thinking about them.

It was so cold that she finally had to get in bed to keep warm. There was nothing else to do. She thought a little about some past Christmas Eves but mostly she lived through the evening with those two. She hoped that he had a ring in his pocket. Miss Winter would have liked it very much if it had been a deep red ruby—all fire within and glitter without. Even to think about it made her feel like she might have had a little champagne. She chuckled to herself; the stuff was probably terrible, but it looked gay.

They might be driving home along the river, looking at the lights on the water, shining from the Jersey side. He would tell her that he loved her. He knew that she couldn't understand, but he loved her so much. He would tell her how that on this night, love was born into the world, and that she was a part of the beauty and love that

He wanted men to have in order to pursue happiness.

Miss Winter sat straight up in bed all of a sudden. Had she been dreaming or what was the matter with her? Someone seemed to be knocking at the door. She sat very still and listened. Then she remembered that it just didn't fit very tight and rattled a good deal when the wind howled. She crawled back under the covers and went on dreaming.

Perhaps she was right; what more could one ask for than a job and food and shelter? Is there really anything else? "Of course not," the sensible little lady would answer. She wouldn't think of saying out loud to herself, "You must have a little glamour within you, and love is a part of that glamour." Then she turned over and sniffed a little in her pillow.

### CANDLE LIGHT AND STAR LIGHT

By Betty Hart

Candle light and star light  
Forever removed, yet ever mingled  
With the final fate of man  
And his eternal death.

The candle light may die,  
The star go black in space,  
And all that man has loved  
Forever perish.

Light unto the darkness,  
Life unto oblivion,  
Candle and stars grow dark,  
Men go back into dust.

A new candle will be lighted,  
A new star somewhere shine,  
Will the dust, perhaps,  
Again be made into men?

This is the infinite mystery,  
Not the light gone from the candle,  
Nor the star dead in the sky,  
But the destiny of men.

Candle light and star light,  
Forever removed, yet ever mingled  
With the final fate of man  
And his eternal death.

### DEATH COMES

By Kathryn Fox

About 12:30 I stopped with her present—it was her eighteenth birthday. I knew she'd be home, for her mother was out of town and she'd be getting lunch for her five small brothers and sisters. When I ran in she was just standing there, pale and shaky, with a vacant expression. She looked up dully, and said, "Kay! The most awful thing has happened. Daddy was cleaning a gun and it went off and now he just—isn't anymore." I cried. She said, "Kay, don't cry," and walked out to the car where our friends were waiting for me. She stood there, all trembly, and started talking about how she'd had to telegraph her mother to come home, and then the ambulance came and took her daddy away. After a little she said, "I must go to see if Tommie and Edward are all right," and went back into the house. At the door she turned and called me. Then she cried, and couldn't be comforted.

### FALL AT LAST

By Dorothy Jopling

Two girls were trudging up the hill which rises abruptly from the Main Street of St. Charles. November, L.A. come with its grey and dismal days. The wind was whipping around the corners of the buildings and against the slim bodies of the girls. In their red and blue coats, as they bent forward, struggling to gain the top of the hill, they made the only spot of color in the greyness of the surrounding street and buildings.



## CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR TWO

By Elizabeth Ann Combs

If I had the unlimited amount of money it would take to send me away satisfied from the book shops that so wantonly display their gayly-jacketed books, I should, with satisfaction, carry away armload after armload of boxes.

I should write on the fly-leaf of each, "To Mary K., Christmas, 1932," and then I should eagerly read each one over and over to myself, lingering every time a bit longer on the illustrations, highly colored and imaginative, and the silhouettes, strikingly clever. My little sister might have to wait!

I should buy *The House That Grew Smaller* by Margery Williams Bianco. For this legend of old Hungary would thrill an imaginative child of ten who knows only an Iowa landscape but could realize the majesty and mystery of foreign mountains and the odd folk that dwell in them. All the gayety and lightness of elfdom are captured in *Knock At The Door* by Elizabeth Coatsworth, with illustrations done by F. Bedford—that, too, we should like.

For information and enjoyment, too, I'd like to give her *The Picture Book of Animals* by Isabel Ely Lord, with its actually photographed pictures of one hundred and fifty "beasts, birds, and fowl" from all over the world, and *How To See Plants* by Eric Fitch Daglish. The latter book combines the authenticity of a true botanist with all the easy imagination of an artist. It isn't paradoxical to believe that a scientist may use his imagination for this book with its story of growing leaves, trees, and flowers; and strangely enough, its lucid diagrams would interest any little boy or girl if read by an understanding elder to them.

I could see her eyes twinkle and her wide smile when I put *Raggedy Ann in Cookie Land* into her hands; Johnny Gruelle would have another devotee—one who would go back to read the other sixteen books previously published.

She would adore the humorous, daintily-drawn clowns of *The Fairy Circus*, published by MacMillan for Dorothy Lathrop; and *Four and Twenty Toilers* by E. V. Lucas would keep her amused for hours with its jingling verses celebrating twenty-four homely and honest labors. Farming, dairying, shipbuilding, gardening, cobbling—all would be simple work to her when presented through verse and colorful drawings.

I should include Rachel Field's *Calico Bush*, for in years to come it will be a memory set along side of *Little Women* by Louisa Alcott.

*Little House in the Big Woods* by Laura Ingalls Wilder ought to have a long life because it carefully portrays pioneer days. *Little Pilgrim to Penn's Woods* does even better, for it seems to avoid altogether the Puritan-Indian pattern of pioneer America. Edna Albert tells in her inimitable way the story of Selma Reinhardt, a little girl of 1754, who comes with her family across the Atlantic from the Rhineland to settle "upstate" in Pennsylvania. It is picturesque and vivid yet not once does it vary from truth and authentic atmosphere. It gives a child a sense of heritage, that intangible necessity for background.

To have her understand the varieties of mankind, to dramatize, in a measure, the realness of other lands, I should heap in her lap *The A B C Book of People* with Walter Coles' poster-like drawings, and numerous new translations from abroad; among them *The Jolly Tailor and Other Polish Tales* by Lucia Borski and Kate Miller; *Canute Whistewinks and Other Stories* by Zacharias Topelius (translated by C. W. Fox), which has in it numerous Grimm and Asbjornsen northern folk tales which are fresh

and interesting; and the old tale of *The Adventures of Three Little Pigs* by Georg Kalkar, whose Danish touch to his verses is in no way lost through Anna Reque's translation.

*Ola* by Ingrid and Edgar D'Aulaire would be two dollars well spent on a perfect portrayal of Norway's customs, people, industries, and folklore. *Ola*, a wee Northern lad, goes on a skiing journey and on the way sees a wedding, visits a fishing village, and makes numerous friends in every doorway he passes.

*The Donkey of God* by Louis Untermeyer may be a sophisticated story collection, but I doubt that there is a boy or girl of ten or twelve who would not eagerly read this travel book "The Dog of Pompeii" is childlike but the story of "The Painted Death" is a lively tale of murder and intrigue of the Medicis of Florence. "The Horse of Siena" is idealistic, and all in all—plus the black and white illustrations, I think it highly acceptable if the child does not take his entertainment too seriously.

Many are the books of the American Indian but I believe a wise choice would be either *Tewa Firelight Tales* by Ahlee James (with real Indian drawings by Awa Tahreh and his friends) or *Waterless Mountain*, which won the Newbury medal for the best juvenile book of 1931. It is the beautiful story of one of today's Navaho boys which simply presents the lore and art of this race, by Laura Adams Armer. There is in it religion, imagery, and race history; and it will do a lot to present in the right light the first American, for it is not sentimental even though it is mystical and romantically lovely. Throughout it rings true.

...I couldn't leave out *Two Children of Tyre* by Louise Kent because it is archeologically correct in its story of two ancient kids—and kids they really were! *The Ring of the Nibelung* by Gertrude Henderson, Katherine Pyles' *Charlemagne and His Knights*, which reminds one of a well-woven tapestry, it is so compact, *Odysseus, Sage of Greece* by Alan Lake Chidsy (which guarantees its being the best), and *The Pig Tail of Ah Lee Benn Loo* by John Bennett—all would just have to be bought.

Lest Mary K. think I was too selfish, I would on top of this pile Claire Leighton's *The Musical Box*, which tells by means of wonderfully done woodcuts just what happens when a little girl forgets to wind up the music box. It's so young and gay!

But then I should have to read that, too!

## Bibliography According To Age:

For Ages 4-8—

*Raggedy Ann in Cookie Land*, Gruelle, Volland, \$1.00.*The House That Grew Smaller*, Bianco, MacMillan, \$1.50.*Knock At the Door*, Coatsworth, MacMillan, \$2.00.*Picture Book of Animals*, Lord, MacMillan, \$2.50.

For Ages 6, 7, and 8—

*The Musical Box*, Leighton, Longman, \$2.00.*The Fairy Circus*, Lathrop, MacMillan, \$3.00.*A B C Book of People*, Cole, Minton, Balch, \$2.50.*Four and Twenty Toilers*, Lucas, \$2.50.

For Ages 8, 9, and 10—

*Two Children of Tyre*, Kent, Houghton, Mifflin, \$1.75.*Calico Bush*, Rachel Field, MacMillan, \$2.50.*Pig Tail of Ah Lee Ben Loo*, Bennett.*Little House in the Big Woods*, Wilder, Harpers, \$2.50.*The Jolly Tailor*, Borski and Miller, \$2.00.*Tewa Firelight Tales*, James, \$2.50.*Canute Whistewinks*, Topelius, \$2.50.

For Ages 10 to 13—

*Ring of the Nibelung*, Henderson, Knopf, \$2.00.*Donkey of God*, Untermeyer, Harcourt, Brace, \$2.50.*Waterless Mountain*, Armer, \$2.50.*Charlemagne and His Knights*, Pyle, Lippincott, \$2.50.

## CONEY ISLAND

By Marie Blaske

Nowhere in the world is there a place quite comparable to this melting pot of fun and laughter. Like Wall Street, Fifth Avenue, and Central Park, it is one of the places one must see when he is in New York.

Accordingly we asked a policeman, as all good tourists do, for the best means of getting to Coney Island. He was a very charming person, who seemingly made it his sole business to see that we would have a good time while we were in New York. He suggested that we take the boat which would combine the fun of a ride on the water as well as a visit to Coney Island. We met the boat at the Battery where at least one-third of the people of New York were waiting to go to the same place we were. Among this one-third must have been a number of every country in the world. Never before had I seen such a cosmopolitan group—it was, however, only a foretaste of what we were to see later.

Naturally we enjoyed the ride immensely except for a small flaw which bothered me. We were no sooner comfortably settled than a girl came by wearing the duplicate of the dress I had on. The dress, incidentally, was sold with the guarantee that there were few duplicates of it. Since the girl was of a darker race than ours I wasn't particularly pleased.

My discomfiture soon passed as we neared Coney Island. It looked exactly as it had in pictures only these were really people who were going to enjoy themselves. We swarmed off the boat to the pier to be met by an equally large swarm of families, lunchbaskets, and sleeping, crying, and dirty children who were bound toward the boat. We at last reached the boardwalk—the core of the whole show.

Just as we expected—the beach was covered with newspapers, lunchbaskets, empty tin-cans, popcorn boxes, blankets, swimming suits, sleeping families and half or wholly wet swimmers who were noticing the chill of evening and were reaching for wraps. Here and there were a few latecomers still swimming but they looked like so many pieces of driftwood on the vast expanse of water.

We were now at the real business of seeing Coney Island. We sauntered slowly along the Boardwalk to get as much as possible out of our brief visit. The most striking thing about the whole thing was the people. A philosopher would have enjoyed the motley of peoples gathered there and the stories which one would find in their lives. Even though we weren't philosophers we enjoyed it and tried to appreciate the significance of the crowd. It seems to me if ever there is a melting pot in America it is Coney Island. In the Middle West one is either a white or a negro but all are Americans. It seems we have the look of having assimilated this American civilization, while there the people seemed raw or undergoing assimilation. No one had that American sort of look which we met at home.

Families, couples, groups of various kinds almost feverish in their desire for fun were rushing from shooting galleries to hot dog stand to merry-go-rounds, Ferris wheels, dance floors, roller skating rinks, etc. and back to get some more hot dogs and frozen custard.

We decided suddenly that we were

hungry and turned in at one of the restaurants along the walk. It was a very elegant place with linen on the tables and large trellises to hide one from the crude gaze of the fun-seekers. A most deferential waiter came up immediately to ask for our order. We had heard much of Coney Island hot dogs and were resolved to try them. Upon hearing our order he very sorrowfully told us that those who ordered hotdogs must eat at tables without tablecloths. Rather than countermand our orders we marched behind the trellis to the section with uncovered tables reserved for hot dog eaters where we were exposed to the gaze of the world.

We scarcely could keep from laughing at our disdainful waiter who very gingerly took our order. How we must have disillusioned him! While we were waiting for our lowly hot dogs we were entranced by a family party nearby who were eating lettuce-leaves like so much cake. The lettuce was lying in waxpaper in the middle of the table and ever so often they would take a leaf or so and munch it with obvious enjoyment.

Our food soon arrived but we were disappointed—after all, a Coney Island hot dog is just a plain Middle West frankfurter with or without mustard.

We started our wonderings again, stopping wherever we wished. I was particularly fascinated by one concession where small cars controlled by electricity were manned by customers who had the requisite dime and a tremendous yen for the thrills of an automobile collision without the troubles of an ensuing damage bill.

While watching the antics of these chauffeurs with suppressed desires I chanced on a romance which was highly diverting. Two of Harlem's fairest beauties were having a lovely time pushing one another around when they discovered that they were becoming interesting to two very slick-haired, white-skinned young men evidently of foreign extraction. Fun became very rough—never before had those little cars worked so hard as during those five minutes! Such showing, colliding, and coy pursuit were never seen before. The dime's worth of entertainment was no sooner ended than the two Lotharios rushed to assist the giggling colored maids from their autos. There was a brief parley over the pairing off but this problem was evidently satisfactorily settled, for they marched off two by two to the Ferris wheel.

We went on again watching the crowd at the various stands and decided that we must have some custard, which everyone seemed to be enjoying. The custard made up for the hot dogs—it was most delicious and worthy of Coney Island.

It was getting late for tourists who had travelled most of the day, so we joined the large crowd of tired folk. Never shall I forget that homeward ride—the thrill of seeing the Statue of Liberty with her lighted torch as well as the twinkling lights in the skyscrapers—like yellow jewels glittering against black velvet.

I often wonder about Coney Island—whether the restaurant with the partition for hot dog eaters is still there—whether they still have that delicious custard—in fact to settle all this I am going back there as soon as possible.

## THE HIGHWAY

By Carlene Holt

As solemn and unknown as death, the blackness of this night blots out the very sight of nature. Through its gloom a highway runs, speeding up hills, falling down, and stretching over plains until suddenly swerving to the right, it mingles with the distance out of sight. At intervals, on



either side, bright circles and rays of sparkling light top tall dark posts that hold up, in wires, voices and life.

The road holds life. Man-made monsters speeding onward—whither, no man knows,—with their glaring, cold white eyes and their glowing red of danger showing as they pass us by. Muttering, chugging notes in their long, smooth-whistled sigh are seldom broken by a cry of honking horns and screeching brakes. Their sounds breathe words of the wind uttering to children as it swishes around the house; or they whirl with gliding sounds of rubber—wheeled skates on a smooth-polished floor; or murmur with the intricacy of slowly stopping ferris wheels.

The highway never pauses—never rests. It is alive and vigorous, young in a new civilization, the offspring of old foot-paths among thick forests. What does it know of loneliness and fright, shrill noises, haunting dreams at night? Defying all the dreary darkness, and searching through the grayness, calling out with life, and carrying life, it is too busy to be lonely or afraid.

#### JOTTINGS . . . .

Twilight was closing upon a dismal December day. Jean emerged through the front door, her face as grave as the closing day. In the opposite end of the room a fireplace was sending out its cheerful light, crackling, laughing, and kissing in spite of the surrounding gloom. Jean shuffled across the floor, flung her baret on the table; and dropped into the big, comfortable chair that set awaiting for her. Slowly she drew her legs up under her dress, rested her head upon the chair arm, and closed her eyes in sleep.

—Mary F. Comstock

The rain splashing noisily onto the dark, gloomy pavement, and small puddles of water standing here and there were very disturbing to me. The wind, howling and moaning, rocking the Autumn-dressed trees backward and forward, twisting, bending each twig to its farthest extent, made me think my gloomy surroundings were suddenly going to be lifted away. My feet, dressed in flimsy and very effeminate-looking shoes, were squishing and splashing disagreeably in my shoes. The wind, giving a sudden powerful gust, lifted my hat neatly off my head, sending it sliding crazily across the campus.

—Arlene Wiegner

We three girls crawled slowly up the rickety old staircase, one step after another until they had reached the top. Creeping very quietly they entered the old room. Cobwebs hung in long silver threads from each corner, and every article was completely covered with dust. They gazed from one to another with an expression of surprise on their faces.

—Claudine Davis

The earth, housetops, trees, and fences glistened with a white coat of the newly fallen snow. Overhead bright stars twinkled in the heavens and a big copper-colored moon revealed a black figure hurrying towards home. Small and bent, he trudged along carrying a large black dinner pail under his arm. His steps quickened as he turned in at his own gate. Stamping his feet and holding his head higher he pulled open the door. A bright light flooded the doorway. The door banged, and all was still.

Louise Thygeson

Read the Linden Bark.

#### A PESSIMISTIC OPINION OF HERSELF

By Virginia Kochendorfer

I am of a varied height—5 feet, 4 inches, no heels; 5 feet, 5 inches, low heels; 5 feet, 6 inches, high heels. In high heels I tower over everyone and manage to fall over every little obstacle. I hate low heels, and anyway they're not becoming, and people don't go around in stocking feet. My hair is blond, but so is every one else's, so that's no asset. Anyway I overheard my mother once describing it as "corn-colored," and I hate corn. I had an original haircut once but that was long ago. It's a long bob now, and it never does look well. When it's just washed it's terrible, and just about the time it might look decent it's dirty again and has to be washed.

My eyebrows are blond and wide; love black, narrow eyebrows. My eyes aren't large, and they're green, and once one was black and blue. My lashes are quite long, but nobody notices them because they are light at the tips.

As for my nose, well, I'd rather not even mention it. I have small ears though. The last time I looked at my nose it seemed out of proportion to the rest of y face. I can't remember what was wrong, and I have not the heart to look again. A girl once told me I had pretty lips, but she only wanted to use my lipstick. Even all this I might try to overlook, but horror of horrors—my chin. There's a dent right in the middle. This is as far as I will go. If you can't picture me, it doesn't make any difference, because I'm not much to look at anyway.

#### IN THE WATER

By Barbara Everham

I dived easily into the chilly pool. The smooth feeling of slipping into the water caused shivers to play up and down my back. As I shot forward underwater, bubbles of air flickered up from my mouth, tickling my nose and blinding my eyes. Swimming until I thought that my sides would cave in, if I didn't get some air, I pushed for the top and gulped in some moist air to fill my exhausted lungs.

I swam again; the cold water splashed around my face, cooling it, as I stretched out and easily "crawled" to the other end of the pool. Riding high in the water, feeling the power of my arms pulling through the chilly green mass, and sensing the power in my steady flutter kick, I get a thrill which I have never felt any other place.

#### Dietetics Class Display

##### Christmas Boxes

Would you like some Christmas goodies? Just step into the dietetics class and you will be amazed to see the tempting array of candies that will face you. All of the girls are busy preparing boxes to take home. Whose box will be the most attractive and contain the best candy? That is the problem the class will decide when the boxes will be on display. Just think! There's all kinds; fondant, apple crystals, peanut brittle, mints, and nut roll to be packed in those Christmas boxes to be taken home. The class also prepared several varieties of cookies that were taken home Thanksgiving.

Miss Anderson's other classes are also very busy. Her Household Management class is considering the unit of study on labor-saving devices for the home. The dietetics class is working on diets for children.

#### Make A Depression

##### Christmas Attractive

On December 16, Friday at 11 o'clock, the girls of Miss Tucker's class will have a Christmas program. Margaret Hoover will talk on "Wrapping Packages"; Jane Tobin will speak on "Christmas Decorations" emphasizing table decorations; Agnes Bachman will talk on "Xmas Gifts"; and Eutha Olds will speak on "Choosing Xmas Cards". All of the girls will stress means of preparing attractive and pleasing gifts but cutting down expenses. Illustrative posters will be displayed to make the program more pleasing. Anyone who is interested is welcome.

#### Christmas in Spain

A meeting of El Circulo Espanol was held December 6, at 6:30 in the club room. A very enjoyable Christmas program was presented. Dorris Elliott and Eli-abeth Kelly gave interesting talks on Christmas customs in Spain. Dr. Terhune in her delightful manner, told in Spanish her experience of spending a Christmas in Spain. Margaret Love, who was a guest of the club entertained with violin selections of a Spanish theme. Everyone enjoyed the program and felt an increased appreciation of Spanish culture.

#### New Members Honored

##### By Beta Pi Theta

At the Beta Phi Theta meeting last week the following girls were initiated: Ruth Adams, Dorothy Allen, Katherine Simpson, Susan Jane McWilliams, Lucille Meinholz, Virginia Kochendorfer, Margaret Ringer, Mary Erwin, Eleanor Head, Nancy Watson, Geraldine Hamblin and Ruth Cooper. Following the initiation service Virginia Keck, the President of the sorority, sang the new chapter song.

In order to become eligible for Beta Phi Theta, the honorary French sorority, one must have a high scholastic standing, memorize French poetry, write a French theme, and be superior in French classes. These girls, who have fulfilled all requirements and have become members of Beta Phi Theta, deserve the congratulations of the entire college.

#### CHARACTER SKETCH

By Cornelia Walcott

I was aimlessly wandering down the hall of the dormitory, pondering on girls' schools in general, when I came upon the room. The door stood ajar, and after my first glimpse, I couldn't help just standing there, looking at it. Simplicity and neatness were its outstanding features. I could see not one wrinkle in the plain blue bedspread, or in the soft buff curtains which were pressed and hung so carefully. Every chair stood in a precise manner, and each book and paper was in its correct place on the desk. The well-chosen pictures (not one seemed unduly conspicuous) hung perfectly in line; the small rugs lay absolutely parallel to their adjacent pieces of furniture. Vainly I looked for one particle of dust. As I stood in the doorway I was impressed by the tidiness and balance of things. Unconsciously I wished to meet the room's occupant, who sat with her back toward me in a straight-backed chair.

Subscribe for the Linden Bark.

#### Away To A New World!

By J. McC.

G. P. Putman's Sons, New York and London, Publishers "Ends Of The Earth"; by Roy Chapman Andrews.

Roy Chapman Andrews, scientist and explorer, in this book relates his experience from the time when he dreamed of leading his own expeditions and planning his own exhibition halls until his dreams were realized. Unlike so many dreams, the realization for him has been greater than the anticipation.

Andrews succeeded because he believed so completely in the value of his work; because he had prepared himself so thoroughly; because every detail was clear in his mind; but most of all because he wanted to do it so intensely that he was willing to make any sacrifice. Sometimes sacrifice meant almost giving up his life.

From Beloit College Andrews came to the American Museum of Natural History to work and to be near his heroes in the naturalistic field. He began by scrubbing floors over which the famous men trod, and now he is himself famous as the Curator of the Museum.

His first expeditions were to study whales in their native dwelling places and from his exploration he knows more about the intimate life of the whale than any other man. He relates his adventure, like a born story teller, but indeed he has stories to tell. There is real drama in the activities of the whales which he studied in the Atlantic and Pacific Ocean off the coast of China and North America.

When Mr. Andrews had completed his work among the whales and sent in his material to the Museum, he began his wanderings in the strange, far places of the world—Borneo, Celebes, and the fairy islands of the South Seas. In Borneo he was lost in the jungle. He touched the Orient in his wanderings and its spell enchanted him. He decided to make it his future home and with his small son and wife he lives there when not exploring. In the East he re-discovered the so-called extinct grey whale off the coast of Korea.

He tells not only about the lives of animals but about the lives of the personalities whom he met, which would be very difficult to understand unless one had lived among them as he has.

His next expeditions were inland. All these expeditions led up the famous Asiatic expeditions which added to his world wide reputation and explorer. His adventures are not only interesting in incident but they show the courage of Andrews himself, who knew his destiny and strove to achieve it. There is never a dull moment in the book and there are numerous breath-taking ones. There is plenty of life and action and Andrews loves it.

Read the Linden Bark.

Telephone 133

Terminal

Cabs



## COLLEGE CALENDAR

Tuesday, December 14.

Student organ recital in Sibley Chapel at 5 o'clock.

Thursday, December 16.

Christmas dinner in the dining-room of Ayres Hall.

**Sidelights of Society**

Dr. and Mrs. Roemer had Mr. and Mrs. Thomas as guests in their box at the Odeon theatre in St. Louis on last Tuesday night when Rudolph Ganz, the pianist, gave a recital. Eleanor Kriekhaus and Audrey McAnulty were also guests of Dr. and Mrs. Roemer. Guests of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas were Frances McPherson, Albertitna Flach, and Katheryn Eggen.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Friess, of St. Louis had as dinner guests last Friday night Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, Miss Gieselman, Miss Isidor, Miss Engelhart, and Miss Manning.

Mu Phi Epsilon, the national music sorority which has been installed at Lindenwood recently through the interest of Mr. Thomas, announces its officers as being Doris Oxley, president; Albertina Flach, vice-president; Dolores Fisher, secretary; Maxine Namur, treasurer; Eleanor Kriekhaus, recording secretary; Thelma Harpe, alumni secretary; Audrey McAnulty, historian; Katheryn Eggen, warden; Edith Knotts, chaplain.

The music sorority is open only to juniors and seniors, Alpha Mu Mu being the music honorary sorority on campus for freshman and sophomores. Lindenwood may feel proud to know that it is the only girls' college in the United States that has a chapter of Mu Phi Epsilon. All other chapters of the organization are at universities or at music conservatories.

Miss Elizabeth Higgenbotham of Shawneetown, Illinois, and Miss Louise Todd of Webster Groves, Missouri, visited Melba Garrett and Thelma Harpe one day last week.

A dinner at the Parise Tea Room was enjoyed by members of Pi Gamma Mu, national honorary social science society, Thursday night, December 1 at 6 o'clock.

The dinner was given in honor of the new girls taken into Pi Gamma Mu on Thursday afternoon. Those who attended were: Mary Chowning, Shirley Haas, Elizabeth Wheeler, Betty Fair, Theo Hull, Agnes Kister, Margaret Hoover, Florence Schneider, Isabelle Wood, Evelyn Knippenburg, Mary Cowan.

The dinner was served at one long table, which was very attractively decorated with Talisman roses, green candles, and modernistic place cards. The menu consisted of steak, fried potatoes, rolls, fruit salad, and lemon pie. After dinner coffee and mints were served.

Margaret Conger visited in Kansas City with friends from December 2 to December 4.

Myra Massieon and her mother visited in St. Louis, December 2.

Kathleen Eames went to St. Louis with her mother on December 4.

Alpha Psi Omega is most apologetic because Frances Vance's name was omitted from the program. Her acting was excellent and it was due to a great oversight that her name was not mentioned.

The Day Students will celebrate in gala style with a Christmas Party on

December 16. A number of girls have volunteered cars to transport the students to the St. Charles Country Club where the party will be held. A peppy program will be presented; gifts will be exchanged; and will there ever be eats? Just ask the food committee. This is the second year the day-students have had a Christmas Party and from the enthusiasm created over it, it's bound to be a success.

Thelma Harpe, a music major, chaperoned a group who attended Rudolph Ganz's concert. The other members of the party were Martha Dean Stanley, Dorothy Jopling, Doris Oxley, Jane Spellman, Nancy Montgomery, and Nancy Watson.

## ON VIRGINIA

By Carol George

She sat quietly in the corner of the back seat, as Leo drove her from the theatre to her hotel. The book *Fanny Kemble* lay in her hands. She read a page, then slowly raised her eyes, gazing out of the window without seeming to see the business houses they were passing. After a few moments of concentrated thought. She let her mind return to the story of Fanny Kemble's success on the stage. All the while she read, her small, beautifully-groomed hands, white except for the faint blue lines, were never still. She fingered the pages, then slowly extended the fingers of her right hand until they were rigid. As she read the part which told of Miss Kemble's doubt as to whether she could still hold an audience's attention with her great beauty and charm, the young girl clenched her hand into a small, tight ball. Just as suddenly as it had grown tense, it relaxed. Again, her eyes looked out into space. A faint smile came to her face, as if she were imagining that she truly saw all that she was reading.

The car drew up before an unpretentious, although attractive apartment-hotel. The man quickly opened the car door and assisted the young woman.

"How are Charlotte and the baby today?"

"They're better, thank you, Miss," the young fellow answered, as he remembered his young wife and their newly-born son.

"Buy her something for me, Leo," as she pressed a bill into his hand.

The man's eyes lighted with something like adoration as he watched the young actress walk briskly into the hotel.

**Good Christmas**By EDWARD SANFORD MARTIN,  
in Missouri Farmer.

THOUGH doubters doubt and scoffers scoff,  
And Peace on earth seems still far off;  
Though learned doctors think they know  
The gospel stories are not so;  
Though greedy man is greedy still  
And competition chokes good-will,  
While rich men sigh and poor men fret,  
Dear me! we can't spare Christmas yet!  
Time may do better—maybe not;  
Meanwhile let's keep the day we've got!  
On Bethlehem's birth and Bethlehem's star  
Whate'er our speculations are,  
Where'er for us may run the line  
Where human merges with divine,  
We're dull indeed if we can't see  
What Christmas feelings ought to be,  
And dull again if we can doubt  
It's worth our while to bring them out.  
"Glory to God; good-will to men!"  
Come! Feel it, show it, give it then!  
Come to us, Christmas, good old day,  
Soften us, cheer us, say your say  
To hearts which thrift, too eager, keeps  
In bonds, while fellow-feeling sleeps.  
Good Christmas, whom our children love,  
We love you, too! Lift us above  
Our cares, our fears, our small desires!  
Open our hands and stir the fires  
Of helpful fellowship within us,  
And back to love and kindness win us!

**A Very Merrie Xmas, A  
Happy New Year and A  
Most Pleasant Visit at  
... Home ...**HOW ABOUT THAT LITTLE  
GIFT FOR THE FOLKS TO  
APPRECIATEFOR MOTHER: a slip, undies,  
robe, slippers, pajamas, gown,  
bag, gloves, hose, knick-knacks  
for the home and ever so many  
things.FOR DAD: slippers, pajamas,  
robe, ties, shirts, or is there  
something we can get for you?LITTLE BROTHER AND SIS-  
TER: most anything you can  
think of can be had here, and  
also a very large assortment of  
toys to gladden their hearts at  
this time of the year.Need any new luggage to travel  
with? We have a complete line  
—very inexpensive.Use us to wrap and mail your  
gifts.**HUNING'S**  
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WHERE QUALITY COUNTS**Steinbrinker's**

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IN THAT LAST MINUTE  
SCRAMBLE TO SEE THAT NO  
ONE IS OVERLOOKEDFor the great majority of peo-  
ple, the week before Christmas  
is a last minute scramble to  
make sure no one has been for-  
gotten when Old Santa comes  
over the roof tops. Now is when  
you will doubly appreciateOUR GIFT SELECTION  
SERVICE

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**Big Holiday Sale**Full-Fashioned, Pure Silk  
HOSIERY**55c pair---2 pr. \$1****Wayne Knit Hose**Values to \$1.50 at  
**89c****Stahlbehl's**  
THE NEW RED STORE**Braufman's**NO CRYSTAL GAZING is nec-  
essary to foresee your success in  
one of these**NEW DRESSES**that we are presenting to you  
this week for formal, semi-for-  
mal street and afternoon wear.**\$5.00 to \$16.75**A Most  
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Xmas—and a Happy New Year.  
Have a real, big time.**STRAND THEATRE**

For Your Information

Coming Next Month, Friday Nights  
and Saturday Matinee and on Satur-  
day Nights."BIG CITY BLUES"—Joan Blondell  
and Eric Lnden"ONCE IN A LIFETIME"—Sydney Fox  
and Jackie Oakie"UNDER COVER MAN"—George  
Raft and Nancy Carroll."IF I HAD A MILLION"—13 stars in-  
cluding Gary Cooper, Frances Dee,  
Jack Oakie, Alison Skipworth."PURCHASE PRICE"—Barbara Stan-  
wyck."THEY CALLED HER SAVAGE"  
Clara Bow"SON, DAUGHTER"—Ramon Novarro  
and Helen Hayes

"CENTRAL PARK"—Joan Blonde'l

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A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A  
HAPPY YEAR  
The Management.