

LINDEN BARK

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Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Missouri, Tuesday, December 15, 1931

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News from the Dean's Office

The students of the college are not the only ones who are busy at this time of the year. Dr. Gipson reports that with the interviewing of many students and preparing for second semester's activities there is no idle time in the Dean's office.

The business of this semester and odds and ends must be finished, the holiday address of the faculty must be noted, exam schedules and data are being arranged for the cure of those after-vacation blues, and second semester duties are being outlined.

Santa Claus Downs Depression in Thrilling Bout of Season

Varied colored lights, strung on the Christmas Tree, wreaths in all the windows, miniature Santa Clauses smiling from the center of all the tables,—and the strains of the colored orchestra—this was our greeting when we entered the dining room last night for the annual Christmas dinner and all that goes with it. Family Night at Lindenwood has been one of the traditions established by Dr. and Mrs. Roemer.

A lovely chicken dinner was served, and a Christmas candle salad graced the table at each plate, topped by a cherry. After the meal, everyone became very quiet, followed by a burst of applause, as all the dining room help marched in to the orchestra's swinging march. Then, we were entertained with negro spirituals, and by Lindenwood's prize tap dancer, the little colored boy—or rather big now—who has danced for us since most of us can remember, and whose feet just can't keep still.

And then!!!! Beaming face, and a jolly "Hello, Everyone!" No one but old Santa himself, bringing gifts to all the help and laughter and Christmas cheer to us all. When this part of the program was over, tables were pushed, pulled, and shoved back, and everyone danced, bringing to an end our last 1931 Lindenwood party.

Thanks are due Dr. and Mrs. Roemer, and the faculty committee in charge of the arrangements, Miss Hough, chairman, Miss Foster, Miss Walter, and Miss Rhodes for this lovely Christmas dinner and entertainment.

Sensational News in Chapel

Several announcements of importance were made in chapel on Friday. Dr. Gipson reminded those who were writing Christmas stories that they were due in her office by Tuesday. Dr. Roemer announced that all cuts will be void at vacation time. Double cuts will not be given as usual, but an hour of college credit will be taken away from pupils who leave school early or come back late at vacation time.

Sacred Hymns of Christmas

Choir Gave Program Sunday Night

The Christmas Concert given by the Vesper Choir on Sunday evening, December 13, in Roemer Auditorium was most enjoyable. The service was presided over by Dr. Roemer, and the address made by Rev. R. S. Kenaston. The Christmas carols from various nations were all familiar melodies and were beautifully rendered by the choir, with Miss Doris Gieselman directing and Doris Oxley accompanying. This concert always brings the real Christmas spirit and never fails to be one of the most enjoyable events of the year.

The program was as follows:

Processional—O Come, All Ye Faithful
Invocation.....President Roemer
Choir—Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming.....Old English Carol
Choir—God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen.....Old English Carol
Christmas Offering for the Poor
Violin Solo—Ave Maria.....Gounod
Willa Waters
Choir—
Beautiful Savior.....Crusaders Hymn
Silent Night, Holy Night.....German Carol
Sing We Noel.....French Carol
Here a Torch, Jeanette, Isabella.....French Carol
Vocal Solo—The Christ Child.....Cosmbs
Alice Denton
Address—The Unfading Light.....
Rev. R. S. Kenaston
Choir—
While Shepherds Watched.....Bliss
The Infant Jesus.....Montani
Calm On the Listening Ear.....Harker
Solo—Dolores Fisher
Violin Obbligato
Kathryn Eggen—Willa Walters
Recessional—Hark! the Herald
Angels Sing, No. 74.

Belinda

Alpha Psi Omega, dramatic fraternity, rose to heights hitherto unsuspected last Friday night when BELINDA came into her own. Even Miss Barrymore could not have portrayed the capricious Belinda to any greater advantage than the interpretation given to her by Anna Marie Balsiger. Belinda and her husband, Jack Tremayne, were separated eighteen years before the curtain rises on the first act of the play. Delia, played most delightfully by Ruth Martin, Belinda's daughter, has been away at school for the majority of her eighteen years, and on her return finds her mother involved in the most charming affairs with Messrs. Devenish and Baxter, played respectively by Gretchen Hunker and Marjorie Taylor. Mr. Devenish as the romantic poet found sympathetic treatment in the capable hands of Gretchen Hunker, and Mr. Baxter, the statistician, provided comedy relief sufficient for even an English comedy.

The ensuing action brings Jack Tremayne back on the scene in the

Mr. Blakslee Speaks

Lecture on Astronomy proves interesting to students

"Photograph of the Heavens" was the title of an illustrated lecture made by Mr. George C. Blakslee, head of the Department of Astronomy at the University of Chicago, Sunday night. The talk was interesting, educational and romantic. Mr. Blakslee in his preface declared that to him the field was romantic, and he so presented it that the audience was made to feel this aspect of the progressive science. The field of astronomy in ninety-eight years old; a period during which great strides forward have been made. Still greater discoveries are to be hoped for in the future because of the successful developments in the equipment. He very briefly outlined the main inventions in this line. First the Gaere type of plate was used, then the wet plate, and finally in 1880 the dry plate was made. It was from this point that the progressive movement began. Although there are now two larger telescopes in the United States the telescope of the University of Chicago was for some time the largest. It is moved by electricity, and the lens are perfect within a millionth of an inch. He showed a picture of the Astronomy Campus at the University of Chicago. It is one of the most beautiful of all the campuses in the country.

He stated that in 1878 there was a total eclipse of the sun, in 1882 an eclipse seen in Egypt and Africa, and that on the last day of August, 1932, there will be another total eclipse. This phenomena is caused by the shadow of the moon completely covering the sun.

He went on to explain that during the fair in Chicago in 1933 a new star will appear and that the electricity made by this star will be turned into energy which will turn on the lights at the fair.

The oldest picture which Mr. Blakslee presented was one of the moon. However, the perfect photography of the sun and the moon is as yet a mere possibility which, it is believed, will become a reality in the near future.

It would be impossible to list the pictures and to summarize the interesting and important points brought out by Mr. Blakslee without a complete presentation of the lecture verbatim. It has been one of the most important and thoroughly enjoyable features of this year.

guise of Jack Robinson. This dual role was played by Gladys Crutchfield and for an errant husband she really made an excellent "come-back". Since Belinda, fearing Mr. Baxter's statistical sense, has introduced her daughter as her niece, Delia Robinson, and then to further complicate matters has sent both her potential suitors in search of Delia's father the last two acts are not lacking in really great drama. Betty, the maid, played by Mildred Sherman

Lois McKeehan Queen

Popularity Queen this year epitomizes Lindenwood's ideal girl

Was ever a Christmas Party at Lindenwood more successful? Unanimously, "no". Alpha Mu Mu and Alpha Sigma Tau sponsored the dance in Butler Gym on Friday night, December 4, the dance which did double duty in that it was the introduction of the Popularity Queen and the Christmas Party.

With the Christmas candles and bells against a background of white and the familiar figure of Santa Claus all about the room, one immediately caught the atmosphere of this particularly joyous occasion.

At nine o'clock the dancing ceased for a time and everyone breathlessly crowded forward to get a good view of the program announcing Lindenwood's Popularity Queen.

Santa Claus, (it was Rose Kelle!), very graciously presented Dr. and Mrs. Roemer, Dr. Gipson, Mr. Thomas, and the presidents of campus organizations with gifts accompanied by appropriate bits of verse.

After Santa's departure, Gretchen Hunker read interesting bits of the customs of various other lands at Christmas time. As each country was presented, Margaret Jean Wilhoit, who was the author of "Christmas in Many Lands", opened the door of a Christmas tree and presented the typical girl of the particular country, who assumed a characteristic pose as a native song was sung in her language. These songs were sung by Tearle Seiling and Dolores Fisher, and accompanied by Doris Oxley. England was represented by Jane Babcock, France by Dorothy Winter, Spain by Eleanor Kriekhaus, Germany by Maxine Namur, and Italy by Audrey McAnulty.

Then came the real climax of the evening. "Who is she?" "Do you suppose—?" "Oh I hope so!" IT IS! Amid a thunderous applause the girl who combines all the good qualities of lassies of other lands, the girl who typifies America, the girl who was chosen "Pop Queen" for Lindenwood, Lois McKeehan, was presented. For the second time in her Lindenwood career "Shing" has attained this honor, to the delight of all.

After many congratulations for our "Pop Queen" the dance continued, with everyone in hilarious spirits. This was an evening on which everyone went home pleased with the dance, pleased with the program, pleased with the "Pop Queen", and, we might add, pleased that Christmas is so near.

contributes her bit to the clever comedy, and when in the end Mr. Devenish transfers his affections to Delia, and Belinda discovers that she is still in love with the wandering husband, the climax is quite satisfactory to all concerned—even Mr. Baxter who goes back to studying "curves".

Linden Bark

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Marietta Hansen, '34	Roslyn Weil, '34
Pearl Hartt, '32	

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1931

The Linden Bark:

Depression—bah! Suspicion—boo! There is a child in a manger, and the shepherds of love and the Kings of wisdom will have to come and bow to the Lord of Life. The divine energy becomes incarnate in man, and man, so endowed, goes forth to make over his world.

"Christmas Again" H. M.

On the Model Vacation Not to be Spent

Christmas vacation! The mere mentioning of it makes one get a certain far away look in her eyes. We've often wondered what they think of at that time. Do they think of food, a certain young man back in the home town, Christmas presents, or just home and fireside? And then I wonder how we spend our Christmas vacation. I suppose the real way for a student to spend her vacation would be to take a brief case, filled with books, beside the usual luggage. One could spend the valuable time one has on the train reading her Shakespeare or reading her English Lit., so she would have a lot of good material for the next paper. After one would get home think of all the valuable time we waste chatting over a bridge table when, just as well as not, we could be reading economics, or something equally as interesting. Perhaps we might ask Mother or Dad for a lovely edition of Shakespeare, instead of that "good looking dress we saw in the window". Or girls could even take all their books home in order to get all their assignments for the next two weeks after we get back. But this all comes under how Christmas vacation might be spent; and after all, the way things could be done and the way they are done are two quite different things in life.

Perhaps the way it will be spent will hardly be recognized as the "student's ideal vacation". On the train instead of reading Shakespeare perhaps we will be meeting all the people from other schools who are sitting there with the same far-away look in their eyes, or perhaps you will be just "recalling" this or that that you did during the year so far. When you get home instead of reading English Lit., you will probably go to a bridge party and talk about "when I did this at school, or perhaps you will brag about the grand slam "you made once at school". The most interesting student to watch during Christmas vacation is the "eternal gripe", as she is known on the campus. It is most interesting to watch her at the bridge table because she is usually the one who talks about her "Ajma Mater" the most, and just let anyone say anything about the school she attends, and we'll wager that if the facetious remarks keep up long enough she will, if she has an extremely bad temper, throw her cards on the table and say that no one can talk about the school she goes to, that way. Perhaps the nights we spend doing College Algebra will be spent in just the opposite way. About eight o'clock, instead of being in pajamas with a formidable looking book in her hand, she will be trying to get into the new evening dress and thinking about the lovely time she is going to have.

On one particular morning L. C. girls will not be griping about the fact that they have to get up at six-forty five, but they will probably have been up about an hour already, helping everyone open their presents and going into ecstasies over everything that is opened. Then after three weeks, lacking a day, they will be as happy to get on the train again as they were three weeks before. There will be shrieks and hellos all over the campus the morning of the sixth. And after this, Christmas vacation is all in the past tense. Psychology teaches us that we are building ourselves by new experiences. And after all it is fun to reminisce, isn't it?

The Secret of the Best Christmas

Christmas! and the eyes open wide, the steps quicken, those of us who have been in a trance-like state since Thanksgiving start, we seemed to be filled with an exuberance beyond control. Someone hums Jingle Bells softly, and soon the air is filled with voices shouting joyfully this old song. What is it about this date that so fills us that we almost choke ourselves in anticipation? It is a hard emotion to analyze. Does it mean a release from those duties that were becoming too monotonous, a chance to free our conscience from the thoughts of unprepared lessons? Yes, and it means the pleasure of driving up and down those home-town streets, honking at the slow moving traffic, seeing again those people from whom we've been separated for the duration of four months.

It is the before-Christmas that gives the thrill. The atmosphere of crowded stores, arms piled high with packages in gay colors, the excitement of small children around a shop window, the air of altruism that invades our souls, impoverished as we may be, that give us the outlet to various emotions stored-up from one Christmas to another. If only someone would invent a holiday to follow Christmas immediately, in order to spare us that terrible aftermath of disappointment, return to work, the leaving undone of things we meant to do, the very lack of pep. The word Christmas cannot be said at present without the roots of our hair tingling, and our best grins exposed. Why can't we keep this joy, this spirit of "the world is my friend, my worst enemy could ask the greatest of favors from me?" If possible, we would not have to become the mouth-drawn, curt, people we are after such an occasion.

Well-Told English Romance

By L. McK.

Dwarf's Blood—by Edith Olivier. Viking Press, New York, 1931.

Miss Olivier has written an interesting, entertaining, and worthwhile story in the book, "Dwarf's Blood". It deals with a young English couple, Sir and Lady Nicholas Roxerby, who are intensely happy with the birth of their son, a perfectly proportioned dwarf. Sir Nicholas' mother is also a dwarf, and he is very embittered by this fact, believing the blood is tainted, "that the 'dwarf's blood' in his veins had given him the mind of a dwarf in his finely built body." Only after years have passed and the tiny son becomes a famous artist does Sir Nicholas overcome this obsession and realize the beauty of body and soul possessed by Hans, that "the small people always have had the brains, while the tall ones have been fools."

Miss Olivier's descriptions are very real, her characters live for us, and the story is beautifully written on this unusual theme.

Dwarf's Blood is a Literary Guild selection and is now on the library stacks. Other Books by Miss Olivier are "The Love Child", "The Triumphant Footman", and "As Far As Jane's Grandmother's".

Commercial Club

Meeting Interesting

The Commercial Club held its regular club meeting on Wednesday afternoon, November 25, in the College Club Room. The meeting was presided over by the President, Gladys Crutchfield, and the regular order of business observed.

The program for the afternoon was in charge of Alda Schierding and contained some very interesting features. Madeline Connoughton played several piano selections, and a most unusual paper had been arranged by Louise Schulte. The paper was on the latest inventions in both the business and scientific world and some of the innovations were startling indeed.

Music and Art in Life, Miss Criswell and Dr. Linneman

Talk to Freshmen

Miss Criswell spoke to the freshman class Tuesday, December 8, on "Music as a Vocation", and Dr. Linneman on "Art". Not only for its educational value in being a socializing and nationalizing force, in having aesthetic value, in being an outlet for the emotions, in causing understanding of others, and in being an excellent use of leisure time is music important, but also for its value as a vocational subject and a disciplinary force, Miss Criswell said.

There are four types of music courses and they give preparation for artist's work, teaching of artists, teaching of theory, and public school music. Under the latter several possibilities exist, for one might be a supervisor in a small town or a large city, a special teacher in a junior high or high school, or an educationalist who directs appreciation work.

A talk on the "Opportunities of Art" was given by Dr. Linneman for the rest of the hour. In the battle between art and commercialism, she said, art will eventually win out for people are beginning to demand beautiful things even in everyday life. The occupations for woman lie in the fields of education, industrial, applied, and fine arts. For any of these a good, general education is an absolute necessity.

The teaching of art requires a knowledge of drawing and painting, a definite appreciation of art, and a knowledge of teaching.

Costume designing has great opportunities especially in the East and Middle-west, but requires much preparation and training. Attitude and appreciation mean much, for several girls who were formerly under Dr. Linneman's instruction have through intense interest and application raised themselves to worthwhile and enviable positions as designers of clothes.

Read the Linden Bark.

Let us make this the most worthwhile Christmas we've spent. Let us effervesce joy to others. Let us try not to lose the holiday spirit after the twenty-fifth. Let us rise under the holly and mistletoe, and give a toast to the lighted candle, the fire at our feet, the falling flakes outside, and wish the world a very very Merry Christmas.

Make Fewer and Better New Year's Resolutions

When Father Time is plodding out and we are waiting for that bright little babe representing the New Year to assume the point of popularity, it is time to think of New Year resolutions.

It is a good idea to think these resolutions before doing Christmas shopping so a little thought can be devoted to them, but if one does his Christmas shopping early to avoid the rush as advocated, there will perhaps be time afterward. After Christmas is a bad time to make resolutions, because with thoughts reverting back to the Christmas dinner and the great quantities of candy offered by everyone, who wants to think? It has been said that one cannot think on a full stomach. To this statement might be added that when one's head is full of thoughts of food, it is almost impossible to think of anything else.

To make and break resolutions is easier than to mold and hold them. To start out with, it might be a good idea for Lindenwood students to resolve not to have dates during week nights until June. That would strengthen the whole body of resolutions by the fact that one of the list would not be broken. Another strengthening thing to resolve might be to be sure to have the lights in the room off at eleven. Of course, that is the job of the housemother, but it would be one more resolution that would hold.

The easiest resolutions to make are those we afterwards break, such as resolving to diet, to take sitting-up exercises in the morning, to have all assignments done perfectly, and always to wake up with a cheerful disposition.

A mistake many people make when drawing up their resolutions is that they make so many that they don't know whether they're breaking the twenty-fifth, the one hundred second, or whether what they did was breaking this year's resolution or last year's, or whether they even made that a resolution or merely intended to.

Wouldn't it be better for strengthening the will and developing the personality, if only a few resolutions were made, and those adhered to strenuously from the very first? How about using the first two suggested and adding three or four others and seeing if they can be kept as long as those.

Mr. Thomas' Recital -**Students Enjoy Interesting Musical Selections**

The faculty and student body were delighted Thursday morning at the chapel hour when Mr. John Thomas, head of the music department, appeared in a piano recital. This recital was quite a treat and was the first recital in which Mr. Thomas had appeared at the college for two years.

His program was most interesting and difficult. Several of the numbers were familiar and always enjoyed while the others were modern and very lovely.

The program was as follows:

Two Organ Choral Preludes.....	Bach-Busoni
I. I Call On Thee, Lord	
II. In Thee Is Joy	
Nocturne, F. major, Op. 15. No. 1.....	Chopin
Mazurka, C sharp minor, Op. 30, No. 4	Chopin
Prelude, Op. 32, No. 10.....	Rachmaninoff
Scherzo (from Sonata) Op. 2.....	Harold Morris
El Puerto.....	Albeniz
Afro-Cuban Dance, "La Comparsa".....	Lecuona
Malaguena.....	Lecuona

Dr. Stumberg Talks**At Y. W. C. A.**

He tells of Indians in St. Charles in early days

A very interesting meeting of Y. W. C. A. was held in Sibley chapel on Wednesday, December 9, at 5:45 P. M. Mary Louise Bowles and Alice Denton sang two Christmas carols, then Dr. Stumberg talked about Indian lore and its relation to the community of St. Charles. Dr. Stumberg said that the Indians hold a deep significance to Lindenwood College.

In 1812 Major George Sibley was sent here to take charge of the outpost against the ravages of the Indians.

In 1770 LaSalle and his group selected the site of St. Charles because it was the first group of hills north of the mouth of the Mississippi. It is still doubtful which was settled first, St. Charles or St. Louis. St. Charles was settled as an outpost for the fur trade from the northwest, and was first called "village of little hills". The whites, however, were not the first inhabitants of this district. A Missouri tribe of Indians had once settled here but they were gone when the white people came. After the whites had settled they had to portion their land out in long strips so that they could remain together while plowing in order that they might be able to offset an attack by the Indians.

As the west began to become more settled, the fur trade advanced farther west and Major Sibley went to Fort Osage which was near what is at present Independence, Missouri. Before he went west, Major Sibley had bought the land where Lindenwood College is now located, so after some time he resigned the Indian service and came back here to open this college.

The site of St. Charles is called Missouri point because it is located at the place where it is eight or ten miles between the Missouri and Mississippi rivers as they flow parallel. Two hundred and fifty years ago this land abounded in game so it was naturally a great hunting ground. Dr. Stumberg as a boy used to find arrow heads and tomahawks in this vicinity.

Much was done in early history to repel the Indians. Where Third and

**Christmas Customs -
Among The Romans**

A number of interesting articles have been posted on the weekly Roman Tatler Bulletin for the Christmas season.

One article of special interest is that on "Mistletoe". The custom of decorating our homes with mistletoe goes back centuries to the ceremonials of the Druids. It is a reminder of their winter custom of keeping green things indoors as a refuge for the spirits of the woods, exiled by the cold and snow. Because of its pagan associations, the mistletoe was for a long time forbidden in the Church. The symbolism of mistletoe in Druid rites was spirit, hence its relation to spirits. The mistletoe grew not on the earth but in the air, on the sacred oak and was most prized when found clinging to that tree. At the end of the year it was cut by a white-robed priest and a golden sickle and was not allowed to touch the ground, a white cloth being held for it as it fell. Everyone knows the story of Loki. It is believed that is why people hang the mistletoe in their houses in seasons of gladness, and kiss one another as they pass beneath it, for it brings happiness, safety and good fortune so long as it is not beneath our feet.

Another article of note is "The Christmas Story from the Latin Testament." It is written in Latin. Several pictures of The Madonna Adoring the child, from the Kaiser Friedrich Museum, in Berlin, pictures of adoration of the Magi, from Uffizle, France, are also posted. A song, "Adeste Fideles" is the Latin version of our "O Come All Ye Faithful."

A story of "Pan", and "Latin Hymns" are the subjects of two other articles which are equally interesting.

Sophs and Seniors in Luck

The Sophomores and Seniors are proud and prominent members of Lindenwood this week. Their class rings are here and are very, very good looking. "Let me try yours on", and "Aren't they grand?" may be heard outside of Miss Sheldrick's office at any time of the day. Freshmen have even been known to say to indignant Sophomores, "I'll give you five or nine dollars for yours." If you use your imagination you can imagine how crushing the reply is.

Adams Streets are now located was once a large stockade and powderhouse but this was later torn down. Dr. Stumberg said, "This part of the country is teeming with historical events". The Missouri Indians were driven out of existence by the Sioux tribe here. After St. Charles was settled many Indians came through here every year from the west to visit the "Great White Father" which was the name given to the president of the United States.

The "Banner-News" office was an old tavern site, the barber shop next to it was once the site of the old capital, and the governor's mansion was torn down only four or five years ago to build the present filling station on Main street.

Dr. Stumberg read from an old paper about transportation on the Missouri river. The paper, written fifty years ago, told about the corraling of boats up the river.

This talk was unusually interesting to everybody because it presented a different civilization living where we are now.

Read the Linden Bark.

New Type of Program**Poems and Music Given by
Mr. and Mrs. Costolow.**

The faculty and student body enjoyed a most unusual program at the regular Thursday morning chapel hour when Mr. and Mrs. Costolow of Kansas City entertained them with some works of Browning in recitation and music.

Mr. Costolow chose as his first and most outstanding number, Browning's "Saul". The poetry told the story of Saul being brought out of the depths of despair by the music of David. In reality the poet was represented by Browning, and Saul depicted an entire world in despair.

Mr. Costolow, in his introduction explained that the key to the appreciation of poetry was imagination and he then asked the audience to go back three hundred years with him. He described the setting of this masterpiece being "rocky, windswept plains" where a stop was made at the camp of Saul after traveling several days by caravan. Here Saul relates many experiences, one of which is the recent singing of David. He then sends a messenger for David who attempts to recall in detail all that he has sung.

After this introduction and a short music prelude by Mrs. Costolow, Mr. Costolow began the lengthy recital of "Saul".

Interspersed throughout the reading were bits of very fitting music which were unusually impressive during the song of praise to Saul. The selection ended with the piano accompaniment.

Mr. Costolow's second number, "Love Among the Ruins", contained what are known as sixteen of the most perfect lines of poetry for word and sound pictures. In this poem Browning follows life very closely when he contrasts the attitudes of a lover in the morning and in the evening. He also depicts the greatness of love and the importance of two lovers meeting. They are because they look to the present and to the future, two of the most important things in life.

To this there was no music. It was unnecessary with the lovely music in the poetry.

One of the most outstanding points of this poem was the unusual, likable, rejected lover that was pictured.

The third selection was short and had for its theme a story about an old capitol in ruins. The most poignant idea was that that love is best which endures time and situations. It was impressed more deeply by the refrains of sweet music throughout.

This was an entirely new type of program here and was received very appreciatively.

Beta Pi Theta Initiates**Eleven New Girls**

At a meeting in the club room on Wednesday, December 9, eleven new members were initiated into the Theta Xi Chapter of Beta Pi Theta, national French society. The initiates are Frances Kayser, Ruth Baum, Mary Louise Burch, Teresa Blake, Mary Sue James, Mary Jean Clapper, Sarah Louise Greer, Erna Karsten, Mary Helen Kingston, Jane Laughlin, and Nelle Thomas.

The officers of the Lindenwood chapter are Dorothy Winter, president, Margaret Jean Wilhoit, Eleanor Eldredge, Virginia Keck, and Mildred Reed. The French society is one of the most active on the campus and has planned an interesting schedule.

Important Debates**Principia and Lindenwood Met**

Dr. Tupper, Miss Cracraft, Elizabeth Combs, Betty Hartt, and Katherine Leibrock, the President of the Debate Club, went in to Principia on Monday night, December the seventh Monday night, December 7, to debate with a Principia debate team of men on the subject Resolved: that Congress should enact legislation of industry. (Constitutionally waived.) Betty Hartt and Elizabeth Combs took the affirmative side, and held their own well against the Principia men.

The party from Lindenwood was entertained at dinner at Principia and after the debate, the Principia Debate Club entertained them at a reception.

On Thursday night two girls from Principia, Patricia Dickerman and Ruth Moore came to Lindenwood to debate with Margaret Jean Wilhoit and Mary Louise Burch on the same subject as that debated on by the other members of the two debating teams on Monday. At this debate Lindenwood took the negative side of the argument.

A short reception was held for the two debaters and their alternate, and Mr. Ford, the coach of the Principia team, after which they had dinner with the Lindenwood debaters in the dining room. Other members of the Principia club came out after dinner to support their team. At eight o'clock the Lindenwood Club gave a reception in the club room for all the members of the Principia Club who were present.

Sigma Tau Delta Meets**Dr. Gipson Given Degree**

Sigma Tau Delta entertained in the library club room at 5 o'clock on Thursday with Dr. and Mrs. Roemer, Miss Gordon, Miss Cracraft, and all the Junior and Senior English majors and minors as their guests.

Refreshments of tea and Charlotte Russes were served, after which Miss Cracraft reviewed the Pulitzer prize play, *Allison's House*, by Susan Glaspell. The play deals with the life of Emily Dickinson, and the review was a very interesting one.

Xmas Foods Contest**Holiday Cakes and Candies**

Have you smelled the tantalizing aromas from the Home Economics rooms? Miss Anderson was recently approached for an explanation. The students in the food department have been preparing their boxes for the annual Christmas contest. They have made dark and light fruit cake and are now preparing Christmas candies. Among the many varieties of the latter are bon-bons, mints, chocolate creams, peanut brittle, and apricot circles. Can you stand more? The girls in the department furnish the materials for which the delicacies are concocted and take them home Christmas to surprise the home town. Next Wednesday will be the day of judgment when it is decided which box is the best. The person who prepared that box will be reimbursed the money which she spent for the materials. Obviously the few days before Christmas would be much more bearable if every teacher could assign, for instance, bon-bons and chocolate creams for the next hour. However, to hold this against the various instructors would be more than useless. It would be idiotic. Therefore, power to the foods department!

Delightful Recital

A delightful student recital was given Tuesday afternoon, December 8, at five o'clock, in Sibley Chapel, by the students in the organ department. This program made an interesting contrast to the usual student recitals which are composed largely of piano, voice, and violin numbers.

The first group played by Helen Zimmerman was made up of Cueppens' "Priere" and Harris' "Minuetto Pomposo", which were lovely numbers contrasting in mood. The first was in a minor key and was played with a great deal of interpretation. The second was of a majestic nature and was done well.

Vida Patten played the second group of Kinder's "Berceuse" and Roger's "Invocation". The first number was short but it had an unusually nice rhythm and melody that was brought out well. The second number was lovely and Vida played it with a fine tone.

The third group, played by Mary Louise Burch, was composed of Flagler's "Prelude" and Stern's "Postlude", two contrasting numbers. Nice shadings in tone quality were noted in the first selection and the second number, which was lively, showed a good touch and fine technique.

Major's "Intermezzo" and Stoughton's "Nocturne" were played in the next group by Lillian Twaedie. Excellent interpretation and flexibility were evident in the first, and in the second familiar favorite the swing and rhythm was especially captivating.

Ruth Adams played The "Nocturnette" of D'Evry and "Marche Pontificale" of Lemmens for her group. The tones in the first were of a lovely quality, and the heavy part was charming. The second number was in a martial style and was quite difficult and technical. The subdued part was lovely.

Jacqueline Vanderluer was able to play only the first of her group composed of Stoughton's "Dreams" and Dubois' "Grand Chorus" due to the limited amount of time. This, however, had lovely harmony and melody and was phrased in a charming manner.

Audrey McAnulty also was unable to play both of the numbers of her group. Jenkins' "Dawn", which she did play, was a sweet and very delicate number and had some beautiful descriptive passages. The change in moods towards the end bringing it to a magnificent climax was beautifully interpreted. The selection that Audrey would have played as the other in her group was Jenkins' "Night".

Wonder Why?

Wonder why we wonder why? Why grown-ups become so interested in toy departments that the youngsters don't have a chance?.....No one wants straight hair anymore?.....Everyone has eliminated starches and fats for the past week?.....Our Christmas snow seems to be having such a struggle getting here—is Missouri becoming tropical?.....One always looks so blank when attempting to look intensely intelligent in an 8 o'clock class.....one's mind invariably starts a vacation weeks before the holidays really begin? Someone doesn't invent some entirely new gift suggestions to end our Christmas worries?.....One always begins to look worse to oneself in regard to complexion, hair, figure, etc. when a mirror is consulted just before going home?.....We don't have Christmas all the year around.....but, no, that wouldn't be fun. Oh! I give up. You wonder awhile.

Classic Concert

The college orchestra under the direction of Mr. Joseph F. Skinner appeared in its first concert of the year last night, in Roemer Auditorium before an audience composed of the faculty, student-body, and St. Charles visitors.

The concert differed this year from those given last year in that it was given entirely by the organization, and that the orchestra played two concertos, one with the piano and the other with the violin.

Much work had been done this semester preparatory to the concert, which fact was shown by its success.

The numbers, taken largely from the classics, were on a whole familiar and favorite ones.

The program was as follows:

Symphony No. 2 (London).....Haydn
I Adagio—Allegro
II Andante

Orchestra
Ballade et Polonaise for Violin and Orchestra.....Vieuxtemps

Katharine Davidson
Symphony No. 12.....Mozart
Fourth Movement (Allegro)

Orchestra
Aria—Je dis que rien ne m'équovante (Carmen).....Bizet

Dolores Fisher
Concerto for Piano and Orchestra in A Major.....Mozart
Allegro

Eleanor Kriekhaus
Overture—The Calif of Bagdad.....Boieldieu

Orchestra

Mr. Skinner deserves much credit for having directed this unusually large orchestra in such a delightful program as well as do the other music teachers for their instruction in the concertos.

Sleuth Reporter Gets Bad Results In Interview

How much do Lindenwood girls know about dates? Well—what kind of dates? Slang for engagement are something to eat? Neither. Although they seem to know more about these kind than about the other and more important kind. We mean the honest-to-goodness dates—dates of the year and month. One day last week, the inquiring reporter turned detective and very stealthily began to search for the knowledge with which some Lindenwood girls are rumored to be blessed. But do you think the work was successful? Judge for yourself. After many hours spent in thoroughly disguising herself, the reporter, approached an intelligent Junior—and who could possibly be more intelligent than a Junior—and started the conversation with a few casual remarks on the price of wheat in Bulgaria and the condition of hange-mails in Africa. The Junior was very fluent—saying "Oh yeah" and "uh-huh" with marked politeness. But her success was short-lived, for the reporter suddenly asked, "When was Mrs. Sibley born—in the last part of the eighteenth century or the first part of the nineteenth century? You know her birthday was on the first of January in 1800." Alas for the poor Junior who had known so much! For she said with evident cockiness, "Why she was born in the first part of the nineteenth century, of course." "But no, dear little Junior, replied "Sherlocks", the nineteenth century did not begin until 1801. Don't you see?" And the poor little Junior crawled off under the swing to cry, for she was disgraced forever. While the detective-reporter went home, threw her Sherlock clothes under the bed and lalled Watson in for a conference.

"Contributed"

Girls, don't disappoint us! Lindenwood girls have always had good reputations for hard work, and we expect the present student body to uphold the name which has been won for the school. Girls of other years have, during Christmas vacation, always taken home one book on each subject they were taking, and each day of the entire vacation, except Christmas Day, they spent twenty five minutes studying on each subject. Of course, this was outside the library work they did. The memory is so short that it is awfully easy to forget history dates, language conjugations, Ethics theories, and many more things, over a three week period. A short time spent in review each vacation day, except Christmas Day, will keep the mind perfectly fresh in regard to all school work; and when classes begin again on January 5, they can fall right back into the old routine. Isn't that a pleasant thought? You know, we all hate any deviation from the plan of life we are used to.

It would be possible to write pages on the advantages of keeping in touch with school work while away from school, but we feel that a word to the wise is sufficient.

(Signed) Whata Prevaricator!

Santa Claus Now Visiting in Butler

Santa Claus is on Campus! No! Yes! Well, I haven't seen him. Where is he? Walk over to Butler and there he is peeking out the front door. He smiles fixedly, but I suppose anyone would with numerous thumb tacks holding him against the window of the door. There, now you know that it isn't really Santa, but at least it looks like him. And Butler is all decorated and waiting for the real honest-to-goodness Santa. First there is a Christmas tree in the Drawing Room. It is a big tree with colored lights and tinsel trimming. From all of the light fixtures are hung red and white pom-poms and there is a big red bell hanging in the hall. From this bell dangles what really is a baby's rattle and it "rattles" at intervals throughout the day. When any girl is going by she hits the rattle. There is also another rattle near the door to Miss Blackwell's office. So that when one is waiting for a telephone call, the monotony is relieved by swinging the rattler back and forth. Even Tom-Mack is decorated for Christmas. He is the big green frog which holds open the office-door. This week he is receiving friends while he holds a big white and red pom-pom in his open mouth.

Reports on Woman's Status Read at Voter's Meeting

The League of Women Voters met Tuesday evening in the Club Room. Several interesting papers were read. Marjorie Taylor gave a report on Public Safety, Health, and Morals. She told about the precautions that the Federal Government takes to protect the lives and health of its subjects. Laura Hauck read a paper on the Legal Status of Women in the states from which the majority of the Lindenwood girls come. She told about laws governing divorce, suffrage, and ownership of property. Eleanor Eldredge gave a report on Women and Citizenship. She told how women can retain their citizenship after marrying a foreigner. And how citizenship is lost when a woman marries someone who is ineligible for citizenship. This meeting was the last that the League will have until after Christmas Vacation.

Former Students Succeed

Business Students Write of Work

Miss Allyn, departmental head of the Secretarial department, has recently received some very interesting communications from students who have "been and gone" at Lindenwood. One of the most interesting of these was from Miss Helen Sweeney who has been connected with the Southwestern Bell Telephone Company in Kansas City for some time. Miss Sweeney has had several distinctive honors with her company and writes entertainingly of many of the functions she is called upon to do in her secretarial capacity.

Miss Ruth Jacobson, graduate of the class of '30, writes that she is also in Kansas City and working in the offices of the Order of DeMolay. She is extremely happy in her work and sends remembrances to all the faculty and girls at Lindenwood.

Miss Allyn has even had reports from a pupil of last year Mary Elizabeth Williams, class of '31, writes that she is with the Folds, Buck, and Co. Bonding House in Indianapolis, Indiana, and that while they are feeling the depression she feels certain it "won't be long now" until everything will be going strong again. Mary Elizabeth also sends greetings to Lindenwood and writes much news of other girls who did not return this year.

Physical Education Advantages

Miss Stookey Tells of Opportunities Derived

Miss Margaret Stookey, Head of the Physical Education Department, spoke on the "Advantages of Physical Education" to the Freshman Orientation class on Tuesday, December 1.

Upon entering college a girl may be undecided as to which course she wishes to major in, and she must learn, many times through experience, what she is best fitted to do. Miss Stookey urged that each girl decide enable her to do this thing she likes be clean her room, swim, dance, write, or play the piano, and that she take up some branch of work which will enable her to do this thing she likes best. Whatever is majored in may be a life occupation, and "if you like it you will do well, if not, you will not be a success."

Under the head Physical Education, come many branches of work, such as dancing, swimming, gymnastics, and sports. Fairly good health, love of the work, ability to teach, a certain amount of initiative and leadership, and a willingness to work will be required of the major in this field.

The opportunities for positions other than those in public and private schools or universities are numerous. Some of them are with the Y. W. C. A. private clubs, playgrounds, recreation centers, summer camps, settlement districts, and reducing departments.

If a girl is interested in dancing she may start a studio of her own after she has completed her course. Miss Stookey gave many examples of Texas girls now famous, whose opportunities arose through their ability to dance.

Miss Stookey mentioned magazines in the library and in her office including the "Journal of Health and Physical Education", "Sportswomen", "Recreation", "Dance", a New York publication, "Dancing Times" published in London, and "The Dancer", a Hollywood publication, any of which might be of benefit to those interested in Physical Education.

LINDENWOOD'S CHRISTMAS STORY

"THIS YEAR"

(By Edna Hickey)

A young man slammed the door to the second floor front hall room, and went down the stairs whistling *Jingle Bells* in a questionable key. He slowed up when he came to the front parlor.

"Hello, Mr. Mueller," he said. "I'm going out to get some Christmas spirit. Would you like to go along?"

A little sigh like the soft rustle of a falling leaf came from the figure in an old sunken chair.

"No. No, thank you. I'm going to do a lot of reading tonight, boy. And, see, this is only page sixty-two. I'll finish the book. Quite."

And he nodded his head, quick little jerks that sent his white hair flying. Then he reached for his glasses and pulled them low on his nose. Slowly he closed one blue eye and brushed the ends of his mustache with a tentative thumb.

"But Miss Martin. Yes, I'm sure."

With a quick movement, he pulled off his glasses and said, "You ask Miss Martin."

The young man looked at his shoe. It was merely black, and nothing was wrong with it. But he looked a long time. When he glanced up again, he saw Mr. Mueller's soft face wrinkled in a knowing smile. Then he too laughed and said, "Aw—well, I guess I will." He turned and walked down the hall with a light step. Old Mueller adjusted his glasses, looking fixedly at page sixty-two.

At the door of the last room, the young man stopped. After a moment, he knocked. Immediately the door opened and a gay voice sang out "Hello".

"A—hello." The young man stretched his dry lips into a thin smile.

"I was just saying to old Mueller—say, you know, he's still reading that same book he was reading last week, and he's still on page sixty-two."

"He is?" said the girl.

"Yea. He—a—would you like to go out and scout around with me? Christmas spirit, you know."

"Sorry. I've got a date."

The young man ran a gloved finger along the ridge of the door, pressed his hand to his dark coat, and left a gray streak there.

"Sure," he said. "Well, I guess—I mean, so long. Lights, and noise, you know. Christmas Eve. (Gay outside. See you at the turkey feast tomorrow? I—."

He shoved his hat on with a thoughtful push and edged toward the door. The girl smiled and turned toward the front parlor. She heard the door slam. Old Mueller looked up.

"Why, Miss Martin. Didn't you go out with your young man to pick up some—"

"Christmas spirit? No. He didn't want to look for spirit, Mr. Mueller. He wants to buy something. I'm very fond of him—so fond that I like to save his money for him. I think it's foolish to spend all one's money just for Christmas gifts. Anyway, I wanted to talk to you. I thought that you'd be lonely on Christmas Eve. Are you?"

"Lonely? Oh, I don't know. Of course, other times—and this year—but no, I have my books." He held up a blue-backed volume, and the girl noticed that his finger marked page sixty-two. She smiled.

"How about you and Christmas spirit, Mr. Mueller. Don't you want to get a little of it?"

"Sit down, my dear." Mueller's eyes

followed her movements. She drew up a deep chair with inviting arms.

"Christmas spirit—red bells—bright things—they are for young people. Old people—" his hand folded over his book—"old people need their books. They have done with blowing horns."

"Tell me about your other Christmas days, Mr. Mueller. You know, before—when you were all together."

Old Mueller's eyes grew moist, a happy mist draping the girl in shadow until she seemed a phantom being. He held his hands together, fingertip to fingertip, and rocked his white head gently from side to side.

"One year we were all here. Let me see, that was five—no seven—years ago. Seven years. Bobby, my young son, my dear, got leave of absence and came home to us for Christmas. He was one for Christmas spirit. I remember that he always insisted on hanging these—what do you call those funny silver and brown cone-shaped things? Pine cones! He'd hang a pine cone in every window, and besides that, he'd want a red candle for that big window. For other people, you know. They could see it from the street. This year, I don't know. I haven't seen a single pine cone.

"John was home too. He was sick then, though. He coughed a great deal at dinner. He had to get up from the table and the turkey got cold. I remember Bobby said he was stuffing himself. He didn't want us, Mother and I, to know about John. John was a good son. Quite."

Old Mueller's eyes looked up to a smiling face on the mantle.

"Now Christmas packages, John could tie those bows—you know, I tried to do one for you the other day? Last year, I made some for Mrs. Gregg. But this year, I can't seem to twist my fingers right."

Mueller stopped for a moment and looked at his bent fingers. Old, they were, and wrinkled, stretched tight by years.

"You forgot Emily, Mr. Mueller. She was home too, wasn't she?"

"Oh, yes. Emily was so gay. I wonder—no, she couldn't know that the next year would be so different. She liked to fiddle around with evergreen trees. She'd stick her fingers more than once putting grains of pop corn on a string. When she'd get a string about—oh, I guess from here to the front door, she'd wrap it around and around the tree. Then she'd hang little green and red doo-dads on it. You know, it was kind of pretty when she got finished. We had candles then. None of these electric globes. Real flame. I don't know, I haven't seen a pretty tree this year. She—but you don't want to listen to an old man talk about past Christmas days. You ought to be with a young man enjoying this Christmas."

Old Mueller watched the girl with a wish in his eyes.

"But I do want to listen. Truly."

He settled back in his chair, nodding his head.

"Yes. Different this year. I haven't any Christmas spirit at all. Why, last year I had. And mother gone from me only a year, too."

The front door banged noisily, and a crisp voice called, "Mr. Mueller, do you think Helen will like....."

The young man appeared in the door. In one hand he held a limp Christmas tree, the paper wrappings hanging loosely from it. His hat was white-spotted, and the tree wagged a thin bough in front of his pink nose.

"Why, Tim—you—you look so funny!"

The girl laughed and then stopped. The boy looked at the tree and with a quick, snatching movement, thrust it behind him. He stared at the girl and she at him.

"I got it for you."

Old Mueller coughed and patted his book.

"You two run along. Put up your tree and stick some green and red doo-dads on it. It'll look pretty."

"Shall we?" asked the girl. And she held out her hand to the boy. He took it in his own. "I thought I'd ask you to help me," he said.

They left the room. Old Mueller looked at the empty hall. Silently he removed his glasses. The big window looked vacant. It needed something. He got up and walked to an old chest in the far corner of the room. Lifting the lid, he searched with one hand in the dark recess. At last he arose and carried a small something to the window. For a few moments, he stood there unmoving. Then he lifted a faded red bell and tied it to the shade. It hung there loosely by a pale string. Old Mueller raised a stiff finger and pushed the bell. It swayed back and forth, sadly, slowly. Then a gust of wind forced under the window rocked it gayly. From side to side it twisted, and then settled with the bright side to old Mueller's pale face. He laughed a little. Then he turned and picked up his book. He folded down the corner of page sixty-two and closed it. Christmas wasn't so different this year.

A SONNET

By Martha Mason

My beauteous maid, heed well that bird in flight.

That feathered-being gliding through the air,

As if in flug'ring here its soul would blight.

Or be improv'ished by a life of care. How can it know that winter's blast is near.

When even thou and I forget it now?

Why must it give up what it thought so dear—

The grassy nook, the flower, the leafy bough?

But even as that feathered-being flees

To lands of warmth and beauty and delights,

From wintry blasts and icy-covered trees

To gentle winds and soft enticing nights,

So must we flee from time's relentless toll,

And make eternal youth our endless goal.

PORTRAIT

By Ella McAdow

Before I can see through the gloom of the chapel, a feeling of limitless peace floods me. Without an echo my footsteps tread a soft rug down the center aisle past a sister kneeling quietly at her second "station" as immovable as the rusty-colored benches about her. Glowing on either side of the altar, a soft red light flames, one before the Virgin Mary, and one before the Child Christ. On a marble step kneels a second sister with a faintly clinking rosary between her fingers. Over her pale forehead flickers the flame to gleam in the soft grey of eyes gazing intently into the hard blue eyes of Mary. And from hueless lips comes the murmur, "Hail, Mary, Mother of God—"

GEORGIE

By Louise H. Walker

Little neighbor boy, running in my door,

Eating up my cookies, rushing back for more.

You have made me happy,

In a strange, new way.

How I love to hear you

Laughing at your play!

Happy little sprite, romping in the light!

You have eased my heartache, made the world seem right.

Carry on your antics,

Disarrange my rooms!

Time enough hereafter

For wielding mops and brooms.

Dear little boy, of the grave sweet eyes,

Gazing at me in wide-surprise,

Your soft little hands pat at my face,

Your lips curve in a lingering grace,

And I raise my eyes in silent thanks,

For your sticky kisses, your lovely pranks.

THEIR PRIDE

By Ingrid Aspegren

Look! look! was the general cry, whereupon all heads excitedly bent back and reaching eyes strained the sky. Yes, there she was at last. The largest transport hydroplane, the DO-X, in all her majestic glory, came soaring over the tall pines.

The sun caught her as it does a child's blond hair and made the plane shine like a bright silver bird against the blue sky. We lost no time in getting into the car, and in a few minutes we were all ready down at the flying field, waiting anxiously for the plane to land. There she was again gliding smoothly through the clear air after having paid her due respects to the city by circling around it. The hum of the engines was no longer soft, but loud now like the roaring of a whole squadron of pursuit planes.

The landing was on. She turned, faced the wind, and headed with rapid speed straight toward the far end of the lagoon. Lower and lower the flying boat gradually descended, when suddenly, pst, and she had touched the water. Like a mammoth speedboat she cut the waves, shooting on either side of the body a foaming, white spray—a sight, I think, I shall never forget. The propellers of the six powerful motors became quite visible and the blades flashed like knives.

The beautiful landing was over, but the memory long remained. Speedboats, motorboats, and all types of small pleasure crafts putted and purred around and under the wings of the plane, looking like ants examining a large grey bug newly dropped from the sky. Specks of people walked out of the cabin on the iron-like wing and cordially greeted the officials of the city.

If I should ever happen upon a million dollars my first step would be to take a transatlantic flight on the DO-X; so safe, secure, and strong does it appeal to me. Germany has much of which to be proud.

THE CAMELOT ROAD

By Betty Hart

On a road of crystalline gold and golden crystal

Down I went to Camelot.

On a road of crystalline blue and indigo crystal

Back I came from Camelot.

WILL TREES LIVE AGAIN?

By Betty Hart

Will trees live again
Now that they are dead?
I know they should be green
Again in the spring.
But somehow I am afraid
They will prefer this heavy sleep
To restless life.

AN OUTSIDER LOOKS AT
THE POST OFFICE CROWD

By Louise H. Walker

I like to watch the Lindenwood girls in front of the college post office where rows of numbered and locked boxes, each like a small treasure cave, are waiting to be opened by the magic of a golden key. Have you ever been outside the post office doors when they are opened just after lunch time?

First, you will wonder at the quietness of the crowd waiting about. You naturally expect a group of school girls always to be animated, chattering, giggling, but these are not. Of course, there is some talking, some laughter, but it is restrained, tense, expectant. These young, good-looking, well-dressed girls of Lindenwood College are an interesting lot, you may be sure. The air of flippancy, of careless disregard for conventions which you expect to find among college girls is missing. Instead, there is security of direction, serious aiming toward a well-planned future.

This first feeling of quiet will be quickly shattered when the post office doors are opened and the scramble toward letter boxes and package windows begins. Tongues are loosened, laughter mounts, and the shuffle of feet threatens for a moment to drown out every other sound. Shall we look at some of these girls and see just what mail-time means to them?

There is a senior girl, tall and slender, dressed in a trimly belted sports suit of wool, and wearing her hair maturely knotted at the nape of her neck. How her eyes brighten as the opened letter box yields a thick gray envelope! Her lips are parted in excitement; and we know she is longing to tear open that letter at once and read every word of it. Why doesn't she? That would be beneath the dignity of a Lindenwood senior. But the letter will be carried very promptly to the privacy of the young lady's room and more than probably spend the night under her pillow.

Let us see what this sudden burst of laughter is about. A charming youngster, most certainly of freshman vintage, is regaling the group of her intimates with details from a newsy letter from someone "back home." "Sister says that Charley is dating that Perkins girl again, since I came away. Couldn't that take a prize! He wrote me yesterday and said that he was dying to see me and just couldn't wait until Christmas vacation. Isn't that a man for you? Just wait until he hears about that Missouri U. fellow I met on the train. He can just throw a fit then and like it, for all I care."

There is a chorus of giggles, and a more timid young girl, with the softest of curly golden hair announces, "Mother's sending me a box with cake in it. Can't we have a spread in my room tomorrow night?"

College sophistication is not proof against the mouth-watering memory of the first cake which "Blondy's" mother had sent, and the group passes swiftly in interest from the amorous to the consideration of ways and means for a feast.

Dashing madly around us, a plump young lady nearly loses her footing

and skids across the concrete floor toward the mail boxes. She regains her balance by grasping the clothing of the nearest person; mumbles, "Scuse, please", snatches a letter and vanishes. No wonder she hurried away, for she had inadvertently clutched at the dress of a particularly dignified instructor! Even a freshman would be appalled by such an occurrence and for a sophomore the situation is too humiliating for words.

Over in the package room, there are many Ohs! and Ahs! as the various bundles are handed over the counter. What is inside these boxes and wrappings? Cake, candy, books, freshly laundered garments, new dresses, myriads of things, but out of each box, most certainly, there comes an abundance of love and affection, thoughtfulness and protection from home.

Look at this girl with the lovely profile, who holds a precious box close and runs into a darkened corner to open it unobserved. Shall we peep over her shoulder? Here is a dress, a gleaming satin frock for dances, with slippers to match, and a new set of underthings to wear with it. With a lump in our throat we avert our gaze from the happy tears which roll down those young cheeks; tears which are sopped up just in time to avoid spotting that new dress.

The crowd has drifted away, but here come two figures down the hall, teacher and pupil, earnestly discussing a problem in economic theory. We judge the girl is a senior, from the assurance and ease with which she argues her point. The instructor, answering with vigor and enthusiasm, breaks off in mid-sentence while turning the key in her lock box. Thereafter, both teacher and pupil turn away, absorbed in their letters, heedless alike of their interrupted conversation and of all about them.

Singly, and in twos and threes, girls drift in for mail, and depart in slow motion, reading as they go. But wait! Here is a poor bewildered youngster with wide brown eyes, flooded with tears. She gazes into an empty mail box, unable to believe her senses that no letter is there. The red lips quiver as she turns and hurries out of sight. We can only sigh and hope, with her, that tomorrow will bring another story.

We are about ready to go back to other considerations, when an excited group approaches. A vivid lassie, with tawny hair and flushed cheeks, her eyes bright with excitement, is talking rather loudly and with some shrillness. May she not be forgiven a temporary disregard of the instructions she has just received in Voice and Diction class? The case is exceptional. Her package could not be found. After much conferring and looking behind the post office counters, it had been decided that another girl had called for the box, possibly the shrill one's roommate.

However, a package is never taken lightly in a girl's college and the young lady is returning, bringing reinforcements in the persons of her roommate and several other friends. The postmistress is assailed with a chorus of:

"It must be here, I didn't take it out."

"Are you sure you looked good?"

"I saw the notice in her mail box, but I didn't take the package away. I thought she would—"

"Won't you look again please!"

"You didn't get it mixed up with some one's else's package did you?"

The lady behind the counter is tolerant and is long experienced in the ways of girlhood, so she smiles and looks again. And there, sure enough! Hidden behind other packages is the

missing box. Such a thing has never before happened. The post-mistress offers an apology, but it is needless. The treasured package is safe in two young arms and that is apology enough for any young Lindenwood College girl who has been away from home three long weeks. Laughing, chattering, exclaiming, they scamper off, carrying the box into class for lack of time to take it to the dormitory.

Here in the post office corridor, one may see every day just such intimate scenes; girls who are being trained to maturity and sophistication, casting aside for the moment, the earnestness of life and seriousness of education, to revel in the warm and comforting light of letters from home. They may be as sedate as you could wish in chapel, as dignified as possible in the lecture rooms, and perfectly quiet and studious in the library, but at the letter boxes, Lindenwood girls' emotions ride very close indeed to the surface.

TICK TOCK

By Lillian Webb

Girls' school,
Dorm room,
Black clock:
Time flies,
Tick-tock.

Large house,
Fine room,
Pink clock:
Time drags,
Tick tock.

THE NIGHT-BLOOMING CEREUS

By Elizabeth Combs

There are very few of us who would deny a curiosity or a deep interest in the creation and birth of something new. An experiment in chemistry is all-absorbing to the chemist who hopes to discover a new acid; the stars stir the very soul of the astronomer; and algebra holds romance for the mathematician.

I confess that I am not at all a student or even an interested on-looker in the study of botany but when I had the chance to watch the annual blooming of the night cereus, I immediately took advantage of my opportunity. The plant, when observed about thirty minutes before it unfolds, is disappointing. The three-foot stalk is covered with horn-like bristles and the tightly folded bud at the end is a mass of green scales which increase in size from the base of the bud to the tiny opening at the top. From this opening protrude ten or a dozen flame-red tips.

This small opening seems to yawn; then the green scales one by one fall to the floor beneath, all the while revealing the creamy blossom. An ecstatic little shudder runs from tip to root of the plant as though the breaking of the chrysalis were too sudden. All eight of the long petals lingeringly separate, still together at the bottom, but widening at the tips to show the full of the stamens which shade from flame to the deep yellow of the center ovate. The small pink veins, which cross and recross like the furrows of an old man's face, have quickly been flooded and darkened by red liquid fire caught from the flame of the stamen. For a few minutes the edges of the flower are cupped to hold the little beads of moisture that rest so lightly upon the petals. Then without warning the tips curl, the stamens droop, and the velvety petals are lifeless.

Birth, life, and death have unfolded before me. A life-time has passed in a short ten minutes.

THE PESSIMIST

By Marion Carlson

He sees the pains that birth must
wake,
The sorrows and ills that life must
take,
The hole in the earth the grave will
make.

Diary of an L. C. Student

By L. N.

Thursday.....walking up to a sort of dreary day but the good old Thanksgiving day snow couldn't wait until after nine-thirty.....at which time the snow started to fall and the league game was played on a very slippery field, even dignified seniors occasionally doing a very graceful five yard slide.....then dress for turkey and dressing and nuts and everything.....hearing a few of the old Alma Materers sing their song.....back to the room to give the ex-students all the gore.....down to the tea-dance to see all the good-looking clothes. I felt as if I were in a Co-ed institution.....drinking tea.....and then over to more food and more food and more guests. Play at night in a very full house.....I even saw people standing up.....to bed.....and a turkey chased me all night.

Friday—Classes, but everybody going around looking like too much turkey and griping 'cause they gained about two pounds.....about five tables in the dining room at dinner.....to bed early with dreams of the city for the next day.

Saturday—Big city all dressed up for Christmas.....Stood with my mouth open watching the big Dinosaur in Stix Baer.....New dress to take home Christmas.....Boo-o-o Frankenstein.....came home and was afraid to sleep alone.....even then I saw that awful Frankenstein all night.

Sunday—Slept till the world looked rosy only it didn't get rosy.....More food.....bet I look like that Dinosaur when I go home Christmas.....slept and studied in the afternoon.....wondering what ought to be done with teachers who assign six-weeks exams.....Dr. Southwick at night.....envying anyone who could know Shakespeare like that.....bet he would make an E in Dr. Gipson's course.

Monday—Classes.....classes and more classes. Guess I'll start a Utopian college someday with no classes on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.....Wonder who started that anyway?.....Oh yes and I would have great big overstuffed chairs in each class room, wouldn't that be great? But there goes the bell for dinner guess I'll quit dreaming about colleges like that and get back to reality by absorbing some of Miss Walter's plans.

Tuesday—Wonder who invented bells?.....especially those which ring at 6:45 in the morning. Bet if I ever met Mr. Bell Man in an alley with a baseball sometime I wouldn't trust myself. Classes and chapel and dinner and bed.

Wednesday—Cut class today.....Wonder if Dorothy Parker would mind being parodied a bit....

.....Cut my classes all day through

For tomorrow I might die,

But alas! I never do.

Thursday—Classes and Browning being read by the Costolows. I love Thursday afternoons because all I have to do is go over and blow through my empty box and come home and "relax" for the whole afternoon.

Friday—My week is made up of Blue Mondays and Good Fridays and this is a good Friday because six weeks exams are over for the year. I won-

When Santa Claus invented Christmas vacation for girls' schools?..... Bed early tonight cause I'm going to see the city dressed up for Christmas again tomorrow.

Saturday—The city.....a few new things as many as the depression allowed.....some new powder.....I love to buy powder the clerks always put every kind they have in the store on your face and then I always buy the same kind anyway.....Had some good food, jumbled home on the street car and so to bed.

Sunday—City again.....I just love to go to the city on Sunday.....Being able to go to the city on Sunday is such a grand feeling. Only one thing bad about it though and that is that on Friday night when they have fish I always want to go out and then I regret being so flippant on Sunday but then.....

Monday—Got up on the wrong side of bed.....a black cat crossed my path on the way to breakfast.....and got my six weeks exams back..... Wonder if Job felt any worse..... Speaking of blue Mondays I think this was about three shades darker.

Tuesday—Student chapel.....can you imagine our dignified seniors going and getting themselves campused like that? Post office.....spent about an hour knocking the rust off my box trying to get my letter and then it wasn't one that I even wanted.

Wednesday—Sorry I can't scream to you diary.....because exactly one week or 7 days or 168 hours from today we leave.....can you imagine that? Classes and chapel and studying..... Do you know that I have a teacher who assigned a paper due the day we leave? What would you call a teacher like that?

Thursday—Lovely faculty recital this morning.....Sigma Tau Delta tea this afternoon and debate tonight..... Speaking of full days they don't make them much "fuller" than that, do they?

Friday—Alpha Psi Omega play.....its great to see all the to-be Barrymores at Lindenwood.....Wish I could do something.....I always feel so useless after I come home from a play or a recital or something.

Saturday—Busy pressing my clothes and brushing them so I can pack them and get them all wrinkled again..... Wish I knew the secret about keeping your clothes in press.....

Sunday—Nice day but felt sort of weepy at night hearing the choir give that lovely concert.....I'm still working on that paper even if my mind is in a part of the country where it is much colder.....and there aren't any papers to write.

Monday—Christmas tree in the dining room and everything.....everybody getting a present.....Santa Claus making his visit to Lindenwood a little early to make it more convenient for the rest of the country because of course he would have to come here first.....Wonder if he comes down that big long pipe, to the kitchen, on Ayres roof.....

Tuesday—Now I ask you diary.....be reasonable.....you don't expect me to take care of you when here I have all my bags to pack.....and I'm so excited I can't sit still long enough to write you about it.....how do you pack a bag right?.....I think I'll put one bag on one side of the room and one on the other and stand in the middle of the room and throw things in each one.....Wonder if that would work?.....Oh good night I'm so excited and the sophomores are singing to the freshmen.....guess everybody gets sweet at Christmas time.....I can't write another word cause I'm going home.....home.....

(P. S.She did live through it.)

BITTERSWEET.

By Maurine K. McClure

We have a bit of orange bittersweet
To light our dark and dull and
dusky room.
It casts its spell upon the empty
street
And shades its sunny light in our
thought gloom.
We have it in a vase of apple
green;
It sits upon our painted window-sill;
It warms our hearts when frosty
air is keen.
When autumn's blight wrecks every
tree and bell
And bunting Jack Frost comes down
o'er the rill.

"Large Representation"

Twenty-six St. Louis Girls choose Lindenwood

St. Louis should well be proud of the large number of girls attending Lindenwood representative of that city. There are twenty-six St. Louis girls who are students at the college. Among this number there is one senior who is one of the outstanding girls, both socially and scholastically on the campus. "Sweetheart" is her assumed name. Although this is her last year—a succeeding number of the Kelley family is following along in her sister's footsteps. Everyone knows both Anna Louise Kelley and Ruth Katherine Kelley.

Among the members of the Junior class there are five who are St. Louis girls; Margaret Omohundro, who is majoring in athletics; Teresa Blake, an all around good sport, is majoring in French; Lillian Webb; now who doesn't know her? She'll someday teach English in one of the St. Louis schools; Arline A. Aegerter, who is a new Junior at school has reported that she likes Lindenwood very much, and from her popularity the Juniors should feel well proud of her. Elizabeth England, is Junior President, a Home Economics major and a Kirkwood import; does the reader need to be told that Elizabeth possesses all the qualities of a genuine person?

Helen Rieth and Ellen E. Jennings both sophomores, are on the road to success. They have high expectations of someday being Physical Education teachers, and from all appearances they will undoubtedly succeed. "Ginger" Sterling is majoring in toe-dancing, her latest idea is toe-tap. Next year this time, Ginger might be on the stage.

Ruth Malda Schaper, Elizabeth Jane Thomas, Grace Beardsley, Margaret Blough, Naomi Ratz are other members of the Sophomore class who represent St. Louis at Lindenwood.

Dorothy Hope Miller, the well known freshman on the campus, is famous for her interpretive dancing. The two other girls who are imports from University City are, Juanita Meckfessel and Aneta Blaleck. Veri Schaumburg has proven, already in her first year at school, to be quite an unusual artist. Marjorie Carter Steele whose home is in Webster Groves, certainly has proven to be a typical "personality" girl. There's no doubt that she has "gone over with the big majority." Pernis T. Remmers, Marjorie Elizabeth Hammer, Maurine McClure, Virginia Sodemann and Irma Catherine Kilngel are the other representatives from St. Louis attending Lindenwood College.

Read the Linden Bark.

WEDNESDAY, W. C. A. TOLD.

By St. Louis Secretary

Last week's Y. W. C. A. meeting was featured by a talk by Mrs. R. Buffham, general secretary of the St. Louis Y. W. C. A. For many years she has been interested in and associated with the "Y", and can tell many interesting cases where girls' entire lives have been changed through their connection with this organization.

For the work it has done, for the work it does, and for the way it works, Mrs. Ruffham cares a great deal for the association. Her affection for it comes from the power it has and from its all-inclusive program. College girls, business girls, industrial girls, foreign girls, and colored girls can all find a place for themselves in its large and varied schedule. Even the younger girls can find their place, in the Girl Reserves.

The Young Women's Christian Association is not an organization, a society, a clique, or a static thing, but is a movement—a movement of girls and women the world over of all ages, races, colors, and stations in life, who are undertaking to find new ways in which all may work together. The "Y" has served as a sort of pioneer educator in making public opinion realize what girls need, and is dynamic in that it is constantly finding new needs and making efforts to satisfy them.

The question has been asked whether the association is religious with a social aspect, or social with a religious aspect. It is truly a religious organization, but its members are not made to realize this from preaching but from the undercurrent which controls it and which influences them.

In conclusion Mrs. Buffham invited all Lindenwood girls to make the St. Louis Y. W. C. A. their headquarters when in the city. They may make telephone calls from there, leave packages, have lunch, or rest, and feel perfectly welcome to do any of these things.

Where Are The Members of Our Y. W. C. A.

Have you ever felt embarrassed for someone else? If you go to any of the Y. W. C. A. meetings you have certainly had this experience, for you have been embarrassed for the girls who were not there—simply because they were not there.

In a school the size of ours it seems a shame that we can not have a larger Y. W. active membership, when the organization has such an interesting program, and when it holds its meetings at a time which does not conflict with any other activities. After a speaker has been invited and has to make a special effort to come, it is indeed disappointing to both the visitor and the officers who have given the invitation, to have only a few girls come to the meeting. The trouble with most of the girls who do not attend is that they have never been to even one meeting and learned just how interesting the meetings are, and how nice it is to feel they belong to such an organization.

Every girl feels it an honor to belong to a club, society or sorority which has chapters in other parts of the country and which is known as a "National". Have these girls ever stopped to realize that our Y. W. C. A. is a chapter of an enormous organization which is well known and respected not only in this country but also in forty-nine others.

ON THE CAMPUS

An air of anticipation overloaded with excitement pervades the campus this week.....racking of brains in find the right gift for our House-mothers.....Everyone rejoicing over "Shing", our popularity queen..... People returning from the city stacked high with gifts, and telling about Duke Ellington.....Good salesmanship displayed in the selling of Red Cross stamps and play tickets.....New cats arriving in Anatomy class amid squeals of delight (?).....Mr. Thomas' recital accepted with enthusiasm..... Everyone rooting for the L. C. debate team.....The last vesper service before Christmas!.....The party in the dining room a huge success.....packing of bags and trunks, and soon..... HOME!

Mr. Motley Announces Christmas Seal Sales

Mr. Motley made an announcement in chapel on Monday that was greeted with sounds of joy. He announced that the time for ordering railroad tickets for the trip home for Christmas vacation was at hand. Also he announced the Christmas seal sale which takes place every year at this time on the campus. The girls who will sell the seals in each building are: In Ayres hall, Mildred Reed, Maurine Brian, and Margaret Carter; in Butler hall, Gretchen Hunker, Doris Martin, and Ruth Tuthill; in Sibley hall, John Ann Jones, Theo Frances Hull, and Marjorie Wycoff; in Irwin Hall, Addys Brown, Mary Helen Kingston, and Jennie Jefferies; and in Niccolis hall, Madeline Carr, Dorothy Peterson, and Lois McKeenan.

Dr. Glipson complimented the lovely hand made Christmas cards which the Art department is selling, and also urged the girls to support Alpha Psi Omega in their sale of tickets for the Christmas play, "Belinda".

WHO'S WHO?

Whoever said that good things always come in little packages must have had a certain diminutive senior in mind. Did you ever notice her expression change when Yale is mentioned? She is the girl who peeks above the little pulpit in chapel and asks you to buy an annual. Besides this very important task on the campus, she is an officer in Beta Pi Theta and a member of Pi Gamma Mu. How about that for a "big package?"

If you want to know more about her wander up to second floor Butler sometime—where she'll be if she isn't over in the annual office or in the History office. If you "parlez a little francaise" all the better because more than likely she will be "doing french". Look for one of the most popular girls on the campus,—dark curly hair, brown eyes and a big grin and you'll have her.—Sure I knew you could guess!

A

Merry Christmas

To All

COLLEGE CALENDAR

Wednesday, December 16:
Vacation begins at noon.

Sidelights of Society

The main topic of the day at the holiday season is where everybody is going to spend Christmas, and what forwarding address they are leaving for Jolly Old Saint Nicholas. The good old saint sent a runner to Lindenwood College to inquire around among the faculty to see just where they were going to hang up their stockings so that he wouldn't send any of his elves down the wrong chimney and get the drums where there should have been blocks—or the other way around.

Much to his regret the little elf wasn't very successful with Dr. and Mrs. Roemer, for the latter would just smile mysteriously, and say: "Well—I just don't know!" So there will have to be one stocking filled to overflowing and left waiting on the GABLES steps with hopes of it being claimed by the right two people.

Dr. Gregg saw Santa's messenger coming and was all prepared with her statement. She is going to belie the vacation supposition, and go to Madison, Wisconsin, to work with the State Historical Society. We have a hunch, though, that sandwiched in between Oregon Trails and Pioneer history there will be a place for some Christmas cheer, for even those good old frontiers celebrated this one season.

Miss Parker was taken off guard by Santa's little emissary and would "have nothing to say." Perhaps she even asked the elf what he would suggest as a really interesting place to seek that elusive thing called "Christmas spirit". At any rate there is a mysterious bulge in Santa's pack that looks suspiciously as if it were for Miss Parker!

When approached on the subject of Christmas Dr. Case was all smiles. Perhaps there are two very good reasons for that anticipatory smile that said, "I'm spending all Christmas vacation right in St. Charles." There will be reindeer tracks on the Case roof he eve of twenty-fifth.

When questioned as to her vacation plans our registrar, Miss Scheidrick, said that she has none at present except to remain here at school. The schedules of Juniors and Seniors must be checked to make certain they are taking the requirements for their degree, and the approaching vacation affords opportunity for this work.

Miss Schaper plans to spend a portion of her vacation with her family in Washington, Missouri, and the rest of it in St. Charles. The main thing she expects to do is library work at Washington "U" and the St. Louis library on a special research project on which she is working.

During the vacation Mrs. Jennings, of the German department, is going to tell her two little boys many stories, decorate their tree, and enjoy them in general. A part of the remaining time will be put in on a sixty page thesis on "Symbolism, Realism, and Naturalism as exemplified in Hauptmann's *Die versunkene Cloche* and Hebbel's *Marla Magdalena*", which will require the reading of about twelve books, and which she is writing in German toward her doctor's degree. She said, "The remainder of the time I shall just rest," but we feel certain she won't have much spare time, with a program like this one ahead of her.

Instead of going west this year, Dr. Gipson intends to spend part of her

vacation, including Christmas week itself, down in the Ozarks. "Having never been there, I am certain I shall enjoy myself; and I intend to explore many of the fascinating places of which I have heard much," she said.

These Faculty Members are Headed For "Home"

Dr. Ennis will go to her home in Illinois and then she will attend a Science Convention in New Orleans.

Miss Karr, head of the Mathematics department will spend her vacation at her home in Indianola, Iowa.

Dr. Linneman will divide her time between St. Louis and St. Charles.

Miss Lear plans to go to her home in Madison, Missouri.

Dr. Terhune has delightful plans for the Christmas holidays. She is going to spend part of her vacation with her aunt and uncle in northern Indiana and the remainder of the time, especially Christmas Day, at her parents home in southern Indiana. For the first time in many years all of Dr. Terhune's family will be together for Christmas Day. Last year she was in sunny Spain for Christmas, many miles away from Indiana.

Dr. Evers intends to enjoy the holidays at her home in St. Charles.

Miss Wurster and her mother have planned an interesting trip for the vacation. If the weather is not too bad, they are going to motor to Indiana and from there go by train to New Orleans, an ideal place to holiday.

Miss Hankins is going to spend the vacation at her home in Webster Groves.

Miss Anderson will spend her vacation during the Christmas holidays in the northern part of Illinois.

Dr. Dewey plans to stay in St. Charles most of the time and make out courses for second semester work. He is also planning to take a trip to Leavenworth, Kansas with Mrs. Dewey and Joan, where they will visit Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Sawyer, Mr. Sawyer, having been a former class mate of Dr. Dewey's of the University of Minnesota, and a former Superintendent of schools in Minnesota.

Miss Allyn expects to spend most of the Christmas vacation in St. Louis; she has other plans of visiting relatives, with her Mother, later on.

Miss Tucker, with her sister Elsie, and Madeline Johnson, will drive to Lansing, Michigan, for the Holidays.

Mrs. LeMasters gave a charming bride party on Tuesday before Thanksgiving. Her guests for the tables of bride were Mrs. Roemer, Miss Hough, Mrs. Roberts, Miss Blackwell, Mrs. Wenger, Miss Clement, Miss Waye, and Miss Sayre. She served chicken salad, pimento cheese and bread and butter sandwiches, cranberry sherbet, olives and wiches, cranberry sherbet, olives, nuts and coffee. Thanksgiving motifs were carried out on the bride tallies and the nut cups were Puritan hats.

Barbara Hirsh and Mildred Keegan went to Columbia last week-end to visit at Christian College.

Rosa Lee Roche visited friends in St. Louis this week-end.

Dorothy Rush went home with Betty

Pershall to Granite City, Ill., for the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Ambler of St. Louis came out to Lindenwood last Sunday for a short visit. Their daughter, Mary Elizabeth Ambler, is a graduate of the college.

Hortense Yoffie spent the week-end at her home in Hillsboro, Ill.

Miss Hankins and the members of Pi Alpha Delta entertained the thirteen new girls in the Latin Department at a bridge party in the Library club room at six thirty o'clock on Thursday, December 3. Following the game, refreshments of cup cakes and coffee were served.

The Day-Students, thirty-five strong, are going to have a real Christmas party. They are going to motor to Evelyn Knippenberg's country home in Howell, Missouri. They will go immediately after the last bell rings and Christmas vacation starts, Wednesday noon. Names have been drawn and each girl will receive a present from Santa Claus. Food committees have been chosen and such things as they have planned! Sandwiches, pickles, fruit, cakes, candy, and nuts! (We think it is fortunate they will not have to attend classes the next day). They will play many games and there will be a program. They have not set a definite time for returning to St. Charles, but when asked say, "OH, some time in the evening." This is the first year the Day-Students have had a Christmas Party and will hereby create a custom.

Virginia Green went with Miss Rutherford to hear a lecture by Barnum Brown at the Soldan High School, Tuesday. Miriam Runnenburger and M. Caroline Davidson accompanied them into St. Louis.

The annual Weiner Sale of the Commercial Club was held January 7, Monday afternoon "all over the campus".

The Home Economics Club had quite an original idea for a sale for reducers, gainers and "stay the same". Sandwiches of a most tasty nature were sold. The members proved the idea "The way to a persons heart is through her stomach."

Home Economics Style Show

A revue of dresses made by the students in Home Economics classes was given Friday, December 11, at eleven o'clock in the Home Economics room. These dresses were displayed, to be judged according to suitability to wearer, in color, style, and selling quality.

The most predominating material was crepe; the colors and style varied. Elizabeth Bardwell wore a green silk crepe with lace sleeves. Grace Beardsley's dress was of the same material in tomato. Catherine Blackman wore a dress of the same color. Elizabeth Darling's dark red dress was trimmed in gold belt and buttons. Helen Furst wore an attractive black and white crepe. Joan Achelpohl's dark red dress had unusual adjustable puff sleeves. Irma Klinzel trimmed her brown crepe with a green scarf. Margaret Mojanier also used green material for a belt for her black and white dress. The Runnenburger twins, Elinor and Emily were dressed alike in true twin-fashion in flat crepes of wine color with tan collars. The dark brown crepe trimmed at the vest with orange and green was an attractive creation by Virginia Sodeman. Nelle Thomas preferred black cut on plain lines with attractive sleeves. Virginia

Turner wore a brown flat crepe with gold buttons; the dress was ruffled at collar, elbow, and in the back. Margaret Billington preferred two shades of green. Betty Burrows made her dress very plain. The color was black trimmed with white. Virginia Finley broke the trim lines of her brown crepe with a very wide brown belt. Annette Fleischbein wore a navy dress with a bow at the shoulder. Mary Graves trimmed her brown dress with rust collar and cuffs. She also wore a wide leather belt. Black satin cut on the bias with rhinestone buttons on shoulder was the style chosen by Evelyn Keck. Alice Kube's dress was of black satin also with a cowl neckline. Lucille Meinholtz wore a wine colored afternoon dress. Marie Nord wore an eggshell and brown satin afternoon dress. Henrietta Peterson wore green flat crepe. Dorothy Plass's dress was of a dark green crepe trimmed in eggshell satin at collar and cuffs. LaClaire Schmisser wore a two toned dress, green top and brown skirt.

Who says that the younger generation can do nothing practical? With as many students enrolled in the Home Economic departments, and the quality of their work this idea will soon be expelled.

Gifts to Take Away in Homeward Bound Trunks

Smart things, new things, gay things—but above all, useful things for the home bound College Miss.

We've a notion she'd prefer jewelry—bright handkerchiefs dainty underwear—gloves

You won't go astray on any of these and we've hundreds more to bring Xmas Joy.

Now that Christmas is almost here we wish you a merry one.

Braufman's
Cor. Main & Washington

STRAND THEATRE

TONIGHT

The World's most famous Play on The Talking Screen!

WILLIAM FARNUM

in

"TEN NIGHTS IN A BAR-ROOM"

with

Thomas Santschi—Lionel Belmore
Thomas Jefferson—Rosemary Theby
Sheila Manners—John Darrow
Robert Frazer

WEDNESDAY, December 16

"FRIENDS and LOVERS"

with

Three Stars— Adolph Menjou
Lila Damuta—Eric Von Stroheim

THURS.—FRI, December 17 and 18
A stirring drama of the Pathos in the
...myth of Woman's New Freedom!

"LEFT OVER LADIES"

with

Claudia Dell—Walter Bryon
Marjorie Rambeau
also

Comedy—Cartoon—Humanette—News