

# LINDEN BARK

Vol. 7—No. 12

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PRICE 5 CENTS

## Dr. Southwick's Portrayal Of Richelieu

"Masterpiece by a Master"

One of the most intensely interesting and talented men to speak at the Sunday night service, was Dr. Henry L. Southwick, President of the Emerson College of Oratory at Boston, who appeared before the faculty and student body, in Roemer auditorium, December 7.

This was Dr. Southwick's tenth visit to the school, and from the hearty reception given him by his audience, it was evident that his fame had preceded his appearance. This time the well-known play *Richelieu*, depicting certain incidents, and human touches in the life of that historically-great person, was read. Dr. Southwick believes that this play, which is not quite one hundred years old, is destined to last as long as drama exists. He believes that people will always be interested in this true portrayal of Richelieu, the statesman, who loved France above any man or woman, and who recreated her and made her more powerful the world over.

The setting was about 1642, at the time that young Oliver Cromwell was beginning to be noticed. He is depicted as the lion; while Richelieu, the man who dying said, "I have no enemies, except those of France," is both the lion and the fox. He is softened in this dramatic work and made to appear the thinker, a most human man expressive of great dramatic ability.

Dr. Southwick read selected scenes from the play, giving his own interpretation and explanation in between. He displayed the utmost artistry and delicate feeling in his portrayal of the personalities in the character of Richelieu, and of his ward Juliet, he especially surpassed himself. The mastery with which he handled the emotions of the great statesman of France; and his reserved and finished manner of displaying Juliet's love, will ever remain with the students of Lindenwood who heard a masterpiece given by the master.

## Pi Alpha Delta Members Guests in St. Louis

Pi Alpha Delta, the Classical organization of the campus, was invited to attend a "Vergilian Commemorative Programme", given by the St. Louis University Classical Club, last Saturday afternoon, in the University Auditorium. Fontbonne College, Maryville College of the Sacred Heart, and Webster College, who are affiliated with St. Louis University, were also well represented at the meeting.

Lindenwood's representation included Miss Hankins, sponsor of Pi Alpha Delta; Frances Blair, president, and Dorothea Lange, vice president, among others. The program was very interesting and worthwhile, especially to all those interested in the study of classics.



MISS DORIS FORCE  
SID WHITING PHOTO

## Popularity Queen Announced at Fete

Christmas Festivities Begin with Honorary Societies' Dinner-Dance

Christmas wreaths, much holly, and ribbon, artistically placed around the white walls of the gymnasium, and on the streamers that draped the lights, furnished a most beautiful and appropriate decoration for the gymnasium, Friday night, December 5, the scene of the annual Christmas party, given by Alpha Sigma Tau and Alpha Mu Mu. At the far end of the gymnasium stood a large tinsel Christmas tree, and in the corner nearby, a big white snowman.

The curtain at the front of the gym too, was a most Christmassy sight. Several green Christmas trees, of different sizes, a tiny brick house, with smoke rising high from the chimney, Santa, with his sleigh and reindeers, and a large yellow moon shining over it all—this finished the decorations.

And so, amid this atmosphere of Christmas, the dance went gayly on. An air of mysticism—a something in the general atmosphere, however, led everyone to look about them, to make sure just who of some certain six persons were present. And the situation became still more complicated when two or even three of the six were missing. Much whispering went on, and many even heard to say aloud, "I hope she gets it."

Time elapsed, and about nine o'clock there appeared many other persons, among them Miss Stookey, Mary Louise Wardley, and Margaret Jean Wilhoit. Everyone rushed to one end of the gym, and a large rope was stretched, and seats placed for the faculty. A programme was next in order.

Just then appeared Marietta Newton, in reindeer costume, bearing the sign "Santa's Dolls". And then came the eight French dolls, dressed gayly in green and orange crepe paper costumes. After their dance, Madeline Johnson and Alice Harryman present-

(Continued on Page 4, Col. 3)

## Thornton Wilder Coming

Lindenwood is repeating its policy, inaugurated last year with the appearance of Hugh Walpole, of having one very famous speaker each year. On Wednesday night, January 28, Thornton Wilder, the brilliant author of *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* and *The Woman of Andros*, will speak in Roemer auditorium. His subject is as yet unannounced.

Mr. Wilder graduated from Yale in 1920 and in the past ten years has acquired a splendid reputation as novelist and lecturer. His debate with Hugh Walpole, the English author, was so successful that it was repeated before an audience of three thousand people. The subject of the debate was "whether the reading of great fiction and drama throws a better light on experience than the reading of great history and biography". The result was a tie.

Lindenwood College should consider itself very fortunate in having so eminent a speaker here, and it should be interesting to compare this American author with Hugh Walpole, who was here last year.

## News From the Dean's Office

Dean Gpson made a most important announcement in chapel Tuesday, December 9, regarding the President's annual Bible prize. The subject chosen this year is, "Christ and World Friendship." The interesting part is that the same paper submitted in this contest may also be used in the contest conducted by the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, who have chosen the same title. The prizes for both the contests are very liberal, and it is the expressed wish of the Dean that a large number of students will bend their efforts towards these prizes.

A less pleasant but always equally important announcement was also made by the Dean at the same time. It seems that Dr. Gpson has decided not to ask those making low grades to "call" on her, but has instead sent the dreaded reports home. The big question now seems to be: Is it worse to have the family impress on college daughter all during the Xmas holidays the necessity of her doing better, or to face the music right here at school in the Dean's office.

## Lovely Christmas Cards In L. C. Art Studio

The art department is at present carrying on its annual Christmas card sale. These cards are personal greeting cards, and their artistic coloring and design make them desirable as a most appropriate and lovely expression of the spirit of the season.

The cards portray Christmas scenes with modernistic effects, Cathedral windows done in striking patterns, and beautiful silhouettes of the Madonna and Child.

## Dr. Roemer On Christmas At Y. W. C. A. Service

The last Y. W. service of the year was held in Sibley Parlors, Wednesday, December 10. A quartette composed of Dolores Fisher, Katharine Davidson, Pauline Brown, and Mary Louise Bowles sang Ave Marie. The selection was well received and the students enjoyed it.

Lucille Miller read the prayer and "Tid" Thomas, president of the organization took charge of the service. She spoke of the White Service which was to be held in conjunction with the choir concert and vespers, Sunday evening. "Tid" also read the scripture, Second Matthew: 13, and then introduced the speaker of the evening, Dr. Roemer.

Dr. Roemer spoke on the subject of Christmas and the spirit which generally accompanies it. Dr. Roemer mentioned the good fellowship which should and does exist in an institution of this kind toward the Christmas season. Some of the girls smacked their lips as he spoke of the food that the holidays bring, fruit cakes, meat pies and such.

After the address, the Mizpah was repeated and the evening came to a close.

## Santa Claus' First Gift Is For Dr. Roemer

Wednesday night, December 10, Sibley celebrated with a Christmas Party. The girls started gathering in the Y. W. parlor at nine o'clock. Dr. and Mrs. Roemer and Dean Gpson arrived soon afterwards. Dancing to popular music took up the time before the arrival of Santa Claus. The tinkling of bells heralded his approach, and then the jolly old saint was there himself. His first gift, an ash tray was for Dr. Roemer. Mrs. Roemer was remembered with a ducky little bird; Dean Gpson received a booklet on "Cow-boys" and Mrs. Wenger was presented with a complete electric grill. Presents were then distributed to the girls.

Ice cream, cup cakes, and appropriate sticks of candy were served. The usual Christmas carols were sung, after which the noted guests departed. The girls stayed on to dance some more. The pianists were Audrey McNulty, Albertina Flach, Maxine Luther, and Mary Ellen England.

The parlor was decorated in red and green. A charming Christmas tree, which sent thrills through every one, "presided" in one corner of the room. Eleanor Krickhaus, president of the Hall, acted as hostess.

## A Sad Trip

Lindenwood is sorry to hear that Twila and Elin Margaret Parker were called to their home in Dodge City, Kansas, last week. They had received word that their sister has sustained serious injuries in an automobile accident.

# Linden Bark

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DECEMBER 16, 1930.

## THE LINDEN BARK:

Oh, have I seen at some cathedral door  
A laborer, pausing in the dust and heat,  
Lay down his burden, and with reverent feet  
Enter, and cross himself, and on the floor  
Kneel to repeat his paternoster o'er;  
Far off the noises of the world retreat;  
The loud vociferations of the street  
Become an undistinguishable roar.

Longfellow.

## Merry Christmas

The Bark wishes one and all a VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS; and a HAPPY NEW YEAR. We are all leaving school with hope and expectation of having a grand time, and all of us shall have. So get plenty of rest (do I hear a laugh?) and come back to school ready to burn up the road in regards to studying. Again we Barksters wish you a Merry Christmas, and a Happy New Year.

## What Does Christmas Really Mean?

Jesus Christ was born to save the world from sin and the Wise Men followed the star and brought Him gifts. That is how Christmas came to be. It was the most sacred thing that ever happened on earth, and still ought to be considered as such.

Christmas, in the minds of the greater majority of people all over the world now, is just a time to have fun, to give and receive gifts, to have a Christmas tree, to have an expensive, big dinner, lots of candy and nuts, and a family reunion. It is the time to have parties and dances, in fact it is a vacation or holiday in which one dons his best clothes and makes merry.

How many people even stop to realize just what they are really doing all of this for? In the olden times this celebration was held to honor and acclaim Jesus Christ as the Savior of the world and all mankind. Now we sometimes wonder if it isn't just a time to give your friends gifts and wonder what they are going to give you. Do people even think about Christ at Christmas time? Do they pause long enough to stop and thank God for sending His only Begotten Son to save them?

Christmas is becoming more and more every year a season of hilarious merriment. Wouldn't it be better and more Godlike to subdue your Christmas spirit into thinking more of the real, sincere meaning of December 25, instead of the more material things this season offers? Think it over.

## Lindenwood's Founder Was A New Year's Blessing

The birthday of our own Mrs. Sibley comes several days before we return to school from the Christmas recess. Whether we remember the date or not, most of us will celebrate the event, for it is January 1.

Mary Easton was born the first day of the last year of the eighteenth century (the nineteenth century didn't begin until 1801). Her family removed to St. Louis in 1803, being one of the first of the English families in the little French town. As she grew up she was sent to the only seminary in the west at that time: Mrs. Tevis' boarding school for young ladies. The school was at Shelbyville, Kentucky, and could be reached only by horseback.

Miss Easton and her friend, Miss Lucas, were gay, and full of health and spirits. They were the belles of the town and of the surrounding countryside. They often attended dances at neighboring forts, riding all day, dancing all night, and making the return all day ride home the next day.

By the time she was fifteen Mary Easton was considered of a marriageable age. Major George Sibley being in love with her, the two were married without undue delay.

In 1818 Major Sibley was transferred to Fort St. Charles, and it was then that Lindenwood was really started, for Mrs. Sibley took in small groups of girls to educate them. The school was officially founded in 1827. Of Major and Mrs. Sibley's struggles to keep Lindenwood going little need be said now, for most of us are familiar with the story. Many women would have given up the fight, but Mrs. Sibley was a fighter, and not one of the many. She saw the school well established before she left it, about 1870.

It is hard to think what Mrs. Sibley would say of us girls of today. The new feminine styles would probably find favor in her eyes, as would athletic activities. She must have been quite an athlete herself, to have been able to make an all day horseback ride and dance all that night. Our dances are very different from those of her day, but she would likely find them as enjoyable as we do. Most of all, she would be delighted with what is being accomplished in the classroom.

## Time to Make Good Resolutions

Why is it that at the beginning of each new year we are all inspired to make resolutions? Perhaps it is because the old year is past history now,

## Deaths

### Dr. Case's Father

The faculty and student body were very much shocked to hear of the recent death of Dr. Case's father in Washington, Iowa. They extend their deepest and utmost sympathy to him in his sad loss of one so dear and near. Dr. Case left to attend the funeral, and until his return his classes will be conducted by a substitute.

### Much-Loved Former Student Is Auto Victim.

Lindenwood is very sorrowful over the news received that Miss Margaret Wolf, Ellinwood, Kansas, a student here last year, died as the result of an automobile accident.

Mr. Fred Wolf, her father sent this message to Dr. Roemer on December 8; "Our Margaret passed away in an automobile accident Saturday evening. Services Tuesday."

Margaret was a Freshman here last year. She belonged to the Kansas Club. It will be remembered that she lived on the first floor in Irwin Hall and had many friends among the students and the faculty.

### Two Christmases For L. C. Girls

One would truly think that Santa Claus had already arrived at Lindenwood. The campus is gorgeous. On the quad stands the beautiful, tall Christmas tree, decorated with literally hundreds of flickering, colored lights. All of the dormitories are decorated. One sees cheery holly wreaths, jolly Santa Clauses, and even sly little reindeers peeping from the windows.

About this time each year the whole atmosphere changes. There is an air of mysterious excitement traveling around the campus. Many cars have been driving up on the campus and invariably the people in them people in them gasp at the beauty and cheeriness of it.

Lindenwood girls are lucky. They have two Christmases instead of just one. It is hard to decide which one is the nicest. Here, there are, of course, the House parties, the exchanging of gifts, the packing and anticipation experienced before going home. There, we meet the folks and all of the old crowd. Both are very pleasurable seasons and we hate to see them end.

Whether we have made anything out of it or not, and we are beginning with a clean slate another year. Our ambitions for accomplishing great things during the next twelve months soar in the clouds as we breathe a sigh of self-satisfaction at the resolutions we are sure to keep this year.

Resolutions have been made in almost every possible field, from reducing to economizing. In fact anything that should have been done and wasn't, or anything you hope to do in the future falls under the heading of New Year's resolutions. How nice it is to have this traditional self-excuser on which we can lay the blame for things we are to do! If we never do them we always have the excuse that they were only New Year's resolutions and weren't supposed to be kept anyway.

What girl has not made resolutions at some time or other in her life? The more studious girl will resolve to get her lessons every day, including all outside work, so that she won't be behind at the end of the semester. The fat girl will resolve to eat only two meals a day, cut out all sweets, and take exercises every night before going to bed. The spend-thrift will resolve to save a part of her allowance, only go to St. Louis once a month, cut out breakfasts at the tea room, and walk back and forth to town. The lazy girl will resolve to get up for her eight o'clock classes and not cut so much, to study at least a half-hour every night, and to sweep her room every other morning.

Resolutions as these are made every year. The novelty of it lasts a few days, our conscience makes us keep them up for a few more days, and then they are forgotten. Just as it is customary to make resolutions at the beginning of each year, so it is to drop them shortly after they are made. However, people will continue to make them every year as long as there are New Years.

## LEAF SMOKE

By Margaret J. Wilhoit

I sat in the vaulted southeast wing of the Library, staring at the rafters of dull, polished wood which met in an oblique angle at the ridge-pole. The reference room was almost deserted, for it was after five o'clock on a bright October afternoon. Pale shadows of lavender and blue-gray began to sift down from the dim heights of the pointed recess, and I unconsciously shifted my gaze toward a half-open casement. On glancing beyond the window, I saw the delicate swirls of hazy blue vapor drifting upward in lazy spirals.

Almost simultaneously an impetuous breeze wafted the faint perfume of burning leaves to me. As I slowly inhaled the pungent, aromatic fragrance, the inner membrane of my nose suddenly became a mass of prickles, and my nostrils dilated. I quickly shut my eyes to enjoy more completely the pleasant, spicy odor. I held my breath in ecstasy, then began to sniff in excited little inhalations until my expanded lungs were filled with cool air heavily permeated with the cloying scent of burning leaves. I held my breath until my head throbbled with delightful pain from the monotonous pulsations of my blood. Gradually, I exhaled the oppressive burden from my lungs only to snuff again with short sob-like gasps, the incense-breathing air.

I do not know how long I remained with closed eyes, revelling in this purely sensuous exhilaration. Then my visual imagination conjured up an old man in faded blue overalls, methodically raking the dusty, brittle leaves from a terraced lawn, across the side-walk, and into the street. The rake's iron teeth grated harshly as they scraped the concrete. The old man stopped low to shelter with a gnarled, brown hand a leaf which he had lighted from his grimy corn-cob pipe. When he had carefully added the leaf to the under side of the raked-up pile, sparks spread until glorious bonfire lighted up his wizened and tobacco-stained features. I continued in my visualizations, and in my enjoyment of the sweet-smelling leaf smoke until a strident note which signified the hour of five-thirty preceded the librarian's prosaic announcement, "Closing time".

Merry Christmas!

# Lindenwood's Christmas Story.

## ZARYN

PRIZE STORY BY GLADYS CRUTCHFIELD

Bethlehem was overflowing with excitement. Teeming crowds filled the narrow streets and the babble of many voices filled the air—penetrating even beyond the city's gates. Dusty little donkeys brushed against the white garments of their masters as they were pushed from one side of the cobbled streets to another. Little children scuffed bare, brown toes over the rough stones as they clutched at their mothers' hands and scuttled out of the way of the donkeys' feet. All day long a continuous procession had filed in and out of the city, for the great Caesar Augustus had proclaimed that all the world be taxed. Each one was to be taxed from his own city and all these people were of the House of David, whose city was Bethlehem.

The great inn, located in the heart of the city, had been the center of activity since the news had penetrated the countryside. From early dawn to dusk they came, a tired people, to pay their duty to the great Caesar.

The inn-keeper, a bustling man, sparsely proportioned, was loud in his laments that his hostelry would give shelter to just so many and no more. His family of many children ducked in and out among the guests, enjoying the unusual laxness in their everyday life, and giving the affair a holiday aspect despite the air of depression which hung over the populace.

There was one of the inn-keeper's children, however, who could not enter into the fun. Little Zaryn, the youngest, was never considered—not even by his own brothers and sisters. All day long he sat crouched in some dark corner, staring out at the crowds of people, or stumbled along the outskirts of the thronged streets, always alone. His father scolded and fussed if he saw the boy around in the way—shoved him from his sight and shrugged his shoulders as if to dismiss the unpleasant sight from his mind, for Zaryn was afflicted, from birth, maimed in both legs until it was all he could do to drag his tortured little body from one place to another. Always neglected, often without food, the child lived his lonely life as much out of the way as possible, shrinking from human contact, and making no friends but among his father's beasts. Out in the stables he was well known, and here he spent much of his time, talking to the oxen, rubbing his hands over their smooth skin and sleeping in the manger when his tired will was exhausted.

Today, as usual, Zaryn was sitting in his corner when suddenly he was seized with a strong desire to go out into the larger room where the crowd was mingling. Unused to many people he was hesitant—undecided—but some inner urge seemed to press him forward until he was in the very center of the room, where his father was very suavely but determinedly refusing hospitality to a man and woman who were seeking shelter for the night. It was to the woman that Zaryn was strangely attracted. She was very tired, her shoulders drooping, but an aura of dim, suffused light hung protectively around her.

"It is not possible for me to give you cover for the night," the inn-keeper was saying, and the man turned and with the woman left the room. Zaryn followed—keeping some distance but never out of sight, until they had reached the street, and were standing,

hesitant, as if undecided where next to turn. It was then that Zaryn did an unprecedented thing. Almost fearfully he approached the woman and bowing as low as his miserable body would allow him, he addressed her. "If thou wouldst permit me, oh most blessed among women, my father—the inn-keeper's stables—are clean and warm—if thou wouldst care to rest there . . . ?" His temerity had frightened Zaryn so that he could only stand there, with an unspeakable appeal in his eyes.

The woman turned to her companion and called him by name—her soft tones sounding musically in the ears of the listening boy. "Joseph, why can we not do as the lad says? I am wearied from much traveling and sorely in need of rest."

"We will go with this lad, Mary, and may God bless him for the timely aid," and turning to Zaryn, Joseph spoke to him, "Lad, canst thou lead us where this woman may have rest?" and Zaryn, joyfully assenting, led the way to his father's stables in the rear of the inn.

He watched until Joseph had made Mary comfortable on a bed of sweet-smelling hay, and he respectfully withdrew—still basking in the sweetness of the smile she had bestowed on his starved little soul.

All afternoon he lay on the hillside where he could watch to see there was no intrusion. Once he rose and shuffled his uncertain way to the pump and returning placed a decanter of water in front of the big stable door.

When Joseph came to the door and, preceiving the water, took it within, Zaryn's joy knew no bounds. Uncomfortable as his position was Zaryn felt no pain. All the aches he had been accustomed to all his life seemed to have deserted him, and he was buoyed up by some unseen power that left him weak from suspense and delight.

The afternoon passed, twilight shaded into dusk, and darkness shrouded Bethlehem, transforming it from a bustling center to a quiet village nestled amongst the hills and valleys of Judea. Even the inn was silenced, and as the night grew older, Zaryn felt himself becoming more and more wide awake.

Suddenly he jumped to his feet—he listened for the familiar sounds of the cattle and sheep near by—but all was still. Something turned him toward the stable and through the darkness he could detect—first a faint flush, then a dim light that grew brighter as he came nearer—until as he stood directly in front of the door the earth was brilliantly illuminated by a light stronger than that of day. As he stood in an attitude of strained expectancy, the door of the stable opened and Joseph came out. Zaryn dropped to his knees but Joseph smiled and shook his head, pointing within. The brilliant light faded away, leaving only the faint radiance of approaching dawn, and as Zaryn raised his eyes to the faint radiance of the stable Joseph turned to the East and threw up his hands in an attitude of prayer and worship.

Inside, Mary was sitting by a manger, and her sweet, tired face held such a holy look that Zaryn felt the power of it surge through his whole body. At a signal from her he slowly approached until he was kneeling before her as best his poor legs would

permit him. "Rise, lad," she bade him, "and behold!"

And Zaryn rose and looked into the face of the Christ-child, lying in the manger. As he looked a faint smile appeared on the beautiful face of the infant—Zaryn felt new power come into his body—his legs straightened themselves—and for the first time in his life, he stood erect. For a moment the wonder of it was too great for him and then as he drew in deep breaths of the early morning air, he dropped to his knees before Mary saying, "I am made whole! I am made whole!" and turning, he stumbled out of the stable to the hillside.

As he strode along he gradually gained confidence, his head went up, and he looked at the world for the first time with undimmed eyes.

Several shepherds coming across the fields passed the striding boy and remarked among themselves as they continued their journey, "What an upright lad—the knowledge of the Lord is reflected in his face!"

Honorable Mention

### A GIFT THAT IS DIFFERENT

By Josephine Peck

The Girl wanted to give the Boy a Christmas present. An ordinary present such as a pair of bronze book-ends, a tie of glaring colors, or a gold fountain pen would never do. This gift was to be original, different from all the other gifts in the world; for, said the Girl to herself, "Our love is different. We love each other as boy and girl have never loved before in all the history of the world. Our love is the sort that maidens dream of and poets sing songs about, but that other people never know!"

She thought and thought, but she could not decide what gift would be lovely enough for her beloved. She visited all the great stores with their lighted Christmas trees and wreaths of red holly until at last she came to a little shop at the end of a lane. In the shop was an Old Man, with red cheeks and shining spectacles. His assistant was a Dwarf with a hooked nose; and together they kept shop, although few people bothered to go so far as the end of the lane to make their purchases.

The Girl entered the little shop. It was a wonderful place! There were little carved wood chests from Swiss hamlets; there were peacock feathers from Persia and long strings of amber beads. A green grinning Buddha sat in one corner and a spotted frog crouched at his feet and looked up at him with goggle eyes. A tiny gold fish leaped in a bowl of green water and a parrot croaked in a golden cage. Because it was the Christmas season, there were wreaths of mistletoe and glittering tinsel hanging on the walls and red candles were burning on the table. The sweet sharp smell of pine needles lingered in the air and over everything hovered that delightful, warm, oranges-and-gingerbreadmen coziness that comes only when everybody is thinking of toys and carols and laughing aloud because he is so happy. Surely she could find here what her heart was seeking!

"I want," she said to the Old Man, "something that is different from all other gifts in the world. My boy and I love with a love that has no equal. Our love is different, more beautiful than all other loves in the world."

Because the Old Man had such sparkling eyes, she told him more. "Our love is like the breeze at night that whispers to the rose-bush leaves. It's like—oh, it's like the morning-

song of birds, the patter of spring rain, the red warmth of holly berries. So I must have a gift that expresses all that."

The Old Man looked at her with a gentle smile. "I have just the gift that you are seeking. Ssh! there is no other like it in all the world. Look!"

He pulled open a secret drawer in an old walnut chest and, after fumbling about in its dark depths for a moment, drew forth a little silver box. With trembling old fingers he raised the lid. The Girl stood on her tip-toes and looked with held breath. In the wrinkled brown palm of his hand, the Old Man was holding a crystal ball, which seemed to gather all the lights from the candles into one sparkling gleam.

"See, look into it! You cannot find a beginning or an end, a wall or ceiling. Your glance travels on and on in the clearness. That is like love. Love has no ending and no murky, cloudy corners. It is bright and radiant and everlasting."

The Girl held the box tightly in her hands. "Yes, this little gift is the expression of our love. There is nothing else like it in the world. Oh, how I pity all the poor people who do not know how wonderful everything is!" She paid the Old Man a gold piece and went out into the gray-blue evening.

The Dwarf, who had silently watched the sale, chuckled to himself, and, rubbing his knotted hands, whispered in his thin, cracked voice, "You are a good fellow! I have seen you sell a dozen such balls in the course of today and you tell all the purchasers that there is no other such gift in the world. What merchants won't do to make sales!"

But the Old Man peered at him solemnly through his spectacles. "You are mistaken, my friend. Naught I care for gold pieces and sales! But don't you see? Every pair of lovers in the world in the ages past and to come thinks that their love is unique, more glorious than anything else in the world. They are really all alike; so one gift is suitable for them all. Don't you understand? Love is a miracle, my friend, but unlike all other miracles, it is repeated over and over again. That does not make it less lovely. It is like the Christmas season which comes every year through the ages but which we see only a few brief times. Go listen to the little boys singing carols on the street-corner, old companion, and dream that someone is sending you a crystal ball for a Christmas gift."

### OFF FOR HOME

By Pearl Hartt

Clothes scattered about the room;  
Bags being packed;  
Phonograph records racing  
With shrill voices;  
The box from home  
Almost untouched—  
Too excited to eat;  
A train whistle in the distance;  
Frenzied screeches and screams;  
Girls dashing in and out of rooms,  
Looking for articles lost or loaned;  
"Your taxi's here!"  
"Good bye!" "Have a good time!"  
"Merry Christmas!"

**Merry Christmas!**

AS TOLD BY UNCLE LEE

By Norman Rinehart

Christmas gif' mah chile, cum heah to me.  
 Ain't you gotta kiss fo' Uncle Lee?  
 Why honey, w'en I wuz a boy yo' size,  
 De Christmas spirit wud get me to rise  
 Befo' de birds began to chirp, or mules  
 Sta't stompin' in dey stalls, de crazy fools.  
 Up at de big plantation house I'd wait  
 Fo' Master Harry. He wuz always late.  
 I luv'd him den. He wuz de Lawd hisself.  
 He sed I wuz skinny, devilish elf—  
 Whut evah dat cud be. But I'd get gif's  
 Dat tuk a stronger man den I to lif's,  
 An' totes 'em to our little cabin. All  
 Us niggers had a high-falutin' ball  
 On Christmas night. W'en I grow'd  
 up into  
 A dancin' fool, I tuk my gal, my Lou,  
 An' made de othah blacks feel cheap  
 ex dirt,  
 Fo' Lou wuz queen, an' boy, dat gal  
 cud flirt!  
 She knew how fer to roll huh eyes an'  
 flash  
 Dem pearly teeth of huhs. She wo' a  
 sash  
 Of red about huh waist, an' beads of  
 pearls  
 She had a plenty 'round huh neck. De  
 girls  
 An' wimmen looked at huh an' sighed,  
 but men  
 Hung 'round to talk an' laugh, ez thick  
 ez sin.  
 Naw, I wuzn't jealous of dem black  
 boys.  
 To huh dey wuz lak many, funny toys.  
 An' she hed promised me dat she wud  
 marry  
 Me on de nex' full moon. An' Master  
 Harry  
 Hed sed it wud be fine, an' he wud giv'  
 A cabin with a po'ch fo' us to liv'  
 In, wen de preacher sed de las' amen.  
 De moon wuz waxin' in de sky wen  
 Ben,  
 My master's only son come home fum  
 school,  
 A han'some, but a shif'less, wuthless  
 fool,  
 Ez proud ez a potatoe-stuffed raccoon.  
 Mah mammy sed he wuz bo'n with a  
 silver spoon,  
 An' he wuz mean ez Nick hisself; but  
 he  
 Looked on mah Lou with eyes dat  
 mooned sweetly.  
 Old Master Harry went away, an'  
 Ben  
 Wuz lef' in charge. An' den a rain be-  
 gin,  
 Lou sed dat we'en de rain had stopped  
 she wud  
 Marry me fo' suah. But Ben he al-  
 ways cud  
 Stop everything—he did. One day  
 de sun  
 Shone down in yaller streaks, but de  
 wrong wuz don',  
 Fo' Ben hed lef' an' tuk mah Lou with  
 him,  
 An' I ain't nevah seen no mo' of dem.  
 I run away from dere—an' heah I is.  
 Ain't nothin' much, jus' livin' heah  
 with Liz.  
 Yo' name shows how I luvs an' keers  
 fo' you—  
 Cum kiss yo' Uncle Lee, mah honey  
 Lou,  
 Christmus gif'!

FOG

By Jane Tomlinson

The earth is like a Turkish lady  
 With her face enwrapped in a veil,  
 Hiding her beauty from the common  
 gaze.

THE ROOSTER

By Edna Hickey

I have passed the penned-in yard  
 again and again. It is merely a mat-  
 ter of curiosity. The yard isn't artist-  
 ically arranged. It is under-covered  
 and surrounded by a wire fence. It  
 holds behind the wire fence, one roost-  
 er. That is why I am curious. The  
 rooster reminds me of an old man I  
 knew many years ago. He, too, had  
 been the last leaf on his particular  
 family tree.  
 The rooster stalked past me. Seem-  
 ingly, he was flaunting his majesty in  
 my face. But he wasn't a success.  
 Hadn't I seen the old General do the  
 same thing? I knew he was aching in-  
 side, to have me stoop down and poke  
 a friendly finger at him. The rooster  
 turned around. He executed a few  
 fancy steps and came close to the fence.  
 He was thinking of some way he could  
 descend to my level without lowering  
 himself in his own right. One day, when  
 I was first aware of his singular life  
 behind that fence, I caught him sitting  
 in the sun, blinking and napping. He  
 was astounded and angry, too. He  
 shook his head and wondered why  
 dignitaries, such as he, could ever al-  
 low themselves to fall to the lower  
 levels. The next day he was very  
 friendly. Then I knew him to be a  
 scheming old fellow. Since I had ob-  
 served him in—to him—such a dis-  
 gusting state, he sought to buy my  
 silence. He was cunningly resourceful  
 in that matter. To see him attempt  
 those feats for which, in his youth, he  
 had been widely known, was sad, yet  
 not pitiful. After a series of these  
 little shows, he flapped up to the fence  
 and looked at me. It wasn't an apolo-  
 getic look. Rather, it was one of open  
 defiance. His "best" would always be  
 "the best" to him.

Yesterday I passed the yard again.  
 The last leaf had fallen.

A RED CANDLE

By Pearl Hartt

A red candle  
 Burned inside a wreath of holly.  
 Outside the frost-painted window,  
 A dirty, ragged little boy,  
 Shivering with cold,  
 Ran up on the porch  
 And flattened his nose  
 Against the window pane.

THE ARCHER

By P. Hartt

An archer garbed in green kneels  
 on the ground. His arrow, a narrow  
 shaft, he examines carefully. Twelve  
 feathers, all green, line one end. On  
 the other, a sharp point with a steely  
 sheen shimmers in the sunlight.

The archer's face beams with pride.  
 He stands, looks at the target, takes  
 a stride, and kneels again. He touches  
 the taunt bow string to make it sing  
 like the low notes of a violin. He  
 places on the quivering bow, the  
 shivering arrow. For a moment the  
 arrow seems to cling, but only for a  
 moment. Then, with a twang, it  
 leaves the string, and swings free.  
 The pellucid air sings as it is whirl-  
 ed by the swift twirl of the flashing  
 shaft, which grazes tall green grasses  
 as it swiftly passes toward its goal.

The target, with its twelve rings of  
 gaudy colors, cringes and twinges as  
 the green sheen of its heart is pricked  
 and pierced by the green arrow. As  
 the fine point cleaves, the green  
 feathers waver uneasily in the air,  
 then become still.

Read the Linden Bark.

THE ORIGIN OF THREE TYPES OF WASTE-BASKETS

By Betty Hart

The origin of waste-baskets should  
 be important to every Lindenwood  
 student since she finds them so much  
 of a necessity in her room. After  
 much research work I have finally un-  
 covered the following interesting fact:  
 that there are only three original  
 types of waste-baskets.

The oldest of the three forms is the  
 round waste-basket. It traces its  
 origin back to pre-historic times. The  
 caveman used the round baskets,  
 woven of grass, as an aid in battle.  
 Each warrior carried one waste-basket  
 and slipping stealthily up behind his  
 foe would quickly put the basket over  
 the victim's head, and the unfortunate  
 man could then be easily and safely  
 speeded to rest with his fathers. One  
 of the most celebrated of cave draw-  
 ings is that in which the author has  
 portrayed five men, each with his  
 basket over his intended victim's head  
 and none daring to strike, for behind  
 the five men is a woman with a club  
 in her hand.

The second waste-basket was origin-  
 ated in 1649. The occasion was the  
 execution of Charles I. It is said that  
 the monarch's last request was that  
 the receptacle which was to hold his  
 head would be different from any other  
 known basket. So the oblong shape  
 was devised. It fitted nicely under the  
 block and his highness was said to be  
 greatly pleased. The young Royalist  
 maidens of that time were so delighted  
 with the new basket that they caused  
 many others to be made in smaller  
 sizes. These they used for love let-  
 ters, pressed flowers, and jewelry.

The most modern of the three  
 waste-baskets is the square type. Al-  
 though there are several conflicting  
 reports, the most authentic is that it  
 was invented in the early nineteenth  
 century by a young French poet. He  
 used it as a "catch-all" into which he  
 threw all his manuscripts that had  
 been returned by editors. It was a  
 large basket but it was usually full  
 every few days and had to be emptied.  
 This the young man accomplished in  
 a very unique manner. He simply  
 took out all his poems and sent them  
 to different editors. After they had  
 been returned several times he was  
 overcome by the sudden realization  
 that all editors were foolish and  
 stupid. He committed suicide and  
 immediately became famous. Sentimen-  
 tal young people had copies of the  
 basket in their homes.

All other baskets, no matter what  
 their shape, trace their origin back to  
 the round, oblong, or square. The pre-  
 vailing style in Lindenwood is a cross  
 between the round and the square. Is  
 this at all significant?

A SQUIRREL

By Dorothea Knepper

Underneath my window, on the  
 leaf-strewn ground, a squirrel leaps  
 and dashes. His tawny tail streams  
 out behind him, and his tiny black  
 claws click and rattle on the dry  
 leaves. Now and then he stops to  
 watch a human walking by or a bush  
 blown in the breeze. His black eyes  
 snap and twinkle when he crouches  
 on his hind quarters and daintily  
 gnaws at a bit of nut or popcorn. His  
 fore-paws look almost like hands  
 then. He is still for a moment, and  
 then he hears men's voices. Up, up,  
 up he darts along the rough bark of a  
 tree, as smoothly and as swiftly as  
 water noses out a fresh path down a  
 steep hill. On a high branch he stops  
 to scold, not because the men molest  
 him, but because they do not notice  
 him. His pride is hurt.

CHRISTMAS BOTANY

By Margaret Jean Wilhoit

A holly wreath grows outside the  
 door,  
 With curly, needle-pointed, dark  
 green leaves  
 Which scratch against the frosted  
 glass  
 With every flurry of the wind-blown  
 snow.  
 Holly berries, red like noses  
 Of Salvation Army Santa Clauses,  
 Peep from the smooth and dull green  
 mass,  
 While scarlet satin streamers  
 Sprout downward like two adventi-  
 tions roots.  
 From tinselled pot a regal poinsetta  
 shoots  
 A slender tube of green, on which to  
 flaunt  
 A star-like flower  
 Of crimson velvet trimmed with  
 gold.  
 A sprig of withered mistletoe  
 Blossoms beneath a chandelier,  
 With green-grey oval leaves  
 And round, white fruit  
 Which once again will sanction  
 A precedented indoor sport.

A DISSERTATION NOT

FOR PUBLICATION

By Betsy Holt

My latest occupation  
 Is poetry creation;  
 Its varied syncopation  
 Is most pleasing to the ear,  
 Perfect versification  
 Is now my destination—  
 I'm ready for starvation  
 In my newly-found career.

My hours of contemplation  
 Are quite a revelation  
 To the readers of the nation—  
 In fact, my thoughts seem queer.  
 I hope no aberration  
 In my personification  
 And in my alliteration  
 Will happen to appear.

With much deliberation,  
 I try to cause sensation,  
 And use assassination  
 In my narrative so drear.  
 With great discrimination  
 My characterization  
 Of our civilization  
 Is really quite sincere.

The lover's adoration  
 I describe with toleration,  
 And not elaboration,  
 Lest the cynical should jeer.  
 Perhaps intoxication  
 Will cause the desperation  
 And at last extermination  
 Of the villain with his sneer.

I describe the fascination,  
 Which inspires admiration  
 And complete infatuation,  
 Of the handsome cavalier,  
 As with determination  
 He brings the devastation  
 And, too, the desolation  
 Of all who interfere.

Now my realization  
 Is that the peroration  
 Of this conglomeration  
 Of words should be quite near;  
 So for my own salvation  
 I come to the cessation—  
 This is the termination,  
 And I shall end right here.

Merry Christmas!

## How The Teachers Will Spend Vacation

New York and Georgia are Points Farthest Away for Those Going Home.

Lindenwood girls are not alone in that glorious feeling of spending Christmas Vacation at home or of going on a trip "someplace". The teachers are also looking forward to a turkey dinner with the family and a "merry Xmas".

As yet, Dr. and Mrs. Roemer are undecided whether they will spend any of the vacation away from St. Charles, but with a little scouting around, the Linden Bark representative finds that some of the faculty have already made a decision as to where they will spend their vacation. Dean Gipson will spend most of her vacation here at the college—and may be take a trip.

Those going home are Miss Stookey who is going to Cedar Rapids, Iowa, and Miss Reichert who will go to New York City; Miss Rhodes to Little Falls, New York; Miss Detweiler to Aurora, Illinois; Miss Isidor to Cincinnati, and Miss Gieselman to Marion, Missouri; Miss Morris is going to Allerton, Illinois; Mrs. Bose to Iowa City, Iowa.

Dr. Murri will spend part of his vacation in St. Charles and will also make a trip to Chicago. Mr. Brent will go to Floira, Ill. Miss Hankins will spend Xmas in Webster Groves and Miss Lear will go to Madison, Mo.

Miss Anderson has plans to go to her home in Buda, Illinois; Miss Parker to Jefferson City, Missouri; and Miss Dawson will go to Green, Iowa.

Miss Stumberg will probably spend her vacation at home in St. Charles. Miss Allyn will spend the holidays with her mother in St. Louis. Miss Russell will stay in St. Charles.

Those of the instructors who seem to be undecided are Dr. Gregg, who will probably spend her vacation in St. Charles. Miss Stone and Miss Wurster are also undecided, but from what they say there seems to be a trip in the air. Dr. Ennis is not yet quite sure of her vacation, but it might be spent at home in Petersburg, Illinois.

There are few of the faculty who besides going home for Christmas Turkey Dinner will go to other parts of the U. S. A. on a trip. Miss Mitchell is going East and speaks of stopping at Cambridge. Miss Engelhart is going to her home in Kirksville, Mo. and will journey to St. Louis and Chicago during the holidays.

Miss Schaper has many activities planned for vacation time. She will be home Christmas at Washington, Missouri. Next she will go on a trip to Cleveland to attend the meetings of the American Sociological Society, the American Economic Society and the Pi Gamma Mu, social service fraternity, a chapter of which exists at Lindenwood.

There are other Lindenwood notables who are also planning on going home. "Nursie Sayre" will spend her vacation at home in Pomeroy, Ohio. Miss Jeck will stay in St. Charles.

Mrs. Roberts will go to Atlanta, Georgia; Miss Hough to Morgantown, West Virginia; Mrs. Wenger to Cairo, Illinois; Mrs. LeMasters will probably spend her vacation in Missouri with her daughters; and Miss Blackwell will go to Kentucky.

The Bark is unable to list all the teachers as it was not possible for all the faculty to be interviewed, but those who have had an especially interesting vacation will be called upon on their return to give an account.

## Sports

With the coming of Christmas vacation, sports are almost at a stand still. The 1930 season was wound up with three A. A. tests: Base ball, Beginners' Swimming, and Advanced Swimming.

The Base-ball test was something new. It had three parts, fielding, or catching the ball, throwing, and batting. Those passing the test were: S. Haas, H. Reith, M. Harszy, K. Brougher, D. Reeder, V. Olson, A. Grover, M. Wycob, E. Holtgrewe, and D. Kircher. The test was given Tuesday, December 9, under the direction of Dorothy Comstock, Head of the sport.

Miss Reichert, and Shaver Davis, Head of Swimming, put a group of Beginners through their paces Wednesday, the tenth. The test consisted of the usual face and back floats, sinking and saving, two lengths of elementary back stroke, two of side-stroke, or crawl, and a ten minute safety test. Our up-and-coming Mermaids are: C. Marsh, D. Vernon, L. Webb, L. Condon, C. Wade, H. Teter, E. Holtgrewe, L. Auer, N. Beatie, B. Holt, M. Ringer, B. Rose, "D" Tralles, T. Hull, K. Eggen, F. Datesman, and L. Chappel.

The Advanced Swimming test was given Monday, December 16. But few girls took it.

Lindenwood College was the scene of one of the most pleasant parties of the year when the college entertained the St. Charles Rotarians and the students with a dinner and dance in honor of Mr. Guy G. Motley, Governor of the Fourteenth District. Mr. Motley is very popular not only in school but in St. Charles and all over the state of Missouri and has done more for the local Rotary than any man.

The Rotarians and their wives came into the dining room as the college orchestra played popular pieces. There were reserved seats for the Rotarians and their wives and daughters of Rotarians in school. Many out of town guests were present, among them were Mr. W. H. Barnes of Clayton, Missouri; Mr. R. L. (Bob) Hill of Columbia, Missouri; Mr. John C. Hall of St. Louis; Mr. Roy Turnbolt, Mr. Hiram Martin, and the active president of the St. Louis Rotary Dr. W. B. Spots.

During the dinner Dr. Roemer introduced the ex-presidents who were fortunate enough to be present. Mr. Motley himself delighted everyone with his songs, Let me Call You Sweetheart and Let The Rest of the World Go By. Mr. Thomas played several of the Rotary songs in which both students and Rotarians joined. Just before the dessert was brought in, the lights were turned off and the maids entered with a big white birthday cake topped with six lighted candles to indicate the sixth anniversary of the St. Charles Rotary Club.

Immediately after dinner the guests were invited to the gym for the dance. The Christmas motif was carried out in the decoration of the gym. The walls were covered with white paper with holly wreaths and tinsel festooned as a border. Snow men and Christmas trees were found in every corner. The entire South end of the gym represented a typical Christmas scene consisting of Santa in his sleigh and a huge yellow moon. The lights were draped with white and red paper.

Music for the dance was furnished by the Y. W. C. A. Orchestra of St. Louis. Dancing was enjoyed by every-

## Archaeology and History Presented as Vocations

Two Heads of Departments Tell What One Can Do.

Dr. Reuter and Miss Hankins spoke before the Freshman Vocational class on Thursday, December 4, in the auditorium of Roemer Hall. The talks were well received by the students who enjoyed the interesting discussion of the fields of work which their subjects offered as vocations.

Dr. Reuter, who is head of the history department, stressed the economic advantage of that field of study. She said that with the working day being discussed in terms of a five hour day and a five day week, the disposal of leisure time is becoming increasingly important.

Dr. Reuter said that she heard of only a few millionaire historians, and these had either inherited their money or married it. She emphasized the importance of "a string of interests and abilities". She did not under-rate the importance of specializing, but advised the students to become proficient in a group of fields. She gave several interesting examples of noted persons who were skilled in a number of kinds of work. Charles G. Dawes is a statesman, a politician, a financier and banker, a musician, and an archaeologist. Both of the Barrymores could be concert artists, and Mrs. LaFollette, Sr., has the ability and training of an excellent lawyer.

For combinations of history with other subjects, Dr. Reuter suggested English and music, art and music, library work and English, law, and political science. She mentioned the three phases of law, social service, personnel work, historical society work, and archaic work as fields in which the study of history gives a good background.

Miss Hankins talked on the field of archeology as a vocation. She took it for granted that the students were informed about teaching her other subjects, Latin and Greek. She said that there were comparatively few women in the field of archeology, since it is work to which men are better adapted.

Miss Hankins gave a very interesting description of the work of archeology which is a new science in comparison with the other sciences. She said that archeology might be called a science of the spade, although the object is not simply to dig up cities, for the reconstruction is equally as important. She said, "Archeology makes history. It proves the facts either true or untrue."

The archeologist has charge of many men and must have the qualities which make a leader. He must have tact, energy, and enthusiasm for his work. Miss Hankins explained how the archeologist must use care in his work in order not to destroy what is underneath.

Schliemann was the first archeologist. He was a noted man, and one of the people to give impetus to the study of archeology. He uncovered Troy and found that it was not simply one

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one. At nine o'clock a program under the direction of Miss Stookey was given. There were several tap numbers, a toe dance, two singing numbers and a solo dance. After the program the Rotarians and their wives, headed by Mrs. Roemer and Mr. Motley formed in line for the grand march. Souvenirs were given to all, a red and white snowball to the ladies and a Christmas buttonnere to the men. The dance continued until eleven o'clock.

## ON THE CAMPUS

Sunshine...rain...winds...predictions of worse things to come... Conferences about grades...A grand rush to get everything done... Evams...Term papers due...Recital on Tuesday afternoon... Dr. Roemer at Y. W...Christmas hymns and Jingle Bells in chapel...Singin' in the Rain...A new spirit pervading the place...Rotarians banquet and dance...Mr. Moiley ordering railroad tickets...House parties... Christmas trees...Freshmen going into ecstasies over chapel announcements...Christmas play...Party in the dining room...Everybody happy...and...Vacation on the way... We won't be "On campus" next week.

### Roman Tatler

"The Roman Tatler" always interesting and clever, has like the rest of the campus caught the spirit of Christmas, and fairly outdoes itself in cheerful greetings and lovely pictures fitting for the holiday season.

In the first column the Tatler extends hearty greetings to Lindenwood, and to the world over. A verse expressing the same sentiment by Van Dyke is next; and following that, "Merry Christmas and Happy New Year" is written in French, Swedish, Russian, German, and Danish, with appropriate little drawings accompanying them.

The greater part of this weekly Latin publication, is given over to views of the old city of Bethlehem. It is headed with fitting inscription: "Bethlehem, the City of the First Christmas And the Country Round It, as it is Today nearly 2,000 Years Afterward." The modern fields of Boaz are portrayed; and a very interesting picture of a house in Bethlehem, part of which is devoted to the use of the family and part for the domestic animals, just as it was two thousand years ago. A picturesque shepherd, with the inscription "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, He leadeth me beside the still waters", is especially striking, seeming to bring a modern David before our eyes. And then there is a beautiful scene of the modern city, with the simple but appropriate line beneath it: "O little town of Bethlehem, how still we see thee live." All of these scenes bring out the interesting and almost unbelievable fact that modern Bethlehem has changed very little in appearance or custom since the first Christmas when the Christ Child picked this city as His birthplace.

"The Roman Tatler" completes this issue with a most fitting Christmas story written in Latin.

## WHO'S WHO?

She is a dignified (?) Senior who lives on second floor Butler. She wears a red jacket and is always accompanied by two other Seniors attired in leather jackets of the same vivid color. She invariably has a wad of Wrigley's best in her mouth. She is very much wrapped up in her history work—she is a major in that subject. She is noted for her dramatic entrance in classrooms at the last second before the bell rings. She exercises freely her Senior privileges of going into the city. She even boasts that she has been in nine times in the last two weeks. She is a frequent occupant of a certain well-known Chevrolet coach that is often seen about Lindenwood campus. Guess who this interesting as well as charming personality is?

## COLLEGE CALENDAR

December 17, 1930—4:00 P. M.  
Christmas vacation begins and what a rush everyone will be in! Some will have used their long-cherished "cuts" and have departed early. Others will be preparing to leave by train, by bus, and a venturesome few by plane. No more studies until January, 5, 1931 at 1 o'clock!

## Sidelights of Society

"Christmas Vacation" is approaching, slow but sure. Lindenwood girls by the score are making trips to the city to shop for that Christmas gift for Mother, Father, the rest of the family, girl friends and "something" for the boy-friend.

Some of the girls who went to St. Louis for the day on Saturday were Maxine and Camilla Luther, Martha Kimber, Sarah Young, Twila Parker, Loretta Howe, Alfreda Brodbeck, and Frances Henderson.

Many of the girls went in for the week-end and some of the "lucky ones" were entertained at dinner in the city on Sunday. Those who were in the city for the week-end were Ellen (Glenn) Jennings, Sarah Stuck, Mary Louise Bowles, Frances Gray, Helen Weber, Betsy Davis and Teresa Blake.

Those having dinner in St. Louis on Sunday were Winifred Bainbridge and Helen Duppee. Alice Virginia with her mother, who was her guest for the week-end also had dinner in St. Louis on Sunday, and Ann Armstrong, Lucile Trallis, Betty Rose and Betsy Davis were away for dinner, Sunday.

Mary Lou Tucker attended the Phi Delt dance at Washington University and spent the week-end in St. Louis.

Marjorie Wycoff entertained Ruth Thompson over the week end.

Dean Gipson spent the week-end in Columbia, Missouri and attended the Pi Beta Kappa dinner last Friday night given at the Daniel Boone Tavern.

## Who Can Make Best Candy?

Smocking Also a Popular Subject of Study.

The various home economics classes are doing many interesting things these last weeks of the year. Although Miss Ada Tucker, instructor of the department in domestic art has not been able to be present the work of the students has gone on.

The advanced sewing classes have been studying smocking. They have used it in many interesting ways. They expect to start studying wool embroidery soon. In the freshman sewing class dresses are being made.

In the domestic science class the problem is candy. Each girl is to make an original box. The most attractive box will win the contest.

## Merry Christmas!

## Lindenwood's Christmas Glows With Many Faces

Merry Events of the Last Week Will All Be Remembered

Christmas activities at Lindenwood began on Thursday, December 11, with the Rotarian dinner given by Dr. and Mrs. Roemer in honor of Mr. Guy C. Motley, secretary of the college and recently elected governor of the fourteenth district of Rotary. All the girls who had fathers or brothers in Rotary were hostesses to the members of the St. Charles club who were guests at dinner. Much merriment marked the evening, with Mr. Motley leading the fun. The dinner was followed by a dance in the gymnasium with music furnished by the Y. M. C. A. orchestra of St. Louis.

The Christmas play, sponsored by Alpha Psi Omega and directed by Miss Lucille Cracraft, was presented to a highly enthusiastic audience on Friday, December 12. "I'll Leave it to You" by Noel Coward proved to be a bright and amusing comedy. All the parts were well placed with an ease and grace worthy of members and prospective members of the dramatic fraternity.

The cast was composed of Mrs. Dermott, played by Audine Munnix, and her children, known on campus as Marjorie Burton, Sheila Willis, Ruth Talbot, Louise Warner, and Marjorie Taylor. Gretchen Hunker interpreted the role of Daniel Davis uncle of the Dermotts, in her usual efficient manner. Dorothy Winter played the part of Faith Crombie who scorns the suitor for her effection because he insists on wooing her with music which he has written himself. Faith's mother was played by Florence Schnedler, and Margaret Atkins acted the part of Griggs, the butler. Virginia Horn was property manager for this production.

On Sunday night the choir gave its annual Christmas concert under the direction of Miss Doris P. Gieselman with Doris Oxley as accompanist. Following the processional Hark, the Herald Angels Sing the choir sang God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen. Dr. Roemer gave the invocation, and then the offering was taken; the money collected at this time was sent to various organizations to be used for the relief of the poor.

Albertina Flach played a harp solo. Because by Hasselman, and the choir sang the old French carol, Sing We Noel, Christmas Song by Adams. Alice Demton was heard in a vocal solo The Christ Child by Coombs. The closing numbers were Silent Night, Holy Night and Calm on the Listening Ear by Harker. In the latter selection Pauline Brown sang the solo parts to the accompanist of a violin obligato played by Katherine Davidson and Kathryn Martin. It Came Upon a Midnight Clear was the recessional.

An innovation this year was the program presented by the Spanish club, under the direction of Dr. Waldo Murri. El Presepio showed how the Spaniards celebrated Christmas. The characters in this pantomime were: Maria—Sarah Burgess, Joseph—Charlotte Kenealy, the three wise Men—Johnnie Riner, Lillian Nitcher, and Gretchen Hunker; three slaves—Elizabeth Hellmers, Metta Lewis, Evelyn Polski.

On Monday evening the dining room was the scene of a Christmas celebration. There was music by a band made of employees of the school, and Santa Claus was there to give out Christmas gifts to all those who work at the college.

Read the Linden Bark.

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ed "From Old Mexico". Then Carol Wade gave the "Drum Major", and LaVerne Wright and Marion Harszy, "Ooh La La!" "Reindeers" and "Santa's Sons", completed the program of dances, all of which were done extremely well, and were enjoyed by the entire audience. The next card, with a question mark and a crown, produced much suspense, before the reindeer team finally arrived with the big sleigh.

The queen was no other than Doris Force, a Senior, well known to everyone for her varied abilities, not alone as the President of the Student Board. An uproar of shouts and cheers came from the thire crowd, as the sleigh appeared, and the queen was carried in the sleigh, by Santa's reindeer, before the audience.

After the presentation of the queen, Anna Louise Kelley as Santa Claus awarded appropriately selected gifts to the presidents of the various campus organizations, and to certain members of the faculty. Dr. Roemer received a tie, Mrs. Roemer a beautiful docrine, Mr. Thomas some popular music, Mary Louise Wardley the latest number of Detective Stories, Pauline Brown an accordion, Sheila Willis, note pads and a large pencil, Margaret Jean Wilhoit, a memorandum, Josephine Peck a French doll, paints to Jane Tomlinson, and Ben Hur perfume to Frances Blair. Following these and other awards, Santa presented to the queen herself a beautiful docrine.

Mrs. Roemer was the first to congratulate the queen, but certainly not the last. The program of the evening ended most satisfactorily for everyone, and now that the mystery was solved, the dance went on even more galy than it had begun, with Doris, the real popularity queen.

The dance was informal but there were many attractive dresses seen during the course of the evening. The hostesses were very much in evidence and all looked lovely. Helen Weber was attractive in a lovely new chiffon of her favored red.

Black was again the predominant color. Helen Duppe was lovely in a black crepe with ecru lace inserts at the neck and arms. Betsy Davis' dress was a black crepe with a touch of cream satin at the neck. The contrast of the black dress and her blonde hair was unusually attractive. Another different girl in black was Eleanor Eldredge. She looked like a French doll in black chiffon with ruffles from the waist to the floor.

Of course the most outstanding feature of the evening was the popularity queen. Doris Force was received with unanimous favor. She was beautiful in a white satin formal with aquamarine shoes and jewelry.

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city but nine. Miss Hankins also told of the work which was done at Mycenae where the supposed grave of Agamemnon was found. She said that it was not so much a matter of whether it was really his grave or not, the importance of discoveries lies for a large part in the value of the relics which are found. She described the work of Dr. Evans on the island of Crete where his discoveries have proved that the legend of Theseus and the labyrinth were true. His evidence is based on the frescoes and ivory head of bulls which were found. Miss Hankins also told of Professor Breasted of the University of Chicago whose work around Abraham's old home, and the excavation of Pompeii, are additional examples of the interesting work carried on by archeologists.

## Christmas Atmosphere "Say It In Music"

A recital was given, by a number of the Music students, on Tuesday afternoon, December 9, in Sibley Chapel. The program was composed of organ and vocal numbers.

Jacqueline Vanderluur played the Prelude on the Christmas Carol, "In Dulci Jubilo", by Bach, and Ruth Barnes, also a freshman, sang At Parting, by Rogers. Albertina Flach sang a group of songs, including The Lotus Flower, by Schumann, and The Asra, by Rubinstein. All were very ably rendered by the girls.

In accordance with the Christmas season almost at hand, it was fitting that Dorothy Campbell should play Christmas in Sicily, by Yon. Mary Frances McKee, a junior, sang Il segreto per esser felice (Lucrezia Borgia), by Donizetti, and Marian Graham sang A Birthday, by Woodman, and Repent Ye, by Scott.

Another Christmas number, The March of the Magi, by Dubois, was played by Eugenia Martyn, after which Maxine Namur sang Fear not Ye, O Israel, and Audrey McAnulty completed the program with an Organ solo, Christmas Evening, by Mauro-Cot-tone.

All of the numbers were done very beautifully, and it was especially appropriate that Christmas should be celebrated so extensively in a music recital at this time of the year.

## THE LADIES' ROOM OF A UNION STATION

By Gladys Crutchfield

Listless and drooping, back bent by hours of weary toil, the woman in the straight-backed chair in the corner, absently caresses a rather dirty, but cooing babe.

An old woman, faded and dried with the years, watches the babe with envious eyes that fade away into dreams of years ago when she held in her arms the one she is now journeying to see in all the despotism of his home.

Blase and uninterested, the well-dressed woman at the right restlessly fingers the latest edition of Vogue and pats her foot impatiently for a belated escort.

Two little girls, intent on sticky candy bars, watch the swift flow of traffic as it winds and twists its hurried way through sloppy streets.

A harried matron, with flat feet encased in high, black shoes, and wisps of hair stringing in patches around her face, bustles importantly in and out, and wonders idly what the young woman seated at the desk writing, finds to write about in a Union Railway Station.

# STRAND THEATRE

Tuesday and Wednesday

HAROLD LLOYD  
in

## "Feet First"

with  
Barbara Kent—Aec Francis  
Noah Young

THURSDAY and FRIDAY  
Saturday Matinee, Dec. 18, 19 and 20

Walter Huston and Kay Francis  
in

## "Virtuous Sin"