

LINDEN BARK

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LINDENWOOD CELEBRATES THANKSGIVING

Dr. Donald C. MacLeod of St. Louis Speaks on the "Ideal Thanksgiving" at the assembly

"An ideal Thanksgiving" was the theme of Rev. Dr. Donald C. MacLeod's address given Thanksgiving morning, November 28, at 11:30. His text was taken from Neh. 8:10, which is "Go your way, eat the fat, and drink the sweet and send portions unto them for whom none is prepared, for this day is holy unto them for whom none is prepared, for this day is holy unto the Lord." On this day joy should be unconfined, he said.

In all the year this is the supreme hour and with the ancient poet, we can sing "Thou hast crowned this year with thy goodness." Thus it is fitting that God be shown an appreciation of his kindness. One can see in a most remarkable way how God has blessed us, individually. "As a nation," said Dr. MacLeod, "we have enjoyed the priceless blessing of peace." There have been no catastrophes and the "seasons have returned with their most radiant smiles." This day was the inspiration of ten months ago in the spring when crops were planted to be harvested in the fall. "God has rewarded our patience with a golden crown of harvest."

God has enlightened the mind, and quickened the conscience of the nation. The Kellogg pact has become a part of International relationship, and President Hoover and Ramsay MacDonald have been trying to further peace. During the past year God has been mindful of his covenant with the church of Jesus Christ. The church has come into closer contact with Christ toward Christian unity, goodwill, and the brotherhood of Jesus. In the future, this year will be monumental for its progress toward an understanding of Jesus Christ.

Dr. MacLeod explained an ancient picture, which brought out the note of joy, and spiritual, social, and philanthropic notes. He urged that joy be supreme and unconfined and that the joy of the nation be heard far off. In America today it is an offense to use Thanksgiving day as a day for the exploitation of crimes. Evils are dark spots on the goodness and blessings of God. "Let us hide our misfortunes and let joy reign supreme so that it may be heard all over the land," said Dr. MacLeod.

Our fathers have placed the day of Thanksgiving in the calendar and it was with a spiritual service that they began the day. It is on this spiritual note that the presidents of the nation and the governors of states summon the people of the United States, appealing to all the thanks of God for his goodness in the past year.

"Eat the fat and drink the sweet", is the key to the social note. The religion of Israel was social, it sanctified the home. Our fathers began with the spiritual part and ended with the social emphasis. The crowning note is

REAL THANKSGIVING CHEER REIGNS AT DINNER AND TEA

"Heap high the board with plenteous cheer and gather to the feast, And toast that sturdy Pilgrim band whose courage never ceased."

The board of Lindenwood College was certainly "heaped high with plenteous cheer", on Thanksgiving Day. There was no reason why everyone should not be very happy with so much to do and eat. One of the pleasantest events of the day was the dinner which took place at one o'clock. The dining room was crowded with extra tables to accommodate the "dates", and the fathers and mothers who came to celebrate with their daughters. After the thanksgiving blessing the feast began with fruit cocktail, celery, olives and radishes. These dainty bits, however, served only to tickle the appetites for the much more important part of the meal the traditional turkey and all that goes with it. Besides a heaping platter of white and dark meat to please all, there was also oyster stuffing, giblet gravy, mashed potatoes, buttered peas, the famous Lindenwood hot rolls, cranberry sauce, iceberg lettuce with thousand island dressing, and finally as the last number on this elaborate menu came the pumpkin pie, topped with whipped cream, and accompanied by salted almonds, candies and coffee. If the tables did any of the said "groaning" surely they did no more than the creatures who tried to eat all of everything in sight.

After such a heavy and elaborate meal it was hard to imagine eating again for a long time, but when tea time came everybody consumed the ham sandwiches and tomato soup with no little interest. When the day came to a close and everybody sat around talking over the events one could not deny that the part that centered around the dining room was a great success.

philanthropic. "Send portions unto them for whom there is none prepared." God gave to a prophet a vision of the kingdom of God and its fulness, and the prophet said "The glory of God shall be revealed and all flesh shall see it individually." However, the flesh should all see God's glory together, not individually because "God has bound together men of every nation, race, color, and condition as members of a great kingdom in which He is the Father and Jesus Christ is the elder Son. The measure of enjoyment of the blessings of Thanksgiving will be determined supremely by your sharing."

The idea of Thanksgiving won't find itself in the largest way in the history of nations until the last child enjoys fully the sweets of the land. "If there is any table," said Dr. MacLeod, "in this land unbrightened or any soul unbrightened, let it not be because of any of us. Let joy be universal and unconfined for this day is holy unto the Lord."

See a Romantic Young Lady.

Y. W. PRESENTS PLAY

"The Tightwad" Fulfills Expectations Of All

Thanksgiving evening, snow, and "The Tightwad!" However indisposed the timid might have been to poke out a nose on such an evening, the brave were rewarded for intrepidity, as the play more than fulfilled expectations. The age-old plot of what a boy will do for the love of a girl formed the nucleus for hilarity. SHE insists that HE save money before their marriage, and succeeds—too well, for the careless young spendthrift becomes a real "tightwad." The part of the girl in question was played skillfully and delightfully by Ruth Talbott, while Marcela Schmidt treated sympathetically the dashing figure of the generous young lover who became a calculating man-of-the-world. Wilene Browning played with fine understanding the part of the patient, absorbed mother, always worrying about her children. Elmer Taylor, a love-lorn swain who failed to see the faults of Mamie Harris, worldly and conceited, was portrayed by Muriel Weisbaum, and the egotistical Mamie (Catherine Disque), was finally won. Nor must the pompous, accomplished rival for Mamie's affections be forgotten, for Anna Marie Balsiger was the typical "jazz hound." Frances Levers, Charlotte Jegi, Pauline Brown, the Swedes who sweep in upon the Taylor household as the new servants, simply "brought down the house" every time they appeared upon the stage. But it was Virginia Furnish who carried away the laurels of the evening. As the crotchety, lovable and human John Taylor, one could almost say as she tore about the stage, "Why, there's Dad himself," or maybe Uncle Ben—or some familiar old relative. Not that John Taylor was old—oh, my, no! Fifteen years a bookkeeper and still going strong, willing to throw in his money on a long chance, for a rest—and baseball! And the audience felt that had his money vanished by young Jordan's scheme, the unfortunate youth had better remain—protected! After the storm comes the calm, and at the end happiness resulted all around. Romance—suspense—humor—excitement—all these requisites made for success, as did the splendid characterizations of the players.

CHRISTMAS WEATHER FOR THANKSGIVING

Thanksgiving morning dawned cold, gray, and snowy—contrary to optimistic forecasts of a sunny not-too-cold Thanksgiving. The dormitories filled with the rising moans of the disappointed hockey players, who foresaw a "hockeyless day. But the atmosphere was considerably lightened at breakfast; the falling snow furnished marvelous ammunition for battles, as well as a covering for the hockey field. Before the game, enthusiasm was

(Continued on page 6, Col. 2)

CHORAL CLUB CONCERT

Pleasing Presentation to Eye as Well as the Ear

Friday night, November 22, the faculty and student body gathered in Roemer auditorium to hear a concert by the Choral Club. The blue curtains were drawn back at eight o'clock to reveal a pleasing group of girls all in evening dress. Soft tulle, satins, and taffetas in pastel shades of orchid, green, pink, yellow and blue made a beautiful tableau. Miss Gieselman, the director was attractive in a peach satin gown, made in the latest fashion with long hip lines and a long full skirt. Miss Mary Craven, the accompanist, was dressed in a long lace dress with a blue hip bow. The Choral Club gave three selections that were very enjoyable, the last, however, seemed to be received by the audience the best. It was "My Lover Is a Fisherman", a very rhythmic selection.

Miss Katherine Davidson, in a flame colored chiffon dress with a swirling skirt, played three charming numbers on her violin. "Poem" by Fibich was a delicate selection and it was given in a delightful manner. Miss Betty Leek, the accompanist, was wearing a light shade of green.

The only piano number of the concert was given by Miss Genevieve Lott, who was gowned in a black and white chiffon. The selection was "Concert Etude, G flat major" by Moszkowski. It was a long piece and showed the splendid technique of Miss Lott.

The Choral Club gave four more selections to conclude the program. One of them, "The Weaver" had a solo part carried by Miss Mary Louise Bowles, who looked charming in a long green moire dress.

L. C. THANKSGIVING STYLES

Lindenwood has decreed the style—It must be long dresses and nothing else but long dresses. Why the tea dance on Thanksgiving Day, wouldn't have been such a huge success if all the girls hadn't worn their new flowing frocks.

The dance floor was a solid mass of blacks, English greens, purples, and browns. All were of the new waist and hem lines some being long in the back and shorter in front, sweeping the floor at one side and up on the other, and the extreme fashion of long on all sides. The question has been asked, "Will the long flowing dresses remain established in the fashion world?" And Lindenwood has answered this with the affirmative.

Well there is one consolation, if the short dress makes its come-back, our hem-line can be shorn!

Dancing lasted from three to five. The girls were lovely in long, graceful chiffons, satins and velvets. Adeline Brubaker was charming in a becoming green gown of the popular fish-net. Jean Patti also wore fish-net in a stunning long, black dress.

See a "Romantic Young Lady".

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TUESDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1929.

Winter is ycome in
With stormy saddle cheere
In the paddocke
Whistle ruddock
Bright sparke in the dead yeare.

—Anonymous

* * * * *

BRRR! WINTER IS REALLY HERE

If summer goes, can winter be far behind? A slight modification of the familiar quotation, perhaps, but still appropriate and fitting at this season of the year. The early risers are sure to notice a glossy, white powder tipping the edges of the blades of grass, shielding the leaves, and robbing the splendor of fall's brilliant shades of their majesty. The first sign of the debut of Old Man Winter on the Lindenwood campus. Another evidence of his presence is indicated by the steady drop in temperature, by the dread return of the polar wind blast whirling between Butler and Roemer Halls, and by the simultaneous appearance of furry coats, enveloping caps, and heavy gloves, each one in vain attempts to defend herself against winter's disastrous toll of colds, red noses, and frozen limbs. Only a few loitering remnants of fall remain to challenge the imperial dominion of winter.

Winter—the season when sports excel! The initial appearance of a sled following an enthusiastic mistress was sadly taken back to rest to await a real downy blanket of snow. Tennis, baseball, hockey, golf and archery have all bid adieu to their outdoor kingdom and have obediently retired to a long hibernation and even the most ardent athlete gladly seeks the refuge of a sheltered sport. Basketball is being revived with fury, making up for its long neglect, as is volley ball and gymnastics. The would be entertainers of the college are ambitiously attacking clogging. Fencing is being renewed with vigor, while swimming and natural dancing adherents make no radical change in their procedure, except, perhaps, to advance to a higher stage of the sport. Winter is really reigning supremely and without competition.

The vital question of health is as ever all important as much as some of us many enjoy in this chilly season, or perhaps, abhor this "eskimo's delight". More intensive care of the body is coupled with this approach of winter and it is up to each girl, individually, to restrain from foolish risks, and to triumph over the usual siege of colds, sore throats, and chills. Nonchallantly defy the threats of winter, and let's all go "smilin' through" without a mishap.

* * * * *

IMPORTANCE OF COLLEGE DRAMATICS

It was way back in the medieval times that the church closed the existing theatres and barred classical performances. Then out of the religious services of the church itself rose a new and vivid drama. Miracle and mystery plays—tableaux—and finally a definitely developed stage presentation. And now in our supposedly cultural twentieth century, is the hitherto popular drama to be forgotten in the craze of the new "talkie"? The answer might be both "yes and no" but it is certain that Lindenwood and its plays are doing their share in keeping alive flagging interest. It is indisputable that colleges have helped to perpetrate the legitimate drama, and now all the more reason for a continued and even stronger support. Lindenwood always stages at least three plays during the year, under the auspices of Alpha Psi Omega, the dramatic fraternity that strives to foster enthusiasm in dramatic art. Each year sees the accomplishment of something new in dramatics, and that has become the cardinal principle to many a girl.

This is a period of upheaval, of termentation, along many lines—an age of invention—of mechanical triumphs. Everywhere the "talkie" is racing into the limelight and is highly successful. To the average individual it is an intriguing improvement over the silent "silver sheet"—but can it take the place of the legitimate drama? Are the splendid presentations of Shakespeare to be allowed to vanish? Are such artists as Southern and Marlowe to desert the stage for lack of appreciation?

The wide-awake, enthusiastic college girl has a problem ahead of her. She must prevent the absorption of the drama by the "talkie", as must her watchfulness prevent "canned music" from eliminating real, honest-to-goodness music. Drama has always given mankind leeway for the whole gamut of his emotional life, and must it be dropped by the wayside for a mere mechanical illusion? The password is "Never!"

DR. SOUTHWICK READS "THE RIVALS"

Eager students and guests gathered in Roemer Auditorium Sunday, December 1, to enjoy a reading of Sheridan's "The Rivals", as given by Dr. H. C. Southwick, president of the Emerson College of Oratory, Boston. Dr. Roemer said that the first Sunday in December was always welcomed as Southwick Day.

Dr. Southwick, in announcing the title of the play, spoke of it as a great one. "The plays written since Shakespeare which have endured in popularity a hundred years or more may be counted on the fingers of one hand, and Sheridan's 'The Rivals' is among them. The play was written in 1775, so we must imagine our characters in the Colonial costumes of the day, and invested with the certain sentimentality so popular at the time."

Captain Jack Absolute, son of Sir Anthony Absolute, falls in love with Miss Lydia Languish, who is under the care of her aunt, Mrs. Malaprop. Miss Languish is very well-educated—for a young lady of her day—and reads. She reads all of the time, in fact, and is most interested in sentimental and romantic novels, and wishes everything to be romantic. Captain Absolute, knowing this, thinks that she could never fall in love with him, knowing his true station and amount of money, so he masquerades as a poor, but dashing, (of course) Ensign Beverley. And in this role, Miss Languish falls madly in love with him, and he with her. She has several suitors smiled upon by her aunt, Mrs. Malaprop—Bob Akers, a rich country squire, and Captain Sir Lucius O'Trigger, a dashing Irishman. To tell the truth, Mrs. Malaprop smiles so on Captain O'Trigger that she writes him very gushing letters, which he takes to be from Lydia, and answers accordingly. However, sooner or later, Mrs. Malaprop finds out about Lydia's obstinate affection for Beverley, whom none of them have seen—he being of course, Captain Absolute—and forbids her to see or write to him. Mrs. Malaprop is visited by Sir Anthony Absolute, who suggests that Lydia marry his son Jack, and this is well-received by Mrs. Malaprop. Sir Anthony broaches the matter to his son without naming the lady, and Jack, not knowing who it is, and knowing himself to be in love with Lydia, refuses. Whereupon Sir Anthony, who is possessed of quite a temper, becomes very angry, and swears that "Jack is no more Jack to me." But, finally, Captain Absolute finds out who the lady in question is, and so goes to tell the father that he has reconsidered, and decided that a son's duty is to his father. Therefore, Sir Anthony takes Jack to see Mrs. Malaprop and Lydia, who swears that she will speak to no one but Beverley, and marry none but he. She recognizes Jack as Beverley, and calls him that, and so he is forced to confess. After Sir Anthony and Mrs. Malaprop cool down a bit, Lydia becomes angry to think of all the trouble and deceit she had gone to to see him, while she could have seen him with glad permission, but finally the lovers make up, and the play ends happily.

Dr. Southwick's presentation was most excellent. He spoke the old lines with an air, and invested the whole atmosphere with a feeling of the courtesy and romance of the time. Not only were his masculine lines most virile, but his rendition of this, the pleasing personality of Dr. Southwick, himself roused enthusiasm in the Sunday night audience.

—See a "Romantic Young Lady"

LECTURER FROM LONDON

C. Douglas Booth is Guest of International Relations Club

Under the auspices of the International Relations Club, sponsored by the Carnegie Endowment for World Peace, Mr. G. Douglas Booth of London addressed the college on "Anglo-American and World Peace", Tuesday night, November 26. On the platform, with the speaker, sat Dr. Reuter, Dr. Tupper, and Mary Ambler, president of the organization—the three people at Lindenwood most devoted to the work. Dr. Roemer, as official host, spoke briefly of the need of international relations. "No nation can live to itself," he said. He called upon Miss Ambler to formally introduce the speaker to the audience.

Mr. Booth plunged into his subject immediately. Anglo-Americans have a common bond of relationship and a common language, he said, but that is not sufficient. Our friendship must be based on something stronger. There is a great difference between the two nations in reality. England is distinctly European, and has European problems to face.

And Europe is now in an unfortunate condition. Experience is her only gain from the World War. The efforts at world peace during the past few years have been destroyed by strategic motives for national gain. As a result of the war, great areas were transferred, populations were forced to pledge allegiance to a new flag. Unfortunately, the victors did not always respect the rights of the people they took over. Italy was given a section of Austria, and that section is now suffering a "campaign of demoralization". Mussolini has made them change their names to an Italian equivalent. He has even forbidden them the use of their own language in their churches.

This question of redistributing the frontiers of European States is serious. Nobody is going to give back anything. And even if they would, no lines can be drawn to divide like peoples into separate countries.

England feels that Germany was not solely responsible for the war. The German people are struggling nobly with their debt. "What will they do when free from restraint?" Mr. Booth asks.

General European disarmaments are only now beginning. America does not depend on Europe, but American capital is heavily invested there. We export to Europe products they produce themselves. Our trade is tremendous. Any European conflict would endanger our commerce. It would be necessary for us to enter again, and suffer the loss of more lives.

Both England and America are at a point where their whole life revolves around the "business contract". These two countries have found an outlet for their "combative instinct" in sports—a method which most of Europe has not yet learned. Europe, suffering under political, economical, and social injustices, think in terms of America's force. They want disarmaments.

The British people are poor. One-fifth of their incomes is paid to the government as an income tax, alone. Disarmament is a financial necessity with them. On the other hand, he says, that eighty-five per cent of American income tax is devoted to her past wars or future ones.

The United States has unlimited economic power. It is the trustee of liberty, to whom Europe looks. They need American capital. England has abandoned attributes of sovereignty

(Continued on page 5, Col. 1)

"Where Love Is, There Is the Eye"

Christmas Prize Story. By Josephine Peck—This Story Won Lindenwood Award, 1929.

"It came upon a midnight clear—"

The ringing tones swelled out of the golden pipes, and circling over the bowed heads, soared up, up into the darkness of the vaulted roof. The little church was filled with rich, jubilant harmonies that the long, skillful fingers of the organist were weaving into a mantle to enfold tenderly the souls of the listeners. The little shining-eyed choir boys in their black and white robes opened their round, red mouths and poured forth their exultation, like the little birds who must sing to relieve their heart of its burden of sweetness. The tall, white candles on the altar sparkled and winked most impiously. No, they were not impious; they were only happy because it was the eve of our little Lord's birthday.

The red and purple saints in the pointed stained-glass windows glowed and flushed, but they were not so beautiful as the marble statue of the Madonna which stood near the altar. She wore a long robe, which fell in folds like soft velvet, and a crown, carved like filigree. On one arm she held the Christ-Child, a beautiful little baby, all dimples and sweet curves.

An old, old legend about this statue was related every Christmas-time by wrinkled-faced grandmothers to the little rosy-cheeked children. Once every hundred years at midnight on the eve of the little Child's birthday, the statue-baby came to life for a few brief moments. They told how a rosy flush came into its white cheeks; how the dimple at the corner of its mouth deepened; how it lifted its tiny right hand in blessing. The old women, old as they were, had not seen this miracle; but it had happened and it would come to pass again. That was what they asserted, but many people laughed and did not believe it was true.

It was the one hundredth anniversary of the statue-child's last awakening. Old Jerome had walked a long way from his cottage across the fields and he was very tired. It was good to sit in the mellow light of the candle flame and feel the soft fingers of the caroling tones gently tap and flutter against his tired old brain. He had come to see the glorious event. He had first heard the story when he was three years old. As he grew older, he had been overjoyed to learn that the one hundredth anniversary would come within his lifetime. Many people scoffed; they no longer believed in the old women's tales; but he felt that it was true and in his simple faith believed that he would see it come to pass. All the village, however, had come to the church this Christmas eve, some believing, some wondering, and some scoffing.

Old Jerome's heart swelled with happiness. He could see the sweet, patient face of the holy virgin smiling at him. Then old Gregstorn came into the church. He limped up the aisle and sat down in the only vacant seat in the nave. And old Jerome could no longer see the Madonna! Cursed fellow! How old Jerome hated him. All his life, this neighbor had stood in his way. Even as children, they had been rivals and enemies; and they were still antagonists. Only last month they had quarreled about the stolen calf. And now old Gregstorn was preventing him from seeing the wonder that was to be manifested. Old Jerome moved in his seat; he

stretched his neck; he half stood. It was of no avail; he could not see the statue. What was he to do? He sat and looked at the back of old Gregstorn's head, and he felt his hatred rising in his heart like a tidal wave.

The choir boys were singing again. Their clear, sweet voices rose in joyful praise, but old Jerome did not hear them. He heard only the voice of his hatred for his neighbor. He looked about the church, hoping to find a vacant seat. Over in the corner, little Christina had gone to sleep and her father had lifted her from the wooden bench and was holding her in his arms. The old man painfully arose and moved across the church to the vacant place. He sat down and rejoiced. But, strangest of strange things! The gray head of old Gregstorn was still obstructing his view of the statue. How could it be? This seat was across the church from the one in which he had been sitting a few moments before. Queer! Old Gregstorn must have changed his seat, too. At any rate, he still could not see the baby. There were no more vacant places. There was nothing that he could do.

The service continued. The blue tips of the candle-flames rose and fell. The organ played a few strains of melody, and little Michael stepped forward out of the choir and lifted his golden head. How beautiful he was! How like a bird he sang! The old man felt a lump in his throat. He saw old Gregstorn's shoulders, usually so erect in spite of their burden of years and cares, sag and the gray head sink forward. Old Gregstorn had had just such a son, but the child had drowned while playing in the creek. It was a pity. Old Gregstorn now had no one to care for him in his old age. Old Jerome felt for the first time a stir of friendly feeling for his ancient enemy.

The preacher was reading from the Bible, "Peace on earth; good will toward men." It was hard to hate any man, with those words ringing in one's ears. Old Jerome thought over his life. How much of it he had wasted in thinking evil about old Gregstorn! There was very little time left for him; but, at least, he need not use it to do harm to another man. He was old now. Quarrels belong to youth. One should not go out of the world bearing malice in his heart. The preacher's voice was low and deep as he read the gospel story of the shepherds' vision.

It was almost midnight. The candle-flames no longer fluttered and wavered. They burned steadily with a bright, red-gold light. The organ burst into one mighty Gloria. The bells in the steeple began to ring, pealing, chiming, resounding through the clear, cold night air. On the golden ladder of tones, old Jerome's soul mounted higher and higher. His heart was overflowing with ecstasy. It was going to burst! He loved the Christ-Child! He loved all the world! Yes, he loved even old Gregstorn!

Where was his old neighbors? He could no longer see the gray head. He could now see the Madonna and the Child! He had not seen the old man leave the church. He did not know where old Gregstorn had gone. He only knew that he could see the statue, which glowed faintly red in the rich light.

A-a-a-men! The old man's hands

MICHAEL'S BEGGAR

By Marjorie Taylor

A beggar went down our street today. He looked tired and worn. As he passed the corner where three children tarried on their way home from school, he paused a brief instant, and then passed on.

"Isn't it strange?" said Dickie. "Why, he has no stockings on! And both his shoes are ragged!"

Johnny looked after the wistful, re-treating figure: "And isn't it strange that he should have no overcoat? Nor hat?.....I do think those curls would keep his ears warm, though."

Michael was in deep thought.

"His eyes were awfully sad!", he said at last. The little perpendicular line between his brows became more pronounced. "I think I've seen him before."

"I'll bet I have, too", asserted Dickie. "There was one like him at our house just the other day. Mother sent him away, though. She doesn't like beggars—says they're dangerous."

Suddenly the perplexed look on Michael's face left. Words came tumbling out. "I knew it! I knew it! I have seen him!" Scornfully, he added: "That isn't a beggar! I have him in a book.....in this one." He took a faded book from his coat pocket. "Here he is!—Hung on a cross.....here's his picture.....look!"

WHOOPEE!

By Jean C. Pattee

The sun, rising out of the Gulf of Mexico, spreads its rays through the low boughs of the wild mesquite and ebony trees painting a picturesque background for the large pitas and century plants. Whoopee! A large gray stallion has cut across country, and two swarthy Mexican cowboys spur their horses on in an attempt to round him in again. Across the prairie, down dry bar pits, through shallow resacas and toward the brush the three horses gallop stretching themselves so that they are almost touching the ground. Little by little one of the cowboys edges his horse into the lead and cuts off the runaway's only escape. The conquerors ride gallantly into camp with their stray. As soon as the horses are loaded in the freight cars, the cattle are herded to the corral and are pushed one by one into the dipping vat. Each struggles for a foot hold on the slippery board on which they climb out. More excitement! A steer has broken the wooden fence and is running in an effort to get to the brush. Look! A single cowboy is after him swinging his rope with all his might—whirr—and the loop slides over the long horns of the steer, stopping him with a jerk; consequently the subdued one walks meekly back and takes his dipping the same as the rest. Bong! All the cowboys swing their reins over the fence and amble toward the "chuck wagon". As soon as they dish out their portion of frijoles, pick up two or three tortillas, and pour a cup of sweetened coffee, they squat under the low trees in an effort to find refuge from the scorching sun. After their siestas they ride in a single file through dense woods of cactus and mesquite along a narrow path which appears to lead to the edge of the world.

trembled; his knees shook; his faded eyes opened wide. The statue-baby stirred in its mother's arms. A rosy flush came into its white cheeks; the dimple at the corner of its mouth deepened; it lifted its tiny right hand in blessing.

MAY BE HOOEY.....BUT

By Ruth Lee Dawson

Well, honey, I was just waiting and waiting till Christmas. I counted the months; I counted the weeks; I counted the days—and, finally, I got so bad off that I started counting the hours. I was a trifle uncertain about those, though, because I couldn't remember just when my train left. But I tell you the whole trouble, and the reason I was so anxious to leave, and all that. The whole thing was that I wasn't crazy about school. You know how it is. Well, I went to St. Louis and looked for Christmas decorations in October, so you can just imagine my state of mind by the last of November. It was terrible. I thought about Christmas till I was woozy. Not that I really thought about Christmas—the jolly Yuletide and all that, because everyone knows that that is all hooey, a lot of boloney and mid-Victorian, but I wanted to go home, and this Christmas business preying on my mind was what made all this funny stuff happen. Now you know as well as I do that I have a very modern and deep-thinking mind, not likely to be gotten down by a lot of this Christmas sentimentality, and I'm not likely to imagine things or be weepy, but I reckon this Christmas business did it. You might think I still believed in Santa Claus. But I don't. I really don't, not any more.

Well, you know I live in Sibley. One night, one Sunday night, I was awfully tired. I was supposed to study Spanish and you know how being supposed to do anything bothers you even if you don't do it. So I went to bed to forget it. And I went to sleep. You know this Sibley place is supposed to be dreadfully historic or something like that, and, don't you know, honey—now don't be surprised—I dreamed about it! Now that was awfully foolish, because as I told you, I really have a modern mind, and being a sophomore instead of a freshman, I was really surprised at myself.

There was this ghost—an awfully cute ghost, even in spite of the rats and things they used to wear—and she lived in the room I have now. She was a nice little ghost, kind of sentimental though, not like me, and she loved the place. It was her last week here, she wasn't coming back after Christmas, and she knew she wasn't coming back. She had brought the folks back home all her pitiful little presents—a "fascinator" for Mama, a shaving mug for Papa, and a doll for little sister. She didn't want to go, and she was crouched in a corner of my room crying about it. And, being filled with this good-will-to-man stuff, was praying. And she was crying something terrible—I felt kinda sorry for that poor little ghost, even if I was asleep—crying with her leg-of-mutton sleeves, praying as she wiped her eyes with them. She prayed—just imagine me praying—and she prayed that the girls that came after her might love the school as she did, and that other girls might get to stay. And, honey, being a sweet little ghost, when she got up to pour some water out of a white pitcher into a basin to wash her face, she wished them a "Merry Christmas". Just imagine that—wishing people that would come along years after you were dead a merry anything! Well, then I woke up—and it was about time, too. You know how bad I wanted to leave here. So I decided that girl just in 1890 or what not didn't know just what was what—wishing people a Merry Christmas, and not wanting to leave this place. Shoot! I decided to forget

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THERE IS A SANTA CLAUS?

By Dorothy Winter

There is a Santa Claus. Maybe he is not flesh and blood, but it's lots of fun to picture him as a little jolly round fat man with cheeks like shiny red apples, a long beard as white and soft as a cloud on a summer day, and little eyes that radiate sparkles of joy.

Santa Claus is the Christmas spirit. We usually think of spirits as huge monsters of evil dressed in black or as thin filmy things in gossamer, but Santa Claus is neither of these. Instead he is a big roly-poly ball all covered with red and white. He does not make the earth tremble under his step like the monster, nor does he flit through the air noiselessly like the slender white spirit. Santa rides in the wind on his sleigh drawn by reindeer while the bells jingle merry holiday tunes. He accompanies every mysterious package wrapped in white tissue paper, and tied with gay holly ribbon. Seals bearing his likeness are lavishly scattered everywhere. One tries to restrain an unruly bow that wants to perk up its ears so it can hear everything and join in the Christmas liveliness. Another one reprimands a fold of paper that insists on telling what is on the inside, just like a girl who cannot keep a secret.

Yes, there is a Santa Claus, and he provides half the joy of childhood.

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about it and go on planning to stay home after Christmas holidays.

Well, I was down in the parlours a couple of nights later, and Sally was playing the piano, and we all were singing—and, honey, all of a sudden, I saw my little weepy ghost, sitting primly over on an old stiff chair and smiling at us. All dressed up in a red dress, she was—big sleeves, long skirt, and tight waist. And she was happy. She looked around at us, I reckon we were having a good time, and she smiled. It was funny, my seeing her again—she's been dead long enough. But I did see her, and she was happy. It's funny. Now, angel, I wouldn't for worlds have you think I was peculiar, but I have a sneaking notion that that little ghost had her prayer answered. Maybe she did get her wish—to be here always—even if she is dead. And now she's happy. Well, you never can tell. Some ghosts are funny that way.

But, honey, if you weren't a good friend of mine, I wouldn't tell you this. But, don't you know, sometimes I think maybe I like it here. Ever since I saw my little ghost. Maybe she's kinda liking me, and maybe her prayers were answered—and her "Merry Christmas". I see her now and then; she looks at me and kinda smiles, and I—I almost like it here.

Now I sound Victorian and all that, but you just keep it to yourself because, well—between the two of us, there is some good in the world after all, if a ghost as nice as my little ghost would want to stay here.

They're calling the city—I'll have to get off and catch the train for home. I'll see you after Christmas—yeah, I'm coming back, I like it there, and—and—Merry Christmas!

CHRISTMAS DANCE

By Frances Hill

Pulsing throb of a drum's low beat,
Slithering shuffle of a dancers' feet.
Whispered words on listening ears,
Back in the corner, a wall flower's
tears.

CHRISTMAS

By Charle Jean Cullum

The eyes of the toy dog
Seemed to wink and blink,
In the dancing shadows,
Cast from a crackling log.
It was Christmas Eve.
A day whirled mid ice and snow;
There was a faint odor of turkey and
fir
All through the toy-strewn house;
In a corner, the radio crooned low.
It was Christmas Day.

ON LIES

By Phoebe Sparks

Lies, whoppers, falsehoods, prevarications, "big uns", untruths, stories,—no matter what your particular appellation for them is, you'll have to admit that the principal portion of our conversation consists of them. No girl of sixteen should be ignorant of the fine points of lying, and all children over three years should be able to recognize and execute at least rudimentary lying. Maybe E. Haldeman Julius will realize the fact and publish this article in his "What Every Boy and Girl Should Know" series.

Lies can be classified in many different ways, but I, an ardent aesthete, prefer to classify them on a color basis. The most important and best known lies are the white ones, the shady ones, and the black ones.

The white lies are the kind we all worship, the kind that heroes told, the kind that people were sainted for telling. Picture a poor, withered old creature bending over the body of her murdered husband and moaning, "Oh, why did I lose my temper and throw my frying pan so hastily when dear old John told me that Mrs. Weisemann grows better dahlia than I do!" At this juncture the stalwart young son, who is the coming lawyer of the town and who is engaged to a beautiful heiress, comes in. He looks aghast at the sight; then falls down by his mother's side. "Never mind, little mother", he says in a feeling voice, "you were justified in what you did, and you shall not suffer for it. I shall take all the blame. Love and riches matter not. My only wish is to save you!" Ah, these white lies are thrilling affairs!

The most popular kind of lying is shady lying. It's no exaggeration to say that it is virtually impossible to be anybody and do anything these days without indulging in more than an occasional shady lie. The most common one is, "I'll love you always." "I'm tired and I'll sit out this set gladly", and "Of course, I'll be glad to take your kid sister to the party" are other good ones.

But the black lie is a different matter. I put on my most Sophomore manner when I condemn all lying of this sort. The presidents of student bodies all over America are putting forth propaganda to tar and feather the people who invariably raise their hands when the teacher asks how many did the suggested, but not required reading and who didn't ask the earlier section what the exam questions were. Black lies, all of them!

For true advice, I would suggest shady lying whenever prevarication is necessary. It's not so romantic as white lying, but it is much safer. The white liar of this narrative was hanged, and being written up by me is hardly compensation for that. It will be best, then, along with your eating an apple a day, and liver twice a week, wearing low-heeled shoes, and taking cold showers, to stick to shady lies.

COMPLETE DIRECTIONS FOR CLEANING A CAR

By Alfreda Brodbeck

Cleaning a car is a very thrilling experience—if one goes at it right. Here are a few simple directions for getting the greatest possible excitement from it.

Put on your overalls (a swimming suit is much better if none of the neighbors are subject to apoplexy), drive the car up into Mother's favorite aster bed so that you can water it at the same time, and you are ready to begin.

First, remove the cushions and place them on the grass so that the children from next-door can sit on them to direct the job, then brush the upholstery with a whisk broom. The dust is just as good as pepper to sneeze at. When you find you have eaten all of it you require for the present, clean the floor mats with a vacuum cleaner, put up all the windows but one, and turn on the water in the hose. Wash the outside of the car almost all over. The one open window seems to have a magnetic attraction for the water, as most of it goes in there.

Do not turn off the hose until you are sure that both yourself and the interior of the car are thoroughly wet. Even then it may be best to leave it running for fear you'll need it later. Fill a large pail with water and run out to the garage in search of a chamois skin. By the time you return with one, the neighbor children will have a nice mud pie started in your pail, so you might as well find another.

Beginning with the underpart of the fenders go over the car here and there with the wet chamois skin. Be careful not to rinse it very often and above all do not change the water in your pail. It will spoil the modernistic effect of the streaks. There really isn't much use washing the windows; just wipe off a few little spots here and there so the occupants of the car can tell whether it's day or night.

While the interior dries, go hunt the cushions. Probably you will find them vanished around the corner of the house with the neighbor children. When you discover them, a row of the imps are sitting solemnly on one of the seat cushions while another turns the hose on them "to make rain." A little farther on, two of the more industrious boys are doing their best to sail another cushion across a mud puddle. Rescue the two cushions if you can and bring them back to the car. Of course they will not go in right; they never do, but that doesn't matter as long as you get them in somewhere.

Now, soaking wet, mud besplattered, and more or less fatigued, stand back and view your work with an artist's pride. Call out Mother and Dad to see what you have done. They may look rather startled when they see the car, but that shows how surprised and pleased they are. Explain carefully that you intend to polish it sometime, being very vague about just when, because I think that you will have had enough of the garage business for a good long while.

ON PET AVERSIONS

By Frances Parks

People generally admit that I'm good-natured but they wouldn't if they suspected my pet dislike. I try to keep this aversion successfully hidden because many are guilty of it. Perhaps it is the natural thing for people to say, "Let us hurry to get a table;" "Let us walk to Roemer Hall tonight;" "Let us wear our slickers; it looks like rain." Always—let us—let us—

COUNTRY DOCTOR

By Peggie Bacon

I can remember lying in bed waiting for him to come. When I was alone I would listen for his footsteps on the stairs. They were always short and quick as if he were running. He would rush into the room, puffing a little, his small eyes sparkling. Invariably he would ask, "Well, well, how is my little girl today?" I was always a little girl to him, even after I thought I had grown up. He told me funny stories and jokes and little things that happened to him during the day. Then came the medicine. I always argued with him about it, because I knew he would bribe me with something good that he would unexpectedly find in his satchel. Then he would have to hurry away; hurry away to other people who needed him more than I did.

let us!

One of the saddest memories of my childhood is my nurse's saying, "Let us eat our oatmeal, Frances, shall we?" And oh, the illusion which was shattered when my beloved first grade teacher said, "Let us read our primer lesson, now." Worst of all is the preacher who says, "Let us pray," as though he were giving us a choice when he knows quite well that we must pray with him.

While "let us" is my pet aversion, there are people who have other ideas on the subject. Louise, a friend of mine, cannot bear people who say, "Why did you do this or that?" While Annabelle has a strong hatred for anyone with highly polished fingernails and run-over heels on h's shoes.

Even great men of history had petty likes and dislikes. The person who was continually clearing his throat and hemming and hawing was a thorn in the side of John Adams; Thomas Jefferson had little love for the individual who didn't have a full program for every day; George Washington was adverse to the unfairness of people in all phases of life; while anyone lacking in patriotism was held in low esteem by C'cero.

Maybe Jonathan's manner of combing his hair and his use of pronouns were not irritating to David; it may be that the characteristics of Voltaire had a soothing effect upon the nerves of Frederick II; perhaps Damon and Pythias had no habits which were obnoxious to each other or possibly they were better men than I am.

Where strong characters, like these, are involved no remedy is imperative. But for us, the weaker characters, why is it that there is no safe and satisfactory way of letting people know what our pet aversions are, before they utter the fatal words or perform the deed which thereby blasts our friendship in its beginning stages? When I meet a person with whom I am favorably impressed what a relief it would be if I could tell her that "let us" is hateful to my ears and that she in turn could let me know her pet aversion. How many friendships would be saved and strengthened and how many acquaintances would become friendships if th's were possible

Septemer ran a little space,
October set a swifter pace,
November's left the starting place.
On with the race!

—Helen Petty.

Youth waves untired fingers at age,
Flaunting its freedom.
Age bows, smiling serenely,
Pitying youth's serfdom.

—Helen Petty.

MISS ALLYN LECTURED

Was Very Inspirational to Class

Miss Lillian Allyn, head of the Commercial department, was the lecturer for the Freshman orientation class on Thursday, Nov. 26.

In her introduction Miss Allyn mentioned the need to-day for a practical education, and suggested the advantages of commercial training. "Commercial education is now one of the most important branches of education." She pointed out the fact that in acquiring this education one must develop initiative and efficiency, if one expects to succeed. "Influence is not nearly so powerful to-day as it used to be, fortune demands service for her reward. If you do not know, you cannot do."

Miss Allyn discussed, first, the study of shorthand, and its possibilities. She told some interesting bits of history concerning this study. "Shorthand is one of the oldest of the arts, and was practiced by men 2000 years ago." John Wesley kept a diary in shorthand. Charles Dickens also used shorthand. Shorthand is as old as literature itself, and has done much to preserve literature."

Mention was made of the wide range of vocations, and the possibilities for success that a mastery of shorthand fostered. "Shorthand will take you to the very door of opportunity." But Miss Allyn pointed out that in order to take advantage of these opportunities and make the most of them, one's work must be thorough.

Stenography is in itself a basis for further advancement in the business world, advancement to responsible positions paying larger salaries. Miss Allyn told of a number of Lindenwood girls who had gone into the business world and were making good.

She suggested several different types of work open to a stenographer, including court reporting and secretarial work. Secretarial work she divided into four classes; the secretary who does the general work of her employer, the executive secretary, confidential secretary, and social secretary.

In telling of the other courses of the commercial department, bookkeeping, accounting and business law, Miss Allyn mentioned the great number of possibilities each afforded, and cited other instances of Lindenwood girls who are now successful in these lines of work.

Some very important advice was given concerning the selection and following of a vocation. "You should analyze yourself and learn what work you are best fitted. It is important that you like your work and have a definite aim, that you be accurate and dependable.

Miss Allyn pointed out to the girls the value of the education they are now receiving, in preparation for the vocation they are to choose. "We learn and we do. What we learn in college is truly indicative of the work of the individual." She warned against the danger of becoming a dreamer. "Be a builder, not merely a dreamer, but better still, a dreamer-builder."

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by agreeing to submit Irish questions to the league. And according to Mr. Booth, as soon as America agrees to give up part of hers, the better off she will be.

In closing, Mr. Booth commended the efforts of the many, many groups interested in world activities. He was greatly surprised at their extension. Very graciously, he assured the club that if they keep drawing on their source material, there will be no doubt as to the justness of their decisions.

GERMAN PLAY DIRECTED BY MRS. BOSE

The dramatic presentation of the birth of the Christ is always a favorite play at the Christmas season especially, but to have this story depicted in the German dialect is a delight that few have witnessed. That is just how fortunate the Lindenwood students and friends are this year, because the German department, under the direction of Mrs. Anna Z. Bose, head of the department, is preparing this drama, *Hessisches Weihnachtsspiel*, to be presented in Roemer auditorium Friday night, December 13.

The cast is an extremely good one with many of the girls playing double roles. Unverdrossen, Arnold and Satannus will be taken by Helen Bopp; Zenzenbart is to be portrayed by Mary Ethel Burke; Rosalind Sachs will take a double role of Hillegart and Machedanz, and Lucifer, the most devilish of all the devils, will be played by Doris Lehmann. Mary Louise Wardley will take the parts of Gutte and Krenzli Jane Babcock, Fern Halliburton and Victoria Steele will be transformed into angels for the night. Dorothy Rendlen and Ruth Burkle will carry the roles of Ein Burche and Ein Anderes Burche, while Mary Jo Wolfert and Johnny Riner will appear as Ein Madchen and Ein Anderes Madchen. The prologue and epilogue will be read by Miss Stoerker. As was announced before, typical costumes and music of the fifteenth century will be used, giving a very accurate and realistic light to the play. The Bible verses taken from St. Luke, Chapter I, 28-39, and Chapter II, 8-20, form the basic reference to the drama. To more vividly enhance the production, five girls from the choir under the direction of Louise Cauer are going to aid in the music of the play. These girls are Elizabeth Jeffries, Lorraine Smith, Frances Blair and Dorothy Rendlen.

The costumes are being made under the supervision of the college domestic science department, and are in specific care of Evelyn Elbin and Thyra Kaul. The devils, the comic element in the play prove an uproarious group, and will appear in the characteristic costume.

A short synopsis of the play will be given preceding the presentation, so that no one need fear that it "is all over one's head" even though one is not familiar with the German tongue. A feature of the evening will be at the close when the audience and stage characters will sing "Silent Night, Holy Night" in the German translation, the words of which will appear on the programs.

This play, had its rise much the same as did the English drama, beginning in the church, then gradually breaking away and going into the hands of the laymen, who first presented it to the people on the market place. Because of the great length, a fear of boredom was suppressed by the introduction of the comic element in the forms of devils and similar characters. Intensive practice is going on at Lindenwood for this liturgical play and it is being looked forward to with great pleasure by every one on the campus. So if you don't believe in your roommate's or friend's ability as a German actress, don't take her word for it, but come and see for yourself! It isn't often that such a treat can be obtained so close at hand, and everyone agrees that one can't afford to miss it.

HOCKEY GAME ENDS IN A TIE

Down on the hockey field a whistle blew. Simultaneously, a young snow storm arose, and the annual Thanksgiving Day Senior-Soph.-Junior-Fresh-

DR. TROUPE SPEAKS OF LIFE

Man Fits Into God's Universal Plan.

"In the early dawn of history, man had very few tools to redeem himself from drudgery," began Dr. John Franklin Troupe of the Giddings Presbyterian Church of St. Louis, in his address "The Divine Weaver", given Thursday morning, November 21, in Roemer Auditorium. We now have many things tending to magnify man's capacity, but in the ancient days the only tool about which society was organized was the loom. "It is hard for us to magnify sufficiently the loom in early history," said Dr. Troupe. Clothing, covering and material of protection come from the loom.

In history one finds that the great people have learned that God is the Divine Weaver. He is the maker of the beautiful and has made us see the beauty of life. It has been said that "a man or woman is born (or shipwrecked) in the world without chart or compass." People may think that man has nothing that is permanent, yet those, who have learned that God is the Divine Weaver have a realized conception. Frances Willard realized that she was only a "thread in the pattern of the ages."

Dr. Troupe explained that no one can look into the eyes of a new-born babe and tell what will become of it. "God stands in the shadows taking care of his own." A building is constructed according to the plan of a great architect, and not only has God a plan for the universe, but also a plan for you. It is up to man to fit into that plan to make it beautiful. The pastor suggests that there is some important work for every individual, who comes into this world.

"A good day is a gift of God," Dr. Troupe said, "but in this scientific age we are apt to leave God out of it." He is back of the days that are beautiful, and those which aren't so beautiful. When the great artist Rembrandt was asked why he always painted the dark colors he said, "Look up into the heavens. How great is that half-hour at sunset, when all the day there are mists in the skies? Why should I paint my pictures bright when they're not according to nature?" Thus are our lives. "The dark threads", said Dr. Troupe, "are necessary to emphasize the light, beautiful threads of our lives. Some day we'll see the great tapestry of the ages hanging in the hall of eternity, and we'll understand the dark threads among the light."

men classic was on.

At first glimpse, one would have surmised that the brotherhood of benevolent ditch diggers had gathered for their annual convention. But no! The crowd was really showing signs of animation, so they must be the Lindenwood hockey players.

Shovels would have been more in order for the game, but since the rule book made no provisions for their use, the players decided after a heated argument, to be content with regulation clubs.

The first half was uneventful as far as hockey was concerned. Most of the time was spent hunting the ball. A player would give it a lusty whang, it would dive headlong into a snow-drift, and ten minutes would be spent in coaxing the little white pellet out of its involuntary seclusion.

During the second half a score was almost made by the Senior-Soph. team. "Almost" is an interesting word. It However, the Senior-Sophs might have scored if the whistle hadn't decided to end it all—which it did, and the score remained 0-0.

CHRISTMAS SEAL SALE

"Buy Christmas Seals—Fight Tuberculosis!" So reads the legend of the attractive Christmas seal poster located at the most visible point in Roemer Hall.

The aim of the organization which sells these seals—and by the way, it is not the Red Cross, or a Community Chest, but an independent organization—the aim of this body of "go-getters" is health education.

Each state and each county has its own "pep-squad". In Missouri alone, there are 114 counties affiliated with the sale of Christmas seals. Last year our county was seventh in the sale. This is pretty good, considering the important facts that: (1) St. Louis is not in this county. (2) Neither is Kansas City.

Much of this county's activity in years before has been due to the enthusiasm and splendid co-operation of Lindenwood. Just see if we don't!

Mr. Motley, as usual, has been the chief impetus in the sale. Sure-fire salesmen have been appointed by him to make every last one of us buy seals. And they're doing it, too! For is not a fine dinner date with Mr. Motley, himself, the reward to the one selling the most seals?

In Ayres, the competitors are: Miss Mary Louise Wardley, Miss Dorothy Sutton, and Miss Turner Williams. Irwin is represented by Miss Eulalie Geiger, Miss Mary Louise Bowles, and Miss Jennie Jeffries. In Nicolls, are Miss Audrey McNulty, Miss Clyde Kirby, and Miss Isabel Burkland have been appointed. Butler is represented by Miss Mary Donnell, Miss Catherine Orr, and Miss Carmen L. Neber. From Sibley, Miss Lois McKeegan, Miss Velma Olson, and Miss Ethel Mitchell have been chosen.

Besides this array of salesmen, two more have been appointed with exclusive rights to grab a faculty member by the coat tail and demand money. The chance that comes once in a lifetime! These honored super-powered salesmen are Miss Mary Mason and Miss Mary Ambler.

Don't hide under the bed when a salesman is heard in the distance! Get out the old sock, or penny bank, or what have you, and give to a good cause. Buy seals! Cut down tuberculosis!—and incidentally, help a poor salesman to win a square meal.

TEA DANCE IS BIG SUCCESS

There is no doubt about it, the Thanksgiving Tea Dance was a great success. Tea was served in Butler parlors where Mary Sue Wisdom poured. Butler gym, the scene of dancing, was appropriately and effectively decorated in autumn leaves and gay colored tiers of crepe paper. There were many visitors including families, dates, and "old girls." How good it was to see Ruthie Bullion's familiar smile! How natural it seemed for Lucille Kelly, Mary Alice Lange, and Brooks Ann Cole to be here.

MR. BRENT ON EDUCATION

"Be Sure You Are Qualified to Teach"

Mr. Brent, of the Education department, spoke in the Orientation Course last Thursday, November 21, on the opportunities in the field of education. He said that the aim of education is very broad and opportunities have enlarged. Also that everyone is interested in what they are going to do for a living.

"There are three big levels of education. First there is the kindergarten work and the positions of teachers and

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COLLEGE CALENDAR

Tuesday, December 10—
5:00 p. m., Music Students' Recital.
Thursday, December 12—
11:00 a. m., Dr. George Wales King of St. Louis.
Friday, December 13—
8:00 p. m., The German play, "Ein Hessisches Weshnachtsspiel".
Sunday, December 15—
6:30 p. m., Program of Christmas Music. Rev. R. S. Kenaston of St. Charles.

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principals. This field is of interest to most younger women who are just out of college. Secondly, the position of teachers, principals, and superintendents of the junior and senior high schools and the beginning of the junior colleges. These are all wonderful fields to be in. Last, are the college and university positions which are always open to those who can qualify. Among these are the positions of Dean of Women and the one who has this must be a good and successful teacher, a vocational councillor, and also she will have great responsibilities.

"The number of teachers has greatly increased in the last seven years. In education there is a rapid turn-over and a person doesn't stay in the same place all the time, because new positions are always opening up. Another field in education is that of teachers' agencies where positions are looked up for those who want work in the many fields."

Mr. Brent gave some of the questions that are asked a person applying for a teaching position. A few of these were as follows: "Do you like children? Have you patience enough for the almost endless questioning of children? Can you keep your head in times of excitement? Are you interested in civic activities? Do you have a sound body? All these things are essential to a good teacher.

In closing, Mr. Brent, said that teaching is the profession of professions, it inspires high ideals, is a service to the nation, it insures big opportunities, and it is practical patriotism.

THE LONG DRESS PROBLEM

Fashion Changes Cause Consternation

Now this is a predicament to be in! Here everybody, planning to be away until Christmas, filled her trunk with the latest August fashions for fall and winter, and proudly departed for Lindenwood. Now, winter is hardly here, and the clothes that were so beautiful and stylish in September are hopelessly out-of-date. One can hardly go to a really nice affair in a knee length dress, any more.

But one thing can be said for the innovation. It has done away with the "Truth Session", after every other remedy failed. Now the rage is "Remodeling Sessions". Girls get together, with their favorite short dresses, and help each other decide how to make them long. How often one hears conversations to this effect, "Sara, do you suppose I could add another tier to this to make it longer?" And then the answer, "No, Judy, I'd get another piece of material to match this, and then let it down right here this way."

There are some fortunate girls who have received new clothes as additional gifts since they have been at Lindenwood, but they are in the minority. Most of the girls have to wait until they get home. They can plead more fluently in person than in writing. And most Christmas lists are headed by the words, "long dress", or "long dresses".

PI GAMMA MU, NEW HONORARY FRATERNITY

Social Science Adherents Now Have Fraternity

Social science adherents have been the instigators of another honorary fraternity, augmenting the number of such honors already on the campus. This time it is Pi Gamma Mu, a National Social Science Honor Society. This fraternity has two sorts of memberships: Chapter members, who are college seniors, juniors, alumni, and instructors, men and women who have attained to a high degree of scholarship; and have distinguished themselves in the study of social science; and second members at large, who are teachers of social science in recognized colleges and universities and active social workers. Lindenwood has a total membership of twenty five, composed of nine seniors, five juniors, five members of the faculty, and six alumni. As yet, the group has not organized and names of members will be withheld until that is done. Faculty members who belong, due to requirements fulfilled in their profession, are Dr. Roemer, Dr. Gipson, Mr. Motley, Miss Morris, and Miss Schaper.

The purpose of the Pi Gamma Mu is the inculcation of the ideals of scholarship, scientific attitude and method and social service in the study of all social problems. Its particular purpose is to send out from the colleges and universities young men and women imbued with social idealism, trained in scientific thought and encouraged to help others to be scientific in their thinking on social questions. Social science is used in the widest sense to include sociology, anthropology, economics, commerce, business administration, law, political science, history, geography, ethics, religion, education, psychology, philosophy and biology. Pi Gamma Mu now has ninety-eight chapters in outstanding colleges and universities of America.

Many of the most distinguished social science teachers and workers in America, realizing the need for a movement with the purpose and program of Pi Gamma Mu and sensing its infinite possibilities, have become members and are enthusiastically interested in its work. Among such members are: Jane Addams, President of Hull House; Irving Fisher, Professor of Political Economy at Yale; Commander Richard Byrd, Aviator and Explorer; Frank G. Allen, governor of Massachusetts; Florence E. Allen, Justice of the Supreme Court of Ohio; Edward Channing, Professor of History, Harvard, and many others of national and international reputation.

The Lindenwood chapter of Pi Gamma Mu has great possibilities and bids fair to be one of the most important organizations on the campus.

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strengthened by clearing the field; the spirit of hilarity entered the void made by the escape of heat from numbing bodies.

The slightly let-down drowsy feeling that followed the game, had departed just enough to leave everyone in a spirit conducive to true worship. The falling snow without added to the list of blessings, for it emphasized the beauties of the campus, and increased the attractiveness of the warm halls. Many gave larger offerings when they realized how those who are unfortunate do suffer from the cold.

The keen, biting air gave a great appetite to everyone—and it was properly satisfied. The weather, fast turning colder, discouraged all mournful "Oh, why do we have to stay on

STUDENTS TRAVEL FAR AND NEAR

A great many girls were away on a recent week-end, besides the great number that just went to the city for Saturday. Margaret Brodie, Juandell Shook, and Helen Henderson went to see the Indiana-Purdue game. The Missouri-Kansas game at Lawrence was viewed by the following Lindenwood girls: Lucile Gabel, Mary Frances Drullinger, Betty Blue, Eloise Schimerhorn, Allison Platt, and Frances Corn. Thelma Pharr, Elizabeth French, Shirley Engel, Doris Force, Mary Jackson, Helen Townsley, and Louise Tubbs went to Kansas City. Dorothy Dinning and Sallye Cooper went home with Thyra Kaul to Holton, Kansas for the week-end. Margaret Namur, and Albertina Flach spent the week-end in Belleville, Illinois. Frances Blair and Margot Francis went to Columbia. Frances Parks visited at Stephens College.

The following girls went home for a weekend: Marthana Hanford, Omaha; Phyllis McFarland, Butler, Mo.; Elizabeth Thomas, Hardin, Illinois; Johnnie Riner, Jefferson City; Isabelle Wood, Auxvasse, Mo.; Martha Morris, Perry, Mo.; Bessie Smith, Guthrie, Oklahoma; Dorothy Hyer, and Virginia Pellett, Olathe, Kansas; Anna Harrison, Benton City, Mo.; Ethylmae Baker, Kingman, Kansas; and Alberta Meints, East St. Louis, Ill.

A great many girls went to St. Louis for the week-end; Mary Ambler, Elizabeth England, Louise Tidd, Helen Culbertson, Lillian Webb, Dollie Kircher, Margaret Omahundra, Ruth Tabott, Eleanor Cissna, Betty Leek, Evelyn Hoyt, Frances Henderson, Dolores Fisher, Jane Richardson, Nannie Ruth Hunt, Grace Hunker, Ruth Steimke, Helen Weber, Alice Ingham, Carmen Neber, Elizabeth Burdick, Rosalind Sacks, Jewel Thornton, Mary Louise Bowles, Anna Louise Kelley, Virginia Cramer, Agnes McCarthy, Marguerite Miller, Teresa Blake, and Dorothy Roeder.

REV. MR. BEATY AT VESPERS

Our Privilege—To Be Human

Rev. Glen T. Beaty, pastor of the Fourth Street Methodist Church of St. Charles, spoke at the vesper service, Sunday evening, November 24. His address was preceded by two selections by the choir.

Rev. M. Beaty caused many smiles to pass over the faces of the students, as he read a list of things that some of the students and faculty members had told him not to talk about. His text was "Be on watch, stand firm in your faith, act like humans, show yourself strong, do everything in love, be human." He mentioned a book "Rats and Men", that was written to show the human characteristics in rats. "What is the difference between me and members of the animal kingdom?" His sermon showed the great privilege afforded men in being humans.

the campus on such beautiful days?"

The rising wind blew a large crowd to see "The Tightwad", and then blew them home again; and as the wind whistled away, it carried such conversation as this, "Oh, how cold! But what a perfect day," "And I was afraid that the snow would spoil it all", "My first white Thanksgiving has been simply wonderful". So, Thanksgiving Day, November 28, has been chosen, by unanimous vote, as the perfect model of what a Thanksgiving Day should be.

See a "Romantic Young Lady"

TAKE CARE GIRLS!

Keep Fit For Vacation

"Button up your overcoat, when the wind is free, take good care of yourself, you belong to me". Maybe not, but button up that coat anyway. Surely you belong to somebody, and it won't do to meet him the 21st with a fine sneezy cold. Or a cough. Or a fever blister.

Rumble-seat coats are the thing. Miss Sue Campbell endorses them heartily. "I find my lovely rumble-seat coat the only thing for these cold days." They really are mighty fine for keeping the gals warm. They have it over the leather jackets in some ways, but you must admit that the leather is water-proof, and that is a help. These bright coats have many faithful followers, more half-backs than full however. Half the freshman class says: "Reach for a leather instead of a fur". The other half says: "Where, oh where, is my little brown coon?" The fur half is louder than the leather half. We think that it is nothing but a little vulgar bragging.

Remember when we all wore blue chinchilla lined with red flannel? It's a shame we didn't save them for this year. A dozen or so upperclassmen had forethought and brought them back with them, after much careful lengthening. An increase in the number is predicted after the holidays. I, myself, know of one in an old trunk in the attic. With a thorough brushing, I will qualify for the club.

Many fine skins appear on state occasions. About the nicest we know of is that gray squirrel in Butler. The original owner has never been discovered. No doubt she is locked in a closet.

Pull the loyal dolman up around the throat, and take all precautions against laryngitis. Vacation is coming and that crooning voice must be at its best. It would be a shame after all these months of careful initiation to have a wheeze ruin the exact double of Rudy Vallee's, or was it Ruth Etting's?

ART FRATERNITY MEETS

The Kappa chapter of Kappa Pi, Lindenwood Art Fraternity met Monday afternoon, November 19.

There was a short business meeting in which the making and selling of Christmas cards were discussed.

Juandell Shook read an interesting paper on "The High Renaissance".

STRAND THEATRE

TUESDAY

Vitaphone—Talking

"FAST LIFE"

with

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR.

LORETTA YOUNG

CHESTER MORRIS

WED. THURS. and FRI. NIGHTS

Saturday Matinee

Great Road Show Talking Special—

"RIO RITA"

with

BEBE DANIELS—JOHN BOLES

SATURDAY NIGHT

All Talking

WILL ROGERS

in

"THEY HAD TO SEE PARIS"