

LINDEN BARK

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POPULAR WINTER RESORTS

Shy Mr. Guy Eludes "Cub"

Chicago is a wonderful place to spend the Christmas holidays—ask any of the Chicago girls. Anyway, Dr. and Mrs. Roemer think it is, and are planning to surprise their man friends and relatives in that city with a visit during the Christmas vacation.

Dr. Gipson is to spend Christmas vacation with friends in New Haven, Conn. She will stop for a short time in Bethlehem, Penn. to visit her brother who is a professor of history at Lehigh University, Washington, D. C. is the next stop during her tour. After Christmas Dr. Gipson will go to New York to spend the remainder of the time seeing theaters, operas, picture galleries, and other interesting things.

Dr. Gregg is going to Chicago to spend the entire vacation seeing plays in that city.

Miss Parker will be at home in Jefferson City, Mo.

Miss Dawson will go to Iowa City, Iowa, to visit friends for a few days, then to her home in Bristol, Iowa. She will also visit her sister in Waterloo, Iowa.

Miss Wallenbrock will spend her Christmas vacation at her home in St. Charles, with occasional trips to St. Louis.

Miss Schaper's Christmas vacation is to be spent with her parents at her home in Washington, Mo. She is also thinking of attending the American Sociological Society at Chicago, December 29-31. However, her plans concerning this idea are as yet a bit indefinite.

Miss Morris plan to remain at the St. Charles hotel, where she has made her home since the erection and completion of that building.

Miss Allyn of the commercial department is undecided as to where she will spend her Christmas vacation. She is one of those favored few who have several places to go during the three weeks. St. Louis

(Continued on page 7, col. 1)

KAPPA BETAS HEAR INTERESTING DISCUSSIONS

The Kappa Beta Chapter of Sigma Tau Delta, National Honorary English Fraternity of Lindenwood entertained the English majors and minors at five o'clock on Tuesday, December 4. Dean Gipson gave a fascinating talk on the folio of old manuscripts which she possesses. These old frail yellow leaves are the originals of books written long ago by the Chinese, Persians and other orinetales. To see the entire books one would have to visit the Vatican in Rome where the treasurers are kept in the museum.

Miss Larson spoke on Carl Sandburg. As she has heard him several times she was able to present him very clearly to her listeners. Dr. Gregg chose as her topic for discussion, "Famous Literary People"

Kappa Beta is proud to announce that it has three new associate members: Joan Lytle, Betty Jack, and Francis Doak.

CHRISTMAS PLAY

Alpha Psi Omega Presentation

The Lindenwood Christmas play sponsored by Alpha Psi Omega, the Honorary Sorority will be presented tomorrow night, December 12, at eight o'clock in Roemer Auditorium. The title "Laff That Off" is in itself enough to make all the half dollars and five dimes hop briskly out of the allowance check. This rollicking comedy written by Don Mullally has George Evelyn Cone as "Peggie Bryant", leading lady, and Margaret Kessor for the handsome "Leo Mitchell." Mitchell is a member of the famous gang which includes Robert Elton Morse ("Remorse"), Ruth Bulion and Arthur Lindau, Lucie Mae Sharon.

There are several other characters which can not be characterized as minor parts, Emmie ("Mopupus") Margery Smith; Mike Connely, Helen Manary; Tony, Pauline Shearer; Johnnei, Marion Pope;

(Continued on page 7 col. 2)

AMBITIOUS ATHLETES

"Brass Buttons" Wins

The Athletic Association is gaining membership so fast that it will soon rival the Y. W. C. A. The "ambitious" of the college have been out making points as fast as possible and at two meeting about twenty members have been admitted. The requirements for the Athletic Association membership are rather strict and the new members are to be congratulated upon their quick response to its challenge for new membership.

One of the pledges, Mary Alice Lange, has been chosen as author of the musical comedy. The title of this is "Brass Buttons" and is centered around West Point. This comedy will be presented in March some time. Mary Alice has many clever ideas about writing this and Lindenwood expects a fine comedy. She is to be congratulated for her plot and her loyalty to the Association.

The president, Margie Bright, says that the A. A. is planning many "big times" and people that don't belong are going to miss a lot. A banquet in St. Louis, will be one of the feature attractions in the spring. The A. A. is one of the peppiest organizations on the campus and deserves much credit for creating so much interest in its growth.

As each group of pledges are initiated the are required to give some sort of stunt. The two groups that have entered this year have given very original songs.

PATENT MEDICINE

DISCARDED

"The Return of the Native"—but this time it was not Thomas Hardy but Dr. B. Kurt Stumberg. It is surely a relief to see Dr. Stumberg back on the campus. He is a part of the campus as much as the Linden Trees. When he is gone no one is sick but as soon as his Buick

(Continued on page 2 col. 3)

LINDEN BARK

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TUESDAY, DEC. 11, 1928

The Linden Bark:

We ring the bells and we raise
the strain,

We hang up garlands everywhere
And bid the tapers twinkle fair,
And feast and frolic—and then
we go

Back to the same old lives again,
—Susan Coolidge, Christmas Joys

COLLEGIATE CHRISTMAS

When we were at the magic age of half-past six or more Christmas meant one thing: Santa Claus. But now having added a few years of sophisticated knowledge, our ideas have become concretely centered in one place: Home.

"Christmas begins the minute I hop off the train into the family's arms," explained a bright-eyed sopomore, as she carefully crossed another day off the calendar. "Only four more days and then."

Yes and how! The joyous ride on the creeping train, the familiar station serving as a back ground for the waiting arms, ecstatic greeting of the one and only dog, and then seated before the fireplace with with the rest. Shopping in the nearby city to the tune of the Salvation Army bell which tinkles its plea for a "penny in the pot"; the mistletoe vendor on the corner who loads the arms of the buyer full of the emorous vine. The small pine on the lawn glows with little lights, and its Christmas Eve! In the center of the table flitters a tiny light:

"A bayberry candle burned down
to the socket,

Brings luck to the house and

wealth to the pocket."

Morning: We may not cherish Santa Claus illusions but the stocking bulge as it dangles on the foot of the bed. Some neighbor knocks: "Merry Christmas! Jes' look at that snow. Jim's bound and determined to get out in his new sled."

Soon the hills ablaze with red sleds bearing proud owners. Up the steep Ozark hill they toil and then zip—clear down to the village post office!

The dinner—how foolish to speak of it. "It's not the food on the table but the folks around it that makes a party." Aunt Jane sagely remarked as she delivered the morning milk.

The day itself is past, but the holiday spirit remains.

UNIFORMITY VERSUS VARIETY

Uniformity in dress, as proposed by many, is to believe the feeling of distinction between girls of wealthy parents and those whose parents are in moderate circumstances. The usual uniform consists of a pleated skirt and middy blouse. This costume is certainly one that most girls find very becoming and the plan is successfully carried out in many high schools and several well-known colleges and seminaries such as Bryn Mawr and Monticello.

The monotony of uniforms is relieved by dressing for dinner and for week-ends. In many high schools the uniform is required only three days of each week. The remaining days it is optional with the students.

This plan certainly gives to the poorer girl a chance to prove her character, her ability, and friendship without the aid of pretty dresses which her parents cannot afford to give her. It also makes it possible for her to possess a few nice dresses rather than a number of cheaper and less attractive ones.

On the other hand it shows the wealthy girl just how to appreciate her advantages. It also proves to her, who her true friends really are or if they merely cultivate her friendship because of her money and pretty clothes.

In Bryn Mawr the students find this a very successful plan and all seem to enjoy it.

Here at Lindenwood there scarcely seem any need of a uniform because the girls all choose such sensible, becoming, and serviceable

COLLEGE CALENDAR

Wednesday, December 12—

8 P. M., Christmas Play "Laff That Off"—Alpha Psi Omega.

Thursday, December 13—

6 P. M., Dinner and Party for entire Lindenwood Family.

Friday, December 14—

12 P. M., Vacation begins and "Home Sweet Home".

costumes for class wear. Skirts and sweaters predominate here even if they are not required and in the spring and fall the girls always look fresh, cool, and pretty in becoming wash frocks, the varied colors of which turn the campus into a veritable rainbow. Too, there is a certain feeling of democracy and equality that did come from uniformity in dress, but from that, good old Lindenwood spirit. Since that spirit prevails and since "variety is the spice of life" if people dress comfortably, becomingly, and sensibly, what is the need of uniformity in dress?

(Continued from page 1 col. 2) drives up on the campus every one feels "white around th gills". There is a mad rush for the infirmary. Nursie has to get someone from the Commercial Department to take the girl's names in short hand. Business picks up. This is just one of the many signs to show that Lindenwood is playing Pollyanna and is "tickled to death" to have its own doctor back home again.

FRENCH CHRISTMAS PROGRAM

Christmas was the feature of the program given in the meeting of Beta Pi Theta, on December 5, in the Y. W. parlors. First the club members were entertained by a French Christmas story of Francois Cappee, "L' Empreinte", read by Jeanne Berry. Two Christmas songs, "Little Town of Bethlehem" and "It Came upon a Midnight Clear" were sung by Marjorie Smith. Rosalind Sachs briefly told of the typical French Christmas. The members were interested to know that the Yule-Log is to France what the Christmas tree is to America. French children have no Santa Claus but it is to the child Jesus they look for gifts, putting their little shoes in front of the fire place, instead of hanging up their stockings. Mary Mason closed the program.

CANDLES

Prize Christmas Story by Margaret Lee Hughes

The Author slumped dejectedly before his fire. The sorry plot of his Christmas story was limping before his mind. His sleigh bells sounded like street car jangles, and his soft snow like automobiles in the slush. He was young, successful; he believed in spite of his success in Christmas, and Christmas goodwill. He slumped down farther in the chair letting the sputtering fire and grey room do the worst to his spirit. He would wait for something to happen to give him his inspiration. Anything, anyone—he sat up straight. There was a vigorous stamping and scraping on the front porch. Someone grasped the door knob, gave it a decided turn, and with a swirl of snowflakes and tugging wind, came boldly in. The Author looked up in disgust. Who dared to come breaking in upon his misery? Had he not a story to get in by morning, his Christmas story at that, and not a single good idea had he to start with? His protests disappeared as he turned to the door. The Visitor was a plump, business-like man. He had grey hair, a wide mouth, and eyes—but the Author couldn't see his eyes; they were at that minute squinted into slits by his efforts to shake off his heavy overcoat.

"Good-evening, sir," said the Author, jumping up and giving a successful tug at the Visitor's sleeve. "Did you bring in any stars with you?"

"Not this time," answered the caller, one blue eye closing in a wink to signify that he and the Author spoke the same language, "but for a while out there, I was dodging them fast. Stars and snow, you see, both coming out of dark blue sky look a great deal alike."

"I know," said the Author, poking at the logs and drawing up another big chair, "Sit down."

"Not now. I'm going to be too busy," stated the Visitor, rocking back and forth on his heels before the fire. He ran a speculative hand through his stiff, grey hair. "It's about this story."

"Yes, the story," echoed the Author, miserably sinking back in his chair and gazing into the fire. "It won't come. I've tried all evening and that mess is the result."

"Tush!" said the Visitor without a glance at the papers, "you started that story off wrong. Now you and I are going to make a different kind of a story, a real Christmas story. Yes," he confessed, "for a long time now, I've wanted to get my hands on one of you authors, and make you see Christmas as it really is: hollyberries, laughter, warmth, and good cheer; not as your superiors tell you to see it: complexes, crimes, and cruelty. All that may make a long story, but"—here the Visitor unfortunately had to pause for breath—"but tonight we are going to give this world all the romance and Christmas goodness that we can cram into one story, and that for a Christmas gift!" He paused.

"Go on, sir," put in the Author eagerly, "you said a story—?" He sat tense in his chair, pencil and paper by his side. His face in the shadow showed only two eager eyes. The fire crackled in a warm, subdued way; the whole room waited. Up again and down went the Visitor's heels; up went the Author's pencil, and down again. "The story!" he begged.

The Visitor gave a chuckle of pure delight, and started out.

"We'll make it Christmas Eve, sir, for our setting; a black and white Christmas Eve with candles burning in all the houses on the block. (The scene is a block, of course, a block of friendly, comfortable, jolly homes.) Some of the candles in third story windows are tiny and white; some, flaming steadily at the front windows are fat and red with ribbons and berries. If you stand on the street and look in on them, you feel solemn and stilly like Behlehem and its Star. And here is the little lady, we'll say, standing like that, all wondering and rapt, looking in on the candles." The Visitor paused again.

"What is she like?" demanded the Author excitedly. His sleeves were rolled up, his hair on end, his pencil writing steadily, steadily, and his face spread with a look of complete enjoyment."

"What is she like!" exclaimed the Visitor with a surprised look at the Author, "I thought you would know that for sure! If even

you don't know it, think of all the others who need to be told about the way a Christmas heroine should look!"

Something like a pleasant sigh escaped from the Author's lips. He started his writing again.

"She is pretty," continued the Visitor, "pretty as the red bow on a Christmas wreath. You see the sparkle of a Christmas tree ball seen through a frosted window when she raises her eyes to you. Her hair is black as tree shadows on white snow, and as mysterious. And her hands plunged deep into her coat pockets, if you could get a peep at them, it would make you think of them tucking curly-headed children in bed under woolly blankets. Their minds filled with thoughts of Christmas morning, and such a dainty step she has, as light yet firm as falling snow. And sir, her voice. It varies from the tiniest tinkle of a silver sleigh-bell—that is her laugh when she is merry—to the warmth of organ music playing Christmas hymns—that is her voice when she is helping someone out of trouble. She is on her way to help someone, as she stands on the snowy sidewalk, and watches the candles. She is, very naturally, a social worker, and is headed for the far end of the street where the houses get meaner and very squalid. It is 'bad Tom' with a fever tonight whom she is visiting. But even a fever has to step aside on Christmas Eve to let its nurse keep a tryst with the shining candles.

"On the inside of the house in front of which she stands—the one with the cheeriest red candle at its front window—is the Boy. He is—I can't say exactly, for the lights are dimmed on purpose to make the candles seem the brighter outside—but he is as noisy and good-hearted as the Christmas fire, and as lovable as last Christmas' teddy-bear. It is at this very minute, this ideal minute, that he chooses to come stamping out of the house, and almost runs over the small figure on the sidewalk. Up for a second come the eyes like frosty Christmas lights, and down for Eternity crashes the Boy's one heart. Maybe it is because they both hear it, and stoop at the same time to pick up the pieces that they bump heads, and while straightening up, touch hands.

"She laughs like the silveriest tinkle, he like the proud thump of a boy's drum.

"You're cold!" he accuses.

"Oh no!" she denies.

"But the Boy's big coat soon

swallows her up.

"You like Christmas?" he asks with a slight nod toward the candles.

"The hands come out from the pockets in ecstasy. 'I love it!' she exclaims, 'the far-away stars, the snow, the colors, the fun of it all. And you?'"

"Sure," he agrees laughingly, and winks at the fat, red candle in his window.

"Then wonder of wonders, the candle winks back; a slow, wavering wink, that almost happens, then doesn't; then almost, almost—yes—does!"

"Oh!" cries the Girl!, one warm hand grasping the Boy, 'Oh!'

"But the fat candle knows what he is doing, and stays absolutely dark."

"We had better fix it," says the Boy slowly.

"Yes, we had," whispers the Girl

"They run across the snow, hand in hand, up the white steps and into the dark house."

The Visitor stopped and turned softly to the Author. Once more he slumped in his chair, not this time in dejection, but in utter exhaustion. Close-written page after page lay under his outstretched hand, and the pencil was still clutched in his weary fingers. Such a light of accomplishment and peaceful joy shone on his face that the Visitor had to stifle quickly a happy laugh. With the exaggerated high steps of a fat man trying to walk quietly, he tip-toed toward his coat.

"He'll get the rest by himself, good boy," he murmured. "The Girl, bless her pretty self, will know the mother, and she and the Boy will visit Tom together, and—" but the words were cut off as the Visitor stepped quickly through the door out into the still night. He tossed a "Merry Christmas!" through the window at the sleeping form of the Author to whom he, the Visitor, had brought the Christmas Spirit.

THE TEST THAT EVERYONE PASSED

By Ruth Fuller

"We'll have a test today," the teacher said,

And faces dropped, groans rose with one accord.

"A test today! How inconsiderate She knows we'll flunk." Each

student darkly frowned

The teacher only smiled, "Here's question one."

The pupils waited, pens poised in the air.

"When is it that the hearts of students beat

"With joy unknown at any other time?"

Excitement rules o'er all: please give the date.

Now question two: explain why at this time

Suitcases come from out of closets dark

And clothes fly into them: be definite.

Give causes, too, for laughter, shouts and mirth.

And question three: list reasons why the whim

Of taxi cabs is very evident,

And why good-byes find echoes in bare rooms

And empty halls. Do any of you wish

To ask a question?" Pens flew madly across

The papers of this very clever class.

And would you believe it? No one failed the test!

AN ENIGMA

By Margaret Withoit

Being the impression of Christmas acquired by a little pitcher freshman possessed of reasonably large auditory organs.

"Just think! Four weeks from tonight and I'll be home!" almost any girl on the campus.

"Well, I won't get all the way there until the next morning, but I'll be on my way," almost any other girl.

And from a sophomore, "Yes, I cross off the days on my calendar like any baby".

As for the freshman—why, one can't realize the energy which may be expended toward a single objective without having seen one of these tenderfeet ferociously brand a seemingly unoffending digit or digits on her calendar with transverse diagonals. The operation is usually effected with an intensity worthy of a nobler cause, for with two short strokes the marker whose heart is in her work must embody the sum total of her future hopes and joys. Consequently, Christmas is anticipation.

Said an unenlightened freshman to an upperclassman, "Do you do anything, I mean in the way of celebration, before Christmas vaca-

tion?"

"Do we do anything?" exploded the questioned one. "First we have a marvelous dinner, and we usually get to dance in the dining-room. They clear off one of the tables, and the kitchen-help gives us a program—it was a Black Bottom exhibition last year. Then Santa Claus comes in, and all the help-maids end everyone else—get their gifts. Every table has a Christmas tree on it, and the big pine tree out in the middle of the quad is decorated with colored lights. Then there is a Christmas play given by Alpha Psi Omega, and 'most everybody stays up all night, and has a big time! Then, about four o'clock in the morning the Sophomores sing carols, and pass holly to all the rooms. Don't you call that 'anything'? You just wait and see!"

Christmas must be a season of right royal good times!

But it has its darker side. How hard it is to sever ties of friendship with persons and places though only for three short weeks, a junior vainly endeavors to convince a member of her sister class. Of course the general lachrymal output by no means attains the quota of commencement time, but some tears always make their appearance, and provide for the re-establishment of the precedent concerning feminine ability to "turn on the water-works."

What is Christmas? It is anticipation and regret, joy and sorrow; a sudden realization of how quickly time passes, or of how slowly days come and go. It is, in fact, an enigma!

THE DAWN WILL COME

By Mary Elisabeth Baker

Dusk, drab shade, and heavy fog;
Darkened clouds; the stars are hid;
Dull, veiled shadows' deepened
gloom;

Wrapped in mourning is the moon.
Black phantoms rule; the day is
done.

Yet I know—the dawn will come.

Cold steel gray, and silver mist;
Bleak white clouds; the winds are
chilled;

Dim spectres whisper, and are gone.
Still I say—the dawn will come.

Golden warmth and ruddy glow;
Soft, fresh smell of dew-kissed
earth;

From heaven's door the warm, red
sun
Shines o'er all—the dawn is come.

Inspiration From The Latin Poets

By Julia Thompson

Few people appreciate what real beauty is to be found in the works of the ancient Roman writers. Theirs is a direct heritage from the originators of all beauty, the Greeks. But the Latins create for themselves a rare brilliance in prose and poetry, drama and oratory.

Students probably enjoy the poets most. Virgil, Catullus, and Horace live in the minds of those who read their work; the last two deal in personalities especially, leaving us with a definite sense of their reality.

Horace is a most interesting character—a man about town, fat, bald, and happy-go-lucky, by his own description. Many are his lady loves, but none arouse any depth of feeling in his too-wise heart. One of his poems, which has been called "The Flirt" particularly interests most girls. Two poetic translations have been done, one quite true to the poet's own sentiment, the other a "take-off" in modern fashion.

HORACE, BOOK I, ODE V.

By Norma Paul Ruedi

Oh my Pyrrha, fickle maiden,
Plucking hearts from here and there,
For what new enamoured suitor
Do you bind your golden hair?

He awaits you in the grotto
At your favorite trysting place.
Does he know of all the lovers
Who have kissed your charming
face?

Soon enough he'll rouse the tem-
pests
Of your stormy love and hate;
Soon enough he'll be as others
In a sad and jilted state.

I've hung up my dripping garments
To the great god of the sea;
I have placed my votive tablet,—
I am old and fancy free.

A CO-ED'S HORACE

By Julia Thompson

And what sheik, our campus vamp,
Have you beguiled away
From his fond steady's cozy lamp
Into your roadster gray?

Oh surely there must be some cause
To make you spend an hour

Before your glass, and still you
pause
To fasten on a flower.

He must not know your rep, my
dear,
To fall so easily
For all you whisper in his ear
Is merely bunk to me.

For I fell hard myself one time
And you know your double-face,
And now I sit and laugh in rhyme,
At others in the race.

But Mr. Horace has his more serious
moments. Another translation
shows this:

HORACE, BOOK I, ODE XI. AWAKE AND SAVE THE DAY

By Julia Thompson

Seek not to know what fate the
gods
May hold for you or me;
'Tis wrong to know, O Leuconoe,
'Tis wrong to try to see.

'Tis better far to take what comes
If many years there'll be,
Or if Zeus names this one our last
Which now whips up the sea.

Be wise! Come strain the ruby wine
And since our time is short,
Give up your dreams and foolish
hopes
And while you can, make sport.

E'en while we speak our life is
gone.
Awake! and seize the day.
Trust not the future to bring joy
Be happy while you may.

Even more fascinating than this kind-hearted philanderer is Catullus, Beau Brummel and leader of the younger set in Rome. Another Byron is he in fire of temperament and depth of passion. His short love lyrics are written for the most part to his "Lesbia". However well it might seem that these short bursts of sentiment might lend themselves to a student's attempts at poetic translation, the lines seem to lose that something which makes them poetry, when put into English. So the class poet waited for a longer, more serious poem, a short epic dealing with the marriage of Peleus,

a Thessalian hero, and Thetis, a sea nymph. One of the most beautiful descriptive passages has been put into verse.

CATULLUS LXIV, Lines 269-278

By Norma Paul Ruedi

As the north wind ruffles the quiet
sea

With its breath at the break of day
And urges on the sloping waves
When the moon has slipped away;

As the waters slowly at first glide
on

By will of the winds at sea,
Then faster and faster crowd them-
selves

With a laughing splash to be free.

And floating afar reflect the gleam
Of the rosy light of dawn,
Changing their hue to amethyst
As they keep drifting on;

Just so the people leaving the feast
After the joyous day,
Hither and thither with wand'ring
feet

Start on their homeward way.

PASTELLO

By Mildred Byars

Writing fairy stories is the most airy thing I can think of doing. I should adore being a writer of fairy stories. Ever since I was a wee child Mother has taken great pains to suppress in me a terrible aptitude for fibbing, drawing on my imagination, exaggerating, telling pale lies. How perfectly rollicking it would be to tell all the fibs I'd love to tell just once! I would make whole whirl-wheels of beautiful violet and yellow-green and black fibs and I would throw them everywhere and all beautiful people would love them. O, you jolly ones who sit in mystic rooms in myriad cities telling bubble stores with no Mother to go pin pricking! What a pastel life! What an escape from grayed existence! Heaven—to make people happy and to spin lives that you would love to live—and have everyone understand that you were fibbing and still like it. That is a work that would carry me so near distant music, so near utter forgetfulness of the world, so near perfect harmony of inner self and outer expression that I could forget..... onions.

Don't miss "Laff That Off"

A CHRISTMAS TRAGEDY

By Katherine Seymour

Christmas spirit there was none;
Gloom was gripping everyone.

The table had been set with care,
But no festivity was there.

Mother muffled Bobby's wails;
The cook was chewing fingernails.

Only Fido, bouncing around—
He ate the goose, the little hound!

WISE SANTY CLAUS, JR.

By Mary Elizabeth Miller

"Wonderful sweetheart of mine," warbled Santa Claus, Jr. in his "sheiky" young voice as he started out in the Spirit of St. Louis, a gift from Lindbergh, to see all of the little collegiate boys and girls. This was his first trip, and his inherited round abdomen took on an extra swell of importance.

The "old top" was getting along in years; and Mrs. Santy Claus, Sr. being a wise woman, knew that there was "no fool like an old fool", so in order to keep her frisky husband on the "straight and narrow path", she demanded (in a very tactful way) that the offspring distribute the annual Christmas gifts. Now she spent all of her spare time wondering where her wandering boy was every night. Vassar, Smith, and Wellesley were tricky places, and she hated to see her son spending all of his hard-earned money on those mercenary wretches. Sweet Briar and Bryn Mawr girls weren't much better. Why, oh why, had she sent little Junior out into the world of women? And co-eds were such wicked wantons—if he would only hang around the boy's schools, her mind would be at rest.

But on this night of happiness, S. C. Jr. was a man of wisdom and few words. Filled to the brim with "Christmæ cheer", he had enough of the little red satan in him to want to tease his mother. Not being a dumb lad, he knew her fears. He left her in a cross-word puzzle state, begging for another word.

The Spirit of St. Louis buzzed from place to place, scorning both universities and girls' schools, except for the dropping of the expected presents. There was only one more place to go. The whirring motor of the plane began to die down, and young Claus peered anxiously out of his brightly col-

ored futurist spectacles for a landing place. A golf course came into view, and in two minutes he was "down and out".

Loudly, clearly, "Wonderful Sweetheart of Mine", danced on little air waves sending a message through the walls of four serious-looking college dormitories, and four hundred and fifty Lindenwood girls immediately came rushing out. The boy was like his father, always saving the best until last.

Mrs. Santy Claus was so relieved when she received the following telegram:

"Fooled again stop Lindenwood is the place for me stop
Love and kisses,

Your obedient son,
SANTA CLAUS, Jr."

CHRISTMAS EVE

By Elizabeth Greene

Silvery shop lights glisten and shine.

Silvery notes from the church tower chime.

Purple shadows silently slide

On the wings of even-tide.

All is quiet—all is calm,

Peace comes like some cooling balm

On this Christmas Eve.

INTERLUDE

By Katherine Seymour

Halls echoing agitated whispers;

Counting on fingers;

Nods of confirmation;

Deep down sighs;

Far away looks on rapt faces while pens are poised in air during moments of intense thought;

Plans in formulation exchanged excitedly;

Letters bearing addresses of railroads firms scanned eagerly;

Attention dragged to tasks that must be completed;

Increased excitement in voices;

Crisp air ringing with feminine laughter;

Dancing feet playing in rhythm never before attained;

Rooms suddenly disordered;

Clothes flying;

Voices screaming;

Hatboxes slammed;

Bright hats,

Fur coats,

Laughter,

Running,

Whirling taxis,

Joyous goodbyes.

Quiet halls, empty rooms, vacant buildings;

An inquisitive mouse comes out to seek the cause of absent voices.

JUST TEN MINUTES BEFORE TRAIN TIME

By Dorothy Emmert

Frances, where are my galoshes? —I'm about to go crazy—I've just got ten minutes! And for pity's sake see if you can find that sweater of mine. Oh, I lent it to somebody once, up on third, I guess. I've got to have it. Oh Frances, what am I going to do? There isn't a speck of room left for these galoshes. Well it's up to me to wear them. Hope nobody thinks I'm crazy, wearing galoshes when it isn't even snowing. Will I ever make that train! Oh my red hat—what shall I do? And toothbrush and comb and those sport shoes—oh, oh! Well, they'll just have to go in my golf bag. Did you get my sweater? Good! Here help me stuff it in my coat pocket; everything else is full. Why couldn't that teacher have let us out a little early? —Oh, suffering snails, I forgot all about my handkerchiefs! Well, put them in my hat, kind of pin them in—no one will know the difference if I can remember to keep my hat on. Oh, Frances! Look! I forgot to put in my formal! Whatever shall I do! I'll have to wrap it in tissue paper and put it inside of one of my shoes, if I can find an empty one. Help me. There. It's time to go—here, give me my golf bag—I've got my hatbox—oh, my purse, too, and those packages—wow—will I ever get down stairs with all this junk? Dab some powder on my nose, please—I'm coming, Helen—and bye-bye, dear. Have a grand time and write to me. Yes, I'm coming, Helen!

CHRISTMAS TREES

By Mary Mason

Bitter sweeps a Northern gale,
Laden with its stinging silver cargo of icy sleet,

Swaying the hardy greenness of erect young spruces,
young spruces,

Who in their fragrant rustic hearts,
dream of lights

And laughter, and the hundred
glittering charms

Of a new Christmas.

Softly drifts a southern breeze,
Sweetened by the myriad perfumes
of a flowery spring,

Caressing the blackened boughs and
browning needles

Of an old discarded spruce;

Dreaming of the faded glories

Of a forgotten Christmas.

(Continued from page 1, col. 1) and Illinois are the prospective places which she is considering.

Mr. Motley rattled his papers briskly: "Well what can I do for you?" The hesitating freshie settled her books more firmly under her arm, and stammered: "I want a ticket for Florence."

The pro temp ticket agent drew down a weighty volume and proceeded to thumb through all its pages, a frown growing more pronounced on his brow. Finally with a flip of the last page he said: "I can't find this station Florence."

"Why, stammered the frosh more violently, "Florence is in class! I promised to get her ticket for her."

Mr. Motley will not commit himself about the expenditure of this vacation and to the reporter's eager questions he will only answer, "Oh I'll just be stickin' around."

L. C. GIRL UP IN THE AIR FLIES HOME TO K. C.

"Are you really going to fly home?" "Aren't you afraid you'll never take such a chance on not seeing my family". Such remarks are accompanying the coming flight of Bernice Huett to her home in Kansas City for the vacation. Bernice will no doubt have a wonderful time and experience and think—she'll miss all the glorious struggle of finding her berth, struggling with baggage, and tipping red caps and innumerable porters. That really is style, Bernice, for you're the first Lindenwoodite to introduce such a novel idea. Perhaps in years to come we'll drive down town in our airplanes every few weeks to get our Lindenwood daughters for the week-end, but at present you are in a class by yourself in getting home quickly.

BETA PI THETA PLAY

Beta Pi Theta Fraternity is going to give a play—and once more the play is the thing". It is to be "Le Malade Imaginaire" by Moliere. The cast includes Catherine Orr, Lillian Bloomenstiel, Margaret Dyer, Elizabeth Tracy, Rosalind Sachs, Sue Austin, Katherine Perry, Jeanne Berry, Mary Mason, Theresa Bartos, Virginia Bear, Elizabeth Pinkerton, Betty Jack, Mary Ambler, Lena Lewis. The date of the play is February 15. With Miss Stone backing it, as she does all Beta Pi Theta activities, the play can be nothing but a large success.

(Continued from page 1, col. 2)

and Tubby, Peggie Margaret Fagg; and Mrs. Connely, Lillie Bloomenstiel.

With such a cast and such a director as Miss Steeve, the new Oratory teacher, the play is bound to be the thing.

CHRISTMAS DISPERSAL

Home Most Popular Goal

The modern language department is going to have its Christmas too. Miss Stone is going first to St. Louis where she will visit with friends. From there she will go to Burlington, Iowa, to be the guest of her sister, Mrs. Robinson. Miss Mary Terhune will go to spend her holidays with her mother and father, Dr. and Mrs. Thomas B. Terhune of New Albany, Ind. Miss Wooster will go to Lafayette, Ind., to spend her holidays with her mother. Mrs. Bose will go to Iowa City, Iowa, where she will be with her husband.

The music department is going to do its playing somewhere else besides in Eastlick Hall. Mr. and Mrs. John Thomas are going to Bosworth, Mo., to visit their mother and father. Miss Rhodes is going home, to Little Falls, N. Y. To Ohio are going, Miss Isidor to Cincinnati, and Miss Edwards to Coshocton. To keep Eastlick, so on one will steal it, the music department is leaving Miss Titcomb. To the north goes Miss Gravley to Oskaloosa, Iowa. Miss Criswell will go to Mound City, Ill., where she will spend her holidays. Miss Terhune is going to Lincoln, Ill., where she will give a recital. From there she will go to her home at Metropolis, Ill.

Miss Russell, the librarian, will spend her holidays in Atlanta, Ga., at the home of her brother. She plans to have an enjoyable vacation taking a good rest. The "Sunny South" will be a good place to do this after the rush and bustle of hurrying girls trying to do all their "Lib" work before vacation.

Miss Linneman, of the art department, has been so busy planning lovely things for her girls to make that it has left her no time to make any definite plans for her Christmas vacation. At present she expects to spend the holidays here in St. Charles with her family and friends, and in St. Louis. In term of service, Miss Linneman is

one of the older members of Lindenwood's faculty, and her residence is 305 Jefferson street.

The five housemothers and Miss Clement have made vacation plans that will take them from Illinois to Louisiana. Mrs. Wenger intends to go first to Denver for a short visit and then will return in time to spend Christmas with "her family" at Cairo, Ill. Both Mrs. Peyton and Mrs. Roberts will visit daughters, the former in Birmingham, Ala., the latter in Carbondale, Ill. Miss Blackwell and Miss Hough travel farther afield. The Nicolls housemother will go home to Hopkinsville, Ky., and Miss Hough to Morgantown, Va. Miss Clement will desert the tea room to enjoy the delights of New Orleans and Sherburn, La.

The Home Ec. teachers, Miss Tucker and Miss Mortenson, are both planning on "Christmas at home." Miss Tucker will be in Lansing, Mich., and Miss Mortenson in Ames, Iowa.

Only one of the department of history has made up her mind about vacation and that is Miss Folsom, who knows that she will be home at New Haven, Conn., during the holidays. As for Dr. Reuter, she can't decide. There are so many places to go, things to see and do, that one vacation is entirely too short. She thinks that her plans may crystallize the "night before."

Miss Cora Walter, of the dietetics department, will spend her Christmas vacation probably at Hot Springs, Ark. Miss Walter says she has been scanning resort books of all kinds to find a place that would please her. If she doesn't go there, she will go to her home which is in Elgin, Ill.

Miss Foster, the assistant dietitian, will stay at the college during the vacation and direct the serving of meals for those who will be on the campus. Several of the administration will be here and Miss Foster will plan their Christmas meals.

Miss Stone, head of the modern language department, spoke to the orientation class, Tuesday, December 4, on "The Value of Modern Languages". She told some of her experiences in France and other countries, and also of what some of the Lindenwood graduates in modern Languages had done since leaving college.

Miss Allyn, heard of the commercial department, talked on "The Value of Business Training."



"The flowers that bloom in the spring have nothing to do with the case." But yet they would help any case along. And Harold E. sure had a head on his shoulders when he figured that out. He said it most eloquently with flowers, and Sue answered and how! And Saturday morning there was a going to the city. Well who do you suppose she saw when she stepped off the bus? Why no one but Harold E. Now jump to any conclusion that you care to as to the end of the story. Jump as far as you want to and you can not jump far enough.

And once more the poor dear freshman are at it again! Some of the poor innocent ones were embarrassed to death because they did not have tickets for the tea dance. They stood out in front of the door wondering how in the world the fact of buying tickets for the dance could have escaped them. Finally after much blushing of both the girls and their dates an upper-classmen enlightened them and—"On went the dance."

WHAT VALENCE HOME?

Faculty Homeward Bound

There are many years of celebrating Christmas, but Lindenwood's chemistry department has analyzed the composition of a perfect Christmas and found it to be made up of one-hundred percent H O M E. Dr. Johnson and his family are going to spend the holidays here in St. Charles. Miss Lear says that although she hasn't been at home for a Thanksgiving celebration in twelve years, she has never missed being there at Christmas time, and accordingly will hop the train for Madison, Wis., next Friday.

Miss Hankins will also spend the holidays at home, which in this case is nearby Webster Groves; so nearby in fact that there won't even need to be a train ride, but just a short trip on the trolley.

Miss Gordon, of the oratory department, will spend Christmas

with her family in Walton. She will be in several cities in Kentucky through out the vacation.

Miss Steve will spend her vacation in Clarinda, Iowa, with her family. She will visit Kansas City on her way back to Lindenwood.

Miss Karr is glad that she too can say that she is going home for the Christmas holidays. This is in Indianola, Iowa, and she is looking forward to it especially because it will be a short family reunion.

Dr. and Mrs. Calder, who were away the entire summer, intend to stay at home in St. Charles. They are considering driving to Pennsylvania, but think it is unlikely because of the uncertainty of the weather.

Mr. and Mrs. Brent are remaining home in St. Charles during the first week of the vacation. They will then go to Flora, Illinois, for Christmas and the remainder of the time, to be at the home of Mr. Brent's mother.

Dr. Ennis is anticipating her Christmas at home perhaps a little more than the rest, because this is her first for seven years. And besides going home she expects to take a trip to New York city after Christmas, where she will attend a meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

Miss Larson and Miss Sherman, also of the Biology Department, are Homeward bound too, Miss Larson to Paxton, Illinois, and Miss Sherman to Maquon, Illinois.

The two heads of the Physical Education department seem to be trying to get just as far away as possible from the center of their present activities, for they are both going to spend Christmas holidays in New York City. Miss Reichert will return to the home of her parents and will also visit in Warwick, New York. Miss Duggan has firm intentions of studying and doing much absorbing research work during her off time. These intentions are certainly honorable and commendable enough, but the question is—will she follow them out? Well, power to her anyway, and here's wishing both our athletic directors the best of Christmases.

CHORAL CLUB AND SOLOISTS IN PROGRAM

The Choral Club entertained at a concert Monday Night, December 3. Miss Grace Terhune was conductor and Mary C. Craven was accompanist. The first four num-

bers "Twenty Eighteen", English Folksong, "The Seasons", Swedish Folksong, "Spinning Song" German Folksong, and "Wake Thee, Now, Dearest," Czecho-Slovak Folksong, were rendered by the Choral Club. This was followed by Allene Horton, playing two piano numbers. Nocturne F. Sharp Major, Chopin and Liebesleid by Kreisler-Rachmaninoff. She played with much feeling.

This was followed by Evalyn Pierpoint who played the violin accompanied by Betty Leek. Evalyn played Melody, Koschat-Winternitz and Souvenir de Poses, Wieniawski with a remarkable technique. The concert closed with three numbers by the Choral Club, "Mellican Man," Dargh; "The Old Refrain," Kreisler-Page; and "Dawn," Curran. The last number was particularly enjoyed and was played for an encore. All in all, the entire program was enjoyed and the student body thanks the Choral Club for its entertainment. A great deal of credit is due Miss Terhune who was conductor.

DR. HENRY L. SOUTHWICK INTERPRETS "OTHELLO"

If Lindenwood should hold a popularity contest to determine which of the year's entertainments were the most enjoyable, there is no doubt that that of Dr. Henry L. Southwick, of the Emerson College of Oratory of Boston, would be among the first of the list.

Dr. Southwick read "Othello" at chapel Sunday night, December 2, and everyone present went away with a new and deeper understanding of this greatest of all tragedies. Dr. Southwick first gave a short discussion of the play, telling of its historical background of the siege of the Isle of Cypress and its theme of the tragedy of jealousy, and explaining that often-misunderstood character, Othello; that he is not an Ethiopian, but a Moor, and that he is not a true example of a jealous man, being natural of higher character, but is rather a man ensnared in a trap of jealousy. Then Dr. Southwick read the play, with a versatility and brilliancy of character portrayal which commanded the deepest appreciation from the audience. The performance was thoroughly delightful, and Dr. Southwick proved himself a true artist.

Don't miss "Laff That Off"