

LINDEN BARK

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Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Mo., Tuesday, January 10, 1928

Price 5c

JOHN G. PIPKIN HONORED BY LEGION

Mr. John G. Pipkin, who is Lindenwood's representative in the Southwest, and is responsible for a lot of girls coming to Lindenwood from that part of the country, has been prominently mentioned in an American Legion news dispatch.

Mr. Pipkin and his wife are both very much interested in Legion Work. Mr. Pipkin is commander of the Arkansas department of the American Legion Auxiliary.

There are two other families in the Legion work down in Arkansas Dr. L. J. Kominsky, who is commander of the Texarkana Legion post, and his wife who is president of the Texarkana unity of the auxiliary; and C. R. West, executive committeeman for the first Texas district, and his wife who holds a similar office in the auxiliary.

HOLIDAY WEDDINGS

One of the most delightful features of the Roemer's holidays was an automobile trip to Davenport, Iowa, where they attended the Bird-Fox nuptials. Upon their arrival the night before the wedding, they and relatives of the bride and groom were entertained at dinner by the father and mother of the groom. Miss Gertrude Bird is a cousin of Mrs. Roemer. The bride-groom Mr. Frederick H. Fox was formerly of Davenport and now of Detroit.

Dr. Roemer officiated at the ceremony which was performed at the Country Club, 3 p. m., December 28, 1927, in a setting made beautiful with palms and poinsettias in keeping with the Christmas time. The sister of the bride acted as maid of honor, while the groom's brother was the best man. The bride was married in her traveling dress and the couple left immediately after the ceremony for their honeymoon trip

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DR. AND MRS. ROEMER AT EDUCATIONAL WEEK

Last Saturday Dr. and Mrs. Roemer left for Atlantic City where they are attending National Educational Week. This means that Lindenwood is being represented at the largest National Educational meeting ever held since in a letter to Dr. Roemer from Dr. Robert L. Kelly, of New York, Secretary of the Association of American Colleges, it was learned that a record-breaking attendance was expected. At this important convention three distant sets of meetings are being held, each of two days' duration. The first meeting is that of the different denominational boards of education, where there will be a general discussion of colleges and their work. The Association of American Colleges and the Presbyterian College Union are meeting the other four days. Lindenwood is a member of both the Association of American Colleges and the Presbyterian College Union.

After Educational Week Dr. and Mrs. Roemer are going to New York City, where they will be entertained by the New York Lindenwood College Club. At Centennial, New York was well represented by members of this club.

FAMOUS PIANIST GIRL

Miss Clara Rabinovitch, the Rumanian-American pianist, will be at Lindenwood February 23, 1928. Miss Rabinovitch received a tremendous welcome on her Berlin debut, being forced to give five encores after her rendition of Chopin's Sonate. At the close of the long program, including old masters classics and modern music the lights had to be turned out to get the rapturous audience to leave the hall.

Happy New Year.

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

Santa Came to Lindenwood

Family night at Lindenwood is always looked forward to by all of the students, and in fact everyone on the campus. This is the one night of the year when everyone connected with the school is present in the dining room, and gifts are distributed to all of the helpers. No one is omitted when the gifts are distributed. This night is always the last one before the girls leave for the Christmas vacation, and "last year" 1927 it was on December 13.

Miss Walter had certainly remembered this famous night, for she had planned quite an elaborate menu (no doubt this served to add several extra pounds on to various members of the student body). The tables, too, had the Christmas spirit for they were bedecked with miniature Christmas trees which were decorated with tinsel and bright colored ornaments.

After dinner was served, old Santa himself made his appearance. He seemed to have quite a difficult time in getting in to the dining room but he finally made his entrance through one of the windows. Following his arrival he distributed the gifts among the various members.

One of the most delightful events of the evening was the orchestra playing throughout the serving of the dinner. This orchestra consisted of five members and was composed of the colored help from the kitchen. Little Wesley Lee Foley (son of one of the members of the orchestra) danced for the girls, and certainly showed them how he could step when any music was played. Another interesting number was the negro spirituals which were sung by the colored men and women who work here. "Swing Low Sweet Chariot" was one of the old favorites sung which was most enjoyed.

Linden Bark

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TUESDAY, JAN. 10, 1928

The Linden Bark:

Little by little the time goes by.
Short, if you sing through it,
long, if you sigh.

HAPPY NEW YEAR

"Ring out the old, ring in the new", and turn over a nice, smooth clean sheet of life for the year of 1928! Let every ship weigh anchor and start on a history-making voyage. Think of the size of the Lindenwood fleet when it sails off for its new year! A good fleet is made up of ships that obey orders and keep in trim, ready for whatever presents itself, so that this fleet must organize itself in the same way. Every girl is the captain of her soul—her ship, and it is up to everyone to make a "log" that will be unfading through the fair weather and foul.

Maybe our records haven't been such as will leave pleasant memories upon re-reading or recalling. Well! it is never too late to mend, so let's patch up our sails, swab the decks and heave-ho for the best voyage ever.

First thing to do is learn the sailing rules so as to avoid later embarrassment. Next, resolve to run the ship with some method and object—not just following in the wake of more aggressive liners. Then there are all those little faults peculiar to every individual which

each captain can keep a better "dog-watch" on this year.

After all if we learn to govern our lives as ships in this Lindenwood "fleet" we'll be prepared to weather the storms of later days in that bigger fleet of Life.

Here's the best of wishes for fine sailing and a final "log" worth, of the New Year, 1928.

A TRIBUTE IS DUE

Lindenwood always remembers its founders, and at this season of the year we like to think of Mrs. Mary Easton Sibley, who would have been 128 years old on Jan. 1, just past. What an unusual life hers was, beginning on the first day of the new century. Mrs. Sibley died 51 years after the founding of Lindenwood, in 1878.

If she could only see our Lindenwood of today—see what a century of love passing by has left. Old Sibley Hall, which was named for her, has been added to, and instead of the one building we have five dormitories and Roemer Hall. They all represent years of love on the part of Lindenwood friends.

The faithful girls of the Art department decorated the graves of Major and Mrs. Sibley during the holidays with holly and evergreen, as this has been a custom each year. This is Lindenwood's tribute to the memory of her "first lady."

VARIED RECITAL

A students' recital, on Tuesday, Dec. 6, opened with Virginia Morris playing the well loved "Humoresque", composed by Tschaikowsky. Dorothy Johnson played the piano number "Gavotte", showing unusual talent.

Lillian Wolf, accompanied by Miss Edwards, sang Ronald's "Prelude", and "Voce di donna", composed by Ponchielli, in a pleasing manner. Virginia Rhorer delighted her audience with her selection "Morning", "Iris" and "Shepherd, Thy Demeanor Vary" were the numbers sung by Dorothy Gartner.

Every one was inspired by Frances Whittaker's violin selections which were, "Melody" and "Menuet".

Shirley Greene and Euniva Lynn played piano numbers composed by MacDowell, "The Eagle" and "Rigandon", respectively, which closed a very pleasant recital.

COLLEGE CALENDAR

Tuesday, Jan. 10, 5:00 p. m.
Student Music Recital.

Thursday, Jan. 12, 11:00 a. m.
Mrs. Emily Grant Hutchings will lecture on "Woman in Art" and will illustrate with pictures.

Friday, Jan. 13, 7:30 p. m.
Western Club's party.

Sunday, Jan. 15, 6:30 p. m.
Dr. W. C. Colby of St. Charles at Vespers.

GIRLS WATCH YOUR HEALTH IS ADVICE

There has been much agitation around Lindenwood recently over the recklessness of the girls over their health. Far too many have been going to the infirmary because of colds, headaches, and nervous attacks, which could easily have been averted if the girls had taken care of themselves. Some girls go from the swimming pool to their rooms in wet bathing suits. It has not only been requested that they come from, and return to their rooms fully clothed, but it is forbidden to do otherwise. There are complaints that there has been too little sleeping, and eating done. Girls are staying up late at night, into the wee small hours, to study. If they would just apply themselves early in the day rather than leave everything until the last minute, they too could get their beauty naps. It also seems to be quite the sad nowadays to diet. Nearly everyone is depriving herself of the good wholesome food in an effort to regain that "perfect 36". Then when the pangs of hunger become too great, the roomie's box from home, or candy from the tea-room satisfies these pangs in a most unhealthy manner.

The voice teachers complain because the girls always have "frogs" from not wearing hats (those of them that are accustomed to hats), and because the girls sit and sleep in a draft. The doctors and nurses: because the girls don't wear enough clothing, and because (if they do not regard their own health) they are jeopardizing the lives of their dates by keeping them in the swings on these cold nights. The doctor says they are committing nothing less than murder, and should be held responsible for sending the young men to their early graves.

TWO SENIORS COP SONG CONTEST PRIZE

Again the Seniors have come to the front. They are keeping up the good work that the Seniors should. This time two of the Seniors have walked off with the song prize. Helen Roper wrote the music and Kathryn Walker wrote the words. Both of these girls are well known. Helen always plays for the Seniors when they sing, and it is usually Kathryn that writes the words for our songs.

The following are the words of the song:

"Dearest of All, Lindenwood"

Lindenwood, we're loyal until
the last,
Ideals you instill forever.
No school can equal your glorious past
Deeds of today do your future
forecast
Each girl must ever remember.
Nourished and loved till this
century new,
Worthy of the one whose dear
vision came true,
Ours just to take, not scar it,
Ours just to make not mar it,
Dearest of all, Lindenwood!
Lindenwood, our Alma Mater
so dear,
In our memories you shan't per-
ish.
Not one shall fail in the way
you made clear,
Duty will guide us though we're
far from here,
Ever our college we'll cherish.
Nourished and loved till this
century new,
Worthy of the one whose dear
vision came true,
Ours just to take, not scar it,
Ours just to make, not mar it,
Dearest of all, Lindenwood!

LETTERS

By Helen Kidd

A living spirit, hidden in a mass of scratches on a piece of paper, peering in and out among the words having the power to cast the reader down into the depths of gloom or bring him from the darkness into the light of lights, happiness. This supernatural power is none other than the spirit of a letter.

Letters are of all shapes and sizes. They come from all sources and all some are thick, others are very thin,

parts of the world, but one from home usually causes a great deal of excitement.

"A letter from home. Yes, and here is one from mother, too."

The glad shouts ring through the college buildings. Mother has just entertained her club, and she tells you the complete menu. Hungry? Why, you are just starved, and hearing about mother's fried chicken does not help matters any. Your favorite salad, too. Mother tells about the dessert she had, and how everyone thought it was so good. Would a dish of that dessert taste good now? Need you ask? Why, just think of the last time you sat down to a big dish of it, with lots of whipped cream over it. Mother tells how everything looked, and just how it all tasted, until you can see the spirit running around over the letter in shapes of fried chicken, salad, and dessert. Mother has been very busy and she is tired, but she is going to send you a big box soon. The last statement causes many shouts and screams, until your roommate tells you the House Mother will come to your room if you don't calm down.

You finish reading mother's letter somewhat more calmly, for she just tells about the things she has been doing. You turn to father's letter. He usually writes in a rather stic way, but you can read in between lines and see that he misses you a great deal, but he does not want you to know it. Father used to be somewhat of an artist, and he draws cartoons all over your letters. This breaks his reserved style somewhat, then all of a sudden he begins to tell you about money, and his business at home. Again he is the business man, and can not break away even while he is writing a letter to his only daughter, but you love to get daddy's letters, for they always seem so calm and reliable.

The days go by calmly and uneventfully enough for you, but not so for your girl friend who is attending a co-ed. You read her letters two or three times: at first you can not believe, she surely is teasing you. Well, months go, but now life is so different. She tells you how many dates she has. She is "just wild" about the football hero, and he has taken her several places already. You know all about the clothes she wears, and that she is going to get a new dress for the varsity, and she has a date with Rod, the football hero. Before you finish reading her letters you know everything she thinks, and the old

spirit revives and goes hopping all over doing little pep dances.

The pep spirit is replaced by a far more newsy spirit, for a boy friend from home writes and tells you all of the news. No, it is not a love letter. The boy friend was in school with you, but he is unable to go to college this year, and is working in hopes that he may be able to go next year. He tells you of the girls he has been going with, and what everyone is doing. He has just bought a new "stripped down" and he tells you that this one has a seat, a steering wheel, a hood, and three tires. He and some of the other boys went hunting, but all they found was a cold, for it has been cold at home, and they came in on the rims, with the engine boiling, and nearly out of gas. These letters are read and re-read with pleasure, and you only wish there were more of them.

Silly, foolish, and more foolish, are the letters from the boy you went with last year. He tells you how much he misses you, and that the old town does not seem the same with you away. He wants to know why you do not write more often, for he can hardly wait from one letter until the next. When you come home Christmas he wants a date every night, and he says he hasn't had one date since you left. You know it is not so, and you make up your mind not to write any more, but by that time you are reading the next sentence. What! a box of candy is coming. Well, you sit down immediately and write a nice, long sweet letter in hopes more candy will follow.

There are other letters too, some from girls and boys you have known in school. Usually the spirit of these letters is interest. Perhaps a letter from an aunt or your grandmother may be included here. You usually know what they are going to say before you open them. They tell of the things they have been doing, and always tell you to study hard, and be a good girl.

A well-written letter is received. The contents are clearly stated, and it is not very personal. Can you not guess? It is from a dear teacher, who has been fond of you. She wants to know all about your school, how you like it, and if your studies are hard. She wishes you the best of luck.

There is another type of letter that is cold and formal. The spirit in this letter is so cold he is nearly frozen out of letter entirely. The

letter briefly states some cold facts concerning money matters or some similar uninteresting matter. These letters are not a pleasure to read. You probably know that they are business letters.

I have spoken of only a few types of letters, and there are many others, but I have time for no more. All letters are invested with a spirit. This spirit has the power to change your whole life, to make you happy and sad by turns. If you have not seen him, look a little more closely in your next letter, and you will see him hopping around the words and over the lines. If you cannot see him, you cannot possibly fail to feel him, for you cannot escape the spirit of a letter.

LIFE'S INTERIM

By Mary Merrill

Into the hushed dim morning where
My eyes have need of sight,
Where the way is splitting silence,
The gods come bringing light.

And soon the sun is shining bright
On sheaves of cinnamon phlox,
In the garden of all human lives
Made blue with forget-me-nots.

The days go on in swift accord
Together in slow song,
Life sings so long, and then is gone,
But a strange refrain lives on.

The sun has tinted all the west
Gold yellow as the birches,
The birches stand like candle flames
On altars of the churches.

With twilight, pictures on the river
The water is like time
We muse on over old events
Then float on down the line.

The pines are making love tonight
Swaying, dreaming, singing,
Never knowing that the stars
Are precious dreams forsaken.

For the time of a clock tick, the
world does pause,
For the space of one deep breath
From the silence of unknown distances
Comes stalking his Majesty Death.

TYPICAL COLLEGE FEAST

By Gloria Butterfield

At ten 'clock with a disgusted manner, I throw my pencil aside, my books on the window, and start toward the door. After tripping over the bridge lamp and kick-

ing aside the rug, I reach it.

What sights my eyes behold!—girls from our halls, dressed in pajamas, girls from adjoining halls, with coats covering scant clothing. They shriek as they see gayly cretonned bedspreads and curtains, an old-fashioned fireplace, boudoir pillows and dolls thrown on an overturned trunk, two sets of chairs, and a study table—all which constitute the setting for one of the most informal and delightful experiences of college life—a feast at "rec". But their happy smiles fade perceptibly when they see no food.

I laugh, then drop to my knees, and drag three boxes from under the bed. The girls shriek, reach into the first box, and pull out bunches of luscious grapes, bright ruddy apples, and large juicy pears. The second and third boxes contain delicious fresh "lady fingers", and nut stollen, with a jar of blackberry jam for tartness.

All too soon we see it is twenty-five, and hasten to close the boxes, and push them back into their most excellent hiding place.

Each girl makes her short hegira to her room, shouting her appreciation of the feast. With the last each, dying away in the halls, mingles the shrill "lights out" bell.

LINDENWOOD SPIRIT

By Edna Baldwin

Not just to do—but to do our best
Not just to win;
Not just to play
But to be ever ready for the test.
Never to worry about what might
have been:
To face the struggle day by day
and, like a solitary flame,
Guarding our Welcome gateway
to the West,
Keep to our purpose—and so play
the game
That afterwards none dare to sneer
or blame.

SEÑOR ENDARA,

EL PHOTOGRAPHIA

By Betty Jack

Yes, he would make special rates for the senior class, but, only if everyone came to him. What? No, he could consider nothing under ten dollars—well, perhaps, yes, as a special present to the graduating class, he would make them nine dollars and fifty cents. Oh yes, he would promise to have

them finished by the twenty-eighth. Was he not noted for his promptness?

I turned from the telephone very much pleased with myself for having come to a reasonable agreement with Endara about the price of our senior class pictures. However, not having had much faith in Endara's promptness, I had made an appointment to have my picture taken that Friday.

As I had never been in Endara's studio and had heard a great many conflicting stories about it, I looked forward with much pleasure to my first sight of this little Spanish photographer and his shop.

At last Friday arrived and, after making myself appear as attractive as possible for the ordeal of having my picture taken, I walked boldly down Central, past the Santa Anna Plaza, till I reached the entrance of the studio. Perhaps I should say the steps, because that was all that could be seen: a narrow hole-in-the wall filled by a long dark staircase leading up to the second floor.

After climbing endless steps, I knocked twice on the door before it was opened by a young Spanish boy who asked me to sit down. While I waited for the appearance of Señor Endara, I glanced around the room. The walls were covered by pictures—pictures of men and women in costume, some pretty, others not so pretty, but all with a curious attraction. Perhaps it was the way they were arranged, perhaps it was because they lent a foreign air to the surroundings. Straight chairs were placed in the corners and along the walls as in a ball-room. The pane of the one window was painted white and, save for one place where it had been broken, it was impossible to see the other surroundings.

After several moments I grew tired of waiting for this Señor Endara, and walked into the next room. On entering, I was much surprised to see him sitting in a comfortable chair at his desk, looking over some old photographs.

"Buenas días, señorita. y como está usted hoy?"

He said this so pleasantly and I was so taken aback at the sight of this little man utterly unaware, at least from appearances, that he had kept me waiting, that I had not the heart to be sarcastic, and instead answered,

"Uncho buenos, gracias."

At one end of this room was a

very poor painting of a huge bouquet of roses in a tall earthenware vase, having in the background a marble fountain, such as one would see only as backgrounds for the Spaniard's idea of an American millionaire's yard. This scene took me so by surprise that instead of laughing, I could only gasp. Senor Endara smiled, very pleased with himself and his studio, thinking I was taken aback by its grandeur.

After I had seated myself in front of this "scenery", he turned on four bright lights. Then he adjusted his camera, glancing from under his black curtain to tell me to move my shoulder a quarter of an inch lower and to tilt my face a little to the left. Then he would draw back to view the effect and, uttering a cry of protest, would rush forward and move my head an eighth of an inch lower and draw one of the lights a little closer. This continued for about a half an hour till he became exhausted; then, suddenly, when I was looking my worst, he snapped the picture. It was exactly the same with the next three poses he took, unless, perhaps, they seemed longer because I was tired.

When it was all over, I slipped on my hat and turned, expecting to see him slouched down exhausted in his desk chair—but no, he seemed even livelier than before and was at that moment picking up my handkerchief. As he handed it to me with a gesture, he said in a clear Spanish tone, "Your pictures will be excellent, senorita, but they could not be as perfect as the original."

THE COMING OF A FRESHMAN

By Elizabeth Caldwell

I had been to high school. I
thought I knew it all
I had been to dances and this and
that swell ball,
The rest could worry about it but
what was it to me
I stood in awe of nothing, for I
was eighteen, you see
I ran around the country with a
certain rose bush thorn.
Then September the first so early in
the morn
I started to get ready by buying a
coat and hat
Getting a few new dresses, for I
knew "I" wouldn't get fat.
The time came for leaving and
parting words were said

I still was not worried with a new
hat upon my head.
All the way up I was thinking Oh!
how glad they'll be
When they find that it's no other
than the dear little girl who's
me
They'll all rush to say "howdy"
and take me over to tea
And I will scold them severely for
being so familiar with me.
But I was to find out different as I
climbed from the bus out there
No one came down to meet me,
no one seemed to care.
I climbed that hill most crying, my
bags, my coat and me
It was a long way up here and I'd
stop by every tree.
Do you suppose they don't care if
I'm coming?
Do you suppose they won't soon
come running?
Do you suppose they don't even
know me?
For no one paid attention as I
spoke to those I'd see
Oh! how could I stand it, for I was
nothing to them,
I was just another freshman that
they couldn't see through the
dim
But I decided to stick it and make
them sorry some day
That they had treated this freshman
in such a cruel way
So let's all try together to make
them proud of us
So the next time they'll all come
down to meet us as we climb
out of the bus.
For "ole" Lindenwood we love
you and we're going to do our
best
To make you love "us" along with
all the rest.

IN THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY

By Helen Oliver Hok

In the Mississippi Valley
Where the rolling fields spread wide
All the corn was shocked for winter
And the stacks stood side by side.
All the apple trees were laden
With the grist for cider mills
While the maple, elm and oak trees
With their colors burned the hills.
It was there in old Missouri
In those glorious, golden hours,
That a boy and girl came fleeing
From the city's smoky towers.
It was there they watched the twilight
Paint the bluffs a deeper blue,

It was standing there together
That they made a promise true.
And then back into the city
To the toiling, dreary marts
They returned to joy and labor
With the glory in their hearts.

A NIGHT

By Grace Terry

And softly now the shadows fall
Throughout the dewy earth,
And blue the sky has turned to
gray
Thus o'er the dewy earth.
The birds are flitting to their nests
The little ones to lull,
The bull-frog wakens from his
sleep
And brightens up the dull.

A man appears above a wall
Near hidden in the gloom,
A maid looks down upon the wall
From darkness of her room.

And darkness falls across the sky
As man and maid have gone
A star falls on the dewy earth
And now the day is done.

The moon begins to cross the sky,
The milky way is clear
A cloud or two obstructs its path
And solace seems so dear.

But here and there a light appears
And fires do flicker so
The man and maid are far away
As onward do they go.

The country round is all asleep
The clouds have disappeared,
And now the hour when ghosts do
walk
And morning hour is neared.

The moon has nearly crossed the
sky

The bear has gone to bed,
And now the night is going fast
When man and maid are wed.

The moon has gone down in the
west
The stars are nearly gone
And left is but the morning star
Who shines out all alone.

And slowly now the sun awakes
And sheds its rays of gold,
And birds do twitter in their nests
As they did do of old.

And softly now the shadows lift
Throughout the dewy earth,
And grey the sky has turned to
blue
Thus o'er the dewy earth.

Happy New Year.

THE DREAM

By Katherine Palmer

A lovely dream, loosed from its fold
Of coral mist and sky,
Soared to the he'vens one glowing morn,
As angels were flying nigh.

Lifting it up into soft hands,
Wrought to enfold a gem,
They floated gracefully along:
Each took a part with them.

Some took the colors that transform
Love on life's varied loom,
Some held small wisps of lavender
That came from reveries bloom.

A golden bit of memory clung
To the fingers of one,
And as she dipped among the clouds,
It glistened in the sun.

All suddenly they heard the call
That bade them tint the sky,
And through the dappled dawn
they flew
Celestial birds on high

Each radiant being from heaven's court
Where beauty is supreme,
Used the part that she had taken
From out the mystic dream.

They scattered wide, from out their vials
Of paint the rainbow hues
That robed the world in rosy light,
And mixed the red with blues.
The beauty, memory and love
Fragments of reverie,
And all the light fantastic shapes
In that dream harmony.

Changed to misty clouds of white,
in
Thousand liveries dight,
Unclasped from out the angels' hands
They floated in the light.
The waking world looked up and saw
The beauty of the sky,
But never glimpsed the hidden dream
Behind the clouds on high.

AN ARTIST

By Mary Shepherd

Snip, snip, went the shining
nickel scissors, flourished by a clean
white hand which seemed to belong
to an arm in an immaculate lavender
sleeve, and that, in turn, to a
wiry little gentleman in a smock of

the same distinctions.

The scissors had been snip, snip, snipping away at this surprising rate of speed for many minutes, with a decisiveness that comes only from competence. I dared to look up, and into the mirror. What relief! That which I had feared had not happened. Instead my golden locks had taken on new and attractive proportions, and were still present in quite sufficient quantities. The effect was one of sweeping bangs across the forehead and a delicate suggestion of shingle on each side. Even I had to admit that it was becoming.

"Oh, do you not like it now, my dear young lady?" And the eyebrows of Jaques became veritable question marks.

"You see here, is the high forehead which calls for the wave. And the shingle—ah, how your head becomes the shingle!" This I knew to be subtle flattery, but I forgave him in my heart, for what woman does not like to be flattered?

"Now just turn your head a little to this side. Good. I will soon have finished you."

I obligingly obeyed, which was the only thing to do, and became absorbed in Jaques's English, which wasn't what it should have been, as he went on talking, sometimes to me, sometimes to himself—so absorbed was he in this his work, this his art.

To Jaques, it was just as necessary that each individual have the most fitting type of hair cut as it was to have a haircut at all. What a very sane viewpoint—if one is able to afford the prices of the fitting one. But Jaques's name, on the payroll of a certain beauty shop, stood for large sums of money, weekly.

As the snip, snip, snipping went on and on, I loved to glance about the charming little room, done in soft tones of lavender and cream, which was his workshop. The woodwork and fixtures were spotless. To break the monotony, however, of extreme orderliness, there were deftly placed here and there a hanging basket of flowers, a magazine flaunting a brilliant-hued cover, an interesting old French print or two, and, yes, smoking stands.

Suddenly the scissors changed places with a talcum brush, the brush flourished around my neck like a puff of wind, the brush was exchanged for a hand mirror, and things began to be untied and un-

pinned—I realized that the end had come.

I was especially lavish in my praise of his efforts just to see Jacques beam with pleasure and satisfaction. Then he shrugged his shoulders as if to say that anyone could have done as well. With much bowing he escorted me to the door and asked me to "come again, please."

As I passed out through the lounge, adjacent, I was not surprised to see five or six, hopefully waiting in case someone should fail to keep her appointment. Such is the fame of Jaques.

OUR JANITOR

By Lorna Burkhead

It was his face that first greeted us every morning, as we entered the school building. His early morning duties as janitor having been finished, Mr. Faye always took his place in the old wooden chair near the front door. His sharp eyes took note of every pupil that entered. A solicitous, "Your sister sick this morning?" or a good natured, "You planning hookey again this week, sonny?" were common. Mr. Faye stood guard at the entrance with a broom in each hand. If a child slipped by without brushing the snow and ice off his clothes, he was severely reproved. But if a little girl came in complaining of her cold fingers, he was the first to help her unfasten the buckles on her over shoes, and to unpin from her collar the string connecting her two red mittens. When it was almost time to ring the last morning bell, he often went to the door to call the children playing outside. Then he would laboriously ascend the three flights of stairs and ring the bell. This duty accomplished, he eased his way down again and took his position by the door. As a dilatory scholar entered the janitor would pull an elaborate watch chain from his rather dirty overalls, and remind the pupil that he had only two and a half minutes to get to his room.

Then one morning we overheard the superintendent enumerating a list of grievances, while Mr. Faye maintained an obdurate silence. Regretfully we learned of the dismissal of our sympathetic old janitor. He becomes a peddler of pencils and shoe strings and often he can be seen standing on a corner talking to some small child.

A CHRISTMAS TEA PARTY

The English club of Lindenwood gave its Christmas party on Thursday December 8th, in the parlors of Sibley Hall. Dean Gipson served tea to the members from a prettily appointed table. The old silver tea set used added to the attractiveness of the affair. Cakes and mints were also served. The program which followed was very well worked out and was greatly enjoyed by all. Christine Bently read the "Beggar boy at Christ's Christmas Tree," by Feodor Dostoevsky. Then Mary Mason described a real old fashioned Christmas by different stories written by Dickens. Later Mary Elizabeth Sawtell read "Old and New Christmas Carols". Great plans are laid by this organization for the coming year and the party brought to the close a very successful year.

ELMER LOUIS WERNER, JR.

Mrs. Elmer Louis Werner who was formerly Miss Helen M. Keady, announces the birth of a son on November 21. The baby weighs seven pounds and is a Junior going by the name of Elmer Louis. Helen was a student here at Lindenwood in 1921-1925, and did much to distinguish herself. She was the Treasurer of the Senior Class, Vice President of the Student Council, Vice President of Alpha Sigma Tau and the Literary Editor of the Linden Leaves. She graduated in '25 with an A. B. degree.

FRANCES STONE WILL

ADD A MAN TO B. S.

Frances Stone, one of those snooty seniors, has good reason to be high-bat now. She is wearing a gorgeous solitaire on the ring finger of her left hand. The lucky man is Ray Morgan of Granite City, Illinois.

Frances is the daughter of Mr. L. Stone of Wauwatosa, Wisconsin, and is graduating with a B. S. degree in the spring. She is one of the Journalism editors, and is on the tea-room committee.

Mr. Morgan attended Illinois University and the Westinghouse School of Electricity, in Philadelphia. At present he is associated with the McGraw Electric Appliance Company as manager of the Appliance Department.

SANTA CLAUS GOOD TO

LINDENWOOD CLUBS

Alpha Sigma Tau showed Friday December 2, that as students they may be good, but as hostesses they are knockouts. The gymnasium never looked more Christmasy. The walls were covered with snow white paper and red bells while icicles and bells hung from the lights and ceiling. The orchestra pit, wherein played the College Ramblers attired in sporty blazers and berets, was supported by tall red candles. A beautifully decorated tree with lights formed a holiday note, and a huge Christmas package covered, yes, the stall bars. But most interesting of all was a huge snowball at the far end of the gym, with numerous small packages around it. The mystery of these was solved when seats were arranged around the snowball and faculty and students waited to see what Dr. Roemer would say. He proved to be a messenger from Santa Claus, and wanted to present the various clubs and organizations with remembrances from St. Nick.

Lindenwood's Greek letter fraternities were each given a gift: Alpha Mu Mu, a piano; Alpha Psi Omega, miniature stage; and Beta Pi Theta a French flag. The A. A. received a football; the Commercial Club, a bank; and the Home Ec. Club, a stove. The language clubs were not forgotten, for the English was presented with a copy of Mother Goose rhymes; the Spanish with a typical sombrero; and the Latin, a vase. Last but by no means the least, the International Relations Club received an atlas, and the Art Department a box of paints.

Then Dr. Roemer announced that as a result of the Linden Leaves popularity contest Miss Sue Campbell was Lindenwood's most popular girl, and she stepped from behind the snowball, most effectively gowned in a white taffetta formal. Mrs. Roemer placed on her head the crown with its miniature Linden Leaves on the front, and with Sue, followed by Dr. Roemer and Frances Strumberg, president of Alpha Sigma Tau, led the grand march. Then the popularity queen received the congratulations of her many friends, and the dante continued till everyone was ready to call it a night!

Read the Bark during 1928.

(Continued from page 1, col. 1)

to Chicago. They are now at home in Detroit.

The bride attended Lindenwood four years, receiving her B. S. degree in 1925. She took part in a great many activities acting one year as Editor of the Linden Leaves, serving as President of Alpha Sigma Tau, Athletic Association secretary and as an active member of the Y. W. C. A.

A lovely wedding was that of Miss Helen Millsap, of Joplin, Missouri, and Frank Hampton Shelton, which was solemnized at 4 o'clock Christmas day at the home of the bride's sister in Joplin. An altar was formed of tall baskets of snapdragons tied with lavender tulle, bowls of pink roses and ferns. After the ceremony, tea was served in the dining room which was decorated with the same color scheme of lavender and pink. The bride wore a lovely afternoon gown of pink chiffon and velvet, and carried pink roses.

Mrs. Shelton is a charming young woman. She attended Lindenwood during her academy and college years, and received her A. B. in 1924. While here she was very popular, and held the offices of vice president of the Student Council, and also of the Y. W. C. A. and president of her class, and a member of Alpha Sigma Tau. Mr. Sheldon is a graduate of Missouri University and is a member of the Phi Kappa Psi fraternity.

Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon will be at home in the Robertson Apartments in Joplin.

HOME ECONOMICS TEA

The home economics department held forth at a most delightful Christmas tea, December 7. This department should be and is renowned for its delicious tea parties and at this particular one they quite out-did themselves. A clever guessing game was enjoyed by all, when the textile students were given an opportunity to exhibit their knowledge of materials as they pondered over the best sort of material for a far man's wife's cousin's brother's sweetheart's dress to be made of etc. Jean Whitney's Christmas reading was appropriate and clever, following which was served the two course luncheon.

Happy New Year.

The LINDEN BITE

by
The Campus
Hound



Greetings. Season's Greetings, especially of the Christmas season, for its the best, eh what? Well, I suppose I got either a group rousing cheers or a sock from a flat iron, but whichever one it is, now fess up girls, it IS a pleasant feeling to be back once more within the folds of our dear old Alma Mater, isn't it? What, who's she? Say, where do you think you are, fussing with that good old boy friend back home for noticing a girl named Alma? Well, think again, pollylops. Everyone seems to have had a wonderful time during the last three weeks, all except Merrill who is bemoaning the fact that her best beau wasn't able to come to see her because at the last moment his Grandmother dropped dead. Heavens, what a tragedy, but little Merrill doesn't seem to be taking it very hard, since she says it's the same lad whose dog was shot last year about the time he was getting ready to pay her the same looked-for visit.

Another dame who seems to have fared fairly well during the vacation is the one whose coat sprouted legs or wings and respectively walked or flew away. She comes back with a new one—not a fur one, but just as handsome, I think. Anyway Santy took pity on her and now she won't freeze to death. Virginia Morris is sporting one of the best looking diamond rings I've ever seen—better see her Ruthie. Santy was good to most everyone it seems, and a happy, joyful time was had by all. There comes back the usual amount of engagees, pinned ones, and others bearing stories of just how wonderful her particular Jack, Jim or what about MILTONS, Elinor? And then, too, there is always a decided Death rate, or in other words some always get left out.

And what's this that I've been hearing about our good friend Dix, who is just a butter fly and flits from one to another? It's a little girl on third Ayres this year, see this year means that the thing has come about in just a few day's time. Anyway, they are seen together quite a bit and folks are just won-

dering.

Well, that's that! And another girl, whose name I must refrain from using for fear of too much embarrassment comes back to this big bad cold north, from way down there in the warm sunshine of the blistering heat and the sands of Texas, with a number of the cutest little pink flannel petticoats with the cleverest little blue ruffles on them. Oh! girls, rush right over to second floor Nicolls and see these fetching little models. She is receiving this afternoon between two and four.

Gotta go now, and get some sleep, that last danre just about got me down. And Collie is still my baby!

HAPPY NEW YEAR.
THE HOUND.

CHRISTMAS CELEBRATION FOR VARIOUS CLUBS OF CITY

The usual Christmas celebration of the organization of the Rotary Club was celebrated Friday night at Lindenwood with the cooperation of the members of the Optimist and Exchange clubs as well as the students themselves. Everyone seemed to be in the very best of spirits the whole evening through and showed their joy by rendering various songs with gusto and harmony. Under the direction of Mr. Motley some extraordinary talents were unearthed, among which may be mentioned certain sweetheart numbers sung with excessive feeling. Although the bashful Mr. Motley was a bit reticent about boastfully exhibiting his own glorious voice still under the kindly influence of the students cries for "Down By the Sea Side" he at length sang quite "prettily".

After the excellent dinner had been consumed and the ringing done with, there followed after dinner speeches which were enjoyed by all who heard them. Dr. Roemer welcomed his guests in true Roemer style; Dr. Belding, president of the Exchange Club expressed his appreciation of their kind hospitality; Dr. Ritter, president of the Optimist Club and Mr. Travis president of the Rotary Club, both had splendid speeches prepared when they were called upon.

Everyone adjourned to the Gymnasium and dancing and grand marches pleasantly occupied the remainder of the evening. The gym was beautifully decorated in true Christmas attire.



Q. Are the final examinations at Lindenwood to be looked forward to with fear and trembling?

A. No—decidedly not—IF you have not cut, not slept in any of the lecture periods, studied faithfully every day and done all the outside reading. Really there is nothing to fear if you have religiously followed this simple formula.

Q. Why is corn beef called corn beef when after chemical examination there is found absolutely no corn in the meat?

A. Because corned in old usage means preserved and the beef in this concoction that goes along with cabbage, is preserved.

Q. What was the most over-worked excuse used during the Christmas holidays to get oneself out of an undesired date?

A. The best excuse, workable either way, is that he or she is engaged to the man from the old school town and would it be right to even think of going out with the others in the home town. This excuse won by a mere vote of ten over the one of the death of the grandmother (for reference see The Bite).

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