

# LINDEN BARK

Vol. 4. No. 11 Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Mo., Tuesday, December 13, 1927.

Price 5c

## DR. ROEMER ENTERTAINS

Dr. Roemer certainly showed the members of his Ethics class a splendid evening on Wednesday of last week. The seventeen lucky girls were entertained at the Lindenwood tea-room by Dr. and Mrs. Roemer for dinner and then enjoyed an impromptu talk by Mrs. Roemer on her travels abroad. The informality of the evening was one of the seasons of the perfection of the party. When Dr. Roemer was asked if the party was to be formal or informal, he responded by saying "Wear what you want, but be sure and bring your appetite". The writer can vouch that the girls followed instructions to a "T".

## QUEEN OF THE ANNUAL

The lovely and blond Virginia Sue Campbell as popularity queen will rule over Lindenwood campus for the rest of the year. Not only is she charming to look upon but capable and very intelligent as well, as is shown by her exceptional record.

Like most of the Lindenwood girls, she came here as the greenest of Freshmen but soon gained vogue as an exceedingly "brainy" little girl and by way of recognition was elected to office after office. With the work of an English major and an Sociology minor she has carried from the very first an exceptionally heavy course. In her Sophomore year she served three months as president of Y. W. C. A., was president of the Sophomore class, served on the Student Board, worked with the Y. W. C. A. Cabinet and was a member of the Athletic Association.

As a Junior she was pledged to the honorary fraternity of Alpha Sigma Tau, had one of the female leads in the Athletic Association Musical Comedy, served again on the Student Board, sang in the choir, and was elected to represent

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## LINDEN LEAVES "BEST"

*Adjudged Highest in Country.*

Last year everyone knew that the Centennial number of "Linden Leaves" was one of the best ever published but no one knew of the distinctive honor which it would have bestowed upon it. A letter was received stating that this annual of 1927 had been judged first in a contest which is conducted by the Art Crafts Guild. Every year the Art Crafts Guild conducts a national contest for High School and College publications. This means that our Centennial annual has won a cup and holds the title of being the finest annual published by any Women's College in America or in the world for that

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## Sitting on the Inside

## Looking on the Outside

Everyone excited muchly, for just think, only one more day and then we're bound for HOME—Packs being mailed—a little snow still on the ground—the Christmas tree lit up to perfection—parties in tea room and in the dorms—Sophs talking about caroling—Betty Kelso telling about Aureen—Things being brought to a final close—Iris Fleischaker back on the Campus—Welcome home—Clarisse and Phillipe on their way to town—Bright, Birch and Bullion making plans for next summer—The Kindred Literary spirits giving each other the high sign—The Frosh bearing down upon Butler with a huge cake with about nineteen pink candles on it—Alice Rosamond sitting out in front—Merry Christmas and a HAPPY NEW YEAR—May each be lucky enough and get under a piece of mistletoe during the holidays—don't everyone lose their hearts—but find out and realize that There IS a Santy Claus!

## LINDENWOOD'S PRIZE SONG

For the first time in two years or more Lindenwood's prize song meriting a \$25 award, has been won right out in chapel, by hearing it sung. The fortunate and talented girls who will divide this prize are Kathryn Walker, who wrote the words, and Helen Roper, who wrote the music.

The award was given Wednesday morning, Dec. 7th; the music faculty had first narrowed the list to three songs, each one being considered of merit. The students' choice rested with the composition of the two girls named. The song will be published in the first Linden Bark in January.

Two others who gained honors as second and third in the popular choice were Ruth Lindsay Hughes and Marguerite Bruere, respectively. Each of these girls had written both music and words for her production.

## A SUBJECT OF INTEREST TO GIRLS.

*Historical Diamonds Here in Reproductions.*

On Thursday December 1, at assembly, Mr. H. H. Wood, from Hess and Culberston, of St. Louis, talked on Historical Diamonds and the Diamond Industry.

Mr. Wood gave his definition of a diamond as being an accident of Nature. It is a form of carbon which has been liquefied by intense heat. Diamonds were first found in India. These mines are known as the Golconda Mines. Diamonds were next found in South Africa, in which country an interesting story is told, connected with the finding of diamonds. A little girl was playing with a huge piece of rock in her yard. It was noticed by some men, and they asked the mother if they might buy the rock. She said would not sell it, but would give it to them. It was found to be a diamond weighing eighty carats.

Another interesting story is told  
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## Linden Bark

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TUESDAY, DEC. 13, 1927.

### The Linden Bark:

"Time draws near the birth of Christ:

The moon is hid; the night is still:

The Christmas bells from hill to hill

Answer each other in the mist".

Tennyson—In Memoriam.

### MERRY CHRISTMAS

A Merry Christmas to you All.

It's a little early to be saying that, but Time necessitates many things. In thirteen more days Christmas will really be here, and it is the sincere hope of the "Bark" that everyone will enjoy it as much as they intend to.

Christmas is a wonderful season in many respects. For those of us who have been away from home, it means being with our families and friends again; for those of us who cannot return home it means receiving of lovely gifts, from our families, and that is almost as good. It is a season of fellowship, merry-making, of give and take, and should be a time of at least a little serious thinking.

Many of us have lost sight of the true meaning of Christmas, the anniversary of the birth of our Lord. It celebrates the greatest event in all history, and the one which will mean the most to everyone of us. Without Christ's birth what would be the use of this life? We would

have nothing to work toward, nothing to dream of, and nothing to cling to. Life would be absolutely without purpose.

Mankind follows many different creeds, and religious beliefs, but are probably none among us who does not worship the same God, and celebrate Christmas with equal zeal. When we exchange gifts, do we remember that originally the Wise Men brought them to Christ as a token of their great love, and worship?

Christmas probably means a somewhat different thing to every one of us. Fundamentally, however, it is the same. We all begin looking forward to it, making plans galore, about the first of November. We plan our new clothes, our gifts, our parties and our dates, beginning at least a month ahead of time. We try to crown every minute to its fullest capacity, and we usually succeed. Then when we go home, we shop, and visit, shop some more, and go to parties, luncheons, shows. We see all of our old friends, do all the old familiar things and eat every good thing that Mother can cook. Three wonderful Christmas weeks at home! Many of us dread the return to school, but when we're back we really are kinda glad.

Let us make the most of every day, fill it to the utmost, but let us also stop to think for a few minutes why it is that we are home, and can enjoy these privileges.

We hope that you will have a glorious Christmas, receive lots of lovely gifts, and do everything that you have wanted to do for the last three months.

Merry Christmas, Lindenwood!

### CLUBBED TO DEATH

There is more than one way of being "Clubbed to death" and Lindenwood is suffering from one of these ways of sure death. If the clubs are for some special purpose and have a definite aim in organization why all is well and good, but if they have no other end than just to elect an officer, probably to give the girl a little boost or swell her head a little, why there is no sense to it.

The idea started out with the State clubs, which are for some good—that of bringing the girls of the same state together. This type of a club is O. K., and also the Departmental Clubs which organize for the purpose of all those

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### COLLEGE CALENDAR.

Tonight, Christmas Dinner and Christmas Tree Celebration.

8 p. m., "The Patsy", by Alpha Psi Omega.

### EXCHANGES

The Roman Tatler displayed some very interesting and clever articles during the week beginning November 28, and carried as its subject "Nunc Et Tunc", which translated means, now and then.

One very prominently placed article announced that the Latin students had been declared the best by Dr. Andrew F. West, Dean of Princeton University, after an analysis of 10,000 papers, showing that the more Latin a student had, the better the student. He states that the Classics are all an essential part of a liberal education and should be retained as such.

The reader was enlightened on the subject of "fascies", which were described as bundles of rods enclosing an axe with its head outside. This was an emblem of the king's absolute authority over the life and body of his people, and today appears on our dimes.

An article from the Associated Press dwelt upon Latin as a medium between nations, since priests of fifteen nationalities could converse together in that language as a common tongue at a recent international conference.

Two amusing features were those by "Snowshoe Al" concerning Mercury and Orpheus and Eurydice.

The gladiator coiffure will not be a surprise now at some future formal since it was charmingly displayed as one of the latest from the "Salon de Coiffure" in Paris. A bust in marble entitled, "The Modern Juno" presented the resemblance of the modern to the old.

It seems that classic heroes have entered business indeed when we see that Hercules and Ajax have become so commercialized.

Three cartoons of great originality were the two "Intimate Outlines" of history "Venus—the Necker of the Gods".

Indeed one learns a lot of "town Talk" concerning our old friend of the classics if he listens to the Roman Tatler.

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

# INTERLUDE by ELIZABETH KUYKENDALL

## Prize Christmas Story

"It was Christmas Eve. In Christian lands throughout the world, Christian hearts were thrown open that on the morrow the spirit of the Christ Child might therein find abiding place. In Christian homes, be they rich or poor, there was something of the blessed hush that precedes the coming of a great dawn." So read John Fosdick and threw the magazine into the fireplace. It burned slowly—slowly and finally lay a fragile thing of silvery ash while the solitary star that had been its frontispiece lay for a moment intact then crumbled into nothingness.

The room was still with the stillness of a room that is not loved. Over the costly rugs Wistfulness came on silent feet to stand beside the solitary man in the great leather chair. From the wine-red curtains Loneliness stole softly to take its place beside a lonely man. From the beautiful furnishings, collected during happy days in other climes, Memory came and stood a poignant shadow between the man and the fire. Wistfulness, Loneliness, and Memory, but most of all Memory, folded that silent man in bonds that would not break.

"A package, sir."

With a start John Fosdick sat upright in his chair, and from that chair three phantoms were momentarily routed.

"Put it here."

There it lay on the table beside the chair,—a battered brown square of a package addressed in a merry scrawl to John Fosdick. A moment he looked at it and then impatiently removed the brown paper to reveal beneath a snow white package tied with holly ribbons and a card addressed in the same merry scrawl "To John". Just that—"To John". More impatiently still he removed the wrappings with their holly ribbon and lifted a lid from the gay looking box to disclose a train of cars and, attached to the last car, the legend, "Merry Christmas—from Uncle Jack."

"To John"—"Uncle Jack". John—his little son! Of course Jack had not known, out there in India, that little John was no longer his. Last Christmas Jack had been with them all,—John Fosdick and little John and Mary. They had been happy too in a way yet even then—But after Christmas, so

soon after, Mary had asked for her freedom and the care of little John. She had not been happy she said—the lover John who had been her husband had grown into a seeker for wealth. Wealth had crowded her from his heart and she wanted to go, to get their son away from an atmosphere in which there was not love, away from a house that had ceased to be a home. He had given her her freedom and their son, and since that last day at the lawyers he had not seen them. He had tried to forget, and now to make him remember, came the train of cars from the friend that little John had so affectionately called "Uncle Jack".

For a long while he sat with the crumpled papers around him and the little train of cars clutched in one hand. Wistfulness and Loneliness crept softly back and rejoined Memory.

Somewhere a clock struck nine deep mellow strokes. John Fosdick realized with a start that by now John would be in bed and Mary would be fixing the tree. How little John would love that train of cars. He would send a servant. But in the act of ringing the bell his hand was stayed. Little John—his son! He had not seen him for months—how he must have grown. And Mary—Suddenly the thing he had been longing to do for months became master—He would go; surely on Christmas eve Mary would allow him one look at his son. He got into his heavy coat and went softly out, and back there in the firelit room three phantoms crept slowly back to their places.

Mary, busy at the Christmas tree between the windows, looked out just as a man with a bundle in his arms was dismissing a cab. Poor little John! Poor baby! If only he had a father who would come home with a bundle in his arms—But at least little John had love. She must remember that no matter how badly her own heart ached—little John had love.

There was a knock at the door—a hesitant almost timid knock. Probably the boy with the holly. Mary pushed back her tumbled hair, patted swiftly at her glistening eyes and opened the door. For one brief moment she thought she must faint, but she couldn't, not

before John, so instead she opened the door wider and let him into a room that smelled of Christmas tree and was littered with the toys that makes the day Christmas for a little child—a room that was loved, a house that was home.

Huskily John Fosdick cleared his throat and, holding out the bundle, said "To my little son—to little John from Jack". He turned to go then; something was burning his eyes and he couldn't let Mary see.

Mary looked from the crushed bundle in her arms to the man that was stumbling haltingly to the door. There was a soft crash of white Christmas paper and an iron jangle of a little train of cars that dropped from pleading hands stretched out to little John's father.

"John—John—". Her voice was choked.

The little clock on the mantle struck eleven softly, lingeringly, and over by the window a man and a woman looked out over the quiet city to the single glowing star that shone with such brightness in the West.

"Star of happiness," said John tenderly.

And very, very softly, with her head nestled on his shoulder Mary answered "Our star of happiness."

### MOVING

*By Maralice Ridley*

It certainly is a contented family that wants no change. We were not contented. Every summer for years, mother has taken some queer notion into her head that she wants to move. Naturally, the children get all excited, but when the time actually comes, mother invariably changes her mind. This year, however from some strange twist of fate, we contrived to keep her enthusiastic until the matter was closed with the selling of the house. What is commonly known as "hard labor" was then undertaken by each member of the family. For seven long years that dear, old home had harbored in every imaginable spot some favorite toy, now forgotten; some treasured relic with which we loath to part; and now, it was time for these precious souvenirs to be unearthed and discarded. With tears in our eyes, but curiosity at

finger tips, we, my sister and I, explored each nook and cranny, reluctantly dropping unwanted articles in the huge waste paper basket we carried with us. I had never realized how much "junk" for it was and could be nothing else, could accumulate in seven years.

At last, the day came. The mammoth, dirty movers tramped solidly in and out, removing our furniture unfeelingly. I did nothing. Standing alone in the corner of the huge, bare room, I stared, just stared, for I could hardly believe my eyes. Moving? Yes, we were moving, but where was the excitement, the thrill, and the happiness? I was completely overwhelmed by the queer feeling that rose from some unknown region my chest, up my throat, strangling me. Tears raced down my cheeks and I felt my knees tremble. The thought struck me with a thud—I did not want to move. That was the thing that was troubling me.

The next thing I realized with a clear mind, was the fact that we were in a strange place. My whole conscientiousness revolted. I wanted to move back to the place I knew as "home". It was too late, though, for any thing but frantic vows that we would never move again. For although we found things that had been lost for years, we also lost many things that will probably never be found again. We swore faithfully that we would not ever move again at the end of the seven years, the fabled time of change. I smiled at my sister, though, and she winked at me, for we each knew we all make that same vow every time we move.

## SHOPPING IN PANAMA CITY

*By Betty Jack*

Because of the extraordinary variety of wares found in the shop of Panama City, tourists from all over the world delight in shopping there.

The ships usually dock at Balboa, a port on the Pacific Ocean. Immediately on disembarking, the tourist, if he is in a hurry, or if the boat is sailing early, hires one of the many waiting taxis. However, if time need not be considered carajeta, a carriage resembling the Victoria type, is far the better choice. For the latter lends charm to the city.

No matter which mode of travel

you prefer, you will be driven down the Plaza through Aucon to la calle Central in Panama City. Central is the main street of Panama City, as the name implies, and is lined with shops, some large, some small, some modern in appearance, some most foreign.

Suppose the tourist chooses a very small, attractive, Hindu shop in which to buy. He enters the store, sees a rather pretty piece of linen, exclaims about it. Immediately the price rises several dollars in the Hindu's mind. For they are a crafty race and are always intent on getting as much money as possible from each tourist. The unfortunate buyer, however, does not realize this, for in his country one's likes and dislikes do not affect the price. By the time he finishes admiring the object, the Hindu will have trebled the original price.

The tourist, having heard that one should never pay the first price he is asked, tries to pretend it is too much to pay for the linen, while his tone and longing glance prove that he would take it at any price. The Hindu, quickly perceiving this tells the buyer that because he likes "Americanos" and wishes him to have the linen he will lower the price from ten dollars to eight dollars and ninety-five cents and will, himself pay the difference.

The tourist feels very proud of having been able to make the Hindu lower the price of the linen, yet in a way, he feels as though he were almost accepting a present. He wanders down Central, stopping here and there to buy pretty trifles and always repeating his stupidity by paying exorbitant prices. While the Hindu sits on a stool in front of his shop chuckling over the gullibility of the American tourist and already planning how to spend the eight dollars and ninety-five cents for a piece of linen worth three dollars and twenty-five cents. Will the American tourist never learn by experience?

## SNOBBISHNESS

*By Ruth Lindsay Hughes*

Webster defines the "snob" as "one who meanly admires station and material possessions, especially such a one who regulates his attitude toward persons or matters according to wealth, station, etc." Let us all join one of the circles formed by snobbishness, our stay need not be permanent.

Being only apprentices at the noble art of snobbishness, we had better start work in the easiest class, "When I was Abroad Circle" does not hold regular meetings. The members of this kindergarten class prefer the company of outsiders to that of their fellow members. The reason for this is apparent. Conversation is much more enjoyable when you alone are familiar with the subject. Then, there is no doubt about who is causing the rapt expressions on the faces of the listeners. Another great advantage in talking to outsiders lies in their inability to dispute your statements. If your memory should fail at a crucial moment, in such a group your imagination can soar ahead without fear or dispute. Our work in this case is extremely interesting, at times fascinating, so much so that we hate to leave. However, the day we mistake the round-the-world traveler for a quieter country mouse, we are glad to change classes.

Three cars are necessary to belong to the "One of the Other Cars" group. The cars need not be Rolls Royces or even Lincolns. A Ford will pass, when covered by the name machine. We find this class slightly dull, however. It is difficult to flaunt your membership. One car is the only possible number a member can display at a time and it really is something of a bore to run people out to your home—to see the flower garden. Considering all sides we leave this class soon to enter that great old social set, the "Four Hundred".

In some towns the "Four Hundred" has only fifty members, in others it has five or six hundred. The requirements for membership vary according to the locality. A great many places have money as the basis of eligibility; some have position as the necessary requisite; others, family. It is great fun to belong to this class, for then your time is never your own. Your mornings must be spent in preparing to be as attractive as possible at the really important functions of life, such as, luncheons, theatres, teas, bridge parties, dinners, dances, and at times a game of golf or tennis. With these delightful and inspiring occupations beckoning to only a privileged few it is no wonder that these exalted exceptions are disdainful of others.

Therefore, if your family is well known to the public, lift your head, put your nose a little higher, aspire to snobbishness. Do not forget the brilliant member of your

English class belongs to an unknown family. You will be doing your bit toward strengthening the walls surrounding the castle of snobbishness. At the same time you will promote a broken spirit between school-mates.

It need not matter to you if your father's high position was the first honor, also the last, in your family. Nor should you worry if the oil wells account for your sudden wealth, which enabled you to go abroad. You can forget all of these unimportant matters of the past and rejoice in yourself. Never forget how important you are to your acquaintances, city, state, country, the world, the known universe. Remember all of this and tell others about your importance. They will find your recital interesting—if unconvincing.

### A LINDENWOOD KNIGHT

*By Virginia McClure*

As Sunday eve the bell tolled four  
A knight came driving up.  
He parked his Chevrolet so grand  
Behind a great big Hup.

He combed his hair full many a  
time  
He straightened out his tie  
He sauntered bravely down the  
walk  
And to his darling bled.

He bravely asked Miss Huff to see  
If his fair date was there  
"Assuredly, kind sir" quoth she  
"And please do have a chair".

He waited short, he waited long  
And finally down the stair  
His date came tripping oh, so light  
And looking all too fair.

He grasped her hand so lily white  
And would have kissed her too  
"Oh no, my dear," Miss Huff did  
say,  
That, here, you cannot do."

And so the twain did slowly stroll  
Around the quad so dear  
"And oh, my sweet," quoth he,  
"You are so far and yet so near".

And at six-thirty, he so prompt  
The two to chapel went,  
And to the preacher listened well  
Their whole attention bent.

At seven thirty forth they fared  
Under the linden trees.  
They looked full much up at the  
moon,  
And listened to the breeze.

They sat upon a bench so old

That many a date had held  
He put his arm around her while  
A story he did tell.

"Oh, come and fly with me my  
sweet  
All in my Chevrolet  
And to the preacher we will go,"  
He in her ear did say.

"Oh, that I cannot do", quoth she,  
"Until this year has flown,  
I must my studies here complete  
Or from my home be thrown."

He pleaded long and hard to her  
But she remained unmoved  
"I cannot do that sir", she said,  
"Consider yourself reproved."

At that the bell did ring so loud  
'And what means that?' asked he  
We must return into the hall  
And say god-bye", said she.

And so the two did hand in hand  
Unto Miss Huff report.  
And to his date did whisper, Tho  
I cannot two support.

"But Nevertheless I love you true  
Until next Sunday I  
Will wait, and then my suit persue.  
This week a ring I'll buy".

And down the walk he gayly went  
Unto his Chevrolet  
"And if a ring I buy", he said,  
"I must be making hay".

### FACULTY TRIOS IN NEW PROGRAMME

On Thursday morning, December 8, at 11 o'clock, there was a Faculty Recital in Roemer Auditorium. Miss Gertrude Isidor was the violinist, Mr. Abe Kessler was the Cellist, and Mrs. John Thomas was the pianist.

This was a recital which was much looked forward to and was enjoyed by all.

The following numbers were given:

Trio—G Major.....	Haydn
Poco Adagio	
Rondo all' Ongarese	
Serenade, Op. 54, No. 2.....	Popper
Berceuse ("Jocelyn").....	Godard
Fair Romarin.....	Kreisler
Mr. Kessler	
Fourth Barcarolle.....	Rubinstein
American Dance (Negro).....	Lane
Flirtation In a Chinese Garden.....	
Chasins	
Caprice, Burlesque.....	Gabrilowitsch
Mr. Thomas	
Trio—Entracte, Valse.....	
Helmesberger	
Scherzo.....	Naprawnik

### ORGAN MUSIC IN SUITABLE SETTING

The second of the season's faculty recitals was that of Miss Louise Carol Titcomb, organist, in Sibley Chapel, Tuesday, November 29. Nothing could be more beautiful, more restful and inspirational than the music of the organ played while the last rays of sun flicker through the room. In keeping with the nearness of the holiday season, Miss Titcomb played a Christmas number "Gesu Bambino (The Infant Jesus)" composed by Yon. Never was music played so divinely soft and sweet.

Miss Titcomb's next two numbers were by Louise Vierne, the blind organist and composer. "Divertissement" is a dainty little sketch of the composer in one of his lightest moods. When Miss Titcomb played the music of the "Carillon" one could see as well as hear the chimes belonging to an old castle.

Miss Isidor, violinist, and Mr. Thomas, pianist, assisted Miss Titcomb in "Prelude, Fugue and Variations" composed by Franck, and "Romance" by Saint-Saens. In these numbers the music of the organ filled the room as it lingered with the clear notes of the piano and violin.

Miss Titcomb interpreted "Carillon-Sortie" by Mulet, as having a theme based on the peasants in an ancient town for a gay holiday, and the music truly pictures the joy and carefreeness of the peasants. Only too soon was an interesting program brought to a close. Miss Titcomb wore a simple sleeveless black velvet dress, and won the admiration of her audience by her sweet smile.

### NEW TEA ROOM IDEAS

On November 22, the Tea Room Committee had its monthly dinner at which several things were discussed.

An automatic toaster and a new Display Case have been ordered for the Tea Room and are expected any day.

It has been found that having the Tea Room open on both Tuesday and Thursday nights has been successful. The girls have enjoyed it very much and because it has been a success it will remain open.

If the girls have any suggestions to make regarding the Tea Room, they may feel free to tell either Sue Campbell, Marjorie Bright, or Mary Frances Stone.

## ORGAN NUMBERS AND VOICE

Miss Louise Carol Titcomb presented her pupils in an organ recital in Sibley Chapel, Tuesday, November 22. Her pupils were assisted by voice pupils of Miss Grace Terhune, and Miss Cora Edwards.

Susan Patterson played the first number on the program. Her "Allegretto Grazioso" by Tours was a lovely number. Lalla Rookh Varner, the second organist of the first group played "In Summer", by Stebbins. The number is beautiful, and Miss Varner rendered it with feeling and splendid interpretation. Marilouise Smith has a lovely contralto voice. She sang "Saphic Ode," by Brahms, and "Piacere d'Amor", a composition of Martini.

"Toccata in D minor", by Nevin is a rapidly moving number, with delightful staccato and chord work. Hortense Wolfert surely played it well.

Marjorie Smith sang two pretty songs. The first, "When the House Is Asleep" by Haigh is sweet and appealing; the second "Will o' the Wisp", by Spross was delightfully sung. Miss Smith's voice is a lovely high soprano.

The next number on the program was "Vision" by Rheinberger, and organ solo by Dorothy Sutton. The "Vision" became truly a vision as Miss Sutton played. Sylvia Snyder sang "Dawn", by Curran, and "To April's Daughter" by Ferrari. Both were pretty songs, and well rendered.

Marian Gibson played two numbers from the Gothic Suite, "Choral", and "Menuet" by Boellmann. Both were gorgeous things, and Miss Gibson put a great deal of expression into them.

## HOME EC TEACHER

### WEDDED

Many girls, especially Home Economics girls, will remember Miss Leta M. Meacham. Miss Meacham was the clothing teacher in the Home Economics Department in the years 1924 and 1925.

News has recently been received of Miss Meacham's marriage on Thanksgiving Day at her home in Weiser, Idaho. Miss Meacham is now Mrs. Clarence Scott Nesbit. The couple will make their home at Hew Plymouth, Idaho.

## MY SECRET SELF

By Mary Jane Hare

I used to have a secret self  
Who stayed within me deep,  
Who was my friend; who talked  
with me,  
Would all my secrets keep.

This self would slip away at times;  
I'd find me quite alone.  
This was when life itself would  
come  
And claim me for its own.

But when I tired of living life,  
I'd look within my heart,  
And there I ever found my friend,  
We two would walk apart.  
Of late I have no time for her,  
I scarcely know she's there.  
Real life is sweet, and I must live,  
There is no time to spare.

Perhaps when I am old at last,  
My earthly joys but few,  
This self will come, and we'll com-  
mune,  
Much as we used to do,

Then 'twill be sweet to find this  
friend  
Who knows me best of all;  
To laugh with her, but tenderly,  
At life, now past recall.

## HELP GIVEN TO THE COUNTY ASYLUM

Wednesday before Thanksgiving, Miss Schaper, Miss Morris, and ten girls went out to the County Asylum to see what the folks out there wanted for Christmas. A note was made of each one's wants and the girls are going to see that they get it. The girls took out apples and candy to them and they were asked to sing for the people.

Thanksgiving morning the annual Thanksgiving collection was taken, but because a hundred and fifty girls were not there the collection fell way below that of former years. Part of this collection goes for the presents to the people out at the County Asylum and part of it goes to Rev. George Wales King for his work in St. Louis.

Just before Christmas Vacation the girls are going to take the gifts out to the County Asylum, but the gifts won't be given to the people until Christmas morning. When the girls go out they are going to sing all the songs that the folks want them to.

## THE TREE

By Ruth Singer

Oh high upon the mill it stands,  
This aged, gnarled tree  
Still—thought a wealth of things  
it hears,  
Viceless, it e're must be.

Oh high upon the hill it stands.  
Brown and red and yellow  
The autumn tide has changed its  
leaves  
And time has made it mellow.

Had they a voice the red leaves  
could  
Tell many a tale of strife  
Of war and battles and hatred  
All stronger things of life.

The yellow leaves would tell a tale  
Of candle light and love  
All softly golden and subdued  
All sweetness from above.

"Death and sadness" the brown  
ones say,  
Of such things do we know,  
Of tall bare trunks, the leaves all  
gone  
Of human grief and woe.

Oh high upon the hill it stands  
This aged gnarled tree  
Watching all, yet telling nothing  
Of all that it can see.

## BEYOND THE BLUE

By Marcia Wallace

The ground recedes, the motor  
speeds,  
As he shoots aloft the plane,  
His heart lifts up, his brown eyes  
gleam  
As he glances down again.

Away from cares and troubles,  
He leaves them far behind,  
They fade away like bubbles  
Adventure fills his mind.

What fortune lies beyond that blue  
That marks the eerie space  
Where earth and sky seem to lie  
Close locked in fond embrace.

Where blue begins, does sorrow end  
And happiness thrive always,  
A calm delight fill every night  
And revelry all the days?

Does God reserve that azure place  
For a treasure chest of joy?  
He's off to find the key for it  
Admire that roaring noise.

## MERRY CHRISTMAS.

(Continued from page 2, col. 2)

studying the same subject to come together on common ground to find out about the field into which they are delving.

The Daughters of the Manse was a perfectly legitimate organization, since our own President, Dr. Roemer, would like to know the girls whose fathers are ministers, and he himself is the sponsor. But when it comes to organizing a Club of all Doctors and Dentists, all Lawyers, and all girls whose fathers speculate in the Oil game, why it's going a little too far, don't you think? It is ruining the idea of the Club and its initial purpose. The final straw came when two particular veins of our student body formed themselves into rival organizations under the name of the T. N. T.'s and the "Tri Something News". Of what earthly good are these said organizations? Of course if they are for political good why don't they get to work and boost their candidate for these contests that are being held? If one of them got up some clever posters, posted the bulletin boards with them and electioneered for their candidate they could probably put their girl over. But no, they don't hang together on such things. If these clubs really mean something, girls, let's get in them and stir up some competition but if they're not, why have them at all?

### CAST OF TONIGHT'S PLAY

Tonight almost every one will be so excited about going home; that is to be expected, and something would be wrong if you weren't; but girls, there's something big in store for you in the play which is going to be presented by Alpha Psi Omega. Everyone remembers the play given Thanksgiving day, well, this is going to be better if that is possible.

The cast in order of appearance is as follows:

Miss Harrington	Josephine Bowman
Mr. Harrington	Marian Crutcher
Grace Harrington	Betty Birch
Patricia Harrington	Ruth E. Olcott
Billy Caldwell	George Evelyn Cone
Tony Anderson	Marjory Bright
Sadie Buchanan	Marguerite Bruere
	Scherer
Francis Patrick	O'Flaherty
"Trip" Busty	Pauline
	Dorothy Meyers

Stop your packing for a few hours and be at the Auditorium at eight o'clock sharp. Let's see each and everyone at the play.

(Continued from page 1, col. 3)

of the great Golconda Diamond. It was mistaken for an old battered tin can. A man passed it day after day and finally picked it up. It was discovered to be a great diamond. In the center of the diamond was a tiny piece of crystallized carbon. The question arose as how to cut the diamond so that none of its beauty would be destroyed. A diamond cutter worked for months on this and finally cut it. He was two years cutting this stone into fragments.

Man worked years in a laboratory to produce artificial diamonds and he finally succeeded, but it proved too difficult to continue.

The third place that diamonds were found was in Brazil. They were accidentally discovered, and people did not know what they were. They could find no market for them in Brazil so they sent them over to India and the gems were sold as India diamonds.

Lastly they were found in our own country, in the State of Arkansas.

Mr. Wood told the tragic history of the Regent Diamond. A young man was made a slave to dig diamonds. He longed to get home, and nature put a chance in his way. He cut his leg and was sent to the doctor. Instead of resting after the doctor had bandaged his leg, he went back to work. That night when the slaves were searched according to custom, the doctor said it was all right not to search this fellow. This man had hidden a diamond in the bandaging of his leg. That night he managed to escape and he got to the coast. There he gave the captain the diamond in return for his passage. The captain had him bound and threw him to the sharks. That was the first tragedy of the diamond.

The captain in the course of events committed suicide. In some manner the diamond reached Napoleon and he in turn pawned the diamond. It was this that was blamed for the terrible suffering on one of the campaigns. It now is in the possession of certain of the French Nobility.

Mr. Wood showed diamonds of various colors, of yellow, blue and green. Among his collections was a reproduction of the Grand Mogul Diamond.

This talk was very interesting to all the girls, only it wasn't long enough. No doubt there were many who were interested in the subject of diamonds.

matter.

A letter received by Dr. Roemer from the Central Engraving Company asks, "If you have received the Cup that is significant of the Honor that has befallen the Centennial 'Linden Leaves', we would like to borrow it, have it photographed and show the cup along with the pages of the book."

The letter also stated, "when you take in consideration all the fine Womens Colleges in the United States that publish books for larger students bodies than yours and costing more money than the Centennial 'Linden Leaves', you will realize that the Centennial 'Linden Leaves' has competed with the best and has won the greatest achievement that can be obtained. We certainly extend our heartiest congratulations to both you and your staff, and we of Central Engraving Company are proud today that we made the engravings for that issue".

### LINDENWOOD SYMPATHIZE

Lindenwood extends its sympathy to Helen Hansman in the loss of her father, and regrets that this bereavement prevented her appearance in the Thanksgiving play, to which she had devoted her time. It is the sincere wish of every student that her sorrow may be lessened by the thought that they hold for her the greatest sympathy and understanding at this time.

### STUDENT RECITAL

On Wednesday, December 7, a recital was given by the pupils from the class of Lucille Hatch. The numbers were very pleasing.

Dorothy Emmert played "The Woodchopper and The Linnet" by Godard. Dorothy has played several times before in recitals and always has played in that charming way of hers.

Susan Buckwell played a gay number called "Northern Festival" by Torjussen. The piece was characteristic of our fair weather.

Marjorie Young played a funny little number called "Gollywogs Cake Walk" by Debussy. It was a very spicy number and every one enjoyed it.

Other pieces were played by Lucille Johnson, Marjorie Coker, Bernita Noland, Ruth Fuller, Dorothy Sutton, Mary Gene Saxe, Virginia McCluer and Doris Arnold. All these girls played splendidly.



## The LINDEN BITE

by  
The Campus Hound



Merry Christmas, and A Happy New Year!

It won't be long now, said the dog when he had his tail cut off. And I don't mean maybe, for in just about forty-eight hours you all will be either already home or on the way thereof, and I, poor thing that I am, will be here in these old breezes all alone. I sure do envy those girls that are heading South, for I know that they won't run upon anything like this down there in that torried zone.

And poor little Betty Kalso is beginning to believe that there isn't any Santy Claus, for as yet she hasn't received that letter from Priscilla, or Aureen or whatever that said lady's name is. Don't you know? Don't tell me you missed anything so drastic as that this last week. Why the girl has just about been a wreck and over the whole week-end was so thrilled that anything but just to sit and to look into space was impossible. Yes, this Aureen person was one of the players of the North East hockey team that played in St. Louis not so very long ago and Betty happened to go a game and immediately became infatuated. She was, cute, Betty, and I don't blame you a bit, and I do hope that you hear from her right away, for it would be a shame to not have these two great Spirits of Physical Education come together. Perhaps she's a waiting until Christmas time and then will surprise you with a big fat letter. Then sure enough you will be a firm believer in Santy Clause.

There are so many things happening, but just not enough time to tell about it, and not nearly enough time have you to read it, so will just sign off this time, and wish you a Merry Christmas and the happiest New Year Ever. Bring a lot of Gore back with you.

Yours for Rain, Dears, (Reindeers)

SANTY CLAUSE.

### FIRST CONCERT BY CHORAL CLUB AND ORCHESTRA.

The first concert of this year by the Choral Club was given Monday night, December 5, in the au-

ditorium under the direction of Miss Grace Terhune, the new voice teacher. And what a concert to begin a season with. Every number was perfectly rendered, and the audience was thrilled at each number, especially the last group made up of folk songs from the Hungarian and two Czecho-Slovakian.

The numbers which they sang were, "Dreaming", by Shelley; "Whither?" by Schubert; "The Snow", by Elgar which number had a violin obligato by Frances Whittaker; "Marrishka" from the Hungarian; and "Wake Thee Now, Dearest", and "Song of Bohemia" from the Czecho-Slovakian.

The orchestra under the direction of Miss Gertrude Isid played "Nazareth" Gounod; "Legende" Frimi; Handel's "Largo" with a solo by Miss Frances Whittaker, and "Bolero (Spanish Dance)," by Moszkowski. Mary Kathryn Craven was the accompanist for both the Choral and the Orchestra.

### FIRST SNOW CAME IN LATE NOVEMBER.

"Now I know there's a Santa Claus," happily sighed a "southern" Freshman who had never before seen snow, and a goodly number of "northerners" agreed with her as the first really real snow storm came on November 30th to Lindenwood. There is a distinct something about snow that gives one the Christmas spirit and although everyone began to count the days long, long ago 'till Christmas, still snow has shortened the time by an astonishing number of days.

One girl alone was disappointed and she was one of those persons who had never seen snow. She had an idea that snow came down in balls and when the flakes came drifting down she could not be persuaded that it was real snow. It seems a trifle "lugubrious" (to use an old expression) that a girl some eighteen years old should still hold such a—shall we say?—juvenile idea of something so ordinary; but it is not our place to doubt the veracity of her statement. Several excited girls felt called upon to rush through dinner and sit on Ayres hall steps and "bask in the loveliness." Such poetic ecstasy is appreciated by all except the medical staff of Lindenwood when they somewhat later are forced to cope with the nature lover who has begun to pay for her flight into beauties' application by a cold.



Being as how you all are too busy to ask me questions I'll just take it into my own hands and give you a few ideas as to how to make and break New Year's Resolutions.

1. I hereby promise myself not to leave my term themes until the last day because after every day comes a night and there is always about twelve hours in it in which to do all the work necessary on one of these easy subjects such as "Italian Cheeses".

2. I hereby promise my roommate to assist in cleaning the room every morning—that is, every morning that it is really quite dirty, and that ought not be oftner than once every two weeks or a little longer.

3. I hereby promise the community not to have words in public with my room-mate, because it is a bad practice for those who have hopes of having a husband some day. But if a complaint must be made, wait until the guests are gone and then let it be a question of the "Survival of the Strongest".

4. I hereby solemnly promise myself not to squander the hard earned shekels on a daily visit to the tea room. But of course that does not mean the nightly visits to the haunt of the "Bigger and Better Girls".

And now the old Owl must bid you a fond adieu and hopes that you will be able to get along without his wise advise during the xmas holidays.

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Lindenwood at Ann Arbor at the Northern Federation of Colleges.

This year she holds the responsible position of President of the Student Board, as well as being a member of the English Club, President of the Senior Class, a member of Alpha Sigma Tau, and of the English Club. Everyone welcomes this most representative girl as Queen of Linden Leaves and the campus for 1927-28.

Virginia Sue is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Campbell of Bowling Green, Mo.

MERRY CHRISTMAS.