

# LINDEN BARK

Vol. 3.—No. 12.

Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Mo., Tuesday, January 11, 1927.

Price 5c.

## Outside World Guest at Lindenwood College

"Prexy John and Rotary Ann Lillie," as stated on the program, "threw a big party" for the Rotary Friday evening December 10, with Optimists and Exchangites for their guests. All members of the party were in the highest of spirits for the occasion. The date reserved each year for the visit of the St. Charles Rotarians and their Anns, is one which the girls look forward to with great expectations and fond memories. That is the time when all are made happy by enjoying the presence of that brotherly spirit which is possessed only by Rotarians and their associates. These jolly business men come out to Lindenwood where they are made members of Rotarian John and Rotary Ann Lillie's family for one evening.

The life of every party is certainly never to be slighted! Without that "General Moderator" Guy Motley, what would a Rotary meeting in St. Charles be? Each year they allow him to hold the floor when he announces ridiculous speeches and even creates an occasion for a lover to sing; "Let Me Call You Sweetheart" to his best girl or perhaps have some good Rotarian sing his ballad to Miss Hatch. But Rotarian Motley is to be congratulated for his many achievements, among which special mention should be made regarding his voice. Now he has appeared before the Lindenwood student body several times, but he has never attained the overwhelming success that was his at the Rotary party Friday night. Thanksgiving day he found it impossible to take the Tigers and the Jayhawks down by the sea-side, but since that time he did some exploring and when the Rotary was at Lindenwood, he, like a real artist, took the entire gang down by the sea-side. All who made the journey will agree that Rotarian Guy Motley makes an excellent entertainer because if there is anything he stands for, it is pep.

The fun at dinner was not a beginning of what was put on that night. The Christmas tree was aglow with its illuminations which drove home that Yuletide feeling to all who gazed, with entertaining-far-away thoughts of the Christmas season and of things back home. To many this

brought the first true realization that the time was at hand when the interests in other localities would be theirs. To the girls it was almost a sad note which sounded to remind them of those friends they enjoyed last year at the same season and that another year had slipped past.

There has never been a better program presented in Lindenwood than was given in Roemer Hall by the faculty and the Lindenwood Quartette. It was as follows:

|                              |                  |
|------------------------------|------------------|
| "The Old Road".....          | Scott            |
| "The Icicle".....            | Trebarne         |
| Lindenwood Quartette         |                  |
| "Waltz".....                 | Chopin           |
| "Caprice-Burlesque.....      | Gabrilowitsch    |
| Mr. John Thomas              |                  |
| "Just a Little Joy-Ride..... | Carthew          |
| Miss Harriet E. Diven        |                  |
| "Cabaret Flamands".....      | Delmas           |
| "Love Waltz".....            | Moszkowski       |
| Miss Lucille Hatch           |                  |
| "Dancing Doll".....          | Poldini-Kreisler |
| "Pale Moon".....             | Logan-Kreisler   |
| "Liebesfrend".....           | Kreisler         |
| Miss Gertrude Isidor         |                  |
| "Ma Lindy Lou".....          | Stickland        |
| "Carry Me Back".....         |                  |
| Lindenwood Quartette.        |                  |

The Irwin Orchestra was stationed in the halls of Roemer and furnished music while the visitors inspected the building and danced. The faculty members were in their home rooms where they greeted those who came because of their interest in the respective fields of instruction.

The music and dancing lasted until late when the company dispersed pronouncing it "a big evening" made possible by all who took part.

The bazaar given by the art department between the hours of three and five on the afternoon of December 10 was a great success. The proceeds of \$134.89 were given to the Mary Easton Sibley Scholarship fund.

A few articles that were not sold were given to the Emmaus Lodge for the benefit which it gave in order to raise money for the epileptics. This drive is very promising and Mr. Guy C. Motley has been a moving spirit.

## EIGHTEENTH CENTURY PLAY

*Lindenwood's Christmas Offering,  
"Friend Hannah."*

The Lindenwood Players gave the girls a real treat on their last night at school in the year 1926. On Tuesday evening, December 14, they presented "Friend Hannah," a beautiful play by Paul Kester, to a large and appreciative audience. The event was heralded in a most original manner. Several days before the play, each girl found in her box a "telegram," reading, "Friend Hannah will arrive at Lindenwood on Tuesday. A reception will be held in Roemer auditorium, at which the Prince of Wales and the royal party will be present. Meet us there (Signed) The Lindenwood Players."

The play was one of the loveliest ever presented at Lindenwood. The settings, the gorgeous costumes of the eighteenth century, the lyric quality of the lines, and the flawless acting of the cast combined to make a truly perfect production. The audience laughed, wept, and thrilled in turn.

Much of the credit for the success of the play is due to Adria Spielberger, who played the role of "Friend Hannah" in so sympathetic a manner that she instantly won the hearts of her audience. As a young, peppy Quakeress, she was charming, and as the self-sacrificing wife of the King of England, after her return from her long, self-imposed exile, she tugged at the heart-strings of all.

Margaret Madden made a handsome and spirited young Prince of Wales, appearing truly regal in appearance and manner. Her acting throughout the play ranked unsurpassed, and in the last act, as the blind, broken-down king, still holding fast to the memories of his first love, she displayed a talent unusual for an amateur actress.

Dorothy Jansen played the part of Betty Trott in a natural and versatile way. Betty Birch as Edward, Duke of York, and Helen Baker, as Charles, Duke of Chandos, were dashing and handsome noblemen, while Lucy Mae Sharon made such a good looking Isaac Axford that the audience sympathized with her greatly when she was refused

(Continued on page 7, Col. 3)

## Linden Bark

A Weekly newspaper published at Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Mo., by the Department of Journalism.

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### MANAGING EDITORS:

Betty Birch, '28.  
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Catherine Staley, '28.  
Evelyn Teller, '29.  
Laura Lee Thomas, '29.  
Geraldine Thompson, '28.  
Kathryn Walker, '28.

### ASSOCIATES:

Mary Margaret Ransom, '27.  
Gertrude Webb, '28.

Tuesday, January 11, 1927.

### The Linden Bark:

Ring out the old, ring in the new  
Ring happy bells across the snow  
The year is going, let him go;  
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Alfred Tenneyson.

### LINDENWOOD'S BIRTHDAY,

Nineteen hundred and twenty-seven! And the beginning of Lindenwood's "real" centennial year! Yes, since September all the faculty, students, and alumnae have been "raving forth" about this being old L. C.'s 100th birthday year—but this year has started on January first; a hundred years from 1926, Lindenwood was only a "thought" and not until the year later did it become a "reality". So as old Father Time ushered the new year in, at the same time, he brought in Lindenwood's one hundredth anniversary.

When we look back over the years, the one hundred years, of Lindenwood's existence, we see one small building called Sibley with only a handful of girls, so to speak. But around this building grew many more and they called them Butler, Jubilee, Niccolls, Irwin and Roemer. And the handful of girls grew into a great mass of students—jolly, peppy, brilliant, attractive girls. The school changed from a girl's finishing school into the greatest woman's college in the West. And why? well because—

"We're loyal to you, Lindenwood,  
We're yellow and white, Lindenwood.

We know you can stand  
'Gainst the best in the land.  
For your standard is grand, Lindenwood.

Rah! Rah!"

All of which means that one of the chief reasons that Lindenwood has stood the test is because there is something about the school that simply gets under your skin and makes all the girls, old and new, love their Alma Mater, Lindenwood.

## NINETY-NINE DAYS TO EASTER

No doubt there are a few who are still ambitious enough, or perhaps have a good deal of excess energy since the holidays to permit them to count the number of days until we're "back to civilization." To be exact there are just ninety-nine days. Of course that gives everyone time enough to get rested after a whirl of gay dances, teas, bridge parties, and all the other vacation frills; to say nothing of the eyes that are encircled by dark rings, telling the tales of late hours and dancing feet. But maybe those circles are just the result of New Year's Eve watch parties. No matter how tired one is there is energy enough left to tell 'roomie' or best friends all about everything. The first day or two after vacation are wonderful for those who have lecture courses, for the class may be easily lulled to sleep by the professor's voice rumbling on and on, thus giving the fortunate the privilege of getting a few extra "winks". The classes are usually about half asleep when they leave. No matter how tired and sleepy we all are we'll settle down to a steady grind, for finals loom in the near future.

## CHRISTMAS CONCERT GIVEN BY THE CHOIR

If the Christmas spirit had not been felt on the campus before Sunday night, December 12, it most certainly was after the lovely concert by the vesper choir, under Miss Edwards' direction.

There is something holy and beautiful about candle light and the processional, with the candles and white surplices of the girls was the embodiment of the Christmas spirit. Soft violin music, playing Silent Night added to the impressiveness, which found its culmination in the forming of a cross with lighted candles.

The music by the choir was very lovely, carrying out a plan of carols of other centuries, and proving that there are many as beautiful as the ones which are sung by us on Christmas. The Centennial Quartette sang Silent Night as it should be sung, reverently and with the true Christmas spirit.

"Is There A Manger Here?" by Edith Delano, was read by Marian Crutcher in a way that brought tears to many eyes. Her interpretation was splendid and it is to be hoped that Lindenwood will hear her often in the future.

The processional, "It came upon the Midnight Clear," finished a program which was enjoyed in the fullest by faculty and students.

Read the Linden Bark.

## COLLEGE CALENDAR

Thursday, Jan. 13, 11 o'clock,  
Dr. Charles B. Boving of the  
Sidney Presbyterian Church of  
St. Louis.

Friday, Jan. 14, 8 o'clock,  
The Oklahoma Club Party.

Saturday, Jan. 15, 7:15 - 7:45,  
Program by some of the Music  
Faculty will broadcast from  
Station KMOX.

Sunday, Jan. 16, 6:30,  
Vespers Service, Dr. R. Calvin  
Dobson of St. Louis.

## LATIN CLUB CELEBRATES FEAST OF SATURNALIA

The Societies Latina held its regular meeting in the Y. W. Parlors on Wednesday, December 8. An interesting Christmas program was prepared by Margaret Patterson. Talks on Christmas customs and the Saturnalia were given by Miss Hankins, Mary Margaret Ransom, and Mary Alice Lange. Adeste Fideles was sung in honor of Christmas. Marjorie Smith rendered a lovely solo. Miss Hankins told some Christmas stories and the meeting was closed with the song, Gaudeamus Igitur.

After the meeting the girls went to the Tea Room where Miss Clement had prepared one of her usual delightful dinners. Good old Santa had anticipated Christmas by filling little red stockings with horns, tooters, frogs, and other playthings. Everybody was in the best of spirits and Martha Brinkerhoff entertained the club with stories of her hometown, Pawnee. The study hour bell brought an end to all the fun and the girls left saying that they had had the best of times.

## LINDENWOOD DOG DAYS

During the last few weeks, the various campus hounds have lost some of the attention usually granted them. The reason for this fact is probably to be found in the importation of more colorful and less noisy dogs. These came to the college, thanks to a certain boot shop in St. Louis, which had these original little wooden animals made especially for Lindenwood girls.

Moreover, this boot shop ordained Saturday, December 4, as "Lindenwood Day." On that date, every Lindenwood girl who purchased a pair of shoes received a dog gratis. Every girl who could possibly beg, borrow, or steal the price of shoes came home from the city lugging a cute yellow and white pup.

This plan of the store "got across big" with the girls. They were well satisfied with both dog and shoes. Concerning this certain shop, the girls shout, "More power to 'em!"

## "CARRY ON"

Contributed

Some time ago there appeared in Collier's National Weekly an editorial entitled "Carry On". In the article the author urges the people of today to fight for the same high moral principles in the time of peace, as the brave soldiers fought for in the past American wars. The soldiers, through their unfaltering conviction that their cause for participating in war was just, have elevated American principles. In peaceful times it is imperative for every individual to carry on American standards. And standards are promoted only by education.

A higher education is being desired more and more by the girls of today. However, many girls have had to change their plans because they were not sufficiently endowed with worldly blessings. Should we not, therefore, encourage every organization which is trying to make it possible for at least some of these girls to further their education? "Carry on" is the motive behind the Mary Easton Sibley Scholarship Fund. The persons who have established the organization have an unfaltering conviction, as the soldiers have had in war, that their cause is just. Knowing this, they are urging all of the former Lindenwood students to join them in their heroic undertaking.

The request is that those who have had the advantage of attending Lindenwood contribute what they can to the Mary Easton Sibley Scholarship Fund. The promoters desire to raise a fund equal to one thousand dollars. The revenue, as is stated in the Lindenwood College Catalogue, is to be devoted to assisting needy students to secure a education at Lindenwood College. If the plan succeeds many girls will be helped in their efforts to advance their knowledge and the lofty principles for which they may stand. The Scholarship Fund will thus help many individuals fulfill their responsibility implied in "Carry on."

American soldiers have always succeeded in elevating their principles when they were of true moral value. In fact, every worthy cause is invariably recognized as such at some time, either now or in the future. Accordingly, though perhaps only silently, the promoters of the Mary Easton Sibley Scholarship Fund will be sincerely thanked for their heroic deed.

## THE PARTING OF THE WAYS

By Beth Campbell

From haughty hill down to this forest dim  
There glides the brooklet on whose banks I stand,  
In youth so gay, it now meanders  
prim  
A tiny ripplet, now a silver band;

But there, beyond an oak-tree withered dim,  
Which stands memorial of its ancient days,  
The waters cleave to flow where once was one,  
For it has reached the parting of the ways:  
So have our lives, dear one, come to that end  
Where we must henceforth tread our ways alone,  
No more together thru life's lane to wind,  
But each, apart, to face the bleak unknown.  
Yet, parted streams may meet in ocean tide;  
Once more may our lives journey side by side.

## THE THREE LOVERS

By Alice Kingsbury

A maid there was with lovers three  
Hey down diddle de dey  
And each one very true was he  
To this maiden fair and gay.

One was very dashing and bold  
Hey down diddle de dey  
His love for her he smoothly told  
To this maiden young and gay.

"I have no doubt you'll marry me  
Hey down diddle de dey  
How could you help but happy be  
Thou maiden fair and gay."

One was rich but very old  
Hey down diddle de dey  
And tried to tempt her with his gold  
This maiden fair and gay.

"Pearls and gems to you I'll give  
Hey down diddle de dey  
Midst silks and satins you shall live  
Oh maiden young and gay"

One was kind but very shy  
Hey down diddle de dey  
He for her would even die  
This maiden fair and gay.

"My heart is all I have for you  
Hey down diddle de dey  
I'll vow my love will e'er be true  
Dear maiden fair and gay."

Then looked with eyes all starry bright  
Hey down diddle de dey  
Upon the blushing, gentle knight  
This maiden fair and gay.

"Thou art to me the one most dear  
Hey down diddle de dey  
I'll have no fear if you are near  
This maiden young and gay."

"Thy face is fairest of the three  
Hey down diddle de dey  
Thy love is gold enough for me  
This maiden young and gay."

Read the Linden Bark.

## FAYRE ELLEN'S KNIGHT

By Susan Woodruff

A knight ther yrode through fforrest greene,  
His arms o'silver sheene;  
An'bye his syde ther hung a sworde  
A trustee blade full keene.

The midst the fforrest soone he ffounde,  
An' got hyme down to rest:  
La styl he lay ere Mayes first daye  
Against the earth's warm breaste.

Then sothe ther cayme a little man  
Al' clade in ryed sa gayee;  
An' got hyme on the knight's fayre horse  
Full syfte he rode awaye.

The knight he slept, yet herde a voyce,  
The voyce o'sworde sae true:  
"Your hors is gyne; here comes a bandee

I feere thee harme wolde do,  
Ffor sothe they ar' ryte blindee men,  
That feere na' God na' mane;  
An' if ye wolde fayre Ellen see,  
I bege ye flee while cane!

Yet, wodst ye fyte these vielands bold,  
I'll help ye as I maye;  
Stryke not firste blow, lest 'o're thee God  
Myte lose his own true swaye."

The knight got up bewyldered like,  
An' through the wode did scan;  
By troth, he founde na' syte o' hors,  
Yet saw a robber man.

On toppe yon hill rode three grave men,  
Against the wyaning sun,  
La' straight an' fayre they yrode them now  
They did appear as one.

The fyrst he drew a myte bladee  
An' rushed fayre Ellen's knight,  
Yet touched na' hayre of yellow fayre

Nor fel hyme downee by fyte.  
The second swing his battle ax,  
An' swung it faste an lounge,  
Yyet 'ere he slew the knight sae true

Hys sins slew hym for yrange.  
The tyrd, an' laste, a myte bore  
He aymed at goulden hede:  
The arrow fleu the knight arounde  
An' pyrced the thyef instede.

The myte sworde with rubee built,  
The ax that shoyne in sun,  
The bow o' gould an' dimond bryte bouree.

All these sir knight had wone.  
He yrode hyme then to Ellen's  
Half crayzed o' love an' youthe,  
His laydee fayre hyme then did wed;

I knyoe this all far sothe!

## FOREMOST ENGLISH NEWSPAPER

*By Martha Buxton*

The Manchester Guardian, which is one of the most influential English newspapers, was found in 1821.

May 5, 1821, the first issue of the Guardian appeared, little over a century ago. This paper was born of the spirit of its age. It had its origin in imputed heresy and schism and in the struggle of thought to be free. With every root of this paper is attached some important historical fact. The day of Napoleon's death this paper made its debut, almost to the hour. Then on through the years it has been closely connected with both English history and world affairs. It was and is a mirror of the times.

The first issue was a four-page paper of twenty-four columns. It appeared once a week; going to press on Friday evening and then formally issued to the world on Saturday.

The Guardian appeared at a time when the newspaper tax stood at its highest peak.

From the first, the leading article was a feature. The other art by which the paper hoped to make its way was that of the reporters for at this time no other paper in the town had such a person. When the paper was first published it was rich in native ability, but not in anything else. Its aim is to give the people good thoughts. It has both literary quality and political power.

There are no screaming headlines, blazing with scandal; no so-called 'Propaganda' which is hateful to newspaper people.

In 1856, the Guardian made a great effort to secure a better account of affairs in Parliament. But in this it failed and for several years it had to content itself with the report prepared for all the provincial papers by the Intelligence Department of the monopolistic telegraph companies. In 1870 Mr. Taylor took the leading step in newspaper development—the establishment of the Press Association. In 1868, the Guardian rented from the Post Office two private wires. They then opened a London office and obtained entrance for its descriptive writer into the Gallery of the House of Commons.

Coming down to the last years, the Guardian has still played as important a part as it always had. It struggled for peace previous to July, 1914; but when Germany broke into Belgium, the peace movement in England came to an end. Once in the war, there was no paper that contributed more than the Guardian to the war strategy. It was almost the first paper in England to perceive that the war front was all one, and for at least six months it was advocating, alone, the 'united front' and the united single

command.

Leaving the past stages of the Guardian's history we come to the characteristics and novel feature of today. It and the English papers in general, are very different from American papers in the manner of giving news, style of printing, the divisions of the paper, the advertising and the whole make up. It is the make up of the two people which makes the papers of American and English papers so different. American people are more or less characterized through our press, while the English are the type that take things as a matter of fact. The Guardian may be used as a history as well as a newspaper carrying present day affairs, for it is as true to facts as any current narrative could be. It is a paper of the highest type; being as it is very old it is well known in the journalistic world.

## A NIGHT OF ROMANCE

*By Josephine Holdren*

The moon awoke and raised her golden head,  
I waited by the ivied garden wall,  
As from the eastern sea, her azure bed,  
She climbed the steps that lead to heaven's hall.  
Arrayed in shimmering mists and dust of stars  
With trailing robes of purple spreading far,  
She dallied, till quite suddenly her bars  
Pierced to our garden where the roses are.  
Their fragrance stirred some memory in her heart,  
She hastened till her light searched every bit,  
Each sweet, dear flower; each shadowed, farthest part,  
Till finding by her light, one face not lit,  
She wept; and longing shed dim tears of dew.  
We both, my dear, had looked in vain, for you.

## RADIO OPPORTUNITIES

*By Louise Hudson*

Recently the members of the music and dramatic department of Lindenwood college have been broadcasting over the radio from station KMOX in St. Louis. These concerts have been excellent, displaying exceptional talent and ability on the part of those who have given them. Not only have the teachers broadcasted but also the students. I consider this an excellent opportunity for both the school itself and the faculty and students. The radio has such an extensive range that people all over the world can listen in on the concerts. In this way these concerts given by Lindenwood college

reach the ears of people far away who have probably never heard of Lindenwood before. These programs cause these people to think well of the school and its departments. For no one can deny that it is a credit to any school to have teachers capable of giving radio concerts and preparing their pupils to such an extent that they can perform in the concerts. Besides forming a good opinion of the school the radio listeners are more likely to bring students who would have never heard of the college in any other way. This plan is an excellent means of advertisement.

These concerts also benefit the ones who give them. Through the radio the performers even receive individual recognition. The members of the faculty who broadcast annually and sometimes more frequently are soon known by name in connection with their ability as entertainers. The concerts give the students something to work for. They will work harder in order to be able to broadcast. It refreshes their interest in their work and causes them to work with a new zeal. When a student is permitted to broadcast it is a good sign that she has done exceptionally well and is competent in her line of work. This makes broadcasting a privilege worth working for. There is real pleasure in broadcasting, not only in it alone, but after broadcasting the broadcasters are always entertained royally. This entertainment is a privilege in itself. As a whole broadcasting is an inspiration to the whole school and a privilege to be valued.

## TRANSMIGRATION

*By Katherine Day*

If I might think that souls can live again,  
And in my shell there dwells the soul of one,  
Who won or lost the strife against life's pain;  
I could believe that long ago you won  
Me from the camp of some old Roman lord,  
Who held me as a hostage from the Gauls;  
Or I be Dido; you Aeneas hard  
Who left his love to answer duty's calls.  
But I would rather think you never knew  
The cloying kisses of some ancient queen.  
Nor I had been the mistress of one, who  
From me my woman's pride and spirit weaned,  
Because I want you as you are, and not  
The ghost of heroes that shall be forgot.

## THE MAGIC TOUCH

By Norma Paul Ruedi

Tonight I felt that Love was near,  
His wing brushed softly 'gainst my  
cheek:

I felt the whisper of a kiss,  
As though my lips he wished to  
seek.

Soft, brooding eyes looked into  
mine.

And told me something that I knew  
And I was raised to heights divine,  
As in my heart this old thought  
grew.

Perhaps it is the time of year  
That Love can visit all who dwell,  
Within the reach of magic touch  
And guard the heart a citadel.

At Christmas we may have the  
dreams  
Of childhood's sweet illusions old,  
And in our hearts it often seems  
That Love has driven out the cold.

## CONDUCT OUT OF COLLEGE

By Mildred Milam

The keenest intelligence in Lindenwood has recently made her keenest observation. The intelligence is, of course, the Campus Hound, author of the Linden Bite. The observation is that the actions of girls in public places are what they and the school they are from are judged by. Most girls do not seem to realize this. When they leave the college, instead of being their own sweet selves, they try to act cute, and when they attract some attention they think they are 'getting over big.' This is not the case. On the contrary, they succeed only in getting themselves criticized for their boisterous behavior. Some people, more broad-minded than the average laugh tolerantly, for they know that these are only silly little girls who will realize some day that they are not on the right road to popularity. Then they will become their natural selves again.

But meanwhile, the school is judged by the actions of its students. When girls go out and pick up dates they think they are having a thrill. They are, in reality, only gaining ridicule and disgust for themselves, as well as disrespect for the school.

Girls come to Lindenwood from all parts of the country. When they go home each one is a personal representative of the school, and it is her responsibility to see that she does nothing that will in any way cause the standard of the school to be lowered. How else can people judge a school than by the product it turns out? They cannot come in person to see it.

The reputation of Lindenwood has been built up by a hundred years of toil, a hundred years of hard, faithful work. Is it to be jeopardized now

by a few silly girls seeking a thrill? A reputation is a very precious thing. It cannot be bought and it cannot be acquired in a year or even a few years. It takes many years of faithful, unremitting work to build up a good reputation, especially such a one as Lindenwood has. Is this thing, more precious than gold, to be thrown away by a few girls because they lack the proper school spirit?

## A ROADESYDE TAYLE

By Kathryn Walker

'Twas winter tyme and all the lande  
Was covered depe wi snow  
The leves were ded, the waters cold,  
And to the poore was woe.

It happened that neere the pil-  
grim's roade  
On Canterbury's waye,  
A crippled woman laye and moaned  
'Help, mayster' wold she saye.

A squyer passed, all gaye and gladde  
Hee never dayned a-looke:  
There also came a clerk hard bye,  
But he read in a book.

All full of speech a shipman rode,  
Wi tayles soe bolde and brave,  
Hee and freynd, pardonor,  
Not one looke to hir gave

Soe on thei rode, til night was nigh,  
When ryding o'er the lea,  
A nobl Knight did coe in sight,  
Oh hee was fayre to see!

He leapt frum off his snow whyte  
steed,  
Gently hee helped hir rise,  
And lo a wundrus chaynge tooke  
place  
Befor his verry eyes,

The world beame as it wer May,  
The briddis began to syng,  
The old hag chaynged into a mayd,  
She was a luvly thying.  
She curtseyed and the knight bowed  
low:

'Twas then avow madde she,  
'Oh deare sir knight for this kinde  
dede  
Rewarded thou shalt bee.'

'A wicked witch hadde transformed  
mee;  
The kyng, my fayther, seyde  
That anyone who broke the spell  
Should have mee for to wed.'

The floures seemed mor luvly still  
The briddis thyr songs did syng  
As knight and mayden on the steed  
Did go to seeke the kyng.

JOURNALISM IN NEW  
ZEALAND AND AUSTRALIA

By Geraldine Thompson

In comparing the Australian and they differ to a great extent from those the New Zealand presses one finds that

of our own country.

We will first consider the press of Australia. In the whole of that country there are almost eight hundred and fifty newspapers.

To a great extent these papers differ from those of the United States. they have, in some cases, introduced American ideas, but on a whole the paper is conducted along British lines. Some of the papers even go so far as to have "encyclopaedic seriousness," but others have begun to use the human interest story. It is usually stated that the lack of humor is one of the features of Australian Journalism.

It seems as if the Australian newspaper reader likes to have his paper to have exactly the same appearance from day to day. He wishes to find its various features all in precisely the same part of the paper each day. However this idea is gradually losing its hold on the people. Mentally, the Australians are Missourians, "You've got to show them," but once they can be convinced that new methods are the best, they can be easily converted.

What we call the "lead" in American journalism was once unknown in Australia. However this feature is being more and more widely adopted as the people who produce the newspaper become assured that the public wants to know the news as soon as possible, and wants each item to be introduced by a paragraph that in reality sums up the whole story.

Now we shall turn to the New Zealand press and look at its evolution. To tell the story of its evolution would be to write the political history of the country, for the advent of the newspaper dates from the commencement of the struggle by the pioneer colonists to secure for themselves and their immediate descendants what is now euphemistically termed the right of "self-determination"; and in other words to work out their own political salvation.

In 1878 representatives of the four principal dailies of the time met in Dunedin and decided to form a co-operative organization that would exchange domestic news and arrange for the supply to its constituent members of the European and Australian intelligence. At once thirty more papers joined. One of the articles of the association was that only one journal in the same town should belong to the association, the object of this being, of course, to crush out rival journals. This did not meet the approval of all the newspapers and it was responsible for a great deal of wasteful expenditure.

Negotiations for amalgamation were set afoot, and these resulted in the establishment of the New Zealand Press Association, in 1889, which has ever since remained the sole supplier and distributor of all domestic and foreign news.

Read the Linden Bark.

## BOOKS AND THE MOB SPIRIT

By Norma Paul Ruedi

In current literary magazines there is always much discussion as to what is really the "best seller" of the year. This year it seems that "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" is at the top of the list. To satisfy my curiosity I got a copy of Anita Loos's book. First I read the comments or "blurbs" on the wrapper. Most of these were quotations from the passages considered most choice - by prominent authors. Mencken even added his praise to the rest.

Then I began to read the book. No chuckles! Could it be that the humor was too deep for me? Occasionally I came to a stray phrase that I could force myself to laugh at, but it was usually a much hackneyed one that other authors had discarded. I was amused over the heroine's affair with the poor aristocratic Englishman, but the story of "Gladys, the Telephone Girl" had the same sort of situations, and much funnier sayings accompanied them.

When I had finished the book, I sat for a long time and thought. Human nature is a queer thing which statement is of course not new, but why is it that we follow the mob even in choosing our reading! Anita Loos's publisher was wise enough to get "certain people of importance" to recommend her book. If the author had been an obscure one, the book would have never succeeded, but she was known.

Many times we read of this or that author who has a trunk full of the rejected manuscripts of his youth. Now that he is famous he proceeds to serve them to the public. In some cases these manuscripts are better than the later ones. The trunk of Louis Bromfield and the one owned by Rafael Sabatini contained literary treasure in the form of early manuscripts. Some writers take their books that were published several years ago, and by polishing the crude places in them are able to bring them out in new editions. But I do not condemn this last practice. It is the first mentioned I am thinking of when I say, how can standards of literature be very high when it isn't the writing we call for in the book shop, but the writer! I too have favorite authors, who hasn't? but I try to read the works of those who are improving instead of stagnating by living on their reputations.

## AT TWILIGHT

By Marion Robb

At twilight when the stars creep  
forth to shine  
In golden light above the earth's  
dim blast,  
Above the sombre purpled forest  
pine,  
Far, far above the highest mounts  
arched back;

This dim remoteness bears away my  
thought

To distant years and there I seek to  
gain

The answers if, in ages past forgot,  
I lived incarnate or is life in vain?  
I know not if it could be God's in-  
tent

To close my mind at mem'ry's very  
door,

To hide the way my ancient life  
was spent

And leave my quest unanswered  
evermore.

I only know that this life gives me  
thee

And love alone must live eternally.

## A SMALL APARTMENT

By Betty Saner

Webster says, "A closet is a small apartment or recess in a room for clothing." I have no right to dispute Mr. Webster's word, and I do not, except in that one little statement he makes in the last part of that definition. I agree with him when he says that a closet is a "small apartment," but, when he limits his definition to clothing, it is then that his definition ceases to fit my own little cave in the wall.

My closet is the source of my greatest sorrow. Twelve-thirteenths of my time I spend hunting for things in its grotesque interior, and trying to restore the countless things in its confused interior to a semblance of order. The other thirteenth, those rare times when I have succeeded in getting the thousands of things (at least the visible ones) arranged in an orderly manner, I stand before it and gloat over the orderliness as a miser would over a bag of gold. I call my friends in to look at this object of my adoration, and am disappointed when they do not become enthused.

My little play mate, who shares my room with me, does not like trunks in the room. To keep peace and harmony in our domicile, I shoved my trunk into my closet. What difference would one little trunk, more or less, make in that closet? Not much, certainly, except that certain things have a peculiar audacity for falling behind it. I make a desperate attempt to retrieve fallen articles; at the end of fifteen minutes I am still standing on my left ear, while my right big toe is engaged in a fantastic polka. "Ah! there I have you, you insolent creatures!" And as I emerge, my clothes almost torn off, my hair disheveled, I succeed in bringing down upon me all my dresses. Surely the gods are against me. "Oh! Zeus, what have I done to offend thee?"

Sometimes I think there is a little old man, a mean, wretched, little old man who lives in my closet. He stays in there all the time, and he lives on

my food. He must have a huge appetite, because my food disappears like magic. I guess he does get hungry though, he gets so much exercise, knocking down my clothes, musing up the drawers in my trunk, and hiding the mates to my shoes. I know that little old man is the cause of all my grief with that closet of mine; but I'll keep on feeding him, and I'll keep on picking up the clothes he knocks down, hoping that I shall never see him.

## A SAD TALE OF

LONDONDERRY

By Julia Palmer

The trees sae greene, the laughing  
streme,

Were gaie in Londonderry.

The birds sange sweet, and a' to  
greet

Young Collin and his Mary.

The village folk came out and  
spoke,

Sae gaie in Londonderry.

"We glad to see and welcome yee  
"Young Collin and thy Mary."

A bridal paire, sae kind and faire,  
Was ne'er in Londonderry.

And they were gaie both night and  
daye

Young Collin and his Mary.

An eight-month past the winter's  
blast.

Fell hard on Londonderry

The wind was strang. "The cauld  
be lang",

Quod Collin to his Mary.

'Twas then one night at candlelight,  
Sae sad in Londonderry,

The neighbors came, to bear him  
hame,

Young Collin to his Mary.

He had been stabbed, the gallant  
lad

A down in Londonderry.

Bye one who lo'ed, so he had told  
Not Collin, but his Mary.

Sweet Mary sighed, but ne'er she  
cried,

That night in Londonderry.

"Oh come and rest upon my breast,  
"Poor Collin," said his Mary.

Her breast was red, they baith lay  
dead

At dawn, in Londonderry,

The village folk sae sadly spoke  
O' Collin and his Mary.

The trees sae greene, the sighing  
streme

Beene sad in Londonderry.

They mourn that paire sae very  
faire

Young Collin and his Mary.

Read the Linden Bark.

## HURRAH FOR THE BITE!!

Contributed

A new Linden Bark is out today and again we see the back page come into prominence. This statement appeared in last week's issue—"The popularity of the back page of this publication makes one think of the old adage about the Bark being worse than the Bite." The Bite, though it stings very badly sometimes, seems nevertheless to be sought after. I wonder why this is true. Girls all love gossip, and, we must admit, the Campus Hound knows how to dig it up! From the number of bones he "pulls" in his column, I should think he would have enough by now to supply all the dogs around Lindenwood, and you know that would take a huge amount. The startling thing, and the one which keeps everyone breathless until she has glanced over the pile of bones, is the absolute clearness of subject matter. The Hound must have peeped into the classrooms of either of two teachers, opposite in appearance but similar in their teaching, who have laid so much stress on clearness of thought and expression that he does not dare leave anything to be guessed at. The Bite is one thing which is written with very little "White Ink." Is the back page only a fad and novelty and will the Lindenwood girls soon grow tired of the frank and stinging remarks of the Campus Hound, or will its popularity be lasting?

## FRENCH CLUB STUDIES

## LIFE OF FRENCH WOMEN.

Le cercle francais met, with a most charming program, on December 1 in the Y. W. C. A. parlors. The theme to be carried out through this year's program is the French woman and this most interesting subject was well started this month.

A playlet entitled *Le Cuvier* (The Tub) was rendered by Mary Louise Blocher, Rosalind Sachs and Ruth Olcott to a most appreciative audience. Ruth, as the henpecked husband of Mary Louise, was surely to be pitied, for his wife and her mother-in-law were determined to see that he did his work. The triumph of the little man when his wife falls into the tub was enjoyed by everyone. Elizabeth Tracy gave a short synopsis of the play in English before its presentation.

Various types of French women were described in short talks. Frances Stumberg told of *La Paysanne* (the peasant woman); *L'ouvriere* (the working woman) was the subject of Jonny-Turnbull's talk; and Cornelia Moehlenkamp spoke of *La femme de chambre* (the scrub woman).

The meeting was adjourned after the singing of the Marseillaise.

DR. TEMPLIN'S BOOK  
MAKES ITS DEBUT

The address given by Dr. Lucinda de Leftwich Templin on the day that Sibley Hall was rededicated has been published in a little book called "The Sibleys". On the front page are pictures of the "two illustrious pioneers in the education of women in Missouri," George C. Sibley and Mary Easton Sibley. And on the last page are pictures of Sibley, old and new. In this address Dr. Templin tells in a most pleasing manner, the story of how Lindenwood was founded by these two honored souls only six years after Missouri was admitted into the Union and how it has continually grown ever since then.

Dr. Templin paid a visit to Lindenwood that all of the girls enjoyed very much, to say nothing of the faculty. She then went to Jackson, Mississippi to attend the seventh annual meeting of "The American Association of Junior Colleges," November 29 and 30. Dr. Templin spoke at 2:00 P.M. on November 29, on "The Need of a Higher Code of Ethics in the Administration of Junior Colleges."

THE TEA ROOM DEAR  
TO THE STUDENTS

By Maxine Block

I think one of the first things one hears of upon reaching Lindenwood is the "Tea Room". One expects to see a beautiful room filled with lovely furniture, dainty curtains and beautiful pictures framing the walls. However, much to the surprise of many of the overwhelmed freshmen the "Tea Room" consists of perhaps a dozen white topped tables and four "drug store" chairs to each table. No pictures adorn the walls and only plain white curtains cover the windows. The surprise for some reason does not prove to be a disappointing one, for this little house is full of a mob of hungry, peppy, busy girls, clamoring for food and gossip. There is scarcely time to take note of the surroundings, because of the constant babble. Lillian and Bozo are in constant demand and have a difficult time keeping orders straight. The "Tea Room" is the place where one's coveted pennies fly and from whence the accursed pounds arise, where the latest "gore" is gathered about so and so's "man", and some one else's "I's" and another's "crushes". The "Tea Room" is one of Lindenwood's most guarded treasures and almost anything would willingly be forfeited before anyone would condescend to dispense with the little cottage. The "Tea Room" will probably long be remembered as one of the college's greatest devertissements. It helps to draw the girls closer together.

Read the Linden Bark.

(Continued from page 1, Col. 3.)

by her charming cousin.

Mary Louise Blocher and Aline Davidson capably represented the tight-laced and stern Quakers, Thomas and Margaret Lightfoot, while Dorothy Dunseth, magnificently arrayed and impressively royal as the Princess Dowager of Wales, and George Evelyn Cone, as the pompous and self-important Earl of Bute, "the power behind the throne," presented a striking contrast to the drabness of the Quaker mother and uncle of Hannah.

Dorothea Myers made the most of the part of Robert Clegg, the rustic mail man, and established herself as a character actress.

A great deal of the credit for the play is due to Miss Diven, who coached it. Words cannot fittingly eulogize the art of the Lindenwood Players. The girls express much gratitude to them in making their last evening here before the Christmas holidays one of the most enjoyable of the year.

Dust Off Your  
French Dictionary

## Y.W.C.A. WHITE GIFT SERVICE

Monday night, December 13, the Y.W.C.A. held its annual White Gift Service program. The girls, all in white, lent a Christmasy look to Roemer auditorium. "The Christmas Tree Pantomime," by Miss Josephine Chandler, was an impressive bit of acting. Kathryn Walker as "Spirit of Need" brought home to the hearts of the girls the fact that there are people who need things, especially at Christmas time. Evelyn Manchester as the "Spirit of Christmas," was like a white angel from heaven descended upon earth to watch over the poor. The "Selfish Giver," acted by Susan Jordan, walked haughtily and hard heartedly across the stage, begrudgingly bringing a gift to the "Spirit of Need". Ruth Olcott, the poor little "Servant Girl," brought on her back the gift of her worldly mistress. Then the bleak, cold, dreary selfishness of the world was lightened by the "True Giver," Josephine Bowman who came in lightly and gave her gifts with good will and a loving heart.

The play was directed by Miss Lucia Hutchins and Miss Gene Gustavus. Music was played by Avanelle Jackson. After the pantomime Christmas songs were played and sung while the girls marched down the aisles bringing their white gifts. About eighty dollars was given by the girls besides other gifts of clothing and "What nots".

### LINDENWOOD'S CHRISTMAS CHARITIES

Lindenwood girls don't realize how much good is done in St. Charles by the clothes and money which they give. Nancy Hitner, who is chairman of the social service committee has had a job on her hands to tend to it all. It was surprising to find how many St. Charles poor people were waiting to get these clothes to help them through the winter. Food is sent weekly to several families who otherwise would do without. The white service money paid the bills for food and clothes, which were sent to families on Christmas, and thanks should be given to Mr. Kuhlmann of Kuhlmann's and Mr. Pundmann of the Progress Grocery Company, who played Santa Claus by deducting materially from their bills.

The Thanksgiving offering went to pay for the gifts given to the aged in the Old Folks Home. Lindenwood indeed brings cheer there on Christmas with its bright bandanas of blue and red and tobacco for the men; and calico and thread to make aprons for the women, with candy and fruit for all.

Christmas for all is made merrier when something is done for others.

### THURSDAY RECITAL GIVEN

A music recital was given in Roemer Auditorium on Thursday morning, December 9. This was the first eleven o'clock recital of the year and was an exceedingly interesting number.

Florence Zeigler played "Sonata Pathetique," by Beethoven. This was a long and difficult number but was played in a delightful manner. Miss Mary C. Craven played a "Viennese Dance." Genevieve Rowe, one of the most talented pianists of Lindenwood gave as her selection "La jardin sur la Pluie" from Debussy, and "Seranata" by D'Albert. Jeanette Martin sang "Voi che sapete (Figaro) from Mozart.

Mildred Gode, one of the members of the Centennial Quartette gave two selections, "Last Night. I Heard the Nightingale," from Salter, and "A Birthday" by Woodman.

A duet which was highly appreciated by all was given by Dorothy Gartner, also a member of the Centennial Quartette, and Nellie Reavis. This was "Mme. Butterfly," by Puccini. The program was closed with the selection "Capriccio Brilliant" by Mendelssohn which was played by Avanelle Jackson.

**Coming  
French Play**



Greetings! Season Greetings! In fact Greetings of the many Seasons, especially of the Centennial Season! And did everyone have a Merry, Merry Christmas? Well, I'm hoping too that you all will have a happy, snappy, New Year. For this year is to be the one big year in the career of Miss Lindenwood. For a long weary time she's been climbing the steeps of Centennial Hill and at last, this wonderful year of 1927, she has reached her goal.

Many young ladies have come back wearing presents left by Santy Clause. There is everything from Spanish Shawls, Mandarin Jackets, Jewelry and New fur coats. Fraternity pins and rings seem to have especially been acceptable gifts as I see quite a few of our girls accepted them. What will the Campus Sheik think of the ring the young lady's Oklahoma Frank sent her. If he wants to make any headway, he certainly better get hot! 'Cause things look pretty bad as far as the A. T. O.'s girl friend is concerned.

They would! I'm meaning the Freshman! Can you wait to come back a day or two early just to be sure to be back? But they'll learn, poor little green things! Some day they'll be dignified Sophisticated, grown-up Sophs!! And then wait and watch their smoke. Gee! Speaking of Freshies, I heard the funniest thing the other day that one of them did. That Holmes girl, you know that one, sure the Holmes girl. No! not the one that looks like her, that's Dix, she the Venus, but I'm speaking about the one that looks like her. However I'll admit they neither one resemble Venus. But this Holmes girl sent her term paper to Miss Murphy before Xmas and put a sticker on it saying "Do not open until Dec. 25". My gracious, that's a funny present to send a person. HUH?

Well a lot of girls not only came back with something, a lot came back without things. I don't mean that Santy forgot them, but I mean that they lost their hearts while spending the holidays at home. Evidently Jackie did, for she came up to "Trip" the other day and asked if the book, "The Night of the Wedding" was a Mystery story. Do you suppose she could have meant "Mr. - - - y"? Another little girl, however, like to have gotten back with out any thing. Yes sir, the whole bottom of her hat box dropped out in the Union Station. The Red cap certainly deserved the extra tip for he

spent a good bit of his valuable time collecting articles of clothing from all over the station and then had to tie the bottom back in the broken box. Ha Ha! that's the best I ever heard.

Well, I'm mighty glad that you are all back safe and sound. I was mighty lonesome here without you, for I guess you knew that "UNK" went dog hunting and killed a few of my playmates. Boo Who'?

The Bite.

**ADVERTISING  
DE VOYAGE DE MONSIEUR  
PERRICHON**

### SOPHS SING SONGS

The Sophomore Class of Lindenwood has a well earned reputation for its ability to sing extremely well. Very early on Wednesday morning December 15, the members went the rounds of the campus singing Christmas carols. It is an old tradition of Lindenwood that the Sophomore class shall function in the capacity of carolers each year on the night before the students return home for Christmas holidays.

Of course for weeks and weeks before the eventful day, everyone was developing the Christmas spirit. In fact, the development was very similar to that of Jack's bean stalk in speed, but the thing which made us really get that creepy Christmas spirit up and down our spines was the caroling on Wednesday morning. The good old Christmas songs as sung by the Sophs, sounded extremely good across the chilly night air. The Sophomores sang their carols before every building and received hearty applause. True to tradition, they also left a pretty sprig of holly in every room.

## Strand Theatre

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