

LINDEN BARK

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Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Mo., Tuesday, December 14, 1926.

Price 5c.

DR. SOUTHWICK READS SHAKESPEARE'S RICHARD III.

Lindenwood Always Honored by His Presence.

Lindenwood was again honored, on December 7, by the presence of Dr. Henry L. Southwick of the Emerson School of Oratory in Boston. In introducing him Dr. Roemer said that Dr. Southwick is almost a part of our faculty and that he would turn over the class to its professor.

As a prelude to the presentation of Shakespeare's Richard III, Dr. Southwick gave a brief sketch of the troublesome times in which this man moved; a period of scheming and intrigue when it was hard to trust anyone and least of all this rogue of a Richard. Dr. Southwick spoke of the two conceptions of Richard, one as a most handsome man, and the other the deformed and rather terrible looking man of Shakespeare's play. He imagines the truth to be somewhere between the two, as is usually the case in extremes.

Dr. Southwick's interpretation was done with his usual wonderful skill. His ability to change his position on the stage only slightly and alter his voice so that an entirely different character is portrayed is indeed marvelous. His Richard, with all the faults of mankind and only one virtue, courage, seemed to live on the stage while he plotted his vile plans.

Lindenwood wishes that this professor could conduct classes oftener.

CLAYTON HAMILTON DELIGHTS AUDIENCE

On the night of Monday, December the sixth, Lindenwood College was the recipient of one of the most delightful entertainments of the season, a lecture by Mr. Clayton Hamilton of New York on Ibsen's "Ghosts". Mr. Hamilton is well known as a dramatic critic, an editor, an author, and a lecturer. His visit here was under the auspices of the Lindenwood Players.

After the singing of several of the new college songs by the students, led by Ruth Bullion, Mr. Hamilton was introduced by Betty Birch, the president of the Players. With his dry and subtle humor Mr. Hamilton won and kept the interest and approval of the

VACATION ON THE COAST

The minds of those students who have been worrying about what Dr. and "Mother" Roemer will do without their college "children" during the long Christmas holidays may now be set at rest. For while the various students are visiting their respective homes, the Roemers will be basking in the sunshine of Southern California. They leave soon after the adjournment of school to tour this land of sunshine, making their headquarters in Los Angeles, where they will be entertained by the Southern California Lindenwood Club. This is one of the most important of the Lindenwood clubs. During this Centennial year, the members keep "open house" on every Thursday for Lindenwood visitors.

The students unit in wishing Dr. and Mrs. Roemer the pleasantest of vacations, and in saying to them a hearty, "Merry Christmas and Happy New Year."

CHRISTMAS STORY PRIZE WON BY SOPHOMORE

An announcement, which has been eagerly looked forward to by the entire student body, was made on December 10, by Dr. Gipson. This was the naming of the girl who won the Christmas story contest. Mary Alice Lange, of Leavenworth, Kansas, former associate editor of Linden Bark, was the lucky girl. Miss Lange is a Sophomore and will receive an A. A. degree in June.

MISS LINNEMAN ATTENDS ST. LOUIS LINDENWOOD CLUB.

Miss Alice Linneman was Lindenwood's representative at the last meeting of the St. Louis Lindenwood College Club. The meeting was held at the home of Mrs. George C. Dyer, (Dora Gut), 6334 Washington Blvd. St. Louis. There was a very good attendance at the meeting, and plans for raising money for the Mary Easton Sibley Fund and the Centennial were discussed. A silver offering was taken for the Mary Easton Scholarship Fund.

JUDGE HOLTCAMP MAKES ANNUAL VISIT

Speaking on the Probate Court.

Judge Charles W. H. Holtcamp, of the Probate Court of St. Louis, spoke to the student body on December 3rd, on the subject, "The Probate Court". He opened his address with the interesting statement that the probate courts are responsible for carrying out the laws of administration. He had with him an old record, really a history of the St. Louis probate court, which was dated May 6, 1806. The first two pages were written in French, and the rest of the record, only half full now, contained orders for slaves, and other such old and curious records.

He said, furthermore, that a most serious situation arises whenever some member of a family dies, and there is property to be shared. It is the duty of this court to see that wills are carried out or to assist in the making of wills; to appoint guardians for those who will receive money when they come of age and to take care of the administration of estates. It is a friend of the public, and no one should hesitate to take their troubles to this court. Ninety-nine out of a hundred women who enter the court are nervous. Judges are human, so why should they be feared?

"It is our duty to be qualified to know what to do, and how to do in case of a law situation. College education limited to the curriculum places the individual in as awkward a position as a sailor in a rowboat. At death property is distributed in either of two ways, by law of descent, or by will, (this doesn't meet the situation after the money is received).

In the majority of cases man uses the old paradox, "Put off until tomorrow what you can do tomorrow," when thinking of making a will. The probate court agency properly disposes and protects money. It protects family and possible creditors. In law a mother a widow, is given sustenance the first year as are children under eighteen. This means grain, meat, and provisions. Don't be afraid of the court or judge, but realize that it is a privilege to go into court to have interests protected. You must realize that if matters do not come

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Linden Bark

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Tuesday, December 14, 1926.

The Linden Bark:

"Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

J. Howard Payne.

MEANING OF CHRISTMAS

Christmas is to the various peoples practically the same in fundamental meaning, but throughout the ages the methods of celebration in the respective lands have varied. Christmas is the birthday of one whose chief contribution to the human heart and mind is his message of boundless and universal love. He brought to the world the greatest gift that it is possible to bestow and that is why the season of his birth has won such an intimate place in our hearts.

It was the habit of Him whose birthday we celebrate to take what was good in men and raise it to higher uses. And so it was peculiarly fitting that the anniversary of Christmas when it was first celebrated in the second century of our era should have taken from heathen Mythology and customs the more beautiful parts for its own use. It has been said that the birth at Bethlehem was a link with the future religions.

The ancient Goths and Saxons called this festival Yule, which is preserved to us in the Scottish word for Christmas and also in the name of the Yule Log. The ancient Teutons celebrated the season by decking a fir tree, for they thought of the sun, riding higher and higher in the heavens, as the spreading and blossoming of a great tree.

"Merrie Old England," writes Walsh, "was the soil in which Merrie Christmas took its firmest root." Christmas was then not a single day, but was several days of democratic merry makings and fun. With the rise of Punitanism the very existence of Christmas was threatened. Even the harmless good cheer of that season was looked upon as pagan. The Puritans initiated the anti-Christmas

feeling in New England when they arrived in the Mayflower.

No other holiday has so rich an heritage of old customs and observances as Christmas. The Yule Log has from time immemorable been haled to the open fire-place on Christmas Eve. Then the wassail bowl, full of swimming roasted apples goes it's merry round. Then the gift shadowing tree sheds it's divine brilliance down the path of the coming year: or stockings are hung for Santa Calus to fill during the night. Then the mistletoe becomes the precarious shelter for maids and the Waits—descendants of old minstrels go through the snow from door to door, singing their mellow old carols, while masquerades and merry old Christmas games have faded away into the land of memories.

While these customs have gone before us we are planning greater things for our good pleasure when in a few days we will join again that happy family circle back at home.

VACATION MEANS MUCH TO STUDENTS

From olden time it has been the privilege and pleasure for college students to have vacations at certain periods of the year. Now Mr. Webster has told us that one form of a vacation is the intermission of the course of studies and exercises in an educational institution, as between two terms or at certain holidays. This is just what it means to Lindenwood students, but I'm sure every girl could add at least a dozen more meanings. What Freshman will not be overjoyed at getting away from the fangs of that terrible monster "English Comp?" From the remarks heard about the campus, and this wasn't told me by the Campus Hound either, it would seem that this so-called monster should be placed in a cage and put on exhibition so that it could not presume itself upon the eager pretentiousness of youth. Cheer up! It won't seem half so bad to go back to real study after a delightful three weeks of vacation. Some others think entirely of vacation as a means of going home and seeing Mother and Dad. This especially is true of those who have never been away from home before, and whose memory is yet fresh with the paroxysms of grief and longing which submerged her at the beginning of the school year. These girls have waited for this with noble and sublime patience and now, at last, we may meet again the boy friend that the poor roommate have been hearing so much about during the last three months. No need then for the wistful looks that have been cast on the pictures of the football hero, for at this time all the pictures may be put aside for a little while at least. Perhaps this above mentioned boy friend has a snappy new roadster and what girl would not be "just dying" to go for a ride in it.

COLLEGE CALENDAR

Tuesday, Dec. 14.

8 P. M., Lindenwood Players will present "Friend Hannah."

Wednesday, Dec 15.

9 A. M., Christmas Holidays

Wednesday, Jan. 5.

9 A. M. The Return.

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

Then just think of the dances, bridge parties, and teas that vacation also means. Vacation is always an extremely welcome visitor no one is ever "not at home" to him. This year will prove no exception in the way he will be received when he arrives on Wednesday, December 15.

EXCHANGES

On December 6, the staff of the Roman Tatler produced an interesting feature number entitled "It pays to advertise." In a foreword called "O Tei Quaterque Beati" an article of that name recently appearing in a Classical Journal is commented upon. "We breathe thankfulness to a fate which has inspired classical allusions into advertising," says the writer. "For without them, there might be nothing on which to base a practical application of our classical study."

Then there appeared a collection of advertisements clipped from current magazines. It is truly surprising to notice how much of our modern merchandise is presented to the public by means of classical pictures, names, and references. Onyx Hosiery is advertised by means of a comparison between the ankles of Galatea and those of a modern girl wearing Pointex heels. "Are you a conqueror?" inquires an ad Vici Kid. Roger Brothers announce that "The Argosy has arrived" in the form of a new pattern for silverware. And company promoting the consumption of oysters proves beyond doubt that the oratory of Cicero was at its best after he had eaten an oyster dinner! Other articles displayed in a classical manner are Vesta Radio Units, Corona typewriters, Jello, Lehigh cement, Sheaffer's fountain pens, and a steamship named "the Homeric".

Altogether, this number of the Tatler was a most original clever one, and was greatly enjoyed by all its readers.

THANKSGIVING WEEK END

Not content with a big time for Thanksgiving, there were several house parties held the week end following, and lucky Lindenwood girls had more good old times.

Mrs. E. C. Stewart of Webster

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SANTA CLAUS'S MASK--CHRISTMAS PRIZE STORY

By Mary Alice Lange

They called him the "Hunchback" not because there was anything wrong with his back but because in his ugly face his movie educated associates saw a likeness to the hideous *Hunchback of Notre Dame*. At that, there was nothing really wrong with his face except that his nose was too short, with large nostrils, his mouth too big. The ugliness lay in his eyes—big and black they were, with a constant expression of something dreadful, accentuated by his heavy black beetling brows. There was nothing so terrible about his figure—he was little, long-armed—and young, nothing to be feared. Yet feared he was, children who came to the toy department of the Big Store cringed closer to parental skirts when they saw the ugly little "Hunchback" come trundling a load of bundles along. Clerks did not wish to be near him. Even the Big Boss as he passed through the toy department wondered why he was kept there—and forgot as soon as he left.

And how he did hate the name they gave him. He begged to be called plain Tommy Briggs—his name. But to all he was, the Hunchback.

But among all those who scorned him so, he had a friend, and a real one. And it was Joe Stone, the handsomest clerk in the big store, working in the Toy Department in the basement because as he said, "he was starting at the bottom, working up," who was this friend. It was Joe Stone who never forgot to say good-morning and good-night to the one whom they called the Hunchback. It was Joe Stone who guessed, and not that to their depths, the thoughts and longings that lay behind the unappealing countenance. He knew, partly by talking to him, and partly by instinct, that the Hunchback wanted an education. And he knew, too, that the world would ever find a place for plain Tommy Briggs except as Bundle Boy. And most of all, he knew that the biggest desire in the Hunchback's heart was not to have people turn away from him, not to be scorned, looked down upon. He guessed, too, that a smile instead of a shudder from some child would be the biggest thing in his whole sordid existence.

But it took one little incident to give Joe Stone the Big Idea. There had been great plans going all over the Toy Department for the Toy Land to be opened the next week. Tinsel, ornaments, holly, glittering lights, decorated trees—all were to brighten the erstwhile gloomy basement, and biggest thing of all, there was to be the usual Santa Claus. Everybody in the department knew that Joe Stone would be that Santa Claus. He knew

it himself. Weeks before the Big Boss had told him. His suit was ready for the formal opening of Toy Land. It hung in all its completeness in the men's wash room. Mask, beard, cap, boots—nothing lacking. And Joe Stone was not so old that he did not get a thrill from looking at it and wishing that the time might come when he could wear it.

It was just after closing time one gloomy night that the thing happened. Joe walked into the wash room whistling, his eyes almost running ahead of him to gaze upon his precious Santa Claus suit. There it was, except, why where was the mask? Joe's eyes searched the room. There was only the Hunchback with his back toward him, standing before the mirror. But from the mirror there gazed at Joe Santa's benign countenance.

"Why?" exclaimed Joe.

The Hunchback wheeled and snatched off the mask. His face was red.

"I was just a tryin' on your mask," he stammered.

"Why that's all right, old kid," said Joe, smilingly. "I guess there's no wrong in that, is there?"

The Hunchback started to go. Joe was trying on the mask himself.

"Good night," from plain Tommy Briggs.

"So long, old kid. See you in the morning," returned Joe easily.

The Hunchback was almost out of the door when he turned. There was a something in his eyes that not even Joe had seen there before.

"I guess—I guess you've never felt like I have, with a face like mine, with people always turning away, I guess—I guess that mask don't mean to you what it does to me." And with what sounded like a sob, he was gone, leaving a somewhat taken back Joe Stone. Slowly Joe raised the mask, looked at it, and then in the mirror at his straight forward Irish face, his blue eyes and his yellow hair.

"No, old kid," he murmured softly, shaking his head softly. "I guess I don't."

The next morning the Big Boss was late; he had been writing a letter to Santa Claus at the dictation of Boss, Jr., and there was a glow in his heart. He felt philanthropic, indeed. His greetings as he passed through the Big Store were especially cheery. And as he came to his office and found Joe Stone waiting for him, he slapped him on the back. He might even have granted Joe a raise if he'd asked for it. But it wasn't a raise he asked for.

"Sir, I want to ask you a favor," was all he said.

The Big Boss smiled. He knew

these "favours", and right now, he didn't care.

"It's this," went on Joe. "I don't want to be Santa Claus."

"No?" said the Big Boss, surprised. "And why not?"

"Well, I can't very well explain. There's a little guy down in the Toy Department that they call the Hunchback. Maybe you know him. Well, anyway I kinda think he'd like to be Santa Claus. And I want him to be, that is if you don't care."

The Big Boss was not smiling, now. If Joe had not known that the Big Boss was one of these perpetual Glad Hand men he would have sworn there were tears in his eyes. As it was, after all, the Boss wasn't such a human machine, and he understood.

"Why, of course," he said. "It's your own business. I'll let the other man know."

Joe turned. "Thank you, sir. It, it means and awful lot to him—and to me, too."

The Boss placed his hand on Joe Stone's shoulder.

"And moreover," he said quite emphatically. "There's a place in the Men's Clothing that I'd like you to have."

It was four days later that Toyland opened—and Joe Stone spent his last day in the basement. Nobody would have guessed to look at the surface of the thing the ugliness of the Toyland Santa Claus' real face—nor the happiness in his heart. And, as Joe Stone might have said, "Horatio Alger wasn't such a dumb guy, after all."

MY APPETITE

By Roberta Briggs

My appetite is the worry of my life. It was such a wee little thing at first, so contented and happy! The least of things would satisfy it. I had always been so proud of it, so thankful because it was so tiny. For years I did not know what hunger was, a mouthful or two a meal was more than sufficient. It took no will-power at all to resist those foods known to modern women as diabolical, calorie building foods. My form was the envy of all my associates. How superior I felt to my friends who must continually crowd physicians' offices for the purpose of being put on diets (which they never follow). Then, suddenly, to my great amazement and disgust, this appetite, my appetite which I hardly knew existed, began to grow. It was not even graceful or polite about its growing; it shot up over night like a mushroom, but sad

to say, it did not die in another night as those famous plants are accustomed to do. It has been growing ever since, and there seems to be no limit to its growing ability.

Along with the growth of this accursed appetite comes increase in weight. Oh, why must one be doomed to that eternal fear of *avoirdupois*? I simply haunt the snakes. My entire happiness depends upon the result of my daily act of weighing myself. If I have gained an ounce I am miserable, and I am extremely hateful toward those poor humans who are forced, through circumstances, to live with me. On the other hand, if I have lost an ounce, I am so jubilant that my friends look at each other with worried expressions in their eyes, because they fear I am losing my mind. In brief, my life is one increasing turmoil. There seems to be no possible way of bringing back my peace and happiness but by checking this worrisome appetite of mine. Thus far I have accomplished nothing.

Eat, eat, eat! The sound of that word has become to me as the sound of the fog horn—a danger signal. It seems that food pursues me, I cannot hide from it. No matter how much I have eaten, at the sight of food my abominable appetite cries out for more like the ancient Cyclops. I eat breakfast for fear there will be nothing I will like for lunch, I eat lunch because I am afraid I will not be able to eat any dinner, and at dinner I eat because some favorite dish of mine is invariably served.

When will it all end? What will be the outcome? who knows? I am quite certain that I do not. There is only one consolation. Perhaps in years to come when I am old and care no longer for my appearance—perhaps then this conglomeration of starches, fats and carbohydrates will ruin my digestive system, and that in turn will ruin my appetite. In that case I can at least die in peace. A bright future indeed.

THE OLD FATHER

By *Nellie McClanahan*

There lived in the far north country
A maiden fair to see,
Her mother dear, was long since
dead,

And her father old was he.

"Oh father leave me not alone,"
And wept so sorely she,
Her father's heart was filled with
fear,

For very old was he.

"A handsome lover shall you wed,
My daughter fair to see,
For soon I shall be leaving thee,"
For very old was he.

And soon a handsome lover came,
And fell in love did he,

She knew they soon must wedded
be.

For her father old was he.

"My daughter makes a beautiful
bride,

For very fair is she.

And now prepare my winding sheet
For I lay me down to die.

For her mother dear is long since
dead,

And very old am I."

PRO AND CON

By *Betty Birch*

There is a certain air of elegance and refinement about the "Literary Review of the New York Evening Post" which is equalled by only a few of the best publications of the country and is surpassed by none. It is one of the outstanding newspaper reviews of the nation. Another remarkable and noteworthy work is the "New York Times Book Review". These two may be compared and contrasted in many ways. Of course the general trend of material in each is somewhat similar. But in certain respects, at least, the book review of the "Times" is very inferior to that of the "Evening Post". The horrible superfluity of advertisements in the "Times" detracts a great deal from that element of exclusive refinement which so dominates the "Evening Post". There are no advertisements in the "Post's" literary supplement. Another of its very advantageous features is its "Table of Contents". This guides the reader to the desired topics which are arranged in an exceedingly logical manner. Week after week the "Evening Post" gives to the same subjects the same place in its literary section, so that the reader may develop that delightful "at home" feeling with the material. It is also of course a splendid time-saving device and it eliminates much confusion, thus forming a clear, well-planned type of publication.

The very atmosphere which is radiated from every detail of the New York "Evening Post Literary Review" is heavy with an exquisite restraint. And yet that restraint does not detract in the least from the progressive, active spirit of the paper. It is modern to the ninth degree, and at times one might even be justified in calling it ultra-modern. Altogether it is an extremely pleasant paper which I actually enjoyed studying. It is so versatile, so well balanced, and developed along so many lines that I believe that a somewhat liberal education might be obtained merely from a thorough and constant study of the "Literary Review" of the New York "Evening Post."

Read the Linden Bark.

OH! LINDENWOOD.

By *Marion Eldredge*

Oh Lindenwood, Oh Lindenwood
A hundred years ago
You started on your road to fame
And have e'er kept on so.

The Sibleys then were head of you
And underneath their rule
You became a ball of fame.
A glorious kind of school.

You did not shirk your duty then,
Nor do you shirk it now.
You've always held your head up-
right,
And kept your vow.

Oh Lindenwood, Oh Lindenwood,
How great it is to know
That in this land of ours there is
A school that's governed so.

Then all these years you have kept
high
Your standards and ideals.
You've kept them all above re-
proach
With nothing to conceal.

Oh you have been supreme in all
That you have tried to do.
And you have won all victories
And always fairly, too.

If one could only tell of all
The things that you have done,
Of all the praise and honor true
That you have nobly won.

But it takes so many years
To put it all in line
That only those not here on earth
Could ever have the time.

So let it suffice to cause
From students old and new
That Lindenwood a glorious place,
And loved by all there true.

RED HOT PARTY!

Here's where Paul Whiteman and Jean Rodemich have to step aside. It's really quite a shame because they used to be considered more or less "hot" in the line of syncopation, but now some competition has entered the orchestral field which places their degree of heat some place below zero. Who is this warm rival which makes Coon-Saunders look weak-kneed and Connly-Silverman positively resemble a hang-over? It is none other than the renowned orchestra of Irwin Hall which made its debut at a dance given in Butler Gymnasium on the night of December the third, nineteen hundred and twenty six. This red hot party was given by the Irwin Orchestra for the entire student body. The individuals responsible for the sudden rise in temperature above that of the average party are Florence Lattman, Wilma Crowe, Lucie Mae Sharon, Marion Eldredge, Ida Hayes, Pep Perry, Tony Miller, and Vivian Nicholas. These

girls certainly looked mighty sporty, too. They wore white sailor trousers and dark blue coats. All curls and feminisms were disregarded, and some, especially the banjo players, actually managed to cultivate dainty little moustaches. There was nothing novice like about this orchestra. Their selection of pieces was excellent and as the old friend Mike once said the executive of them was just killing. The songs of Tony Miller and the dances of Vivian Nicholas were especially popular features.

THE MAIDEN BY THE SEA

By *Martha Cook*

There knelt a maid on yonder shore,
A comely maid was she;
Her eyes as jewels, her hair as gold,
Her face was fair to see.

Long had this maid been by the sea,
And toward the east had gazed.
Yet, never in those eighteen days
Had she her blue eyes raised.

Not since that day when lover dear
Had bid her fond farewell,
And gone across the ocean waves
By battle fame impelled.

"Now who shall break this spell so
great?"
Was cried by men esteemed,
"Shall lad or squire, king or queen,
Or knight of fair demean?"

"No one can break this will of mine
Except my lover, sir;
By Lady Mary's will he'll come,
Or I will never stir!"

The days came on, the days went by
No sail appeared at sea.
"Oh, where, oh, where," the maiden
moaned,
"Can my brave lover be?"

They brought him back on a silver
shield,
Cut thrice with deadly wounds,
And buried him on the wide sea-
shore,
By the light of the fading moon.

But never a word said the maiden
fair,
As she knelt in the ghostly light;
Her spirit had flow to the great be-
yond
To join her lover knight.

The waves roll on through the day
and night,
Over those sea-side sands,
Telling the tale of faith and woe
To lovers of every land.

"CHOOSING A ROOMMATE"

By *Ruth Baker*

Choosing a husband has often been cited as a difficult problem. Choosing a roommate is doubly difficult and seems to be your greatest problem as a freshman. A husband goes to work

and stays away most of the day. A roommate is like the poor, ever present. Some times she even goes to class with you. If she is very devoted she always escorts you to the library, the post office, to meals and down town.

A husband is usually indifferent concerning the decoration of his wife and home, as long as their general appearance pleases him but the eye of a roommate is all for details. To her a soiled handkerchief flung carelessly upon the dresser, an inartistic smear of powder upon the cheek, are criminal.

Unlike a husband a roommate does not pay for the household accessories. Yet she expects you to have them, and further more, she expects them to harmonize with hers.

A roommate shares your joys, your sorrows and your food.

A studious roommate is an irritation to your conscience. A frivolous roommate is a hindrance to your absorption of knowledge. A temperamental roommate thinks that you are distracted.

Who can find a congenial roommate? For her price is far above rubies and constitutes one's greatest problem as a freshman.

THE OLD QUAY AT BIDEFORD, ENGLAND

By *Mary Mason*

I was sitting on that old rotting wharf at Bideford, in the county of Devonshire. The late afternoon sun was hot and enervating, and I was rapidly growing more sleepy. Suddenly a faint rasping voice seemed to come from under me:

"Young sir," it said, "let me tell you my story. It is a part of England's greatest history, and I thought it might interest the heir of England's greatest lords. One hundred and fourteen years ago tonight I first told it to a young French sailor, whose ship was docking here at that time. It was a clear, windy night and he restlessly walked to and fro on my back."

I murmured, more astonished than I had been in my life, for the voice to continue, that I would be most pleased to listen to its tale. I stretched out in a more comfortable position and gave my attention to this strange utterance.

"I was built during the reign of Henry VIII when he was beginning to take a greater interest in things marine. At that time I was used mostly by fishermen who docked their little smacks by me, and on me threw their ill-smelling piles of fish.

"As time went on Bideford became more important as a port, and during Elizabeth's reign it was as much used as any harbor in England. I became the meeting place of ships from every port in the world, Portuguese whalers with their swarthy crews, strange Chinese craft, Russian ships with cargoes of fur.

"I have felt the reassured tramp of

soldiers' feet when ships of the hated Spaniards were sighted off the coast. Across me have rushed tarry sailors, eager to push off to Francis Drake's great ship, which was to voyage around the world, and bring fresh fame to Bideford and to England. I have seen and heard the tender good-byes of rough bearded fishermen and their wives; of young sailors and their clinging sweethearts; the goodbyes of the young Spaniard, a prisoner, who was escaping home, and a young Devon maid, whom he afterward married. I have witnessed terrific storms and seen great schooners thrown against the rocks.

"During the war with the rebellious Americans, many ships embarked from me, carrying unnumbered soldiers and sailors, that never returned. The gallant Nelson left here on his way to Trafalgar, and sailed back, landing his victorious ships to port.

"I will pass over the events of several hundred years, for it is growing late, and tell you about one day late in the year of 1914 when embarked from my side the pick and flower of British manhood. Young Irish, Scotch, and English lords and dukes and marquises, whose military training had been a part of their education, and who answered the call for men immediately. These filled the lines while others were being trained and were mowed down by the thousands. Many a noble family was in mourning in those days

"Now nothing more warlike comes to my sides than millionaires' yachts and swift white sailed boats that come down for the races. No longer do great ships leave to explore unknown continents as did Walter Raleigh's vessel on its voyage to the Virginias, nor do they set out for distant battlefields. Frequently a trading vessel stops on its way to the larger harbors of Liverpool and Southampton.

"It has been most kind of you so to listen to an old quay's tale. I am glad that I had much more to recount to you than I told to that lad from France that night so long ago. I hope that sometime I may have more stirring events to tell you, if in the meantime I am not torn down."

The voice became indistinct and mingled with the waters whirling around the old piles. I started and roused myself. Had I been asleep and dreaming, or had I really heard these strange things? Standing up I shook myself, then started home. I walked along the beach, passed the new quay, concrete, and bright with electric lights I had spent the entire afternoon at the beach and it was now dusk. Would this new wharf ever see the strange and thrilling sights that the old one had? Would it ever see ships starting out for conquest or for battle, loaded with gallant, eager men whose acts would make glowing history? I wondered.

Read the Linden Bark.

THE THREE BLACK CATS

By Laura Lee Thomas

In the dead of the dark and dreary night
A knight so brave lay sleeping,
Three cats as black as cats can be
Woke him with their weeping!
Woe, woe, woe, for man is made to sorrow.
Woe, woe, woe, for man is made to sorrow.

Full much displeased with horrid din,
The knight from his couch did spring
To seize his trusty sword so bright,
Which death to the cats did bring.
Woe, woe, woe, for man is made to sorrow.
Woe, woe, woe, for man is made to sorrow.

And ere seven suns both rose and set,
Rode forth the knight and his band
To the far cold north, where he wooed and won
The fairest maid of all the land.
Woe, woe, woe, for man is made to sorrow.
Woe, woe, woe, for man is made to sorrow.

The wedding day dawned bright and clear,
Sad news to the groom was brought
That his bride was resting on her blyre,
And death her smile had caught.
Woe, woe, woe, for man is made to sorrow.
Woe, woe, woe, for man is made to sorrow.

To her bridal bower, the knight rushed fast:
There lay his love so prone
Her pearl white throat by cruel teeth torn.
At her head three cats did moan!
Woe, woe, woe, for man is made to sorrow.
Woe, woe, woe, for man is made to sorrow.

REVIEW OF THE MONITOR

By Kathryn Walker

When Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy founded the Christian Science Monitor in 1908 she did so with a definite idea in view. In *The First Church of Christ, Scientist, and Miscellany* she states it thus: "The object of the Monitor is to injure no man, but to bless all mankind," and that ideal has always been its moving force except during some trouble which resulted in the appointment of a new board of trustees in 1922.

One great objective toward which the Monitor set its eyes was impartiality, and it has nobly succeeded, because of this it is a most excellent paper from which to get a view of

national events. "The Monitor itself, through its news columns, day by day is writing the book of history, and thoughtful men all over the world deem it worthwhile to read the story, chapter by chapter." Its excellence is so conceded in Evanston, Illinois, that the students there use it in the classroom as a basis for study. Although, as its name indicates, it is a newspaper published by the Christian Scientists it is non-sectarian. It is always ready to boost any Christian enterprise and to aid a city in getting its name known for some improvement rather than for a lurid divorce case.

For feature pages the Monitor has enough diversity to interest the whole family. The page of Women's Enterprises, Fashions, and Activities is most entertaining for the feminine section of the reading public. That quiet hour before bedtime when "Tell me a story, Mother" is the cry, is not neglected, and the *Sunset Stories* tell the exciting adventures of various little folk.

The Monitor puts in plenty of material which makes the male part of the family sit up and take notice. Of course the stock market is always of interest, even though father may be too conservative to venture a sou in this exciting game. Athletics, too, are by no means left out. The latest scores of the popular sports then in season, the exciting facts of athletic games find place on its sporting page. And the Dad who likes to tune in on every occasion may find a complete program of broadcasting stations and unusual news of the radio world on the Radio page.

There is no better way to judge a newspaper than through its editorials, and those of the Christian Science Monitor, place it among one of the best informed newspapers of the United States. "The Monitor is always ready to aid in anything which will promote the world, help it to fill out more completely its feeling of brotherhood of nations. Above all it always stands for enforcement of the laws of our land."

Another section of the paper, and one of interest to all, is that devoted to music, the theatre and art. The Monitor has bureaus established in the largest cities where exclusive news is gotten and sent to the Monitor only. The movie also come in for their share. The literary news and book reviews are long the same excellent lines.

A MAIDEN FEYRE
AND WITCH SO RARE

By Beth Campbell

A maid there lived, in hut so mean,
Beside a forest vaste.
More grace than hers has ne'er been seen,
Her beauty none surpassed.

With her an ancient hag did dwell,
An ugly hag was she,
And sooth there is no man to tell

Why thus the twain should be.

One day as through the shawres grene
These two did chance to stroll,
They came upon a boldy knight
Upon a grassie knoll.

The knight was handsome in the face,
And wounded sore was he
As maiden fair and hag so rare
Could very plainly see.

The maiden said: "We'll take the knight
And we shall give him care."
But 'twas the hag who helped him up,
And not the maiden feyre.

It was in fact, the homely hag
Who cooled his throbbing hede,
And washed away the dreadful blood
Which made his armour red.

For many days the knight remain-ed
In the humble cottage small,
The tender care which he received
Was from the hag in all.

Now both the maid and hag so old
Did love this wounded knight;
But the maiden scolded the homely hag,
When ever out his sight.

The knight did love the maiden's face
In beauty sort and rare,
But he loved the soul of the homely hag,
Tho' her face it was not feyre.

And then one night a storm came up
And the wind so hard did blow,
It whistled aroun' the tiny hut
And made the trees bend low.

From out this storm a voice did come,
Into the brave knight's ear,
And told him of enticements strange,
And a witch whom people fear.

It told him how a maiden feyre
Was changed to an ugly hag,
While the witch took the form of the maiden feyre,
And did always scold the hag.

And then the voice departed swift,
But first it told the knight
That he must kiss the ugly hag
And she'd turn into maiden bright

The knight he lost no time, you see,
To kiss the hag so rare,
And then he rode away next day
With a maiden sweet and feyre.
The witch she changed to form of hag,
And raved and tore her heyre,
The knight cared not, as he rode away,
With maiden wondrous feyre.

(Continued from page 2, Col. 3)

Groves entertained Josephine Bowman, Evelyn Manchester, Dorothy Monier, and Emma Monier, who spent her vacation from Missouri University here. This party started off with a formal dinner dance Friday night and there was something doing from then on till the girls came back to the campus.

Two Lindenwood girls from Bridgeport, Illinois, Mary La Plue and Frances Whitaker had as their week end guests Mabel Sloan and Mildred Yoder. A breakfast, given by Mrs. LaPlue, a luncheon and a dinner dance came in for their share of enjoyment by these girls.

Jackie Hempleman was the hostess of Clara Bowles and Frances Fatout at their home in Washington, Missouri. A feature of this week end was an out-of-town dance attended Saturday night. On Sunday "Jakie" and Clara sang at church to a most appreciative congregation.

Don't some girls have all the luck?

"VOX POPULI"

The time has come for the Hound Dorg's doom,
And now his death is coming soon.

At least that is what some Linden woodite thinks or rather suggests. What do you think about it?

Dear Miss Linden Bark:

I suggest (that is if you will allow me to make a suggestion) that you change the name of the Linden Bark to the Linden Meow; the Linden Bite to the Linden Scratch and the Lindenwood Campus Mascot from a Hound to a Cat.

Anon.

Guess maybe the "Barks" and "hounds" feelings are hurt? The managers thought surely it was the best paper the College had put out for a long time and have spent a lot of time and hard work on it this year. Evidently someone else has a different opinion. Would you like to bury the Hound? If so please call at the Journalism Room at ten on Tuesday or Thursday and we'll be glad to hand over the managing of the paper to you and see that a funeral is properly conducted. If it will be for the good of the paper the Journalism Class welcomes all suggestions but we would like to know just why you disapprove. Would you read it if it contained nothing but reports of lectures and recitals? Would it be off interest if we had no Bite? All suggestions and comments are appreciated and if the person writing the above will report to the Journalism room the class will see what it can do for them.

We have done the best we know how. If anyone can do better we will be more than glad to let them try.

(Continued from page 1 Col. 1)

entire audience. Many interesting features of the life of Ibsen were revealed in Mr. Hamilton's sketch, which was so peppered with droll witticisms that everyone was kept on the alert.

In spite of the fact that attendance at the lecture was not compulsory, the auditorium was well filled. This was just an example of the true Lindenwood spirit which is right there in backing up the school activities. If virtue is its own reward then the reward of attending this lecture was double for there was the lecture itself was a reward to the virtue of those who attended.

INFIRMARY NOTES

L. L., dear,

Now what in the world do you mean by going and getting the hives? Of all diseases for a sweet girl to getfi that takes the cake. If you want to be different, why don't you have a swell disease like the mumps? That's what I did and I assure you that it's fun. If you dont mind what you say.

I have arranged a little poem for you, worked it over, so to speak, so that it is particularly yours. Please peruse with care.

"La Lee had a swarm of bees,

And they to save their lives

Must always go where La Lee went,

Because she had the hives."

How's that for a propos? When I had the diptheria for the second time I developed a charming disease called the mad itch which certainly was. Once every other day for two weeks I broke out with such welts that I looked like a pillow stuffed with lumpy cotton, but I had much more feeling. Hope yours is a stifle nicer.

Hoping to see you soon, I beg to remain your

Obedient Servant.

EXTRA

Weather Report

All's fair at the tables in the Library.

OBITUARY: This column remains unfilled as people are too busy to die.

Love is a very sturdy dame.

Lost and Found: Lost two new hearts.

EDITORIAL:

Crushes are growing worsen, since two members even admit that the meetings are planned before hand.

The above is just to keep you posted on what is happening during your absence.

Another letter that was carried to one of the patients of the infirmary was a long epistle written by two persons. The first word was written by the first girl, the next by the other. It was a very effective letter and caused the invalid very much pleasure and enjoyment.

(Continued from page 1, Col. 3.)

out as you wish them to, the judge is not altogether to blame, as he is bound by law. It is our duty to work and vote for fair men when we have the vote. Moreover, it is our duty to recognize responsibility when our majority is reached.

The foolishness of young people with estates shows the need of the probate court. Judge Holtcamp gave an instance of a young man eighteen years old who wished to purchase a \$5000 automobile to ride to school in. The money expended would have taken one tenth of his income. This boy had no idea of the value of money.

Lastly he said that we must have a knowledge of responsibility and of agencies for administration and protection of those near and dear to us. Such an education is for the betterment of mankind, and the uplift of humanity.

RECITAL BY FACULTY

On Sunday, November 28, 1926, a faculty recital was given in Roemer auditorium at 4:15 P. M. by Miss Gertrude Isidor, violinist, Mr. John Thomas, pianist, and Miss Mildred Gravely, accompanist. The recital was spoken of as one of the most delightful of the year. The program was as follows:

Sonata, Op. 27, No. 2 *Beethoven*
Adagio Sostenuto
Allegretto
Presto Agitato

MR. THOMAS

Concerto, E Minor *Mendelssohn*
Allegro Molto Appassionata
Andante
Allegro Molto Vivace

MISS ISIDOR

Mazurka *Chopin*
Waltz *Chopin*
Ritual Fire Dance *De Falla*

MR. THOMAS

Caprice Viennois *Kreisler*
Dancing Doll *Poldini-Kreisler*
Pale Moon *Logan-Kreisler*
Liebessfreud *Kreisler*

MISS ISIDOR

DECEASED! POOR BERTHA WHERE RESIDEST THOU?

We hereby take this opportunity to express our most sincere regrets concerning the untimely demise of Bertha. Bertha, whose beautiful white body always brought gasps of admiration; whose soulful eyes could enhance even Lindenwood students; whose nimble legs would dance to please even a king; and whose coy manner would throw anyone into thrills of estacy. Oh! that lovely creature has passed

into the Great Beyond! May she ever rest in perfect peace! There are others trying to take her place, but none will ever take the place of our Bertha.

Of course, she, like all of us, had her faults—she often got drunk and just such things are what make the people talk about the flappers of today. And although Bertha was usually very friendly, she sometimes would be very stubborn and would try to run away from everyone. However, all in all, Bertha was a perfect example of her class and everyone was grieved to hear of her death.

And who was this noted character? Ah! Don't you know? Why, she was the pet white mouse in the biology lab last year! And of her death? Her namesake, Dr. Martin, couldn't think of letting her suffer during the summer and so out of pure kindness she killed her. Other white mice have been gotten (pretty ones, too) but there can be but one Bertha; poor Bertha, Lindenwood grieves your death! And the science students will never forget their little mascot—Bertha!

CALLED HOME BY DEATH

Leah Drake, of Ft. Scott, Kansas, was called to her home last week by the death of her sister. The school extends sympathy to Miss Drake in her bereavement.

Alice Lee Waddill was called home by the recent death of her father, Dr. Waddill, of Keytesville, Mo. The college extends its sympathy in her bereavement.

The faculty and students were sorry to hear of the death of the mother of Mary Cole, whose illness called Mary to Cozad, Nebr. several weeks ago. They unite in expressing the greatest sympathy to her in her sad bereavement, and in anticipating her return after the Christmas holidays to resume her place among the Freshmen.

**Merry
Christmas**
and
Happy New Year
from
THE BARK



Knock! Knock!! No, this is not Paul Revere, but I feel like giddaping. The reason I knock is because I don't know whether I'm a very welcome person in these parts any more or not. From what a lot of people are saying I gather that they'd rather I would cease my aimless chatter and start a column concerning the Prevention of cruelty to dumb animals. Or maybe they think they could do a little better. In all my three years of life among young "ladies" I have never before been told that I'm catty. That said person is probably the only one around here that could beat me at my own game and I have to admit that I hate him with purple passion. My feelings are terribly hurt. I thought sure I was doing a lot of good around here as well as affording everybody a lot of fun, but I guess some one who got "bit" set up a howl. I'm not as dumb as I look, and I'd like to tell the person who suggested I change my tactics and give way to Pussy that the next time they hand in an epistle to Miss Linden Bark, that they type it instead of writing it in long hand. Somewhere I've seen that writing before, and I'm hereby warning the said person that I'm on her trail. Well, I guess you've heard me cry long enough and want me to talk about Santy Cluse or the weather, but I just wanted you to know that my feelings are hurt. I was doing my best to keep up a little interest in things around here, but it seems that many don't think so. Would be very glad if you would also heed this. I have done all of this of my accord and no one has handed in anything against you. So please blame me and not some sweet innocent girl.

Maybe you all were at the American last Saturday and saw the same thing I did. Those people who trid to beat the crowd out of the Theatre. Goodness! They were in a hurry. But they certainly would have accomplished what they started to do. In fact they would have beat the crowd by a good hour. Next time please get programmes so if you don't understand what's going on on the stage, at least you won't show your ignorance by trying to leave at the end of the first act.

For information about the boy who was "brought up on board" see Lilly Bloominstiel. She probaby can explain this strong constitution, and the reason for not being brought up on milk and bread like most little boys.

And what do you want Santy Cluse to bring you? OOOOOh! Pretty soon that old man will be traveling through the elements to bring pretty things to your stockings. Can you hardly wait? I hope you will remember me when you're having such a good time and eating turkey n'everything. I'll be mighty lonesome and I'll miss you lots. But just know that I'm wishing you the MERRIEST CHRISTMAS AND THE HAPPIEST NEW YEAR.

MR. BITE.

CANDY ALWAYS ACCEPTABLE AT LINDENWOOD

On Thursday, December 2, the Euthenics Club touched every girl's candy tooth. Even the most particular person found the kind of candy she liked: for there was penuche, divinity, caramels, cracker jacks, and all varieties. Evidences on Snudy night show that the freshman and a few upper classmen are strong for dates—well they were there for stuffed dates too. Maybe this is the latest thing in style but anyway the girls sold us candy that they said was white fudge. It was mighty good! Guess it was 'cause everyone was so hungry that the girls made fifty dollars. They gave twenty-five dollars to the Mary Easton Sibley Scholarship fund and ten to the Markham Memorial. Miss Stewart worked equally as hard as the candy makers, it was due to her efforts that the sale was such a huge success. It is whispered that the club is going to give two food sales after the holidays. Everyone will look forward to it, for we all like good cake and cookies.

**Season's Greetings
Palace Clothing Co.**

New Strand Theatre

Monday

HOUSE PETERS

— in —

"Prisoners of the Storm"

From the Great Novel by James Olive Curwood "The Quest of Joan"

Tuesday and Wednesday

RUDOLPH VALENTINO'S
LAST PICTURE

"Son of the Shiek"