

LINDEN BARK

Vol. 2. No. 11.

Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Mo., Wednesday, December 9, 1925.

Price 5c

JAYHAWKS' VICTORY, 2-1.

Hockey Game Enlivened by Rival State Stunts

The big events of Thanksgiving day were heralded on Wednesday evening, when a peppy crew of Kansans and Missourians gathered around a big bonfire back of Niccolls hall and staged a noisy contest of yells and songs. Thursday morning very early, these Razzers and Jayhawkers assembled to escort their teams with ceremony in to breakfast and sang their songs to encourage their teams and to give the other students enthusiasm for the game.

At nine o'clock the crowd began to gather about the hockey field and before long, the Jayhawkers and Razzers began their cheering as the two teams ran out on the field. The first half proved to be exciting and in the first few minutes of play, Missouri pushed the Kansans back and crowded their own goal line. A short time later Kansas returned the ball to their goal and scored one for Kansas.

Towards the last of the half, the ball was again within the striking circle of the Kansans' goal and Missouri was forcefully defending the goal, but once more a score was made by Kansas when the ball rolled across the line accidentally dropped by a Missouri player. During the last of this half, it had begun to rain ever so slightly, and this continued throughout the game without successfully dampening the spirits of either the players or the rooters.

While the players rested, stunts were given by both Kansas and Missouri. To begin with, a wedding procession came from one end of the field and as they neared the center, it could be seen that the bride was Miss Victory represented by Zona Stevenson, the bridegroom was Mr. Missouri, or Willa O'Bannon and the minister who was to solemnize the ceremony was Catherine Buechler. The ceremony began, but suddenly from the side lines galloped the gallant youth, Kansas, Rella Gammon riding his sturdy steed, broomstick, and flaunting his colors, blue and red as he rode directly toward the center. Then, he snatched Miss Victory from the side of Missouri, and galloped off with her to his own goal. Then Jayhawkers paraded onto the field with their songs and yells.

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ADDRESS BY "MOST POPULAR AMERICAN WOMAN"

Lindenwood is feeling especially flattered this week after having had the pleasure of entertaining Jane Addams, last Tuesday. She was the guest of Alpha Sigma Tau, but all the college claims the honor of having entertained her.

Miss Addams addressed her audience in such a charming manner that the girls all "fell" for her immediately.

"It must be possible for all the nations of the world to get together and find some way of averting war, or else this is going to be a poor and miserable world. Many people think this World Peace movement is a new one. It is not. It was begun over 300 years ago, by philosophers and poets. They also felt the need of bringing people of the different nations together to discuss this all-important problem of the World," explained Miss Addams.

She also pointed out that in the United States, the three divisions of the government, legislative, judicial, and executive departments, are illustrated by the International Court of Justice, the Inter Parliamentary Union and by the Interpostal Union in world affairs. The growing tendency toward justice was also illustrated by the decision of right rendered by the members of international courts even to the extent of deciding against one's own nation.

In speaking of the various councils of nations discussing international ways and means, Miss Addams said: "In December, three men from each of 54 nations are to meet to discuss important problems of world peace. There is a body of men who stay in Geneva whose duty is to 'keep house' for the League of Nations and who prepare for, and carry out the decisions of that body. Professor Manly Hudson of the United States, formerly of the Missouri Law School, is the United States representative of this group. These men are trying to speak sincerely, modestly, and quietly, and trying to find out what is best to do about the things which come up before them for consideration. They accomplish many things which would be impossible to attain without the council. This ability, for a man from one country to place before all the world the problems of his country and to receive justice, has never been

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BLESSINGS FROM THANKSGIVING

National Theme Treated by Dr. R. Calvin Dobson

Thanksgiving morning at 11 o'clock, all Lindenwood and her guests met in Roemer Auditorium to observe the occasion. The President's proclamation was read by Audrey Richert, and Eleanor Brown reported to the student body the acknowledgement by Everett Sanders, secretary to the President, of the receipt of the decision of Lindenwood in regard to the World Court question. The thanksgiving prayer was read by Dr. Calder. Miss Cora Edwards and Emma Monier sang solos from Handel's "Messiah", being assisted at the piano by Miss Gravley.

Lindenwood always makes a Thanksgiving offering to the poor of the county and to the Near East work. This was taken at this time.

The address of the day was delivered by Dr. R. Calvin Dobson, of St. Louis, who pointed out to his audience the meaning of the day and the proper attitudes people should hold concerning it.

"It is with thankful hearts that we meet on this Thanksgiving Day in the interest of patriotism and thanksgiving. This custom was started by our forefathers in the United States in 1621 after the Pilgrim fathers had gathered their fruits and harvests. The first Thanksgiving Proclamation declaring a legal holiday was issued by George Washington in 1789, but it was for Abraham Lincoln in 1864 to issue the first Proclamation setting aside the fourth Thursday of November as Thanksgiving Day. It would be disastrous for the nation not to have such a day as this. Because of the lack of patriotism, fear of God, and righteousness, the olden nations failed. This would be our fate if we were without these and it is on Thanksgiving day that we give voice to these emotions," said he.

He analyzed the hymn, "America" and took the various stanzas as the basis of his lecture. He enumerated the various physical resources of the United States including vastness of territory controlled, mineral resources and religious nature of our people as among the blessings of the United States as a nation.

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LINDEN BARK

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Wednesday, December 9, 1925.

THE LINDEN BARK:

*I heard the bells on Christmas day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good will to men*

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS

We ring the bells and we raise the strain

*We hang up garlands everywhere
And bid the tapers twinkle fair
And feast and frolic and then go
Back to the same old lives again.*

Just one more week before we all take up our old kit bags and toot for home sweet home, North, South, East and West, what a grand and glorious feeling. There's a tingle down your spine and a funny bubbling feeling on the inside that makes your eyes shine and why? Because it's almost Christmas time.

Won't it be fun to be home again and see the folks and the boy friend and the girl next door? You can hardly wait to tell everybody all about college. How much it is like all the books they've read and all the devilish things you've tried to do, then your precious new friends and of course your roomy. You'll be so busy doing things and seeing people that the days will just fly and yes, the nights too.

Can't you just shut your eyes and see the snow all sparkling white with splotches of blue and red and yellow shining through the window from somebody's Christmas tree as you scrunch along home? Home has such a cozy look in winter time when the snow has rounded all the sharp corners around the roof and then the fire place that pops and cracks and burns pictures in the big log that you can see if you will sit there by the grate

and look for them.

How natural it seems for all the old gang to be back again chatting about new things, new people and new schools. Billy knows you don't Charleston right or at least "that isn't the way they do it down at school" and Jane says your painted slicker "is hotsy totsy, but you ought to see this sweet "mama's steam heated galoshes," of course the most of it's "apple sauce," but it sounds good to hear their voices again anyway.

And so it goes. Red candles, and a holly wreath, green ribbon and stiff white tissue paper, or choir boys singing Christmas carols.

S'funny how Christmas makes you feel—you get a thrill out of everything as if you truly realize some of the finer things of life, and it gives you the age old determination to make new resolutions while the bells ring out old 1925 in favor of New Year '26.

And so, just about the time the family begins to look familiar and Dad says he's hardly had a chance to see you at all, you begin to pack your little ole bag with the old yellow sticker on it. In a way, you hate to leave again, but won't it be fun to get back and tell the girls all you've done?

Holidays are a fine institution, but if we had 'em every day,—well, we wouldn't have vacations then. So after all there isn't anything better we Barkers can wish for you than—

**A MERRY CHRISTMAS!
AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR!**

HOW SHALL WE DRESS?

The mode of feminine attire that the Pope at Rome wishes in his presence is quite a different style from that asked by the average gentleman of the day. That august personage of Rome asks for full length sleeves, high necks, and skirts that trail the ground, according to a press picture of suitable dresses sent out by one of his secretaries. We're afraid the Lindenwood girls would be quite at a loss to know what to do with all that surplus skirt. The high neck would not bother them so much, as very often high necked dresses, both for sport and dress occasions, and sweaters called turtle-neck are seen on the Lindenwood campus. But goodness! with her boyish bob covered by a frilly, silken veil, her thin tanned throat covered by dress even up to the top-most chin, her long boyish legs covered by a long, flowing skirt which she has no idea how to manage—I'm afraid our fair Lindenwoodite would certainly be at far from her best. But then we can console ourselves by thinking how the ladies to whom the Pope grants an audience would look in our knickers and our suspender dresses. After all, dress, like everything else, is just a matter of what side of the fence you're looking over.

COLLEGE CALENDAR

Thursday, December 10:

Prof. John Thomas, Piano Recital, 11 o'clock, Auditorium.

Sunday, December 13:

Organ Recital, Miss Treat, Oratory Recital, Miss Hutchins, at 4:15 o'clock, Sibley Chapel.
Vesper Service, Christmas Music by Choir, 6:30, Auditorium.

Tuesday, December 15:

"You and I" Lindenwood Players, Play, 7:30 P. M., Auditorium.

Wednesday, December 16:

9 o'clock A. M., Homeward Bound.

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before possible. The World Court is the effort of the part of the nations of the world to establish a prestige of Pact, the League, and all these movements depend upon the decisions of this court. For this reason so many people of the United States are anxious for us to enter the court. The United States is considered a little stand-offish by the nations around the world and some of her actions seem to them unnecessarily harsh and severe. This attitude would not be if we, as a nation, were more an organized part of the world."

In conclusion, after telling of the difficulties India and China are having at the present time with problems of government, Miss Addams said; "It is not the best way (for the United States to stay out of the court) if the United States, representing to these weaker nations all the principles freedom, liberty, and liberalism fails, her followers and sister nations will not know which way to turn. It is up to you young people of the century to become interested in affairs and to carry on this work started by your elders. It is not up to you to let things slide but to carry on."

After the lecture, Miss Addams was the honor-guest of Alpha Sigma Tau in an "after theater supper" at the tea room. Members of the faculty and guests from St. Louis were also present.

STATE PRIDE AT TEA-DANCE.

The Missouri and Kansas State clubs were hostesses for the annual Thanksgiving tea dance. On the walls of Butler gymnasium were the bright banners of the states represented at Lindenwood. At one end, over trellis work, was the proud name of Missouri in gold letters, while the other end bore that of Kansas in lavender.

A St. Charles orchestra furnished music for dancing from three to five o'clock and an exceptionally large number of guests enjoyed the afternoon.

Read the Linden Bark.

Prize Christmas Story, Lindenwood, 1925.

"ICEBOUND"

By Mary Chapman, '28

A Prize of Five Dollars is offered annually for the best Christmas story. The judgment is made by the English Department of the college.

The depot calendar had nearly run its course, the thin pack of leaves symbolic of days, was fast dwindling; one glance at the top sheet affirmed the already obvious fact that the date was December 23. What other time of the year could the union station be in such a state of holiday cheer? Even the drabness of a depot disappeared in the glow of the season's rejoicing.

That booklet of red and black, familiar to the traveling public as the M. K. and T. time table, declared to that public at large and to Patricia Taylor in particular, that the south-bound Texas Limited departed from the station at 2:45 P. M. Further perusal of the perplexing table disclosed the fact that the aforementioned train was scheduled to arrive at Newton at 6:30 the following morning.

Upon request for a Pullman reservation, the ticket agent shook his head. "Sorry, Miss, can't give you a lower. Christmas rush, you know. How about an upper?"

Receiving an affirmative reply, the busy man prepared the ticket, remarking as he handed it to the eager girl, "Turning colder, isn't it?"

Yes, the weatherman in plotting a white Christmas, had predicted a fall in the mercury. Every element seemed to shout from the figurative house-tops that Pat was starting home for Christmas. Pat herself, as she boarded the train, felt an almost irresistible desire to turn and shout to the smoky depot, "Goodbye! Goodbye! I'm going home! Merry Christmas!" However, concern in getting settled prevented the dramatic farewell, as hat-box, dressing case, magazines, and various and sundry unwieldy bundles that had been adhering to hands and arms in some miraculous fashion, were deposited in the proper places.

As one looked at this thoroughbred American girl, it was easy to recognize that she was a patrician. Pat, if must be admitted, was not a classical beauty, but her frank, brown eyes, firm mouth, and clean-cut profile was a typical healthy product of Texas, and one seemed to breathe the invigorating winds of the Bluebonnet at her appearance.

The initial hours of the journey passed quickly for the girl as she visualized her state of happiness on the morrow. Ah! She would make up for her calm departure, by her spectacular

arrival. How she hoped that a group of friends would meet the train as she alighted. Caesar's triumphal return would be an everyday occurrence in comparison with this one. This was Pat's first return from abroad in the world for Christmas at home, and she had anticipated it for months. It was not that she had been dissatisfied at boarding school, but that the joy of returning home was boundless!

Never had she appreciated the comforts and loved ones at home until there came separation from them. Pat's thought of the strangeness of habits formed at school, if put in practice in domestic life. "I'll never be able to awaken in the morning without a cowbell!" she chuckled to herself, "And Mother will simply have to have a little notebook by the front door for my autograph every time I go next-door. After signing out so much, I'd be lost without it!"

But such frivolities were thrust into the background with the thought of the reunion of the family, Daddy, Mother, and Betty. Betty, the little beggar, had so proudly started to kindergarten a few months before, and what a bright little sister she was!

Pat had begged of her parents the privilege of purchasing Betty's Christmas doll. How she had reveled in the responsibility. Not a child in the city had wandered spellbound in the loveliness of Toyland of the department stores with greater delight. While she was thus fascinated by the wonders, the new blue hat faded into insignificance and bright toys seemed much more important. Dainty doll furniture, new games and novelties shrieked for the maximum of money allowed for shipping, so that the purchase of a new hat was postponed. Even as she started for the train, she could not resist the appeal of Christmas candies.

"I'll have only one more meal to buy, anyway, she calculated, "and why go home with this surplus coin?" And on the train she patted the little leather pocket-book and thought, "You're pretty flat now, but just think of all you've sent into that happiness book!" So the little purse, if it had been animated, would have joined Pat in that most satisfying of happiness, that of being instrumental in bringing happiness to others.

In the style of Little Sister's narration of events, the first thing that Pat did the next morning was to open her eyes. Before she had even realized that the train was at a standstill she heard an irritated masculine voice exclaim,

"Hey porter there's enough trouble anyway, but here I have one brown shoe and one black one."

Then the amused laugh of the colored porter, who was not to be downed by circumstance. "Well, well, that's

mighty funny. Yes sir, I'll swear it is. That's the second time that same thing has happened this morning."

The bit of humor presented brought a smile to Pat's face as she rolled over and glanced at her wrist-watch, then with sickening horror, she realized that the train was not moving and that it was almost seven o'clock. Why it was about time to be at Newton! Had the porter failed to call her? She must hurry!

Almost panicky she stuck her head into the aisle and called,

"How near Newton are we, please?"

"Wal, Miss, I'd say jest about five hundred miles, more or less."

Explanations followed: that a sleet storm had delayed travel. It would have been playing with death to have attempted to move forward during the night. The fact struck Pat like an unexpected slap. It meant, oh it meant that this day of all the year was to be spent on an ice-bound train. It meant that there was little possibility of arriving at home before Christmas Day. It was hard to suppress the tears that she felt coming to her eyes, but she hurriedly dressed, with a firm resolve to make the best of whatever resulted.

Ample opportunity of viewing the situation was presented at breakfast. The scene from the windows of the diner was strange to the southern girl. The entire world was covered with a thick layer of ice, the snowy crystal dazzling to the eye. Branches drooped with the weight, and whole forests of trees appeared to be of the sweeping variety. Pat liked to imagine that they were sorrowing with her at the disappointment. All wires of communication were weighed down by the heavy fringe of icicles, and many were broken by the burden.

By a discussion overheard in the diner, Pat realized that to this fact was laid the blame for the delay. Inability to receive word from north-bound trains, and the fact that all trains were running off schedule, forced the train crew to fear approaching trains. Now it was possible to proceed carefully, as a blind man feeling his way.

It was hard on a girl who had always had her every wish fulfilled at the mere expression, to find herself caught by the restraining hands of Lady Fate, and unable through any physical effort to continue to her happiness. Pat brooded over the irony of the thing, until at length she began to wonder how the delay might affect her fellow-wayfarers.

There was the eccentric little woman in the lower of Pat's section, who busied around with such wasted energy, and berated the conductor, brakeman and porter, with no regard of persons. Individually each was for-

ced to shoulder the blame as the high pitched voice poured forth.

"I might have known something like this would happen," she declared, shutting her mouth with such force that it clicked. "Just as soon as I drew Lower 10, I knew it! I've had a sneaking horror of that berth ever since I read that book by Mary Roberts Rinehart or Gene Stratton Rinehart or some body. And to think that here I sit and twiddle my thumbs, while the rest of my Christmas shopping waits."

But across the aisle Pat recognized the real spirit of the times. A sturdy little fellow of about four years was telling his younger sister of Santa Claus.

"Course you don't remember him. You're too little, but I do." and he launched off into detailed accounts of the wonderful man in the red suit.

A man held the young child as she squirmed to be free, but he seemed to be wholly unconscious of the struggle as he stared at the boundless expanse of white. At last she slipped from his arms and the two children were playing in the aisle, the little chap seeming to feel a responsibility for the safety of the tiny sister. What a stalwart little guard he was too! Pat was glad that the "Little Lord Frontraroy" complex had disappeared from little boys' styles, and was delighted by this lad who stood so straight in the most collegiate of miniature suits.

Each time the train jolted exceptionally hard Pat reached involuntarily to steady the child, and soon both were at her knees hearing the age old story of Christmas repeated in a delightful manner.

The worried father rapped his fingers on the window ledge, started to move, then sank down as if in despair. At last when the children ran to another window for a new view, determination seized him, and he hastened to whisper to the girl.

"Please be careful, lady. There isn't going to be any Christmas for the kids this year."

Seeing the sympathetic reception of the sad truth he continued in explanation. He was taking the children to see their mother in a sanitarium of Southern Texas. Business was bad, and he had been unable to get away earlier, but he had hoped to make the day pleasant by the reunion.

But now the little ones were back, exclaiming over fresh scenes, and imagining the reindeers close behind the train.

Suddenly, Billy crawled up beside his newly made friend, and with an anxious look in his solemn brown eyes, asked, "Why we wrote Santy that we would be in Texas, are you sure that he can find us here?"

"He surely can! Why he just loves to find stockings on the train!"

The father coughed nervously, and Pat looked up and winked.

All day the train moved by short spasmodic advances. Merciless hours of waiting, weary hours of looking at fellow passengers and at the endless

strings of icy stalactites along the broken wires, hours that were like time spent shipwrecked on a desert island. Sleet fell again, the train was unable to move at a sufficient rate to generate lighting power. Food and heat resources were diminishing. The mind in the cab made of the engine a sentient being which pulled and pranced in the halter that held it in restraint. The brakeman passed through the coach swinging his red lantern and with hints about the shifts of men who worked on the outside of the engine. How Pat wished it were Aladin's lamp he bore and a gentle rub over its frosted glass would liberate the group from their discomfort, and traffic from its bondage! The desire supreme in the minds of the crew was to reach Jackson before nightfall, for there supplies awaited, fresh workers could be obtained and the horrible trip would be over. With that aim in view, the train surged ahead, and as if inspired by the hope, reached a village in the near vicinity of Jackson.

Someone obtained a newspaper here, which bore the startling headlines telling of the south-bound train. The account declared that searching parties were to be sent in search of the lost train since no word had been received of its where-a-bouts.

At this place Pat satisfied her longing to touch Texas soil again by hopping from the train and walking up and down on the platform. Her breath smoked in the wintry air and it was hard for her to retain proper footing on the slippery ground. Here too, she was assured that it was still impossible to telegraph anxious parents, but that the knowledge of the appearance of the train at the village would be broadcasted.

"Not an ideal night before Christmas for anybody," mused the girl, watching the excited children hang up their stockings. "But those kids are not to be disillusioned if I can help it!"

By hasty inquiry she discovered a little fruit remained in the basket of the train-butcher, and purchased it. Then for a general search in the patent leather hat box. There was Jean's doll, and the toy train for the boy next door. She had anticipated the joy of those children so much, and was proud of her choice, but the thought of the host of presents they would enjoy, and the contrast with the trusting children, asleep behind the green curtains, decided her in the favor of the sacrifice. The box of Christmas candies was the very thing to add the finishing touch to the contents of the stockings.

"It's a mercy they are so tiny," the amateur Miss Saint Nick thought as she slyly filled the stockings, and went to bed, having been informed that there was likelihood of arriving at Newton before morning.

Much to her surprise, the call of the porter rudely awakened her after a few hours.

"Miss, better get up!" his voice

sounded in the darkness. "Dere's better luck and we're makin' up time. Be at Newton in 'bout forty minutes."

Indeed the train did gain time to such a remarkable extent that it was barely midnight when a girl descended the steps of the train that she had occupied for so many hours. The little red depot was practically deserted, and the girl hurried around the corner to a near-by toy-shop.

Among the few stragglers who attended to last minute shopping, Pat, after greeting the busy clerk, demanded, "The big baby doll here, please, and charge it!" What a thrill it was to say those last two magic words again! "Of course, it'll come out of my allowance, but sis must have her doll."

It was only the matter of a minutes walk to the old homestead, where holly wreaths shone from the windows, and as is usually the case, on the night before Christmas, "all through the house, not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse." But now the commotion heard was not on the snowy roof, for Pat did not attempt an entrance via the chimney, knowing too well the tricks of the chimney in question; instead she awakened her family by shouting "Merry Christmas, folks! Here I am!"

THE CRYSTAL PRISM

By Frances Stumberg

A poet forsaken by his Muse,
Discouraged soul and mind,
Had wandered lonely to a wood,
An outcast of his kind,
At length beside a little stream,
He sat him down to think,
And while he sat, an aged man
Came to the brook to drink.
"Ho there! fine fellow, rouse yourself,
"Your gloomy thoughts dispel,
"Mayhap your problem I can solve,
"Come now, your trouble tell"
The poet spake, "In sooth, Good Sir,
"I am in great dismay,
"My poetry gift hath left me quite,
"Now, wise Sir, help me pray."
"Your problem is not hard to solve,
"My lad, for it is this;
"Your sense of beauty is awry,
"You're looking through a mist.
"Some seven leagues away from here
"There is a castle tall,
"Its moat is deeper than the sea,
"And mighty is its wall.
"Take there thy way, be not afraid,
"And on the northern side
"Hurl then thyself into the moat,
"And part the waters wide.
"And when thou hast the bottom
reached,
"Look not on either hand,
"But follow carefully the stream,
"Walk on its silver sand."
"Good Sir, I thank thee for thy aid,
"Thy counsel will I heed".
"Sooth, lad, I wish you well," spake
he,
"And give you now Godspeed."

The poet leaped up, was on his way,
All eager now to seek,
And reawaken his lost Muse
Beside the silver creek.

For seven days he traveled on,
And on the seventh day
Before him rose the castle towers,
As the old man did say.

He hastened to the northward side,
And hurled himself within,
And the roaring, seething waters
Closed quickly over him.

For seven days he downward sped,
The swirling waters through,
And found himself at length beside
A stream where roses grew.

"Aha! cried he, 'I'm here at last!'
And on the silver sand
He walked beside the silver stream,
Nor looked on either hand.

It ran at last unto a cave,
And at the entrance there
Was standing on a broad, white stone
A man with snow-white hair.

No beard had he, nor red, dim eyes,
Nor wrinkled was his face,
Nor crutch had he, nor bent his back,
But walked with comely grace.

"Who art thou then?" he asked the
poet,
"And whence hast come, and
why?"

"A poet from England, and I seek
"To find my Muse, or die."

"Well hast thou spoke, and bravely
too.

"Now follow me, I pray,
"I'll help thee remedy thy lack
"And find thy Muse this day."

"O'er joyed am I at thy goodness,
"My heart from sorrow's free."
The poet cried, with joyous face,
"Lead on, I'll follow thee."

The cave inside was wide and high,
And formed of crystals bright,
The walls of azure blue and red,
The dome yellow and white.

Behold! the stream's own water
Had turned to crystals, too,
Glassy, clear, reflecting,
The myriad rainbow hue.

The poet aghast in wonder stood,
Entranced as in a dream,
His guide then gently touched his
hand,
And pointed to the stream.

"Take thou one crystal, and no more,
"One is enough for thee".
The poet stooped and picked one up,
"Now turn and follow me."

Then from the cavern they went forth,
Once more, beside his stone,
The guide stretched forth, pointing,
"This stream will guide thee home.

"Twill take thee to a marble rock,
"And if thou thereon stand,
"And wish thyself away from here,
"Thou'lt be in thine own land.

"Now when the world thou findest
dull,

"And can no beauty see,
"Look through thy crystal prism
there,

"And bright the world will be.

"Then canst thou sing, as poets should
"Of all earth's lovely things,
"And thou shalt far, far greater be
"Than any poet that sings!"

The poet thanked his whitehaired
guide,

And started on his way,
He found the marble wishing rock,
Just as the guide did say.

Once more at home in his own land,
He took his crystal clear,
And looking through it
Cried aloud, "Much brighter things
appear.

"Forsooth my magic prism here
"Throws rainbows 'round all things
"My sense of beauty is alive!
"My Muse wakes up and sings."

Just as the snow-haired man foretold,
The poet indeed became
The greatest of all poets on earth,
And swiftly spread his fame.

FRIENDSHIP

By Helen H. Hammer

Probably everyone has some conception of the meaning of friendship, having experienced some form of it himself; but the type and quality of it varies according to the individual.

Our Quaker ancestors considered all their acquaintances as friends and addressed them in that way. They thought that friendship should not be limited to a few, but should embrace and include all.

Our conception of friendship has changed, however. An intimacy, a trust, an understanding and good will, these are all necessary. True friends are those to whom we tell our joys and our sorrows, and whom we trust with our most cherished secrets. They are those who remain steadfast in times of hardships and trial, and who are ever ready to lend a helping hand.

It is friendship, moreover, that must stand the greatest tests. In many ways we are thoughtless and inconsiderate, and neglect our dearest friends. True friendship, however, overlooks and forgives these things; and instead of weakening the bonds of friendship existing, trials and tests more often lead to a firm and more sympathetic understanding. So real friendship remains steadfast and true and is ever the same in times of joy or of sorrow.

THE LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER

By Dorothy Beatty

It was on a Sunday that we first met one of the most interesting characters I know. He was a swarthy, weather beaten old man with a wealth of rously gray hair and whiskers. Al-

though he was not unusually short, his stooped shoulders gave us that impression. He was dressed in an entirely original manner, wearing a mixture that can not well be described. But we did not notice his clothes. We were absorbed by his face.

It was a remarkable face. Although it was almost completely covered and lined with wrinkles, his features were still discernible to the point of fascination. His tiny, twinkly blue eyes shone as brightly as the light he guarded so carefully. He had a tiny little turned up nose, ridiculous in one so old. His mouth and jaw were one of that square, firm-set kind, that shows unusual strength of character and usually some severity. But when he smiled, we forgot that he resembled a sour, hard-set old man, for his face lighted up in an astonishing way, making him look like a merry young school lad. Everything in his face contrasted. His bushy, over hanging eyebrows protected a pair of merry blue eyes, while his tiny little nose was set above a large severe mouth with a square chin.

But there was something beyond this outward appearance. His very soul seemed to shine through and proclaim to the world that here was a man, unspoiled by the vice of this century. Here was a man refined and intelligent and yet as simple and unsophisticated as a child. Ah! but is he? Upon looking twice we saw that there was a story of hard work, suffering and experience written in his face. He knew the world.

Because of his isolation from the rest of the world, he was full of quaint and original ideas which were in keeping with his appearance. His keen observations on human nature were very shrewd and usually correct, though most peculiar. But then Mr. Cabot himself was a peculiar man.

LINDENWOOD

L is for the lingo
That we hear around the school;
I is for the I cards
That make us feel the fool;
N is for the news
That the Bark brings to us;
D is for the duties
That often make us cuss;
E is for the effort
That each one must exert;
N is for his Nibs
The Campus Hound so pert;
W is for the work
That makes us rave and shout;
O is for the order
That makes us step about;
O is for the ounces
That ruin some folks' day;
D is for the darns
That you often hear us say.

When you take it all together
It stands for something grand,
Something that we L. C. girls
Think is finest in the land.
LINDENWOOD

COURTSHIP OF A KING

By Ellen Bradford

The King pranced out of Golfington,
His court rode by his side,
Through seven towns he rode about,
He rode both near and wide.

The wizard of the realm he brought,
To help him choose a wife,
To bake, to brew, to make his stew,
To care for him for life.

He rode into a vassal's land,
Where dwelt three daughters fair:
The youngest was the comeliest,
And she received him there.

She bowed low once, she bowed low
twice,
She bowed her down once more,
She bowed low down in curtsy deep,
She almost touched the floor.

"Fair miss, I've come as you may see,
With all my retinue,
Full forty leagues I've traveled o'er,
That I might speak with you."

"Pray tell kind Sir, why seek ye me,
What speech ye thus desire?"
She spake these words with haughty
mien,
To her king, her lord, and sire,

"I seek a miss to give me bliss,
To be my dame and wife;
To bake, to brew, to make my stew
To care for me for life."

"You ask of me, a working miss,
To be your honored wife,
To bake, to brew, to make your stew,
To care for you for life!"

"And do you think, a haughty king,
And you too, magic seer
That to become your house hold
drudge
I'll give up my career?"

"I'd rather toil the livelong day,
Within the business strife,
Than grace a golden throne of ease,
And live a golfer's life."

The noble king did rave and swear,
His mighty anger burned;
His noble plea had been cast down,
His title had been spurned.

His wizard waved his mighty ward,
"Revenge will you have yet!
I'll make of her a loathsome beast,
She shall become a suffragette.

"If still she fails to meet our will,
I'll wed her to the pest
That's known in all our mighty land
As a psycho-analyst."

This maiden brave still stood her
ground
And met her fearful fate,
And found in it true happiness,
Amazing to relate.

The king pranced back to Golfington,
His golf boy at his side,
But to bake, to brew, to make his stew
He never found a bride.

Read the Linden Bark.

THE SLICKER

By Aline B. Davidson

One of the most popular, as well as useful, possessions of a college girl is her slicker. They may be found with as many colors as Joseph's coat, and they come in all sizes and shapes. On a rainy day, the campus resembles a garden in full bloom. The girls saunter forth, hugging their slickers close, or allowing them to flap in the breeze.

The slicker has its own little tale to relate. By merely glancing at this seemingly insignificant article, one may learn the character of its wearer. The freshman can always be pointed out in a crowd because of her shiny, new slicker. The upper classmen possess dilapidated, soiled, rain coats, with frayed edges and huge designs painted on the backs or pockets. Of late, the freshmen have followed suit, and now, if the slicker bears no initials, or pictures, the owner is said to be too cheap to have it done, for it is so collegiate.

No one really knows how the slicker gained its sudden popularity, but the following explanation is usually accepted. In former years, they were used, or rather worn, by sailors and fishermen. Then, the advertisement for crackers brought them to the attention of the populace. Now, the college girl has the credit for introducing them as a style, suitable for all people, both young, and old.

The popularizing of the slicker is generally considered the one great benefit to humanity, for which college is responsible.

THE PROBLEM OF A FRESHMAN

By Mary Katherine Day

The problems of a freshman at Lindenwood are many, but the most serious of all is learning how to study. She may be able to overcome that awful feeling of homesickness; she may pass through that inferno of sophomore week untouched; she may learn the first week which bells mean she get up, eat her meals, or go to sleep; but I doubt if she learns how to study before the end of the year. If she does, her troubles are over and she is well on the way toward a successful college career. How sorely disappointed she is when her first secretly admired theme is handed back with a miserly "M" for a grade! How she wails and threatens to go home because she must be able to draw from memory a map of England containing all the shires, principal towns, and rivers!

In high school she was a "star" English pupil and never made below "S" on a theme, and as for drawing a map in History! Of course, assignments are longer and harder, but why should they not be? Is not college an institution of higher learning? The freshman at Lindenwood must learn to schedule her time, and when study hours come she must concentrate in order to prepare thoroughly a lesson

in a certain amount of time.

ISABEL

By Martha McCormick

There was a very noble lord,
Who ruled both wise and well;
He dwelt within strong castle walls,
With his sweet wife, Isabel.

But foes did come to his domain,
And with his warrior band
He did set forth at early morn
To drive them from the land.

There passed three days, then to the
hall
There came a rider gory;
To the page he spake, "I seek thy
lady,
For her I have a story.

Then Isabel came into the hall.
"What news bring you?" quoth
she:
"Sad tidings from the battle field,
"I needs must bring to thee.

"My lord is dead, the battle lost,
"And many men are slain.
"Ah, lady fair, my lot is hard,
"That I thus bring thee pain."

The lady heard the dreadful tale,
She moaned, "It cannot be!
"Some time, somehow, my noble lord,
"He must return to me."

For seven days and seven nights
She did not eat nor sleep,
Her beauty paled; she did grow thin;
And yet she did not weep.

At midnight of the seventh night
From 'cross the castle moat,
The warder at the drawbridge gate
Caught sound of clear-blown note.

"It is my master's horn," he cried,
As he let the drawbridge down,
"How comes he here, whom I saw
laid
"Deep underneath the ground?"

A rider swiftly crossed the bridge,
The warder fled in fright;
For 'twas the ghost of the buried lord
Who galloped out the night.

Straight to the castle hall he rode;
Twice, thrice, he knocked, no
more:
The lady Isabel did run
To open wide the door.

He caught her up to the horse's back
He spurred with all his might,
The horse across the drawbridge
sprang,
And vanished in the night.

And though, through all the country-
side,
The hills and valleys o'er,
They searched for lovely Isabel,
She was never heard of more.

Dr. Gregg's classes were very sorry
to hear of her struggle with those
hateful, parasitic, cold germs, so com-
mon around the campus at this time.

Read the Linden Bark.

(Continued from Page 1)

Then from the opposite side came the Razzers with great sorrow singing a funeral song to the effect of "Jay-hawks Dead!" Between them they carried a stretcher covered with a white sheet, and when they reached the Kansas they shook the stretcher and many feathers flew in all directions as they ran off singing "That's all there is left of the Jayhawk."

After a few more songs and yells, the teams again took their places and battled bravely through the last half. The playing was made especially difficult because of the slippery field, but the teams were quite evenly matched and apparently checked any advance made by the opposing squad. So, when the final whistle blew, the score stood 2-1 in favor of the Kansas team.

Throughout the entire game there was good playing and clean sportsmanship shown, and although the State games had been played in advance this year, there seemed to be just as much enthusiasm as ever before.

(Continued from Page 1)

In conclusion, Dr. Dobson said: "In the hymn, 'America' we find all the blessings of the United States. A nation can never rise above its thanks to God therefore let us be thankful."

The services ended with the recessional hymn, "Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven" sung by the choir.

MODERN MODES PORTRAYED IN "GOOSE HANGS HIGH"

"The Goose Hangs High," the Thanksgiving play was given at night under the auspices of the Y. W. C. A. in Roemer Auditorium. This three-act play by Lewis Beach was appealing and delightful, and the presentation revealed surprising dramatic talent. The play deals with the modern young person and in a forceful manner shows the real heart of this seemingly thoughtless generation.

The action of the play takes place in the living room of the Ingals home during Christmas holidays. Marion Eldredge, in the role of Bernard Ingals, and Irene Van Evera, as his wife, were the self-sacrificing parents. Anna Margaret Brecht took the part of Hugh Ingals, with Aline Davidson as Dagma Carroll, his bride-to-be. Twins, at home from college, were Lois, played by Dorothy Jansen and Bradley, played by Dorothy Beatty.

Pauline Scherer was Noel Derby, a family friend; Dixie Mason, a "social climber", and Dorothy Hall, Elliott Kimberley, a crooked councilman.

Selma Sonin, in her part as grandmother, wore a lace fichu that was worn by a Lindenwood girl seventy-five years ago. Alberta Simpson, as Julia Murdoch, and Frances De Lozier as Ronald Murdoch, played their parts well, as did the maid, Rhoda, who was Virginia Shelton.

Read the Linden Bark.

DIETETICS OF DINING-ROOM

Hunger-Martyrs to "a Fine Figure"

If you wish to grow thinner, diminish your dinner.

And dine upon water and fruit.

With apologies to Henry S. Leigh.

Yes Christmas is approaching and those girls who have gained the nine, ten or whatnot pounds are making that last final effort to obtain the desired waistline.

At Thanksgiving time those with whom Avoirdupois is a close companion sustained themselves royally, and took one last look at potatoes and pastry. They are wild groans of despair that accompany the abstain: from sandwiches and cakes. The girls are wan and weak as they leave the dining room to go home and bolster themselves up for the evening with a lemon.

The only place in the dining room where dieting is a joy is at the French table. It is certainly a blessing when one does not have to struggle through "donnez-moi du pain s'il vous plait" If one is dieting at the French table it is possible to sit quiet through an entire meal and not once expose one's horrible ignorance of the tongue.

One fair over-weighted student has her meals planned to the finest point. She eats a certain number of calories a day, and the point of the story is that she has not lost a pound.

If this two weeks of dieting is successful, many girls will be relieved of the necessity of asking father for the "where with all" to purchase a new wardrobe. A new wardrobe for, and this is a secret, one well meaning Freshman who can wear only two of the dresses which she formerly donned with ease.

CAMPUS CONCORD

Virginia Foristell spent Sunday in Foristell, Mo. We hear that the town is named after her Grandfather. Certainly is nice to have prestige in one's home town, eh girls?

We have noticed lately the attitudes of Jean Whittington, Rella Gamon, and Audrey Richert toward their associates. Do you suppose this is that famous "Sophomoric Attitude" or just plain democracy?

There is a discussion among executives of the Proper-Curricular-program-for-Kindergartens, as to whether or not paper-craft is a valuable part of the studies of these children. We recommend these worthy men to Miss Betty Morris of our college, who will be willing to give from her own experience in amusing herself and her collegiate sisters, practical illustrations of the usefulness of the art.

Among the people who have been suffering from a severe hang-over this week is Miss Elizabeth Tait, who visited her parents in Decatur, Illinois

last week-end. We believe that is the permanent residence of Miss Tait, too, by the way, when she isn't at Lindenwood.

We wonder whether it is the Campus Hound or Hudson Super who has had so many canine visitors the past few days. Isn't it nice to live on a popular campus, ye dog-lovers?

On top of all the various and sundry other jobs Frank has about the campus, Babe Caskey has been known on at least one occasion to have sent him in search of "someone who could marcel hair."

The weekly dinners of third floor Butler have become quite famous. There are nice, friendly, little "get-togethers" of all the girls on the corridors. Very democratic donchaknow, girls. Sibley, Niccolls, Irvin, Jubilee! Why not try it and get acquainted with your neighbors?

GOING PLACES AND DOING THINGS

What do all these "U and I" signs mean? Anyway for once no one can say that it's a matter of "big I and little U".

That cute bunch from third floor Irwin actually "got organized" to see "The Student Prince". Isn't it to find a time when some one of them wonderful that they finally managed wasn't campused?

During the Thanksgiving week end Irene Van Evera had a guest from Kansas City. It was generally accepted that this attractive young person was Irene's sister. What a surprise it was to find that she was her mother!

A Choral Club has been organized on third floor Sibley. Their special (and only) number is that old round, "Row, Row, Row Your Boat". It has been rumored that there is a scheme for murder set afoot by the non-members of the club. It may be due to jealousy, but it may be due to something else.

Mrs. Welch, Phoebe's mother, had an unusual reception when she arrived at Lindenwood at about 6:00 A. M. She was greeted by a group of girls hanging out of one of the windows with large megaphones and cheering for her lustily. They had just gotten into the spirit of that hockey game a little too early.

Virginia Miller was sorta stepping out last Sunday. Yes, he was here the entire day. Somebody just saw the back of their heads in the dining room and couldn't tell which was Tony and Which was "her man". How deceiving these ponjolas are.

Mabel Blair and Emma Monier spent November 28 and 29 in Webster Groves, they probably spent a lot more than that too.

SOLE SOLACE

Shall we let this poor Soul live or shall we save his suffering?

Solem seeks solace for his soul sorely sore. Soling soles for sole-seekers on holey soled soles. Twas a wholesouled looking soling sole Solem soled on the sole. Solace coming to Solem's soul for soles so soled at 205 S. Main where complete satisfaction is guaranteed

W. L. GEREN

SHOE SHOP.

The Lindenwood Players have established for themselves a most remarkable reputation through their dramatic ability as displayed in productions of the past. For this reason the entire student body is looking forward with great pleasure to the play which the Players will give on December 15. The cast has been working hard for some time but the name of the play is not yet to be revealed. The following girls are members of the cast: Frances Baggett, Willa Bannon, Audrey Richert, Helen Almond, Dorothy Williams, June Taylor and Mary Louise Blocher.

Strand Theatre

Thursday, Friday Nights, Sat. Matinee

Rudolph Valentino
in
"COBRA"

(Just had first run at Missouri Theatre last week)

Fox News and Comedy

Admission.....15c and 35c

SATURDAY NIGHT

A Paramount Production
"THE BEST PEOPLE"

(No St. Louis first run yet)

with

Warner Baxter, Esther Ralston,
Kathlyn Williams

Screen Snapshots and Comedy

Admission.....15c and 35c



Well, well, well. And so another week has gone to my dear brothers the Bow Wows! I guess all the little girlies are worn out from the efforts of being thankful or else they are burning some precious electricity in the mornings over their books, or perhaps their poor eyes are strained on account of a noble effort to be next to godliness. What are we going to do about these poor amateur lights that are used for hall and bathroom decorations? At least we can feel that we have the sympathy of that fine old fellow, Rudyard Kipling in this light proposition but I believe if he had just waited a few years we'd have been able to give him some better material than he managed to pick up on his novel production, "The Light That Failed."

At last somebody has taken pity on my sad plight of being a deaf and dumb scandal-snooper and has offered a kindly and very wise bit of help. This little bit of help I am going to put in here just as it was handed to me because it's a mighty clever piece, but here it is, I'll let you judge for yourself.

My Dear Mr. Bite,

Please try this on your piano. The dances every nite in the gym are sure going to the ---- well anyway, they're like the Old Gray Mare, "they ain't what they used to be," and it's a darn shame. Last year there used to be a pretty good display of pep in our little nightly frolic and now about ten girls go over and try to kid themselves into thinking they are having a good time, and most of 'em can't be kidded. After dinner most every body makes a "B" line for their own little room where they can have one heavenly hour devoted to jibbering. In a way they can't be blamed 'cause it is mighty hard to trip the light fantastic to the tune of "Chop Sticks" ground out by some well intentioned but unmusical person. The flatness of the dances is due to lack of spirit and co-oporation from the girls who can play the piano. There are some few who have been "mighty white" about offering their services and we all sure do appreciate them. There's lots of talent in the music department of L. C. and that doesn't mean they can't play dance music! Won't the musical people please come forth, fifth or sixth but just COME. And say, there's a certain little blues singer who also plays the fiddle, that gal's got the right spirit, she tried to do her bit the other nite to pep up the party and was laughed at and whispered about quite generously.

THANKS

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FOOD STORE

CHOICE GROCERIES
TEMPTING PASTRIES
DELICIOUS FRUITS

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TEA AND COFFEE

The perfect line, Heintz's
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"Miss Thanks" is quite right about the gym proposition, and I feel that an hour of good peppy exercise which can very easily be had almost any night in the gym is much more profitable than an hour spent in a room with a high-powered bull session or C.A.T. broadcasting station. If you wanta broadcast C.A.T. stuff send it in to this concern. We make a specialty of it and give it the most publicity that it can have on our dear Lindenwood campus.

There seems to be much excitement 'round and about. I wonder what it can be. Is that foreign odor issuing forth from Sibley Hall the cause of it? That odor is just mighty stale incense and doesn't concern most of the girls I'm rather inclined to think. Some body said that some people are leaving Lindenwood in about seven days. Is that true????!!!!???

Miss Olsen, Catherine Walker and Aleen Byrd may have a breach of promise suit on their hands, for didn't they promise Georgie that waffles would be served in the dining room on Thanksgiving morning?

TO
LINDENWOOD GIRLS

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

and

A HAPPY NEW YEAR,

from

THAT MAN

RUTH

PHOTOGRAPHER

WHO THANKS YOU

for

A GENEROUS PATRONAGE