

LINDEN BARK

Vol. 4.—No. 16

Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Mo., Tuesday, February 14, 1928.

Price 5c

DR. ROEMER PRESENTS PRIZE CUP TO STAFF

Linden Leaves—First National

Thursday morning, February 2, thirteen girls appeared on the platform with what looked to be some sort of a veiled statue, draped in folds of yellow and white. What could it be? Well, we weren't long in finding out. Dr. Roemer made the startling announcement that the 1927 Centennial "Linden Leaves" had won the first award for being the finest annual published by any women's college in America or in the world. The girls on the stage, were none other than the staff of this year's Linden Leaves, and it fell to Harriet Liddle, Editor in Chief of the annual, and Mrs. Julia C. Underwood, the Journalism instructor, to unveil the huge silver cup, which is the prize for this wonderful honor. They, trembling, lifted the yellow and white folds and revealed the most beautiful silver cup, which stood about a foot and a half on its pedestal. On the front of the cup, is engraved, "Art Crafts Guild, Chicago, Ill., National Contest For Year Books for Girls' Schools, First Award." On the reverse side, "Won by 1927 Linden Leaves—Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Mo."

And then to cap the climax, Dr. Roemer read a letter of congratulation from the Central Engraving Co., who are proud to say that they did the engraving for the issue. They have asked to borrow the cup, in order to photograph it to show along with the pages of the book, which they have prepared for a make-up of a layout for the Art Crafts Guild. These will be featured in the Art Crafts Review, that will announce the Cup winners of all the various classes of schools that have competed in this contest.

The girls of this year's Year

MRS. SIBLEY'S NIECE DIES

News has been received of the death of Mrs. Henry Kloss, of Milwaukee, a niece of Mary Easton Sibley, founder of Lindenwood. Mrs. Kloss, who was a member of a pioneer St. Louis family, and a frequent visitor in St. Louis during her youth, was Miss Mary Easton, grand-daughter of Rufus Easton, first postmaster of St. Louis, after whom Easton Avenue is named.

Mrs. Kloss was sixty-four years of age, and is survived by her daughter, Mary Easton Kloss, and her husband.

It is with regret that Lindenwood girls hear of the death of any member of the family to whom they are indebted for the Lindenwood of today.

"LINDEN LEAVES" SALE A BIG SUCCESS

From what the Editors say, and from the looks of the crowds that have been hanging around the Annual table down stairs, it seems as if the annuals are certainly selling fine. And why shouldn't they? It's a record of the school year with every happening, every girl's picture and things that in later life, will mean just a whole lot to you. So it is justifiable that every girl in school have one. There is no doubt but what they will, though, for the little box the other day looked just cram full of money, much to the pleasure of those selling the year-books.

There have been two sales, of two days each, the first being one of those half sales, where the girls only had to pay two dollars. Then the second sale, was the other half of the half-sale, and a whole sale, if it can be called that. In other words, those who hadn't paid two dollars before, had to pay four dollars and a half, and the next time they have a sale, the girls will have

LINDENWOOD HEARS OF HEAVENS AND EARTH

Dr. A. M. Harding Gives Illustrated Lecture

Dr. A. M. Harding of the University of Arkansas, gave an interesting lecture Sunday evening, February 5, using as his text, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth."

Dr. Harding further stated that there was absolutely no conflict between science and religion. In the scriptures it says the earth, which we think so much of, is nothing but a small ball, so small that it would effect only our moon if it dropped out of existence. There are seven other worlds that go around the same sun that we do and we are the third from the smallest. It needs but little study on our part to show us how really insignificant we are.

Although there are twenty four great moons besides millions of small ones there is only one in which we are vitally interested. It is our moon. It gives no light except that which it reflects from the sun shining on it. It goes around the earth once a month, always keeping the same face toward the earth, no one has ever seen its other face. The moon is perfectly dry, however it is thought at one time it did have water on it. Now it is nothing but a dead world covered with old craters and things that were long ago. Some people think the moon effects our atmospheric conditions but that has been proven absolutely untrue.

In spite of the interest we feel in our earth and moon we can not long ignore the sun, for it is one of the most important things in the universe as well as the largest, then, too it is to the sun we owe our very lives. If it were possible to make a shell of the sun we could put the earth and the moon making its monthly trip without inter-

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Linden Bark

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TUESDAY, FEB. 14, 1928.

The Linden Bark:

"Apollo has peeped through the
shutter.
And awaken'd the witty and
fair:
The boarding-school belle's in a
flutter,
The two penny post's in
despair:
The breath of the morning is
flinging
A magic on blossom and
spray,
And Cockneys and sparrows are
singing
In chorus on Valentine's day."
Praed—Song for 14th of February

RETROSPECT AND VISION

Washington and Lincoln! What
a heritage they have given us! In
them we are blessed above most na-
tions. Bigelow has said, "A na-
tion has no possessions so valuable
as its great men, living or dead"
What other nation can point to
two such statesmen, within the
span of a hundred years?

The century from 1770 to 1870
embraces the great work of both
these gigantic figures. At its be-
ginning, Washington was the
champion of Independence. At its
close, Lincoln was the champion of
Equality of opportunity. The
idealistic quality of these contribu-
tions to our progress, veils from us
their even greater and more essen-
tial services of welding together
and preserving, a Union. Our
minds almost grasp the significance
of their joint service. It is still
"Washington and the Revolu-

tion", and "Lincoln and Emanci-
pation", to our imaginations. But
whether our appreciation is more,
or less complete, there they stand
—the giants.

Looking forward, our vision is
obscured by the complexity of in-
ternational relations. The heirs of
so much wealth must in turn con-
tribute to progress of the future.
What this contribution is to be, is
not yet entirely clear. Looking
backward, when for a moment we
pause to honor the memory of our
chief national leaders, in this their
birth month, let us rededicate our-
selves to their spirit.

A LOST GAME

"To read—to perceive the form
and relations of characters written
or printed so as to apprehend their
significance. To utter aloud the
contents, as of a book or manu-
script."

"Reading—The act, practice, or
art of reading, in any sense of the
verb." Funk and Wagnells.

Just last week (in the absence of
the house regent), the writer was
trying to think of something un-
usually devilish to do, and the
truly unusual act was that of read-
ing. Yes, reading is an act, one
that often requires such a great ex-
ertion of power, both physical and
mental, that the reader becomes so
engrossed in the act that he forgets
what he reads. Sometimes a reader
becomes so eloquent in his achieve-
ment that he forgets he has no
audience, and lives with the source
of his reading. Here, I think, we
can safely say that the person is
practising his accomplishment.

Few people have accomplished
the art of reading silently, and still
fewer have the grace of reading
aloud. To read that is, intelligent-
ly, one must certainly understand
the meaning of each word and how
to pronounce correctly. One must
have a logical interpretation of the
facts read, so that if necessary they
could be explained. Then if one
knows the meanings, half of the
battle is won. The rest lies with
one's interpretation as shown by
facial expression and the raising
and lowering of the voice.

How one would love to know
the grace of reading aloud when it
is his turn to read in class! The
fear of not pronouncing the next
word correctly, and that the teacher
may ask you to interpret the lines,
would not be yours to dread. All
those little punctuation marks must
be heeded to give the right sense.

COLLEGE CALENDAR

Thursday, Feb. 16, 10 A. M.,
Mrs. E. Mathews, of St. Louis
Star, Journalism Department.

Thursday, Feb. 16, 11 o'clock
Student Music Recital

Friday, Feb. 17, 8:00 P. M.
Faculty Recital by Miss Hatch
and Miss Gordon

Sunday, Feb. 19, 6:30 P. M.
D. Earl Allen, of Kingshigh-
way Baptist Church of St.
Charles.

EXCHANGES

"The Roman Tatler" features
Caigula's galleys, and a "Conse-
crate Horse Race", this week. In
addition there is a clever "Ask Me
Another", column. In fact one
will want to read the entire issue
from corner to corner.

First there is an editorial on the
Galleys of Caligula. And what
galleys they were! The pillars
were of solid gold, and the hang-
ings were of purple. But all this
glory has been lying at the bottom
of Lake Nemi for about nineteen
hundred years. Mussolini, is plan-
ning to drain the lake, so that this
treasure of the first century may be
recovered.

Italy figures again in the vivid
description of the "Pailo" of
Sienna. This is characterized as a
"Consecrated horse race." It is at
least, an interesting custom.

"Ask Me Another," has several
fascinating questions to puzzle
over, but the answers are there too,
if one looks for them. If one is
uninformed on the subject of the
"Big frieze", the "Roman Tatler"
will supply the information.

and now have you not heard peo-
ple skip right over them?

One will be reading all his life,
and now is the time to cultivate
the grace of reading aloud. There
will be literary and social clubs
which will have reading programs.
There will be grandmother to be
read to, and the children love
stories. Then there will be quiet
evenings by the fire-place when
one will want to read with unusual
grace—whether it be love lyrics or
the day's news—to the dearest man
in the world.

Yes, reading is an art that is to
be desired by all young ladies of re-
finement because it is a grace to use
at the present time, and in future
days.

THE SCIENTIST'S SANCTUM

Dr. Johnson has just finished a color photography process, adapted to the making of scientific lantern slides, which he has christened the Duo-Chrome process. This is an entirely new departure in color photography, since it is concerned with the reproduction of arbitrarily selected color, in such work as reproducing colored maps and drawings. The colors obtained entirely without the use of any dyes, whatsoever. The process is sufficiently simple to allow the ordinary laboratory worker to carry it out. Ordinary photograph materials are used at the starting point, and the finished plate is as transparent to light as slides made by the ordinary black and white process. This work is important in its practical application to illustrate lectures. The results of the work are soon to be published in the British Journal of Photography.

LEAP YEAR LIBERTIES

DISPUTED BY GIRLS

What year is this? That to some would be a silly question. Who knows, maybe it is.

When asked this question some would answer 1928 and some would answer leap year. This is the year a few girls anyway are going to get the man they have wanted for a number of years. She is going to be the one to do the proposing. Probably some girls will be accused unjustly, but there is no way of telling whether the girl did the proposing or not.

Another question which comes up is that of whether it is all right for a girl to propose. When questioned some girls answered that they didn't see why, if a girl had equal rights in other things, why she couldn't have equal rights on this subject. "Some times a boy loves a girl, but he thinks the girl has no use for him." "Why shouldn't the girl let him know by proposing?"

That is the answer received from one of the girls questioned. Others were very strong on the point of it being all wrong for the girl to propose. The question brought up by this person was, How does a girl know that the man will except her? And what a terrible thing for the girl to be refused.

Did anyone think what it means

to the man to be refused?

This is an age old argument and it has never been settled satisfactorily yet, and far be it from us to settle it. That is impossible for anyone to do.

"WAVES"

By Helen Buchanan

The Incent blues of dipping waters flow

In jets forward copper bowl of heaven's heights
And mingle in the far horizons bow

With clouds that boil from red and purple lights.

The Solemn beck of far off land invites:

In leaping up and down in ecstasy
Until then break, the crystal water-sprites,

Who swish and splash upon the sundiong sea.
Reach outward, rolling on sternal-ly.

A KING IN HIS OWN RIGHT

By Marialice Ridley

The long room was cold and barren. The wind whistled through the crack in the window panes, rustling the leaves strewn around the hard wood floor. The huge fire place was empty of logs or ashes. In the far corner lay a gunny-sack stuffed with dried leaves. It showed that it had been a resting place many a time, for it was flat and soggy. Few beams of light had struck this corner for many days, but it was devoid of dust or cob webs. A huge door on the other side of the room creaked slowly open as if the weight behind it was slight, and a head was stuck cautiously around its edge. It was a young head with a shock of curly brown hair that hung tantalizing down over eager, gray eyes. Not a corner of the room was missed by the shining, quick glance of the boy. Then opening the heavy door farther, the owner of the eyes stepped into the room and shut the oaken panel softly behind him. With a proud lift of his head, he advanced with spirited steps to the fire place. This was truly his Kingdom—and he bend his head regally to his imaginary subjects. Taking the broom beside the fire place in his hand as his sceptre, he wielded it with kingly might and

swept his subservient court—Lord Beetle, Barons Spider, Lady Bug, and the court jester Dust—into their chamber, the fire place. This done, he continued his progress across the room to the gunny-sack. There he lay down flat on his back, crossed his arms under his head, and smiled at the ceiling.

"Ain't it grand," quoth this king from the slums. "All mine 'cause none will ever want this ol' house." He sighed with pure contentment. Then raising himself on one elbow, he delved into the mysteries of the sack, and from among the leaves produced a worn, tattered volume without a cover.

"Gee, I'm lucky", he gloated. "Poor Oliver Twist sure had a hard heck of a life. Just 'sposin' I hadn't found this room." He took from his laborious reading. His kingdom forgotten, he lived with Oliver in all his adventures—just a boy again. Suddenly his attention was drawn from the beloved book by the sound of voices and steps on the stairs outside the door. He was paralyzed, his legs refused to move, his heart stopped beating. Never before had he heard anyone in his house. The thought of it sacrilege to him. The door opened and two men walked into the room.

"This house is old but in wonderful condition," one man was saying. "I'll admit that quite a bit of redecorating would be necessary, but it is the largest house that I can show you in this section".

The boy shrank back in his corner. His heart pained him. It seemed as if his very life was being taken from him.

"No", said the other man decisively. "I'll want a home that is ready. My wife is not strong, and I can not wait for it to be repaired." The door closed behind them and the sound of steps receded.

The boy relaxed, completely exhausted by his fear. He fell back on his sack and gasped, "Gee, Oliver—that was a close 'un."

Helen Baker of Bedford Iowa, who has been attending the Iowa state university for the past semester, returned to Lindenwood Monday, February 6. "Baker" completed two years at Lindenwood, majoring in the oratory department. Although Iowa was simply great, she just couldn't get back here fast enough.

AN OLD MAN

By Evelyn Watkins

This is his door. My hand is upon the knob. In his room he sits by the window looking down upon the cold gray intersection.

He hears the latch click but he does not move. Always he is silent when few cars travel the intersection. Like the shadow of the ugly gargoyle hung outside his window, he sits there looking down.

His supper is still in the tray on the table, cold and untouched. The pipe that I lighted for him this noon has gone out. The paper I laid on his knee still lies as I left it. The shadows darken in the rear of the room, they blend with the silence.

I enter and close the door. His back is to me, and his gray hair sticks out between the rounds in the back of his chair.

The sun is setting. An amber shaft of light strikes on the side of the window frame. It glares in a yellow line upon the pane of glass. The room is sultry hot, steamy hot, with a thousand breaths of August.

A storm cloud rolls upward in the south. It is black like tar. The thunder grumbles. The clouds grow backer still, and crack, showing a ragged, gilded edge. A green fly buzzes sulkily and hits the window pane. The room absorbs the sound until there is silence again.

I move to one side of the window, and below, upon the pavement, I hear a car. Old Todd rises slowly from his chair and looks down. The car comes into view. Its tires snicker on the pavement. Suddenly, it sends up a prolonged, piercing shriek of tightening brakes. The old man lurches forward, his eyes gleaming. The car reaches the intersection and the brakes are released. The old man drops slowly back into his chair. I feel myself relax, and wonderingly turn to him. His face is gray in the gathering darkness. The flashes of lightning glisten upon his head where the hair has fallen back. The dusk fills the wrinkles in his face, making them look smooth.

I arise and turn on the lights. A car passes. Old Todd leans forward, peering down, but only the sound of the motor and the laughing of the tires drift upward thru the window. He eases back, a childish disappointment shining in

his eyes.

Outside, there is a lull, ominous, as if the black cloud legion awaited a signal of attack. All is backness save the glimmering, flaring, street light at the intersection. The rain still falls like a cataract of liquid shrapnel. It drives its coolness thru the open window to fill the room.

Old Todd shifts in his chair. He speaks.

"You have been with me often since you moved into the apartment down the hall. Your little kindnesses, morning, noon and night, have made me glad. Yet, I have told you little of myself. Six months ago I had my second stroke and it has left me as I am, a weak and feeble spectre of what once was strong. I have been fed and I have slept, but for a year I have not truly lived. All day I look down upon the intersection, the cold gray intersection. I look, and look, and look, for life is down there. And somewhere, taking part in that life, is one dearer to me than my life itself. My daughter, sir—she left me and went away in a car—a shiny car and I am so old."

The gray head nodded; his lips ceased to move. Old Todd slept.

FRESHMAN (?) FANCY.

By M. E. S.

The scurrying steps or doleful tread
And faces full of fear
Show well the dire and dreadful
fact,
Exams are drawing near.

"I wish that I had studied more."
Regrets a tearful lass;
"I'll pack my trunk for home right
now,
I know I'll never pass."

Why did I cut my class the day
When they discussed that fact?
Too late to understand it now
I only know its lack.

But if I ever do survive
To face the next steep hill,
I vow I'll profit by this time
And work. I think I will!

ST. CHARLES

BARBERS STARVE

Rapunzel, Rapunzel, let down your hair! But Dame Fashion says not over your window sill for your lover, but just an inch or so in the back. Paris says "short hair is longer." This statement, contradictory as it may seem, is never-

theless to be true as soon as Time has trudged a sufficient distance for milady's hair to grow an inch or so. The "short-and-shaven" shingle is most emphatically out, but Paris says it will still be a long time before Rapunzel can furnish a sufficient rope for her lover's ladder.

But, the question arises, is Paris' decree sufficient for the girls of America? From close observation one would say most decidedly "non". In most localities of the East and Mid-West the greater majority of the girls seem to be coaxing their stubborn locks downward. These stragglers will take their time, though, and many of the ladies are not patient, and the long locks are swept into the waste basket. Nevertheless, hair is most obviously going down, to be put up. The older woman still clings tenaciously to the Parisian decree. More of them are cutting their hair every day, not so short as before, but cut notwithstanding.

The hairpin manufacturers, who have been on pins and needles—hairpins and needles—over their enforced idleness have no need to start their factories anew, at least not full blast. Troublesome, hurt-some, loathsome hairpins, more than any other thing, will keep short indefinitely. The younger girls who have never had the pleasure of punching, and pinching their heads with hairpins are rather enjoying the novelty, but the question is—will they stick? If referring to the hairpins, ye, they will certainly stick; if referring to the long hair, nobody knows.

It seems that at Lindenwood the greater part of the girls are "letting it grow." Whether they are saving money, or whether they are really intending to let it grow long is still a mystery. Some aspire to greatness, some are attending greatness, and others may be said to have reached the goal. Certainly the shingled head is a curiosity. But take heart, you lovers of comfort—"Short hair is not vanishing. It is longer and stronger than ever—much stronger, and a little longer." Rapunzel has an inch, whether she will take an all remains to be seen.

INTERESTING Y. W. MEET

The Y. W. meeting last Wednesday night was very well attended, perhaps because the subject "Can Men and Women Be Friends?" was of such interest. Cora Glasgow, accompanied by

Miss Grace Terhune sang a very charming number before the main discussion of the evening. Ruth Lindsay Hughes talked for a few minutes in the matter of friendship of men and women and then the girls spoke up and expressed themselves, not all in the same way, but each contributing something that would arouse thought.

Q.—Why do the Scotch like to play Hockey?

A.—Because they get free hits.

Q.—Who are going to be the attendance from the Freshman and Sophomore classes, the maid of Honor and the Queen?

A. Why the most beautiful girls of course—who are combination of good sports and the type of girl that her respective classes wishes her to represent. But let me warn you beauties who are planning to qualify—keep those grades up to "M" at least or else the Dean will not think that you are as beautiful as you really are. It would be too bad if the Hound and I (the wise old Owl) had to take all the honors.

Q.—What are these hunks of something or other just sitting on the Campus lately?

A.—Why that is the human fat lost by some of the once "bigger and therefore better girls".

Q.—What is the Alpha Sigma Tau.

A.—The Alpha Sigma Tau is the Honorary Literary Fraternity at Lindenwood to which every girl should strive. One must have at least a "S" average for three semesters in literary subjects, must be O. K. ed by the faculty with the final approval of Dr. and Mrs. Roemer.

A PIONEER

By Mary Merrill

He ploughed the land, and
ploughed the land, and then
Followed his horses down the
dusty road.
Above him in the purple haze he
saw red men.
All crying to the blue of winter,
which is their goal
And waits a thousand miles beyond
in mystic dreams.
In the crisp leaves like curling
peels, of fruit,
His team kicked up the stifling
clouds of dust.
He longs to leave this toil and
follow there
Into the misty milk of droning sky
the red men of the air.

ROSE-MARIE

By Rose Patten

Un jour mon pere en lisant le journal de soir, vit une annonce de "Rose-Marie", un opera-bouffe tres aime, pour la semaine prochaine au Shrine dans la ville de Oklahoma City. Nous demeurions a Chickasha, une ville distante de soixante milles de Oklahoma City. Parce qu'on en fit beaucoup de reclame, mon pere et ma mere, tous les deux, avaient envie de le voir. Enfin ils deciderent d'y aller avec deux de leurs amis, mercredi soir. Puisque j'etais a l'ecole, je ne pourrais pas les accompagner. Ils firent une promenade en auto en partant de la maison a midi.

Mon pere et ma mere, tous les deux, gouterent tellement la representation, qu'ils deciderent que me soeur et moi devrions le voir. Aussi nous aimions beaucoup l'opera-bouffe. La seule fois que nous pourrions aller etait pour la matinee samedit, apres-midi. Nous partimes a huit heures du matin, parce que nous avions quelques courses a faire avant le commencement de la representation. J'avais avec moi deux de mes amis et ma soeur avait deux des siennes. Il faisait froid, mais pas trop froid. Le soleil brillait dans un ciel bleu et nous pourrions entendre les chansons des oiseaux. Le feuillage des arbres etait rouge, jaune, et divers autres couleurs. Les pommes sur les pommiers mûrissaient et etaient toutes rouges. La route etait assez bonne et nous jouimes fort bien des deux heures de la promenade en auto. Il etait dix heures un quart quand nous rivames a Oklahoma City.

D'abord nous allames tout de suite au Shrine pour prendre des places en location. Il fallut faire queue pendant une demi-heure, mais enfin, nous obtinmes six fauteuils de balcon au premier rang.

Alors, puisque la matinee ne commenca pas pour trois heures nous retournames en ville pour faire quelques emplettes et pour prendre quelque chose a manger. Aussi nous regardames les vitrines on sent exposer les marchandises de tous les grands magasins. A deux heures nous etions encore une fois au Shrine, en attendant l'ouverture de la porte. Je donnai les billets au controlleur, et il me rendit les talons. Alors une ouvreuse nous conduisit a nos places et nous donna les programmes.

Après quelques minutes l'orchestre se mit a jouer l'ouverture. La

musique etait excellente. Alors le rideau se levait et le premier acte commencait. La scene etait au Canada et la mise-en-scene etait superbe. Le role de Rose-Marie etait bien interprete, et j'admirai l'art avec lequel l'actrice jouait son role difficile. Tous les acteurs et toutes les actrices avaient des bonnes voix. J'aimai plus que tous les autres les deux morceaux "Rose-Marie" et "The Indian Love Call." Les danses etaient toutes bonnes aussi, specialement la chorus des "totem-poles".

Il etait cinq heures et demi quand la piece etait finie. Alors nous allions au restaurant a diner avant de partir.

Pendant toute la promenade de retour de Oklahoma City jusqu'a Chickasha nous parlions de la piece et chantions les morceaux de "Rose-Marie" et "The Indian Love Call." Nous etions fort contents de toute la piece et nous commençames tout de suite a faire des plans pour aller encore une fois.

WALKER-ROPER COMEDY.

The Lindenwood College Athletic Association has branched out on musical lines. Yes, the time has come for the Association's Musical Comedy, which is the thing during the year of this kind. And why shouldn't it be the best since it has a combination of the Alpha Psi Omega and the Student Body from which to pick? Of the sketches handed in that of Kathryn Walker was chosen to be dramatized. The original music was written by Helen Roper, again the Walker-Roper Combine.

This year's Comedy is entitled, "SO THIS IS COLLEGE", and it is not a girls' school either but an honest to goodness University. Kathryn has put all her heart-felt emotion into this masterpiece and speaking from the inside to you on the outside—I want to say it is going to be one good comedy. Incidentally Freshmen, Lindenwood turns out 100% to this, and this year to make it 150%.

In looking over the Comedies of the last four years it was found that the Comedy for each of the last four years had been written by the girls from the class of '28. Three cheers for '28 and our Senior class of this year! Four years ago June Taylor collaborated with Sis Tweedie; three years ago and last year Betty Birch was the author, with Helen Roper's assistance last year; and now the Walker-Roper one which can't be beat.

"PORT O' MOON"*By Mary Mason*

A ship comes home to port o'moon
The seas of romance sailed;
The cargo loaded in its hold
By knights in armor mailed.

Oh in the hold are all our dreams.
We dreamed when we were
small

Of romance and adventure bold—
The dreams that to us call.

For Cinderella's silver shron,
High on a shelf it lies,
Is on that ship at port o'moon,
Packed round with many sighs.

And Rumpel-Stilts-Kins golden
straw
Is wrapped in the cape of red,
That small Red Ridinghood wore
when
She gaily tripped the mead.

For Ali Baba's treasure rare,
Lies round in golden chests;
And lit by Aladdin's magic lamp,
The Jolly Roger rests.

And Long John Silver's wooden
stump,
With Blind Penn's blackened
patch,
Is cast off, needless now, you
know,
Like Hawkin's cottage latch.

The pussy of Dick Whittingdon
Pursues Pied Piper's mice;
While Shakespeare's deer look on
aghast,
And nibbled once or twice.

Sir Walter Raleigh's scarlet cloak,
Yet caked and dark with mud
A sliver imprint still remains,
Where England's queen had trod

This magic ship at port o'moon
Has silver spars and sails;
And D'Artagnan is at the wheel,
A knight who never fails.

The captain of this fairy ship
Is gallant Robin Hood,
With Major Andre at his side,
A time to every mood.

The first mate true is Galahad,
In silver armor bright;
His gleaming sword he holds aloft,
A truly shining light.

And Kipling's Burma-maid is cook
She stirs the golden pot,
That at the rainbow's end had
been,
Where Arthur's knights had
fought.

This ship that lies at Port O'moon,
Our dreams packed in its hold,

Will sail the seas of romance gay,
As pirates did of old.

And some day we will reach that
land
Beyond the sunset's rim;
The land where all our dreams
come true,
And color's never dim.

**STUDENTS ORATORICAL
RECITAL ENJOYED**

Dramatic talent was skillfully
displayed by the three girls who
presented a most entertaining ora-
tory recital, February 2, at the
eleven o'clock assembly.

Ruth Ellen Olcott appeared
first, and in her artistic manner of
character interpretation made the
story of "My Lady's Lace" an in-
teresting piece of life, analyzed
carefully, and presented with such
vividness that the people concerned
seemed to be walking about upon
the stage.

Inez Patton presented one parti-
cular character for the amusement
of the audience, that of "Mrs.
Snob at the Club," and by her
clever and persistent mis-pronuncia-
tion of words revealed the true
character of a "Mrs. Snob." The
fact that she remembered to mis-
pronounce every other word show-

ed marvelous memory work and
complete concentration on the
character she wished to present for
entertainment.

Marian Crutcher appeared to best
advantage in her usual type of
reading, that in which a deep voice
is needed to express strong emo-
tional scenes. Her reading was
"The Valiant," and the power
which she exerts over her audience
was seen as girl's reached furtively
for handkerchiefs and sniffed
sympathetically.

This program was indeed a
splendid demonstration of oratori-
cal talent, and the ones who took
part are to be congratulated for
their work on these selections.

WHAT MAY BE SEEN*Others Not Artly May Admire*

One of the compensations of
climbing to third floor Roemer, is
the opportunity to keep up with
the very delightful and instructive
Art Bulletin Board. For the cur-
rent issue, material has been gather-
ed from many lands and many
ages. Quaint Oriental statues
stand near the convoy of a Pioneer
Mother. Designs for buildings and
modern portraits vie with each
other.

There is a rare fifteenth century
painting of "The Crucifixion",
by Piero Della Francesca. The
original, which is valued at \$800.-
000, is on exhibit at the St. Louis
Art Museum. The religious theme
is seen again in the pictures of the
memorial windows for the Masonic
Temple.

St. Mark's Square, during a
flood in Venice, and Rameses II by
moonlight, give quite unusual
views of these very famous art
wonders of Italy and Egypt.
Modern Italy, too, is making con-
tributions to the world of art. A
National War Memorial is to be
erected. Work is already under
way of the colossal statue, of An-
cient Roman inspiration, which is
to surmount the Memorial to
Victor Emmanuel, in Rome.

Of particular interest to Mis-
sourians, is the portrait of Pierre
Laclede, founder of St. Louis. This
portrait, which is an original, has
recently been given to the "Mis-
souri Historical Society".

That Art still has its romance is
shown by the story of John Kane.
This artist, whose business has
been house painting, was given a
place in the International Exhibi-
tion at Carnegie Institute.

ITS**Lindenwood Day**

at the

Vogue Boot Shop

615 Locust St.

Saturday, February 18

A Campus Hound in true Lin-
denwood colors or an imported
perfume vial will be presented
to each Lindenwood student
with purchase of shoes or
hosiery.

You all know those fascinating
VOGUE SHORT VAMPS

Watch for notice and
catalogues Thursday noon in
your Post Office.

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Book, who were present in the stage to receive the honor, are: Harriet Liddle, Ruth Bullion, Frances Stumberg, Mary Alice Lange, Garnette Thompson, Elizabeth Kuykendall, Kathryn Walker, Marcia Wallace, Mary Elizabeth Sawtell, Dorothea McCulloh, Ruth Baker, Lucille Kelly and Betty Birch.

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ruption, in there. The sun is very large and round. Through a telescope it looks something like rough drawing paper. It is covered with a great many large sun spots and prominences. These both effect the atmospheric conditions of the earth quite a little but no one knows just how.

The sun is really only a small star, and though much to us is not so much in the heavens. There are estimated to be about fifty billion stars. We can see about two thousand on a clear night and we see about five thousand a year. The stars are different colors, materials, and temperatures. It takes the light of the nearest star about four and a half years to reach in spite of the tremendous speed at which light travels.

Scientists have studied the heavens and discovered that there are about one hundred and twenty thousand other universes of which we know very little. Gravitation is the guiding hand of all, what it really is nobody knows. But who can explore the heavens without realizing that "thine is the kingdom, power, and glory forever."

VIOLENS IN RECITAL

Last Tuesday at 5 o'clock the music and voice students of Lindenwood presented a very creditable recital in Roemer Auditorium. The program was made up of piano, voice, violin, and cello selections.

The girls who played the piano were Misses Katherine Criswell and Amy Ruth Dorris. Five girls sang solos with particular talent. These were Misses Frances Thatch, Eugenia Morris, Frances Whitaker, Marjorie Smith, and Euneva Lynn. Shirley Greene and Naida Porter played violin solos both of which pleased the audience greatly. Miss Lynn's song was accompanied by Miss Mary Catherine Craven at the piano and by Miss Letha Bailey on the cello.

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to pay five dollars. But that's the penalty of not buying early. However, this will not keep the sales down, and by the next time, it will be almost a certainty that every girl in school will have bought her year book.

MISS ESCHBACH ENGAGED

Other Social Events

Miss Barbara Eschbach, one of Lindenwood's most popular teachers, has announced her engagement to Mr. Clifford Crampton Hakes of Muscatine, Iowa. The wedding will take place some time this summer at the home of Miss Eschbach's sister, Mrs. George Newton of Muscatine.

Miss Eschbach has been head of the Physical Education Department for three years and during this time has expanded this department a great deal. The athletic field, the golf course, and the tennis courts have been enlarged since Miss Eschbach's stay at Lindenwood. Through her enthusiastic leadership hockey, basketball, swimming, baseball, dancing, and track have gained tremendously in popularity. Besides leading the various sports Miss Eschbach has trained the dancers for each May Day and for the Athletic Association's Musical Comedy.

SPICY SPANISH SPEECHES

The first meeting of the Spanish Club since the holidays was unanimously accredited as the most interesting and lively one in the history of the organization for the year. The subjects discussed all pertained to the Spanish Speaking Countries. Different members of the club spoke on most common subjects of the times such as the talk by Helen McAlpine on Nicaragua; Pan-American Conference by Mildred Iffrig; Spanish Government, by Vera Hoerber and last but not least, Helen Davis spoke on "Our Mexican Neighbors".

After the speakers had ended their talks, open discussion was held; the members had each a part in the meeting. Each and every girl at the meeting felt that the time had been most profitably spent in the broadening of her ideas on the subject of such international importance.

Dear Ma:

Last Tuesday the teachers at Lindenwood had a social and they asked me to come, I reckon because I'm Clara's sister. Clara thought it was awfully nice of them, for only teachers can go. I went with Clara's house-mother and she was sure nice to me. Si wouldn't go, for he didn't think there'd be any men there. But there were four of them besides Dr. Roemer. He is the president and Clara says he's the grandest man she ever knew. The man who was chairman of the committee had the whitest hair, and I just bet Si looks like him when he gets old.

The house we went to was just like Mrs. Tucker's at home, only bigger. I thought it was going to be a real party, but when we got there the teachers were sitting in the hall on folding chairs just like we borrow at home for a social. Some lady—Mrs. A. M. Fryberger, but she wasn't German, cause I heard her tell Dr. Roemer she wasn't—was going to talk about music. The people what live in the house must be awfully rich for there was a piano in the room I was in and two in the room where the lady was talking—and one of them was one of those grand ones.

The lady left her hat on all the time she talked, and it was long too. She said she was just a plain teacher of little children, and that she wanted to tell us how people became musical, and how music was related to other things you learn in school. The lady was awfully keen on music, and she was the most emotional subject she knew. She said you had to know the essentials in music and the essentials in human nature. I didn't know exactly what she was talking about, but she seemed to think that music was a product of imagination and moods and that it is best stimulated when a child is young—and I agree with her.

All the time I had been wanting to know what she was standing besides while she talked, and Ma, it was a great big grafafone—you know like Mrs. Tucker's got, only bigger. The funny thing was that this lady said for us to make believe that we were little children in the 5th or 6th grade. I wanted to laugh but no body else did, and then the lady played some music on the grafafone. At first she just played a little, and said, "Is that a

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Greetings Little Deres, and howza children on this fine day in February? I guess you'all are fine and dandy and thank you I'm the same. Haven't been able to scrape up very much today, for the good of the country, but guess I won't have any trouble just chatting you. You know that seems to be a failing of mine, that I just can't quell this infernal tongue of mine. I've been warned a number of times that I'm going to get in trouble, but don't think I've ever over-stepped the bounds, but one never can tell just when the quick sand is among the rest of the sands.

I suppose all the Arkansas girls are bowing their heads in shame after what we read about their fine University in the paper the other day. Yes, a History test was given the students down there, which they were asked who Lindbergh was and the answers were varied and heart-rending, because it is a shame that people so near the "WE" state should not know who this great man is. Some of them thought he was an Australian General in the fifteenth century, others thought that he was a Bolshevik and others thought he was connected some way with the convention down in Havana, or where ever that big thing is being carried. I guess I ought to run and get corrected by some of those girls who have been tearing their hair over the subject in debate.

And have you heard about the Christmas gift that our good little friend Va. McClure got? It's rather late in the day. I realize, but it's just too good to let go. A gold handled tooth-brush. Yes-sir, her Clean between friend just presented her with it. I guess to keep her from being one of the four out of five. And the wonderful thing about this marvelous tooth-brush is that it had five blades, pardon me I mean five extra brushes to it. Well, I guess it will be a sweet day in December again before she will have to buy a new tooth-brush. And then think, girls how sad it will be to have to go back to the proverbial Profit-lactic. Well, it will be hard to

take, but guess gold-handled ones just don't grow on trees. I've heard that she keeps it in a glass case, but don't know how much truth there is in it. Go down and see for yourself. She'll be at home anytime, and is most glad to demonstrate. I guess maybe there was method in the madness of her clean-between friend.

It does seem so good to have these old girls back again doesn't it? Jakie, Lucy Mae and Baker are just doodles, and are sure welcome. Also I wish to greet the new comers, and say how de do.

The Hound.

P. S.—Just before leaving the Journalism room today, I looked in the Hound's drawer, and low and behold, there was a letter, that I will just have to put it in. Here it is. Don't know what it is talking about myself, but maybe it will be of some news to some of you, and by the next time I will have looked into the matter and will enlighten those who are as much in the dark as I am.

Dear Hound.

Won't you join our campaign for "bigger and better" ones? Do you know how much is consumed daily in Lindenwood? I heard some of the girls talking about it the other night, and a terrible amount is being wasted in them every day. For statistics see Sue Campbell. Another of our honorable purposes is to install them in motor cars, for children and old people. Isn't that a worthy cause? We are hearby asking your whole-hearted co-operation.

For better, or for worse,

The Pup

STRAND Theatre

FRI. NIGHT, SAT. MATINEE

A 9 Reel Special

"LOVERS OF CARMEN"

DOLORES DEL RIO and

VICTOR MACLAGLEN

(Stars of "What Price Glory")

SATURDAY NIGHT

"LADIES NIGHT IN A
TURKISH BATH"

(Just finished first run at the
Ambassador Theatre St. Louis)

NEXT WEEK

FRI. NIGHT, SAT. MATINEE

RICHARD DIX in

"SPORTING GOODS"

SATURDAY NIGHT

BEBE DANIELS in

"FEEL MY PULSE"

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tune I wonder?" I almost thought the lady was crazy for she got so excited because Clara's singing teacher knew it. I knew it too. I had it when I took lessons only I forgot the name of the piece.

The lady played a lot of pieces, some of them were real pretty. She called it active listening, and wanted us to think what the music meant to us. Then she read some pieces that her pupils wrote for her telling her what the music said to them. I never knew that music ever said anything out loud, and some of those children thought it said the funniest things, one little girl thought four notes was the Devil saying, "I'll have you soon". Now I thought that silly.

There was one piece I particularly liked that asked a question. The man who wrote it was in love with a girl and her father wouldn't let them marry, and so he wrote this music with the question in it, and it says, "Why can't I marry her?" And you can hear it real plain—kind of sad.

Once the lady said that she supposed we were all teachers, and I felt kinda funny, her not knowing who I was. Clara's singing teacher saw me and laughed. She is so sweet, and looked real pretty in a yellow dress. I was sure glad I wore my bought dress. I borrowed Clara's black velvet shoes, and I thought I looked real nice.

They had ice-cream, that brick kind—chocolate and pink and cake. Mine had caramel icing, but I didn't think it was as good as you can make, Ma. They had coffee too, and even teachers were real friendly and asked me if I enjoyed myself. They all seemed to have liked the lady and I did think her talk was terribly interesting.

Good-bye, your,

Hetty

Ruth Baker and Mary Lucille Williams spent an enjoyable week end with the latter's sister Mrs. B. S. Halter at Jefferson Barracks. Friday evening they attended a large dance given by the army post and Saturday evening their hostess entertained for them. Both girls admitted it was a beautiful place and that they thoroughly enjoyed themselves throughout their stay.

Read the Linden Bark.