

LINDEN BARK

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"REAL ART IN DRESSING"

Well Groomed Girl "Idea" of Art Class

The Applied Design classes at Lindenwood, under the direction of Miss Alice A. Linneman, Head of the Art Department, were given an exercise not long ago in which they were to give their opinions on what benefits they had derived from the course. The opinions that were handed in were of the best possible and showed that the girls had gained quite a bit from the course.

One young lady wrote, "I have learned that if I apply what I have learned to everyday life I will get more pleasure out of life and have much more confidence in myself."

Another girl expresses the opinion that she no longer admires girls that are able to buy the latest fad, for she has learned what is garish and bad taste in dresses and what is acceptable from standards of art. That girl has learned a great deal because girls of this day and time do not consider anything but the latest fads when they buy clothes.

Another member of the class says, "I have been taught to discriminate between so-called art and real art." If she has accomplished this she has received a valuable bit of knowledge, worth the time spent in gaining it.

One girl interested in fashion's fancies answers, "The study of Applied Design has created in me a desire to be a well-groomed girl and not just one in a hundred who follow fashion blindly."

The practical girls give their opinions as, "It is not the expense of an article that counts now, but the design, color, fitness to purpose, time and place." Almost all of the girls admitted that they had gained an appreciation of the best in art.

ELECTRICITY IN AIR OVER MAY QUEEN PARTY

Anyone seeing the amount of electioneering that has been going on for that particular friend's election to the May Queen's party, would predict the future of many Lindenwood girls as a brilliant political career, no matter

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MAY QUEENS OF YESTER YEAR

What A Dozen Former Queens Are Doing.

In many universities one finds the pictures of the prominent seniors in a so-called "Hall of Fame", but at Lindenwood the prominent senior joins the Royal Court of May Queens. During the century of Lindenwood's existence there has been this famed Court; but when Dr. and Mrs. Roemer came this lovely affair became most important and an event of unusual dignity and beauty. It has always been an occasion with the attendance of a maid of honor to the Queen, and other attendants, who are representatives of the three lower classes.

With the oncoming years the May festival, which culminates in the crowning of the Queen, has become very dear to the hearts of all Lindenwood girls and is a beautiful page in the book of Memories. The May Queen's festival had almost become extinct when the Roemers came; but the idea was very readily revived and is a Lindenwood tradition.

Ruby Conover, queen in 1915 was the first queen after Dr. and Mrs. Roemer came. She is now Mrs. John T. Potts, of Jacksonville, Florida.

Margaret Peck was the honored senior of 1916. She is now Mrs. F.

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SITTING ON THE INSIDE LOOKING ON THE OUTSIDE

"Cuz" carrying a hat-box containing a new hat.—La Van with vaselin on her hair.—The athletes on their way to Musical Comedy practice—Frazier dressed all up for a game of golf—Helen Cutler out in the snow without a coat on carrying a bathing suit—Katherine Day wearing some red straps on her hair—Maid on way to dining room—Some Freshie going to mail her laundry—Evelyn Armstrong leaving for the week end—Oscar and Mr. Eberle holding a conference in front of Jubilee—that was seen last week, sitting on the inside, looking on the outside.

ORATORY STUDENTS GIVE RECITAL IN AUDITORIUM

By Dixie Laney

One of the best oratory recitals given in Roemer Auditorium this year was presented at 11 o'clock Thursday, February 24. The season of oratory is ripe just at the present time in Lindenwood College. Other than the special work which is being done on plays and various outside duties, the oratory girls are accomplishing great things. The department is one of the strongest on the campus and the instructors are to be complimented on their superior accomplishments. High class productions have been given this year and several more are being made ready for presentation soon.

The girls who read at the Thursday assembly gave in a most artistic manner five different plays. Ruth Ellen Olcott opened the program with, "The Ineligibles" by Charlotte E. Lewis. The theme was one of patriotism which was manifested through little boys and their relationships with Civil and World War heroes, and the American Legion. It was given with spirit and true patriotism of a good American.

Marea Hempleman read Cyril Egan's play, "The Late Arrivals." It was an entirely different type of story, and concerned two lovers who were able to make and keep a date five years ahead of the time. It was full of feeling which was well protayed by the reader. The voices were especially good.

Katherine Tynan read "For Distinguished Service" by Alfred Levison. Special praise should be granted to the reader for her mastery of this play. Despite her slight nervousness, she was able to describe the actions of the torpedo and the danger of the ship on the Mediterranean. The facial registration was exceptional. The play is difficult, but it was brought out in a manner most supreme by the messenger.

Another type was brought to the hearing of the audience, when Pauline Scherer appeared in "Dressing For The Play" by M. I. Fisk. This appealed to the girls greatly because of the typical woman who is forever so busily engaged in her talking that she

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Linden Bark

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TUESDAY, MARCH 8, 1927.

The Linden Bark:

"The things which belong to others please us more, and that which is our own is more pleasing to others."
Old Latin Quotation

WAS ST. PATRICK A PRESBYTERIAN?

We don't know how much excitement this question, propounded by Dean Walter Williams of Missouri University, is causing in the polite circles of Columbia, but it is certainly an interesting inquiry.. Far be it from us to question the Dean, but the "friend in need" the Encyclopedia Americana (ask any freshman where to find it) credits the good saint's grandfather with the office of presbyter or bishop and says nothing as to St. Pat's Presbyterian tendencies.

Here at Lindenwood this question really doesn't cut much ice. A bid for the St. Pat's doin's at Rolla School of Mines is a bid, and we very much doubt that the engineers have delved into the religion of their patron saint.

As for the wearing of the green, the damsels of his time couldn't have worn this color any more joyfully than do the modern misses. It's so nice and springy, and goodness knows there's been enough of the other kind of weather.

Let's give three rousing cheers for this cheery saint, Presbyterian or otherwise.

SOLILOQUY ON HOLIDAYS

Are too many holidays good for the soul? Evidently the Germans think not as the only holidays that they have from business are on Sundays and Christmas. However, they are considering having more vacations as a Berlin newspaper says, "Arrangements are in hand for an exhibition next spring to popularize here 'the English week-en'. The burgomaster of Berlin favors introduction of the Saturday half-holiday, unknown in Germany,

in addition to the Sunday, as conducive to the better physique and health of the community. He is supported by welfare societies, sports clubs, allotment gardeners, and various working class organizations."

And still we wonder if less work is good for the individual? Or can you judge by the group as a whole? It seems that the main point is how the extra time is spent; whether the person simply takes a complete rest and then is lazy when he gets on the job again or whether he uses the time to the best advantage and is more alert when he goes back to work. It is a fact that almost everyone wants a holiday whenever he can get it, but isn't it partly because it is human nature to want what you can't have or get very seldom? Yes, and it is also because people are lazy creatures and want to get out of as much labor as possible.

Is it better for the physical body? That depends entirely on the occupation of the person. If a man works in a factory or in some closed-in place, it is naturally good for him to be out in the open, but will he enjoy the 'great open spaces' when he is at leisure to do so or will he stay cooped up in the house? More than likely he'll stay inside and his holiday can't help him physically. And if a man does a great amount of strenuous work, his vacation can't aid him as far as health is concerned, if he exerts himself in an athletic way while he is not working. Of course, God said that six days shall man labor and on the seventh day he shall rest." But do men rest on the seventh day? More than likely not and even so, the seventh day does not include half of the day before or "the week-end holiday," as the "too much work or too much play

Now, we can also apply holidays to colleges and schools. Students look forward to their vacations as a very wonderful event. But it is just because they are pleasure loving youth who are looking toward a good time. Surely, no one can blame them and still their work is much worse because of it. They are so busy thinking about the holiday before it comes that they can't put their minds on school work and after "the glorious time," they are so tired that they couldn't do good work if they wanted to. Still, why not be Hedonistic and think that pleasure is the greatest thing in life? Just so we strike a happy medium for "to much work or too much play makes Jack a dull boy."

To come back to the question about holidays being good for the world. That is a matter of opinion and what are we to judge the universe? It depends on the individual. Play is good and so is work, but each should be taken in the right way without going to extremes. In "The Prophet," Kahlil Gibran says, "You work that you may keep pace with the earth and the soul of the earth. For to be idle

COLLEGE CALENDAR

Thursday, March 11, 11 o'clock,
Music Recital.

Friday, March 11,

Missouri Club party for the
MAY QUEEN AND HER PARTY!

is to become a stranger unto the seasons, and to step out of life's procession, that marches in majesty and proud submission towards the infinite."

EXCHANGES

The Roman Tatler is very unusual this week in that it is a three column paper; dealing with Mussolini, English words based on Myths and a joke column, "A little bit of fun." One article which is especially interesting is an article which answers some objections to the study of Latin. This is most interesting, for many have made the same objections themselves and it would be very good if all read it. The column on English words based on Myths is amazing to most of us, for two of the months are derived from Latin, July from Julius Caesar and August from Augustus Caesar. The jokes and cartoons are quite clever and entertaining. Many girls on their way to class stop and read this paper.

NEW PRACTICE ORGAN

The organ department is probably the fastest growing of all the departments of Lindenwood College. Much credit for the quick development and the new interest in this field of music should be given to Miss Treat. Two years ago Miss Treat came to Lindenwood and revived the fast passing interest in organ. She is a most efficient instructor and an artist of supreme ability.. In fact Miss Treat brought the spirit which was so much needed in the department in order that it may be a growing and a greater part of the music world in Lindenwood.

The enrollment in organ has increased so fast that it has become necessary to install another practice organ. It is interesting to remember that now three pipe organs are kept busily engaged each hour of the day. A new organ has been placed in Niccolls practice hall. It is one of the best practice organs which could be procured. It has a sweet tone and plays beautifully. The girls are finding it a great pleasure and a great benefit to their progress. The other regular practice organ is also in Niccolls and the big pipe organ, as is known, is in Sibley Chapel.

There is no music which is more interesting to study than is pipe organ. May the interest and growth continue at a speedy rate.

Read the Linden Bark.

L'ACADEMIE FRANCAISE

Par Pauline Davis

Il y a beaucoup d'annees qu'une petite groupe, composee des hommes suivants: Godeau, Goubault, Chapelain, Desmarets, Hobert, Abbe de Cerisy, Conrart, Cerissy, Malleville, et Gery se reunirent chez Conrart. Leurs caracteres furent divers, mais il y eu un lieu uniforme, l'amour de la langue francaise, et un desir passionne d'amenager cette langue dans la perfection la plus haute dont ce fut capable.

Richelieu offrit la protection du gouvernement a cette societe parce qu'il voulut introduire au monde de lettres cet ordre, cette obeissance, qu'il eut procure au monde turbulent de la noblesse, et dans les reunions intimes de Conrart il vit le noyau duquel devait se faire l'Academie Franoaise.

D'abord ils voulurent refuser, mais Chapelain les dirent qu'ils n'eurent pas de choix: ainsi avec beaucoup d'hesitation, ils accepterent la protection du Protecteur. La premiere seance du corps officiel eut lieu le treize mai, mil six cent trente-quatre, et ils recurent les lettres patentes du roi mil six cent trente-cinq; le Parlement cependant n'enregistra les lettres patentes qu'a' la dated du di juillet mil six cent trente sept.

La compaignie nouvelle fut appelee l'Academie des Beaux-esprits, alors l'Academie de l'eloquence, l'Academie eminente, et enfin le nom le mieux et le plus simple de l'Academie Francaise fut adopte, dans laquel les membres sont limites au nombre quarante.

Ainsi nous trouvons le commencement de cette societe dont la fonction principale fut, et est encore, "de travailler avec tout le soin et toute la diligence possible pour donner des regles certaines a notre langue, et a la rendre pure, eloquente et capable de traiter les arts et les sciences.

Maintenant ils realiserent qu'il y eu beaucoup de travail a faire et ils s'organiserent solennellement. Les trois officiers furent: Un Directeur, un Chancelier, et un Secretaire dont les deux premiers furent elus toutes les annees, et l'autre fut perpetuel. Un des devoirs du Directeur est de repondre au "discours de reception" des successeurs de tous les membres qui meurent pendant son terme de l'office. C'est une tradition que chaque membre est élu Directeur apres un peu.

Chapelain fut l'editeur principal des Statuts de l'Academie, dont voici des extraits:—

Premierement.—Personne ne sera recu dans l'Academie qui ne soit agreable a Mgr le Protecteur, et qui ne soit de bonnes moeurs de bonne reputation, d bon esprit, et propre aux fonctions academiques.

11.—En toutes les autres affaires (sauf election, reception et destitution, ou on vote par ballot), l'on opinera

haut et de rang, sans interruption ni jalousie, sans reprendre avec chaleur ou mepris les avis de personne, sans rien dire que le necessaire et sans repeter ce qui aura ete dit.

13. Si un des Academiciens fait quelque acte indigne d'un homme d'honneur il sera interdit ou destitue, selon l'importance de sa faute.

21. Il n'y sera mis en deliberation aucune matiere concernant la religion; et neanmoins, pource qu'il est impossible qu'il ne se rencontre dans les ouvrages qui seont examinees quelque proposition qui regarde ce sujet, comme le plus noble exercice de l'eloquence et le plus utile entretien de l'esprit, il ne sera rien prononce sur les maximes de cette qualite, l'Academie soumettant toujours aux lois de l'Eglise en ce qui touchera les choses saintes, les avis et les approbations qu'elle donnera pour les termes et la forme des ouvrages seulement.

22. Les matieres politiques ou morales ne seront traitees dans l'Academie que conformement a l'autorite du Prince, a l'etat du gouvernement et aux lois du royaume.

25. Les meilleurs auteurs de la langue francaise seront distribues aux Academiciens pour observer tant les dictiones que les phrases qui peuvent servir de regles generales et en faire rapport a la Compagnie qui jugera de leur travail et s'e servira aux occasions.

27. Chaque jour d'assemblee ordinaire, un des Academiciens, selon l'ordre du tableau, fera un discours en prose, dont le recit par coeur ou la lecture a son choix durera un quart d'heure ou une demi-heure au plus, sur tel sujet qu'il voudra predre, et ne se commencera qu'a trois heures. Le reste du temps sera employe, a examiner les ouvrages par ceux qui se presenteront, ou a travailler aux peces generales don il est fait mention en l'article precedent (26).

34. Les remarques des fautes d'un ouvrage se feront avec modeste et civile, et la correction en sera soufferte de la meme sorte.

43. Les regles generales qui seront faites par l'Academie touchant le langage seront suivies par tous ceux de la Compagnie qui ecriront tant en prose qu'en vers.

44. Ils suivront aussi les regles qui seront faites pour l'orthographe.

45. L'Academie ne jugera que des ouvrages de ceux dont elle est composee; et, si elle se trouve obligee par quelque considation d'en examiner d'autres, elle donnera seulement ses avis sans en faire aucune censure et sans en donner aussi d'approbation.

46. S'il arrive que l'on fasse quelques ecrits contre l'Academie, aucun des Academiciens n'entreprendra d'y repon-

dre ou de rien publier pour sa defense sans en avoir charge expresse de la Compagnie assemblee au nombre de vingt pour le moins.

Bieque la societe dut composer un Dictionnaire, une Grammaire, une Rhetorique et une Poetique sur les observations de l'Academie, le Dictionnaire est tout ce qu'a ete approchant; le premier parut e mil six cent quatre-vingt-quatorze, le seconde edition en mil sept cent dix-huit, et le septieme en mil huit cent soixante-dix-neuf.

Bientot la phrase "L'Academie est un salon" fut entendu, et elle reduisit au silence tous les candidats rudes et malpropres.

Pendant beaucoup d'annees, un panegyrique du fondateur Richelieu fut obligatoire de tous les nouveaux membres et toujours il ne fut pas facile d'introduire adroitement un discours academique. Apres un peu, une visite au chef de la nation fut substitute au panegyrique un peu vieux et inopportun, mais Chateaubriand refusa absolument de se conformer a cette coutume parce qu'il hait Napoleon I.

Ben qu'une election a l'Academie Francaise ait ete toujours une chose de grande importance, il y a beaucoup d'hommes qui ont refuse l'honneur les uns parce qu'ils ne veulent pas adherer aux regles rigoureux—les autres parce qu'ils ne veulent pas demander l'entree, ce qu'est exige encore.

Ily a beaucoup de discussion touchant la sorte d'homme qui est etre donnee entree a l'Academie, et on a suscite la question s'il est propre de donner entree aux homes militaires.

Eccles dit: "L'intelligence francaise doit une dette a soi aux defenseurs du terrain francais, et en faire honneur a Joffre l'nstitution qui represente cette intelligence dans la litterature a fait ce qu'elle pouvait pour honorer l'armee francaise.

La tache de l'Academie est d'epurer la langue, et Bridon a rappelle au souvenir du public que bienque Joffre ait ecrit peu, il a fait en occasion, usage le plus noble des mots.

Les noms des membres de l'Academie sont: Paul Bourget, Gabriel Hanotaux, Henri Emile Lavedan, Rene Bazin, Maurice Donnay, Jean Richepin, Raymond Poincare Eugene Brieux, Rene Doumc Marcel Prevost, Henri de Regnier, Marshal Lyautey, Perre de la Gorce, Henri Borgson Marshall Joffre, Louis Barthou Alfred Baudrillart Rene M. A. Tardiveau (Rene Boylesoe, Fracois de Curel, Marshal Foch, Jules Cambon, Georges Clemenceau, Henry Bordeaux, Robert de Flers, Joseph Bedier, Louis Chevrillon, Pierre de Nolbac, Georges Goyau Henri Bremond, Chas. C. A. Jonnart, Georges Porto-Riche, Edouard Estaunie, Henri Robert, Camille Jullian Georges Lecomte, Emile Picard, Albert Besnard,

IF I WERE A GOD

By Helen Hammer

I have always been a lover of Greek mythology and all that the ancient gods held sacred, but nevertheless, I feel that if I were a god—or to be more correct a goddess—I should hold things of a quite different nature sacred and pleasing to me. Perhaps if Jupiter or Apollo lived to-day they would agree with my suggestions.

We read from the poets that the Greek god

"_____ heaved his head

From golden slumber on a bed,
Of heaped Elysian flowers."

Indeed, they considered this to be the softest, most gentle and comfortable place to sleep. The highest gods chose flowers for their beds, perhaps because they did not know the joy and pleasure that comes when one sleeps under eider-down.

If they did I am sure we would find the ancient deities drifting off to dreamland on a bed more delightful than that one formed of "heaped Elysian flowers."

Not only would I hold the cider sacred, but, if I were a god, I would change the god's immortal food of nectar and ambrosia to a more delicious combination, steak smothered in mushrooms. Perhaps Venus would disapprove but if she did, Venus could diet.

Indeed, there are many ways that I could suggest that would make a god's life happier. Instead of bathing in the pearly dew of morn, let him bathe in a shining porcelain tub, filled with water sweetly scented with his favorite bath crystals. Never again would he rise to bathe before the dew was chased away.

Or, instead of the gods and goddesses coming forth to dance to the sweet strain of Pan's pipes, let them hear the syncopating jazz of that master Paul Whiteman. Pan would hide his pipes and forget his joyous music after once hearing the modern Pan. The gods and goddesses would dance more wildly and with more feeling than ever before.

So, if I were a god in modern mythology, these things would I hold sacred. But, although there are no gods and goddesses one need not lament, for in this day one need not be a god to enjoy them. One need to be only a human being.

Duke de la Force (Aug. de Caumont),
Louis Bertrand, Paul Valery.

Renau dit que c'est a cause de l'Academie "qu'on peut tout dire sans appareil scholastique avec la langue des gens du monde." "Ah ne dites (il s'ecrie) qu'ils n'ont rien fait, ces obscures beaux dont la vie se passe a instruire le proces des mots, a peser les syllabes.

HEART BEATS

By Pauline Scherer

I wandered by the lonely road,
I wandered by the hill,
I could not hear the streamlet flow,
The noisy streets were still.
There was no sound within the wood;
No chirp of any bird
But the beating of my own heart,
Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beside the willow tree
I watched the shadows play around,
And as they came less often still
I did not hear a sound;
But I listened for a murmur
I listened for a word,
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

Th' evening winds were found
asleep,
When something stood just behind,
A hand was on my shoulder laid
I knew its touch was kind,
It drew me closer—closer still,
We did not speak one word
The beating of our own hearts
there
Was all the sound we heard.

ROOMS

By Helen Welty

It is often said that one's personality is reflected in her room. This is indeed a sad and pitifully true statement. To many persons, the realization that their own character might be likened unto the conditions of their rooms, would be, to say the least, a terrible shock. Nevertheless, a few such shocks on the campus of Lindewood might not be without avail, and might be extremely effective, although slightly dangerous.

Some vital changes might be made if every student at Lindewood were to ask herself the question, "Just what is my personality as reflected by my room?" The results of such retrospection would be annoying. There would probably be a sudden and frantic rush to that sacred and seldom visited sanctuary commonly known as the broom closet. Some few might even be moved to mop or scrub. Then there might also be a frantic tearing-down of room decorations. The very term, "decorations" is sadly misused in regard to the rural hangings, the window draperies, and the various odds and ends used for ornamentation in the average collegiate room. Just what is the standard for interior decorating of the college student? This is indeed a difficult question to answer. There seems to be no definite conception or standard of beauty in decorating a room. There are as many types of college rooms as there are of college girls, which may help to prove the theory that personality is reflected in a room.

TONGUES IN TREES

By Katherine Palmer

Suppose I take you with me into the forest kingdom where the trees tell their experiences and their knowledge of things. If we walk thoughtfully down the moonlit path among the trees that border the lake's edge, we can hear them whispering to one another. As the moon climbs higher in the heavens they talk more distinctly for when night spreads her lacy cloak of darkness, the voices of nature really awake to speak, and if we listen appreciatively we can interpret the words. Did you hear that old balsom tell the spruce that more birds slept in his arms because his needles were not so sharp nor so thick on the upper side? Yes, I guess that is a good reason. The maple says that she will be the most beautiful this fall because the colors of her dress are always brilliant. The friendly oak disagrees of course, but since he has a gallant heart, he does not argue with the lady. Father pine stops the present discussion on the special merits of each tree, by asking them to tell of this day's education. They murmur and sway as each one thinks of his knowledge gained.

The willow leaning over the water is a sweet slender thing and because she is the youngest they let her tell her story first. She sings in a musical voice, describing a boat gracefully gliding down the lake, with two mortals swaying back and forth as they paddle under the sunset sky. They stopped for several long moments under the willow's protecting arms, to whisper sweet messages of love. She knew they were of love because the dimpled wavelets told her so as they danced by. The tree folk always applaud a story if they enjoy it, by lowering. Therefore at the conclusion of this story they gently bent their heads. Since brother hemlock is still small enough to see the things that rest against his feet, he tells of a tiny fawn who came frisking along today. Perhaps the young creature had run away from the doe who so leisurely wanders through the brush. But whatever had happened he was too tired to go farther, so he lay down on the soft moss over the hemlock's feet, resting his young body partly against the trunk. This event greatly thrilled the hemlock because he loves to watch the graceful deer. The balsom, who stands near, tells of several girls who, wandering through the forest in search of a shady spot where pine needles were thick and pot where pine needles were thick and fragrant, chose this particular ground to sit upon. They brought forth pencil and paper and sketching the scene before them talked of art. He listened with interest and consequently learned something new. The oak is so far above the others, that he sees overhead and into the distance better than his

companions. This day he saw the first birds flying south for the winter. He heard the breezes say that autumn is coming early this year. In the distance he had seen great volumes of smoke rising from a vast growth of trees several miles away and he had wondered and meditated on the sight until a passing bird informed him that the forest was on fire and they should be fearful lest a like calamity happen to them. Thus he had gained further knowledge to impart to his friends here. Father pine says the maple has become too drowsy to tell her story, because the birds sleeping in her arms have been singing in their dreams. He praises the forest people for keeping their eyes open to see and their hearts to give the best they could today.

I wonder if we think of the little things our tree friends know as we pass by. After this contact with their personalities we might listen in the sunlight to their whispers and songs. It is more difficult to understand their language in the day because there are so many other noises, but if we go off by ourselves into the midst of a group of trees, and the busy wind whistles through them, we will be able to understand nature's secrets and will appreciate her beauty more deeply.

THE CENTURY PLANT

By Aline B. Davidson

O beauteous bud of all the many years,
That hides her charms from each admiring glance,
And then as soon as her centennial nears,
Demurely opens eyes, and flow'rs do dance,
Which in the wind makes flutt'ring flakes of gold,
And specks of silver join in dance of age
While all the months and years are swiftly rolled
Till this shy plant does prove a heritage,
And so you are dear alma mater true.
The bloom of plants of all these years gone by
And though we part, our skies will e'er be blue,
For we do know our love will never die,
And though the night doth clothe us in drab tone,
When we remember thee, we're ne'er alone.

EPISODE OF A GOLF BALL

By Ruth Lindsay Hughes

The other day as I was strolling around our dormitory I stepped upon a small object that immediately moved, thereby causing my downfall. I did not pause to ascertain the softness of the soil in that particular vicinity, nor

did I manage a graceful descent. By the simple process of letting my feet go forward without my body I assumed a position which made me realize instantly that the ground was exceedingly hard.

As soon as I realized that I was sprawled at length upon the grass and, blessedly, alone, I began a strong denunciation of that pebble which had upset my dignity. I still had a few words of my vocabulary to hurl into the surrounding silence when my eye noted the disgraceful object of my denouncement. It was a golf ball. Suddenly I felt sorry for that golf ball. It lay very still and silent at my feet. One side of it appeared to drop in a woe begone manner, but not a word did it speak. I felt ashamed of myself for cursing such a plaintive object. I was not busy that afternoon, in fact, I had been searching for amusement. Apparently it lay at my door and as I was blind or at least unconscious of its presence I had disregarded all its efforts to attract my attention, until in despair the loving little ball had allowed itself to be stepped on. I felt then that the best I could do in return for this thoughtful act was to inspect this worthy piece of rubber.

Although this little golf ball was far from round, it resembled a stone as it had no regular shape, I felt sure that it once had been round. One side had a little shelf on it. The broken bits of coating appeared as dishes upon this shelf. My thoughts ran to the seventh hole that is always played in the tea room. I could hear a broken hearted girl bemoaning the fact that she would have broken her record if she had not "blown up" on number five. It was all because of that slice in her drive when she cut her ball, of that I was positive. How she must have cursed her crooked little friend.

I believe a society should be formed for the promotion of a better will toward golf balls. Poor persecuted pills, they do not enjoy being nicked and cut. It pains them to have such wounds inflicted upon them. No doubt they would feel better if only their owner sympathized with them. But to be mutilated by a person and then sworn at for accepting these bruises must be unbearable.

In like manner these tiny bundles of gutta-percha are degraded for sinking in a creek. Everyone has not learned yet that although a thing may be ninety-nine and forty-four hundredths percent pure, it does not always float. How disconsolate a drowning golf ball must be. As soon as golfers realize that their balls are living objects I believe they will treat them with more respect. It is to promote this feeling of justice among golfers that I propose the formation of the "Society of Better Will Toward Golf Balls."

Read the Linden Bark.

THE WHITE KNIGHT

By Katherine Day

A knight there was in armor white
A milk-white steed did ride
No woman had he touched yet,
Ne'er purer man abide.

There was a nun eek pure and fair
That in a convent dwelled;
No man that looked upon her charms
But soon his heart was felled.

They came on horse from far and near
Her beauties to behold.
But king, or prince, or knight, or knave
His love could not enfold.

For every mass did she attend
Her "Hail to Mary" said
So sweetly that it seemed a song
That one sang to the dead.

Until one eve to Vespers gang
She saw beyond the wall
A knight, his armor shone so bright
A vision seemed withal.

Her prayers by her remained unsaid
As she did watch him ride,
Until from out her sight he passed,
By the gate she did abide.

But on he rode nor looked around,
And then how she did sigh.
He was the first of any man
Her charms to pass them by.

Although a nun her vows has said
A maid's a maid alway
And on a man may think perhaps,
When a knight rides by some day

"Oh me! Oh my! What have I done
To think on man this way?
Now to Saint Mary will I pray
And gain eternal bliss."

Back to her prayers and books she went

This nun so pure and fair
And every morning out she went
A basket did she bear.

She was the one the higher nun
Did trust above them all
To gang to shames and feed the poor

Who from the grace did fall.

One morn when through the shames she gang
And heard the small bird's songe
And paid no heed that all about
There seemed to be some wrong.

Until about her did there draw
Ten men in clothes of black
Their looks so bold and words so coarse
In cell she wished her back.

Around and 'round they rode so close
That for her life she feared.
She ran, and called, and pled, and

screamed
And yet it seemed none heard.

Woe to a nun so good and fair
Who walks in shames alone.
The chiefest of them, big and black
His right hand bore a bone.

Right to her side did draw him near
He was an awful sight!
She screamed; at last an answer
came
And lo! it was the knight.

For in their midst there rode the
knight
In shining armor white.
Who an the men in clothes of black
Did hurl himself with might.

'Till eight black men fell dead ere
long
And two were wounded sair.
Their blood upon the grass did
flow,
'Twas more than she could bear.

Then to the nun who swooning
lay
Upon the grass all green
Into his arms he folded her,
Such beauty man ne'er seen.

Onto his horse he got him then,
So slowly did he ride
That not a time her eyes did ope
As rode she by his side.

So pure a knight there never was
Who can a maiden hold
That in his hands is powerless
And he not be too bold.

Scarce dared he look upon her
charms
So pure a knight was he.
The woman first beloved by him
A sacred nun was she.

When to the convent gate they
drew
She moved, but ah so slight
A sigh she heaved, as if content
In his arms to lie 'till night.

Her eyelids rose and showed the blue
All guarded by black lashes.
And into his did gaze just once.
A shiver o'er her passes.

For he's a knight, and she's a nun
She never can be wed
So to the convent back they ride
He wished that he were dead.

He let her down beside the gate
No word for him she spake
But only as he rode away
Her prayer beads did she brake.

And in his hand she pressed her gift
Her sign of thanks to him
And watched the knight ride o'er
the hill
And then the sun grew dim.

Alpha Sigma Tau held its formal
pledging of the seventeen new members
in the Y. W. parlors at six forty-five,
Thursday, February 24.

VOCATIONAL EXPERT HEARS GIRLS' HEART SECRETS

Miss Florence B. Jackson of Boston, Mass., paid her customary annual visit to Lindenwood not so long ago, to hold her conference with the Sophomores. Miss Jackson is said to know intimately more different types of girls than any other woman in the country and is justified in knowing that the modern girl needs an aim in life. That is what she is doing. Helping girls who do not know what the future holds for them. This year Miss Jackson had questionnaires all made out for the girls. She used these in her interviews and they helped to settle the unsettled in a lot of girls' minds. They concerned what the girl herself was most interested in and from that the inquirer got an idea of the talents of each one. Many, after their interviews with Miss Jackson said that they felt like the "conceitedest" of conceits, for they did nothing but praise themselves the whole time.

Even on the subject of marriage Miss Jackson was well versed. She told Margaret Madden, who you all know of course is taking the final step, just how to tend to her household duties in a systematic manner. We'll just see how Margaret manages her house. Others were interested in Interior Decorating, Journalism, Teaching, Music, and one girl, it is understood, is to travel for a year in Italy and then marry. Do you suppose it will be an Italian Count or some such? From reports heard before this interview, the said young Lady had no intentions of marriage.

However Miss Jackson helped many of the girls and after they are settled in later life they will probably be thankful for the few minutes that this wonderful woman gave them of her valuable time.

THE LADY OF YESTER- DAY AND TODAY.

By Eugenia Pearson

In those old crinoline days, my lady
fair
With dainty steps her promenade began
Each day attired in heavy satins rare,
In figured silks or costly brocades
grand:
Her pantalettes, all lacy frilled did peep
Beneath a skirt, so ruffled and so
round:
Her lovely locks all powdered white
did creep
In curls about a shoulder soft as dawn.
Today, my fair lady no hoops will
wear,
Her skimpy skirts are very short I vow.
No mincing steps takes she about the
square,
At fifty per she drives an auto now:
Her curls on longer rests on shoulders
white,
They fall into her eyes and mar her
sight.

THE CRUEL LOVER

By Laura Decker

The fair Elaine she was betrothed
To Robert, Sir Hugh's choice.
She loved him not, but helpless was
And could not lift her voice.

The minstrels sang, the jugglers
played
The flames they cracked and roared;
The cold north wind beat round the
walls:
'Twas time for joust with sword.

At half past seven o'clock
A knight in armor bright
Stalked in the hall, approached Sir
Hugh,
And challenged him to fight.

"What is your name, and whence
you come?"
The cruel baron said.
"And why come you into my hall
To eat my meat and bread?"

"My name, Sir Knight, means
nought to you,
But to thy daughter dear
It may mean more than life itself,
Now come! Why dost thou fear?"

The sabers clashed, their echoes
rang
To every nook and wall.
The damsels screamed, and fair
Elaine
Seemed tottering thru all.

And then at last the brave Sir Hugh
Fell wounded in the fray.
'I yield myself to thee strange Sir.'
And then he passed away.

"O cruel knight" fair Elaine creed,
"Why didst thou do this deed?"
"To save my love," he then replied
"I am Sir John indeed."

The fair Elaine was full of wrath
And offered him some wine.
A deadly poison put therein
Would kill him in his prime.

She then approached her lover
knight
And handed him the cup.
He smiled and bowed, and kissed her
hand.
But woe, he took a sup.

He fell, a heap upon the floor,
Succumbed with many a groan.
The maiden fair for love of him
Gave, in her grief a moan.

She said, "Farewell!" to those about
Scarce had the word been given
Than to her lips she raised the cup
She joined Sir John in heaven.

In churchyard green beneath the
trees
The two were duly laid.
They slept in peace, in troubled
times,
In quiet and in shade.

Read the Linden Bark.

"MAY QUEEN"

(Continued From Page 1, Col. 1)

what Miss Jackson might say to the contrary.

The candidates must all be members in full standing, of their respective classes and the Queen and her Maid of Honor must have been here two years. One of the most important things is grades, for no student could be a representative of her class and not have scholastic standing, so an M average is required. Loyalty to the standards of the school is another most necessary clause.

The outcome of the elections will be kept a secret by Mrs. Roemer until March 11, when Lindenwood will know who are the prettiest girls of its Centennial year.

"YESTER YEAR"

(Continued From Page 1, Col. 2)

M. Larned, of Des Moines, Iowa.

In 1917, Lucile Roberts, now Mrs. Earl Grey, Ardmore, Okla., graced the Queen's Court.

Pauline Hart, now Mrs. Donald Best, Quincy, Ill., reigned over the Royal Court, in 1918.

Dorothy Jones in 1919, was the first blonde who had ever been chosen Queen. She is now with the reference department of the Globe-Democrat, St. Louis, Mo.

Katherine Lade, now Mrs. James A. Mundie, Kansas City, Mo., was Queen in 1920.

Florence Bartz, May Queen of 1921, is in St. Joseph, Mo. doing educational work.

Gladys Carnahan was the lovely Queen in 1922. She is now Mrs. Jack Crandall of Dallas, Texas.

Lois Luckhart, the Queen of 1923 is in the educational field at Kansas City, Mo.

Katherine Yount of Cape Girardeau, was a very striking Queen in 1924.

Sara Shomberg, of 1925, is the second Queen who has been a blonde. She is now living in Philadelphia, Penn., at work in connection with the University of Pennsylvania.

Ida Hoeflin was the beautiful Queen of 1926. She is now in New York City, N. Y.

Everyone is looking forward to the Queen's Court this Centennial year. It will be one of extreme beauty and one with an elaborate setting.

FRENCH CLUB EXPRESSES APPRECIATION

February 25, 1927

The Linden Bark:

The French Club wishes to express to the Linden Bark its appreciation of all it did for us to help make our French Play a success. Your aid was greatly appreciated by the Club and its Sponsor.

(Signed):
Secretary of French Club.

UPPER CLASSES GIVE PARTY ON WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

The George Washington Birthday dance, given last Friday night by the three upper classes may be styled as a "huge success". And indeed it was. From the dinner on through the dance—it was enjoyed by every girl. The favors at the dinner were red, white and blue nut cups with small figures of George and Martha Washington in them. The gym, previously decorated by the Sophomores was gaily festooned with red, white and blue streamers and was indeed lovely. During intermission a delightful program was given by members of the Junior class. This was a play portraying the various dances between the years 1827 and 1927. This was planned and arranged by Sue Campbell and directed by Miss Gustavus. The refreshments and favors at the dance were furnished by the Senior class.

Styles as Seen

Pan velvet and taffeta in light colors are popular for evening wear at Lindenwood this gay season although chiffons and black and white are also worn to a large extent. Hose are in light shades and shoes when they are not silver, match the dress. Hair is worn (where it is at all possible) and much ingenuity is shown in the way it is arranged. It is so much easier to turn long hair into short hair than short into long.

At the party Friday night, February 25, several gorgeous dresses appeared. "Trip" wore a lovely light pink panne velvet, "Collins" a beautiful white taffeta with flowered insets of net, Mary Claude came in a handsome pale green panne velvet dress, Betty Densloe in a pale salmon-colored dress, heavily beaded with crystals and pearls, Harriet Liddle in a flame colored chiffon and Lorraine Word in a blue taffeta with ruffles.

MARS GOVERNS

MARCH OF 1927

March come from the name Mars, the war god. The reason it is called March is because the Italians always started on their war invasions after the hard winter months in the beginning of spring and as this was the season of the year they started they named the time March, meaning war. But it happens with us that this season is usually a very blustery, war-like time in the elements, and we notice more than any other month the way it comes in.

The March of 1927 came in like a lion, not with wind but with snow. The campus of Lindenwood was very spectacular. Every thing was beautiful, all covered with a robe of white, and the limbs of the trees bending low with the weight of the snow. In spite of the numerous rifts of snow it seems that spring is now on its way—again.

ORATORY CRITIQUE

(Continued From Page 1, Col. 3)

forgets the date of the play, and dresses for the play which is to be given the next night. She is just the woman whom we have all met in time. Pauline was so good in the parts that one would have thought that she really intended going to the play.

Adria Spielberger ended the hour with, "In the Garden" by Dorothy Donnelly. The play was a challenge to class distinctions, spoken through the old language of love. That same sad story of a king's life belonging to his people, and none of his own affections can be regarded because of his duties to the state. Adria was master of the characters, and the scenes of the play were pictured as natural as if they were visible.

DEAN GIPSON LIKES DALLAS "SUNNY SOUTH" FOR SPRING

Dr. Alice E. Gipson returned from her trip to Texas marvelling at the many signs of spring in the "Sunny South". Dr. Gipson left here on Wednesday, February 23 and as she did not arrive in Dallas until noon of the following day she had all morning to gaze out of the Pullman windows and see the green trees and grass, and the flowers in full bloom.

In Dallas Dean Gipson attended the meetings of several hundred deans from all over the country. Hotel Baker was the headquarters for the convention. While the meetings kept her very busy she found time to have lunch with Miss Ruth Murray, a former Lindenwood girl, but she didn't have a chance to meet with the Texas Lindenwood Club. Dr. Gipson also went riding with Miss Gustavus' family who took her over Dallas and showed her all the beautiful parts of the city. Dean Gipson admired the residence section of Dallas very much. She came back to Lindenwood on Monday, February 28.

FORMER STUDENT HONORED AT ST. LOUIS U. PROM

Virginia Symms, who was formerly a Lindenwood student but is now a senior at Missouri University, was one of the ten maids of honor who represented the various departments of St. Louis University at the "prom" Tuesday night, February 22. She represented the Law School.

Virginia attended Lindenwood in the years 1924 and 1925. She was one of the most brilliant students in the school as well as one of the most popular. She was a member of Alpha Sigma Tau and held many important offices in other campus organizations, the most prominent being the vice-presidency of the Student Board and the presidency of the French Club.



Hello, Yes, this is me. What do I know? Well, I know that everybody on this party-line better hang up if they are afraid to hear about themselves. I haven't had a chance to talk to you for a whole week and you know me AL—I'm Earnest! I sure do know the gore. Some little girls around here have been losing their hearts to people not so far away. If I were advising, I'd say not to get in too deep because others have tried and failed. You know some of these young Shieks have been in contact with Lindenwood for several years ye and I are still foot-loose and free, at least so far as the public knows. Anyway if I could rate a good Sunday dinner, Boy you wouldn't find me refusing it by any manner of means.

Say, did you see those Arkansas stairsteps start off to town Tuesday? They looked like the original Apache Triplets going down to give the "Jellies" of St. Charles a treat. And while I'm on the subject of those three, Pinkey better watch her step. You know my ramblings aren't confined just to the Lindenwood Campus, altho' I am the "Purp" for that instiution. Wow! My ear hurts, Guess she slammed the receiver down on that one.

That same afternoon that Pepperdine or Hoover fellow (don't know which it is) was out there taking pictures of girls on Sibley steps. Pepperdine seems to see the most of him, but I wonder which he sees the most of. What? No I'm not through yet. I must tell you about the huge time Betty and Beth Campbell had at Betty's house. From all reports they must have had a riding time. And so forth and so on. And all the time Marion Saleeba doesn't get her poem printed after all. Too bad for such talent to go to waste just because it's against the policy of the paper. She said she'd be furious. I'm so disappointed because I had counted so much seeing her in a frenzy.

If you remember correctly we had apple pie and cheese for dinner one night last week. But there were a lot of girls who got left out on the cheese part. Not because they weren't given any however, but because they took it home to catch the mice with it. Not a bad idea! And how did they know we had cheese for dinner? They didn't, but you know that great minds run in the same channel and all that rot.

Such noises as I've been hearing issuing from the Auditorium lately. But it is just those Athletic girls who are getting ready to do their stuff in

there pretty soon. They're going to show us just how athletic they really are. Some of us will be surprised I bet. But that's all right, I bet we will just about fall dead when Francis Stumberg comes out dressed as a big old grizzly wolf. OOOHHH!!!!!!

And all the time Susie thought she had been a bad girl. Either that or she wasn't going to get that part in the musical Comedy. It would have been awful if that was so, but that wasn't it at all. It was just a big old surprise party and her gang had to get her to the Tea Room some way. That was just a stall. But anyhow it was sure a good one. And she fell for it hard. Maybe she thought that she had been a bad girl. Suppose?

Sol!! We have a Mrs. Ritz in our midst, and it's not one of the ity-its either. It is just our little Peggy, who is going to New York for a week end. But it does seem like that's a mighty big place for just an OMAHAIAN to go. However Henry is going to meet her, so it won't be so dangerous. Be careful Peggy and don't do anything that I wouldn't do.

Even if it does give you pretty wide margin

I'm With You

and being Queene of the May Mother
Tra La Bow Wow!!

STRAND THEATRE

WEDNESDAY

"Stella Dallis"

THURSDAY

'Just Another Blonde'

FRI. NIGHT—SAT. MATINEE

Billie Dove

in

"The Sensation Seekers"

also

"The Great Collegians"

SATURDAY NIGHT

Mae Murray

in

"Valencia"



Q.—Is the Sistine Madonna in the Sistine Chapel?

A.—No, the Sistine Madonna is in the Dresden Gallery. It was painted by Raphael as an altar piece for the church of San Sisto at Piacenza in northern Italy.

Q.—When is the Vernal Equinox?

A.—The Vernal Equinox is on March 21 and marks the beginning of spring. The time when the day and night are the same length, the sun being at the equator, is called the equinox. The equinox comes twice a year, on March 21, and on September 23, the latter usually regarded as the commencement of autumn. At the equator there is no inequality of days and nights.

Q.—Where is the Spanish Main?

A.—The Spanish Main was the name given to the coasts of the Spanish colonies bordering on the Caribbean Sea in the good old days of yore when pirates bold roamed the high seas in search of gold.

Q.—Where is the famed Mason and Dixon's line?

A.—Mason and Dixon's line is the boundary line between the States of Maryland and Pennsylvania as surveyed by two Englishmen, Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon, in 1763-67. Prior to the Civil War this boundary was accepted as a dividing line between the free and slave states.

Q.—Why are Leghorn hats so named?

A.—Hats made of plaited straw of a certain variety of wheat are called Leghorn hats because this straw is grown around and is one of the chief exports of the city of Leghorn in Tuscany, Italy.

Q.—Will Anton Lang take the part of the Christus in the Passion Play at Oberammergau in 1930?

A.—Anton Lang says that, although he will take a part in the presentation, he will not take the character of the Christus but will make way for a young man.

THE WEEK-END AT LINDENWOOD

Miss Helen James, student at M. U. spent the week-end with Betty Birch.

Frances Stone had as her guest over the week-end, Miss Louise Knowlton of Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Miss Agnes King of Little Rock, Arkansas, was the week-end guest of Betty Cooper.

Read the Linden Bark.