

LINDEN BARK

Vol. 3.—No. 23.

Lindenwood College, St. Charles Mo., Tuesday, April 12, 1927.

Price 5c.

DR. W. W. ELLSWORTH LECTURES AT LINDENWOOD

Inspires Would-Be Writers to "Do Big Things"

Dr. W. W. Ellsworth of New Hartford, Conn., was a most welcome guest at Lindenwood on March, 24th. He was at one time, president of Scribners Publishing Company and is now lecturing in different colleges and universities throughout the country giving interesting and inspiring talks on the art of writing and of authors, old and new. His personality is most charming and his lectures so witty, intellectual, and educational that all of the girls felt as if they could honestly do big things after hearing this elevating speaker.

His subject at the eleven o'clock chapel in Roemer Auditorium was, "The Joy of writing". He started by saying that he was a publisher, not a writer although one can be both. But he was discouraged when quite young and had never tried to write since. However everyone should try to write and "create what gives pleasure to others". He said that the average age for the prose writer was 30 years and the poet 25 years and so anyone who has any talent what-so-ever should start early and do the very best he can.

Dr. Ellsworth said that James T. Field helped him a great deal by lecturing on books and their authors. He lectured when the Lyceum first started and was so popular, as "popular as the movies are today" and we daresay much more beneficial. The speaker told of experiences that he has had with the great authors of the present day. He said once before Robert Louis Stevenson became famous that he called at the publishers' office and wanted to sell some of his stories, but he was asked, as everyone else would have been, to leave his work. Now, of course, he is spoken of as a genius. In Stevenson's short life, 44 years, he succeeded in writing 29 books. "We love his memory, not only because he was a noted writer, but because he was so very human. He just used simple words that anyone could use." Dr. Ellsworth went on to say that "anyone can write—every one has to write letters at least and we don't want to write

(Continued on Page 7, Col. 1)

ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT

*Basketball, Baseball, Track Meet
Let's Go*

The Sophomore Basketball team claimed the Roemer tourney cup, again this year. They must win it for their own only once more and then it will become the cup of the class of 1929.

The cup was presented to Captain Wilson at assembly, a few days after the last games of the tournament were played. Miss Eschbach made some additional remarks to those of Dr. Roemer.

The team membership is practically the same personnel that it was last year—Alma Wilson, Garnett Thompson, Jackie Hempelman, Sue Woodruff, Marjorie Bright, Ruth Bullion, Polly Short, Pat Patterson and Mary Tripodi. These girls can certainly make things happen about the neighborhood of that old goal ring. Splendid team work is the thing when combined with speed and accuracy, has brought overwhelming victory to the team for two years in Lindenwood.

It is hoped that next year the upper-classmen will be interested in basketball enough to justify a team from each class. This was suggested this year. More pep and better games have been produced, in spite of the various other activities this year.

Look for the continuous advance-

(Continued on Page 7, Col. 3)

SITTING ON THE INSIDE LOOKING ON THE OUTSIDE

Girls running to make the first class after vacation—hugs and kisses being thrown around promiscuously—"Did you have a good time? Fall in love? Oh! The most heavenly dances!"—Trip running down the hall to welcome the "Scouts"—Rain everywhere and the Southern girls telling about the glorious sunshine they had down in their part of the country—Ruthie Bullion stretching it so far as to say they had to sleep under fans in Arkansas—Everybody settling down once more to hard work—that was the campus after vacation

SENIORS AS DRAMATISTS

*Character Roles Well Sustained
in "Pals First".*

By Frances Stumberg

The Senior play which took place in Roemer Auditorium, Tuesday evening, March 29, was a glorious success. It couldn't help being so with Miss Hutchins directing and such talented cast taking part.

"Pals First" was divided into a prelude and three acts. In the prelude the two pals, Dominie and Danny, were shown just outside the stone wall of an old southern estate. Dominie was all tired out and Danny was trying to comfort him by telling him that he had climbed his last hill. An old negro butler comes out to the gate and recognizes Danny as Marse Dick. The two pals, delighted with this turn of affairs, plan to enter the house, get something to eat, make a clean-up and leave before it is discovered that they are a couple of frauds.

They go in and are greeted by Aunt Caroline, a true old southern ducky who hastens to have a chicken killed for their supper. Danny introduces Dominie as Dr. Blair, a minister. Danny asks questions about the place and finds out almost everything he needs to know concerning various people connected with "his" family. He learns that Harry Chilton, a cousin, is manouvering to get the estate, which by rights belongs to Jean. Harry has taken steps to prove that Dick is dead.

The pals open a little safe in the room and discover a will of Richard Castleman, written in his own hand and autographed but not signed by witnesses. Judge Logan, an old friend of the family comes to see Dick and Dr. Blair. He brings them money. Jean, who has been in love with Dick, comes in and finds him alone. A love scene follows.

When Jean and the judge are gone, Dominie proposes they take the money they have and make their get-away. Danny refuses. They go to bed. Harry Chilton comes in, breaks into the desk drawer where Dick has hidden the money, finds it and keeps it. He burns the will, knowing that since it has had no witnesses it cannot be proved that it ever existed. Dick comes into the

(Continued on Page 7, Col. 2)

Linden Bark

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

Published every Tuesday of the school year. Subscription rate, \$1.00 per year, 5 cents per copy.

MANAGING EDITORS:

Ruth Bullion, '29.
Ayleen Baker, '27.
Martha Buxton, '29.
Dixie Laney, '27.
Bessie McNary, '27.
Catherine Staley, '28.
Frances Stumberg, '28.
Evelyn Teller, '29.
Laura Lee Thomas, '29.
Geraldine Thompson, '28.
Kathryn Walker, '28.

ASSOCIATES:

Peggy Dentse, '29.

TUESDAY, APRIL 12, 1927

The Linden Bark:

"Oh, the lovely fickleness of an April day!"

W. H. Gibson, *Pastoral Days, Spring.*

JEFFERSON'S BIRTH-DAY, FRIDAY

Thomas Jefferson is a man who is especially admired by the people of the South as well as those throughout America and Europe. He was the founder of the Democratic party and was well known in the European political fields. Once he was sent as a minister to France. Then as for democracy, who has ever done more than to invent the Declaration of Independence! If there has ever lived a man who stood for independence, freedom and justice, he certainly is called Thomas Jefferson.

Lindenwood College is especially close to Jefferson for reasons other than his democracy and never-ending Southern interests. He is directly connected with the college and its founders; Maj. Sibley and Col. Easton, who was the father of Mary Easton Sibley. When Jefferson was president of the United States, he appointed Col. Easton Federal Judge. Major Sibley was appointed by Jefferson Commissioner to the Indians. There facts being true, we cannot forget the close ties which bind our college with the great Advocate of Democracy—Thomas Jefferson.

Never will the college, as a unit of the world, succeed in getting away from Jefferson. We remember the Lewis and Clark Expedition which Jefferson sent out, and which explored the territory through this section of the country. A thing which was peculiar at this time, was the evidence of the president's love for the South, West and all the entire nation. He was considered a new type of White House occupant when he went to Washington, but almost all the world joins now in singing of his praises.

Our minds turn to review the greatness of this man of America when

April comes to remind us that it was the fifteenth of this month that Thomas Jefferson came to America to grant it the privileges of Democracy.

BEWARE OF SPRING FEVER!

The state of peoples' minds is often caused by the weather. If the weather is damp, groggy and altogether disagreeable, the state of the girls' minds around here is usually the same way. Some girls wish they were dead, can't see who they were ever put in this world to bear all of its burdens. One would think that they were the only ones that have troubles! But it is just because the weather is such that it brings out this state of their minds. Again, if the weather is bright and sunshiny, full of life and the birds and flowers are right there, feeling like they own the world, don't the girls around here feel just like these very birds and flowers? Why I do believe they would give their very soul away, along with all the money they have in the world, which with most of us is precious little. However the very atmosphere just breathes this feeling and it predominates in the minds of those who are usually grouchy at the world and all those having any connections with it. The days when the sun is its brightest and the general weather is the springiest, every one around here has the spring fever. From every corner of the campus come the words, "Gosh! Why do I have to go to school anyway. I'd like it if I could just stay out of doors all the time." Why surely, but after all the work is done and our minds are free from the cares of college life, isn't it lots better to be able to enjoy the joys of the wonderful spring weather when our minds are at rest as far as the hardships of classes are concerned. What a joy it is to be able to drowse over the golf course knocking the "pill" hither and yon!! Call it gambling o'er the green if you like or think of walking to the Eat Shop for a slice of butter, scotch pie. Would the joy be half so great if you knew that a term paper was awaiting your caressing hand on the return trip? So take the advice of one who knows and don't let the weather affect your state of mind any more than can be helped. Spring fever is alright in its place, but for goodness sake keep it in its place. And now that the end of the year is approaching and April is here in all her drippiness, don't let the drippy weather give you the drippy idea that drippy tears are necessary. A person who is able to keep her own state of mind no matter what the weather, is the type of person who gets along the best in this old world. Laugh and smile and it will soon be a habit. People will learn to know you as the girls with the broad smile and the cherry disposition, instead of the girl whose state of mind changes with the weather.

COLLEGE CALENDAR

Tuesday, April 12, 4:45 P. M., Diploma Recital by Helen Roper and Enueva Lynn.

Thursday, April 14, 11 o'clock, Music Recital.

Friday, April 15, Louisiana-Mississippi party.

Saturday, April 16, 8 P. M., KMOX Vesper Choir.

Sunday, April 17, 6:30 P. M., EASTER Service, Dr. Calvin R. Dobson of St. Louis.

CENTENNIAL PRODUCTS COMMIT THEMSELVES

Lindenwood's Centennial Class seems to be pretty well decided as to what they're going to do out in the cruel, cruel world. Of all the professions, teaching is apparently the most popular for there are twelve girls who have decided that the school room may not be such a bad place after all. Mary Louise Blocher, Pauline Davis and Miriam Robinson are all going to aid high school students to answer "Oui" to "Parlez-vous francaise?"

Prespective Home Ec teachers are Agnes Boschert, Loraine Lyster, Bessie McNary and Marjorie Wills.

The history department has three majors, Leona Kramer Ethel Spreckel-meyer and Verna Meyer, who will teacher next year—yes, teach dates. Bertha Pepperdine is going to teach math and Arlie Schnedler, English.

The business world has only one representative, Jimmie Baysinger, who will do some kind of office work. Going from the office, to the home Annavere Brookshire, Elizabeth Goode, Edna Mae Stubbins and our May Queen, Peggy McNee, say that they will remain at home for a change. It's whispered that it may be a home of their own in some cases, but they won't admit it.

Several of the seniors are undecided. "Teddy" Dunseth and Mary Margaret Ransom can't pick out what future will be the most interesting and are waiting for something to happen to decide. Dixie Laney will teach history if she doesn't go into journalism, which appeals to her very much. Marguerite Tainter will either teach Home Ec or do demonstration work as she did last summer.

Three of the class of 1927 have decided definitely to go on with their studies. "Pat" Baker is going to work for her M. A. at Texas University, and Ethel Landreth will do her work at Nebraska U. Lavena Morrison the only girl in the class who is majoring in music, will go on with her study, probably returning to John Thompson in Kansas City.

Last but not least are the girls who are going to be married. Anna Lois Mitchell's wedding will take place some time in the early fall. "Did" Hoover, Delta Neuman and "Hap" Barkley are all going to take the fatal step soon after New Years, since it's their last chance till another leap year, in 1932.

TO MY DAD

By Evelyn Teller

My Daddy love, I take my pen in hand
A verse to write to you, the very best
Of fathers throughout all this blessed
land.

A fonder parent who excels the rest
As you are always jolly, merry, gay,
Because of this I think of you, my own
When even things are very sad and
gray.

The dearest pal that I have ever known
A patient pal when little things go
wrong

A winsome pal, and truly sweet and
kind

A pal to help his pals as best along
And each of days new charms in you
I find,

And year by year you always grow
more near,

For Daddy, you are pal and friend, my
dear.

MISS PEPYS' DIARY

By Mary E. Merrill

February 18, 1683.

Whilst my roommate and I were
sitting quietly over a morning beaker
of water which we take religiously to
preserve the fair skin, she did suddenly
bethink herself of a desire for eat-
ing, and nought would do but she
drag me up to the tea room for a
bite. Methinks it a most unseemly
place, there being ketchup spots on
tables, but my will is not my own,
plorable, but my will is not my own.

Our order long in coming for that
Marie's preoccupation with the news
account of a new beverage called tea
had caused her to burn three consign-
ments of toast. Sat there sometime,
much interested in the patrons who
came and went, and in speculating as
to how they looked and acted when
they were at home. Neverthe-
less, I was at some pains to
force down the pickles of which
I am ordinarily so fond. I do
believe that if whoever put up the
pickles were given suitable publicity,
she would become as rich as the old
lady who capitalized her peach jam re-
cipe. My appetite, capricious as it is
always when I am idle unduly, I did
summon Marie to inquire if she
could assemble a frankfurter and roll
exactly as they are served from the
caravansaries, but she did skillfully per-
suade me into having turtle soup,
carried shrimps, and green salad with
the special sauce of legumes with but-
ter. Lord! I do hope that the fault lay
not in me, and that I am not becoming
blase and sated with what life offers,
nor do I think that can be the case
when I do still get all a-twitter over a
box of popcorn or an unexpected
package, and even so commonplace an
edible as mushrooms are always a little
exciting to me when I come upon
them in sauce. But such an unholy

distaste this tearoom does raise in me
that my gall does make me ill. There
being no glass for water, my roommate
did seize from among the soiled cups
upon the table and rinse it with warm
water from a queer faucet marked ice
water, and then did quaff four beakers
in swift succession, until I was cer-
tain that the heart that pants for cool-
ing streams could have naught upon
her. Meantime the conversation did
revert to the pronunciation of 'cocaine'
from which my roommate did emerge
saying 'My head is bloody but unbowed,'
when she really should have said
'my head' is bony but unbowed." She
will never admit herself to be
wrong on such points. Thank heaven,
however, that there are a few un-
sophisticates left: forasmuch it is
genuinely refreshing to break occasion-
ally with persons who have never
drunk tea. A poor wretch at a further
table did punctuate my conversation
with passages from a French novel and
I was at some pains not to speak
sharply to her. Reading aloud a for-
eign language to an unreceptive ear
should be, methinks, one of the lead-
ing grounds for personal warfare.

Having eaten more than is good for
my heart, we did pay the inevitable
check and thence home.

"L'anima mia gustava di quel cibo
Che sazeando di se, di se s'assetta."

Dante Purgatorio XXXI P. 128.

ROSE PETALS

By Mary Tripodi

The snowflakes as they drift down
from the sky

Bring mem'ries of that rose he gave
to me;

Its petals pressed bring teardrops to
my eye

For once they were as white as white
could be;

The snowflakes now are white as
foam at sea.

My rose has turned a hue as black as
night

There's not another person just like
me

Who'd keep between some pages hid
from sight

Those lovely petals that I loved with
all my might.

FORTY-FIVE ART-LOVERS

Another of the interesting and in-
structive trips to the St. Louis Art
Museum, which Miss Alice Linne-
mann conducts, was taken Saturday,
March 26, by about forty-five girls.
The party was primarily planned to
see a special exhibition of works by an
American artist, George W. Bellows,
who died last year. There were also
some lovely batiks, which the girls
appreciated very much.

Read the Linden Bark.

AUTUMN AND SPRING

By Laura Lee Thomas

When Autumn, with its golden leaves
so gay

In colors rich and full of harmony,
Doth come to rob the trees in one short
day,

Then know that now's the time Pro-
serpine,

Who true to oath her marriag vow to
keep,

Into the murky realm of Pluto's rule
Descends, her six month's gloomy
reign to meet

Which snatches from deserted Earth
her jewel.

But when the Spring, that maid of
laughing lips,

Who gayly lithesome Cybele adorns,
Comes rushing o'er the green her feet
to dip

In sparkling crystal dew of early morn,
Then know that heralded by this joy-
ful whirl

Proserpine returns from Pluto's world.

LAUGHTER

By F. Tanner

The dictionary defines laughter as
"the movement of the muscles of the
face, specially of the lips, with inter-
rupted (often noisy) expulsions of
air from the lungs, indicating merr-
iment, satisfaction, or derision." Of all
that lengthy sentence, the last few
words give away the true essentials. If
you do not believe it, just try stretch-
ing your mouth to its limit of line and
emitting a few husky or noisy
breaths. There must be something be-
hind the laugh to goad it forward;
or something all around it for it to
gather material from. But the rarest
laugh is the laugh with something in
it. This laugh supports its parents
by its nature—parents who temper
its quality, who invoke its best and
control its worst. This true-ringing
laugh is the real laugh.

Laughter may be analyzed and
classified as types of people or species
of flowers are classified. Pure laugh-
ter is the essence of happiness. Loud,
boisterous laughter is the tale-bearer of
ill breeding. Harsh laughter is the
discord of cynicism. Soft laughter is
the fragrance of a beautiful life.

Cultivated laughter is the defense of
a dull existence. Joyous, heart-lifting
laughter is the overflow of an exalted
nature.

THOUGHTS OF YOU

By Florence Ziegler

You are the only object of my dreams,
I see you pass before me day and night,
E'en splendor such as that of king and
queen

Is not to me near half so much delight
As just the thought of your bright
beaming smile

Which I am wont to know where'er
I be;
So can you not return my love now
while
We are left here together, you with
me?
For if one day we part in this world
wide
And I no more your grandeur can be-
hold,
Then will I joy to in my bosom hide
Your tender words as dear to me as
gold.
Yet if for me you've naught but
harshest words,
Mine ear will think it sweetest ever
heard.

VISIT TO LONDON BY LITERARY LIGHT

Dr. W. W. Ellsworth through his illustrated lecture on Shakespeare and Old London, which he gave so interestingly on Thursday evening, March 24, gave all those who heard him a most vivid picture of London during the Elizabethan period, and above all an unforgettable word portrait of the greatest of all writers, William Shakespeare. According to Dr. Ellsworth theories that there was no such a man as Shakespeare have been discredited by literary authorities. True, little is known of this most remarkable personage as far as his inner life goes, but something is known of his material existence. The number of Shakespearean books printed is little less than that of the Bible, besides Dr. Ellsworth stated there are 48,000 articles written about Shakespeare or his works.

Shakespeare was a born poet, a man who developed a desire. He had little or no education as is shown in many of his plays that are historically incorrect. He went to school near his home at Stratford, and later taught school for a short while. He married at an early age and went to London.

Through the colored slides and the word descriptions of Dr. Ellsworth the audience gained a very good idea of London during the life of Shakespeare. Old London with its walls, palaces, squares, churches, statues and inns, London as Shakespeare saw it. The Globe Theater, as well as all the other old theaters were outside of the city limits, so whenever Shakespeare wished to go to the Globe he was forced to go across London bridge, or to take a boat across the Thames. On his way he would pass the inn where he was accustomed to stop after the theater to talk with his colleagues. There was also a picture of "Bear Garden", the "Coney Island" of Shakespeare's day, and a picture of Scotland Yard, famous throughout the world today, as the home of the English police, and in Elizabeth's day the site of many fine palaces. Pictures of the old Shakespearean theaters emphasize the fact that the players of that

day played under peculiar and extreme difficulties. The Inns themselves were so built that they served as a theater, while the actors in all plays were always men.

London during the lifetime of Shakespeare was a city of lively interest, a city of great palaces, immense churches, impressive convents, busy inns, pretty gardens, and narrow streets, a London that had almost the same spirit as it has today.

WHEN DAY SLIPS FROM EARTH

By Garnette Thompson

When day slips from the earth and
bids adieu
The haunts she once allowed her hours
to roam;
When twilight dies and angels heaven
strew
With crystal stars to light God's low
black dome.
When light and every joy that smiled
with morn
Forsaketh me as all the dead world
sleeps
While hours, grief dimmed, mourn
this world of scorn
And dew tears fall askance as nature
sleeps
The mid these sorrows shown around
night's throne
I think of thee and weep again my loss
As heaven moans the dear young days
now flown
My heart lies in your grave all grown
with moss
Your friendship came and left un-
sought, for God,
Commanded both the ways that we
once trod.

AFTER I AM GONE

By Margaret Keesor

When I from this fair world am dead
and gone,
Let me be laid to wait for Gabriel's
horn
Beneath the cherry blossoms of Japan,
And may I ask that no one for me
mourn.
Remember me for the things of this
earth,
And may they be good things you call
to mind,
When all alone you may sit by your
hearth
And think of the things that are all
behind.
By not a sound from your lips did I
hear
By not a tear on your cheek, loved by
me,
Your love has been proved and I'll
ne'er have fear,
That your dear love for me will ever
be
A part of us, both through our trials
or tears,
When together we pass throughout
the years.

READ THE BARK.

JOURNEY OF LIFE

By George Evelyn Cone

My mind moves back to movements
long since past;
I see myself a tiny tot once more,
But Father Time has drawn the years
so fast,
That I have passed by blind through
childhood's door,
I now recall the things I used to do;
I played the hours away without a care
I never once was lonely, sad or blue,
For life was then perfect as jewels
rare.
I now am thinking of the years of
strife,
And how to live to make my life
worth while,
For I have passed the easy stage of life
And must build strong my journey
every mile.
I want to work to leave behind my
mark
So I will on progress' shore embark.

LOVE E'EN IN DEATH

By Marie Finkleskein

I care not if you tire and turn away,
For how could I e'er hope to hold thee
long
Or think your life's wild paeon e'er to
stay,
For I'm the echo, you the living song;
I do not weep to think that you would
go,
I do not moan the loss I feel,
I laugh—for if the gods would have
it so,
I could not force their once enforced
seal.
When I speak thus, unto my heart I
lie,
The dying soul within me do I kill,
And slay the proud shy self which
once was I;
But ev'n in death I swear I love thee
still.
For one wee smile I now would give
my soul,
Oh why, cruel maiden, need you be
so cold?

EVERYTHING TO THEE

By Helen Cutler

The moon, the stars, all happiness and
love,
The rain, the snow, all sorrows deep
and sore
The open fields furrowed, but loved
still more
Are trees magnificent with fairy love,
To shelter and embrace all birds that
hove,
And slinking beasts that hide, and
e'en the dove
Shall find content and peace the winter
o'er,
As we, eternal rest from Him who bore
Great pain, the blessed Son of Him
above.
Thus man and nature owe their deity,

All reverence, true honor, and respect;
The joys of life come as a call to me
To live more fully the high road select.
The whole world stands beautifully
carved from time,
The Maker may He have a hand in
mine.

LEGS

By Estelle Engel

An old German quotation says
"Better a leg broken than the neck".
I fear that I value legs more than necks.
Patient reader, I am sure you will
coincide with me after you have read
of the miracles that these body organs
perform, and of their great diversity.

Legs which are straight and long,
short and fat, thread-like and narrow,
curved and crooked, portray individual
characteristics of the human race. The
athlete has a strong bronzed leg; the
dancer has a muscular limb; the singer
supports herself on thin bird-like legs;
the old maid possesses skinny and
scrawny limbs; the aristocrat boasts of
a thin and narrow ankle. In describing
a beautiful woman, Ben Johnson said,
"Her treading would not bend a blade
of grass, or shake the downy blow-
ball from his stalk." This lovely lady
was obviously the owner of a wonder-
ful pair of lower extremities.

The modiste, in these modern days,
spends as much time designing a pair
of hose to clothe feminine limbs as
she does in planning an evening frock.
Yet our eyes must suffer from looking
at hose with vertical and horizontal
stripes with diamonds, checks, and cir-
cles for designs. The Sunday news-
paper tells of the various colored hose
which are to be worn next season.
Some of the most recent additions to
the collections of colors are beige, nude
neutral, gun-metal, mauve, and flesh.
The manufacturer is kept busy search-
ing for different dyes, and names.

Thousands of books have been writ-
ten and dedicated to modern inventions
and the part they play in making the
world a paradise. But few authors re-
alize the romance connected with the
invention of legs. The Superior Being
must have early foreseen the necessity
of these body organs which act as an
ever ready vehicle to carry us to almost
all parts of the universe. Skid chains,
wheels, brakes, axles, tires, gasoline and
electricity are all unnecessary for the
locomotion of legs. Is it not wonder-
ful to have the power of walking at a
certain rate of speed without having
a traffic policeman take us to jail for
violating speed laws? Have you ever
heard of an accident which occurred
because of legs running into one an-
other? Do we not astonish ourselves
when we think of the many interesting
scenes our legs have carried us to? Oh!
legs, styles may come and styles may
go, but you go on forever!

Read the Linden Bark.

LASTING LOVE

By Elizabeth McClintock

Softly as the mystic garments of night,
Love came to me in silence, drooping
low,
Not with the joy, nor with the same
glad light,
But as the stars, clouded did fail to
glow.
It hid itself as in a Paradise
And cried in grief and woe, but soon
was still;
As the calm stars of love and rest doth
rise,
And with a lonely and silent light doth
fill
The hearts with peace—just so this
one by fate
Is full of joy and freed of long dis-
tress,
Has learned indeed to smile and wait,
At length uplooking from its peace of
rest,
Utters a prayer for love so diivne,
That tried by stern sorrow can last
thru time.

PUBLISHED IN PENITENTIARY

"Agenda" is a most interesting
magazine, not only because of the en-
joyable and educational articles, but
because it is published by the Wash-
ington State Penitentiary at Walla Walla.
This state prison is noted for trying
to make its inmates improve instead
of becoming bitter to the world and
this magazine is surely helping in an
intellectual way.

The opening article is, "Crime and
the Alarmist," by Clarence Darrow.
He gives an unbiased conclusion as to
the facts in regard to the so-called, and
after the facts are known, the mis-
called Crime Waves. He deals with
the subject without malice to any and
without fear or favor, clearly and fair-
ly stating the facts as he sees them.
The author says, "Alarmist also for-
get that the number of violators of
law has something to do with the
number of laws. Every new Statute
brings a new gist of crime".

There is a very pretty poem by
Emil Carlin Forbes called "The Con-
queror." It says that it is easy to
laugh when the skies are blue and
everything seems to be as you want
it, but it is the conqueror who can
laugh in the face of defeat. There is
also a short story with the title,
"Nothing New" that wants to prove
that after a man has been in prison, it
is very hard for him to be recognized
as on the level with other men.

But one of the very best articles is
on "Capital Punishment" by D. S. N.
number 11131. It is clearly a con-
vict's point of view and he gives good
arguments and proves his ideas ex-
ceptionally well. He does not believe
in capital punishment and says that
society has very little justification for

the death penalty. He ends by saying,
"Brutal punishment contaminates
humanity, which in its turn produces
criminals in great numbers, furnishing
a new grist for the mills of the law to
work upon, and pseudo reformers
to weep tears of sympathy over."

There is also a page of jokes heard
in the yard and a page on sports of all
sorts. And the last page is called,
"Chapel Notes" and deals with differ-
ent religions.

MEMORIES

By Mary Barrett

As I sit dreaming by the dying fire
The fleeting mem'ries dance before my
eyes.
T'is come, 'tis gone, the music of a
lyre
The same is true of life, so full of
sighs.
The brook goes dancing gayly on its
way;
How like our youth today, but not
tomorrow;
Today we laugh and sing and are so
gay
Then on the morrow mem'ries we bor-
row.
The spring comes with her greenness
everywhere
And as we live we're welcomed as the
spring;
But autumn steals the green and leaves
things bare,
Our youth soon fades and we no longer
sing.
And so is life this way; we come, we're
gay
But very soon does death snatch us
away.

ON A DREAM LADY

By Marjorie Bright

How often do we sit and wail anew
Old woes which time to us has cast.
'Tis best my friend, the while to think
on you.
All things unpleasant now consider
past.
Now can I muse on blessings all the
day,
Be thankful for my gift beyond com-
pare.
My lady love who drives my cares
away.
She has brown eyes. She is so very
fair!
In days gone by I learned to love her
true,
I dream of her; I wish t'would never
end.
The happy hours, the precious
moments, too,
The days of love, that I with her did
spend.
'Twill be so sad when I from her must
part,
For always, she shall be first in my
heart.

READ THE BARK.

COMING OF NIGHT

By Mildred Stoecker

And now the sky gives signs of passing day;
 Afar the sun is sinking in the sea
 Above the moon and stars are shining free,
 To light the world beneath with their bright rays,
 We always pray them to prolong their stay
 And turn to white the dark wide spreading lea,
 So linger here and ever more to be,
 A shining, never more to steal away.
 And even now the sky is gathering clouds
 Between the passing day and coming night,
 From out the shadows peep the moon and stars,
 The glittering lights, the clouds with veils do shroud
 Until the heavens are void of sparkling light
 And darkness clads the mountains from afar.

MOURNFUL PARKING GROUND

Sadder even than the story of the missing link is the story of the missing personal possession. That is why the lost and found department in Jubilee is a veritable morgue. A mournful parking ground, that one little drawer and that round pink tin box for the lost and for the found but unclaimed articles that lie there as sad as unknown soldiers. Watches, compacts, fountain pens, handkerchiefs, pin, pearl necklaces of both plebeian and patrician variety, quantities of "other gloves", sad gaunt looking (they haven't been filled for so long), silk scarfs, sweaters, umbrellas, slickers and books, patiently but hopelessly waiting for their respective owners to turn up. And the bulletin board next to the post-office advertises their misery like this:

"LOST! A COMPACT. MUCH NEEDED. RETURN TO JUBILEE IF FOUND."

"LOST! A FRAT PIN!" or (this you can tell is the cry of a frantic owner)

"LOST! A HISTORY or NOTE-BOOK." (less frantic but not less important)

"LOST! MY GLASSES! I can't study without them!" (this usually means I'm not very sorry about it but I guess I'd better find them as soon as possible any way or there will be a big I on my semester card.)

Having deliberated for some time and having argued the question pro and con with great thought, we have at length reached the conclusion that the lost should be found in all cases where it is all possible since we are sure that if we were lost, we would

like to be found and that therefore so would the sad articles lying useless and neglected in the drawer and the box in Jubilee.

MEDITATIONS OF A POET

By Ruth Bullion

I see from out the dark and dreamless night
 A light that gleams from over yonder bill.
 Its hundred brilliant rays of golden light
 This hungry heart of mine with raptures fill.
 At times the denseness of the fog conceals
 The brightness of the glow. The misty gleam
 That's left of golden light to me reveals
 That all is not as hopeless as it seems.
 Just as the dreamless night has golden light
 So has my weary heart found gladdest joy.
 Through all the rain there streams a rainbow bright.
 No more will clouds of black my heart allay.
 Again I've pushed away each gloomy thought
 Filled it with thoughts of finest texture wrought.

LETTER FROM CUPID

Fair Evangel Rivals Mrs. Sibley's "Love" Banner

The Easter vacation seems to have favored Dan Cupid to a delightful degree. He has sent a telegram to Lindenwood stating his results:

"The following Lindenwood girls are the latest victims, with the weddings to take place sometime next fall.

Marguerite McNee, the Centennial Queen, is to become the bride of Birch Zehner. He is now a student in Western Reserve at Cleveland, Ohio. They will make their home in Ohio.

Anna Lois Mitchell will become the bride of Walter Remmers of St. Louis. She is a Senior in the French department. Mr. Remmers is a well-known professor at Washington University.

Peggy Denise will be married to a New Jersey man, Henry Betts. They plan to make their home with friends in the suburbs of New York City. Mr. Betts is a lawyer.

Yours for a prosperous year and a happy Centennial,

Your true Love,
 Dan Cupid.

Read the Linden Bark.

PREVIEW OF CENTENNIAL

What Lindenwood Students From Far and Near Will Witness

By Peggy Denise

Isn't everyone just too thrilled about the Centennial pageant? Every girl will have a part in it. That's something to tell the grandchildren about, for the pageant is really going to be a big event, and all are lucky to get a chance to participate.

Everyone has been wondering who were to impersonate the revered founders of the college. The secret is out. Marion Eldredge will play the part of the pioneer Major, and the charming freshman president, Dorothy Monier, will be "his" wife, Lindenwood's Mary Easton Sibley.

The symbolic theme of the story is the bringing together of Womanhood and Education, and the pageant will trace the development of Lindenwood from the time that it was founded. The first part will show the school in the old days. The audience will see girls arriving in real stage coaches, numerous friendly "Indians", an examination during the early days, girls in the uniforms required in 1856, and some stirring scene from the Civil War period.

The "Spirit of the Future", who will be Ida Hayes, will then show Major and Mrs. Sibley the college in one hundred years after its founding. Girls representing every department of the college of today will pass before them. In this second part will also come the climax of the performance, the crowning of the May Queen, Marguerite McNee.

Two large choruses and the college orchestra will furnish the music for this mammoth production, which is fitted to the music theme of the "Liebestraum." The costumes promise to be lovely, and the utmost precaution is being taken that they are all perfectly suited to the parts and that they exactly fit the girls for whom they are being made.

Other students who have leading parts in the pageant are Mary Margaret Ransom, who has the role of "The Spirit of Womanhood," Frances Stumberg, who will be "The Spirit of Education," and Betty Birch, "The Spirit of War."

Miss Hutchins wrote this stirring pageant, and it is she who will take complete charge of its production. It will be a gigantic task, but Miss Hutchins is without doubt capable of it and will make it a wonderful success. She cannot make it so, however, without the cooperation of the entire school. So let everyone get behind her, one hundred per cent, attend practice religiously, be there promptly, and every girl do her part in making this the biggest thing the college has ever known.

DR. ELLSWORTH TALK

(Continued From Page 1, Col. 1)

dumb letters, not even to the folks at home. In Tennyson's Idylls of the Kings, his words were simply combinations of beautiful sounds. The creation of beauty is one of the big points of writing". He said that Mark Twain had a remarkable imagination, "in fact it was so good that it was hard for him to tell a story without exaggeration. Mark Twain when an elderly man said, "when I was a young man, I could remember anything that happened, whether it happened or not, now I can only remember what didn't happen." Dr. Ellsworth said that publishers come in contact with interesting people and get to know them as they really are. He told of experiences with Conan Doyle, Kipling, Jack London and others.

The speaker said that all students should have a taste of good books and magazines, and in this way they begin to notice style and thus develop one of their own. Colleges give an education, but they do not make one a writer and might have a bad effect on the young writers originally. You cannot be taught how to write, you must just write. However, you can be taught form and technique. Journalism is a very good thing and a large number of famous writers started as journalists. A good way to help your self is to write up in good form what happens to you every day. This gives practice as well as style. Reading aloud also helps. Robert Louis Stevenson, in his book, "Learning to Write" said that he always kept two books with him, one to read out of and the other to write in, thus he lived with words and learned to write. And Dr. Ellsworth ended "He had not a lesson in his life and you can at least try."

SPEAKER GUEST OF FACULTY

Dr. Ellsworth was guest at the faculty meeting on Thursday evening, March 24, in the Home Ec. rooms. He spoke of various interesting experiences he had had with certain of the prominent authors and writers of this time. After a very interesting meeting refreshments of strawberry shortcake and coffee were served.

LECTURE ON ADVERTISING

On Thursday, at eleven o'clock, April 21, Miss Frances Kaiman of St. Louis will lecture to the Journalism class on Advertising. Miss Kaiman is at the head of her own advertising agency and as the Journalism department takes up advertising after vacation the students are looking forward to the lecture with much interest. Miss Kaiman has lectured here in the spring term for the past two years.

SENIOR PLAY

(Continued From Page 1, Col. 3)

room and Harry is so surprised to see him that he faints. Dick takes the money and finds the half destroyed will on the hearth. He keeps it.

When they have all left the room the Squirrel comes in. He has been following the pals and is trying to get them to share the profits of this new game with him. He leaves word with the frightened darkies that he will return again in the morning. He does return in the morning and gets them into a mess. He threatens to give them away if they do not give him money. Danny thereupon offers him money. He declares he will not take it, protesting that he couldn't have "snitched" on them anyway. Danny gives him clothes and money and is about to start him on his way when Harry Chilton comes in and hears Squirrel call Dick, Danny Roland. The game is apparently up. Harry telephones for a detective. At the first chance he gets, Danny sits down and reproduces the will, signing it Richard Castleman.

Gordon, a detective, arrives with the Squirrel and is followed a few minutes later by Stivers, another detective, who proves that Danny is not Danny at all, but Dick Castleman. The story then comes out about how Dick in his travels abroad, met up with Danny Roland, a poor crook who had not long to live and who was being hunted down by the police. This man had stolen from Dick his money and his clothes. The whole story is cleared up, to the immense satisfaction of everyone but Chilton. The Squirrel is sent on his way and Dr. Blair is persuaded to stay. They all go out to dinner, Dick escorting Jean, and Dr. Blair with lovely old Aunt Alicia on his arm. They have all decided to remain Pals First.

Dit Hoover and Mary Louise Blocher were particularly suited to play the part of the pals, because they are naturally pals. Mary Louise made a charming old man and Dit quite a handsome hero. Their snappy dialogue was most amusing. At first, one would never have suspected Dit of being Dick, the heir to an immense estate and the lover of the charming Jean (none other than Teddy Dunseth).

Dixey Laney and Elizabeth Goode were simply perfect as the two old darkies, and Aunt Caroline's "Come on heah, niggah!" and Uncle Aleck's "Huh! Come on yuhself!" nearly brought down the house, as did also the scene between Dr. Blair and sweet old deaf Aunt Alicia, who was Pauline Davis and who did look, as Jean said, "like a rare old piece of China," with her lovely white hair and fascinatingly quaint dress.

The detectives Gordon and Stivers

were extremely businesslike and cool. These parts were taken by Edna May Stubbins and Delta Neumann, whose presence of mind was a great relief to the audience for without them the hero might have been taken away to jail and a perfectly good story thereby have been spoilt. Then Annavere Brookshire made an awfully nice old southern gentleman, cool and suave and wonderfully polite. Peggy McNee was quite a handsome villain. One couldn't help admiring her even if she was the villain.

It was almost impossible to see in the Squirrel precise lady-like Mary Margaret Ransom; but it was quite thrilling to see her slink across the stage and then to see her stand up for Dick after all in the end.

Altogether the play was a wonderful success and the school was properly struck by this parting show from the seniors.

ATHLETICS

(Continued From Page 1, Col. 2)

ment of athletics. Isn't it fine to see track running? Lindenwood has some splendid material which will put on a special day for your benefit soon in the spring. A field day is a great thing, and those who are not so new in Lindenwood know how successful these affairs have been known to be. Come on girls and limber up a bit. It will help you, and beyond a doubt it is one of the best things ever prescribed for Spring Fever or the later affects of Spring Vacation. Come out and sample the new field and the country air which is down there for you.

Then keep all eyes opening for the swimming meet. Girls can swim in form with only a few hours devotion. Practice up a little and prepare yourself to get in on the honor in the meet.

Now that the spring season is being far spent, don't forget your first love, basketball. That great game in which "Babe" is the ideal! Those who have not handled the pill under Mr. Motley's management know little of real sport. Come down and help the girls swing the hickory. Mr. Motley makes a grand umpire.

Be athletic, and don't die before you get out of college. A few hours on the field each week are nicer than too many in the tea room or spent in collecting the campus gossip. Lets go.

TRAVELS OF CHOIR

On Sunday, March 27, Lindenwood girls were again invited out, this time to the Oak Hill Presbyterian Church. The people of the congregation showed an appreciation of the choir which they deserve, for their talent and charm is making them well known.

Read the Linden Bark.

The LINDEN BITE

by
The Campus
Hound



Howdy, Folks, and did everybody have a nice Easter Vacation? Well now that's fine and I'm mighty glad. I'm here to tell you I got mighty lonesome hanging around here by myself, without anybody to pick on. However I know the gore, and some of it is left over from before spring vacation, but it just naturally is too good to let go by, no matter how many weeks passed between. If I rake it up, maybe it will bring fond memories to a lot of people around here that think I've forgotten all about accidentally bumping into people in dark rooms. However I haven't and I thought that you'd like to know about it, so that some day when you get as lucky as some of the girls around here with their Bee-u-tiful friendships you can do the same thing. Right here it would be appropriate to tell the persons' names who invented this game, but being as they are good friends of mine I'll refrain this time. They had better thank their lucky stars too, for it's a subject that could be dalt wit a less tender manner, and I won't hide it from the curious public the next time. Just as my friend "Al-Gorey said last week I have a habit of strining people up on the gibbet of sarcasm and I can't afford to not live up to my reputation. Once is enough.

Well leaving the people to their dark rooms, I suppose you too saw the young lady that rated the date before the squawk of dawn the Monday after she had visited in Columbia. Goodness Gracious! Thome people just have all the luck, and he was such a nice looking boy. Come on Marion and let us in on the secret.

One would expect Nicolls to take all the furniture out of a poor girl's room, but when the senior building results to such deeds for their pleasure, I really can't say what I think. Any way it sure was funny and I got a big kick out of it too. Poor old Suzan!! If you just could have seen her going all over the building hunting up her furniture. She said the only thing she minded was that her pet child, the doll was hanging from the light. Well, if she's that good-natured about it, I guess they'll be stripping her room again. But honest, I haven't ever in my life at Lindenwood seen such a bare room. It couldn't have been much barer. Not a thing was left in it, except the dresser. It was a good thing that the lights stay in that building until eleven or I'm afraid that Suzan would have had to sleep on the floor. As it was she set herself to work and

got every thing in place before lights out.

Butler seemed to be on a rampage that night. There even was a man upon the second. Oh! not a real man, but one that could be taken for real any time. It was so realistic that it almost made one poor girl faint. No wonder she had gone down to look for flowers and that is what she found. It was sure one more work of art. Well, I guess that's about all that has happened before and after vacation. I'm expecting things to pick up now and I hope I won't be disappointed, for truly things have been a bit dull. Well, so long so-long.

JUNIOR-SENIOR PROM

FOR LUCKY CLASSES

Dr. and Mrs. Roemer have given their consent to have a Junior-Senior Prom at Lindenwood on April 30. All the students feel that this is quite an honor to have it during the centennial year. This is the first time a prom by the upperclassmen has been given. Everyone is very enthusiastic about this affair and all of the Juniors and Seniors are busy with plans for its development. Each of the seventy upperclassmen will have a gentleman friend out to dinner, and then to a dance to be given in the gym.

Read the Bark

New Strand Theatre

FRI. NIGHT—SAT. MATINEE

ESTHER RALSTON

in

Fashions for Women

(Now at the New Ambassador Theatre St. Louis)

SATURDAY NIGHT

JOHN GILBERT

in

The Show



Q.—How did the Cinderella story originate?

A.—The story of Cinderella has been traced to the account of a young lady named Rhodopis whose sandal was carried by the wind, while she was bathing in the Nile, to the feet of the Egyptian king who offered a reward for the owner. When Rhodopis claimed her sandal the king married her.

Q.—When were envelopes first used?

A.—Envelopes were first used in France during the reign of Louis XIV

Q.—How did the phrase 'Mad as a hatter' originate?

A.—Because a prosperous haberdasher at Chesham prayed behind the counter and in 1651 sold his shop, distributing the money among the poor, he was known as the 'Mad Hatter.' Hence the phrase, 'Mad as a hatter'.

Q.—Why is the number, thirteen, supposed to be unlucky?

A.—The origin of the anathema attached to the number, thirteen, has been traced to Scandinavian mythology, wherein here were twelve demigods until Loki, the sinister, intruded himself, making the unlucky thirteenth.

St. Louis, Mo.
Sometime in March

Dear Owlle:

I takes my pen in hand in response to your fervent appeal for news and much of it, especially of the questionable and answerable kind. Being as I can't think up any questions which you could answer without bringing a libel suit against the Linden Bark I'll just have to tell you a few things—now don't get mad.

'Member when you 'n me used to translate that old guy, Catullus, and how we liked his "Odi et amo"? His Majesty, Henry III of France, must of adopted it as his motto cause he just naturally hated cats so much that he would faint at that sigh of one. I aint stopped yet to figure out what he'd do if he was at Lindenwood and had an overpowering love for dogs.

Hoot, old boy, nearly all the girls left for vacation, didn't they? I heard a policeman in St. Louis complaining the other day because there were so many L. C. girls abroad that he had an awful time with the traffic. Sounds like the tale they tell around Houston, Texas, about the bullfrogs migrating from one swamp to another and causing a traffic jam.

So long,
Saeur Kraut

Yeh—a friend in need—