

LINDEN BARK

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Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Mo., Wednesday, March 3, 1926.

Price 5c

PATRICIA'S DEMAND FOR NICKLES

The Athletic Association play for '26 promises to be the best of all times. With a thoroughly Irish title like "Patricia! How could you?" the curiosity of even the most contained of us is bound to be aroused. The antics of the nouveau-riche, of course, always make an amusing background for any play but when Betty Birch's uncontrollable sense of humor, and other things, get turned loose, there isn't much left to people except to attend said clever presentation and get lined up on this current comedy. The cast is a whiz and it is a safe bet that even the most timid person on the campus will recognize these well known dramatists. The art classes will find here a great deal of useable material in the work of friend Otis as well as in the choruses.

So save your chuckles and borrow the room-mate's bank and come see how Patricia does it on next Friday night.

CIZEK ART EXHIBITION

Lindenwood Girls Enjoy Work of Artist

"How does he do it?" we asked at last, when we had looked at some hundreds of productions of Professor Cizek's pupils, each more delightful and original than the last.

"But he didn't do," protested the guide with a kind of weary pity for our lack of understanding. "He takes off a lid, and other art masters clap a lid on. That is the only difference."

"But they must be shown some things," continued unbelievers. "The technique of so many of these pictures is so marvelous for such young children. Their mistakes in proportion must have been pointed out to them at some time!"

"On the contrary," sighed the guide. "Professor Cizek likes all the disproportions. Children have their own laws which they must needs obey."

People should draw as they feel, thinks this original person.

"But what about nature?" we queried. "Oh, nature, nature," he exclaimed almost angrily. "So it is not enough that 'der lieber Gott' created nature, that man must always try to ape

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SINGING AND DANCES ENHANCE PATRIOTICS

It has been a custom in Lindenwood to celebrate Washington's birthday with a big party. George Washington, the first President of the United States of America, was a great soldier, a great statesman, and a great American; and Lindenwood has long taken this opportunity to honor him, who was first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen. It is also a delightful tradition for the upper classes to give this party for the Faculty and the Freshmen, so on Monday night February 22, everyone gathered in the dining-room, which was patriotically bedecked in flags and red, white, and blue bunting to celebrate the one hundred and twenty-fourth birthday of this great father of our country.

The three upper classes were co-hostesses for the dance. The charming program with its colonial note was planned by the Seniors. The Sophomores dressed the gym in festive attire with a drop ceiling of red, white, and blue streamers, while to the Junior class goes the credit for the refreshing fruit punch and the wands of patriotic hue which were presented to each guest during the grand march by Misses Grace Larson, Peggy McNee, and Virginia Sue Campbell, the respective class presidents.

The dinner served to Lindenwood before the dance, was highly praised by everyone. The dining room was decorated in red, white, and blue. At either end were pictures of George and Martha Washington. Those at the west end were from the home of Mrs. Roemer's' parents.

The faculty was seated at a long table in the center of the dining room. Their table was decorated with flowers and miniature George and Martha Washingtons. The other tables were also arrayed in flowers and small red, white, and blue nut cups.

The dinner was introduced by grape cock-tail. This was followed by creamed chicken on toast, sweet potatoes, salmon croquettes, creamed peas, hot rolls, cherry preserves, olives, radishes, celery. The third course was tomato salad with thousand island dressing. The dessert was Strawberry Whip. A demi-tasse finished the dinner.

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ATHLETES! ANSWER THIS CALL OF THE GYM!

Announcement of the Basket ball practices have been posted and are as follows: Sophomore, Tuesday at 4:45; Freshman, Wednesday 4:45; and Junior-Senior, Thursday 4:45.

Everyone turn out. Give those champs a run for their money. You don't have to be a member of any class: just have that "never say die" spirit and come out to play. If you have ever played, or want to play, come out. The head of Basket ball, Bernice Edwards, wants every single person out. She wants to have two teams out every practice. The only way any one can develop her talent is by practice. Therefore come out, who knows, you may be the undeveloped star Lindenwood has been waiting for, so get ready to give us the shock of our lives. But you ladies must keep your grades up, or good-bye team. It is a rule, you know, that unless your grades are up you can not play so KEEP your grades UP.

The prospects are bright, and from all indications it will be one battle royal for the championship, with the decision in doubt until the very last minute. So come out, everyone, and make this year the best Basket ball game in the history of the college. This can only be done, you know, by you. It's up to you. Will this be a banner year for your class, or will your class lag behind with no spirit? Get your cheer leaders out and begin to show some pep. If you can't play, cheer, and your classmates on the team will do the rest. But above all things do something. Show your class loyalty by turning out and playing hard. It's lots of fun, and think how much help you are by grooming up the team even though you don't make it. Many noted coaches declare that the reason for their first team's victory was the scrubs that furnished the fight. Get the spirit, when you feel that old basket ball in your hands, you'll get the idea. Come out and show the rest up. It's up to you. What are you going to do about it?

FRESHMEN RE-ELECT OFFICERS

The Freshman class's monthly meeting on the second Monday of the

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LINDEN BARK

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WEDNESDAY, MARCH 3, 1926

The Linden Bark:

"Histories make men wise; poets, witty; the mathematics, subtle; natural philosophy, deep; morals, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend."

Bacon "Of Studies."

"GIVE TO THE WORLD THE BEST YOU HAVE"

Friends, students, fellow-sufferers! Lend me your ears. I come to speak of athletics. Ever since the "Campus Sheik" got out the old pair of skis and did his daily dozen out on the golf course (while the snow lasted), this very serious subject has been preying on my mind and I've just got to get it out of my system. I'll try not to be boring, but as it has to be done, let's get down to brass tacks.

What are athletics? Are Lindenwood girls interested in athletics? Are they doing their best to promote athletics here? These are only a few of the thousands of questions that have popped inot my head since I started this dissertation, but they seem to be among the most vital, and since there are answers to even the most difficult of questions there ought to be some for these. Let us contemplate.

There are other kinds of athletics besides hockey, basketball, tennis and such sports. For instance, the mental athletics are about as important as physical athletics, especially around here. What I mean by mental athletics is the state of mind in which you take certain conditions, such as walking in the rain from Irwin to Roemer. Those of an athletic mind would think that was great sport and enjoy the rain beating down upon their water-waved tresses, but those not athletically inclined as to mind, would "gripe", for the next hour because the curl came out

of their hair. But really, beauty is as beauty does, and if you looked forward to having the rain drops fall in your face and consider it a pleasure, your good-looks wouldn't be marred by a scowl as well as by straggly, wet hair.

Be a good sport, whatever comes along, and you'll surely make the team, for good sportsmanship is one of the first tests, of an athlete. If we were all good sports around here, the infirmary wouldn't be nearly so crowded as it is, because good sports meet defeat with a smile instead of hiding away from it. Play the game to the limit of your capacities and I'll guarantee that you'll get there on the home stretch with flying colors. Don't you know that you're cheating yourself when you go to the infirmary to get out of a class for which you have not prepared? You have to lie to get in there and then you might miss something that will come in later on, for the dumbest of dumbbells isn't too dumb not to grasp a few of the things that are said. They are bound to soak in, but up in the infirmary the electric pads and white walls don't know a thing about French verbs or Shakespeare.

Lately I've been hearing a few girls around here saying they wished that there was a dining room in every building. Now I wonder why? Don't they like to get out and mix with girls from other buildings? Or are they too engrossed in themselves to add a few more friends to their list? Or still again maybe it's because they're not mentally athletic and don't want to walk to the dining-room, as the wind blows those same precious curls or it's rainy or slushy. Sometimes when I get in on one of these "bull-sessions" I'm sorta inclined to believe in Evolution. The good Lord put Henry Ford down here to invent that thing on wheels which saves us so many steps. Bu don't ever think that He meant for us to stop using our feet entirely. Oh, No! And especially does He expect us College girls to use our feet. Fords were put down here for us to dodge, not to ride in. So every time you start to be catty about having to walk in the rain or go to classes, just remember that if you "gripe" too much le bon Dieu might think that we are lazy and that we didn't appreciate His gift and take away our feet. Then wouldn't we be in a pretty fix?

Just be a good sport hating an alibi, be undismayed by defeat and unspoiled by victories, giving the best in you to the end, and I'm sure you'll be a better student as far as mental athletics are concerned.

FICKLENESS OF SPRING

"To be or not to be." Hamlet and the weather man are certainly kindred spirits. For one solid month spring has played hide and seek, and what's more, she still doesn't show the slightest signs of arriving bag and baggage.

COLLEGE CALENDAR

Thursday, March 4, 11 o'clock:
Organ recital.

Friday, March 5, 11 o'clock:
Dr. Ernst Jaekch, of Berlin, "The New Germany"
Athletic Association Comedy.

Sunday, March 7, 6:30:
Mrs. Henry W. Lampe.

Tuesday, March 9,
11 o'clock Lieutenant-Colonel John D. Paegelow of Scott Field, Belleville, Illinois.
7:30 Deplaine of the Burlington Railroad, illustrated lecture.

There will come a day "so cool, so calm, so bright," when there is no necessity for argument with the room mate as to who will close the window, when the victrola next door starts at dawn, "I'm just a little bit ba-ad-." And then before twenty-four hours have scarce completed their joyous round, the sky is a veritable swirl of snow. Wool hose are regretfully drawn out of the dark recesses of the bottom dresser drawer, last year's summer sport silk is hung back on its winter hook, and with a sigh we plod class-ward.

Even the poets don't offer us any fitting phrase for the situation. They believe as we once did, spring's spring and winter's winter. But now it is purely a case of "off again, gone again." So to make the thought circle complete, we once more inquire, "Mr. Weather Man, to be or not to be?"

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month was the first the class has had since the doings of the big party were over in November. At this meeting, they elected officers for the second semester. However, the same ones that served the first of the year were re-elected: president, Ruth Bullion; vice president, Mary D. Cary; secretary, Elizabeth Couper; and treasurer, Marguerite Wanger.

The class also welcomed its three new members; Helena B. Campbell, of Big Rapids, Michigan; Mary Elizabeth Sautell, of Omaha, Nebraska; and Miss Jenny Stekoll, of Tulsa, Oklahoma.

HISTORY OF HYMNS

The Y. W. C. A. service on the evening of February 17, took the form of a meeting in which the history of certain hymns was disclosed. Peggy Denise gave a most interesting discussion of the origination and circumstances around which the hymns, "Day is Dying In the West," "Jesus Lover Of My Soul," "Just As I Am", and "Abide With Me", were written. The hymns were illustrated, as it were, by Charlotte Elliot, Jenny Fay Stewart, Elizabeth Burke, and Emma Monier, whose voices are well adapted to the singing of those delightful old hymns.

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Him? Art is sought, not nature. We learned at the Vienna School of Arts and Crafts children draw things out of their heads, everything they long for, everything they feel, everything they imagine. They have no models, nothing but bare wall of the school room and materials. When a child comes here new, he isn't told what to do. He is taken into the storehouse and let rummage through all the treasures and he finds paints and brushes and chalks and canvas. He finds wood for carving and sawing, and clay for modeling, and coloured papers to cut out."

Not many of Prof. Cizek's children go in for art afterwards. They go, that's what he likes, into all sorts of professions and trades. It pleases him to think of art as coloring all departments of life rather than as a separate profession. He believes that after the age of 15, children as a rule lose their spontaneity and become ordinary. Until then their ideas grow like wild flowers in a wood, naive, untrained, and gaily-coloured.

Professor Cizek was once told what a pity all children didn't come to him. "Yes, it is a pity," he replied. "There is so much of Summer and Autumn but Spring never comes again." So many children, he implied, are not allowed to have a proper Spring.

"All children have something to express," he continued, "It is the effect on them and their development that is important and not the finished product. For this reason they are never allowed to keep their own work."

It was such an exhibition that many Lindenwood girls took advantage of. The product was equally as interesting as the process. I must mention the "Creation of the Flowers" by Ada Bahatta, "Girl in a Garden," by a child age 12; "Glory to God in the Highest" age 13 and "The Christmas Tree."

SPANISH CLUB HOLDS SOCIAL MEETINGS

On Monday, February 16, the Spanish Club held its annual social meeting in the Y. W. C. A. parlors, in honor of the new members who entered the second semester. All girls who had completed one semester of Spanish, and had expressed the desire to belong to the club, received an attractive invitation to the Valentine party through the mail.

A short program consisting of a piano solo by Minnie Seip and a reading by Dixie Mason, was enjoyed during the first of the hour. The remaining time was spent playing Spanish games, and the meeting was closed with the serving of tea and cakes.

The new members were very enthusiastic and the outlook for the Spanish club seems a bright one.

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The most attractive feature of the whole party was the elaborate entertainment most certainly in keeping with the spirit of the night.

Clara Bowles' voice when she sang "Mother Machree", was appreciated as more beautiful than ever. A delightful reading "When Grandma was a Girl" was offered in most beautifully original manner by Adria Spielberger dressed in a quaint old costume her own grandmother might have worn years before her. Last, but not least, Frances Baggett, Emma Monier, Dorothy Williams and Mary Olive Crawley danced the minuet in costumes of the Washington age. They looked as if they might have just stepped out of some lovely picture for the night.

The members of the faculty, the following patrons and patronesses were guests of honor: Mrs. B. K. Stumberg, Mrs. R. S. Calder, Mrs. Guy Motley, Mrs. Arthur Odenweller, Mrs. C. A. Blocher, Miss Dorritt Stumberg, Miss Page Wright, Miss Lillian Glosier, Mr. and Mrs. H. Beldin, Dr. and Mrs. Arden Johnson.

LATIN LINES CARRY MODERN MODES

Who Knew SPQR Was Radio Signal?

Hark, ye Latin teachers-to-be. Will you answer guilty to "driving" or "sugar-coating" your courses? Take full heed and warning, then, from the past week's editorial in the Tatler which offers varied and interesting suggestions for the enlivening of beginners' Latin classes.

A beauty contest heads the Outline of History column. Minerva and Juno are banding together against the unfortunate Paris who awarded Venus the prize in their stead.—The end of the war is in sight according to the latest reports from the firing line. Achilles is victor in the most recent combat.

Radio is a new and welcome feature in this edition. Marc Antony's famous political speech over the body of one Caius J. Caesar, as heard from Broadcasting Station S. P. Q. R. is recounted in detail.

There is a noticeable increase in local talent among the contributions this week. Betty Lou Stone has compiled an interesting list of Botanical terms which are direct derivatives from the Latin. The English column also contains the meaning of college degrees and an interesting article by Andy Gump in which he comments upon the modern political methods employed by the late Marcus Brutus.

Hark ye, Hark ye, home seekers. The new Real Estate section of the Tatler offers a bargain in a Roman house which combines beauty of architecture with all desired conveniences.

Miss St. John, one of the present editors, gives an interesting discussion on Classical Influence in English

Drama. Seneca's contributions to this art are also listed. This department of Drama which appears for the first time is well illustrated by two pictures, one, a scene from Sophocles' Antigone as presented at Denison University; the other, the Small Theatre at Pompeii as it stands to-day.

One of those long-lost secrets of history is out at last. A woman of course, opened the bag for the proverbial cat. Mrs. Caesar has admitted to her friend Mrs. Nero that she wrote Caesar's Commentaries by elaborating upon notes she found on his cuffs. Mrs. Nero also divulged this astounding reason for the burning of Rome. She was out shopping at the time and her husband decided upon this plan for her immediate and irrevocable destruction. Needless to say, she escaped. The College Humor section abounds with such stories.

Fashion now makes her initial appearance in the paper. Two charming chapeaus are pictured in which Roman gladiators furnish the inspiration. Mars is credited as being the originator. At least a cartoon in which Mussolini in all his pompous militarism, crowned by a dashing helmet, is portrayed as standing beside an open hat box inscribed Mars and Co. Millinery, certainly points in that direction.

Those who are contemplating household management any time in the near future will be overjoyed at the new column on Food News. Two menus, both most tempting, are given this time, together with a delicious looking salad recipe.

Boxes guaranteed to carry safely articles more crushable than the well known contents of Pandora's chest are strikingly advertised.

The Tatler is growing week by week in cleverness and originality. This edition on February 24 inaugurated five new departments which add greatly to the paper's interest.

FASHION'S FANCIES

Dearest Billee Zach:

You may be in gay old Patee herself when you get this but let me just tip you off, sweetheart, that you aren't seeing one bit more of the latest in feminine apparel even in that joint of the traditional best dressed women than I am right here on this 134-acre campus, just out of St. Louis, to which you so gaily gave the dust last fall when you hotfooted it toward Europe and the Boulevards.

The best dressed women of the world may gather in Paris but they haven't a look-in when the 500 chicest sub-debs of the dear old States get right down to platinum thumb screws and decide to show the world, as they did at the George Washington party. To be original and shift verbs at the same time, "Even her best friend wouldn't know her," so be-decked and be-flowered, and be-formaled were they.

Emma Monier, in a bouffant frock

of taffeta in pastel shades, was sweet enough to eat and Helen Lee Maupin must have done something besides loaf during the past two weeks for she stepped out in a new crystal-embroidered affair which was the latest word in spiffiness.

I believe it was Annette Smith who wore the rose velvet with the full skirt which made everyone turn and look twice, it was so darling. The newest shade of green for evening was there too, when Joe Mackey appeared in a straight frock of dull green featuring a high collar and a long tie. The newest thing in backs was noted with a great deal of interest in a white chiffon-crystal-studded creation worn by Elizabeth Burke. It was cut low and square and the open work was filled in with the beads woven in a loose design.

The party was given by the upper classmen for the freshmen and faculty, you know, and there must have been a lot of team work somewhere because the president of each of these classes wore red and was lovely, indeed, to behold. The shades were many and varied, but black seemed to be in the minority. How is it with you? Oh! but I don't care at all, you know, for after all, America is as Americans dress, and this old place certainly does offer a brigade of well-dressed young things, even the best of Parisians will have to admit. So why not give us the title and hush? After such an account as this, you can't but recognize our exclusiveness and good taste in wearing apparel.

Bon Voyage, et au revoir,

Linde.

P. S. And the jeweled heels! Oh tempora! I shed a tear for Cleopatra and Helen of Troy every time I remember how different their histories might have been, had it only been possible for them to observe Lindenwood girls for a while so they might have learned how to dress. Think of all jeweled heels and red velvet gowns might have done to old Mark! But alas! She never knew.

Strand Theatre

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SAT. NIGHT
SOUL MATES
with

Aileen Pringle, Edmund Lowe

Admission35c



Well, Well folks, and so the ole world wages on. They say life is just one darn thing after another, but then love is just two-darn things after each other. Which all leads just like these so-called merry-go-rounds that alus take you right where you started from, well, it wends its weary way right to crushes! Grrrr! that most idiotic form of love.

I wus down in the post-office at noon to-day, I followed Unk in the side way and missed the angry mob in their everlasting fight for mail, (either kind.) I guess that is one of those there equivocal words that the logic kids orate about. Miss Jeck had somethin' for me too, By Heck. It has me about off my beat. Most kids have a room-mate, or a crush to read their letters to, but I think I'll just let you give this one the once over.
Dear Campus Hound:

Why was no mention made of a new Phi Delt pin in Sibley which appeared some time ago? Negligence on your part, I'm sure.

Returning to crushes, we would like to know what has become of the one between two mighty sophomores. The one was a resident of Sibley and the other resides on first floor Butler. It seemed to be progressing beautifully last fall. Can you help us out by looking into the matter and see if you can find any trace of it?

Hoping you clear up the trouble, We remain,

COLLIE and his FRIENDS

It's this way, comrades, all this deluge of showers has been pretty tough on me. I lost the scent in Sibley, but just you wait! Oh, just you wait! I'm on their trail now. There must be a honest-to-injun reign of Phi Delt pins around this place. Call again, friends, private detective, I'll see what I can do for you.

Rainy weather is pretty hard on all of us. Everybody is gripping about it taking the curl out of her hair. Before the party the waiting lists for the curling irons are as long as the ones for the bath tubs. Some curly tresses are Nature's help, but some are trying to boost nature along. I didn't know that Chemistry lab did its bit toward the cause, but when a gang of 'em was distillin' somethin' (Sus-spicious!) they was sure a banding down over the steam rumpiling the locks. I knew all the time it wasn't silent prayer cause they didn't even slow down the vocal organs to the speed limit.

There's a hot time in the old school these days, with elections, oh these suffergettes! and other things too! I

had to run an' run out of chapel so that I wouldn't get my hair singed t'other day, and I can't get it why so many are Butler bound that never went that way before. They just creep in shaking like a Ford fendor (some of 'em) and come arunnin' out in a jiffy. Now I'm popping to know who General Principles might be! I been called General Nuisance myself, and I demand that I got a knock down to the new one, specially if it had anything to do with this plank, beg pardon, I mean board.

At that I'm not as absent minded as the girl that stuck her mouth up to the pencil sharpener and began to crank, she missed the drinkin' fountain by about three feet.

Time out. Here comes that Sibley bunch, I'll run them down and get the gore. S'long.

WHY NOT ENTERTAIN
THAT BEST FRIEND WITH
THE ANTICS OF L. C.'S
PRIZE COMEDIANS ON FRI-
DAY NITE?

WE WONDER.

1. Why so many people were up on second floor Butler Monday and Tuesday night? Were the distinguished Seniors of that floor giving a party or was it a convention holding a meeting?

2. Why more students don't read the Linden Bark? It's your paper and if it doesn't suit your Royal Highnesses, suggestions are always welcomed. If you haven't any to offer, don't knock.

3. If Lucy May Sharon and Lucy Smith had a good time at the Phi Delt formal? They evidently did; they came back with such tricky pieces of jewelry.

4. Why the Seniors all get in one room after dinner and stay till the study hall bell rings? One would think that they were trying to promote some sort of a campaign.

5. What the ones who are saying "WE won the championship last year" are thinking since Freshman practice the other afternoon.

6. Why Mary Chapman doesn't explain what happened to "Spot?" I do. WE don't ever see him any more and you know we used to see him so much.

7. What this "dog business is about Sibley? It certainly is considerate if true, for the "campus hound" needs a new playmate. Collie doesn't seem to be paying him any mind lately.

PATRICIA
HOW
COULD YOU?
FRIDAY
ROEMER AUDITORIUM