

LINDEN BARK

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WHAT THEY DID WEDNESDAY

Junior week started out with a bang at a special Y. W. service Wednesday evening, April 28, in Roemer auditorium. After much commotion and mis-interpretation of the meaning of a Y. W. service, the entire crowd of sophomores settled down to enjoy one of the best programs of the year.

At "rec" what terror the Juniors struck into the hearts of the Sophomores when they broadcast the fearful news of the dark and bloody things that would occur during Junior week! The class president, Marguerite McNee read the list of articles the "babes" would have to wear, and carry in their chubby little fists.

And the freshmen! how they crowded in fiendish glee, to see their lordly superiors the sophs groveling in the dust at the command and also at the feet of the Juniors.

LOST DIARY FOUND

Revelation of Sophomore Secrets

Early Thursday morning the sound of childish voices rang over the campus, and in front of Jubilee could be seen a group of children in joyous fun, playing and singing.

Dignified Juniors, in their white dresses and red scarfs, cast critical eyes at the sophs who thus exemplified their idea of good sportsmanship. They inspected the costumes of the children, saw that each clasped a bar of soap in her right hand; that each had a teething ring of some description, and no high heeled shoes were on the feet of the sophomores.

It is only natural that such tiny tots, in the excitement, should be careless of their most private possessions, and thus the frisky wind has blown a sheet from the diary of one, and her account of Junior week is laid before the cruel world.

"Tuesday, April 27: Oh this suspense is terrible; to-night when they called "Sophomores over at auditorium at once." I just knew our time had come! But it hadn't.

"Wednesday, 29, Sophomores' Salvation after dinner to-night, never saw such a mob at Y. W. At 'rec' we received orders and little bits of material to transform ourselves. Now the question is to get caps and bibs made by 6:30 and lights out now. 'Backward,

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EVERY SOPHOMORE DID HER BIT

Terrible Platform Tasks Ordained from Juniors' Centennial Book

One of the big events of Junior week came off at eleven o'clock, Thursday, April 29. Many of the Sophomores were individually called to the platform and requested to perform.

The first to be called was Sue Campbell, Sophomore president. Sue was told to give a welcome address to the Sophomore class and to act out three nursery rhymes for them. Doris Achelpohl was called upon to be the teacher and to welcome the children to school. After she had finished her speech the children sang, 'Good Morning to you'. The first effort at singing was not so good but after Edna Baldwin accompanied them on the piano, they did well.

Mona Carnahan and Marion Martin were assigned the task of acting in pantomime, the "shoe" and the "shoe-string". Next Joe Lupfer and Ellen Bradford sang "Hickory Dickory Little Miss Mary Chapman read the lesson for the day. This was followed by a play of "The Three Billy Goat Gruffs" enacted by Rose Parmalee, Selma Sonin, Emma Prather, Gertrude Webb, Irma Meyer, and Audrey Richert.

By this time some of the children were very sleepy, so the Juniors very kindly gave time out for Frances Baggett to rock Minnie Seip to sleep. After this the program continued.

June Taylor, in her pleasing way, showed how the dance originated. Frances Frazier gave a very clever little number entitled "Carrying on a Conversation with yourself." Margaret Banks tried to tell the Sophomore class the advantages of scrub brushes. Mabel Tibbitts, who claims to be lots of things, among them a magician, showed her powers of making a chair disappear. This was done by her carrying it off the stage. Annette Smith gave a short discourse on the "Origin of Dutch Cleanser."

Carmelita Hoffman very cleverly gave an original story, with Mary Easton Sibley as the heroine. Elizabeth Davenport Morris was requested to give a play, "The Melting Pot". Elizabeth Davenport, however, thought she

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LAST DAY OF JUNIOR WEEK HONORS SENIORS

Day brought to close by Banquet at Coronado

Following the long-established custom of dedicating the last day of Junior Week to the departing seniors, the Class of '27 had arranged a most impressive program for Friday, April 30, which culminated in the dinner-dance at the Hotel Coronado, St. Louis.

Early morning found the scarlet and white mingled with the orchid, as the juniors escorted the seniors in to breakfast.

Many an eye was filled with tears at the thought of the separation soon to come, when at chapel Peggy McNee, the president of the Centennial Class, presented to the Seniors, red roses, the junior flower, while Helen James touchingly rendered a solo, "Remember the Rose."

That evening, at the Coronado, a private dining room, decorated in yellow and white, was the scene of the juniors' last tribute to the Class of '26. Yellow roses formed the centerpiece of the speakers' table, yellow jonquils were on the smaller tables, and the same color motif appeared in the place cards in which modern maids for the guests of honor alternated with prototypes of Mrs. Sibley for the Centennial class. Carrying out the same idea, the nut cups were yellow rose-buds, and the programs at each plate were yellow and white.

The menu of five delicious courses was followed by the toasts which were introduced as "The Opening of the Century Plant".

Marguerite McNee spoke on, "The Watchman", and presented the speakers, first of whom was Mrs. John L. Roemer, with the theme, "Principles." Miss Florence Schaper spoke on "Traditions," and Dr. Roemer on "Progress". Dr. Alice E. Gipson, Dean discussed "Standards," and Miss Mary C. Olsen, "Ideals," while from the student point of view "Associations" were presented by Mary Louise Blocher, and "Loyalty" by Grace Larson.

The dance had numbers cleverly named, as Roemer Waltz, Centennial Charleston, Sibley Cotillion, Mary Easton Minuet, Eastlick Polka, Watson Valse, Ridgely Schottische, Irwin Two-Step, Butler Fox-Trot, Niccolls One-Step, Nixon Tango, and Ayers Shuffle.

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WEDNESDAY, MAY 12, 1926

The Linden Bark:

*The violet almost hides from view
The cinder path to Margaret,
It covers everything with blue
This dainty little violet.*

Anon

THE BIBLE

When a Sunday School boy or girl is to be rewarded for faithfulness in attendance, or perhaps for memory work, often he is presented with a Bible. When a citizen is being sworn into office the Bible is used in the ceremony to symbolize the truth. When death overtakes a loved one, it is passages from the Bible that we read to console the fervid breast, or when a happy bride slowly marches to the altar, between her gloved hand is clasped the most precious of possessions, a prayer book. And don't we all keep a Bible in our living room, on our bed-table, always in sight, always within reach?

We can explain this love and honor of the Bible, our tried and proven true friend, for is it not our dearest friend that we want by our side when the people are paying tribute to the result of our labours, or when a friendship is rent asunder by the hand of death, or when fate smiles at youth?

It is a friend indeed. A copy of this priceless book may be bought from the most limited allowance, its subject matter is understandable by the simplest folk.

SHOW YOUR APPRECIATION

Examination time is coming! As it approaches we wonder about our teachers, what they'll expect of us,

what they'll give us for a grade, and how lenient they'll be? We do not realize what the teacher is doing. Besides giving up the best years of her life, she endeavors to guide us in the way that is best. Do we realize what an influence the teacher has upon our lives? We don't.

The teacher does not investigate our personal affairs. No, but she is always ready to give aid when we need it. She makes us realize the ways of life, makes us see the paths of intelligence and reason, that lead to success. We do appreciate her efforts and maybe we mention it to her. Encouragement helps anyone. Our teachers are human so let's all take heed.

WOULD STUDY ABROAD?

The American Council On Education has offered seven one thousand dollar scholarships. These scholarships come from private donors but are handled exclusively through the Educational Council. To be eligible to receive one of these scholarships a student must have attended school for at least two years in an American College approved by the American Council on Education. He must have good health and pass mental and scholastic tests. He must plan to return to his American College for a degree in the fourth year.

There is no limitation concerning the countries or universities in which the students may study. There is no limitation as to the field of study. It is to be remembered, however, that these scholarships are for experimental use in working out a system of exchanging credentials.

There are any number of girls in Lindenwood who are eligible for one of these scholarships. The Sophomores especially should seriously consider it and if at all interested should fill in blanks and take them to Dr. Gipson.

SENIORS PRESENT "MINICK"

Best Play of 1926 is Huge Success

"The Senior Class of Lindenwood College presents "Minick", a comedy in three acts, by George S. Kaufman and Edna Ferber, Friday evening, April 23, 1926."

That announcement alone awakened anticipation, and as each of the troop made her appearance, the value of the play was more assured. The group of Seniors presented the play in a manner that would be a credit to the best of professionals.

To Peggy Hersch (whose name will appear on her diploma as Marguerite) laurels are due for the marvelous way she played the title role, that interesting, yet difficult character of Old Man Minick. What is more amusing yet more pathetic than a dear old man of this type? Peggy's art at character portrayal and her skill in the role of a superannuated father who arrives to live at his son's home, brought smiles,

COLLEGE CALENDAR

Thursday, May 13,
11 A. M., Music Recital, advanced students.
Friday, May 14,
7:30 P. M., Senior piano recital, Marguerite Hersch.
Saturday, May 15,
Dr. and Mrs. Roemer's Luncheon for the Seniors.
Monday, May 17,
7:30 P. M., Senior oratory recital.
Tuesday, May 18,
4:45 P. M., Diploma recital, Lavena Morison and Anita Rudowsky.

and sometimes almost tears.

That selfsame son was none other than Virginia Forstell, whose nature alness as an enterprising young man, was admired by everyone. Julia Ayers, his charming helpmate, also did some good acting. Her performance of a scene of high nervous tension is of especial note.

Then there were friends of the young Minicks. What a couple were Mr. and Mrs. Jim Corey. As Jim, Georgia Street undoubtedly brought gasps of admiration, for she did make a charming young chap; and Betty Bramlitt, as his wife, was charming. Both played their parts well.

A merry mad couple of the young married set were Al and Diamond, Dot Hall and Gladys Lynn, respectively.

Old man Minick and his friends too; really who would believe that the two characters from the old folks' home, Mrs. Price and Mr. Dietsenhofer, were our illustrious Grace Larson and Eleanor Brown.

Louise Clough was a "scream", amusing everyone as Annie, the maid in the little Chicago apartment of the Minicks. But her hasty departure, "without notice" made room for the appearance of "Lula," who behind the scenes after some of the color was removed, was recognized as Viola Boschert.

Enter the club women. Mrs. Smallridge is universally known as Helen Harrison in everyday existence; and the severe, yet capable looking lady in black, was Helen Lee Maupin, taking the part of Miss Crakenwald (emphasis on the Miss). These two nice looking women entering in a flourish, for you know they pride themselves on punctuality, are Miss Stack, played and played well, by Dorothy Towers, and Miss Lippincott, herself! One quite so up-to-date on parliamentary rules could be no other than the president of our International Relations Club, Margaret Knoop.

Miss Hutchins deserves high commendation for the success which her coaching of the Senior play brought.

The City Art Museum of St. Louis announces the following exhibition for May: Foreign Section 1, 24th International Exposition of the Paintings at Carnegie Institute. Group 1 to be followed by group 11, June 1.

THE WATER PIPE

By Pauline Short

I'm just a leaden water pipe
Joining with the sink
Although I like to say I'm lead
I'm really made of zinc.

Squeak and squawk, and gurgle, too
And sounds beyond description,
For when the water's turned on full,
I take a real conniption.

I scream and yell and carry on,
In manner truly shocking
And sometimes when I don't work
right
I set the whole hall rocking.

So, if an uproar you should hear
Don't call the firemen in
For someone's running water
And it's just my usu'l din.

THE WHIMS OF FASHION

By Delta Neumann

There is a terrific waste of time, money and energy in keeping up with the race of fashions. It has become a squirrel cage, in which women perpetually exhaust themselves in striving to reach a place where they never arrive. And the men dangle futilely at their heels, incompetent either to stop the race or win it.

It is time to emerge from this semi-barbarism, and become truly civilized. The older races long since learned the folly of this nonsense. The orientals and the Slavs have settled on one becoming style for women, in which is full opportunity for all true aesthetic expression and development.

So-called "fashion" is the assassin of character. It is an imposition made by the shrewd upon the ignorant, an easy advantage taken by pretense over worth.

Women have nothing to say about what they shall wear. A little group of men, possibly as few as a dozen, certainly no more than fifty, practically all located in New York, prescribe each season what the prevailing "fashion" shall be. They are business men engaged in the pursuit of making money. Most of them have come, within a few years or a generation, from the lower East Side of New York.

Who does not know that these fashions are repeatedly changed, with the prime object in view of forcing the purchase of new materials?

Every human being has the inherent ability to design logically; to choose, plan, and arrange costumes; to develop good taste through the working out of anything he desires to possess. It is unfortunately true that many persons will adopt any costume or decoration, however eccentric or ridiculous. So-called fashion often violates every good principle of form, design and color harmony. Why accept fashions in gowns, hats and materials when they caricature and are ridiculous?

BELLS

By Helen Cowan

"Bells"! this word of but five letters is innocent and harmless enough in appearance. It is easily spelled and almost impossible to mispronounce. Still, it holds many meanings within itself and is perhaps one of the most important words in our vocabulary. It would be practically endless to give a list of all the various types of bells; church bells, jingle bells, Christmas bells, and as many college students will tell you, there are even Hell's bells!

All down through history have come tales of great woe or of great happiness news of which was spread throughout the lands by the relaying of bells.

I do not know where the first bell was made or used; there is, no doubt, a very interesting legend in connection with it. But no matter how they have originated, they have been kept and handed down by the churches. A huge bell in some cathedral tower was rung daily to bring the people to mass. Speaking of ancient church bells, how did they ring them? This question entered my mind when I happened to see two picture shows. In one, a monk rang a large bell in a high cathedral tower, and did it in a very dignified manner, apparently exerting little effort. In the other, the famous Hunch back rang an equally large bell in an equally high tower, yet the tipping of the bell, or stretching of the rope, pulled him far above the height of his own head.

One may never be enlightened on this subject, for perhaps there was no writer in those days sufficiently inspired to describe a bell toller and to record for future inquisitive generations whether or no the toller left terra firma in his efforts.

Another kind of bell, and one in which I am forced to be interested, is the school bell. If a person says he is going away to a school where he will live by bells, his acquaintance may appear to approve, but nine times out of ten he will laugh heartily up his sleeve. Before that student shall have been at school very long, I believe he will have put forty thousand curses on the inventor of bells. Still, he would express himself even more vehemently if one of those bells failed to ring and he should miss his breakfast or be tardy at a class.

Bells have been the cause of a great deal of sentiment, poetry, and action: sentiment in the occasion of wedding bells; poetry inspired usually by some small church bell on a still, wintry morning; and action principally when the ringing of an alarm clock suddenly clangs forth, rendering the night air hideous with its clatter.

Still, all of these bells have their places in this world, places which must be filled. Many joys will be missed in the future if bells should not always hold the exalting position ever held since their forgotten invention.

WOULD-BE SPORTS

By Margarete Boles

Maidens fair—
All modernists, sat on a beacher cold
Before them sat a man of seventeen;
Behind, three preachers and a "suffer-
get",
Each viewing with his eyes the foot-
ball game
While in his heart he strove just for
effect,
To make impressions on the other sex,
But really only God in Heaven knows
Their minds were not on ball-games,
men or girls,
But only on the pain of frozen toes.

WHAT IS "IT"?

By Dorothy Jansen

"It" is such a little word, but it means so much. In this day and age, "it" has come to mean almost everything. "It" ranks above all else sitting majestically on its golden throne holding beauty, wealth, power, and popularity in the hollow of its hand.

You remember in your childhood days you often played 'tag'. Then you ran away from "it", but now that you have grown up you are running after "it". You are searching for it in every possible hiding place. You leave no stone unturned. You think you will find "it" just around the corner, but you see just a glimpse of "it" turning the next, when you reach there. Thus, you go on and on in your mad pursuit of "it".

You will find "it" in action, directors, and writers, and you will find "it" flourishing among coal miners, taxi drivers, merchants and factory laborers. "It" is not restricted to class or creed. "It" is found in any corner of the earth and in any walk of life.

"It" is a sort of invisible aura that surrounds your being. "It" is composed largely of animal magnetism. The person who posses "it" is always utterly unself-conscious and perfectly indifferent and unaware of anyone's interest in him. The moment self-consciousness enters into the affair, "it" disappears.

"It" is truly a strong quality, and the people with "it" are strong character. They can, unknown to themselves, make slaves of the rest of the world. Inded, to have "it" means to sit on 'Easy Street'. The whole world can forgive you anything, if you have "it".

Where is "it" to be found? I do not know. I do not have "it". I do not think "it" can be found. I think "it" is a Gift of God. People are born with "it". They do not achieve "it", and they do not have "it" thrust upon them. "It" is a thing of the soul, and can not be acquired.

What is "it"? "It" is life itself. "It" is Personality.

Read the Linden Bark.

OTHERS AT DINNER

By Sue Austin

As you sat at dinner, have you never stopped and just watched others eat? I have, although I must confess that it is seldom I feel so little interested in what is before me to have time to consider the habits of others. Sometimes, when I'm not hungry, it seems degrading to gorge like animals. In fact some people remind me of animals when they eat.

It was just today I saw a person eating who reminded me of a chicken drinking water. At home I have often watched a chicken look at the water, take some, hold her head up, then look at me to see if I was looking, and persistently repeat the process again and again. Somehow or other that always vexed me and the same was true of the person who broke off a piece of bread, looked at it, then at the rest of the table for all the world like a chicken drinking water.

Then fat people with double chins invariably remind me of frogs, and although I do not remember even to have seen a frog eat, there must be some resemblance.

A dining room always has a supply of dieters with their breadless, butterless, and potatoless plates. They make me think of any hungry animal who is held back by something or someone, from the food it wants. I suppose everyone has, at one time or another, tried dieting. I found it impossible to cut down on anything but third helpings, unless it was hominy. I have a decided aversion to that vegetable. To me it has always looked like teeth.

At threshing time I have watched the men sit down and fairly scoop the food out on their plates and fall to, like so many hungry pigs. Yet they seem to get more enjoyment out of just eating than do those who sit and mince over their food. If there is anything in all this wide "kingdom of eaters" which destroys my appetite, it is people who sit and play with their food. They seem like cats who are accustomed to luxurious food and are offended with what is offered them. Besides, I often have the suspicion they have spent some spare moments in the pantry or elsewhere so they can have the delight of turning things down at the table.

ON PICNICS

What could be more refreshing than to pack one's lunch basket, put on one's khaki clothing, and climb into the family Ford or Packard to start on a picnic in the woods some Sunday afternoon in the fall, spring or summer? The very excitement of the adventure is contagious to the dog especially, for he jumps with glee at seeing your camp clothing, and sniffs the bacon eagerly, as if to say, "The sooner you start the better it will suit me."

When I speak of packing a lunch I do not refer to the usual picnic lunch

of wieners, sandwiches, olives, pickles, and potato chips. That which I speak of consists of bacon and eggs, coffee, bread and butter, jelly, fruit, and perhaps cake for dessert. The bacon and eggs are not ready to eat, but are to be prepared over a campfire. Such food as that may be eaten with greater relish than the usual picnic fare. Of course the wieners and such have their place in a picnic at a public park, but to me, food tastes better in the woods if it has been cooked beneath the blue sky and trees.

Of course in consuming the food there are difficulties, but if one is really hungry he will not notice the inconveniences much. An insect or two may drop into your coffee, a leaf may fall on your tin plate or your orange may roll down a little hillock upon which you are perched. In spite of all things you are thankful for one thing: that there are very few of the species of abhorred insects called the house fly buzzing over your food, and annoying you while you eat. Also there is nothing to distract your mind while you are eating, for you gaze at the trees, flowers, and birds, and hear the water from a nearby creek lapping and swishing over the smooth stones. You do not have to talk to anyone if you do not wish to and your mind rests peacefully, thinking only of the cool, exhilarating air which has the odor of grass and flowers.

As you sniff the air with great pleasure, you think of how glad you are that you did not go to Shifferdecker Park, where the Sunday crowds strew paper over the grounds, and all talk at once, or so it seems to you. There you could not hear the birds singing, for the noise of the crowds would drown them out. Instead of hearing a creek murmur you would hear the splashing bathers in the park swimming pool. Of course you do not find fault with those who are there, because you yourself enjoy going there too when you are in the mood for it. However, you wish that those people had the opportunity to enjoy a picnic of your kind.

Those who have no way of going to the woods you do not blame, but you do feel a trifle vexed at those who have automobiles, but who never go to the woods for a quiet rest by some little creek. Naturally people's tastes differ, but sometimes you think to yourself, "They don't know what they are missing."

BANANA PEELS

By Eunice Brennan

On my way to the city the other day, I came upon a large crowd of people. Naturally, the first thought that entered my mind was that someone was injured, and as I elbowed my way into the jostling, eager crowd, I came upon the most pathetic sight I ever saw. A man, perhaps fifty years of age and about three hundred pounds in weight, was prone upon his back,

vainly attempting to adjust his heavy burden of flesh to an upright position. His extreme bulkiness and his increasing anger hindered him from arising at once; otherwise, he might not have been the object of the crowd's derisive laughter. I gleamed from the remarks passed by the other onlookers that the man had slipped on a banana peel innocently thrown on the walk by a child. To say that the man was chagrined is stating the case mildly, he was positively humiliated by his lowly position.

But what of the poor banana peel? Little did it know how much excitement it had caused. In truth, the man should have apologized to the banana peel for causing it so much discomfort and torture, for the man had suffered no injury beyond that of lowered pride and skeletal structure, while the banana peel was bruised and mashed almost beyond recognition. No one offered consolation nor sympathy; indeed, the gentleman upon arising, stormily kicked it into the gutter and just barely missed taking another tumble.

Finally, the crowd having dispersed, I resumed my walk, musing on the eccentricities of human nature. I shall never forget my experience as a child with bananas. Mother had sent me to the store for two bananas for salad. I immediately shoved them into my pocket and hastily started homeward, as I wanted to enjoy the slippery walks which were the result of a heavy sleet. In my youthful exuberance and great haste, I threw caution to the winds and, to use slang, I was certainly hitting the high places. Just in front of our home and in full view of the neighbor children I slipped, grabbed frantically for something firm, and came down upon the two bananas with a mighty thud. 'Twas enough to fall but to do so in view of the other children made my embarrassment and disgrace double. I refused to be comforted until Mother told me that I had suffered comparatively little, while the bananas, well, it was funny to me even then, were completely destroyed, since they had acted as a cushion for me. They may have acted as a cushion but there was nothing to soften the fall my pride received. I wonder if the fat man felt the same emotions that I did.

My first impulse, when I saw the unfortunate man, was to laugh, I admit but on second consideration, I pictured myself in the other fellow's place and refrained. Although I am not so rotund as the present victim, I have not the slightest doubt but that this same crowd would quite as readily have waxed merry over me, had I been in such a plight.

Why do we always get so much enjoyment out of others' tribulations, when we are so reticent about having ourselves ridiculed? There is not one of us who does not laugh at the catastrophes of his fellow-men and yet how we hate to afford amusement for others by our own trials.

SHIP A-SAILING

For indignation, great sophistry
 And dignity personified indeed
 Where vanity reigns here in pow'r
 supreme,
 'Tis necessary only just to note
 The bearing of a ship sailing to sea
 Her great bulk borne upon the waves
 always
 With graceful sweeps and showing
 pow'r and strength
 As onward through all time she sails
 the sea
 E're doing missions great for you and
 me
 That we may live in luxury and ease
 She visits every port and all the seas
 And brings to us at home their trea-
 sures rare.

FASCINATION OF UNIFORMS

By Mary Alice Lange

At the tender age of nine, I fell in love with the boy who lived across the street, for the sole reason that he was a telegraph boy and was the exalted wearer of a Western-Union uniform. And since that time, every uniform of whatever sort has quite taken my heart away.

It must be the brass buttons which lend the fascination to a uniform, for surely the uniform itself is no more striking than any other well-tailored suit. Brass buttons! What visions the words bring up! dashing young princes, debonair officers and even, well, why not? Firemen and watchmen

At a dance, the boys in Tux will be the Lord Weatherbys until the West Pointer arrives. Have you a little West Pointer in your town? Well, if you haven't, I can't tell you what you've missed. He is usually very little known before he goes away to become a stalwart defender of the U. S. A. And he comes back standing straight in his blue-gray uniform, his brass buttons shining, a medal or two decorating him. Right then and there, every little Frat boy with his immaculate Tux and "hot line" steps back, quite outshone by the valour of the United States army.

But after all, it should not be the uniform but what is inside it that counts. However, I fear, that, forever and aye, it will be the uniform for which we fall. And as for myself, I must admit that I would fall in love with a one-legged policeman if he wore brass buttons.

ON ENDLESS THEME WRITING

By Kathryn Cowles

Last night I ransacked my mind thoroughly, and not a subject could I obtain from it. I thought and thought until I had run out of thoughts. Then I looked through my English text book trying to find any kind of suggestion, but this was all in vain. Next, I glanced at everything in the room in order to find an inspiration. There were the two cots, but

how could I write on beds if I was longing with all my soul to creep into one, and there shut out of my life the fact that I had to write a familiar essay? Then I took a look at the two wardrobe trunks, the dresser, the desk, my room mate, the two closets filled with a little bit of everything, and the pictures which hung crookedly on the wall. There was not a hint of a suggestion in any of these objects.

I was absolutely written out. What could I do to think of a subject? I went to the window and peeped out, but it was so dark that I could see nothing but a fire escape. I didn't want to write on darkness or fire escapes. I was becoming panic stricken, and there was only an hour left in which to write. I was losing all hope and just ready to give up, when great pangs of hunger began gnawing upon me. My, I was hungry! I received an inspired thought. Why not write on eating? I did, and made a mess of it, of course, but I received complete satisfaction in knowing I had at least made a stab at preparing the assignment.

But, alas, my satisfaction was completely broken the next morning when I had to write still another essay in class. It seems my whole life has been spent in theme writing. Will there never be an end?

NIGHTS IN THE OPEN

By Louise Blossier

Can anything be more delightful than camping out in the wide open spaces with perhaps no thought in the world, for the time being, except to enjoy to the fullest extent the beauty of all nature so close on every side? Far from the noisy hum drum of the busy city, away from the smoky crowd ed streets, with their bustling, flurrying crowds of people, these great open spaces offer a calm, peaceful contrast that is most welcome to all.

You find yourself in a beautiful spot, carpeted by thick, velvety grass, and overshadowed by giant trees, rich in their bright green foliage. To one side a clear little stream rolls and tumbles playfully over the rocks, and makes a soft soothing sound like music, or the tinkling of little bells. Yes, this is the ideal spot on which to erect the little canvass tent which is to be your only means of protection from the powers of nature for some time.

The atmosphere around you seems to be vibrating with countless thousands of buzzing, droning noises. The thick, soft grasses are disturbed only now and then by some tiny insect or perhaps by a mischievous little chipmunk in search of fallen acorns to enrich his winter store of food. This tranquil, dreamy scene is perfect, you think, and you lazily continue to sit drinking in the beauty of it, while your mind, busy in its day dreaming, wanders to many distant places.

But it is the night-time which brings

the true charm of the great outdoors. From the opening of the tent you can see the myriad stars shining brightly in the dark heavens. Nearly all the little creatures of the woods cease their busy duties now, and only the little stream continues on its way in the darkness. If there is an occasional chirp or the hoot of an owl, they serve to make only more intense the silence which follows.

And yet, if you listen very closely, you may hear that mysterious undertone that comes with the darkness; that indefinable, gentle murmur that comes from we know not where. Your fancy suggests that perhaps it is the time when the little imaginary people of the wood assemble for their festivities, and again it may be only the wind rustling in the trees. Who knows? But at any rate, it lends that mysterious charm to the night time, which only those who have spent nights in the great open have been able to feel and enjoy.

DAY DREAMING

By Theresa Bartos

She sat staring off into space, with that enraptured look of the day-dreamer. As I sat and watched her, I became fascinated by the various emotions expressed by those large, black eyes. She sighed deeply, almost joyously, and that aroused me. I watched her, and soon we seemed to be leaving our room and to be speeding westward, until we came to a house of laughter and joy. We, did I say? It should be she, for I followed her with my mind only. Her eyes began to sparkle. Ah, she was home and hugging her pet sister to her heart, and soon hugging her mother and kissing Dad, murmuring brokenly, "It's so good to be home." Her mind must travel fast. I thought, as I watched her, I saw a shadow cross her face, her eyes glistened with unshed tears, and fear and terror clutched her heart. I heard that choked goodbye I saw the quivering lips and felt the anguish of her grief.

"Why, did you ever! Look who's been day-dreaming," exclaimed my friend, who had just arrived on the scene. I turned ready to deny the charge, when I felt the tears roll down my cheeks and in my confusion, I turned to the day-dreamer. She had been aroused by my friend's arrival, and I saw her wipe away a tear, almost shame-facedly. Catching my look, she began to say almost defiantly, "Well, what of it?" but she only got to the "well" of it, for I smiled and said, "It was well worth while, wasn't it?" And this from one, who had denounced day-dreaming as an idle pastime, a lack of concentration. "I don't care," I heard myself muttering. "It is worth while, and it does satisfy that longing and eases that pain around your heart and gives one a greater satisfaction, than one gets from anything else."

LONG LIVE THE KING

By Helen A. Massey

The old black castle hid the setting sun from sight, but the sky was dyed to match the banners of the homecoming King and his army. This happened, as you may have guessed, in what historians have been pleased to call the Dark Ages. The gates were open, the drawbridge down. The peasants hurried forth to meet the King. The sentinels stopped their watch and descended to the courtyard. High in the tower the ladies of the court stood on tiptoe, to peep through the high windows. Eyes sparkled; lips smiled. Home from the conquest came the King.

Tired but satisfied, he came. Once more had he proved his right to sovereignty. Across the drawbridge the royal horsemen came. Behind them, out of the thick, dark forest came the lines of soldiers. Into the courtyard rode the King. Up went the shout, "Long live the King! Long live the King!" The courtyard filled with soldiers. Banners waved. Long live the King! Dainty handkerchiefs waved from balconies. Long live the King!

And these were "Dark Ages", or so historians say. They were ages of ignorance, ages of oppression. They were ages of romance, ages of color. What if each new day did bring new terrors of hostile foreign hosts, or great and terrible dragons? Each day held some new adventure or some heroic deed. One day Galahad, whose strength was as the strength of ten because his heart was pure, set out in search of the Holy Grail. Another day, Roland drew his sword Durendal against the Saracens. Another day, Elaine the fair, Elaine the lovable, Elaine the lily maid of Astolat, guarded the sacred shield of Lancelot, while he went forth to the jousts, unknown. On still another day, Bayard slew a dragon. And yet another day, Gareth did battle with the knights of morning, noon, and night, for the sake of the fair Lynors. And it was a great day indeed when King Arthur received the mighty sword Excalibur.

The sun was gone. The castle stood and listened for the approach of some fearsome monster or robber baron. Hidden by the thick stone walls, a banquet was in progress. There was no darkness there. Across one end of the great hall was a fireplace in which a fire of fir trees burned. A quarter of beef roasted on a spit over the flames. Red wine filled golden goblets. The King wore his robes of royal purple. The ladies of the court were dressed in brocades to match the colors of the court peacocks.

The King told stories of his encounters. Bloody tales they were, tales of action and achievement. Long live the King! Bards sang the glorious deeds of fallen heroes. Long live the King!

These were ages of darkness, terror, excitement, romance. We live in an

age of enlightenment, safety, certainty, boredom. But show me the man who would not gladly change places with Sir Galahad!

LOVE

Oh Love! Sweet Love! How wonderful art thou

Elusive yet determined, firm, thou muse,

Giv'n us by painter's brushes pink and pale

As cupids small, fair maidens, warriors bold,

Personified each in his chosen heart
As some specific image. Beauty rare

Is carried here by Love, most charmed nymph

Of all the muse who torture human-kind

Are you, and yet how miserly you are
When out of your domain!

DAYS

By Elizabeth Tracy

One arises on some morning to find a dreary fog overshadowing all his surroundings. Everything looks bleak and unattractive under the sickly blend of early light and an electric lamp. People, seen through a hazy window, seem overburdened as they hasten, we know not where, to perform their duties of the day. One goes about as though he were being driven to his work with no incentive to do anything but sit and think of what an ugly day it is. Suddenly, in the midst of such a gloomy atmosphere, the sun bursts forth to make its presence felt. After several feeble attempts, it finally comes to stay for twelve hours at least. What a difference there is everywhere. People suddenly seem to acquire an unbounded energy. Here someone is singing at his work, while yonder a child plays madly, rejoicing in the new born sunshine. Even the birds come out of their hiding places to sing and twitter and play hide and seek with the sunbeams.

Thus, just as sunshine, ever symbolic of gladness, affects one single day, in the same way do days affect one's life. There are naturally bright days that make one happy as well as somber, gray days which make one realize the fact that all is not silver and gold. There are days that bring us trouble and misfortune and, even though they follow far behind, those that bring happiness will eventually come to everyone, for all people have a certain amount of happiness at some time even though it may be in a small way.

Twenty-four hours seem merely a short space of light and darkness; however, events have taken place in this time which have changed the lives of millions. Wars that lasted years have been declared in just such a length of time. The greatest men of the world have been born on the most ordinary days. Some people have worked for years for what they lose in a day, while others acquire fortunes at night when they have arisen penniless. One's life is a succession of day.

Time flies. Days roll by, one after another, with something for everyone in their unceasing journey. They are like a treadmill going round and round, yet how different in their accomplishments, for each day holds something different. The joy of living lies in the fact that one may look forward to what the next day will bring. Perhaps on the surface brings nothing, yet underneath it has left its mark good or bad. One may scarcely realize it, but a kind word, if nothing else, marks a day in someone's life. Often one's road seems long and straight but some sunrise will show an unexpected turning.

It is interesting and often valuable to keep a diary, a simple record of what has been done during the day. It brings to one the realization of how little he is doing for himself and others, for he is the best man who puts his day to some worthy account, as is often said,

"Count that day lost
Whose low descending sun,
Views from thy hand
No worthy action done."

THE ORCHARD

By Elizabeth Limbird

Do you remember the time we stole into Grandmother's pantry and tasted the vanilla extract, feeling sure that it would taste as delicious as it smelled? Oh, that terrible, bitter taste! What a shock it was! Then, hearing a step in the dining room, we gulped down some water to cool our burning throats and ran to the orchard to escape discovery.

And how we loved the orchard! There we could be for hours in the cool, tall grass, watching the sky, talking, dreaming and sleeping. And remember the talks we had of everything under the sun? We were going to be famous and wealthy; were going to spend our time traveling all over the world. You were to be a great artist and I, a wonderful musician with all the world at our feet. Oh, life was a wonderful dream then and all that seemed necessary to attain our success and achievements was to "grow up". So we would ramble on, weaving plans for the future until our eyes would droop and finally we would fall asleep.

But sometimes, in the freshness of an afternoon in late April, when the fruit trees were in bloom, it seemed to us that we were in fairy land. Then we would climb our favorite tree and rest on its roomy limbs amid a bewildering profusion of loveliness. There were the fresh, green leaves; the soft, velvety pink and white petals; the wonderful perfumes, so exquisite, almost ethereal; and the mellow richness of the calm, still afternoon under the deep blue of the sky. We could have stayed there forever just dreaming and playing, playing and dreaming.

Don't you long to go back again to that time when life was just a play-time of joy?

(Continued from page 1)

turn backward, oh Time in thy flight!
Make me a kid again just for to-night.

"Thursday, 30, Well, everybody managed somehow, and we made pretty nice looking babies! Some of us, like Virginia Brown, had time to do some real fancy needlework, and Marjorie Braham, for instance, had the cutest little chicks on her bit. I'll be chuckling for a week over the baby clinic this afternoon.

Friday: "Sh! Sh! Sh! We must be quiet today." The high and mighty Juniors are still looking down on us as mere infants, but we're all looking up to the Seniors."

DR. ROEMER IN EAST

Dr. Roemer participated in the Presidential Inauguration ceremony at Temple University, Philadelphia, Friday, May 7. Before returning west he visited his brother, a resident of Baltimore, who has been victim of an automobile accident.

HOW CULTURE COMES

Deductions from Life by C. B. Curtis

Mrs. Chester B. Curtis, Director of personnel of Scruggs-Vanderbilt-Barney, in an address to the student body of Lindenwood, Sunday night, April 25, said:

"As a boy of the New England hills, receiving my inspiration from such personalities as Longfellow, Holmes, and Whittier, I believe culture the result of years and education.

"George, I asked of a man, 'What is the definition of culture?' His immediate reply was 'culture is the best from all the ages.'

"The product of culture, therefore, is housed in museums and libraries, preserved in art, literature and government.

"It is likened unto a honey comb filled with the sweet product of honest labor, religion from the Hebrews, law and government from the Romans, art, poetry and literature from the Greeks, or unto a coral reef, developed by the process of accumulation.

"Culture", said Ed, answering my question, 'is education and refinement.'

"Therefore it is an individual attribute.

"A ray of sunlight penetrating a prism is dispersed as through a spectrum, each sensation an established and different number of vibrations.

"By the aid of a resonant, the primal tone may be established from notes in harmony.

"By the employment of the prism 'exercise' we disperse the process, embodiment, and product, culture as a spectrum displaying work, education, vision, appreciation, sympathy, and religion."

Read the Linden Bark.

(Continued from page 1)

knew a cleverer play, in fact she had it all written out when she went to the stage, so she endeavored to read it. At this time the hoots from the Freshman and Seniors were so strong that Elizabeth Davenport's original plot didn't get over. Next, Miss Margaret Boles gave a clever illustrated lecture on the Century plant.

Little Engenia Whittington accomplished the difficult feat of singing 'Masculine Women and Feminine Men to the tune of 'Feminine Women and Masculine Men.' Mary Lou Hook gave a clever story on the life of Jesse James. This was followed by a pantomime by Miss Mary Bryan. Little Mary wound up like a clock and struck the hours of the day.

The little Misses, Mary Olive Crowley, Helen Wisdom, Jerry Fitzgerald, Rella Gammon, Alice Ethel, Betty Birch, Eugenia Whittington, were asked to stand up and think. In a few moments they were asked what they had thought about. Then they were allowed to retire from the stage and they went away singing, "Reuben, Reuben, I've Been Thinking." Frances Caskey was called to the stage and asked to sing, "My Mama Told me."

Alice Ethel was again called to the platform and asked the question, "How would you take the coo out of coocoo?" Miss Ethel, in her ever brilliant way, replied that it would be best to filter it through filter paper. Wilma Wilson was asked to read a short article entitled, "Some people think I'm tongue-tied but I ain't!" Ruth Majors gave a talk on the Life and Works of Ignatz Cominsky. Elise Rumph talked of Colonel Butler's hobby. Beryl Wade and Elizabeth Rhodes impersonated the Gold Dust Twins. Margaret Sanderson told how to remove plumb from plumber. Anna Margaret Brecht recited the Funeral March. Mary Collison told how it felt to be parked in the lost and found department. Sharlyn Brewster explained why people who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones.

Margaret Cope showed how a one armed man with the itch would go about hanging wall paper. Little Dolly Owens explained what a letter had to let. June Taylor and Pauline Gardner gave a perfect impersonation of the romance of a South Sea Lotus Bud. The originality and beautiful simplicity of this was heartily appreciated. Mary Louise Ruddick gave an outline of Lindenwood College. Rella Gammon discussed the problems of procrastination as related to the future generation. Geraldine Fitzgerald gave a detailed scheme of settling a situation. Sylvia Snyder gave the reasons for the Japanese diet ending in a turmoil. Isabel Ledbetter told why Mulsified Coconut Oil makes babies' hair fluffy. Billie Prince told who Chang Lu Sang was, what he did, and why. Elizabeth Barnes very cleverly drew her breath on the blackboard.

After the program everyone went to

the dining room where lunch was served. Everyone declared that she had had a very enjoyable time, as well as a very instructive one. All felt indebted to the Juniors for providing such unusual entertainment.

INTERESTING PROGRAM GIVEN BY ENGLISH CLUB

The English Club of Lindenwood is one of the outstanding campus clubs. Until last year known as the Shakespeare, it has been reorganized and with Miss Chandler as faculty adviser has had a wonderful year under the following officers: President, Isabel Johnson; Vice-President, Virginia Foristell; Secretary-Treasurer, Jeanne Pattison. The committees are ably headed by Eleanor Brown, Social; Selma Sonin, Program and Pauline Davis for the revision of the Constitution.

The general theme of the programs has been the study of one-act plays. At the March meeting the study was started by a talk on "Types of One-act Plays," by Jeanne Pattison. Ellene Bradford spoke a few minutes on, "The Technique of One-Act Plays". This was followed by the reading of one of the plays under discussion. This play, "My Lady Dreams," was read by Frances Roberts in her charming way.

The May meeting continued the subject and Margaret Warner gave for the Club a very clever original one-act play, called "Heroes." Another play was read, "For Distinguished Service," given by Ellene Bradford. The next meeting of the Club will be the last of the year and is to be social.

The membership in the Club is restricted to those taking English, and there must be kept up a grade of S in all English courses and an M in all other classes or the girl is dropped from the Club. This is the first year that freshmen could belong to the Club and they are showing a great deal of interest as associates.

HISTORY STUDENTS ENTERTAIN

The International Relations Club held its annual banquet Monday evening, May 3, in the tearoom. Those present included members of the club and their honored guest, Dean Gipson.

At the last business meeting preceding the banquet, the following officers were elected for the coming year, president, Dixie Laney; vice-president, Aileen Baker, secretary, Ruth Rhodda; and treasurer, Ethel Landreth. These take the place of the retiring officers, who included president, Margaret Knoop; vice-president, Virginia Foristell; secretary, Phyllis Hackman, and Marie Nelson, treasurer.

Next Issue will be
CENTENNIAL NUMBER.

BIGGEST LINDENWOOD AFFAIR EVER HELD IN K. C.

Dr. and Mrs. J. L. Roemer entertained 200 dinner guests, Lindenwood "girls of yesterday", and their escorts, at the Hotel Muehlebach, Kansas City, May 1.

A feature of the evening's entertainment was a song fest directed by "Sandy" Sinclair.

Major Geo. C. Sibley, portrayed by a professional actor, and Mrs. Sibley, played by Mrs. E. B. Gray, author of the skit, served tea on an improvised porch, a replica of the hospitable porch of Sibley, set in the banquet hall.

A delightful feature of the impromptu program was a duet, "When You and I were Young, Maggie", by Mrs. P. F. Donnelly, president of the Kansas City Lindenwood Club, and Dr. J. L. Roemer, president of the College.

Mrs. Chester Birch is vice president of the organization, Mrs. E. B. Gray, corresponding secretary, Miss Adele Herman, assistant corresponding secretary, Miss Ruth Laitner, recording secretary, Mrs. G. F. Metzger, treasurer and Mrs. J. T. Franey, auditor.

MISSOURI'S HOP

The Missouri club certainly did a neat bit of showing Friday night, April 16, when she gave her annual hop. The Gymnasium was elaborately decorated to represent a Chinese garden, and even the walls and ceilings were draped in delicate pink flowers to carry out the idea. Groups of small tea tables and comfortable chairs and softly shaded lamps were strung at intervals around the room while a profusion of Oriental lanterns were all about. It was indeed a lovely party and everyone there pronounced it a huge success. The faculty and town girls were special guests.

Strand Theatre

Owing to warm weather no matinees on Saturday until Sept.

Saturday Night

CORINNE GRIFFITH

"MADEMOISELLE MODISTE"

A Mack Sennett Comedy

FOX NEWS

Also

A McCall Color Fashion News

"PERSIAN MODES IN COLORS"

with

HOPE HAMPTON

Admission.....35c



"Say by th' way, that's a Sophomore, ain't she sweet?" An' take my burly gruff for it they wure were just that after the juniors had them all dressed up during that Junior week. Whoever concocted that idea of starting a kindergarten with a girls' school as a foundation-stone shore did hit the platinum nail right on th' thumb! That baby clinic was a glorious diversion (of costumes and colors at least) after seeing so much of th' infantile regalia all day long. Never knew before there wasn't a Jim Crow law in use in Lindenwood anyway. Live and be squelched though, I guess, an' I'm learnin'.

That ole sun is shinin' so bright outside that I just can't stop laughin' long enough to think of anything to gripe about. Ain' it a grand ole feelin' to know that spring is near to going already and that summer ain't far off? But Gosh! In th' meantime!

Say, I'm jest a pore ole pup and not much of a star performer at that but I do notice things at times specially when someone seems to be gettin' a raw deal. It may be human nature but somehow that reason don't quite Chesterfield me. Why is it that just because someone likes someone else awfully well and wants to be round them all th' time and jest because that first one knows it, does that knowledge give that first person any special right to treat th' second fellow like a step-child? That's a long drawn out proposition but these logic sharks can understand what I mean alright, alright. I been noticing th' nasty times one pore little Frosh (who has long since piked out her affections to an athletic Sophomore) has been having and, no offense of course, but I naturally am a wondering if that was th' rules of th' game. Never having had anything in th' way of practical experience, I'm not fer knowin'.

Tennis! Lord! An I'm after thinking there's gonna hafta be some new wires around th' courts for that big celebration next spring! What if some of our beloved ole grads took a sudden desperate notion for a little ping-pong and th' little white pill rolled down among all those weeds and rocks! Gone! one Mary Easton Sibley pledge.

An', in spring a young maid's fancies lightly turns to thoughts not valid on second Butler. We know of at least two who are as th' great open spaces since last edition. Wonder what's wrong with that bunch? S'all right, little girls, there ain't none uv 'em worth th' price of a ceremony anyway. Maby I done wrong by my

friends to mention it but honest, I do like to keep straight and let you all know how I feel 'bout it all.

As th' end draws nearer I'm worse feelin' and more and all that to think of all th' partin' soon to be in order but all th' same I'm glad I'm still jest a bound and don't have to take English Lit examinations.

Bon Voyage (via finals and crimpin', of course.)

GIVE COMBINED PROGRAM OF HEALTH AND DRAMATIC ART

Thursday, April 22, Lindenwood was honored with the presence of Dr. Henry Curtis, of the state department of education, who spoke in chapel on "What we are Trying to Do in Physical Education in the State."

Dr. Curtis stated that the purpose of education was three fold, it brought health, happiness and developed a spirit of democracy among the participants in sports. The greatest factor in physical education of today is the idea of sportsmanship that it develops. If a man is honest in play, one may draw his own conclusion that he will also be honest in business. Training in being a lady or a true gentleman arises fundamentally through sports, and the outcome of happiness comes with the appreciation of sports more than in any other way.

Preceding the address, four pupils of the oratory department were presented in a very entertaining recital. Miss Zona Stevenson portrayed the little boy with unusual originality in "Billy Brad and the Apple". Pauline Shearer most certainly touched the hearts of her audience in her presentation of "Heart Of Old Hickory." "My Lady's Lace" was given very effectively by Willa O'bannon. The programme closed with "The Wheels of Time" a dramatic masterpiece very well portrayed by Margaret Madden.

WE WONDER

1. Who Miss We Wonder is? She said she'd give an ice cream lollypop to the person that guessed who she is and handed in some of the best we wonders with it. Just because she's in the limelight is no sign that she's the only person who wonders around this place. The contest is open to every one and will close Tuesday.

2. What this was we heard about a Utopian Society being formed in this college? From all the reports in the Utopian Gazette, it's a mighty fine thing. They are instigating a movement to have no classes on Monday, Wednesday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, and have those on Tuesday and Thursday optional.

3. Who the "ground hogs" are, that I see out on the golf course? I guess they haven't heard about that rule that says, "please replace the turf". Or maybe those girls are the ones that have been raised on farms, and they can't get out of the habit of plowing.