

LINDEN BARK

Vol. 2. No. 5. Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Mo., Wednesday October 28, 1925.

Price 5c

CHEMIST AND FISHERMAN

Dr. Johnson Divided His Vacation.

No one who has ever been in Wisconsin during the summer, can imagine what a lovely vacation Dr. Johnson and his family spent in their cottage on the rough shores of Lake Mendota. Twenty-five miles of shore line was enough to keep them separated from the noisy crowds of pleasure-seekers and campers. Here the children spent many happy hours in the water. "The fishing," says Dr. Johnson, "is not very good, for the lake holds practically nothing but perch."

Dr. Johnson spent many interesting hours in Madison at the University doing research work along the lines of Photo-Chemistry, or the Chemistry of Light. He did all of his work in the reference library. None of it was experimental.

The Johnsons stayed at Lake Mendota from the first of July until the last of August, when the echoes of school bells called them back to Lindenwood.

TEACHERS—ARTISTS

On Sunday afternoon, October 18 at 4:15, Miss Edna A. Treat, organist and Miss Frances B. Criswell, soprano, assisted by Miss Lucille Hatch pianist, gave a recital in Sibley Chapel.

Miss Treat opened the program with Bach's "Prelude and Fugue" in G minor which she executed beautifully. Her next number, "In Memoriam" by MacFarlane, was quite expressive. At the conclusion of the recital she rendered a series of three numbers, including "Will O' Wisp" by Vevin and "Land of the Sky Blue Water" by Cadman. An appropriate climax to this was reached in "Hosannah" from Dubois.

Miss Criswell's numbers were arranged in two groups which were delivered in a very pleasing manner. The first was a series of expressive pieces, consisting of "On Wings of Songs" by Mendelssohn, "Cradle Song" by Brahms, "Across the Hills" by Rummel, and "The Crying of Water" by Sambell-Tipton. The second group was a series of four pieces which leaned more toward nature.

Miss Lucille Hatch, pianist, accompanied Miss Criswell in her usual brilliant style.

FICKLE AND WEATHER-WISE WAS THE VEILED PROPHET

Lindenwood Girls Saw St. Louis Without Him.

Such hustling! Such bustling! Everyone running to and fro, gathering together their belongings for Tuesday, October 6. Why of course they were going to the parade!

Misting and then occasionally raining had been the weather the entire day. But even at that the girls were in as good spirits as if the sun had been brightly shining. For were they not going to see the "Veiled Prophet Parade?"

The groups left with their respective chaperones, feeling sure that the weather now clear for a few moments, would remain that way. But soon after they had departed, the rain began coming down in torrents, and everyone at Lindenwood wondered if the parade would go on after all.

At dinner President Roemer announced that they had been expected to have a parade up until five o'clock, but that now it had been postponed until Thursday.

"Oh what fun," murmurs arose at the tables, "to be in St. Louis and do whatever you pleased, as long as the chaperon was along and was willing."

"I can hardly wait to get hold of Betty and find out what all happened," a young lady confided to another. "Do you suppose that they can go to a picture show or will they come right back? Oh I hope something real exciting happens so that she can tell me all about it tonight."

A few girls came back about 10:30 and of course nothing could be found out at that time, for lights were out and everyone quiet.

The next morning such excitement! What had they done? Did they really see "Little Annie Rooney?" Was it very good? "Oh, what fun!" "Oh, how I wish I had gone!" Exclamations of delight were heard in the corridors, buildings, and class rooms.

The rain had played a sad joke on the "Veiled Prophet" but the girls of Lindenwood had outwitted "Old Mr. Rain," and they had had just as nice a time as if they had seen the Prophet

Those Who Went to the Ball

Among the Lindenwood girls who attended the Veiled Prophet's Ball in
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LIFE IN THE PHILIPPINES.

Lindenwood Freshman Who Knows the Archipelago.

Miss Margaret Maxwell is Lindenwood's representative of the Philippine Islands. She resided there with her father who is a resident worker of the Y. W. C. A. Miss Maxwell and her family spent the summer in the States and now her family has returned to Manila and she is a freshman at Lindenwood College. Miss Maxwell told in a very pleasing manner a few of the customs and traditions of the Filipino to a reporter of the LINDEN BARK.

"The three and a half years that I spent in the Philippines were very happy and interesting ones for me. While there I learned many of the native customs, a few of which I will tell you about.

"The lower and most typical class of Filipinos lives in a cottage made of Bamboo and palm leaves. Although these cottages are quite small usually consisting of two rooms it is a general thing for four or five families to live in one house. Under the house the pig is supposed to live, although he may often be found sleeping with the rest of the family on the parlor floor. On many a front door-step one may see a large fighting-cock tied, which signifies that the head of the house is an enthusiastic of the cock-fight, the national sport.

"The Filipino is not very particular about his diet. For his breakfast and lunch he may have, for his meat course, octopus, squid, or fish cooked in garlic and two or three bowls of rice. For his supper he may have, by way of change, rice and fish.

"A Filipino man wears white trousers with a collarless shirt made of the transparent pineapple cloth. His shirt-tails always hang out if he wishes to be in good style. The women wear a skirt with a long train which she picks up and fastens to her waist thus displaying a triangular portion of lacy petticoats. Her shortwaisted bodice is made of stiff goods similar to mosquito bar. The sleeves of this bodice are balloon shape and are starched to hold their position.

"In the morning when the Filipino goes to work in the rice paddies or sugar cane field, he hitches his great black carabao to the two-wheeled cart and starts off at a good gait of two

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LINDEN BARK

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

Published every Wednesday of the school years. Subscription rate, \$1.00 per year on campus; \$1.50 outside the College. Single copies, 5 cents.

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Wednesday, October 28, 1925.

THE LINDEN BARK:

*Life's a pudding full of plums;
Care's a canker that benumbs,
Wherefore waste our elocation
On impossible solution?
Life's a pleasant institution,
Let us take it as it comes.*

The Tangle Skein

AMERICA'S COLORS FIRST

Lindenwood students have never been doubted for their patriotism and we think it would be well to tell them something of flag etiquette. Since the symbol of our national government should always be first, our national flag should always be at the very top of the flag staff. There should be no other flag above it. It is also well to note that when the American flag goes up, it does not hesitate but ascends quickly to the top of the pole. When the colors are lowered at sundown they are brought down very slowly, for the stars and stripes do not retreat hurriedly.

COLLEGE SPIRIT

Movements are of a large and complex variety. So are school spirits, rather the spirits of school girls, quite divergent in nature if one undertakes an analysis of them. A movement to advance college spirit might mean almost anything. In Lindenwood there has since the beginning of things, been one particular species of college spirit called "The Lindenwood Spirit," and it, like the virtues, covers a multitude of sins. To have the true Lindenwood spirit one must have college loyalty, pep, and be interested in the activities of the college as a whole and not simply in what one's own individual clique is doing. To acquire all these most comendable of traits, one

should simply be one's self, and no amount of affectation will answer the purpose. The Y. W. C. A. is sponsoring a drive to interest Freshmen in campus activities and the Linden Bark is fostering a movement whereby one is given an opportunity to see in print her own literary efforts. This is a chance which should not be overlooked by new and old girls alike.

It is hard, of course, for those of us who are away from home for the first time to live in the present and not in the past, but what of the future? To be successful one should live in the present and the future, with generous mixtures of the memories of the past added on occasion. It is a long step from the easy, irresponsible high school life to the busy, hustling life of the college. For that reason one should expect things to be far different from other things heretofore encountered in one's school career. That's half the fun of coming to college- the getting away from old environments and associations and broadening oneself by forming new ones!

Life as a Freshman is a hard one. Aside from the fact of one's greenness and the usual complications arising from the inability to adapt one self instantaneously to new surroundings, there is always the Sophomore brainchild, Antagonism, to deal with. All this but goes to the making of knowledge and power to cope with the difficult things of the future, if one could only realize it at the time.

Consolation for present conditions should go along with suggestions for betterment perhaps, so from the heights of her superior learning and as a crumb from the storehouse of her great wisdom, a senior tosses this morsel: "Tell them we are all there once. Only courage and persistence win."

"WHEN GHOSTS DO WALK"

*Hist and hark! all ye tremble!
'Tis the night that ghosts assemble,
Whence comes all this talk of
ghosts, goblins and spirits?*

Why, Hallowe'en is near at hand! On this night ever since we were kids, we have transformed ourselves into sheeted ghosts, frightful witches, or what-not, yet how many of us realized that we were participating in the relic of pagan times or perhaps of medieval superstition?

All Hallow's Day, more often called All Saints' Day, originated in the seventh century when Pope Boniface IV, having obtained possession of the Pantheon at Rome, fitted it for a Christian place of worship and dedicated it to the Virgin and all the martyrs. This holy day was at first celebrated on the first day of May but later the date was generally accepted as November the first. On that day it is still the custom of Roman Catholic countries to visit cemeteries for devotion and respect to the dead.

But our well known Hallowe'en has lost the churchly atmosphere. It

COLLEGE CALENDAR.

Thursday, October 29:

11 a. m. Mr. Ernest R. Kroeger, Director Kroeger School of Music, St. Louis, Piano Recital.

Saturday, October 31:

Y. W. C. A. Hallowe'en Party.

Sunday, November 1:

Miss Gertrude Isidor, violin recital.

seems to have acquired the reputation as the appointed time of the year for the universal walking abroad of spirits both of the visible and invisible world. On this mystic night it was believed that even the human spirit could detach itself from the body and wander.

Though usually neglected in modern practice, the most essential part of Hallowe'en ritual seemed to consist in the lighting, by each family, of a bonfire at nightfall. This points to the very ancient custom of kindling sacred fires at certain seasons of the year, and is perhaps a survival of Druidical ceremonies.

Now, the evening is devoted to sports and practical jokes. Nuts and apples are in great requisition, the former giving to it the name of "nut-crack night" in the south of England. Not only are the nuts cracked and eaten, but they are a means of prophecy in love affairs. Burns pictures the celebration in his "Bonnie Scotland", when young people gather and various mystical or playful ceremonies are performed with the view of revealing future husbands of wives.

Fortune-telling is indeed a particular part of the revelries of the day. Even serious college women, even as you and I, who at other times are somewhat skeptical as to predictions of the future, are influenced by the mystic charm of this entire night.

Lindenwood is certainly not overlooked or scorned by the prowlers of the night and, besides Banquo's ghost, the Headless Horseman, and old Marley himself, we have our own private spirit visitor, that of Mrs. Sibley. Freshmen, have you ever met her yet? She occasionally visits us when there is a lull in the noise of the dining-room at twenty minutes to or after the hour. But just wait in unbelieving suspense until you hear the peals of the organ as played by her own clammy hand at midnight on the thirty-first of October.

Four girls, Ruth Bullion, Virginia Sue Campbell, Helen James, and Mary Louise Blocher, were recently appointed by Dr. Roemer as college song leaders. These girls are to direct the singing in the dining room and in the assembly. Miss Campbell and Miss Bullion are presidents of the sophomore and freshman classes respectively. Miss James is president of the Choral Club, and Miss Blocher is treasurer of the junior class.

Read the Linden Bark.

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or three miles an hour. Rice, sugar, and coconut constitute the main agricultural products. The women make beautiful cloth which is called pina from the pineapple leaves. It is fine, silky, and transparent as glass. This cloth is used for men's shirts. Everyone has heard of or seen the Filipino embroidery, the best of which is not exported but retained for a purely commercial use. Even so, the native woman never wear her beautiful embroidery. The Filipino has not a business head, and over ninety per cent of the wealth and industrial interests is controlled by the Chinese.

"Bad Spirit in a Tree"

"The natives are quite superstitious and their superstitions are as a rule of a religious nature. I recall one trip we took to Baguio, the mountain summer resort. Our houseboy refused to take care of our Manila home when we were not there as he claimed that a bad spirit lived in a gnarly old mango tree in our back yard. However these fancies are oftentimes not bred in the mind due to ignorance, as our United States has provided excellent schools throughout the Islands for the education of these people.

"The best class of the Filipinos has its elite society and the lower class may enter society in two ways: the first is to be an ardent church member and the second is to have a member of the family die. Every so often a feast is given in honor of the patron saint of the church to which the Filipino belongs, and if he is active in church affairs he may participate in the feast where he will meet all his friends and relations. This feast generally lasts a week. If a member of the native's family dies the body is kept a day, all during which there is singing, laughing, and eating. The following day the person is buried and for nine successive nights after the burial the friends and relations meet, sing songs, eat and end the evening with a prayer for the dead.

"The Philippines has its own government consisting of the senate and legislature, presided over by the Governor General who is always an American appointed by our government. The present Governor-General is a most capable man who is doing a great deal for the Islands. However, I am of the opinion that it will be many years before the Filipinos will be capable of handling their government alone.

"Scenery in the Islands is wonderful. One would have to go a long way to find a more beautiful trail of mountain scenery than the zig-zag trail that leads to the little city of Baguio where dwell the primitive race of Igorrotes. To the south of Baguio is the great Bay of Luigayen whose water is the deepest blue and whose shores are fringed with groves of tall graceful coconut palms. But, per-

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haps the most famous scene of all is the sunset on Manila Bay which is something almost beyond description. Every evening Manila's entire population turns out for a walk on the beach. A strong breeze blows in from somewhere off the Pacific. At last the sun slips into the water, a great ball of fire on the horizon. The sky is a mass of brilliant gold, salmon pink, purple, and green streaks whose colors are vividly reflected on the waters of the bay. Soon it becomes dark and all that is visible on the water are the black silhouettes of the ships against the deep blue sky. Lights around the bay have begun to twinkle and every one goes home to sleep through a cool Manila night."

JAPANESE SURROUNDINGS FOR ROMANTIC TEA.

The Lindenwood Players entertained the Lindenwood faculty and the students enrolled in the Oratory department, with a delightful tea Wednesday, October 14. The guests were received between the hours of four and six by Miss Diven and Miss Hutchins, the sponsors, and Miss Ida Hoeflin, the club's president.

Although the scene of the party was the Y. W. C. A. parlor in Sibley, the place was so skillfully decorated with autumnal leaves and green foliage as to give the impression of a blooming and verdant garden, decked with gay Japanese lanterns for a summer garden party. The consistency of this idea was further emphasized by the light, summery dresses worn by the hostesses and guests.

In a rustic nook charmingly lighted by lanterns of a turquoise blue, Mrs. Roemer, in a dress of the same shade of delicate blue, presided at the tea table. In spite of the choicely sophisticated dainties proffered by Mrs. Roemer and those assisting her, no one was at all surprised when a rustic lad and maid wandered in and pantomimed and idyllic courtship, in the usual way. The witching spell of the lovely spot was felt by the most dignified faculty member and vivacious student alike, and even the moody sun, jealous of the merriment within, peeped forth for the first time in hours, and added his smile as a final touch to the Lindenwood Players' annual tea.

TELLS OF NEW BOOKS.

Miss Jane Frances Winn, literary

editor of the Globe-Democrat, spoke to the students of the journalism department. Several members of the faculty were present to hear the very interesting review of the new books.

Miss Winn expressed her belief that the standard of fiction this year is higher than that of a few years previous to this time. A tendency is noticed toward psychological subjects, and several recent books have characters with abnormal slants to their minds.

Special mention was made of "The Hunter's Moon" by Ernest Poole, Willa Cather's "The Professor's House", and Viscount Grey's "Memoirs".

QUEENS IN THE MAKING.

There have been many Queens in the history of Lindenwood, but only a few have actually reigned supreme. Among these are the royal ladies that mount the throne on May day and the mysterious Queens of Hallowe'en. The October Queen is especially honored, for she is proclaimed through the votes of the entire student body.

The Hallowe'en festival is planned each year by the Y. W. C. A. and has always proved to be one of the most attractive parties of the year. Now is the time to get together and talk up the most attractive girl of your acquaintance as a queenly prospect.

(Continued from page 1)

partment Tuesday morning, October St. Louis, was Miss Emma Monier. It was her first acquaintance with the Veiled Prophet's court. Miss Monier said, "I had heard so much about the Ball that I expected a wonderful sight but the Ball really was much more gorgeous than I had imagined."

Miss Mable Blair also made her first visit to the Prophet's Court this year. Miss Blair, upon her arrival at school the next morning, said, "It was a beautiful sight. I especially enjoyed the ballet and the dancing after the ceremony."

Miss Louise Wielandy, of St. Louis also attended the Ball. She said that the Ball this year was probably the most gorgeous one ever held. "It impressed me so much that I almost could imagine myself in a real Court," said Miss Wielandy.

"From the Time of Nero"

Miss Virginia Sue Campbell enthusiastically declares that the Ball was the most spectacular thing she had ever witnessed. "The costumes and decorations were gorgeous, and I was in a daze all the time. Why, it seemed as if I were living in the time of Nero and seeing all the splendor of his time. It was certainly representative of the very best that St. Louis has to offer." Sue was becomingly gowned in a dress of black velvet, with ermine trimmings and wore a lovely white Spanish shawl.

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Somebody once said that man was nature's sole mistake. Whoever spoke such words must have been a cynical ole soul like Mr. Billy Sabbath, himself, or else he was a regular Sunday night at Lindenwood. I think most Lindenwoodlites will agree with me most any Sunday night that man is certainly a mistake on someone's part. (He is in this place, anyway, eh what?)

Well, the campus is a little quieter now that the Sophs have had their little toot! That stonefaced president and that tall, majestic, southern "Mrs. Astor", to say nothing of the hard-boiled assistance of the whole class, easily struck terror in the hearts of the little Freshmen during the reign of the Almighty Sophomore. Well, Sophs, don't forget that your time will come and remember that although winter has come for the Frosh the Spring is not far behind for you.

As the hound dog cannot be too specific in this column, a remark was made in a Bite about two weeks ago that was not interpreted in the right way by many of the girls. I was writing about difficulties as far as rooms were concerned and spoke of a student from a large western city. Listen, girls, get your mind out of that one-track and understand that the campus hound does not stick to one gripe forever. There's a big western city right here in Missouri, you know, and one that is a few miles away from St. Louis.

Really, girls, I really don't want to turn this column into a section for love in a girls' school, but then, what is to be done? When I see so much love going on around me and I a poor abused hound, am so sensitive to all this love when I has none whatever) I can't help including some of it in here. But I guess the Frosh rather enjoy it.

Well, to begin with, what's this about the sophomore president's roommate? We have never noticed any special love on her part for insects, but we do think she kinda has a partiality for Bugs. I don't imagine this Bug is too little to cast admiring glances at that fascinating sophomore. This looks like an all-year case. Yes, it looks pretty bad.

Speaking of Irwinities, a very dainty graceful Miss from the third floor of that building seems to be very much interested in a new member of the sophomore class and a resident of Sibley Hall.

I must say something of that very attractive young sheik of Sibley. The

worst part of it is, she is a downright sweet and friendly sort of a girl, and then to haf to be pestered by so unwanted (or is it unwanted? We'd better not be to sure) attention. Well, young lady, some day maybe you'll lose your heart in a girls' school, and then's when you'll start saying your prayers! Of course the ole campus hound can't say for sure, but don't you imagine some big and strong young man would feel big and silly if he knew that the frat pin he had sent to his best girl was put on a girls' school sheik? "Life's a funny proposition", said Einstein, as he was working out the great problem of a man's life,—how he's going to explain his whereabouts on the previous evening..

I understand that there is a Freshman in Nicolls who is trying to compete with Mr. Munsing in the quality and durability of undergarments. It's an inspiration to see such fine ambitions in the hearts of our young.

Ho-hum! There is no sleep for the pore ole dog. Between the instructors giving so many quizzes, and the sophomores raising so much racket with their "Take the other steps", "Sit on half nothing", "Take off your hats in the house", "The other door, the other door", there absolutely has been no chance of getting any sleep. Why, the idea of a simple Frosh coming in at 6 a. m. and asking to borrow my tail. The tail that's been handed down to me from many generations. In fact, it's a personal hairloom that I wouldn't have hurt for worlds. The sophs certainly were hard-boiled. The little blonde swimming teacher of the sophs class discarded her usually sunny disposition so entirely, in fact, she about scared several people to death, Frosh and other classmen.

If anybody gets tired perusing this raving-on every week, and thinks she has something better to offer, just I drop a little fact about your best friend or your worst enemy in the little drawer in the journalism room, and I'll see that it gets a prominent place if it's juicy enough.

Well, in spite of the turbulent scenes of last week, I still insist that it's worth living, this ole life.

A Saturday art class will begin in the art department next Saturday, under Miss Linneman, to enable students of artistic tendencies to make Christmas presents of enamel work, stenciling, tied-and-dyed, parchment lampshades, polychrome or other novelties.

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THE DEAN'S VACATION.

A very interesting summer vacation was that of Dean Gipson. The first part of the season was spent in traveling in the east and studying educational problems in the college and universities of that part of the country. The Dean then returned to St. Charles, where there was much to be done in preparation for the coming school year. After this sojourn at Lindenwood she took a well-earned visit to her home in Caldwell, Idaho.

ARE WE CORRECT? WE ARE.

Is "Drive Slow" good English? Earnest students of rhetoric—one and all, freshmen in particular, here is the chance of a lifetime. What is the answer to the riddle?

There came on the campus upon Tuesday of last week Miss Winn, Editor of the Literary Page of the Globe-Democrat, who stated that Lindenwood was guilty of the terrible offense of abusing the English language. This is all due to the presence of a sign at the Kingshighway entrance to "L. C." which has hitherto endured through the years unquestioned and too frequently unnoticed. In large letters it unmistakably proclaims to the world at large the instructions "Drive Slow".

Miss Winn contends that the word "slow," an adjective, cannot be correctly employed as an adverb of manner.

Ah! Good. So that statement creates a stir in the ranks. Yon advocate of Mr. Webster replies that this honored gentleman lists "slow" as an adverb as well as an adjective. Then say the Shakespeare class, those lofty Juniors and Seniors—in the words of Shakespeare—"How slow time goes". The Dean of the College adds that while such expressions as "drink deep", "drive slow" may not have been originally correct, colloquial use has made them so.

In other words it is just another case of "As You Like It".