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1923

1922-1923 Linden Leaves

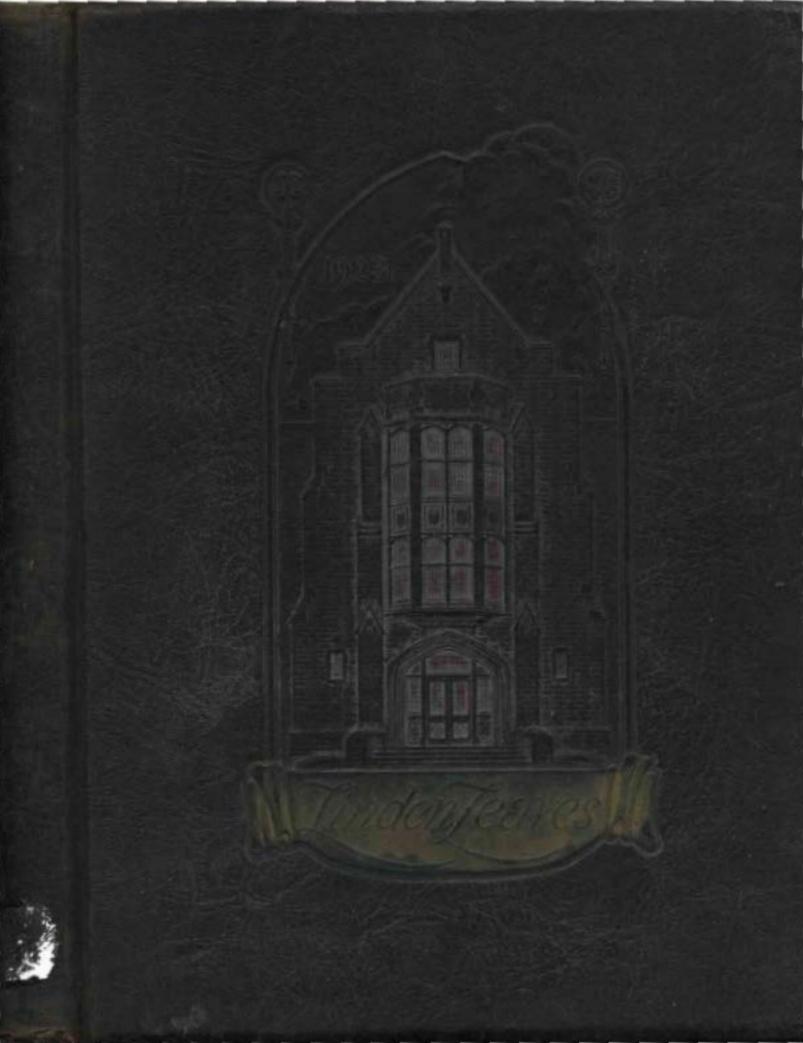
Lindenwood College

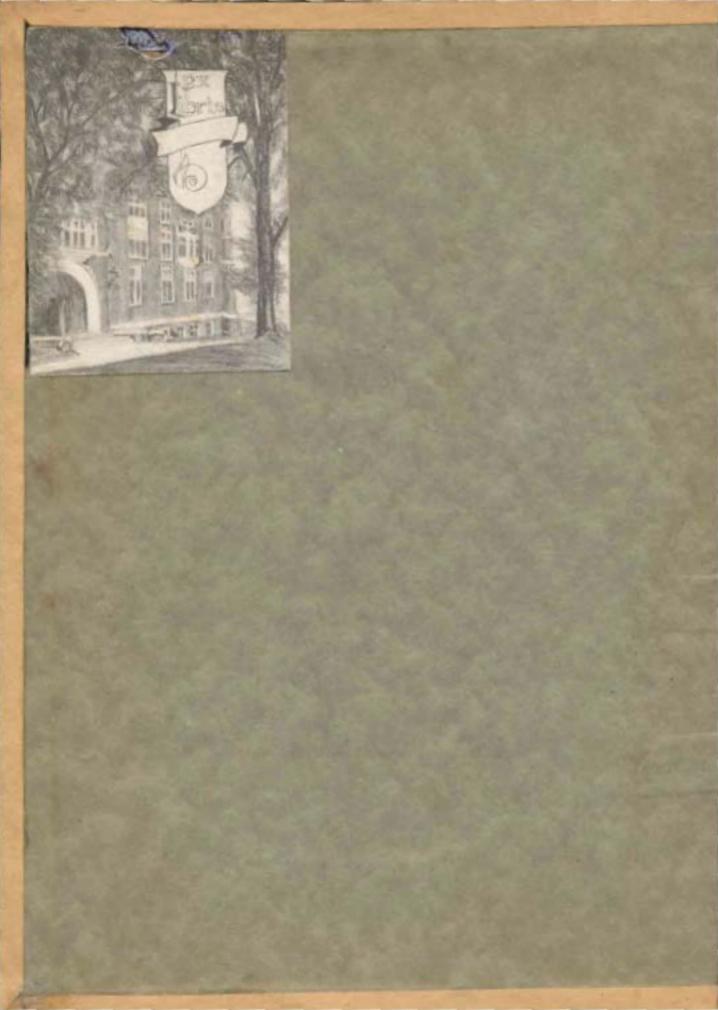
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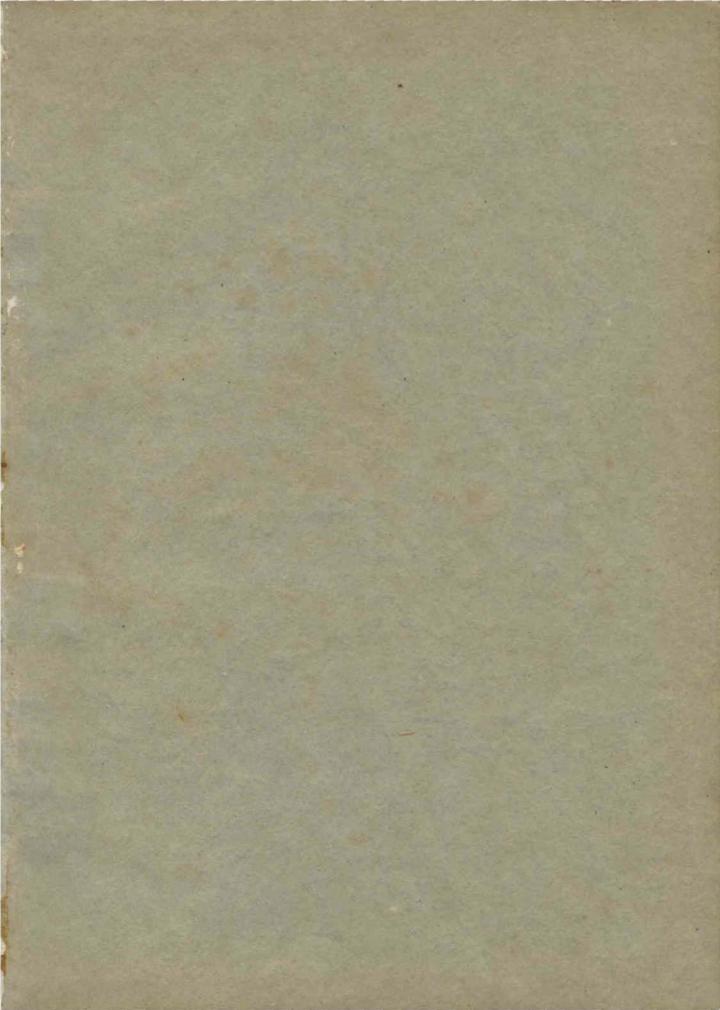
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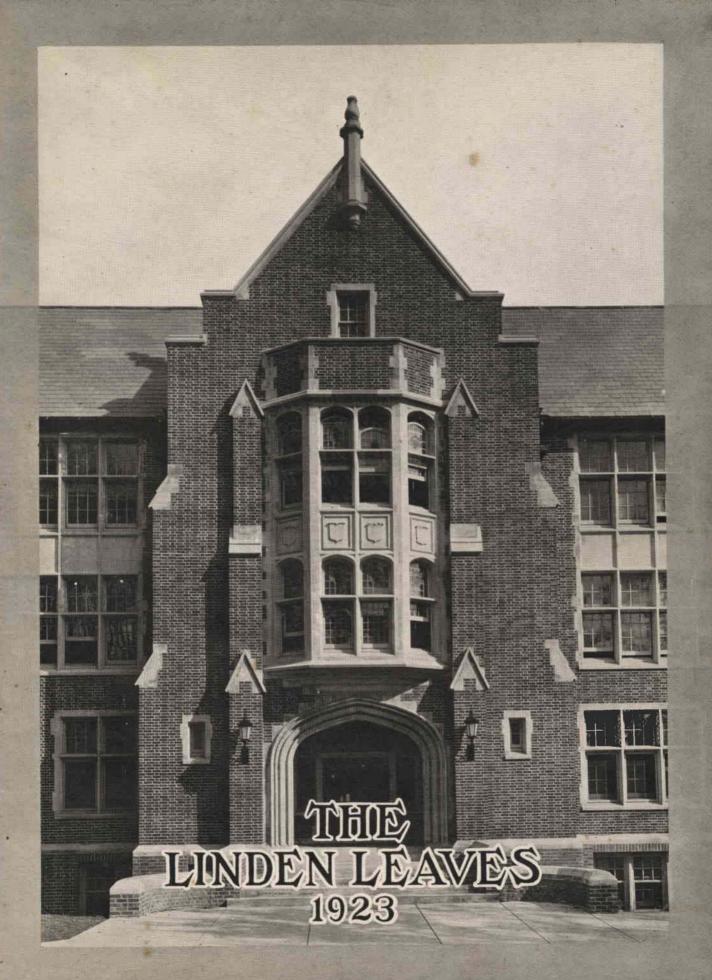
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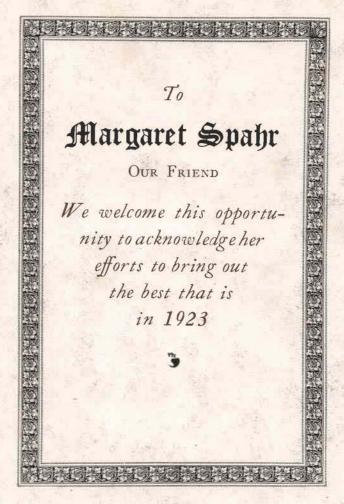
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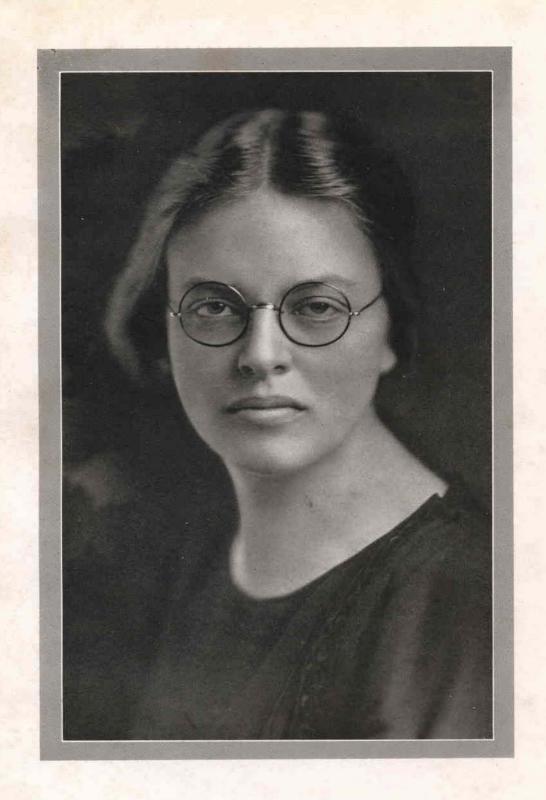


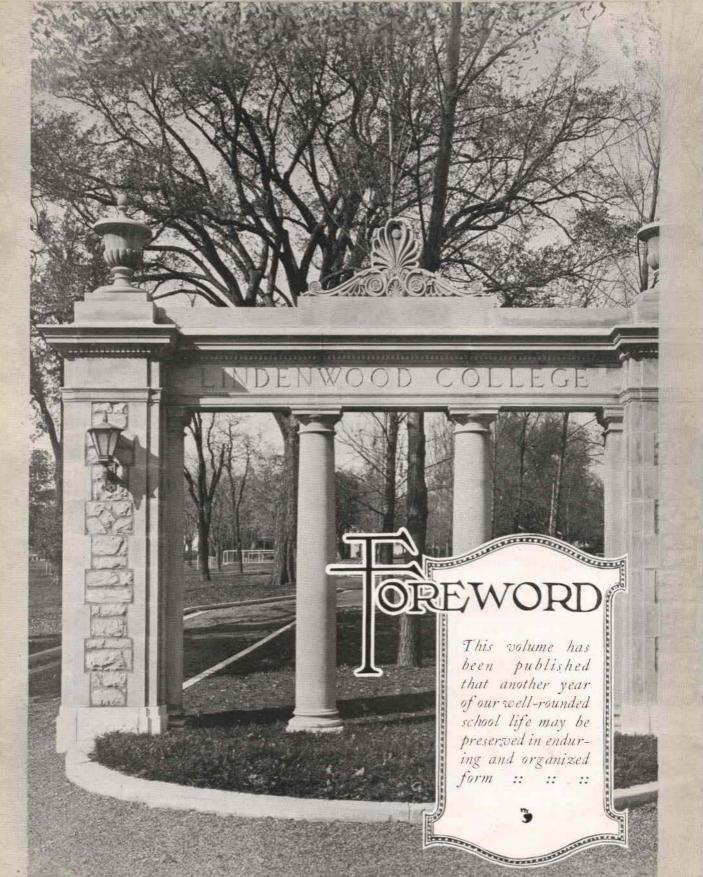


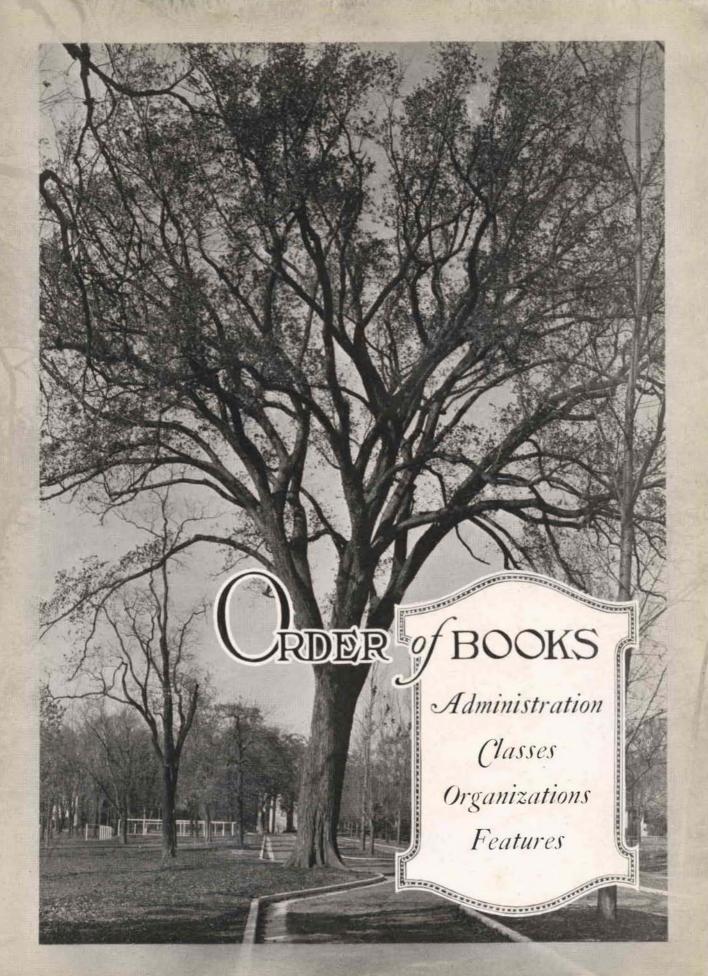


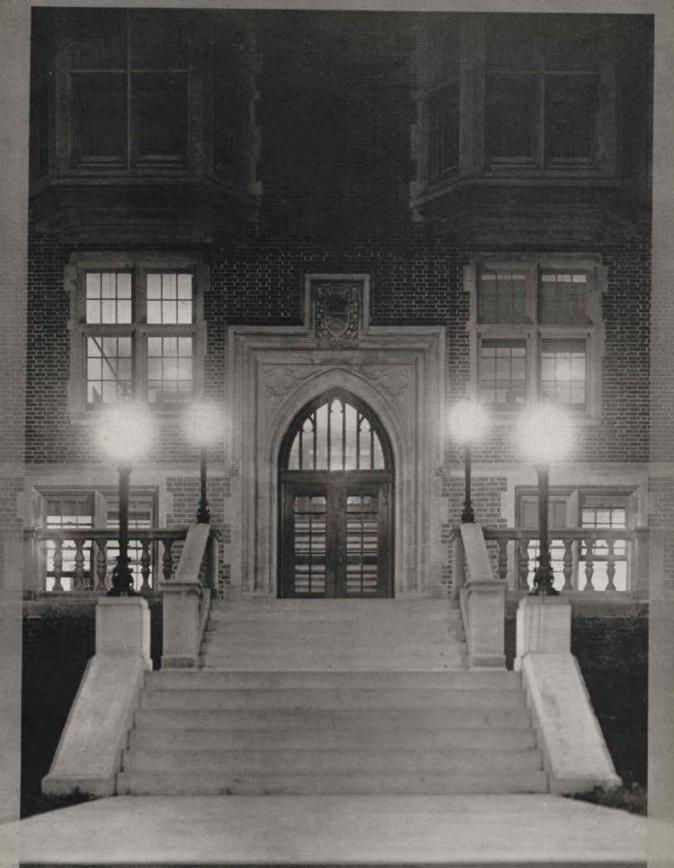






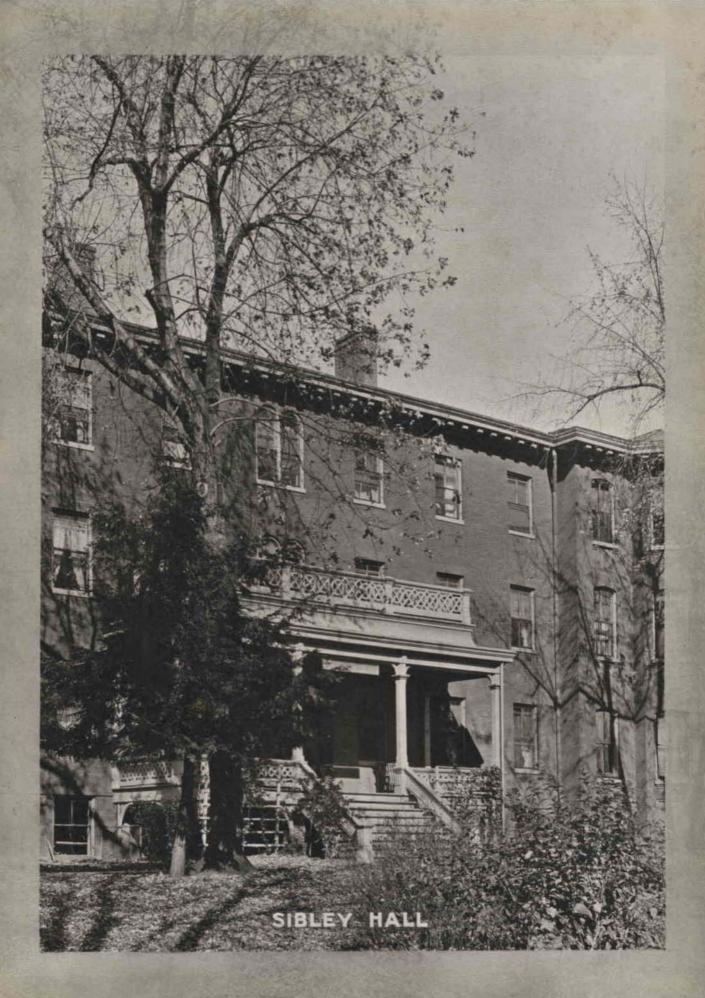


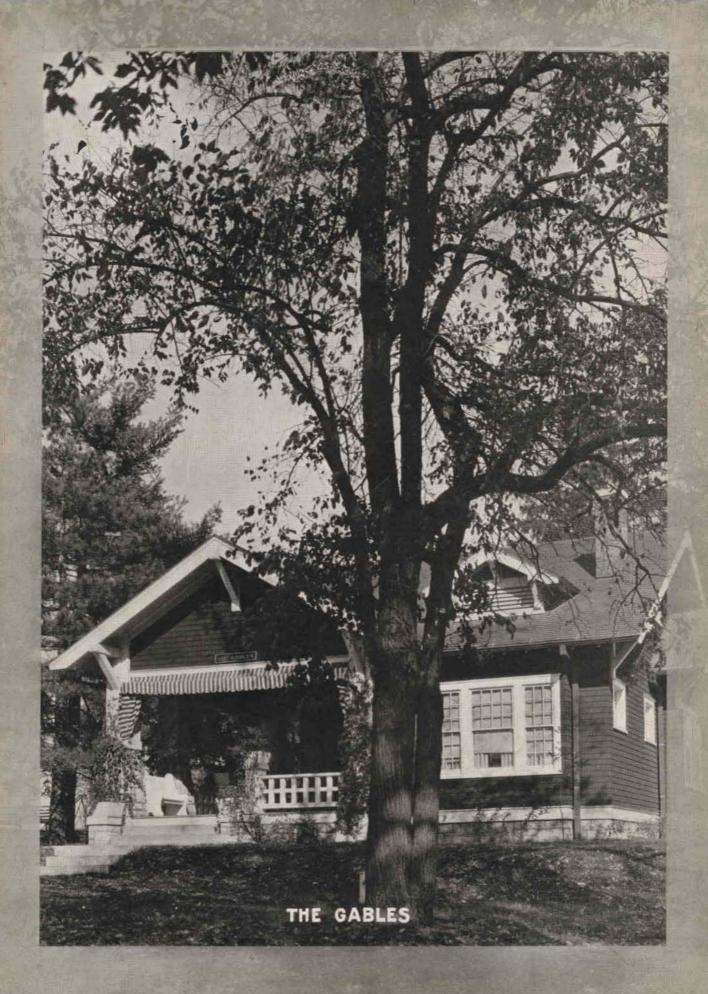


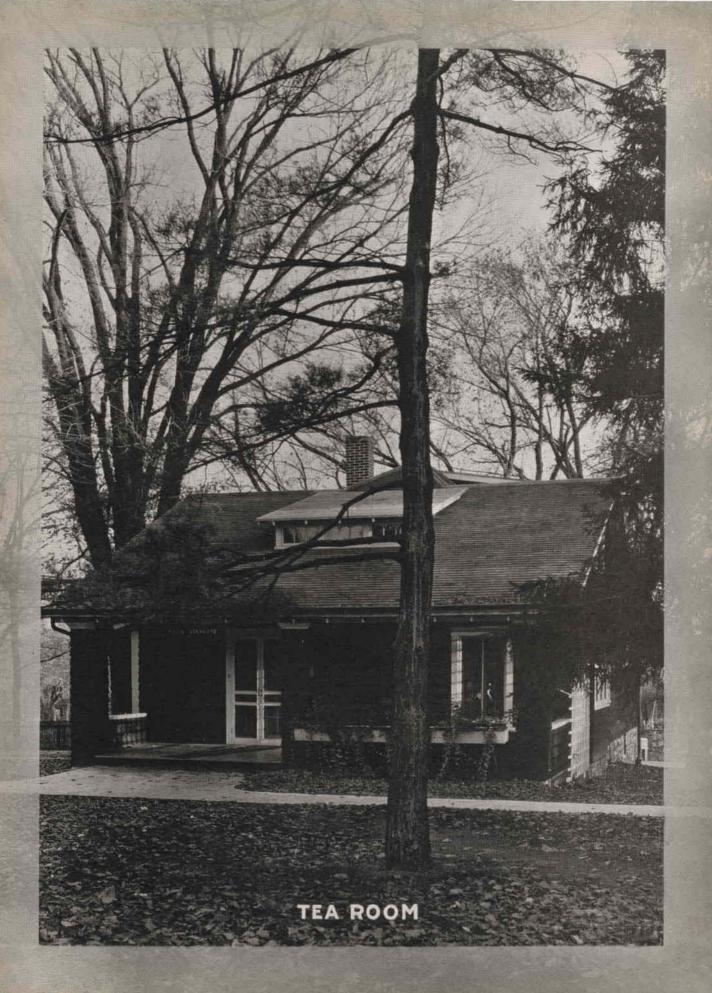


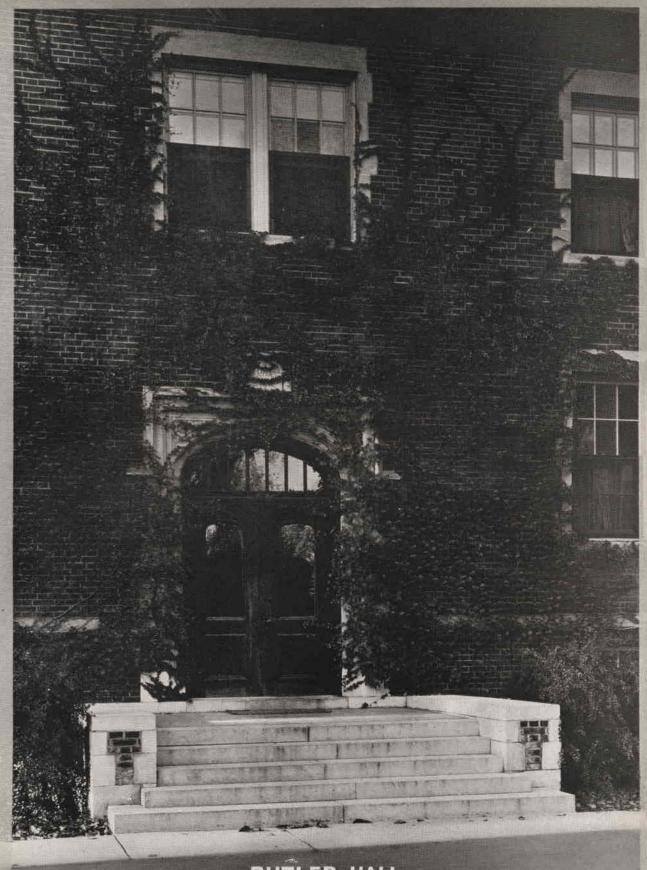
ROEMER HALL

NICCOLLS ENTRANCE

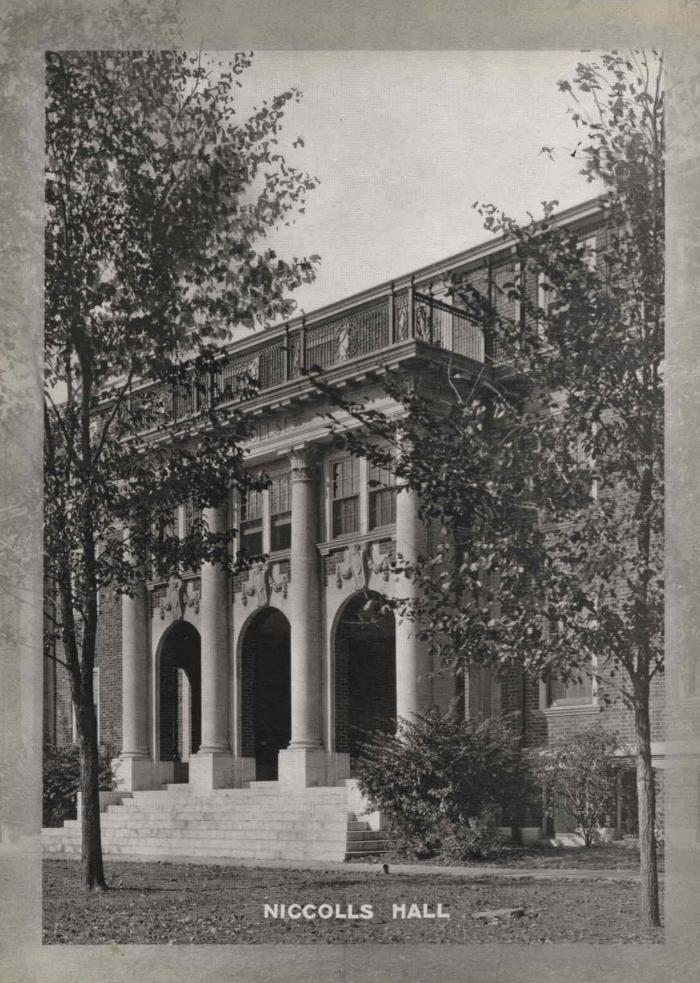


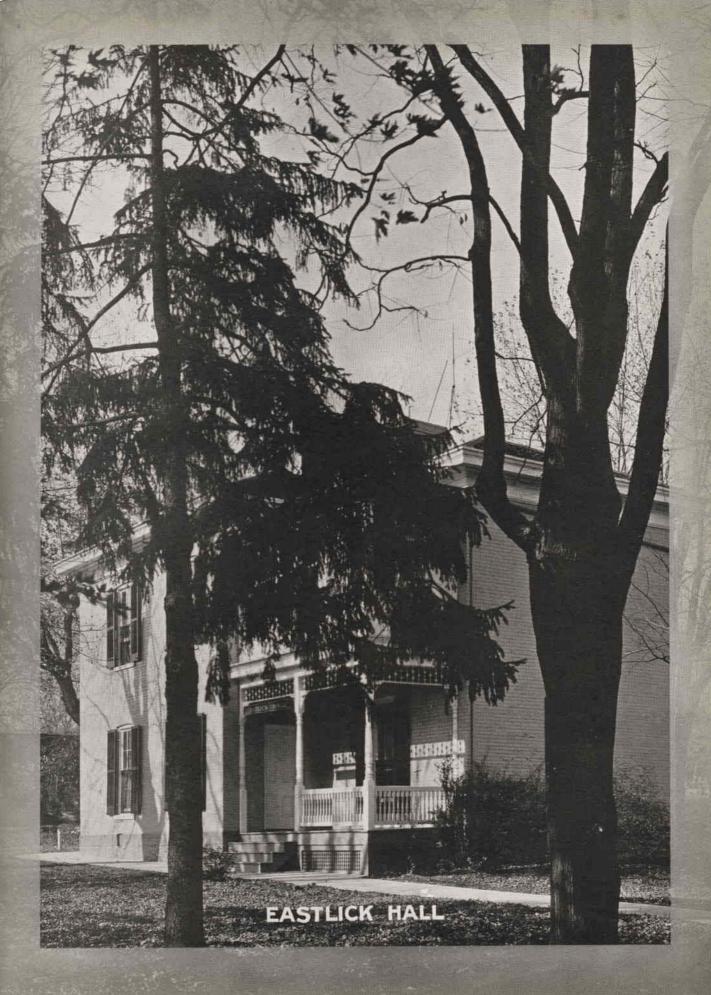


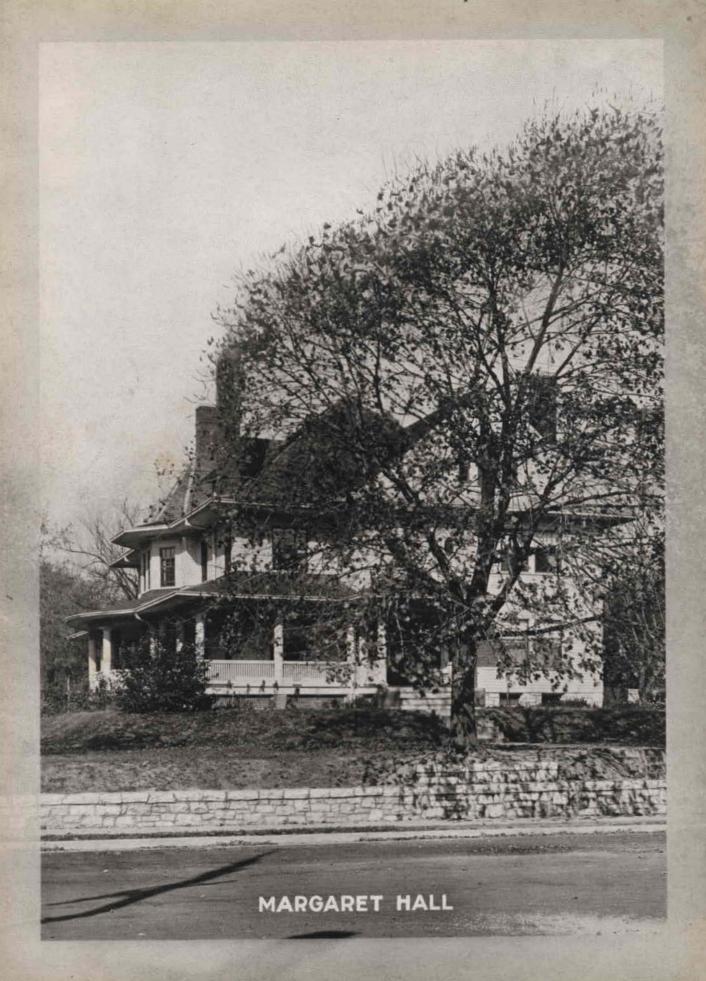


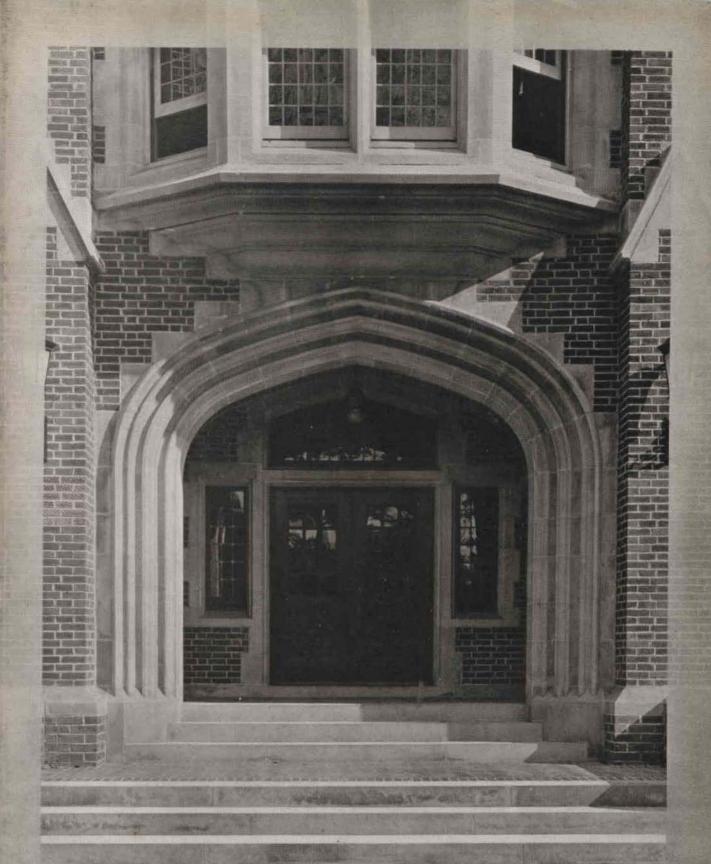


BUTLER HALL



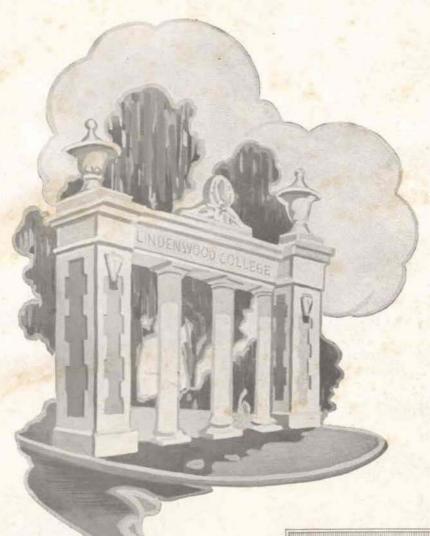






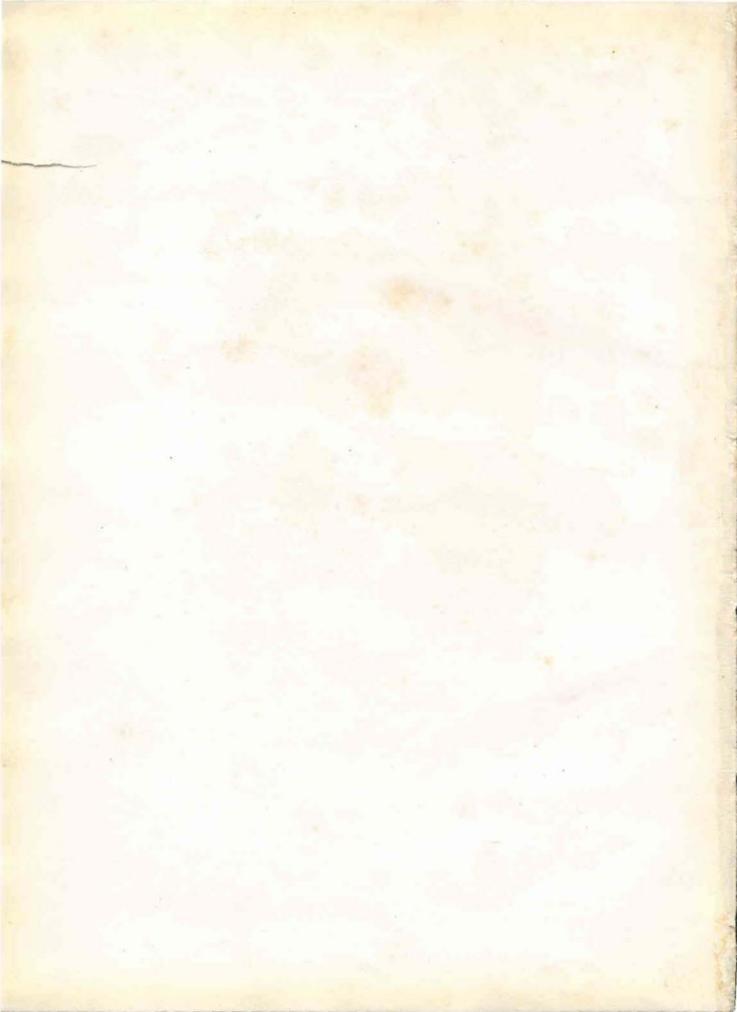
CAMPUS ENTRANCE ROEMER HALL

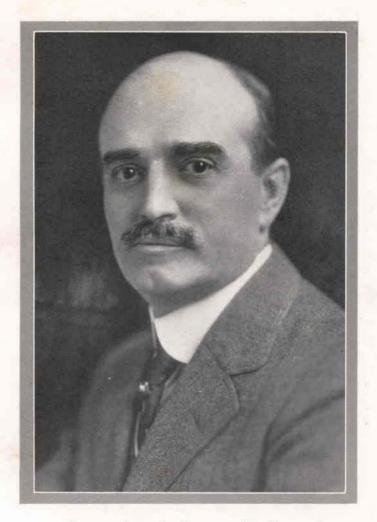




ADMINISTRATION







DOCTOR JOHN L. ROEMER, President



Mrs. John L. Roemer, Dean of Students



LUCINDA DE L. TEMPLIN, Dean of College



ROBERT SCOTT CALDER College; D. D., Bellevue College; Ph. D., Grove City College Bible



Anna Pugh A. B., A. M., Washington and Jefferson A. B., University of Arkansas; A. M., University of Chicago English



ROY S. DAILEY A. B., B. S., and A. M., University of Missouri Psychology and Education



ETHEL K. BOYCE A. B., University of Iowa; A. M., Bryn Mawr College English



KATHRYN HANKINS A. B., B. S., and A. M., University of Missouri Latin and Classical Studies



JEANNETTE M. COLLINS A. B., Boston University English



ARDEN R. JOHNSON
B. S., M. S., and Ph. D., University of
Wisconsin
Chemistry



B. Kurt Stumberg
M. D., Maryland University
Biology



MARY E. LEAR
A. B., B. S., and A. M., University of Missouri

Chemistry



BERTHA E. MARTIN

A. B., Mount Holyoke; Ph. D., University of Chicago

Biology



Lois Karr
A. B., Simpson College; A. M., University
of Wisconsin
Mathematics and Physics



MARGARET E. SEYMOUR
B. S., University of Chicago
Biology

Linden Leaver 23



E. LOUISE STONE
Ph. B., A. M., University of Chicago
Romance Languages



LILLIAN J. ALLYN Graduate, Rubicam Business School Secretarial Course



CYNTHIA V. STARR
A. B., University of Missouri
French



MARGARET SPAHR
A. B., Smith College; A. M., Columbia University

History and Economics



SENA SUTHERLAND
A. B., Western College for Women
Spanish



FLORENCE W. SCHAPER
B. S., A. M., University of Missouri
Sociology

HENRI DE LECLUSE-TREVOEDAL
Bachelier es Lettres, Paris; Bachelier es
Science, Paris
French



MARY C. NYE
B. S., Beloit College; M. S., [University of Minnesota

Home Economics



B. LOUISE WELD
A. B., University of Wisconsin
Physical Education



GRACE E. DEXTER
A. B., University of Illinois
Home Economics



MARJORIE THOMAS
B. S., University of Wisconsin
Physical Education



MILDRED DIAL
B. S., Lindenwood College
Home Economics



BESS BLANDING
B. S., University of Wisconsin
Physical Education



JOHN THOMAS

B. M., Cincinnati Conservatory of Music;
Artist Diploma, with Distinction

Director of Music

Piano



Ariel Gross
M. Mus., Forest Park College; Graduate
New England Conservatory of Music;
Pupil in Master Classes of Leopold
Godowsky and Percy Grainger
Piano



Frances E. Oldfield
Pupil of George Henschal, James Sauvage,
Isadore Luckstone, Newflower, Jean
de Reszke, Charles Clark, Oscar
Seagle
Voice



Craduate, Artist Diploma, Cincinnati Conservatory of Music; Pupil Hans Richards, Marcian Thalberg, Harold Fix Piano



ELIZABETH FARMER
Pupil of E. R. Kroeger, Ganz, Alfred Williams, Mme. Etta Edwards

Voice



Katherine A. Gaines Graduate, Chicago Musical College; Royal Conservatory, Leipzig Piano



PAULA POSTEL
Graduate, Columbia School of Music, and
American Conservatory
Organ



ALICE A. LINNEMANN
B. I., Lindenwood College
Art



Agnes Gray
Pupil of Ernest Spiering, Jacobson, Bendix,
and Listerman
Violin, Violoncello, Viola



 $\begin{array}{c} \text{RUTH WHITE} \\ \text{B. O., Emerson College of Oratory} \\ \hline \textit{Oratory} \end{array}$



Elizabeth Moore Northwestern University Voice and Public School Music



MARY LOUISE WRIGHT Graduate, Morse School of Expression Oratory



GUY C. MOTLEY College Secretary



ADELE KANSTEINER Assistant to the Secretary



Anne D. Gauss Secretary to the President



LILLIAN GLOSIER Secretary to the Dean



ETHEL B. COOK
Bursar



CORA WAYE Assistant Bursar



MABEL CLEMENT Manager of Tearoom



Anna Jeck Postmistress



MARGARET JOHNSON Head of Butler Hall



DOROTHY BRIDGWATER Librarian



Mrs. Effie L. Roberts Head of Jubilee Hall



Cora V. Walters
Dietitian



Edna Hough Head of Sibley Hall



Elsie Byard Assistant Dietitian



Louise Child Head of Niccolls Hall

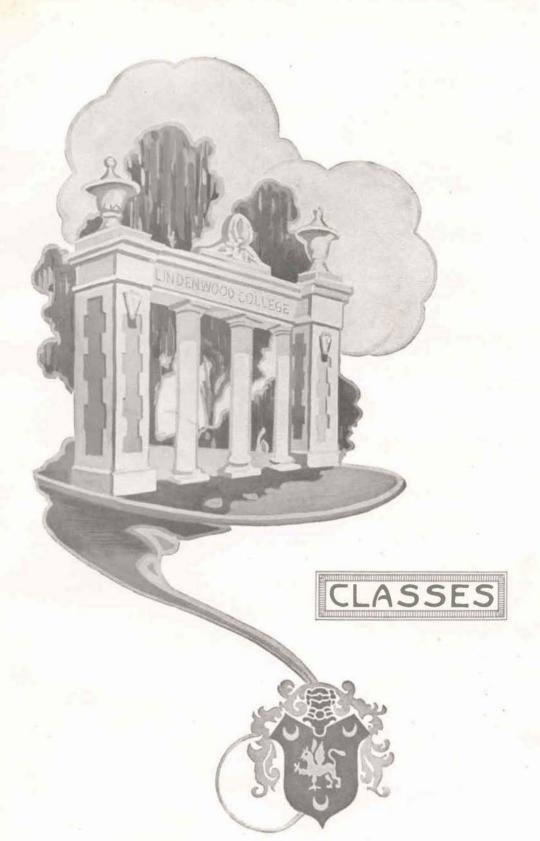


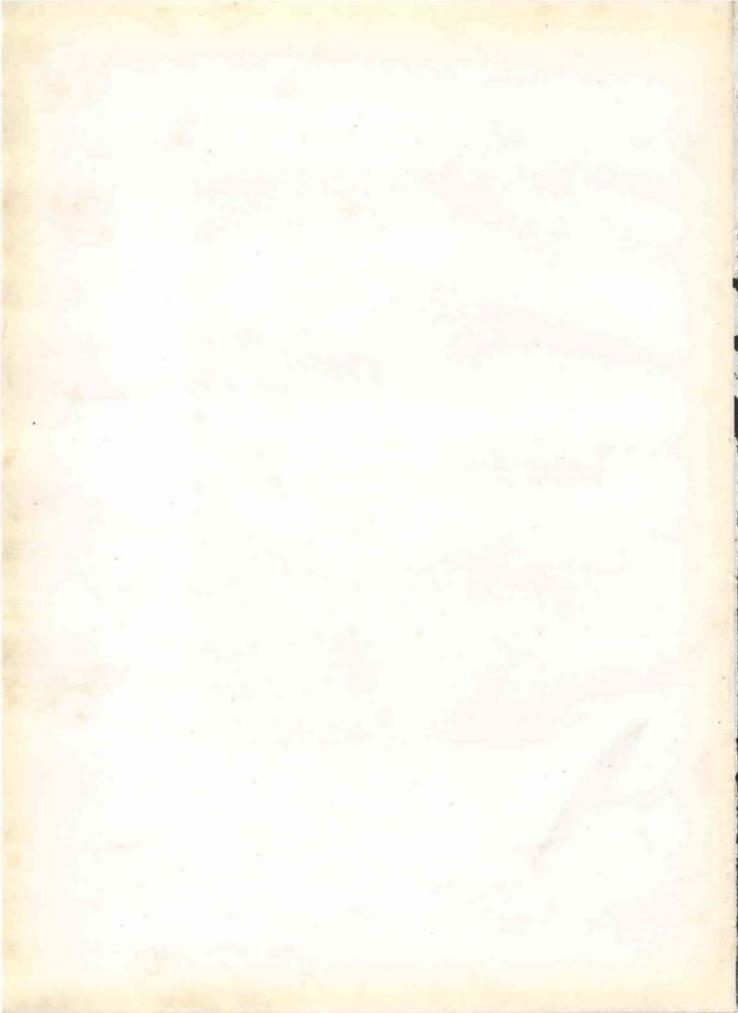
EVA SAYRE Resident Nurse

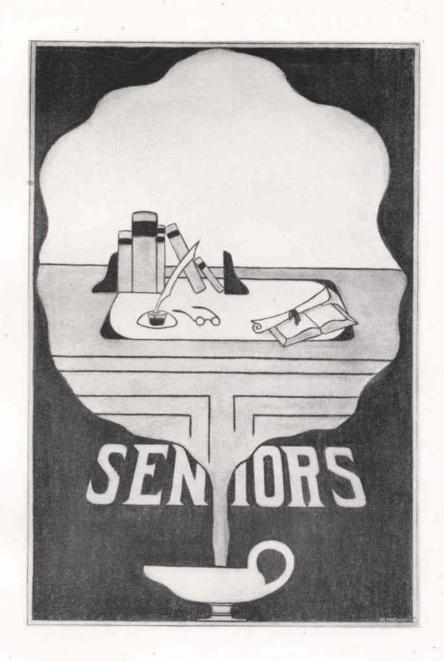
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Board of Directors

JOHN W. MACIVOR, D. D. DAVID M. SKILLING, D. D. GEORGE B. CUMMINGS .	- 41			*	S#:	i i		4.					Vi	ce-President
		Ci	lass	of	15	125								
B. P. FULLERTON, D. D. JOHN W. MACIVOR, D. D. ROBERT RANKEN THOMAS H. COBBS GEORGE W. SUTHERLAND	al	*					*				14			St. Louis St. Louis St. Louis St. Louis St. Louis
			Clo	tss	of	19	26							
Samuel C. Palmer, D. D. George B. Cummings Emmet P. North, M. D B. Kurt Stumberg, M. D. John T. Garrett		*	2					7.		8		×		St. Louis St. Louis St. Charles
			Clo	ss	of	19	27							
HARRY C. ROGERS, D. D. DAVID M. SKILLING, D. D. GEORGE P. BAITY, D. D. JOHN L. ROEMER, D. D. LEE MONTGOMERY	Œ	*		-		×							We	bster Groves Kansas City St. Charles









Class Officers



FLORENCE BARTZ					-					President
MARION STONE		œ					18.		V	ice-President
Laura Cross .										Secretary
TOM JOHNSON				100		1214				. Treasurer

MISS JEANNETTE M. COLLINS, Sponsor Mrs. John L. Roemer, Class Mother



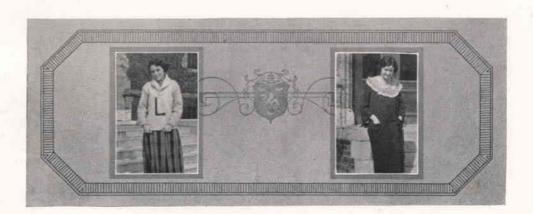


FLORENCE BARTZ 1919-23

May Queen 1920-21; President Athletic Association 1920-21; President Student Council 1921-22; Student Assistant Physical Education Department 1920-21, 21-22, 22-23; Head of hiking 1921-22; Head of track and field 1922-23; President Senior class; Freshman squad leader; Member Athletic Association, Education club, Odds and Ends club; B. S. Physical Education 1923.

MARION STONE 1918-23

President Alpha Sigma Tau 1922-23; President Education club 1922-23; President Lindenwood Players 1921-22; President Texas club 1920-21; Vice-president Senior class; Member Athletic Association, Odds and Ends club, Savages; B. S. in Education; A. B. in Biological Science.



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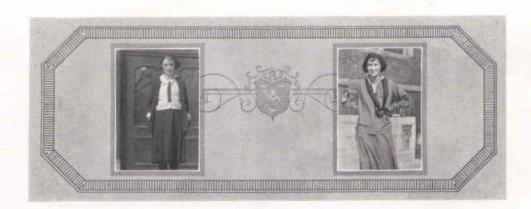


Laura Cross 1919-23

Literary editor annual 1920-21, 22-23; Vice-president Le Cercle Francais 1921-22; President Le Cercle Francais 1922-23; Class secretary 21-22, 22-23; Vice-president I. R. C. 20-21; Vice-president Missouri club 22-23; Member Athletic Association, Shakespeare club, Press club; A. B. English 1923.

Tom Johnson 1922-23

Treasurer Senior class 1922-23; Assistant organization manager annual 1922-23; Member Shakespeare Club, Education club, Oklahoma club; A. B. English 1923.



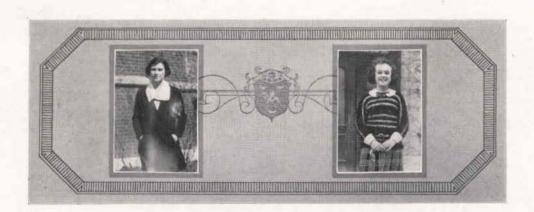


CAROLYN MYLL 1921-23

Vice-president junior class 1921-22; Junior basketball team; Debate 1921-22, 22-23; Secretary-Treasurer Student Council 1922-23; President I. R. C. 1922-23; Varsity hockey team 1922-23; A. B. Political Sciences 1923.

ESTHER SAUNDERS 1919-23

Secretary Alpha Mu Mu 1920-21; Vicepresident Alpha Mu Mu 1921-22, 22-23; College club 1921-22, 22-23; Vice-president Choral club 1921-22; Freshman squad leader 1922-23; B. M. in Music 1923.



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Linden Coaver'23

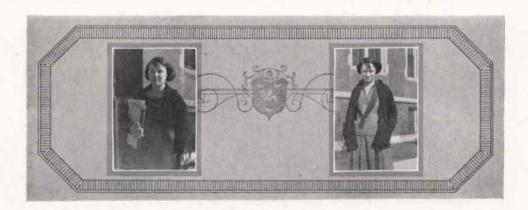


LOUISE CLARK 1919-23

Alpha Mu Mu 1920-23; Member Oklahoma club, French club; Art club; B. M. in music 1923.

KATHLEEN FLEMING 1919-23

Class president 1921-22; President Illinois club 1921-22; Vice-president Illinois Club 1920-21; Vice-president Athletic Association 1921-22; Secretary Athletic Association 1922-23; Executive Board Athletic Association 1920-21, 22-23; Student Council 1922-23; Freshman squad leader 1922-23; Varsity hockey team 1922-23; Diploma in Physical Education 1921; B. S. in Physical Education 1923.



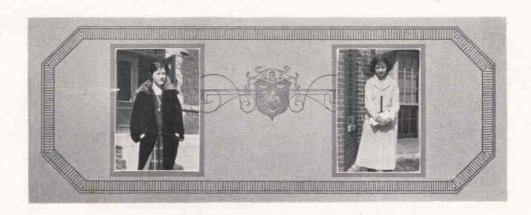


Докотну Ецу 1919-23

Phi Theta Kappa 1919-22; Alpha Sigma Tau 1922-23; President Shakespeare club 1922-23; Secretary Shakespeare club 1921-22; Treasurer Athletic Association 1920-21; Member Education club, Athletic Association; B. S. in Education 1923.

HELEN PEYTON 1919-23

Phi Theta Kappa 1919-22; Secretary-Treasurer Alpha Sigma Tau 1922-23; Assistant to business manager annual staff 1920-21, 22-23; Secretary Education club 1921-22; Member Athletic Association, French club, Missouri club; B. S. in Education 1923.



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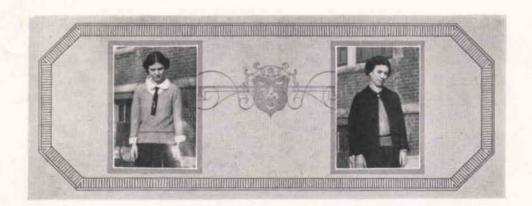


MARY CLARK 1920-23

Annual staff 1920-21; President Athletic Association 1923; Vice-president Athletic Association 1921-22; Varsity basketball team 1921-22; Varsity hockey team 1922-23; Student Council 1921-22; Freshman squad leader 1922-23; Member Missouri club, Education club, Lindenwood Players; B. S. in Physical Education 1923,

JEANNETTE CLARKSON 1918-23

President Odds and Ends club 1922-23; Secretary-Treasurer Odds and Ends club 1921-22; Member Athletic Association, French club, Savages; A. B. in Political Science 1923.



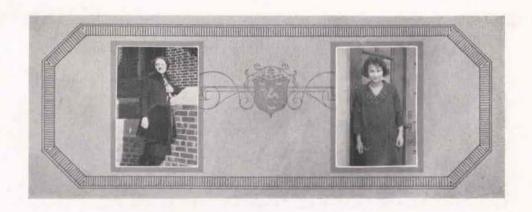


VELMA PIERCE 1919-23

Secretary-Treasurer Alpha Mu Mu 1919-20, 1922-23; Prize Song 1920; Member French club, Shakespeare club, Missouri club; Diploma in Piano 1921; B. M. in Music 1922; M. Mus. 1923.

ALMA MURPHY 1919-23

Phi Theta Kappa 1919-22; Alpha Sigma Tau 1922-23; Member Education club; B. S. in Education 1923.



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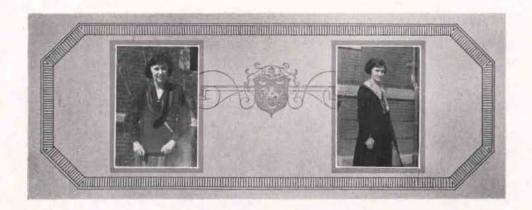


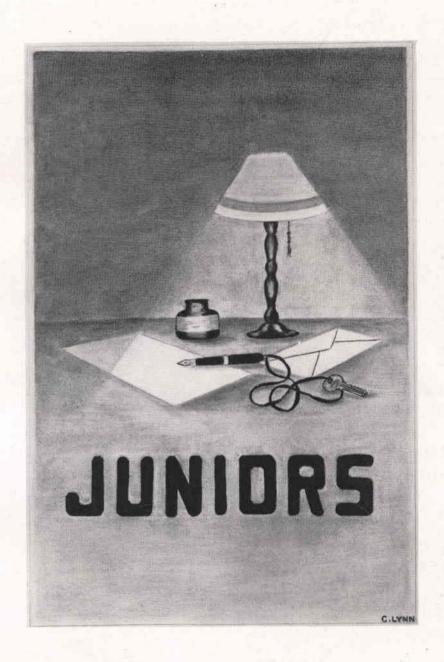
MARIAN GREENE 1921-23

Vice-president Education club 1922-23; Member Alpha Sigma Tau 1921-22, 22-23; Shakespeare club, Missouri Club; B. S. in Education 1923.

BETH HALL 1921-23

Member Shakespeare club, Education club, Missouri club; B. S. in Education 1923.





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Class Officers



MISS LOUISE WELD, Sponsor



GLADYS SULLIVAN

West Plains, Missouri

IVA ADAMS

Mangum, Oklahoma

ISABEL MCMENAMY
St. Charles, Missouri





ROMA KEY

Pine Bluff, Arkansas

KATHARINE NUNN

Sherman, Texas

OREEN RUEDI

Galena, Kansas

MARIAN TITUS

Excelsior Springs, Missouri

FLORENCE GRIFFETH

Rockwell City, Iowa

ESTHER HUND
St. Joseph, Missouri





ALBA CHAPMAN

Diamond, Missouri

MARTHA WHALEY

Albany, Missouri

JANET ROBINSON

Burlington, Iowa

JOSEPHINE ERWIN

Fairfax, Missouri

PAGE WRIGHT

Webster Groves, Missouri

FRANCES BECKER

St. Charles, Missouri



Linden Leaver 23



HELEN RIORDAN

Hannibal, Missouri

GLADYS CAMPBELL

St. Louis, Missouri

KEO RICHARDS

Hutchinson, Kansas

RUTH KERN

Butler, Misseuri

ELISABETH LEE

Center, Missouri

MARGARET FERGUSON

Fulton, Missouri





Catherine Yount
Cape Girardeau, Missouri

Katherine Tinsman

Denison, Texas

ELINOR MONTGOMERY
Sedalia, Missouri

ADELINE AVERS

Kansas City, Missouri

MILDRED CARPENTER
St. Joseph, Missouri

RUTH ROY

New London, Missouri





HELENE MILLSAP
Grove, Oklah oma

HELEN TOWLES

Moberly, Missouri

CAROLYN SHEETZ
Orrick, Missouri

Mary Holderman Tulsa, Oklahoma

Marguerite Bowers
Carrollton, Missouri

Lucy Mullinax Princeton, Missouri





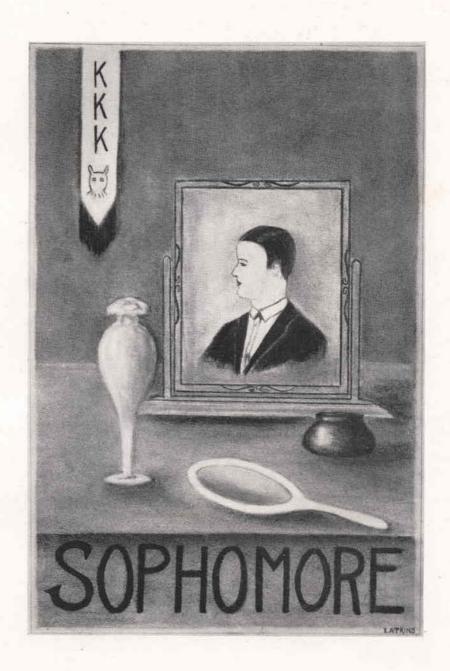
Eugenie Andrus

Lake Charles, Louisiana

GERALDINE WILLS
St. Charles, Missouri

MARY PRISCILLA CALDER
St. Charles, Missouri

MARY LUCILE REDDEN
St. Charles, Missouri





. Class Officers





RUTH MARTIN

Sac City, Iowa

MARY HARTQUEST

Aurora, Nebraska

RUTH MURRAY

Dallas, Texas

MARGARET BOSS

Jackson, Missouri

Della Douglas

Rockport, Missouri

HELEN SCOTT

Roodhouse, Illinois





ELIZABETH HATFIELD

Pawhuska, Oklahoma

MILDRED BOWMAN

Sikeston, Missouri

Orlo Lambert

Estherville, Iowa

ELAINE MYERS

Wichita, Kansas

MARTHA HATFIELD

Pawhuska, Oklahoma

Roberta Moerlenkamp

St. Charles, Missouri

GRACE STUMPE

Washington, Missouri

GENEVIEVE YOST

Shelbina, Missouri

BONNIE BUTNER

Harrisburg, Illinois

FRANCES McGrew

Omaha, Nebraska

Ann Podrasky

Lake Charles, Louisiana

PAULINE ROTHBAUM

Hastshorne, Oklahoma





KATHRYN FAUSETT

Neosho, Missouri

LOUISE NICHOLSON

St. Louis, Missouri

ROSE McClelland

Brookfield, Missouri

HELEN KREADY

Sikeston, Missouri

VERA WASSON

Neosho, Missouri

MARGARET KYGER

Winfield, Kansas

ALICE BETTY HANSBROUGH

Taylor, Missouri

MARGARET BLAKEY

Pleasanton, Kansas

LAURA ESTELLE MYER

Boonville, Missouri

BERNICE BOYD

Paola, Kansas

GERTRUDE BIRD

Davenport, Iowa

ALEEN ATKINSON

Parsons, Kansas





GERALDINE SMYTHE

Kansas City, Missouri

RUTH SOULE

New Orleans, Louisiana

ETTA LOUISE DAVENPORT

Hiawatha, Kansas

MILDRED HARDMAN

Osborne, Kansas

EDNA KRINN

Buller, Missouri

FRANK DEAN CATHEY

Tulsa, Oklahoma

HELEN LILES

Dexter, Missouri

MARGARET LIND

Clarks, Nebraska

ALMYRA GIVENS

Louisiana, Missouri

MARTHA PORTER

Lathrop, Missouri

REBECCA HOPKINS

Helena, Arkansas

VIRGINIA BAUER

Mitchell, South Dakota





VIOLA KARRENBROCK

St. Charles, Missouri

MAY HARRISON

Great Bend, Kansas

MARIE ARENOWITCH

Columbus, Georgia

DOROTHY EMERY

Paola, Kansas

JUANICE SCOGGIN

Fort Smith, Arkansas

IRENE ATKINS

Pittsburg, Kansas

MARY LOUISE STEVISON

Webb City, Missouri

ISABEL JOHNSON

Henryetta, Oklahoma

HELEN RUTLEDGE

Early, Iowa

LOIS LUCKHARDT

Tarkio, Missouri

HELEN CALDER

St. Charles, Missouri

HARRIET RIDGE

St. Joseph, Missouri



Linden Leaves '23 .



MARGUERITE YOUNG

Mound City, Missouri

Mildred Aylor
Fldorado Springs, Missouri

HELEN STUDER

Detroit, Michigan

DOROTHY DALE
Bevier, Missouri

LEAH THOMPSON

Joplin, Missouri

Margaret Taggart Wichita, Kansas

Page 64

BERTHA COOPER

Winterset, Iowa

ESTHER GEARHART

Springville, Iowa

MARGARET KNOOP

Versailles, Missouri

DAPHNE BOOP

Nowata, Oklahoma

KATHLEEN ADAMS

Oxley, Missouri

ETOLIA SKELTON

Princeton, Indiana



Page 65



EVA SEIBER

Miama, Texas

MARTHA MESSINGER

Jennings, Missouri

MAXINE FINKE

California, Missouri

EDITH BALDWIN '

Whitehall, Illinois

JULIA PALMER

Kansas City, Missouri

HELEN STURTEVANT

Wausau, Wisconsin

Marcella Holbrook Spring field, Missouri

ELEANOR SANDERS
Shawnee, Oklahoma



Martha Pepperdine
Neosho, Missouri

LILLIAN TRAPP
Miami, Oklahoma

The Prize Song for 1923



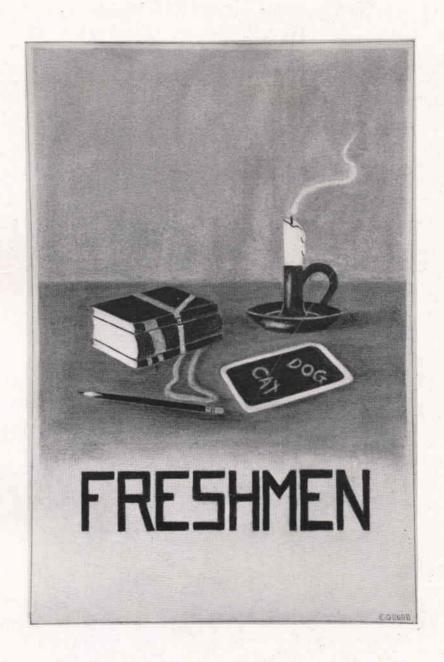
MARGARET TAGGART

RUTH ALEXANDER



Love like ours can need no testing All the years that pass away, Naught but death itself can sever The loyalty we feel today. High ideals, strong convictions, Thou hast given us for the fight—Lindenwood, dear Alma Mater, Nobly stand for truth and right.

When we pass from 'neath thy lindens Dearest mother, keep us true
To the best our short life touches,
To our purpose and to you.
Near the stars of true ambition
May thy daughters find delight
Close to thee, dear Alma Mater,
Standing strong for truth and right.



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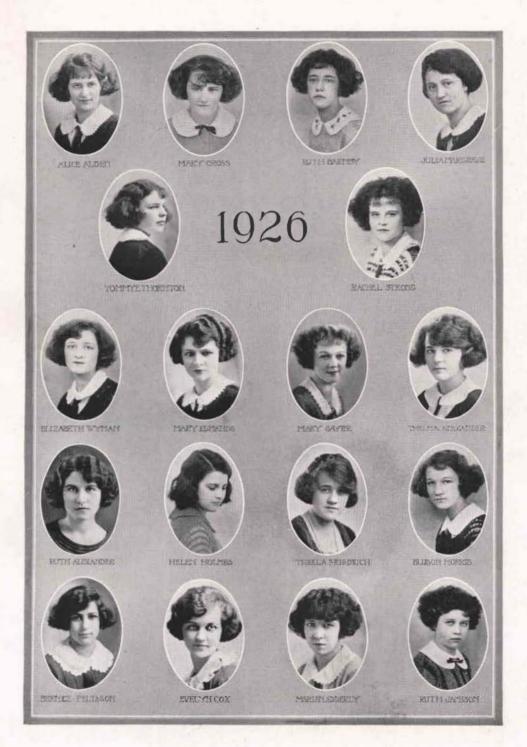


Class Officers

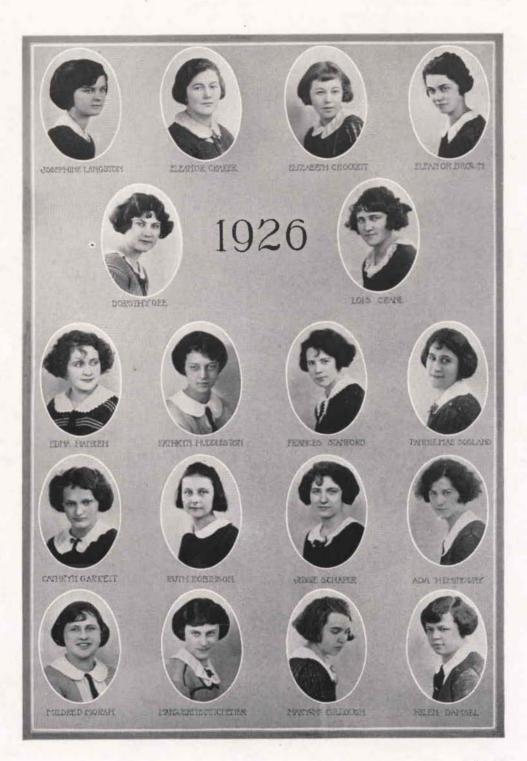


President	+					+		Ro	05/	LYNDE J	OHNSTON
Vice-Preside	nt		¥							Juli	A AYERS
Secretary an	d	Trea	sure	r			· ·	98)		MARION	Bowers
Sponsor .			127				I	Miss	N	ARJORIE	THOMAS

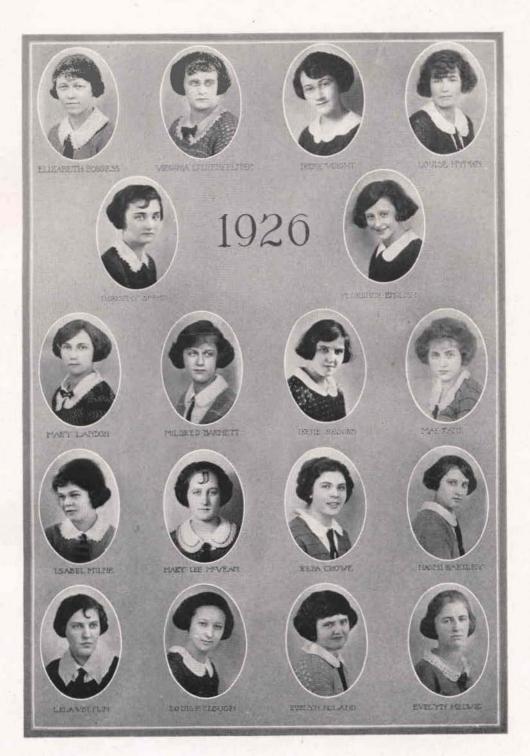




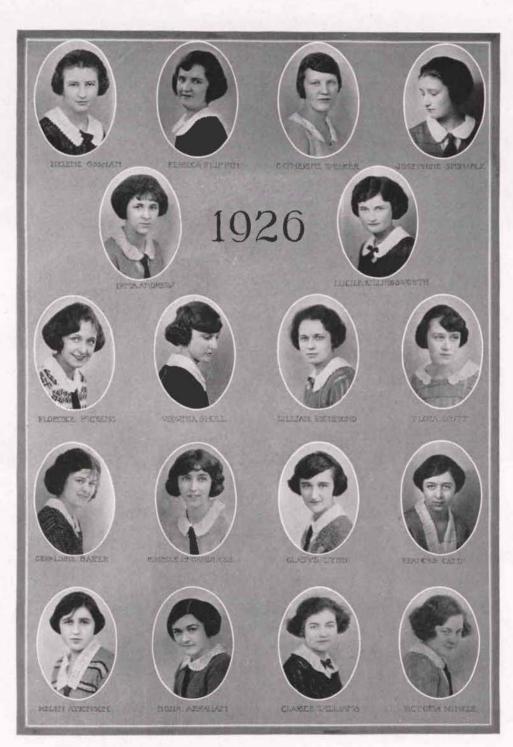
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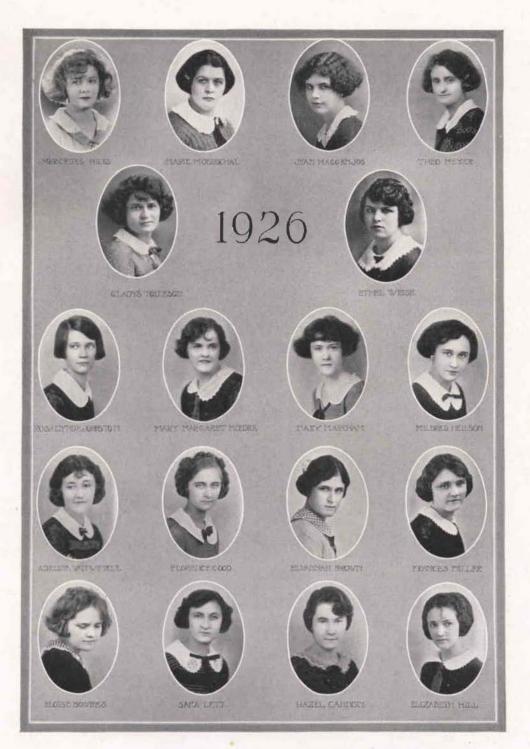


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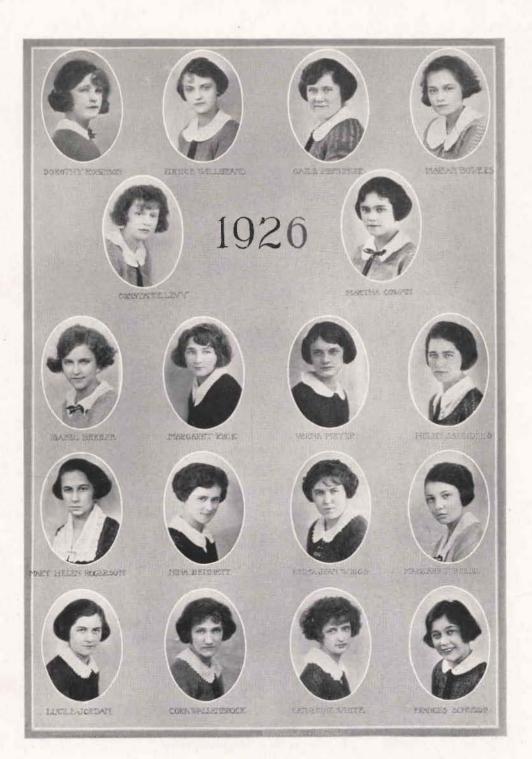


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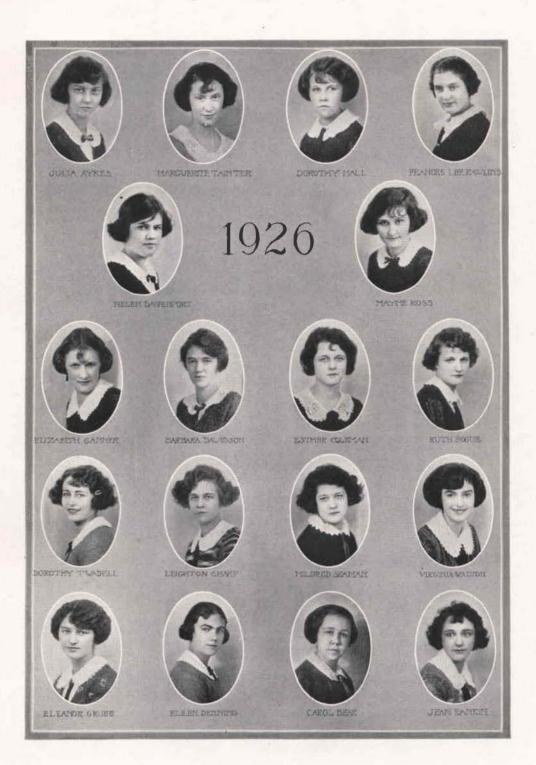
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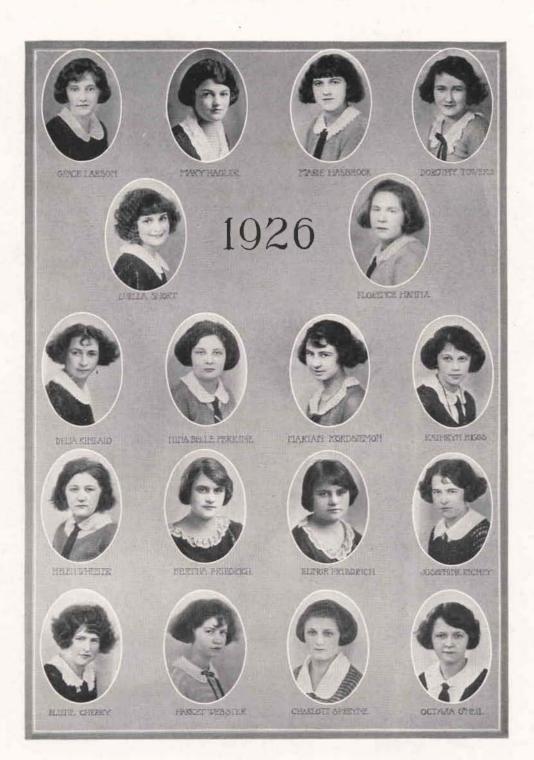
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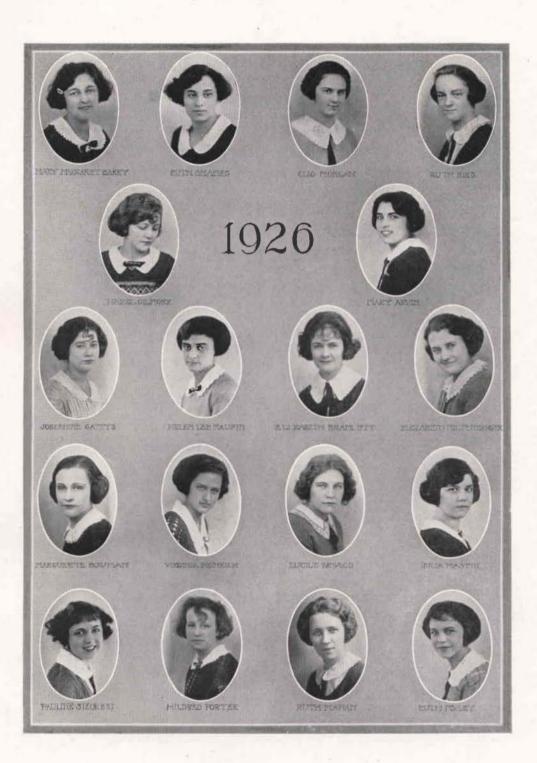
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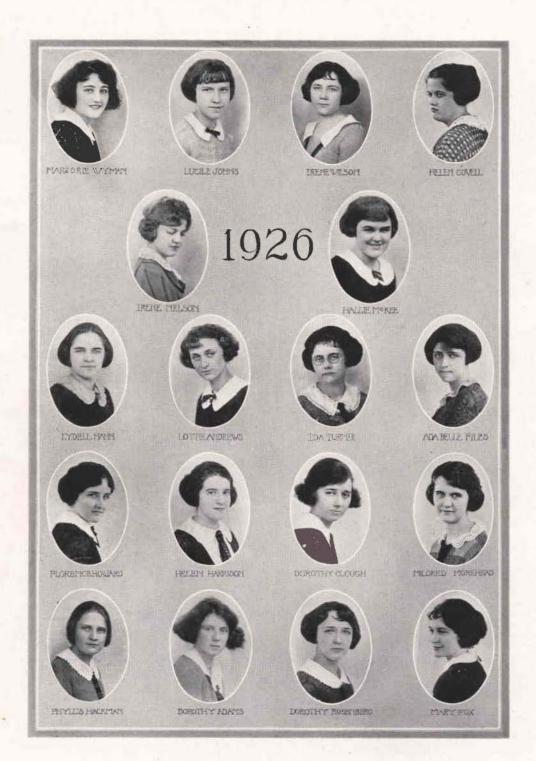
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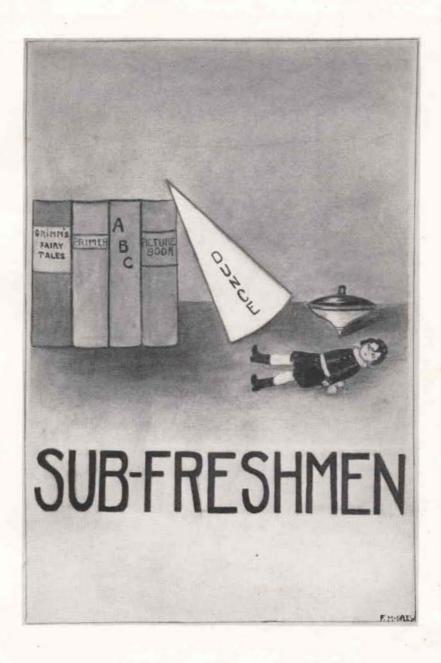


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ORGANIZATION



Linden Lenves 123



The Linden Leaves this year, as has been the case for the last few years, was printed by the Hugh Stephens Printing Company, Jefferson City. The engraving was done by the Central Engraving Company, St. Louis.

The book was planned conservatively, with the idea of correctness and the desire to include as much of the year's activities in as attractive manner as possible in the 196 pages.

The same cover as that of 1922 was used with the hope that the staffs to come will continue with this cover and standardize it.

Our art work has been conventional with an effort to get away from the gaudy colors and the cartoon work which typifies so many college Year Books.

We have attempted to carry out the idea of artistic simplicity throughout the book and to make the editorial and photographic matter as interesting and full of meaning as possible.

THE STAFF

Editor-in-Chief, RUTH KERN

Laura Estelle Myer

Literary Editor, LAURA CROSS

ELINOR MONTGOMERY HELEN CALDER MARCELLA HOLBROOK

Organization

Manager, KEO RICHARDS

GERTRUDE BIRD TOM JOHNSON Business

Manager, RUTH ROY

HELEN RIORDAN

HELEN PEYTON

RUTH MARTIN

Art Editor, ELAINE MYERS

ELINOR GRUBB

GLADYS LYNN

IRENE VOIGHT

ADA HEMINGWAY

Joke Editor, RUTH MURRAY

HELEN SCOTT

Student Government

STUDENT Government as it now exists in Lindenwood College was incorporated in September, 1916. This organization was instituted for the purpose of enabling the students at Lindenwood College to assume individual responsibility in their own life and conduct in the College. Since this date the organization has gained in prestige and has become more of a vital factor in the life of all the students.

All matters pertaining to the conduct of the girls in their daily life, which are not academic or reserved to the faculty's jurisdiction, are under the control of the Student Government Association.

This year, more than ever before, the girls of the entire student body have felt a responsibility in the affairs of Student Government. They have seemed to realize that the pleasure and profitableness of their college life depended on their own interest.

Two of the officers of the Student Council were elected by the student body at the end of last year. This in itself was a step in advance and has done much toward making a spirit of co-operation and democracy.

Student Government has proved itself to be one of the foremost factors in the development of the best ideals among the girls, not only in stimulating a greater degree of college loyalty and a hearty spirit of co-operation, but also in nurturing democratic ideas, an essential phase of our present-day education.

With the lofty principles of loyalty, co-operation, democracy, and in fact all that Student Government stands for, ever before them, the girls of Lindenwood will leave her portals as young women with noble purposes in life, fully equipped to assume the duties and tasks set before them.



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Alpha Sigma Tau

The Alpha Sigma Tau is an honor society organized to take the place of Phi Theta Kappa, which was in operation when Lindenwood was a Junior College.

The aim of the organization is to foster, among the students, a spirit of devotion to study and to the ideals for which the College stands.

FACULTY ADVISORY COMMITTEE

Mrs. J. L. Roemer
Miss Luncinda de L. Templin

HONORARY MEMBERS

Dr. John L. Roemer Mrs. John L. Roemer

MISS LUCINDA DE L. TEMPLIN

MISS MARGARET SPAHR MISS ETHEL BOYCE

MISS KATHRYN HANKINS MISS MARY LEAR

MISS CORA M. PORTERFIELD MISS MILDRED DIAL

MISS LOUISE CHILD

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ACTIVE MEMBERS

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DOROTHY ELY LAURA ESTELLE MYER
ALMA MURPHY RUTH MARTIN
HELEN PEYTON MARIAN GREENE
RUTH ROY CATHERINE YOUNT

EDNA KRINN



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Alpha Mu Mu

(Honorary Musical Society)

Founded at Lindenwood College 1918

Colors: Gray and Rose

Flower: Killarney Rose

Purpose—To foster a greater love for music, and to encourage its enthusiastic study and to promote good fellowship among the students of the Musical Department.

FACULTY COUNCIL MEMBERS

MR. JOHN THOMAS
MISS ARIEL GROSS
MISS AGNES GREY
MISS KATHERINE GAINES
MR. JOHN THOMAS
MISS ARIEL GROSS
MISS ARIEL GROSS
MISS AGNES GREY
MISS KATHERINE GAINES
MR. JOHN THOMAS

MISS FRANCES OLDFIELD MISS PAULA POSTEL MISS ELIZABETH FARMER MISS ELIZABETH MOORE

MISS LUCILE HATCH

MEMBERS

ESTHER HUND VIRGINIA BAUER MARIAN TITUS VELMA PIERCE GLADYS SULLIVAN ESTHER SAUNDERS MARTHA PORTER LOUISE CLARK HELEN STURTEVANT

PLEDGES

JEAN RANKIN DELLA DOUGLAS FLORENCE HOWARD PRISCILLA CALDER HELEN HARRISON ADELINE VAN WINKLE





FACULTY ADVISORS

MRS. JOHN L. ROEMER MISS B. LOUISE WELD MISS ARIEL GROSS MISS RUTH WHITE MISS FLORENCE SCHAPER MISS LILLIAN ALLYN

The year 1923 completes the twenty-sixth year of the Y. W. C. A. as an organization at Lindenwood. Here as everywhere else, the Y. W. C. A. embodies the three-fold plan for a girl's development. This is realized through the weekly meetings, the social functions, and the social service work.

OFFICERS

HARRIET RIDGE	74			4			100	¥			President
RUTH MARTIN .		-							1	V	ice-President
GERTRUDE BIRD .		4			2						Secretary
CATHERINE YOUN											Treasurer
ADELINE AYERS											tive Secretary

Athletic Association

OFFICERS

President									. MARY M. CLARK
Secretary .									KATHLEEN FLEMING
Treasurer									. PAGE WRIGHT

HEAD OF SPORTS

Swimming	2	4		. CATHERINE YOUNT	Dancing	¥7	Q.	-		. MARION STONE
Tennis .			45	. JEANETTE CLARKSON	Hiking .	*				HELEN SAUNDERS
Baseball		10		. MILDRED BOWMAN	Posture .	7			,	BERNICE PELTASON
Basketball	-			HELEN LILES	Archery				1.6	GERALDINE SMYTHE
Hockey .				. REBECCA HOPKINS	Apparatus			11.40	w.	CAROLYN SHEETZ
				Track and Field	FLORENCE	BA	RTZ			

EX OFFICIO MEMBERS

MISS B. LOUISE WELD MISS	Marjorie Thomas	MISS BESS	BLANDING
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MEMBERS

Eugenia Andrus	DOROTHY ELY	HELEN PEYTON				
Adaline Ayers	DOROTHY EMERY	JULIA PALMER				
Julia Ayers	MARGARET FERGUSON	HELEN RIORDAN				
MILDRED AYLOR	MERCEDES HICKS	OREEN RUEDI				
GERTRUDE BIRD	HELEN HOLMES	RUTH ROY				
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VIRGINIA BAUER	Rosalynde Johnston	CHARLOTTE SPREYNE				
Marion Bowers	CAROLYN MYLL	LEIGHTON SHARPE				
LAURA CROSS	ELINOR MONTGOMERY	KATHERINE TINSMAN				
PRISCILLA CALDER	HELEN LEE MAUPIN	GLADYS SULLIVAN				
REBA CROWE	LAURA ESTELLE MYER	JANET ROBINSON				
ALEEN DENNING	ISABELLA MCMENAMY	ODA WENTWORTH				
	RUTH MURRAY					

Wearers of "L"	Wearers of "LC"

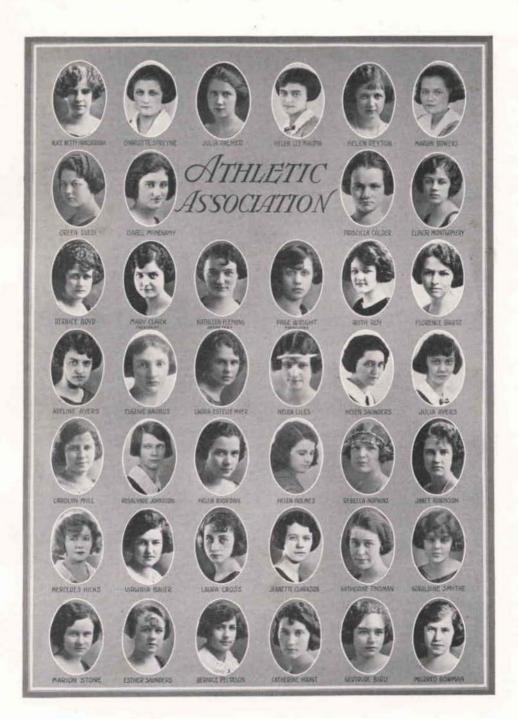
FLORENCE BARTZ	EUGENIA ANDRUS
HELEN RIORDAN	MARY CLARK
Adaline Ayers	
KATHLEEN FLEMING	

HELEN PEYTON

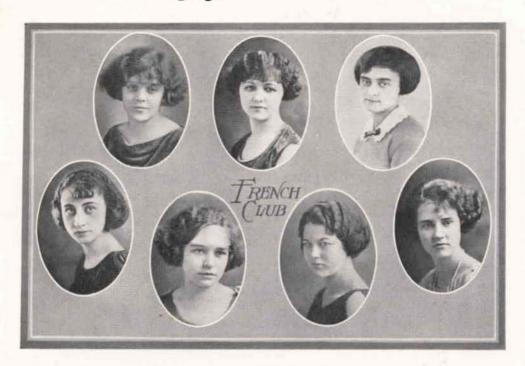
CAROLYN MYLL

Wearers of A. A. Pin

MARY PRISCILLA CALDER REBECCA HOPKINS ROSALYNDE JOHNSTON ELINOR MONTGOMERY LAURA CROSS OREEN RUEDI RUTH ROY PAGE WRIGHT



Le Cercle Français



LAURA CROSS . . President GERALDINE SMYTHE . Vice-President ALEEN ATKINSON . Secretary HELEN LEE MAUPIN . Treasurer

COMMITTEE FROM THE FLOOR

JANET ROBINSON

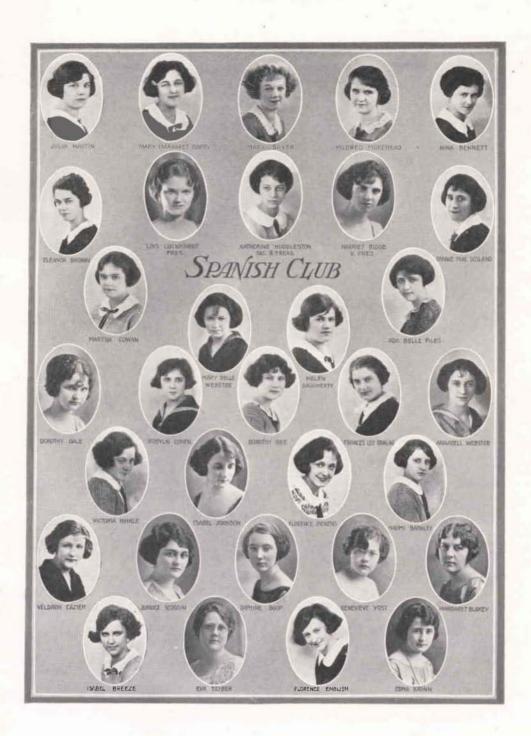
GERTRUDE BIRD

OREEN RUEDI

MEMBERS

ALEEN ATKINSON
MISS E. LOUISE STONE
MARY ARVIN
JULIA AYERS
MISS SENA SUTHERLAND
GERTRUDE BIRD
DAPHNE BOOP
MARGARET BOSS
MARGUERITE BOWERS
MARION BOWERS
MESS E. LOUISE STONE
MISS CYNTHIA STARR
HELEN COVELL
OREEN RUEDI
MISS E. LOUISE STONE
MELEN COVELL
SARA B. LETT
OREEN RUEDI
MISS E. LOUISE STONE
MISS SENA SUTHERLAND
OREEN RUEDI
MISS E. LOUISE STONE
GRAND SARA B. LETT
OREEN RUEDI
MISS E. LOUISE STONE
GRAND SARA B. LETT
OREEN RUEDI
MISS SENA SUTHERLAND
OREEN RUEDI
MISS E. LOUISE STONE
GRAND SARA B. LETT
OREEN RUEDI
MISS SENA SUTHERLAND
OREEN RUEDI
MISS S BERTHA COOPER GRACE LARSON GERALDINE SMYTHE
REBA CROWE GLADYS LYNN VIRGINIA WALTON
LAURA CROSS HELEN LEE MAUPIN MARTHA WHALEY
ETTA LOUISE DAVENPORT RUTH MURRAY HELEN WHEELER
MARY EDMANDS CAROLYN MYLL KATHERINE WHITE
CATHERINE GARRETT ROBERTA MOEHLENKAMP
MARY HAGLER LOUISE NICHOLSON LOUISE HYMAN ADA HEMINGWAY

IULIA PALMER BERNICE PELTASON HELEN HOLMES



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FACULTY ADVISORS

MISS RUTH WHITE

MISS MARY LOUISE WRIGHT

PLEDGES

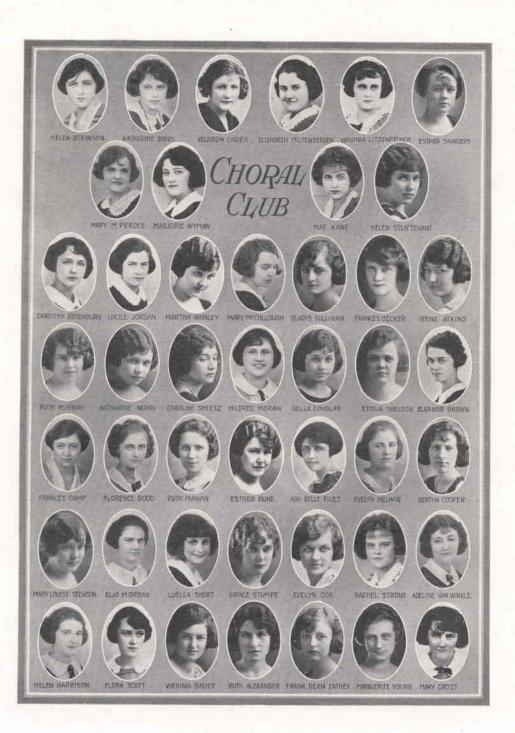
MARGUERITE MITCHENER	FLORENCE BARTZ
ESTHER COLEMAN	KATHLEEN FLEMING
FRANCES MILLER	VIRGINIA HEINRICH
MARGARET FERGUSON	EVELYN COX

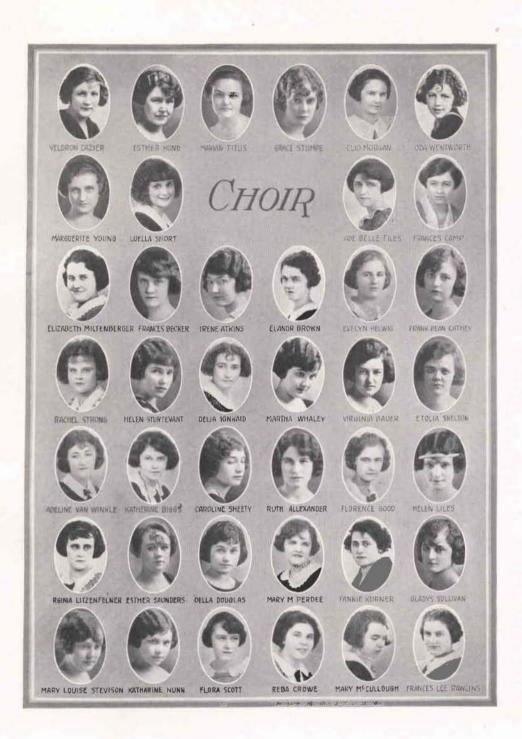
LYDELL HAHN
ELIZABETH GANNER
ISABEL BREESE
HARRIET WEBSTER

The membership of the Lindenwood Players is based upon superior scholastic standing, both in academic and expression work. The aim is to evolve rounded, cultured women with literary appreciation and an ability to give with directness and simplicity their own thoughts and those of others.

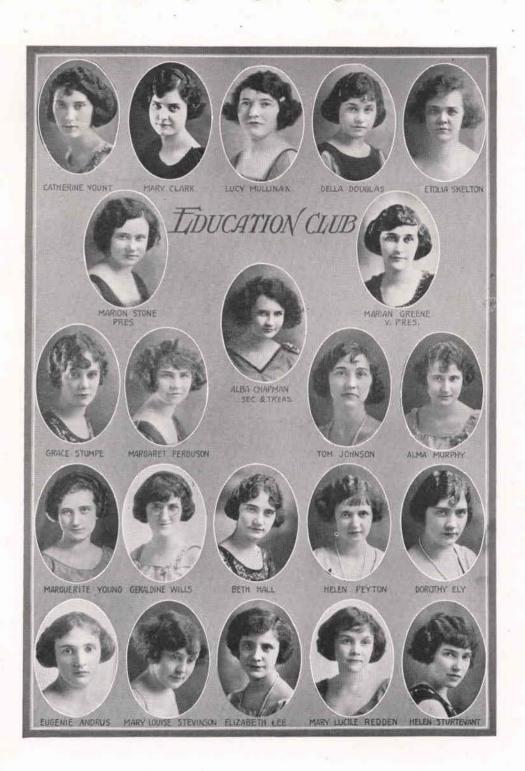


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Motto: Aurea Mediocritas

Colors—Roman purple and white Flower—Red Carnation

Sponsor—Miss Kathryn Hankins

MEMBERS

MARGUERITE BOWERS			×.		500							Princeps
DOROTHY EMERY .		1520				4					÷	Aedilis
HELEN KREADY .	*		•		ji.			•				Scriba
ELINOR MONTGOMERY						BE	RN	UCI	4	Во	YD	
Eloise Bowers						Vı	RG	INI	A	Н	EIN	RICH
J	ES	SE	E	Sc	HA	PER						

International Relations Club



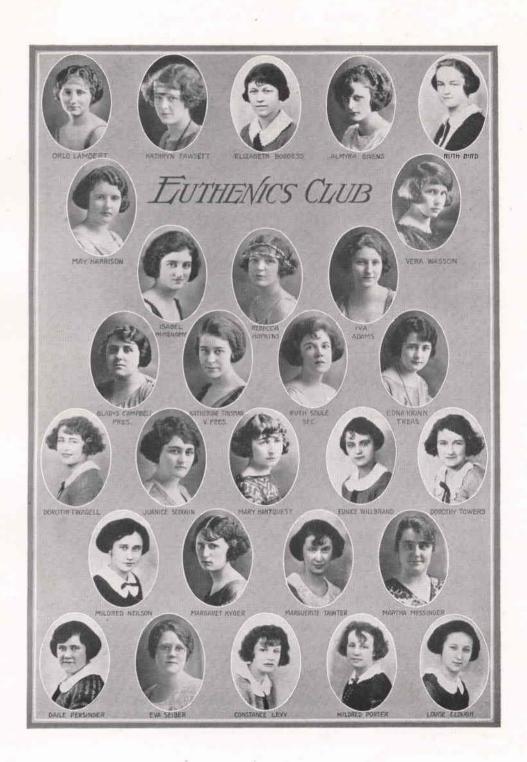
The International Relations Club of Lindenwood College is an organization hitched to a star—the star of the hope of universal peace. Under the direction of the Institute of International Education in New York City, the club (with its sister organizations of fifty other colleges and universities) seeks to bring an intelligent interest of international problems to the college students of today—the influential citizen of tomorrow. Can ignorant contempt "foreigners" in America and "natives" abroad be replaced by sympathetic understanding of other races and people? The Lindenwood I. R. C., by lectures, papers and discussions, and by intercollegiate debates on the vital question of the inter-allied debts, has aimed at this high goal. The I. R. C. stands for young Americans who are learning to think and act as citizens of the world.

DEBATE TEAMS

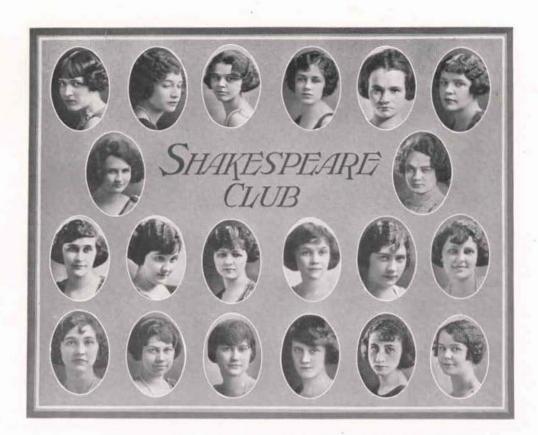
Washington-Lindenwood Debate

Affirmative	Negative	Alternates
ELINOR GRUBB	HELEN CALDER	KATHERINE HUDDLESTON
CAROLYN MYLL	VIRGINIA HEINRICH	Julia Mastin
RUTH MARTIN	Martha Cowan	HELEN RIORDAN
	Missouri-Lindenwood Debat	e
ELINOR GRUBB	VIRGINIA HEINRICH	RUTH MARTIN
	MEMBERS	
ALEEN ATKINSON	CATHERINE GARRETT	LUCY MULLINAX
MILDRED AYLOR	ELINOR GRUBB	LAURA ESTELLE MYER
Julia Ayers	FLORENCE HANNA	CAROLYN MYLL
GERALDINE BAKER	FLORENCE GRIFFETH	JULIA PALMER
Frances Becker	MARGARET KNOOP	FLORENCE PICKENS
RUTH BOGUE	RUTH MARTIN	HELEN RIORDAN
HAZEL CANNON	MARGUERITE MITCHENER	RUTH ROY
BERTHA COOPER	JULIA MASTIN	MARY SAYRE
MARTHA COWAN	ELINOR MONTGOMERY	Georgiana Sutherland

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Motto: "All things are ready if our minds be so." Henry V.

Aim: To promote and advance a love for Shakespeare and his works.

OFFICERS

DOROTHY ELY					200				President
ALEEN ATKINSON .	2	2		7.0		9	-	Vi	ce-President
Marguerite Bowers							5		Secretary
MARY LUCILE REDDEN	***								Tuesanna
Miss Anna Pugh .									

MEMBERS

MARGUERITE BOWERS	M
CAROLYN SHEETZ	M
RUTH KERN	A
ELINOR MONTGOMERY	M
PRISCILLA CALDER	D
KEO RICHARDS	M
ALBA CHAPMAN	To

MARIAN GREENE
MARTHA WHALEY
ALEEN ATKINSON
MARY LUCILE REDDEN
DOROTHY ELY
MILDRED CARPENTER
Tom Johnson

HELENE MILLSAP
FRANCES BECKER
LAURA CROSS
FRANCES McGREW
LOUISE CHILD
VELMA PIERCE
FLORENCE GRIFFETH

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Miss	LILLIAN ALLY	Ν .			 Sponsor

OFFICERS

Anne Podrasky								President
GERALDINE WILLS		. or 1	,				Vi	ice-President
MILDRED BARNETT					*:	Sec	retai	rv-Treasurer

MEMBERS

LUZELLE LYONS	GERALDINE WILLS	VIOLA BOSCHERT
Myra Benham	LILLIAN RICHMOND	HELEN STUCKEY
MAYME SMALL	VICTORIA HINKLE	MILDRED BARNETT
ANNE PODRASKY	Frances Stanford	FLORENCE ENGLISH
	MARY LANDON	

The Commercial Club of Lindenwood College, with Miss Allyn as sponsor, is composed of thirteen enthusiastic members. Meetings are held on Monday evenings and talks, essays and debates on commercial subjects are given, with the purpose of improving all the members in business attainment.

Our aims are high and we are going to reach them, for in a few years we will be social secretaries, big business women, and each one of us will have filled her place in the wheel of life which will roll us to success.

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Art Department

Motto: "Art is long—Time is fleeting."
Flower: Pine and White Roses.

Teacher

ALICE A. LINNEMANN

CLASS OFFICERS

President	14		9				ă.							ELAINE	MYERS
Vice-Presi	dent	40			É:	-		4	-			2	RE	евесса Н	OPKINS
Secretary	262			,						 I	ALIC	E]	BET	TY HANSI	BROUGH
Treasurer		3											1	MARIAN	Tirus

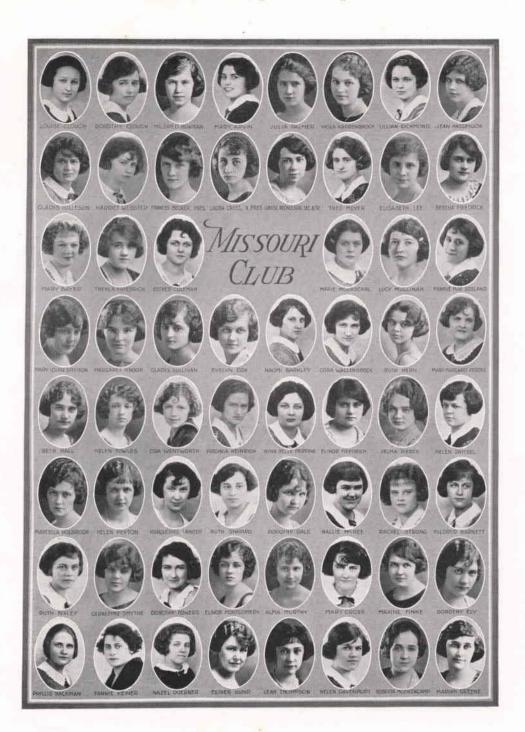
CLASS ROLL

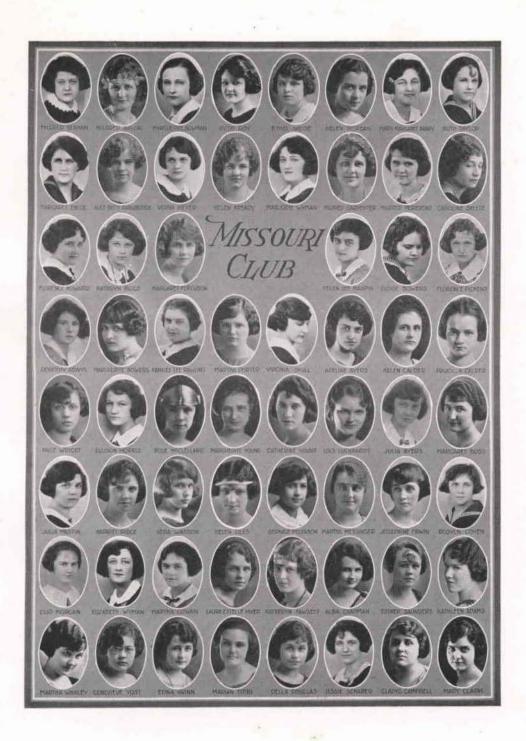
IRENE ATKINS ADA HEMINGWAY ELINOR GRUBB GLADYS LYNN FRANCES MCGREW ELAINE MYERS ELIZABETH WYMAN DOROTHY ADAMS IVA ADAMS EUGENIA ANDRUS RUTH BARMBY RUTH BIRD ELIZABETH BOGGESS MARGUERITE BOWMAN ELIZABETH BRAMLETT LOUISE CLOUGH MARY CROSS THEKLA FRIEDRICH REBECCA HOPKINS MARGARET KYGER JOSEPHINE LANGSTON ORLO LAMBERT CONSTANCE LEVY EOLINE McCullar ISABELLA MCMENAMY MARY LEE MCVEAN MILDRED NIELSON EDNA HANKEN IRENE NELSON

IRMA ANDREWS FRANCES BECKER LOUISE CLARK MARY EDMANDS IOSEPHINE ERWIN MARY FOX GAILE PERSINGER MILDRED PORTER VIRGINIA SHULL RUTH SOULE MARGUERITE TAINTER DOROTHY TOWERS DOROTHY TWADELL IRENE VOIGHT EUNICE WILLBRAND LELA WOLFLIN VIRGINIA WELLS MARIAN ADDERLY MARGARET GOOD RUTH YALE MILDRED HARDMAN Lois Crane HELEN STUCKEY REBA CROWE ROSE McCLELLAND RUTH DAVIS MARGARET TAGGERT ESTHER HUND KATHRYN PENCE

ESTHER SAUNDERS GLADYS SULLIVAN MARIAN TITUS LILLIAN TRAPP CLARICE WILLIAMS RUTH STUART DOROTHY ROSENBERG CLARA SCHULTZ LOTTIE ANDREWS **IOSEPHINE SPONABLE** NAOMI BARKLEY KATHLEEN FLEMING ALICE BETTY HANSBROUGH GRACE LARSON MARGARET LYNCH MARY L. STEVISON VIRGINIA WALTON MARY MARKHAM KATHERINE WHITE EVELYN HELWIG THELMA TOBIN FLORENCE PICKENS MARY WEBSTER HAZEL CANNON JULIA MARGRAVE ELEANOR BROWN KATHERINE BIGGS MARY REVARD VELDRON CAZIER

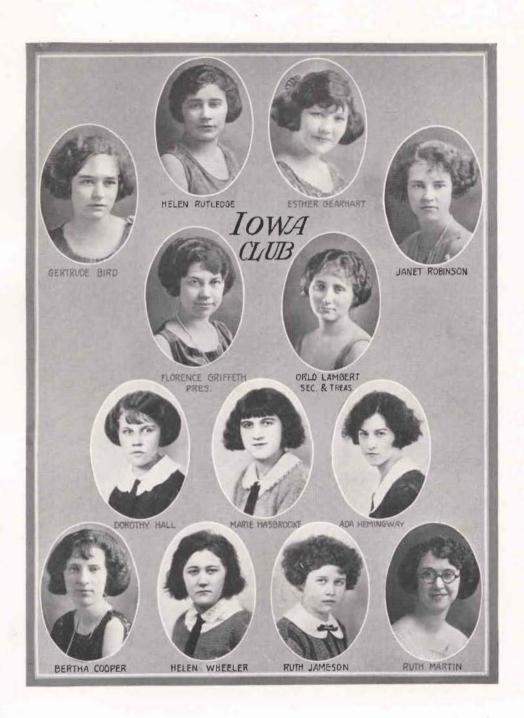




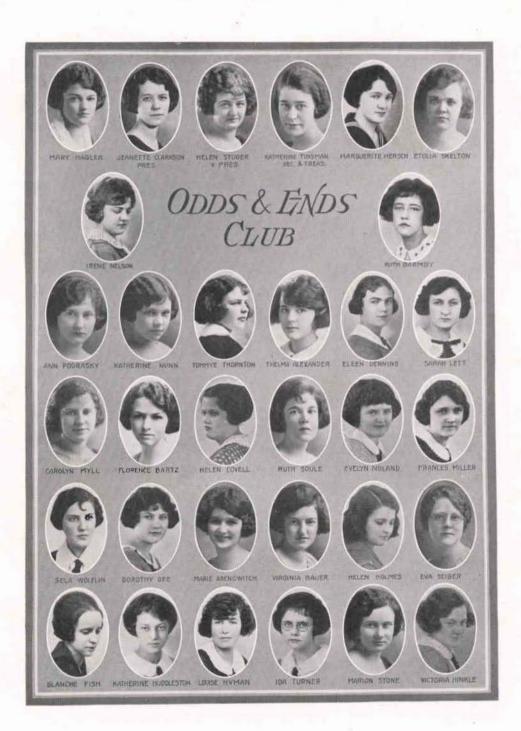


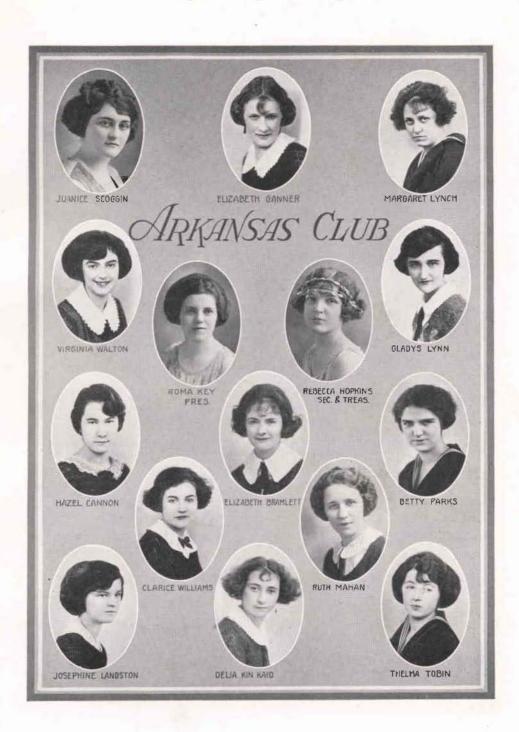
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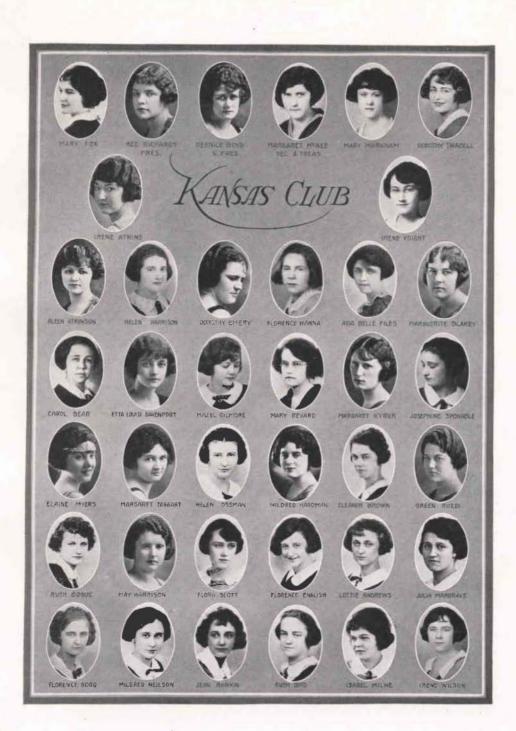


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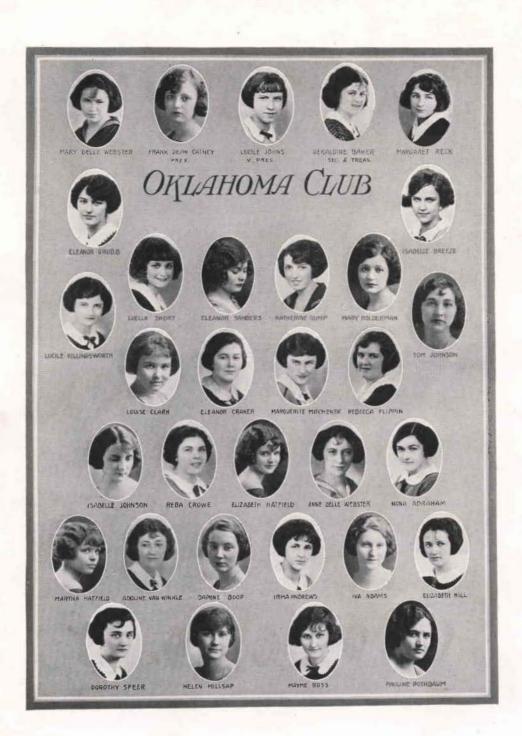








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FEATURES





Literary



hen the years grow old, and we sit by the fire and no longer strive to bay at the moon, our memories will grow fanciful as memories do, and who holds a doubt as to where those memories will wander?

Straight back they will fly, ever so swift, for such old, old memories, to a Somewhere which in the coming years you will name Lindenwood.

And in those years when our imaginations as well as our memories will grow fanciful, Lindenwood and Life will drop the prosy cloak which Youth, the fearful, the dashing, the reckless will wear. And the eyes of a Child and Youth grown old—eyes filled with the rosy wonder will be of the warrior, Dawn, and the priest, Twilight.

And what will these eyes see?

A spring night whose gentleness is mellowed still more by the far, far years;

Lights blending with the blackness of dark from eyes veiled with the dust of dreams;

Stars and the moon, warm and full of a hope all golden and caressing;

Trees singing lullabies to our sleepy reveries — big, spreading trees, that whisper night secrets;

But that which will warm our hearts within, as the comfortably blazing fire warms our comfortably toasting toes, is the memory which brings a stream of faces, and an illusion of the intimate touch of hands. We shall love the gently chiding and firmly restraining care, and we shall smile a little regretfully at our rebellion. And every voice that reaches us through the years will be a strain of harmony.

This is the enchanted land to which our gypsy memories will stray.

A sun shone into my life and made Gay lights and shadows that tossed and played, And where golden rays touched earth A shower of lovely things found birth; A bird trilled out of the soul of a tree, And flower faces smiled at me, And swayed to the lilt of a breeze that stirred Sun-light to flame; a thousand wings whirred; A blue stream twinkled and called me to robe Where fairy feet peeped and skipped in a grobe. A spirit within me stretched to be free, And flowed with the sun in melody.

- L. C.

Mary Easton Sibley

Mary Easton SIBLEY was young—young all the seventy-five years of her life. She possessed the youth whose enthusiasms desired action, or the youth that has the courage to try the unusual thing without fearing the consequences. She was so young at seventy-one years of age that she conceived of the idea that it was her duty to go as a missionary to Japan. Although she was hard of hearing, and although at that age most people are resigned to their feebleness, Mrs. Sibley went to New York and sailed from there via Panama to California. A very rough voyage convinced her more effectively than her friends at home had been able to that she could not stand the trip, and she returned to Missouri. This innate delight in vivacity enabled her to become the first benefactress of young women in the West. Lindenwood stands as the result of Mrs. Sibley's charm and ambition.

In 1803, when Mary Easton was three years old, her father, Rufus Easton, was sent West from New York to investigate the Aaron Burr conspiracy. After discharging his government duties, he settled in St. Louis, then a small French village. The exceedingly handsome Mr. Easton was the first postmaster and also had the distinction of being the first American to settle in St. Louis with his family of eleven children. Among the sturdy French pioneers Rufus Easton became an energetic leader, entering into all their activities, except perhaps those dealing with their religious beliefs; for neither Mrs. Sibley's mother not father were church people.

When Mary Easton grew up, she was sent to the only seminary in the West at that time—Mrs. Teir's boarding school for young ladies at Shelbyville, Kentucky. The only possible way of getting there was to go on horseback across country over the broken trail to Washington, D. C., and then back again to Kentucky. Even for a lively girl accustomed to the strenuous hardships of pioneer life a cross-country trip was not all pleasure.

Notwithstanding trying details in her life such as this, Mary Easton seemed to have no responsibilities whatever. Being very truly young herself, she loved young people and all the joys that accompany youth. She reveled in brilliant, gaudy clothes, and the more tulle and gay flowers she could pile on her hats the more beautiful she thought them; she never wore black in her life even after she had become an old lady. She and Nancy Lucas, her chief girlhood friend, were considered the belies of the village. Perhaps it was because they both were very gay, healthy, and full of spirit that they were such intimate friends. They used to attend dances at the surrounding forts, which were the centers of entertainment in the early days, sometimes riding all day on horseback with their party clothes in a bundle behind them, then dancing all night and returning the next day. Physical exertion meant nothing to them.

At one of these fort parties, Mary Easton met a frail, delicate-looking man, Major George C. Sibley, who was the Government Indian Agent, and whom the Indians referred to with grave respect as "Little Father." At fifteen, this very pretty young girl, who later became a pretty old lady, was married to this Major of the United States Army. In spite of the fact that in the early nineteenth century women who had reached the marriageable age were considered too old

to do "unladylike" things, such as crossing their feet in public or slumping down in their chairs, Mrs. Sibley lost none of her sturdy vitality, nor did she for once consider "settling down." She was not at all domestic. She always was surrounded by plenty of flowers, brilliant red geraniums preferably, and by young people whenever possible. She delighted in taking care of plants and anything alive, but when it came to general housekeeping she took advantage of her ability to direct others.

During this period, Mary Easton Sibley's whole view point of life was altered. She had a sudden conversion, evidently an old-fashioned one; from that time, Mrs. Sibley was a very ardent Christian and Protestant. Nancy Lucas had always been such a very devout Catholic that in recent years she was canonized as one of the early saints in that church. Although they were constantly together, Mrs. Sibley before her conversion was not affected by her chum's religious zeal; it is not surprising that the one became a zealous worker in the Protestant faith and the other in the Catholic church and that they still remained as intimate friends as ever.

Shortly after their marriage, Major and Mrs. Sibley bought a grove of linden trees situated on a hill overlooking the Missouri river at St. Charles. It was this purchase that suggested the idea to Mary Easton Sibley of becoming the founder of Lindenwood College for girls. Realizing the possibilities in a well educated and developed womanhood, and seeing the few opportunities for young girls, she resolved to make the practical education of girls her life work. After Mrs. Sibley had succeeded by mere force of her dominant character in obtaining aid from the Presbytery, the first Lindenwood building, made out of some of the stately old lindens themselves, was completed in 1827. Her ideal of happiness was fulfilled in this boarding school where thirty girls came on horseback from the surrounding country. There she directed their pleasures as well as their work, reading them stories as they sat around in a circle embroidering, or playing for them on a small organ with a funny little drum attachment that made war songs alluring. The religious instruction after each meal was made a very personal and impressive affair.

Mrs. Sibley's simple frankness endeared her to all those who loved her, and terrified those who were guilty of misconduct. Perhaps it was anticipation of her directness that inspired the girls long ago to compose the galloping parody "Clear the Way, Aunt Mary's Coming." On one occasion, Mrs. Sibley sent word to a friend that she would take supper with her on a given evening and specified several things she wished her to have to eat, things for which this woman was quite famous. Her family always made it a business to hide any special thing that they wanted to keep if Mary Sibley was coming to visit them, for she took whatever she liked. One day when visiting her niece, she saw a handsome spread on the bed, and with the remark, "Well, I like that. I'll just take it." she packed it in her trunk. For some reason, people liked to give her things in spite of her abruptness.

After Major and M1s. Sibley had given Lindenwood a fair start in becoming a great college, they spent the last years of their lives in a cozy red brick house some distance west of Lindenwood. There Mrs. Sibley, wearing over her side curls her quaint little lace cap with its pink, yellow or blue ribbon bow on it, watered and watched her bright red flowers, and with her little niece, Betty Easton, who made her home with "Aunt Mary," she lived over again the thrills and pleasures of youth.

A Sorry Snow Story

When next you see the tiny stars
Twinkling in the sky
You'll know they're only shivering
As with the cold they cry.

For once upon a wintry night Before Time had grown old, Out of the frozen stump of an oak Emerged an imp so bold

He climbed onto a gust of wind And up to the sky he whirled; As he grinned and clicked his fingers, His iced mustache he curled.

Then holding tight to the swirling wind By his long icicle toes He went "Puff! Puff!" to every star Till the scared little things all froze.

Down they fell through the long, dark night. To the fragile baby things
Were given, for their earth bound trip,
Six tiny frosty wings.

And in the morning Mother Moon, Grown pale and thin with dread, Held close to her last lone child! All the rest of them were dead.

So when you find the ground all white Then you will surely know Jack Frost has killed the star children— Though some folks say it's snow.

-M. H.

Golf, As It Should Be Played

THERE are those romanticists who paint all life in unknown colors, and golf is not exempt from the touches of their brush. There are those who would have us believe that golf on an early morning is this:

I. Golf As It Isn't.

We impatiently lie in bed, waiting for the sunrise, with the rest of the world. At the first streak of day, we dash excitedly from bed, dress in a swagger sports costume, with a soft hat pulled far down upon our ears, sling a golf bag carelessly over our shoulder, tiptoe noiselessly down the stairs and step jauntily into the balmy morning. Striking a languishing pose at the elevation of the first tee, we gaze wistfully upon the long, closely-cropped sweep of fair-way, the distance sky-line, broken by swaying leafy trees and high bunkers, and the winding streams peeping from the grass. The soft spring breeze fans our faces and blows a fluffy lock of hair from under our hats.

Our physical and mental natures respond to the exhilaration produced by the sheer joy of beauty and pleasure as we go rapidly from hole to hole. With perfect muscular co-ordination we swing the driver with a graceful sweeping stroke. Our eyes follow the little white ball as it sails high and straight in the air, and our eyes with early morning clarity accurately determine that the landing has been made within a foot of the cup. A well-calculated put sends the ball into the hole, and we once more view the glories of nature with added satisfaction.

But above all stands the golfer's creed: "Thou shalt keep thy score fairly and shalt not count a missed stroke as practice." It is this tingling sense of good sportsmanship that makes all golfers brothers. Golfers believe that a good score is to be desired only when it is earned, and so they breathe deeply of the pure morning air and count their scores accurately.

And so we add our scores carefully and walk back to Jubilee to blissfully partake of piping hot biscuits.

II. The Bitter Truth.

An alarm clock rings. There is no response. Before the persevering little instrument has even thought of running down, someone down the hall yells, "For heaven's sake, turn it off!" Finally your brain grasps the fact that a riot is threatening, and having no desire to feature in a lynching act at four-thirty, you grope for the alarm, strive to stifle it, and at last in exasperation jump up to stop the ring just as the Baby Ben shuts up and looks innocently into your eyes. You might as well get out, although that balmy spring breeze makes goose-flesh all over

your body. Just as you finish dressing you discover with the one eye that is functioning that one stocking is white and one a sort of tan. That doesn't matter, as it will go nicely with the white blouse that protrudes artistically from the left elbow. Your hair-well it's there, As you stumble down the stairs which groan horribly as if they were muttering in a guilty sleep, the golf bag dragging behind you goes bump, bump, all the way. You find upon returning that your reputation in your hall stands in a very wavering position. The morning dew is fully appreciated by your artistic soul when it enters the hole in your left shoe. There is no sand in the box, so you pull up some of the soft Missouri mud that you are sinking into and mold it to the shape of a tee. Then you take one long look at the ball, raise your arms which are slightly paralyzed from being slept on part of the night, fan the ball a few times and at last with a mighty effort make a great excavation in the tee with your driver. At last the ball, black as an African by this time, bounds over the stubble, strikes a bump and jogs over to a ditch on the right, where it peacefully reposes.

All down the course you pursue this little ball, and you wonder after you have inspected minutely the greater portion of the golf field in hopes of finding your last ball, whether or not the 1927 centennial will come before the missing link is found.

By this time you are rather pale around the eyes, but you are more or less undaunted, as you renew attacks upon the ball. You writhe and contort yourself into miraculous shapes as you aim wildly and are carried for a few feet in circular swings with the force of the movement. The gentle wind has whipped the last wave from your hair by this time. You fight your way the length of the cornfield, only to gasp in horror when a passing car threatens death to the ball. But then it has no right out of bounds. You aim for the hole. The ball rolls carefully around. You aim again. You are back in your former position. This zigzaging keeps up until you are dizzy enough to wonder if Harriet Ridge is president of Y. W. or the Athletic Association. You take breath and watch the St. Charles moving van go by. By this time your other eye is open.

When the war is over and your vocabulary exhausted, you ask your fellow-playmate what her score is. This gives you the advantage. When she says sweetly, "Forty-two," and looks sky-ward in admiration of spring's first robins, you take your cue and reply, "Thirty-nine." It is a case of who speaks last. It would take the angel Gabriel himself to count the numerous fans and other little mistakes that you really weren't counting.

You drag your clubs behind you and straggle into egg omelette.

-L. C.

Rest

In the morning as we rush to breakfast, we sigh for it; through the day of classes, we long for it; as we glide and twist across the gym floor after dinner, we dream of it; this rest more anxiously sought than food or raiment.

Rest is the state of being peaceful and at ease both in mind and body. It is a state of being, which excludes all fatigue, either physical or mental, and admits only a primary sense of pleasure. Rest must be a complete relaxation but need not necessarily be inactivity. There is no existing form of movement that cannot be termed under the heading "rest." Rest cannot be given a general definition, but must be defined according to individual needs and preferences.

Temperament, although it is a vice usually associated with a few eccentrics and geniuses, is really a characteristic of the most prosaic among us. If it were not, why would we be prosaic? And it is at the feet of temperament that we can lay the blame for the fifty-seven known varieties of rest.

I will imagine, for the sake of my own convenience as well as for the sake of yours, that I am no longer one of the idle rich, but instead a poor little shop-keeper, a dealer in Rests, who, although not especially fearing the wolf at my door, for wolves can be tamed, must always keep enough money on hand to present the cook with little daily advances in salary, and still have left over small morsels of loose change to toss occasionally to the landlord who snarls outside my door; and, although it may be a little off the subject of rests, did anyone ever hear of a tamed and domestic landlord?

Fighting such foes, you will agree with me, that I cannot afford to deal in the more commonplace varieties of rest, such as a complete change of scenery and climate, six months in a sanitarium, and an hour of complete relaxation every day. Such trifles can be purchased at Woolworth's just around the corner or at Kresge's just across the street. But rather, to make my Rest Shop a success it behoves me to deal not only in antiques, but in "futurists" and to keep always at my side the little imps of temperament.

Because it is a Rest Shop, I would only open it for three hours a day, and meet my customers in a most leisurely fashion. If a tired, flurried housewife stopped in on her way between shopping for new coats for the twins and hunting for the tenderest cuts of steak, my little imps of temperament would trust her into a deep, upholstered chair, put satin slippers upon her feet, throw a silver chantilly lace negligee around her shoulders, and make her eat chocolate creams until she had forgotten there were ever such things as gas bills and husbands. When a long-skirted, scarlet-mouthed little flapper rushed in between dancing with Freddie and dating with Archie, I'd lock her into a kitchen stacked high with unwashed dishes, and there she'd have to stay until every dish was shining clean, until the work of her hands had undone the weariness of her mind, and her eyes held dreams again. But if a poor, tired, theme-haunted English teacher dragged in she'd at once be imprisoned in a cell whose walls were lined with

Zane Grey's westland thrillers, and whose ceiling sagged with the weight of Wright's philosophies on life, and when my little teacher had learned the arts of raveling and the knack of writing unusual descriptions, she'd be glad to read again even a freshman essay on "How to Build a Campfire."

Along toward closing hours, if a haggard journalism student, who had been too busy to come sooner, should drop in, looking as if she hadn't had any mail for a week, or any sleep for two, I'd send her to a circus with the handsomest man I could find, and make her drive a little tin Ford around until her eyes ceased to see only blurred typewritten words.

No doubt they would all hate me, the housewife, the flapper, the school teacher, and even the frazzled student of journalism. They'd say that it wasn't the kind of rest they had wanted at all. But after they had thought it over for many days, they would begin to realize what a good time they really had had. Then maybe they'd send me lots of money. And if they did—I'd close my shop forever and I'd go take a Rest.

-H. S.

If I Should Die--

If I should die on a rainy day, when gaunt limbed poplars turn silvered leaves upward, the soft lavender dreams of life would find rainbow shafts in the mists and follow them to the end. The small things that my heart had remembered just before dying would leap from their prison to glower in happy revenge at their chalky, still jailer. The wee things that my mind had just wondered would sting as they shot through the air on the moment's release. But the calmness of lavender thoughts would cease with the end of the rain, and never return.

If I should die on a sunny day, when thin-legged children scramble after kittens in the leaves and the sunset of autumn trees scream at the sky, at each other, the little jokes of life would wriggle into the sunlight to twist and twirl like the colored leaves, to be laughed at by babies. All the trifles of queerness that I had forgotten would reek in confusion over the happy pink face that had lived so long with their oddnesses. The titters of loneliness that I had despised would lisp as they fell from my mind, over-tired. And the garish jokes would hide at the set of sun but ever return to bring laughter with the colors of falling leaves.

-H. C.

The Bard To His Harp

The wind sings through the pine trees And he sings the whole night through; But I cannot sing in the feast hall, Unless I sing through you.

The waves play on the seashore With the white-tipped fingers of blue; But I cannot play for the King, O Harp! Unless I play on you.

The sea shell sings to the maiden Of her lover across the sea; But I cannot sing to a lady fair, Unless you sing for me.

The sea cave returns the echo Of the cry sent down by a troll; But I cannot tell of Life's glory, Unless you echo my soul.

-E. M.

On Reading "In Memoriam"

Out of the dark a star is born Out of the night comes flaming dawn From whirling chaos a world was drawn From primeval forests life was torn.

From human misery bitter and long As a petty life's eternity The soul grows great enough to see That chastened faith sings a lovelier song.

Whipped through the shallows and the flood Working out the rust and dross Love overcomes the awful cross A soul moves upward to its God.

-L. C.

Dances A La Lindenwood



Just as Vogue has a costume for every occasion, so Lindenwood has a dance for every mood. In the fall when Mlle. is a new arrival; when she is wrapped in shy dignity and maidenly reserve, a faculty reception is just the thing! The long receiving line may be a trifle appalling, but the music is stimulating, new acquaintances are interesting and there is always the possibility that some danseuse may introduce an amazing dance novelty.

In mazes of tulle or crisp taffeta. Mlle. is daintily happy at her birthday celebration. A table full of picked associates, a basket of salted nuts, and gaily colored snapping mottoes containing nonsense rhymes, bring genuine merriment to even the pessimistic. When at dessert the lights go out, and the long procession bearing candle-lit birthday cakes winds slowly around the room, Mlle. becomes sweetly serious. The faint glow of the tiny candles bring a rush of memories and dreams. Afterwards the dance is just a dance, but the birthday party holds a place of its own.





But Mlle. is not always so pensive. When crisp October comes along, she may even be said to be "bubbling over with pep." Wagon loads of cornstalks and a few pumpkins turn Butler Gym into an ideal place for goblins and Gold Dust Twins. The Freshmen are in danger of being called upon to furnish entertainment, and Mlle. could listen to the tackiest of the tacky sing "Second Hand Rose" all night, but she could never forget the impish Hallowe'en Queen, if she once came under the spell of her jolly rule.



Once a year all the daughters of Lindenwood are moved with the desire to honor their college mother. For this mood a dinner-dance such as the others is altogether too inadequate. No throne is too queenly for her, and Mlle. will gladly string millions of crepe-paper sweet peas on wire to transform the Gym into a veritable fairyland. Then an elaborate program, showing the trials of both the old and the new Cinderella, is presented by the talented members of the Freshman class.

Even the modern maid has spells of being old-fashioned. On Washington's birthday, the Seniors give for us George and Martha with their powdered wigs and quaint costumes. George is stunning in knee breeches and lace cuffs, while Martha is demure with her hoopskirts and powdered curls. Every way Mlle, turns she meets the gallant bow of a colonial man or the dimpled smile of his maid. Favor hatchets remind Mlle, of a delightful story she has once heard of "the father of a country" and a certain cherry tree.





And then in the spring Mlle.'s fancy, as does that of many maidens, turns lightly to thoughts of love. For this loveliest of all feelings, there is a "Prom." to which Mlle. may ask a guest!—! The Gym is attractive, for music has its charms, but oh, the campus—strung with vari-colored lights; colored, too, with the daintiness of summer dresses, in addition to its own beauty, it becomes suddenly very alluring. The soft strains of music, the lazy May breeze, and (we hope) the guests, satisfy Mlle.'s mood in the spring.—M. H.

Fancies

Dream faces flitting to and fro
Some I don't remember, some I do not know,
Through a tiny window
Down a sunbeam slide,
Happy little faces—
Skip and run and glide.

Song whispers wafted by the breeze
Caught in hanging branches of the leafy trees,
Through an open window
On the soft winds sigh
Merry tuneful snatches
Ripple, fade and die.

Sweet and tender memories of the days gone by Make us stop and wonder, often stop and sigh, To a heart beats rhythm
With a smile and tear
Love and hope and kisses
Come and disappear.

-M. T.

Trees

Trees are given us by the grace of God,
Through ageless time they stand in the heat of the sun,
And filter its life through cool green lace.
Bearing every scorching ray,
Undaunted martyrs, they stand in the burning glow
To shield mankind in leafy shade.

That is Christ—
He bore long, scorching shafts of heat,
Withering flames of scorn and parching tongues of blasphemy
To bring the light to man;
That man might not be blinded by the beams of love
Christ shielded men with his own body.

—L. C.

Reversion to Type

PERHAPS you are sick and weary of types. You have discussed them and heard them discussed pro and con until the word "type" makes you shudder-You have stared at yourself in the mirror and have wondered what type you are until you have concluded that an attempt to classify people into their respective categories is morbid. If you think the word type is worn and threadbare, remember the great number of people affected with "personality-itis" and bear with me. In this mirror you may behold yourself.

My life is an endless search for beauty. I am the Aesthetic. I soar, I sink, I swoon! My life is filled with rosy hued dreams or dreams blacker than "Stygian cave forlorn." I must have atmosphere. Occasionally I put a purple tie over the light or hie me out to stand in the moonlight that filters through the pine trees, or sit alone in the dark. Music is more sustaining to me than meat. Miss Hatch sends me into raptures, Mr. Thomas thrills me, and Miss Gross carries me into the clouds. My temperament does not permit me to torture myself by dressing in crude colors or exposing myself to extremes of heat and cold. In fact I am delicate and have nerves. My one sport is dancing. I love to glide smoothly over the floor to the rhythm of music, my eyes closed to shut out the brutal realities of brick walls and the basketball goals.

I am the Sentimentalist! You will find more people like me than any other type. I live a normal, though rather emotional life, rarely being bored because of the variety of my enjoyments. Poetry? Yes, Edgar Guest is my favorite-Music? I could die hearing someone sing "At Dawning" or "The Rosary." I weep occasionally at Y. W. or the picture show. I also admire the domestic virtues. I enjoy cooking and sewing courses the best. I am prone to crushes, of which I have several. I call them by telephone or go over to tell them "good night" at "rec." I like dancing and the sports fairly well. My room is neat and is diligently decorated with framed mottoes and pictures of men.

I am the famous and well known Diplomat! A sort of Jack-of-all-trades, a believer in the right things, a friend to all girls, a performer in all entertainments, a leader, a figure-head. I speak to all girls; I cultivate my teachers; I do anything I am asked to do, from standing on my head to singing grand opera. I blissfully repose on the fence in any question until someone pulls the fence down and drags me off.

Behold the Intellectualist! I was born with a most noble and lofty conception of the meaning or the meaninglessness of life. Often the fleeting glimpses of my very superior intellect that I allow the mere teacher to catch, go unappreciated. I smile a bit cynically and assure myself that the bourgeoisie always misunderstand the wise, anyhow. How bored I become when I am compelled to listen to chautauqua-like speakers who tell us childish anecdotes! And what is worse than to have to stand in a chilly gymnasium in a ridiculous costume and wave one's arms about? Of course I realize that the "mens sana

in corpore sans" is developed this way. Besides I strive to have something in common with the common herd. I am rather a materialist. When I hear a freshman criticize Sara Teasdale as "simply grand," I fly to my room to solace and stimulate myself with Browning. I love evolution. I adore philosophy. I delve into history with ravenous pleasure. I pronounce "either" as Miss Collins does. I discuss world-wide questions with Miss Spahr and I observe embryos with Dr. Martin. My only weakness is food, on which I am a connoisseur. I believe firmly in the art of making ordinary food delectable. Altogether, I am in the terms of common parlance, rather "high-brow."

Who me? I'm the Athlete. You ought to see that in a minute by my mannish tweeds, my slicked hair, and my masculine swagger. I do wear sweaters occasionally, but I look like Sam Hill in anything else. You can hear me if I speak to you across the campus. To me everyone is a "good sport" or a "stick." I do like a good sport. Another thing I like is to eat—anything. Girls like me because I'm generally a good sport and because I dance like a man. Best of

all I never talk about things girls never heard of.

—Е. М.

Key Rings

CANNOT respect the people who insist on carrying numerous useless keys on a key ring; but I can enjoy them, and I do. A girl lived on our corridor when I was a freshman, who possessed such a bunch. There were large keys, small keys, smooth keys, rough keys, fat keys and flat keys. I was proud to know a person whose possessions were so valuable that living in a room 8x10 feet, she needed eleven keys. Of course, the Yale key was for box 653 in the post office. She said that the tiny key was for the little leather diary Jack had given her—Jack was so thoughtful. The smooth flat key locked one trunk while the long thin one was for the other. She didn't like to carry her week-end bag unlocked—and she simply must know that her jewels were safe.

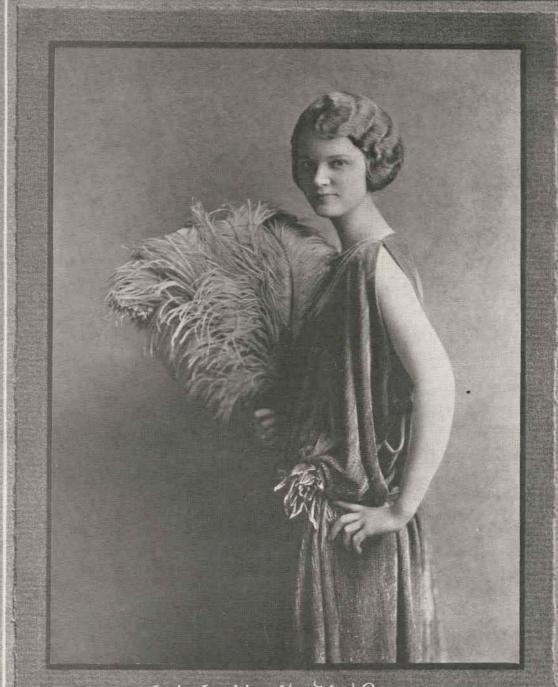
No explanation was offered for the other keys.

One day someone opened the diary, and she remarked that the lock had never worked. Week-end after week-end she took her bag and jewel case to the city, but the bunch of keys remained at Lindenwood. We smiled — but perhaps it was because there still remained in her some of the childish pride for carrying useless keys that opened imaginary candy shops and fabulous gardens. Who knows?

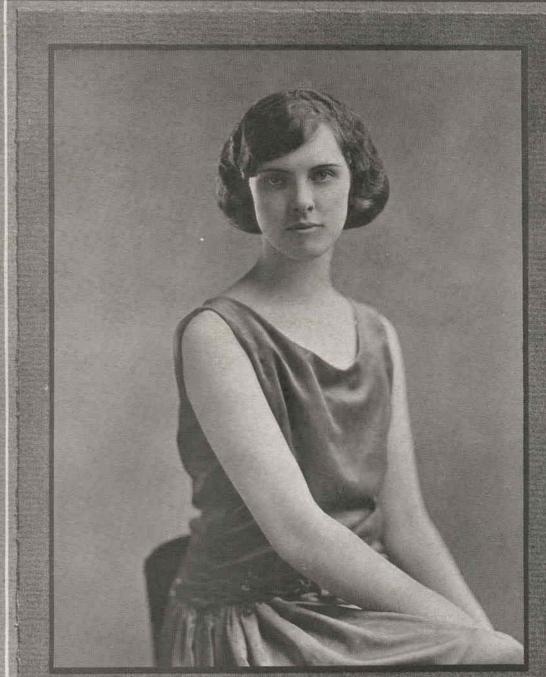
- H. R.

The May Queen and her attendants were chosen by a popular vote of the student body from the three upper classes.

We are proud of the fact that these are typical Lindenwood girls.



Lois Luckhardt May Queen



Harriet Ridge Maid of Honor



Mary Lucile Redden



Helene Millsap



Almyra Givens

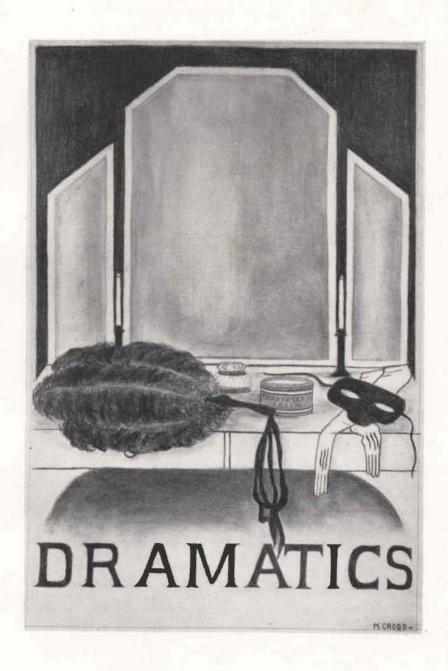


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The Dramatic Season



THE FOOLISH FOLLIES

Some very clever work in the way of burlesque in the sociology Follies of 1923 laid bare the foibles of the faculty. Startling impersonations were done with Janet Robinson as Miss Stone; Helen Scott as Miss Collins; Mary Helen Rogerson as Miss Linnemann; while Kathleen O'Hare Fleming brought down the house in the guise of Miss Spahr. There are some that to this day are convinced that it was Miss Schaper and not Helen Riordan who kicked the wastepaper basket in the mock sociology class. The choruses were original and cleverly costumed. The dramatic conclusion, a "Goodnight" chorus, revealed itself to the audience only by means of flashlights.

MOTHER ROEMER'S BIRTHDAY PARTY

Cinderella—the Cinderella of our dreams and the flapper version—starred in the program given by the freshmen in honor of Mother Roemer's birthday. Mary Sayre, the cinder maiden of fairy lore, won applause in a fireplace scene with the cruel sisters, and would have satisfied any nine-year-old in the ball-room scene, where she danced the minuet with her prince, Mary Hagler. In the modern scene, Mercedes Hicks, the lively Cinderella, announced herself in "The Land of Jazz" and in the picturesque cabaret, where she met her modern prince, Marion Adderly. The dancing was reminiscent, we are told, of Mont Marte.

LE MALADE IMAGINAIRE

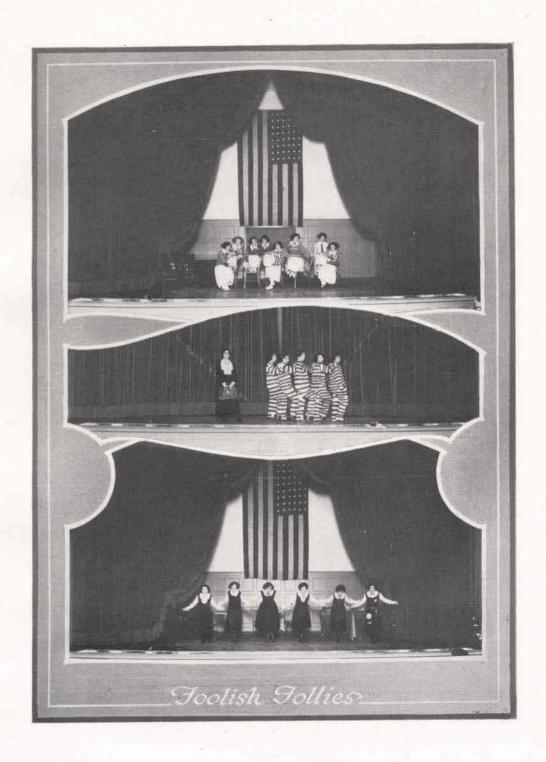
For those who were unable to appreciate Moliere's masterly lines, there was the splendid acting of a well-chosen cast, beautiful period costumes, unusual stage setting, and last, but by no means least, a real live Frenchman, who did some real live acting, to make Le Malade Imaginaire thoroughly enjoyable. M. Henri DeLecluse played the leading role of Argan, the invalid, supported by other carefully trained characters.

HE'S A PERFECT LADY

What was it? Why everyone knows that it was the three-act musical comedy given by the Athletic Association, written by Laura Cross and Laura Estelle Myer, directed by Mercedes Hicks, music written by Martha Porter, and starring Florence Bartz. Florence did all that could be asked with an adaptable role. The play had true and subtle wit which was charming. An especially entertaining background for the simpering hero, was formed by Mr. and Mrs. DePester, Laura Estelle Myer and Page Wright. The part of Jessica, the colorless but intellectual daughter, who finally broke from her chrysalis as a butterfly, was cleverly portrayed by Gertrude Bird.

-L. C.

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Hockey is one of Lindenwood's favorite sports and for the last two years there has been much competition for the class championship. The Freshman-Junior team carried off the championship for the 1922 season.

One of the big events of Thanksgiving Day is the Missouri-Kansas hockey game. It is after this game that the Varsity team is selected from the members of both of the teams. The 1922-'23 Varsity team is: Mary Clark, Helen Saunders, Helen Holmes, Rebecca Hopkins, Gertrude Bird, Carolyn Myll, Florence Bartz, Adaline Ayres, Helen Riordan, Edith Baldwin, and Oreen Ruedi.





The fall of 1922 saw Lindenwood with a new 6-hole golf course, extending from the water tower down to the creek and over to the road. A golf course necessitated a golf club, and early in the fall a club was formed with Miss Margaret Johnson as sponsor. The club is under the direction of a board of directors: Laura Cross, president; Florence Hanna, secretary-treasurer; Keo Richards, Helen Riordan, Adeline Ayers, Florence Bartz, Page Wright and Kathleen Fleming.

A golf tournament is planned for early spring. The winner of this tournament will be presented with a silver loving cup.



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From the time that the tennis season opens, the four courts are crowded until it has become necessary to sign up for turns to play. Before the rising bell rings until it is too dark to play, the courts are full.

A tournament was not held this year, but class teams were chosen and points given in the Athletic Association for making a class team.





Lindenwood is one of the first colleges to revive the ancient sport of archery. Last fall when the course was given for the first time, there was a large enrollment in the classes and the interest continued throughout the season.

Archery teams were formed and a contest held in the late fall. Points were given in the Athletic Association for perfection of form and aim.



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Basketball has always been a major sport with the Lindenwood girls, and this last year has been no exception. The class teams had a series of interesting and peppy games, by which they decided the championship for the year. The freshmen were the victors and the seniors won second place.

From the class teams a Varsity team of Reba Crowe, Dorothy Adams, Florence Bartz, Carolyn Myll, Ruth Stuart, Dorothy Emery, and Eugenie Andrus was chosen.





Fokes



(Editor's Note: These jokes may not be as funny as many you have heard, but please notice that there isn't a single prohibition, mother-in-law, flapper or Ford joke in the lot.)

There really isn't so much difference between an optimist and a pessimist. The optimist says as the rising bell rings, "The beginning of another day!" The pessimist growls, "The end of another night!"

WE ARE SIX!

"Crushes and klansmen, little maid, How many may you be?"
"How many? Six in all," she said, And wondering, looked at me.

"And where are they, I pray you tell?"
She answered, "Six are we,
And one of us at Niccolls dwells,
And five in Jubilee."

-C. R. M.

E is for the exclusive ones who study all night long, S is for the satellites above the common throng, M is all the motley crew that struggle hard for fame, I is for the imbeciles; they're happy all the same, F is for less fortunate ones who never, never pass, And all below that number are in the joke editor's class.

—C. R. M.

Almyra (in cooking class): "Miss Nye, why don't you let us make candy?" Miss Nye: "Men can't live on candy."

Helen Lee: "Marion, why do you limp?"

Marion: "I was walking on the campus and decided to sit down on a bench. The bench was a shadow."

Doerner: "And so you think you could write a book?"
Ruth Martin: "Why, yes; we might travel together this summer and next autumn I could write something like 'My Travels With a Donkey'."

Rest in Peace

Here lies the body of Dorothy Page Wright, Sang at a recital and had stage fright.

Under this stone lies Miss Spahr-Some history student studied too far.

No longer we hear Miss Collins' voice. She taught freshman rhetoric—but died by choice.

Under this stone lies Hazel Doerner Charlotte Spreyne decided to spurn her.

Here lies the body of our Miss Boyce Died from not hearing Jerry's voice.

-C. R. M.

Miss Pugh: "Laura, your recitation reminds me of Quebec." Laura (in amazement): "Why, Miss Pugh?" Miss Pugh: "Because it's founded on such a tall bluff!"

Miss Stone: "Hand in a slip of paper saying that you have read French aloud for three hours. It won't take long."

We say amen to this:

"The annual is a great invention, The school gets all the fame; The printer gets all the money, And the staff gets all the blame."

(You've heard that before? Oh, well, for that matter so have we.)

Florence Griffith: "Hamlet was a very far-seeing young man; he said, 'I can not live to hear the news from England, but I do prophesy the electric lights.""*

Why doesn't some enterprising person make her name and fortune by recommending to the followers of Coue and the Klu Klux Klan that they combine and call themselves the Coue Klux Klan?

Innocent Freshman: "What is that new frat that everyone is talking about?"

Superior Senior: "What one do you mean, my dear?" I. F.: "Why, haven't you heard? Eska Mo Pi."

^{*}The editor-in-chief turned this joke in and what could a poor joke editor do? But there really is a sort of a point if you look up Hamlet, Act V, Scene II. Line 366.

Pippa Passes

The day's at the Wednesday, The Wednesday's at nine, The campus is flooded, The fog's in the air, I am in English, but My mind is where?

-N. B.

Miss Pugh: "When was the revival of learning, Keo?" Keo: "Just before exams."

At Rest. Yes? But Who?

Here lies my room-mate, Please let her lie. For she's at rest And so am I.

Aleen: "Gladys, who is that letter from?"
Gladys: "Why do you want to know?"
Aleen: "There you go again, asking me what I want to know for. You're the most inquisitive person I ever saw."

Dittie: "This coffee tastes like mud." Peggy: "That's because it was ground this morning." (It is safe to bet that someone had to shake hands with Peggy on that.)

When?

When the post-office opens on time And the Student Board's out of a job, When flunks are no longer a crime And Miss Linnemann's "artists" don't daub, When the tea-room stays open till five And Roemer near Sibley is fixed, When students on candy don't thrive And Freshies and Sophies are mixed, When the rising bell ceases to ring And girls for their Mamas don't cry, When finals don't come in the spring Then Lindenwood College will die.

-E. D.

"Why do you encourage your pupils to send their stories to the magazines?" inquired Miss Pugh. "Do you want them to be writers?" "No," replied Miss Collins. "I just want to see the conceit taken out of them, that's all."

Things That We Do Without Knowing Why

HAVING selected the coldest day in the year for a steak reast, one asks Mother Roemer if one may hold the party on the right bank of the creek. One may. To get up an appetite one walks to the West End, buys a double chocolate, one whistle, two ham sandwiches, a butterscotch sundae, and then discovers that there will be money enough to buy one dozen sweet pickles for the steak roast. As sweet pickles hardly constitute a steak roast, the steak, buns, potato chips are charged, and one walks back to school to get another appetite.

One next takes an Alpine staff and labors from third floor Butler to third floor Niccolls in search of the lower half of a constume. One's own knickers are lying peacefully in one's closet at home. One really thought that the hunting season was over when one entered school. (And so it was for finding big game—say, a Sigma Nu pin.) After debating between Page Wright's and Roslyn Cohen's knickers, one chooses Roslyn's.

The hour of trial arrives. 'By standing in front of Jubilee one may page the other six members of the party, one of whom emerges from Sibley, two from Butler—Niccolls is quiet. The calling again takes place, and continues until Mrs. Roberts protrudes from Jubilee office window and suggests that the hockey field would be a nice place to exercise such a voice. One stands on the right foot and whistles with the left finger. One stands on the left foot and whispers, "Dear me!" When one is frozen to the right consistency, the rest of those to be present appear miraculously.

One starts down the bordered path behind Sibley, picking up firewood along the way, including the board with the nail in it. When one stumbles over the little tombstone and falls in such a way that the board, and especially the nail is beneath one, the party laughs in a very merry fashion, and one is glad that one can do one's bit in this weary world.

One has a heated argument with the rest of the party as to how a fire should be started. The rest of the party turn out to be right. After much coaxing a flame suddenly bursts out where it is least expected.

The most artistic member of the party is selected to carve roasting sticks, using the woodman's ax which Miss Collins received on her next to last birthday. It might be added that with it one almost chops down father's pride and joy instead of the little tree.

After chasing a steak through the fire three times, one plays hunt the Easter rabbit with the salt. When the steak is consumed, a search for an orange reveals the rest of the party finished some time before, and that although everyone denies being a party to the crime, the oranges have nevertheless disappeared.

When one has consumed raw beafsteak, one feels very sportive, and indulges in delightful games that consist of tossing eggs at each other or pushing one's absent-minded friend in the creek. One even goes so far as to tear off a portion of a friend's middy for the memory book.

The usual rites of gathering around the fire, filling one's eyes with visions and smoke, solemnly and laboriously yodeling "Sweet Adeline" and "Sweetheart of Sigma Chi" with some very close harmony, are dutifully performed, and one stumbles up the hill.

One usually recovers before next week-end.

-L. C.

Mother Goose A La Lindenwood

"Mary, Mary, my poor Mary, How did your finals go?" "Flunked in one, cut another, And that is all I know."

-J. A.

A simple creature met a teacher on the campus green.

Said the simple creature to the teacher, "Did you grade my theme?"

Said the teacher to the simple creature, "Show me first your work."

Said the simple creature to the teacher, "Alas I'm afraid I shirked."

—J. A.

A Lindenwood girl has lost her "Bob," And don't know where to find him. If she leaves him alone he won't come home, For some other girl will find him.

-Н. Мс.

Little Bo Peep
Has lost all her sleep
Cause she went to a midnight feed.
The house-mother caught her
And said she'd report her
For breaking the Lindenwood creed.

-M. S.

Hark, Hark,
The girls do weep
The grades are coming in,
Some have I's and some have F's
What a terrible, terrible sin!

-Н. Мс.

D. Hall: "Hazel, please keep quiet."

Hazel: "Why?"

Dorothy: "I'm trying to write an oral theme!"

Ruth Martin: "Virginia, will you call me early in the morning?"

Virginia: "No, it might wake me up."

Porter: "Let's go to the show tonight."

Kap: "I can't. It's Lent."

Porter: "Well, you can borrow mine."

The Spice of Dancing

Have you ever wanted to trip lightly but very quickly over the gym floor, first forward then sideways then backward, then 'round and 'round like a top, an Alsatian peasant, and the old Boston two-step all at once? You would, at the same time, have a partner who swings you first to one side, then to the other and who holds you loosely by the waist. But you must know the difficult little step that resembles the grapevine. You must be very lightfooted, be able to laugh a lot, and be able to act quickly. If this is your favorite kind of dancing, go to someone from Tulsa.

If you care for a tall dancing partner who glides smoothly and rhythmically in even two-step, long strides, and plenty of variations; if you like to be held comfortably so that your face is in her shoulder; if you want to think you are really dancing with one of the lords of creation, dance with the lady from Webster

Groves

If you prefer the kind of dancing that makes the onlookers sea-sick—the dancing a l'Apache, with an arm that encircles you completely and the other held high; if you like to sway drunkenly and have a supple backbone and can wiggle your toes so that you manage to cover space; if you want to do all this and have a good time along with it, by all means find someone from Chicago.

Perhaps you like to step in squares as they do in Michigan or hop as they do in Boonville, or run back and forth as fast as you are able, just the way they do it in Wyoming. You may like the bowing and scraping from St. Elmo. Anyhow, whatever you are after can be found in this venerable spot. We delight in Variety.

—Е. М.

Vers Libre

There are those who claim that teaching is a manual science. But there is a teacher who makes it almost aesthetic, she uses free verse. The Question is, who is the real originator?

You are young, who can beautifully generalize: Where the wee cloud flecks come from And why the flowers die,
How the hoar frost paints his pictures
And where all the little bugs go,
What lies just beyond the horizon
And why we grow old.
But that is your gift,
Only the young are eccentric,
You can afford to say broad things;
Only old age is specific—
My object in teaching this class
Is to make you all be specific.

But then—some freshmen have to be met on their own ground.

H. C.

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Duty

My mind was in a muddle, As at the desk I sat, A theme was due tomorrow, And a great deal more than that.

A French lesson I must prepare, A history outline, too, A reference reading must come next, Oh dear! what shall I do?

I must get busy before it is too late Else my grades will set me back, But why do I sit here brooding like this? When I must write to Jack!

-P. S.

Proverbs in Lindenwood

Feet that run on willing errands—"Unk."

Night after night he sat and bleared his eyes with books—None of us.

Creeping like a snail, unwillingly to school—All of us.

All we ask is to be let alone—Crushes.

Not a mouse shall disturb this hallowed house—Niccolls.

We have seen better days—Exam time.

A minister, but still a man—Dr. Calder.

A happy accident—An E grade.

Every man for himself—Postoffice.

The short and the long of it—Liles and Page.

The horse is a vain thing for safety—The gym.

Hope against hope and ask until ye receive—Permissions.

Fools laugh at their own folly—Joke editor.

1111111

Two girls, a hug, a long caress, Some baby talk and mush. "Why darlin' 'course I love 'ou best!" My gosh! another crush!

Riordan: "This lesson assignment is too long."

Miss Hankins: "What do you consider a fair assignment?"

Riordan: "From the bottom of page 39 to the top of page 40."

Campus

Study, study every day And not a chance to rest; Study, study every day And always do your best.

Study, study every day From morning until night; Study, study every day And never do it right.

Study, study every day Until your head is sore; Study, study every day And yet there's always more.

Study, study every day Your lessons every one; Study, study every day And never get them done.

Study, study every day
The time will never come
When I can close my books and say
I've got my lessons done.

-E.F.

Riordan: "Last night I had a fall which rendered me unconscious for six hours."

Page: "Oh, you poor dear! Where did you fall?"

Riordan: "I fell asleep."

Miss Pugh: "Caroline, why didn't you get your lesson? What have you been doing over Sunday?"

Caroline S .: "Nothing."

Miss Pugh: "And what have you been doing, Helen?"

Helen T .: "Assisting Caroline."

Mr. Wright: Page, what do you expect to be when you finish at Lindenwood?"

Page: "An old woman."

Luella: "Marj, what is preparedness?"

Marj: "Wearing glasses when we are going to have grape fruit."

Rosy at the tea-room: "Hey there!"

Violet: "How does you'se want it, please?"

Page 157

Mentality Tests for Freshmen

- 1. Who lives in Jerseyville, Hannibal and Tulsa?
- 2. How many rah-rahs make a college spirit?
- 3. Subtract ten cents worth of dog meat from the way you feel before the Student Board.
 - 4. Of what building is Louise Childs the capitol?
 - 5. What is the purpose of a rising bell?
 - 6. How far does a nickel go in the tea room?
 - 7. On entering or leaving the dining room, who goes first, faculty or students?
- 8. Give the life history of a permission, beginning with Bob's invitation to the Phi Delt formal, and tracing on through the 1,000 obstacles of development, to the climax, or granting of the permission, and the denouement—your death from exhaustion.

Lindenwood Fads and Fashions

Earrings: Ada Belle Files. Combs: Helen Damsel.

A "permanent:" Luella Short.

Sweaters: "Rosie."

Sport Hose: Keo Richards.

Long Skirts: Almyra and Frank Dean.

Orange Rouge: Helen Riordan.

Knickers: "Cinders."

Freshmen: Esther Saunders. Tea Dates: Margaret Enloe.

Brothers: Helen Liles.

Isabel: "Miss Bridgwater, why is this book so damp?"

Miss B.: "The girls cry over it so much that we can't keep it dry."

Miss Hough: "When I was in school the girls never thought of doing the things they do to-day."

Luella: "Perhaps that's why they didn't do them."

Roma: "Ruth, you are so sacrilegious."

Ruth: "I'm not sacrilegious, I'm Presbyterian."

Miss Johnson: "Is that freshman polite?"

Miss Child: "Rather. She even knocks on her own door before entering."

Miss Pugh: "Tom, why did'nt you prepare your lessons?"

Tom: "I did, Miss Pugh. You said 'Read Twelfth Night' or what you will, and I read 'The Beautiful and Damned.'"

Poem of the Penniless

The tea room sits on the campus old,
With doors wide open to those who have gold—
Its candies spread out for all to see,
But they're not for me! They're not for me!

Its counters are loaded with things to eat, You can buy them yourself, or you may get a treat— There are cookies, O Henrys, Hersheys, but gee! They're not for me! They're not for me!

A sandwich ten cents, it doesn't seem much, Lady Bettys a nickel, you scarce feel the touch— So you order some more, and the bill that you see Has proved oftentimes that they're not for me!

Oh devil-food cake with your icing white, And cookies piled high! Oh glorious sight That inspires me to rashness—"Credit!" I plea— But the answer comes back, "They're not for thee!"

There's no "pay as you enter" sign over the door, But it isn't the mecca, it seems, for the poor— And the truth of the matter forever shall be "They're not for me! They're not for me!"

-H. S.

Collegiate Ads

Say it with flowers—Any crush.
Do your Christmas shopping early—Art bazaar.
Time to re-tire—Light bell.
Chases dirt—Miss Johnson.
You push the button and we do the rest—After light bell.
Glorifying the attic—Trunks.
You'll agree, they satisfy—E grades.
Happiness in every box—Postoffice (sometimes).
57 varieties—Hash.

Miss Jeck: "Are the freshmen going to have their pictures taken in a group?"

Ada Belle: "No, ma'm, in sweaters."

Lindenwood Song Shop

Mr. Gallager and Mr. Shean-Helene and Louise. Three O'clock in the Morning-Ruth Roy. Who Cares?-Page Wright. All She'd Say Was Umh Hum-Miss Jeck. Sunshine Alley—Third floor Jubilee. Say it With Music-Martha Porter. Poor Butterfly-Irene Nelson. Where's the Man of My Dreams?-Louise Child. Sixty Seconds Every Minute—Thursday Chapel. Homesick-Everybody. All Muddled Up-Our Brains. Wabash Blues-Vacation. Oogie Oogie Wah Wah-Leighton and Esther. The Sneak-After Lights. Dancin' Fool-Lucile Johns. My Buddy-Helen Liles. I'm All Alone-Quiet Hour. I Gave You Up Just Because You Threw Me Down-Crushes. Sweet Indiana Home-Miss Weld. Nobody Lied-Student Board Meeting. Who'll Take My Place?-Bartz.

The Wearin' of the Braids

Oh mother dear, and did you hear The news that's going 'round? The Freshies are forbid by Sophs To walk but on the ground. The good cement no more we'll feel, On it we can't be seen, And there's a bloody law That we must wear the green. And if a Senior girl should stop And say to us "Hello" We must at once smile at her And curtesy quite low. Then just as quickly we must say (And sweetly as we can) "We cannot talk to you today, Cause we are Freshmen."

-L. H.

Things not Meant Just as They Seem

Kap, studying expression: "When earth's last tubes are twisted-"

Eager Student: "Oh. Miss Spahr, may I please take "The Social Life of Iesus?"

Miss Postel, making announcement in chapel: "The choir will have their pictures taken this afternoon. Will every girl please dress in (the) dark?"

Speaker in chapel: "I am used to being run by bells (belles). I have four daughters."

Miss Blanding: "When I give the command, will each girl please form in two lines?"

Ruth: "Katherine, would you mind turning off the victrola, I'm asleep."

Speaker in chapel: "How many of you can remember back in the Civil War days when—?"

The Dirge of a Dollar

To the West End, to the West End, O let us hasten hence,
For one can purchase all things there for less than thirty cents.
Hamburgs served with onions, deliciously entrancing,
Chile, double chocolates in glassware quite enhancing.
Stationery, candy, needles, pins,
Fruit, meat, matches, and cooking tins,
Thread and buttons, hooks and eyes,
Bandana handkerchiefs and cute bow ties,
Pens and pencils, ink and glue,
Diamond rings and hairnets, too.
From the West End, from the West End, O let us hasten hence,
I came with a dollar and now have just three cents.

-D. G.

Miss White: "What makes the hero act?"

Towles: "The heroine."

Alba: "Why did the teachers give written lessons this afternoon?"

Kern: "Because we had onions for lunch."

Miss Boyce: "Give me the verb for 'deduction."

Fannie Mae: "Subtract."

Page 161

Men

Men Are so funny! They are like Heinz— Fifty-seven varieties.

There are the handsome ones;
They love themselves
More than the others do.
They carry small looking glasses and
They bandoline their hair
And
Use perfume and rouge.

There are the athletic men:
They write letters
About their football
Games!
They send awful pictures of
Themselves
In football costume.
They read
Only the sport page.

There are the
Nice
Men. They never swear.
They mind
Their Mamas.
This
Type affects bow ties.

There
Are those who make love on first sight—
Some so expertly
That
You wonder how
And
Where
They acquired the practice—others
Like correspondence
School graduates.

There are
The indifferent ones.
They are either less
Stimulating than pink lemonade
Or
More insidious than champagne.

There are those who really expect
You
To love them.
They take you seriously.
They propose in unromantic places. They
Treat you like a marble goddess or like
A
Kitten.
Who wants to be either?

There are the infants—terrible.

They strive to be very
Sophisticated
And end up being utterly ridiculous.

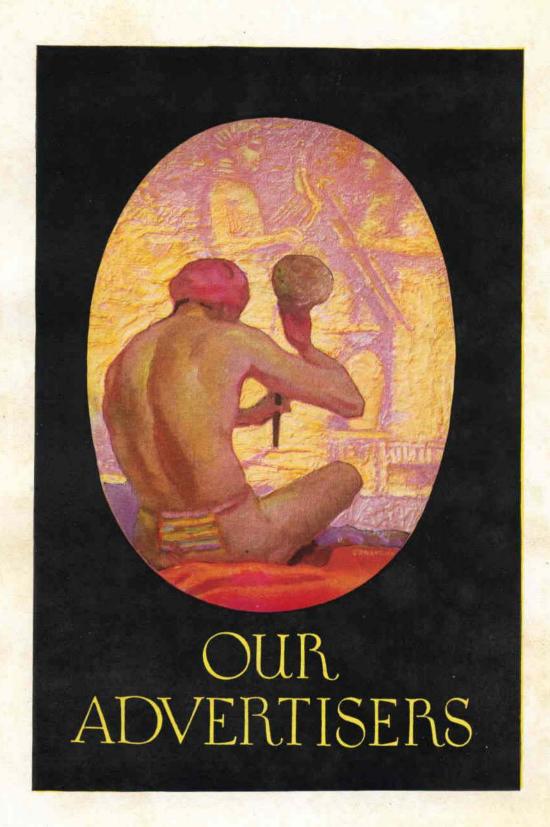
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Petters. They
Unravel a wicked line that they do not expect you
To believe.
Don't trust them too far
Nor
Too near!

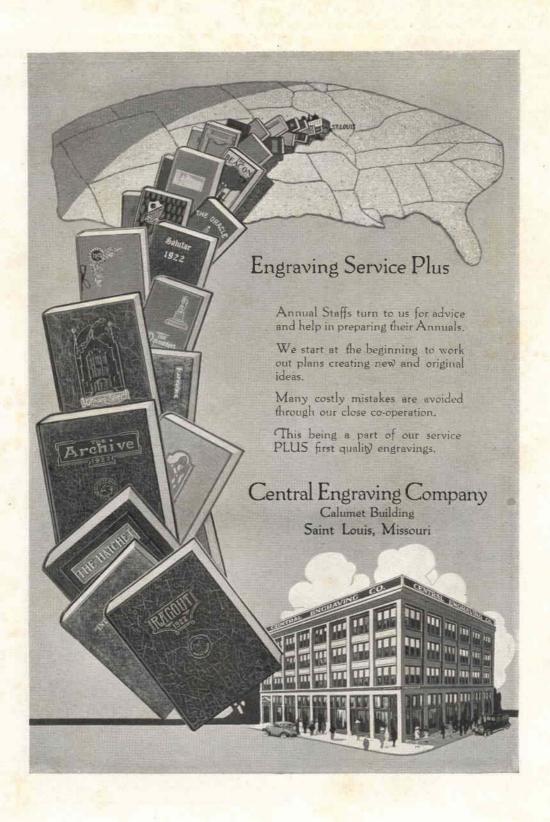
There
Are those who are too cynical to
Be fascinating. They have no illusions to shatter
Nor
Hearts to break. They
Are very discouraging, to say the least.

There are
Men to whom
"A Woman is only
A Woman, but a good
Cigarette is
A smoke!"

Men Are so funny! They are like Heinz— Fifty-seven Varieties.

In Memory of Those Who Lacked the Ambition to Have Their Pictures Taken







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A FRESHMAN'S DIARY

SEPTEMBER 12: (Being the diary of a freshman who is evidently an admirer of one Samuel Pepys.) College! And methought I have never seen so many girls. Temperature 102, but despite the warmth I donned my new winter suit trimmed heavily with fur, for verily one must keep up appearances. Believed I saw any number of the half million looking at it enviously.

SEPTEMBER 15: Tears, tears! Indeed all the tears would make a river large enough for a fair-sized canoe party, and to-day I added mine to the stream. Was not able to imagine any thrill to an all-lady party, but went and found it quite pleasant. Danced, but not before both arms were paralyzed with much shaking of faculty hands. Fell to considering the height and variety of our faculty

SAVE MONEY BY BUYING
—YOUR—

DRY GOODS, RUGS AND SHOES

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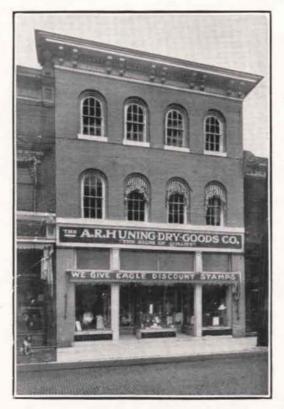
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ST. CHARLES, MO.

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employ bakers who are masters in the art of
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Special coders will receive special attention.

Special orders will receive special attention.

THE H. B. DENKER GROCER COMPANY

The Home of Good Eats, Service and Quality

and bethought I had never seen such an assortment.

OCTOBER 6: Lingered late before my mirror for heretofore I have found it sufficient to enjoy my birthday alone, but found new pleasure in the composite celebration of all who claimed the summer months for their natal days. Everyone came forth for the evening in new clothes and varying degrees of pep, and to quote our common daily sheet "a good time was had by all." Felt numerous cold chills and thrills when the lights went out, and to the music of the Lindenwood hymn and the blaze of numerous candles, the maids came forth with cake and cream.

OCTOBER 13: Parties and parties! I believe there is nothing but parties. The Y. W., in encouragement to the faint in heart, delighted. with a gypsy party that methought was a wonder of soft lights, music,

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We are very proud to call our store by that name, because it is the expression used by a Lindenwood student one day when she was in our store and saw a lot of other students coming in. Gradually the store filled up with more girls and it really did look like Headquarters for Lindenwood Students.

Lindenwood faculty and students, you are very welcome at this store. We have a special line of footwear and are ever on the alert for new styles that will appeal to you.

Dress styles—sport oxfords—walking slippers and oxfords—evening slippers—silk hosiery to match.

We thank you in advance for a visit to our store.

St. Charles Shoe Co.

Corner Main and Washington Streets
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Total Resources \$1,300,000.00

J. A. Schreiber, President C. Daudt, Vice-President Chas. B. Mudd, Cashier

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and novel entertainment. Fortune telling added a never-to-be-forgotten savor, and after being told I would soon be wed with one I thought loved me not, I came away with a weight of homesickness removed.

OCTOBER 20: I greatly fear me that we are cursed with talent. The Junior Revue did much to augment the thought. Comedy ran rife, and Page and Adeline did a delicious little "duet" dance. Despite the presence of many "take offs" there were some lovely numbers, and I joined with the upperclassmen in the love for "A Pretty Girl."

OCTOBER 31: Enjoyed most excellent fun at the Hallowe'en party with "Dittie" the Hallowe'en queen and Page the flower girl who came strewing corn in the queen's

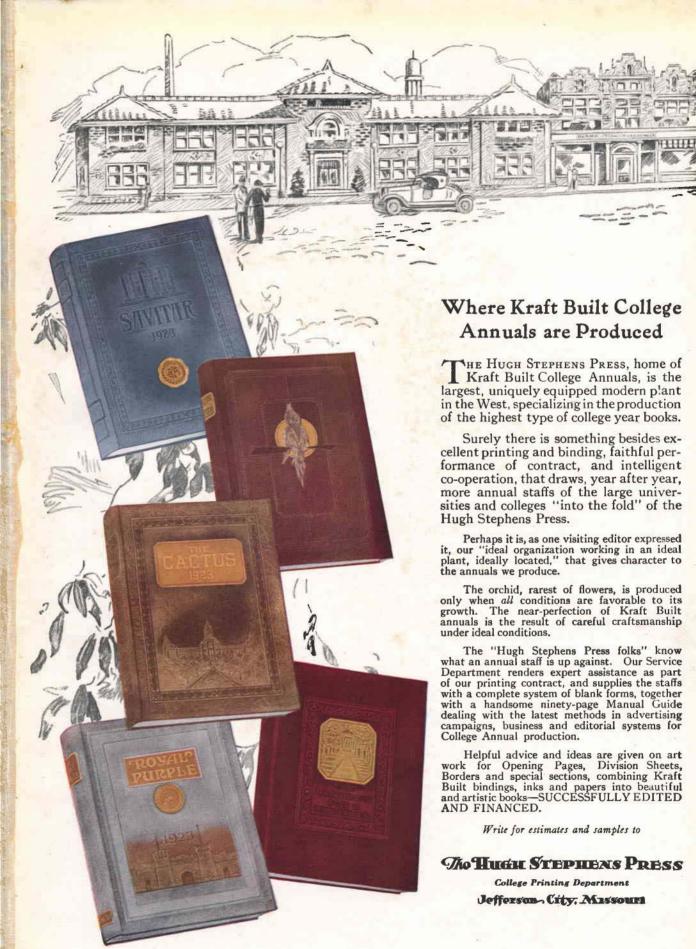
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The Golden Rule

Variety Store

Will order Special Party Decorations, Favors, Etc.

We appreciate your regular trade and will extend you every courtesy.

Early to bed and early to rise,
Love all the teachers and tell them
no lies;
Study your lessons that you may
be wise,
And buy from the firms who
advertise.

Frederick H. Achelpohl DENTIST

Office: First National Bank Building ST. CHARLES, MO. path. Came near to laughing myself sick at the conceptions of tackiness the girls presented. Today, too, the persecutions of the sophomores began. Alas, I fear me that we have been framed against, and find it uncommon hard to disobey under the eagle eye of the Ku Klan. They have taken to themselves the judging of even our face ornaments, and did to-day make one Luella remove all her protection before the assembled student body. And, too, we are commanded to wear our hair in tight braids, and show great deference to our superiors, namely ALL upperclassmen and faculty.

NOVEMBER 10: 'Tis a poor sun that has not somewhere its shining, and verily methinks our tribe shone this night. Not of a mind to cast laudations upon ourselves, but thinking it fair that all should know, we feel free to say that the

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103 North Main St.
ST. CHARLES MISSOURI

party we gave in honor of Mrs. Roemer was verily and forsooth in great style, and of surpassing beauty, and done with great dispatch. Mary Sayre as Cinderella cemented my determination to become a great actress, or to complete a thorough course at an A No. 1 Charm School; and Mercedes as the modern Cinderella surrounded by admiring cookie-pushers—some of our nicest girls in disguise—didst make me forswear the life of a missionary I had so recently decided upon after writing Bob that "all was over between us." Mrs. Roemer made a regal guest in black and silver before a silver disc outlined in colored lights. Countless balloons and millions of sweet peas, we had worn ourselves thin to make, changed the gym to a fairyland.

NOVEMBER 20: Remained at home to-day in order to entertain my adviser. Teachers seem to

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think it necessary that I should spend more time than that between the rec bell and lights in the preparation of studies. Verily, I believe they would have me study. Tears availed in part, but I shall know next month how better to contrive. Shall spend to-morrow in the infirmary, the refuge of the low in heart, mind, or grades, presided over by the kindly, but too suspicious, Lady Sayre.

November 24: Went to scoff but remained to admire and came home quite uplifted by the astonishing talent hidden in some of our superiors. One Laura Cross did compose in prose and one Velma Pierce in harmony, and with the able assistance of our other talents did present a morality play wherein Helene portrayed Youth; Laura Estelle, Girl; and Helen Calder, Boy. They did go through all sorts of perils in their search for Happiness.

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Suddenly a great cloud covers the sky.

Immediately thousands of hands in factories, offices and homes reach for a switch and turn on the light. The response is instantaneous. The cloud has been vanquished and under the electric light work goes on as before.

This is made possible by the constant vigilance of employees in the electric light and power stations, who, upon first indication of a cloud in the sky, or of approaching night, prepare additional generators for instantaneous service and fire up more boilers so that there may be no delay in the response of electrical energy when it is needed.

On a cloudy or stormy day more electrical energy is needed, and therefore more equipment is required to handle the load. More equipment requires more capital.

Capital means investment by thrifty American men and women who look for a fair return on their money. Already, in addition to banks and insurance companies, which have invested and loaned millions of dollars, there are 2,000,000 individual investors in the electric light and power industry.

The Union Electric Light and Power Company, supplying service to St. Louis, St. Charles, and 64 cities, towns, and villages in St. Louis, Jefferson, Franklin, and St. Charles counties, has from time to time issued securities which were sold and are now held by our customers and neighbors.

Union Electric 7% Cumulative, Non-Assessable, Preferred Stock is offered and recommended to you as a safe and profitable investment. For the investor of vision, seeking a safe negotiable security, paying a legitimately high return, there are certain simple statistical records which tell at a glance the condition and progress of our company, its genuine value, the stability of its income, and other points which should be considered before you invest your money.

This information will gladly be furnished upon request.

Union Electric Light & Power Company

330 NORTH MAIN STREET

St. Charles, Missouri

Edwin Denker FLORIST

Flowers for All
Occasions

*

400 CLAY STREET 175 Bell November 27: Miss Childs is highly amused to-day, methinks. She says the cause of so much mirth on her part is that she spent all of yesterday afternoon listening to the music of a saxophone in one of the practice rooms. To-day she asked Evelyn if she had been playing "The Heart Bowed Down," and Evelyn said in the tone of respect which we reserve for our elders, "No, Miss Childs, I only know one piece like that and it is "Hot Lips." I have never heard the piece which Miss Childs spoke of, but methinks it is not so humorous.

Did appear before the student council to-night and felt my blood run cold before their grim, unbending looks at my offence. 'Twas only that I had felt the need of a cooling drink after lights and

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"Gifts That Last" MILTON E. MEYER The Jeweler

St. Charles

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ST. CHARLES' LEADING CLOTHIER AND HABERDASHER



sought it, to find that it was a crime of parts.

NOVEMBER 28: Did spend my first Thanksgiving Day away from home, and right joyfully. Rain, rain, rain, but did stand and shout for the Jayhawkers until my voice gave out. To dinner and overfed on delicious turkey. Thence to a right merry dance in the gym. Wore my new dress of black velvet and silver. Methought I should win five pounds of Busy Bee candy, but instead do owe it to Jane, for K. U. did lose to M. U. Was soothed by Mrs. Cenant's singing this night.

DECEMBER 12: Did see a play this evening called "The Colonel's Maid." Mercedes, as the maid, did bewitch a fiery colonel. Laughed at the Chinese servant until methought my sides would split. Did think Helen Holmes to be a



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most handsome man. Also am broke! Last week went to the Art Bazaar to observe, was tempted and fell. Am comforted by the thought that my Christmas exchange list is larger than usual, but doubt that I shall receive anything as cute as the powder box I bought. Am mindful to keep it.

DECEMBER 14: Before dawn, did awake to hear sweet strains of Christmas carols and observed the lights from the candles of a goodly procession. Could not have recognized them as the same cruel group of tormentors of sophomore day. Was mindful to shed tears on my pillow but refrained on meditating that I would depart hence on this same day.

January 4: Much weeping and wailing! Did leave my home yesterday to return to classes and examinations after one very gay

STRAND THEATRE

We could get cheaper pictures, but we won't We would get better pictures, if we could

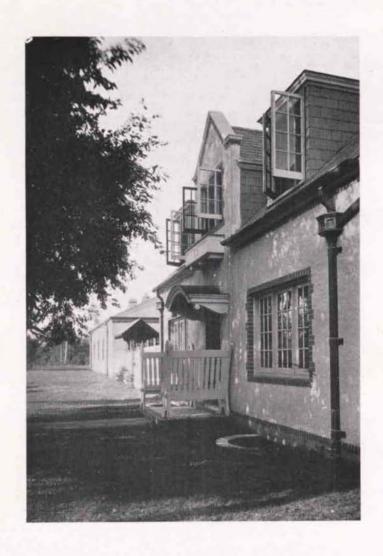
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LA BEAUME AND KLEIN ARCHITECTS

COMPTON BUILDING

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Page 190

A cordial welcome to St. Charles is extended to all visitors by the Community Chamber of Commerce

round of parties, dances and such. Was distressed on arriving to find that my trunk key was in my trunk. Mr. Ordelheide was also distressed. Was astonished to see the prevalence of spring hats. Must hie me to the city and add one more to the array.

JANUARY 22: 'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good, and in truth it favored Margaret Taggart this day. To her was given a check for her Alma Mater hymn, which Lindenwood girls will sing in years to come. Hope heartily that the music will be as beautiful as the words.

FEBRUARY 14: Was much favored tonight at dinner by the kindly and bountiful Miss Walters. Did receive each one, a pretty Valentine with a verse suitable to this sentimental season. Had also a dessert of ice cream in which reposed a pink heart. Later did repair to the gym to dance until



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St. Louis, Mo.

The dumbest girl in a college thinks that Fordham University is located in Detroit.

(Editor's note: If you don't get that the first time, read it again.)

FULL LINE of GENUINE MARINELLO SUPPLIES

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SAINT LOUIS

BUSY BEE

.: TEA ROOMS .:

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A place of supreme quiet and good taste, where Lindenwood girls, shopping or attending matinee, may enjoy their noonday luncheon or an afternoon tea in comfort and rest.

LUNCHEONS 11 A.M. to 2 P.M. AFTERNOON TEA 3 P.M. to 5 P.M.

Ice cream, sodas, fancy drinks, cake and coffee, served at all times.

BUSY BEE CANDY CO.

417 N. 7th St.

6th & Olive

617 N. Broadway

"No Candies Like Busy Bee Candies"

bed time. This day many boxes bursting with food did arrive. None for me. Jack will have to atone for all such neglect, methinks.

FEBRUARY 22: This day being the natal anniversary of the father of our country, we did also celebrate by a dinner-dance. We saw the solemn seniors do the stately minuet. Pep prevailed, attuned to our loyalty and patriotism.

MARCH 2: Loud laughter and much merriment! To the auditorium to see Bartz in stunning tweeds act the lead in "He's A Perfect Lady." Did nearly double up to see Peggy as Mr. DePester, and Page as the Mrs! Was delighted with the beauty and talent displayed by our Athletic Association. Loved everything, from the Band-box Chorus to the Finale Hoppers. Truly, this rivals any form of entertainment that I have seen this year.

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Locust Street

St. Louis

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