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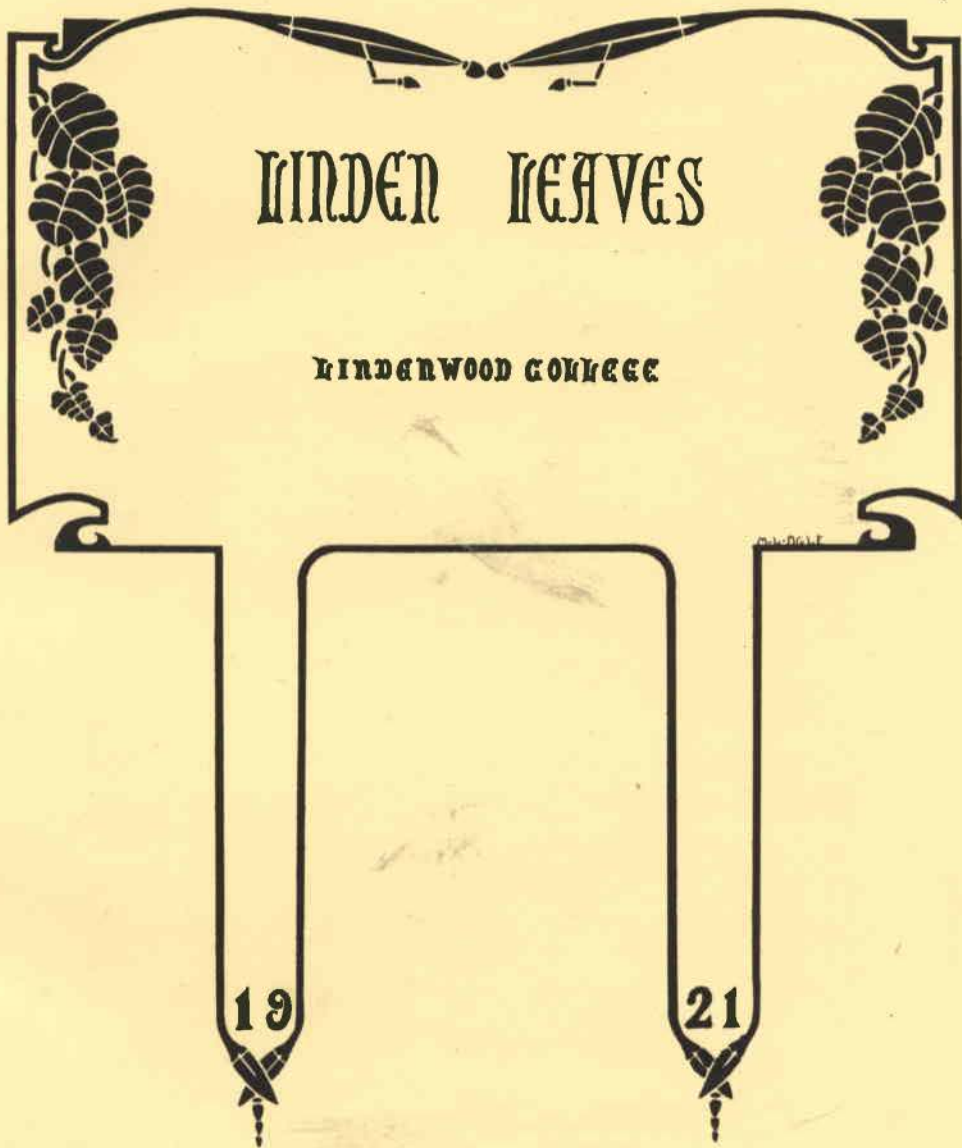
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Linden
Leaves

1921



VINDEN LEAVES

VINDENWOOD COLLEGE

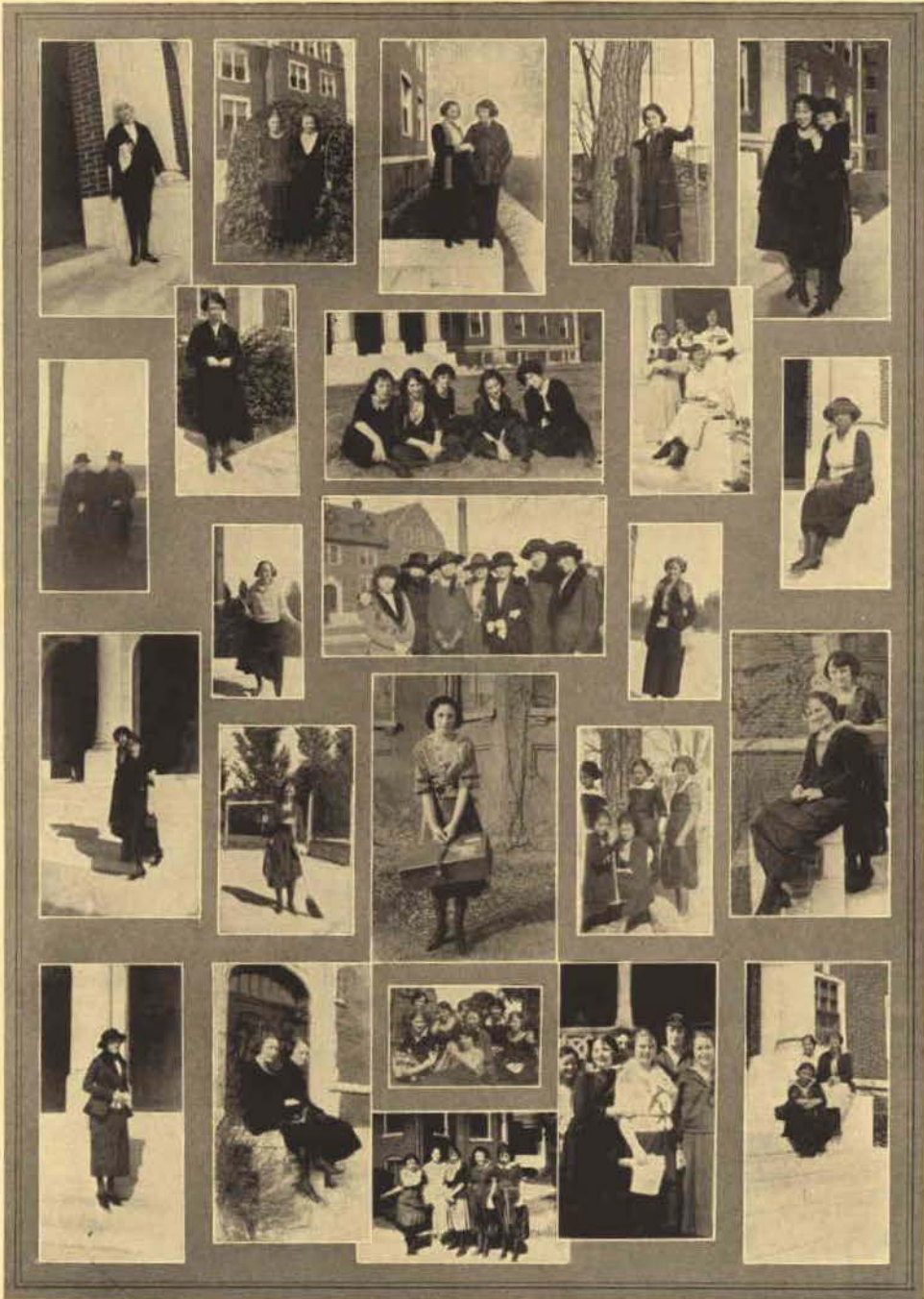
19

21

To The Girl of
Yesterday and Today
Miss Alice Anna Linneman
whose untiring interest and ceaseless
efforts have made this and other
Lindenwood annuals
a success
we respectfully dedicate this
1921 volume of
Linden Leaves



ALICE ANNA LINNEMAN





BOARD OF DIRECTORS

JOHN W. MacIVOR, D. D. President
DAVID M. SKILLING, D. D. Vice-President
GEORGE B. CUMMINGS. Secretary and Treasurer

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CLASS OF 1921

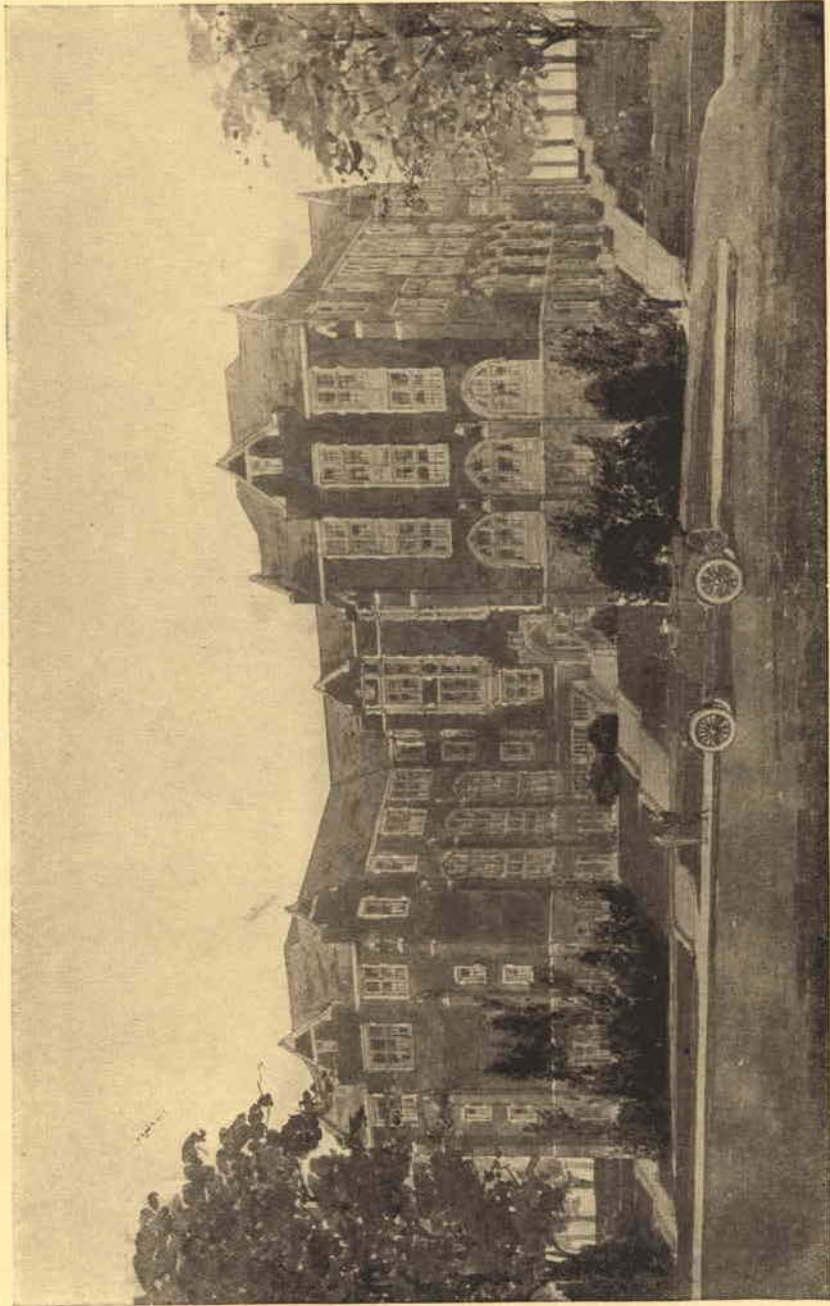
HARRY C. ROGERS, D. D. Kansas City
DAVID M. SKILLING, D. D. Webster Groves
GEORGE P. BAITY, D. D. Kansas City
JOHN L. ROEMER, D. D. St. Charles
E. W. GROVE, M. D. St. Louis

CLASS OF 1925

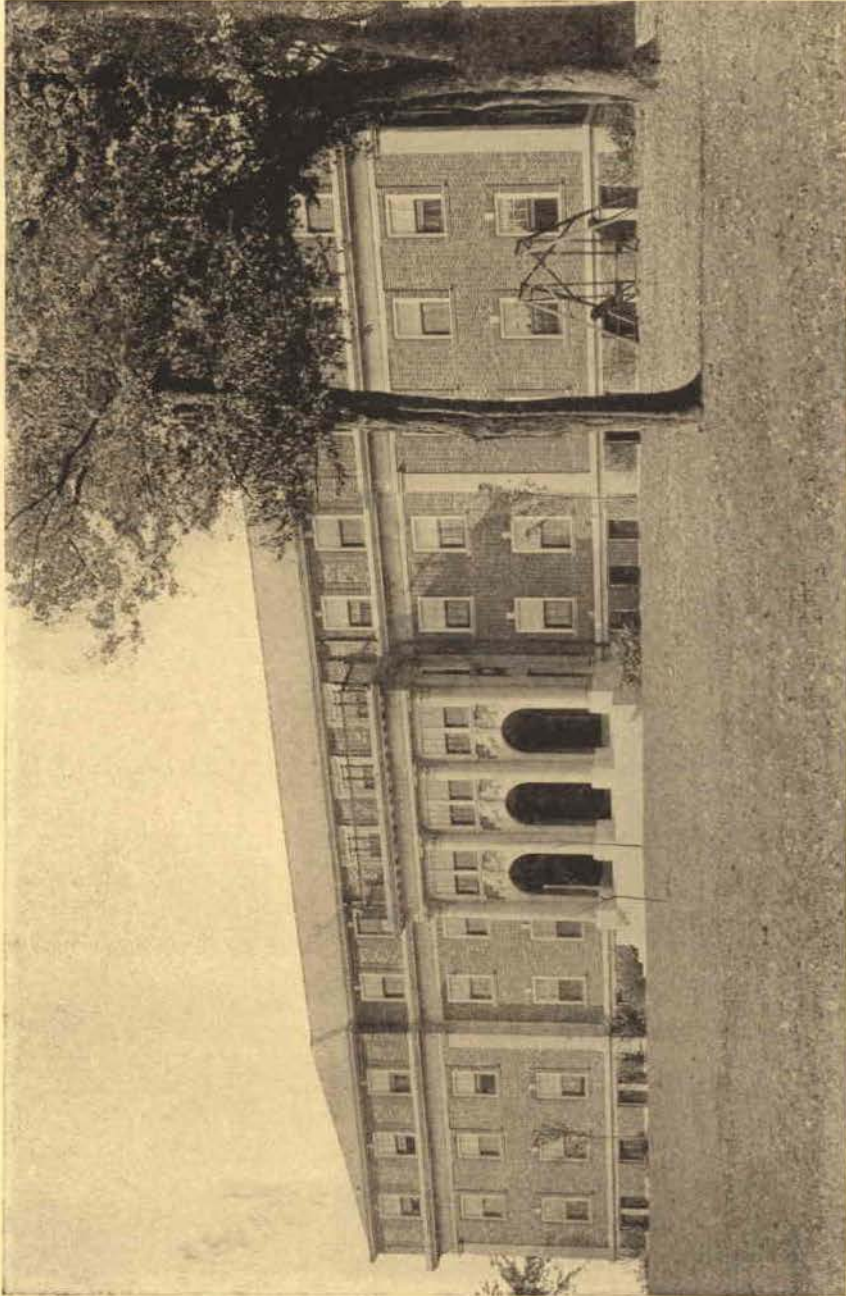
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ROBERT RANKEN. St. Louis
THOMAS H. COBBS. St. Louis
GEORGE W. SUTHERLAND. St. Louis

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GEORGE B. CUMMINGS. St. Louis
EMMET P. NORTH, M. D. St. Louis
B. KURT STUMBERG, M. D. St. Charles
JOHN T. GARRETT. St. Louis



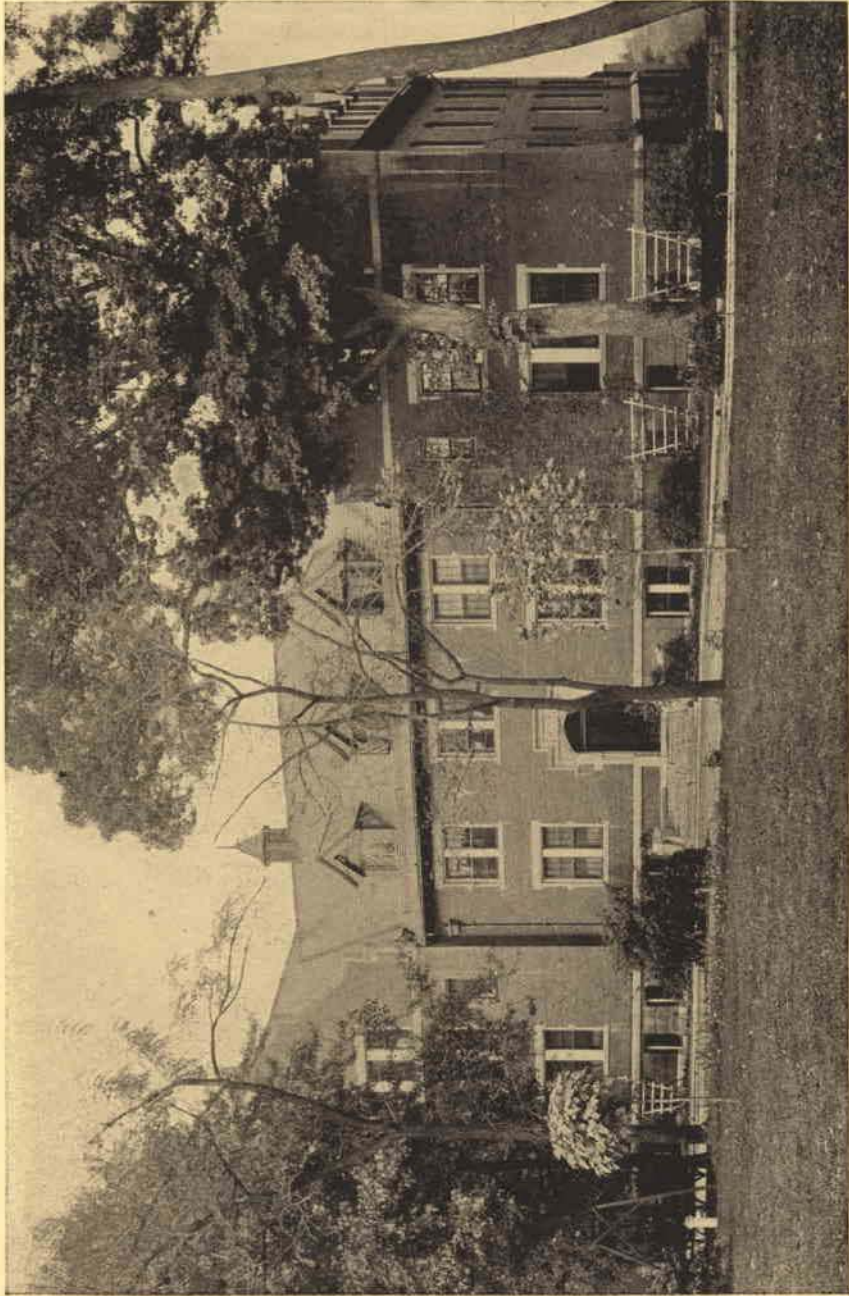
ROEMER HALL



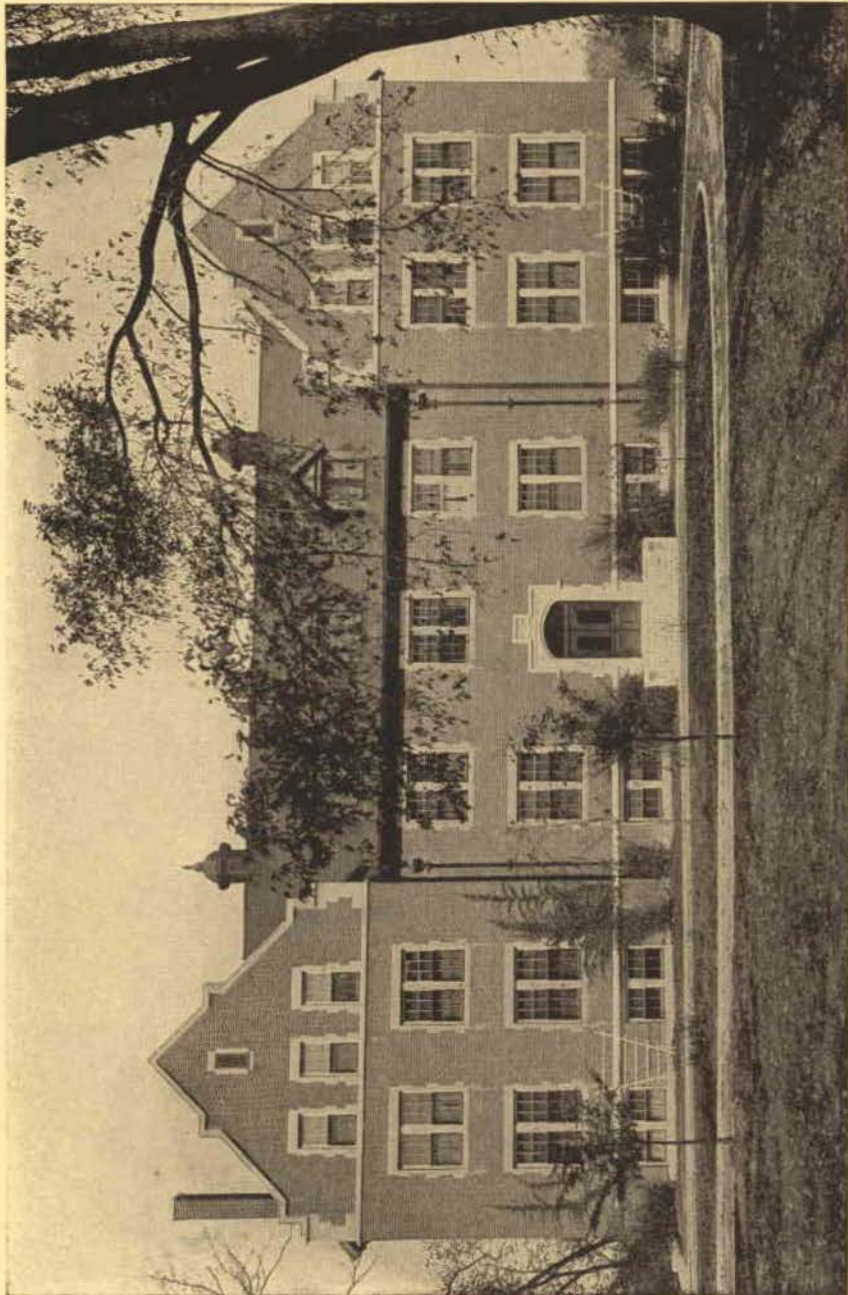
NICOLLS HALL



SIBLEY HALL



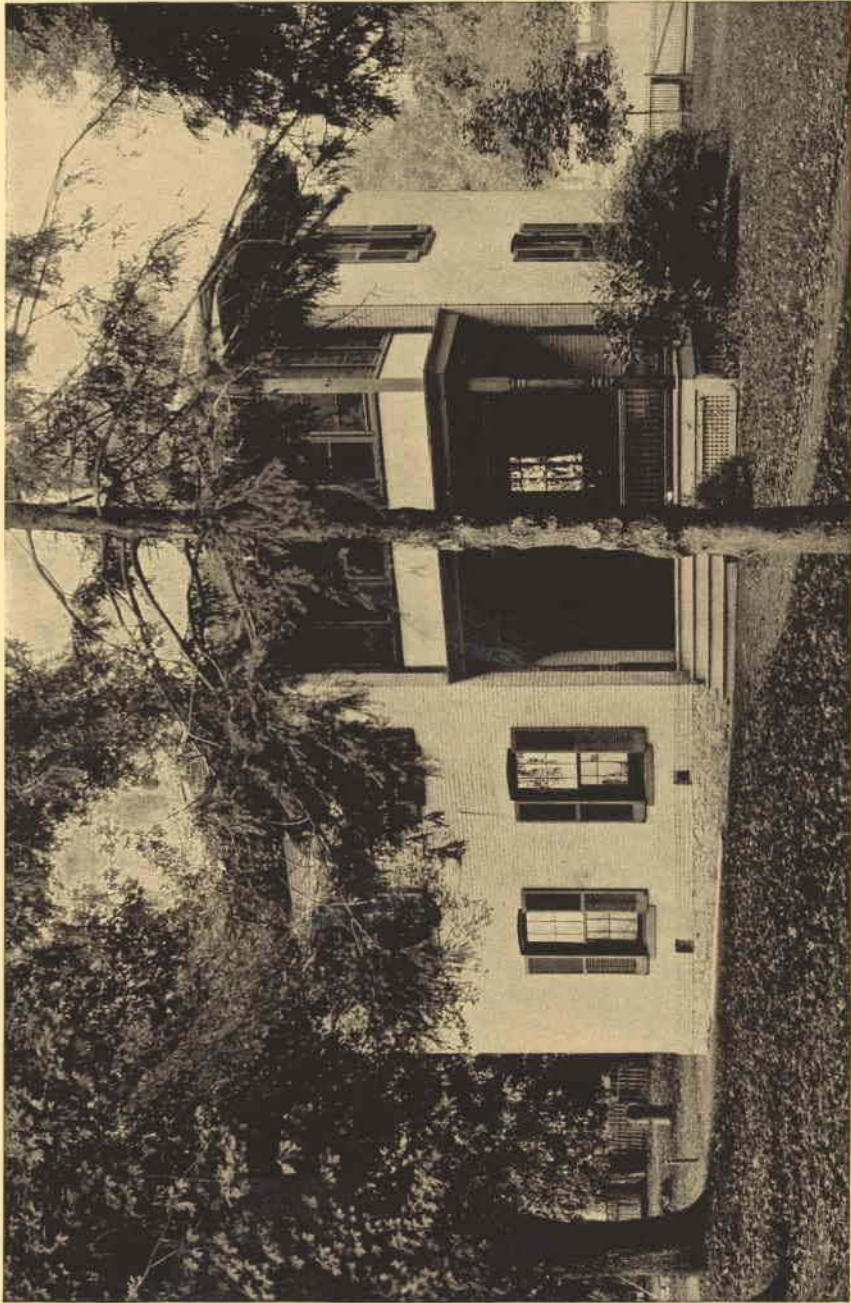
JUBILEE HALL



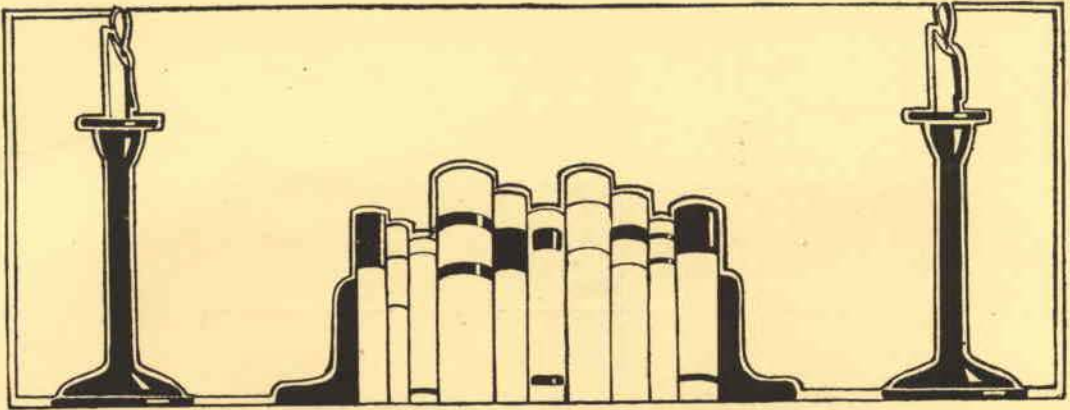
BUTLER HALL



MARGARET HALL



EASTLICK HALL



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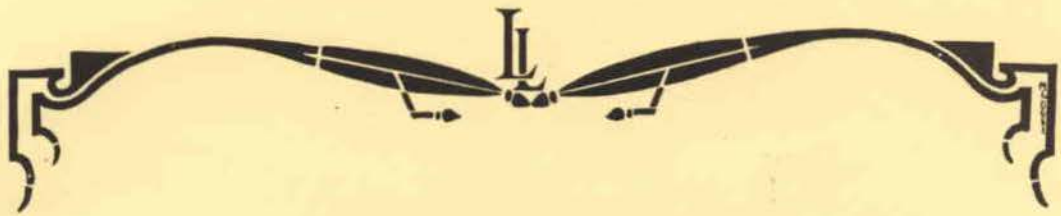
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Dean of Students



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Dean of the College
HISTORY AND POLITICAL SCIENCE



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B. L.
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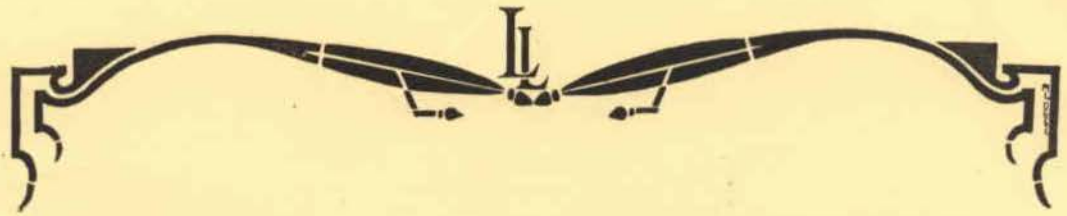
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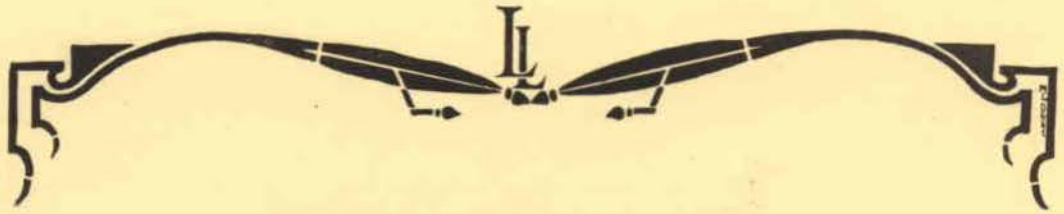
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KATHRYN HANKINS,
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MARY A. LEAR,
A. B., B. S., A. M.
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MATHEMATICS



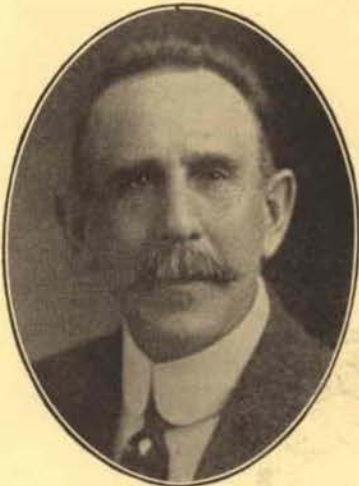
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HENRY DE LECLUSE-TREVOEDAL
Knight of Legion d'Honneur, Croix de
Guerre, Bachelier es Lettre,
Bachelier es Sciences
FRENCH



LOUISE WELD, B. A.
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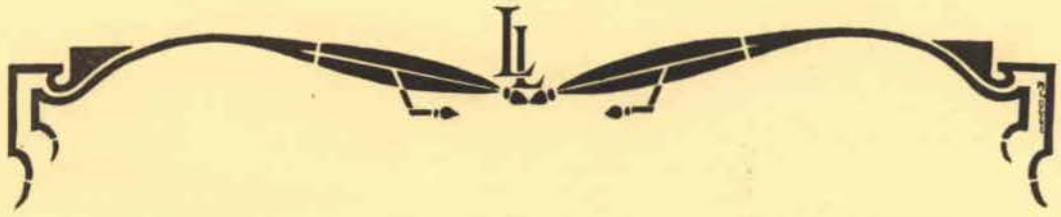
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Resident Physician
PROFESSOR OF
PHYSIOLOGY AND HYGIENE



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PIANO



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KATHERINE A. GAINES
PIANO



LUCILLE ROBERTS, M. Mus.
PIANO



FRANCES E. OLDFIELD
VOICE



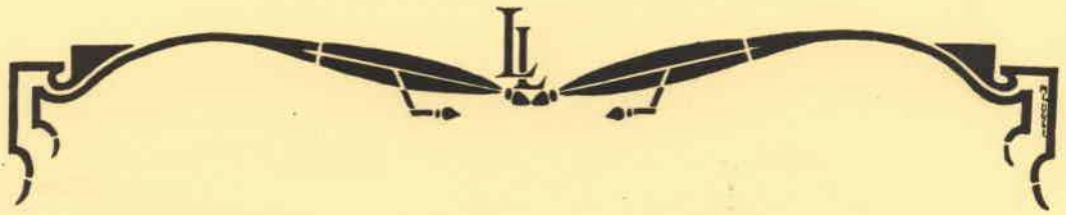
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VOICE



GARNET KINSLEY
PUBLIC SCHOOL MUSIC



AGNES GRAY
VIOLIN



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MISS MABEL CLEMENT
HOUSE MOTHER—JUBILEE HALL



MISS ROSE M. SWEENEY
Assistant Dean of Students
HOUSE MOTHER—BUTLER HALL



MISS ANNA JECK
HOUSE MOTHER—SIBLEY HALL



MISS CORNELIA STRINGER
Head of Hospital



ETHEL B. COOK
Bursar



CORA WAYE
Head Accountant



GUY C. MOTLEY, A. B.
Field Secretary
HISTORY



ADELE KANSTEINER
Secretary to the President



ESTHER DUEBBERT
Secretary to the Dean



MABEL HOSTETTER
DIETITIAN



LOUISE CHILD
Student Assistant
ENGLISH



FLORENCE BARTZ
Student Assistant
PHYSICAL EDUCATION

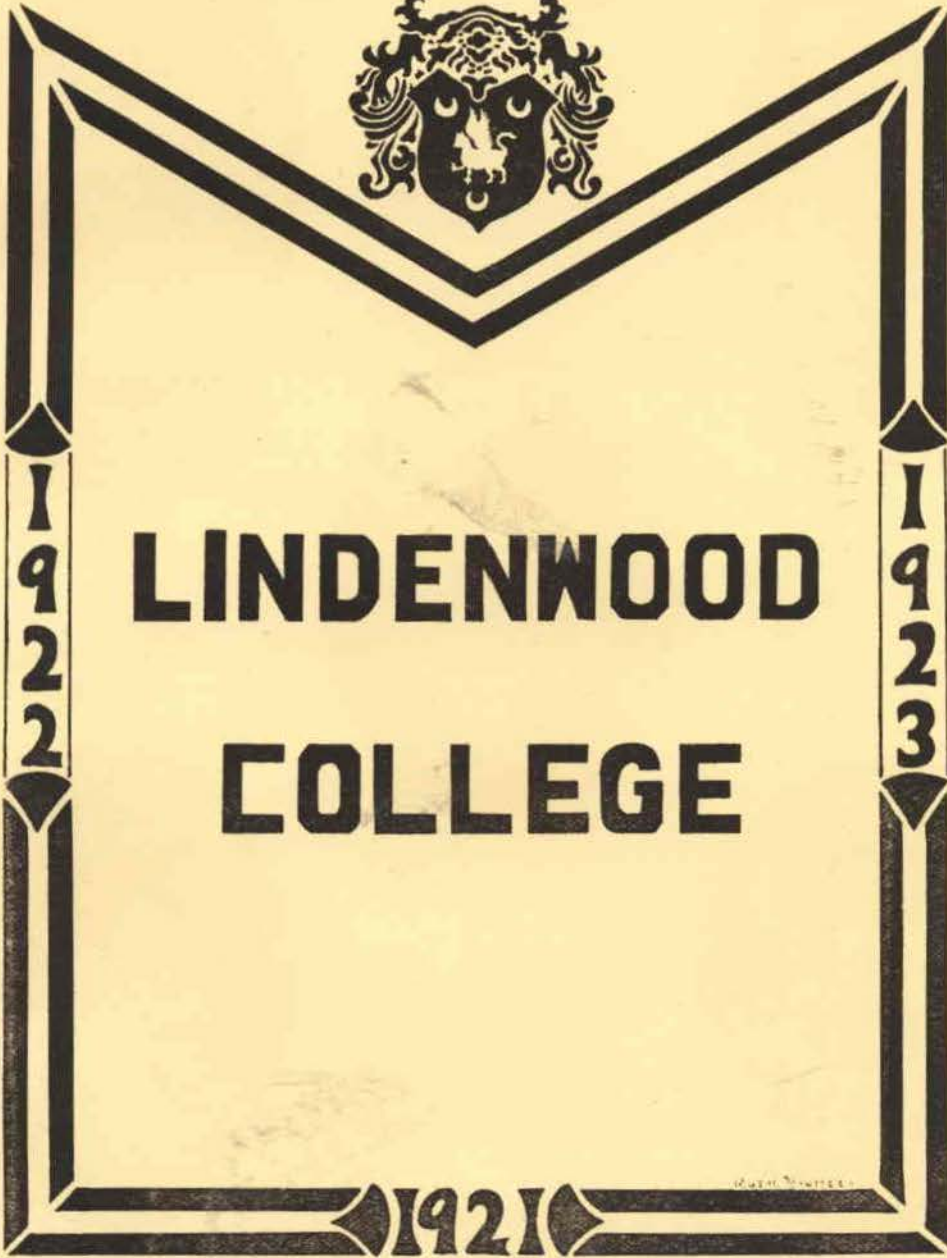


DOROTHY WEBER
Student Assistant
PHYSICAL EDUCATION



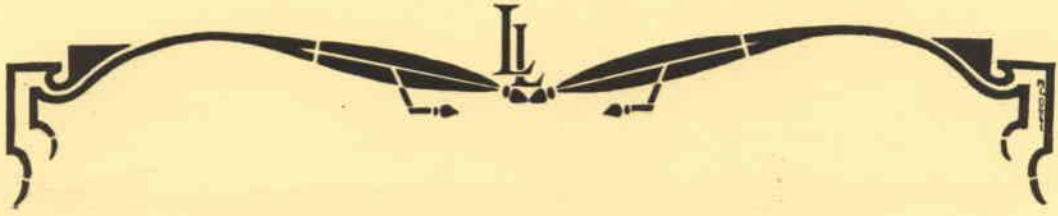
PAULINE WEISSGERBER
Student Assistant
HOME ECONOMICS

UPPERCLASSMEN



**LINDENWOOD
COLLEGE**



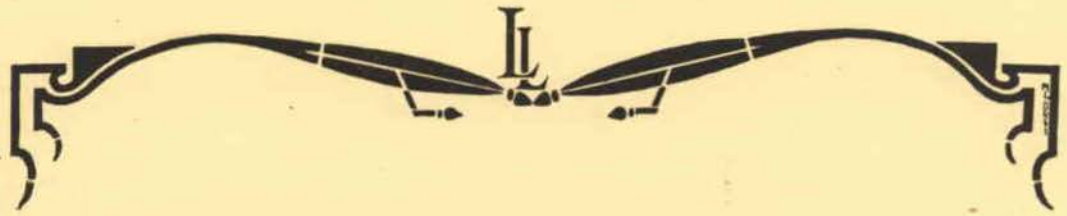


SENIOR COLLEGE



PAULINE WEISSGERBER
Lebanon, Mo.

A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort, and com-
mand,
And yet a spirit still, and bright,
With something of an angel light.



JUNIOR COLLEGE



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LOUISE CHILD
President



MAURECE PARKER
Vice-President



LENA MARY ALLISON
Secretary-Treasurer



MILDRED DIAL
Caldwell, Kansas
Chorus strikes the sight, but
merit wins the soul.



PATTI HENDY
Jefferson City, Mo.
Knowledge is but an adjunct to
herself.



JULIA HORNER
Grand Rapids, Mich.
Merit was ever modest.



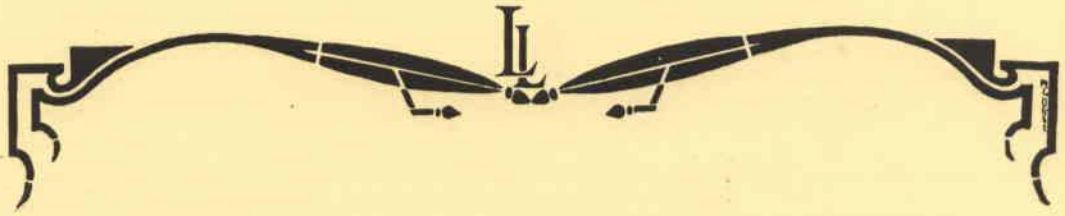
ODELLA MCGOWAN
Ocheyedan, Iowa
It is better to wear out than to
rust out.



FLORENZ SMITH
Walla Walla, Wash.
I am not mad,
I wish to heaven I were;
For then 'tis like I should forget
myself.



MARION STONE
Canadian, Texas
Redolent of joy and youth,
She breathes a second spring.



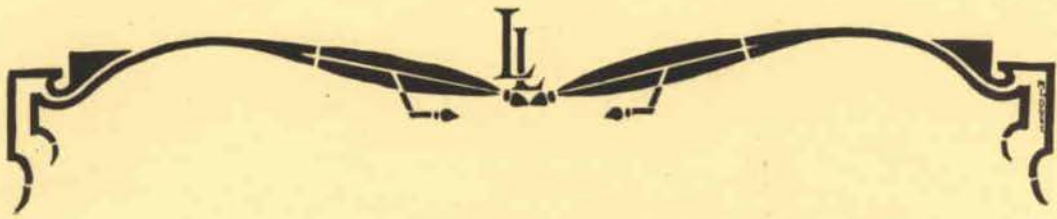
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SPONSOR



MARGARET OWEN ERNEST EMBRY MIRIAM KENNEDY JEANETTE ASBURY
President Vice-President Secretary Treasurer



IVA ADAMS
Mangum, Okla.
The friendly shall never want
friends.



MARY ARBOGAST
Lexington, Ill.
Valuable gifts are often wrapped
in small packages.



DELMA ARENOWITCH
Columbus, Ga.
A thing of beauty is a joy
forever.



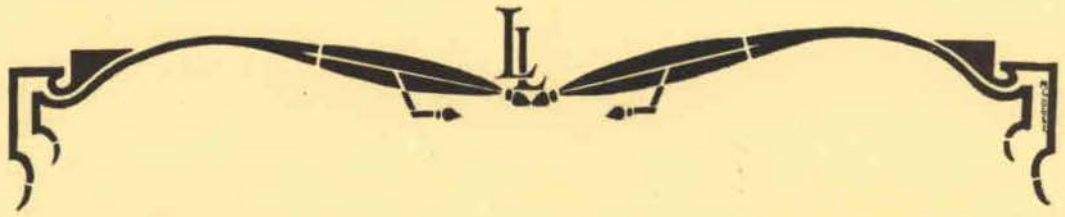
FLORENCE BARTZ
Bozeman, Mont.
Where can we find another when
you have gone away?



LILLIAN BOWMAN
Jackson, Mo.
Tall in stature—stately to behold.



EVELYN BROWNLEE
Savannah, Mo.
No excellent soul is exempt from
a mixture of sadness.



JULIA BROWNLEE
Appleton City, Mo.
Actions speak louder than words.



MILDRED BUCK
Monmouth, Ill.
I like good cooking and a good
time.



ALICE CHAPMAN
Parsons, Kans.
But what are past or future joys?
The present are my own.



LOUISE CLARK
Stigler, Okla.
'Tis not the fairest form that holds
The mildest, sweetest heart
within.



MARY CLARK
Cincinnati, Ohio
For beauty is the bait against
which no man can find defense.



LAURA CROSS
Lathrop, Mo.
Clothed in originality, this liter-
ary one.



LUCILLE CASH
St. Louis, Mo.
As sweet as her smile.



ETHEL DECKER
Sikeston, Mo.
Sober, steadfast, demure.



EDITH DOCKSTADER
Clay Center, Kans.
Your heart's desire be with you.



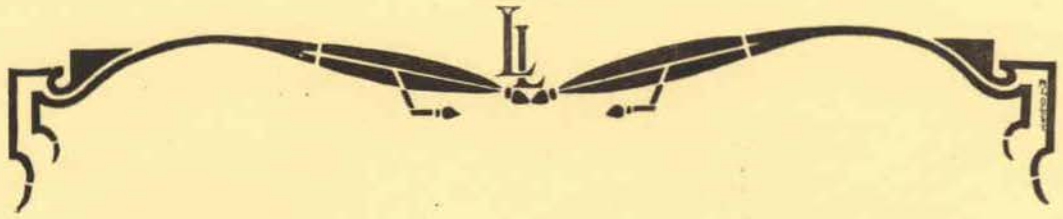
CLARA EHLEB
Rock Island, Ill.
A golden treasure is the tried
friend and true.



MARGUERITE EHLERS
Kinsley, Kans.
To know her is to love her.



DOROTHY ELY
St. Charles, Mo.
Everything about her shows her
broadmindedness.



ERNEST EMBRY
Nowata, Okla.
Angels listen when she speaks.



EVA FLEMING
Jerseyville, Ill.
A friendly smile, a word to spur
you on.



KATHLEEN FLEMING
Jerseyville, Ill.
She's a daughter of Erin through
and through.



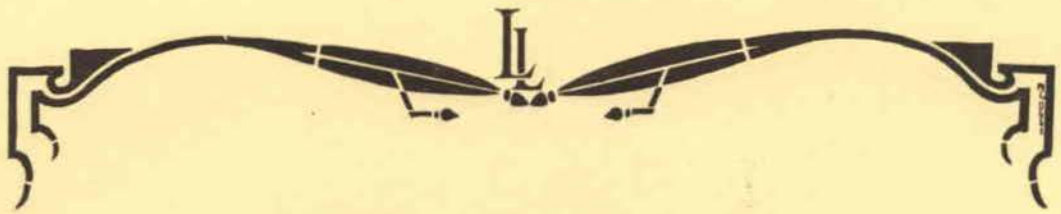
PAULINE FRENCH
Charleston, Mo.
Make the most of yourself, for
that is all there is of you.



ANNIE BROOKS GARDNER
Helena, Ark.
Silence is golden.



CAROL GILMORE.
Mt. Washington, Mo.
Her friendship is a blessing.



FLORENCE HEYDE
St. Louis, Mo.
A rare compound of fun and
frolic.



MARIA HILL
Smithville, Texas
Nature was here so lavish of her
store,
That she bestowed until she had
no more.



LUCILE HOHNER
St. Johns, Kans.
Music hath charms to soothe the
savage breast.



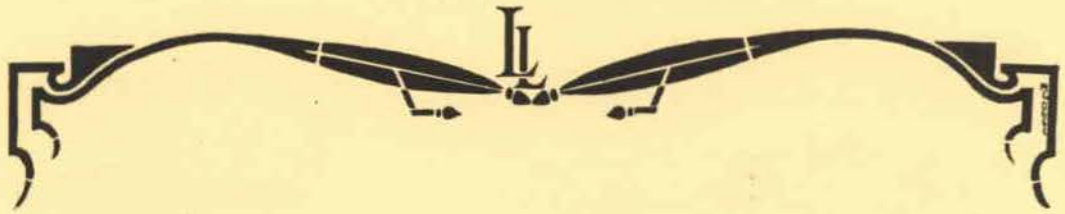
EDNA HONEYWELL
Clayton, Mo.
Virtue is like a rich stone, plain
set.



ELLEN HUGHES
Lawrence, Kans.
Her voice was ever soft, gentle
and low,
An excellent thing in a woman.



VIRGINIA KEITH
Vandalia, Mo.
Pow'r above pow'rs!
O heavenly eloquence.



MIRIAM KENNEDY
St. Louis, Mo.
The gentlest manners and the
greatest heart.



HELEN KISER
Madison, Ill.
And mistress of herself, though
China fall.



LARA DALE LOMAX
Brookfield, Mo.
Cards were at first for benefits
designed,
Sent to amuse, not to enslave the
mind.



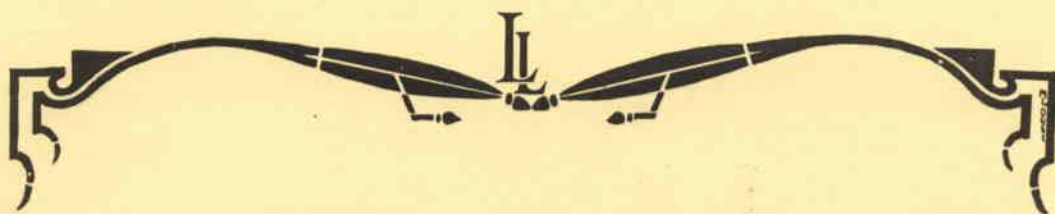
VESTA MUDD
Chester, Ill.
The way to have friends is to be
one.



ALMA MURPHY
St. Charles, Mo.
To know her is an inspiration.



AILEE NORRIS
Pine Bluff, Ark.
Ailee can play,
Ailee can sing,
Ailee can do most anything.



OLIVIA NYBERG
Harrisburg, Ill.
Silence is a perfect herald
of joy.



LILLIAN PATTON
Clovis, N. Mex.
A bundle of good nature.



HELEN PEYTON
St. Charles, Mo.
O life that moves to gracious
ends.



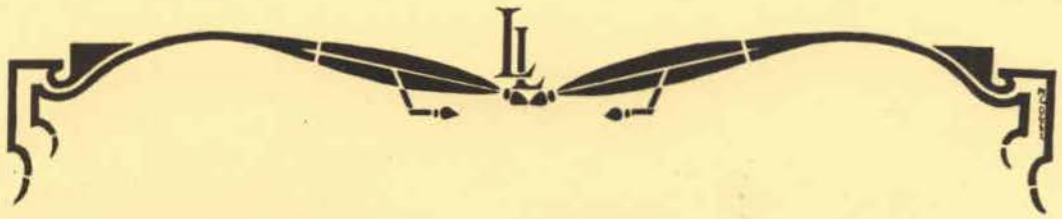
VELMA PIERCE
St. Louis, Mo.
Music is well said to be the
speech of angels.



EDITH REID
McAlister, Okla.
Greatness is not measured by
riches.



THELMA RICH
Clayton, Mo.
Exceedingly wise, fair spoken
and self-possessive.



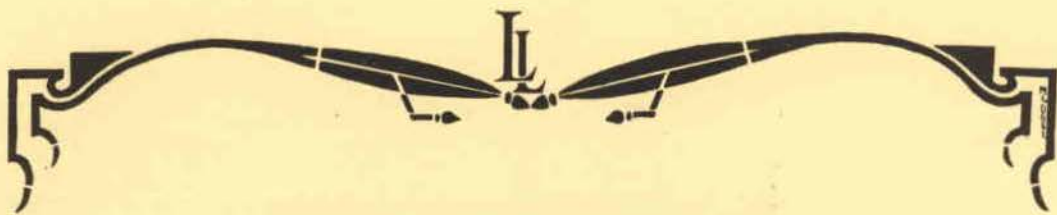
ESTHER SAUNDERS
St. Joseph, Mo.
Sing then, ye birds, then sing.



LEONE STANFORD
Flora, Ill.
None but herself can be her
parallel.



ELIZABETH SWAIM
Danville, Ill.
Her music a regular medicine for
the soul. Why, there is actually
music in her discords.



NATHINE TALBOT
Omaha, Nebr.
The quiet mind is richer than a
crown.



DOROTHY TAYLOR
Winona Lake, Ind.
So purely material and
unsophisticated.

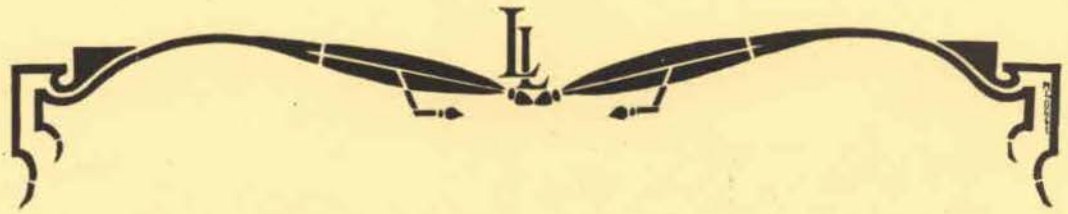


DOROTHY WEBER
Tulsa, Okla.
A head to contrive, a tongue to
persuade, and a hand to execute
any mischief.

Salve, Alma Mater







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MISS LOUISE WELD
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HELENE MILLSAP JUNE BEYLER MARGARET HAMILL ANNA SHELTON
President Vice-President Secretary Treasurer



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COLLEGE



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BOWMAN



EDITH
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WILLA
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KATHERINE
AXLINE



ELIZABETH
BUNGENSTOCK



ADELYN
AYRES



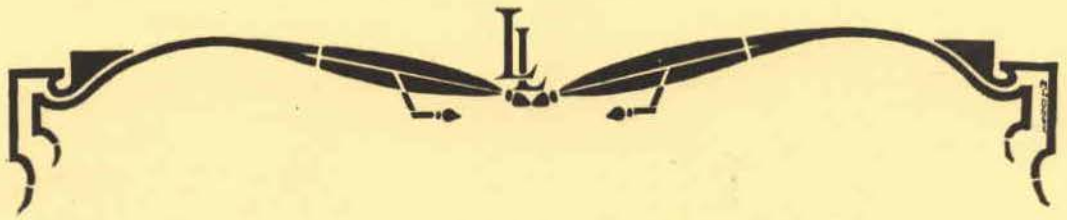
SETA
BUTLER



HELEN
BAYER



MARY P.
CALDER



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COLLEGE



GLADYS
CAMPBELL

HAZEL
COLEY

DOROTHY
CANNON

NAN
CORE

ALBA
CHAPMAN

NELL
COOK

CHRISTINE
CLARK

MARIE
COWGILL

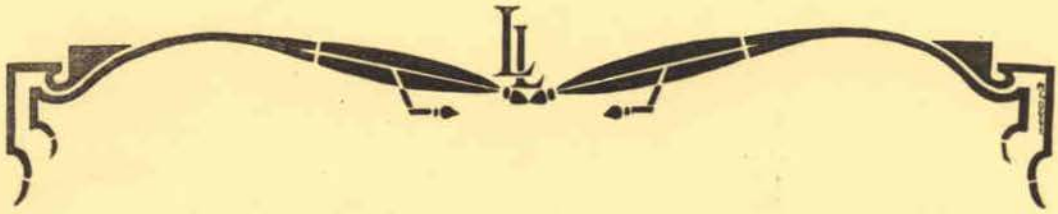
MILDRED
CLARK

ELIZABETH
COWAN

FRANC
COLEMAN

EVELYN
CURRAN





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GLADYS
CARNAHAN

ELIZABETH
DEMING

MATRED
DE VOL

ANNE
DRAVER

DOROTHY
ENGLISH

JOSEPHINE
ERWIN

FERN
ESTES

THELMA
EVANS

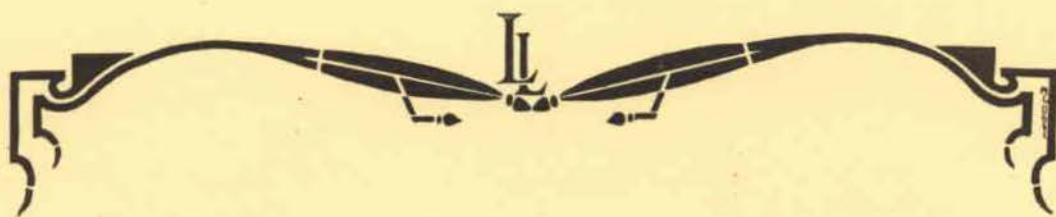
IRENE
EWING

MARTHA
FINLEY

LEAH
FLOYD

EDITH
FREEMAN





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ARTIS
GARVIN

MARY
HINKLE



FLORENCE
GRIFFITH

ADELAIDE
HODGSON



ALLENE
GUTHRIE

IDA
HOEFLIN



HORTENSE
GIESELMAN

DOROTHY
HOWARD



FANNIE
HILL

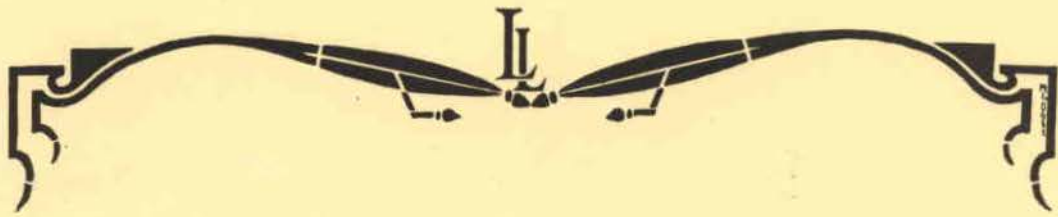
HAZEL
HOWARD



DOROTHY
HILSABACK

ESTHER
HUND





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COLLEGE



ELIZABETH
HOILES

PHILLIPA
JONES



NELLIE
ILER

FERN
JACOBS



LORRAINE
IRWIN

RUTH
KERN



MARGARET
JONES

ROMA
KEY



HELEN
JONES

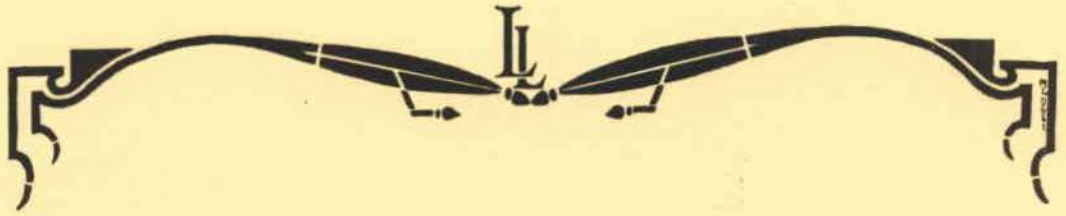
MARY
KIRKPATRICK



NOVELLA
JONES

ELIZABETH
LEE





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HELEN LEFFRINGHOUSE ISABEL McMENEMY

MILDRED LEIFER VERA McALLISTER

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MIERIM LITMAN MARY MARTIN

FAYE McCORMICK HELEN MASEL





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MASER

LUCY
MOORE

KATHERINE
MAYFIELD

MARGARET
MORRIS

ALBERTA
METZGER

ANGIE
NOE

CECILIA
MILLER

MARY
OZEMONT

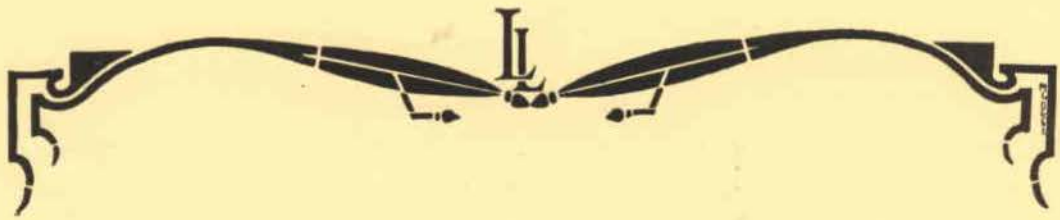
CHARLOTTE
MILLIKIN

HELEN
PARKHILL

ELINOR
MONTGOMERY

MARY LOUISE
PARKIN





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COLLEGE



FRANCES
PARSONS



MYRTLE
REA



MARY
PATTON



MARY
REDDEN



MARGARET
PEAY



PAULINE
REEDER



ROBERTA
PERRINE



KEO
RICHARDS



UDOLPHIA
PHILLIPS



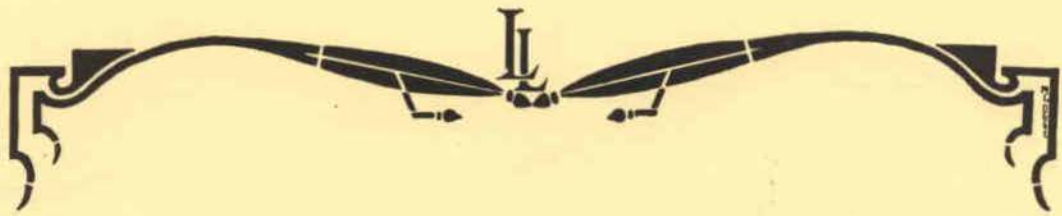
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RIORDAN



MARION
POHLMAN



PAULINE
ROSS



FRESHMAN
COLLEGE



LORENE
ROWLAND

DOROTHY
SEABROOK



STELLA
ROWLAND

LEORA
SEEBER



MARGARET
RUTH ROY

CAROLYN
SHEETZ



OREEN
RUEDI

MILDRED
SILVER



LEONE
SANDERS

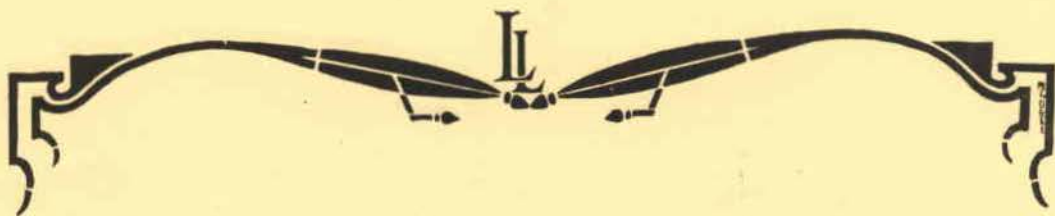
FRANCES
SMITH



MARIAN
SCHWARZ

IVA JANE
SMITH





FRESHMAN
COLLEGE



RUTH
STEEDMAN

JUANITA
THOLL

LILLIAN
STERNBERG

THELMA
THOMAS

ATRUDE
STRANGE

MARION
THOMPSON

GLADYS
SULLIVAN

KATHERINE
TINSMAN

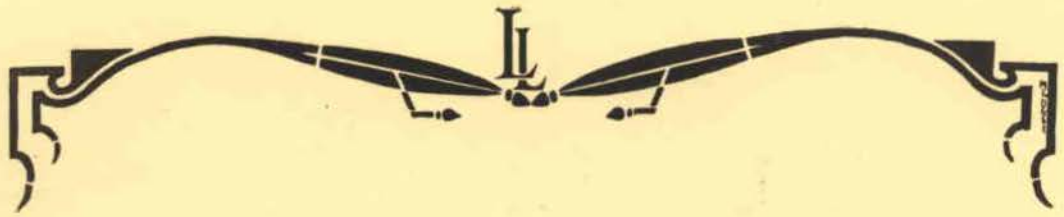
ADA
TAYLOR

MARIAN
TITUS

EDITH
TEDFORD

HELEN
TOWLES





FRESHMAN
COLLEGE



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TOWNSEND

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WALKER

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TRAYNOR

MILDRED
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MILDRED
TROUTFETTER

FRANCES
WARREN

MARIA
TOUCHE

KATHRYN
WEISS

VELMA
VAUGHN

MARJORIE
WELCH

LOIS
VIDLER

JOSEPHINE
WHITE





FRESHMAN
COLLEGE



LORAIN
WHITE

GERTRUDE
WOLLENBERGER



MAE
WILLIAMS

MARJORIE
WILEY

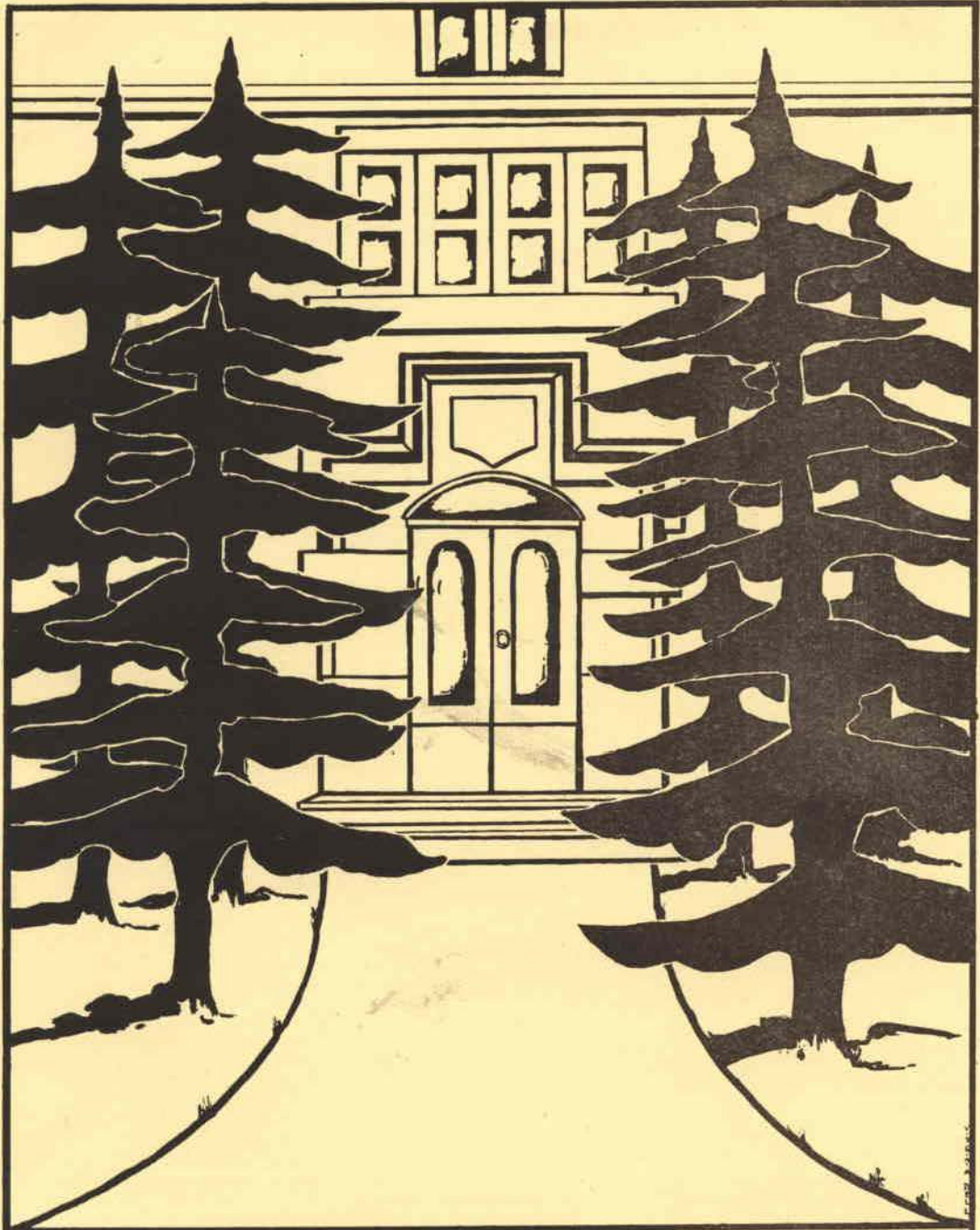
MARY
FRANCES
WERTZ

MARY
YOUNT

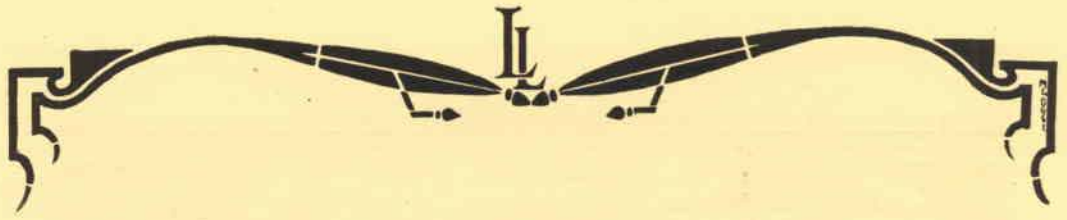
GERALDINE
WILLS

AMELIA
WINDEH

MYRTLE
WOLFF



ACADEMY



SENIOR ACADEMY



MISS FRANCES GRINNAN
SPONSOR



MADELINE LASAR
President

LILLIAN PITMAN
Vice-President

MARY CARTWRIGHT
Secretary-Treasurer



LORNA ALEXANDER

LA NELLE BRECKENRIDGE

EDNA BROWN

MARNE ANDERSON

VIOLA BOSCHART

HELEN CALDER

VIRGINIA DELL

NAN LYLE DICKY

MAEOTTA DIVELBISS

BERNADINE EDES

VERA EBERLE



MARJORIE GOODWIN

HAZEL HILL

RUTH MOREHEAD

MARY HARRIMAN

HELEN KAHN

MERLA GOLDSMITH

STELLA HARRIS

MARGARET LIEPMAN

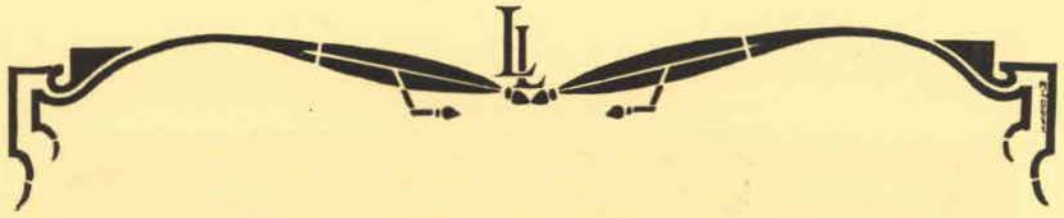
ETTA JACKSON

THELMA McDONNELL



BETH POPHAM
 CAROLINE RICHARDSON
 LUCILE SPALDING
 HELEN SAWYER
 FRANCES TITZELL

KATHLEEN REDBURN
 JOSEPHINE ROSENBERG
 ELWILDA SPRINGER
 MADGE STOVER
 RUTH YOURTEE



JUNIOR ACADEMY



MISS MARGUERITE PORTER
SPONSOR



RILYE NELSON
President

JEAN HAMPTON
Vice-President

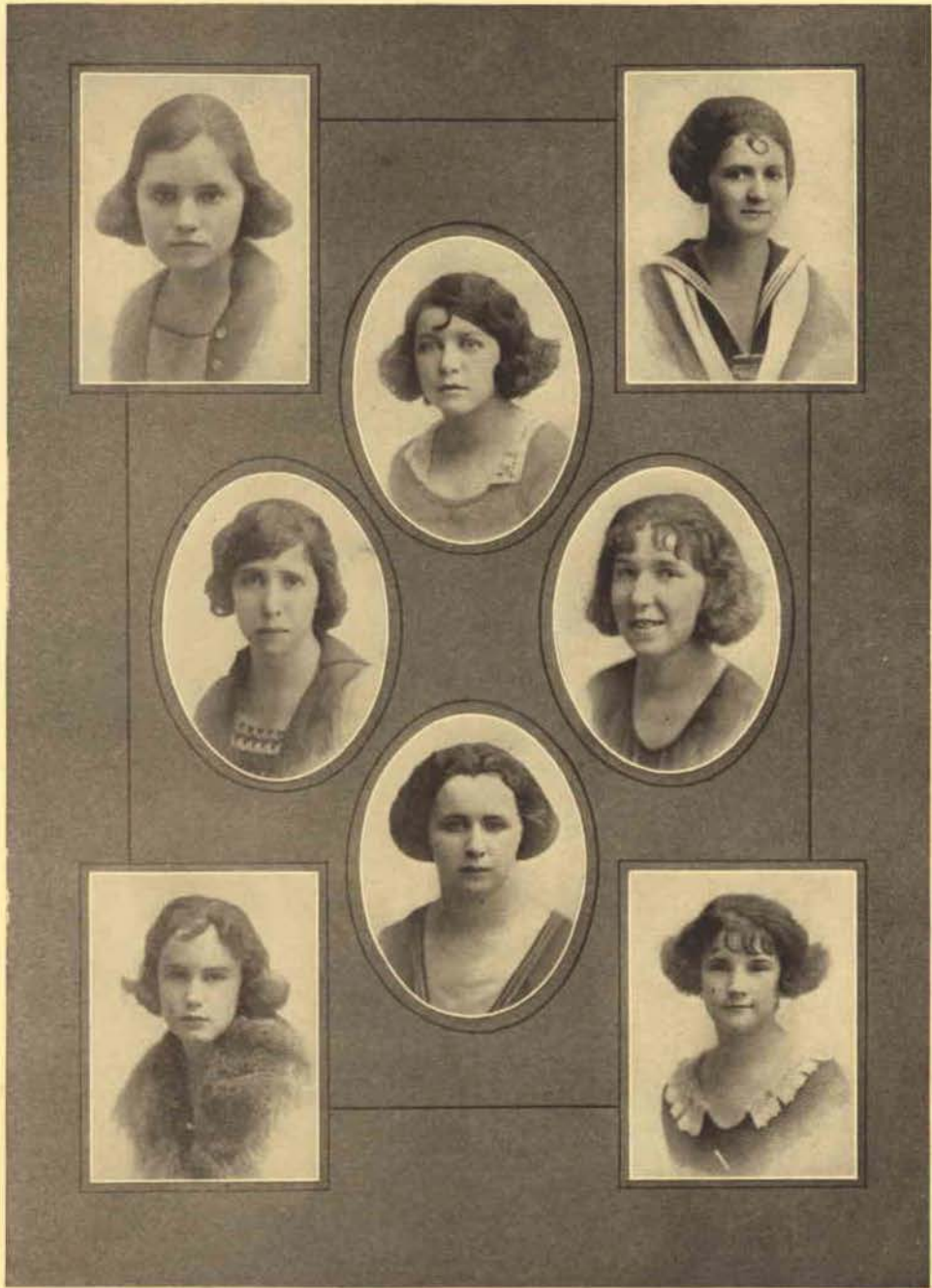
EVA MAE WEINER
Secretary-Treasurer



MERCEDES HICKS
 KATHERINE PAGE
 LOUISE ROSSER

VERA KAPPLEMAN
 BETTY ROGERS
 AUDREY ST. JEAN

HELEN MAUPIN
 MARY HELEN ROGERSON
 GRACE WEISSGERBER



MARIAN BOWERS
 EVELYN ESTES
 ALFREDA GRANTHAM

OLIVE CABANNE
 EVELYN GARVIN

HAZEL BRYAN
 HELEN EVANS
 MABEL HENDRICKSON

SPECIAL CLASS



ESTHER BERTMAN
RHODA COMAN
BERTHA PERRY

MAYE BRYSON
MILDRED McCONNELL
OLGA SWANSON

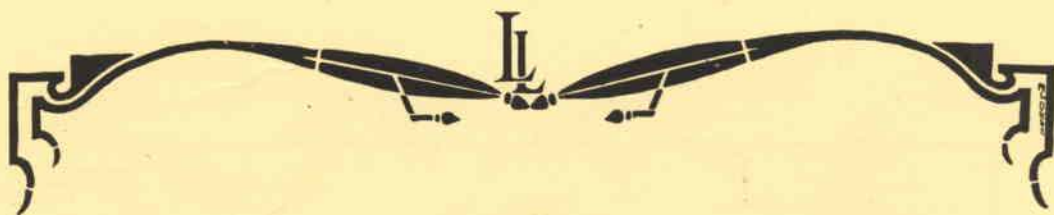
RUTH BRYSON
HELEN MULLIKEN
ISABEL WEISMAN



ANNUAL QUEEN



FLORENCE BARTZ
Winner of Subscription Contest



Who's always ready at breakfast call?
Lin.

Who carries the paper down from the hall?
Lin.

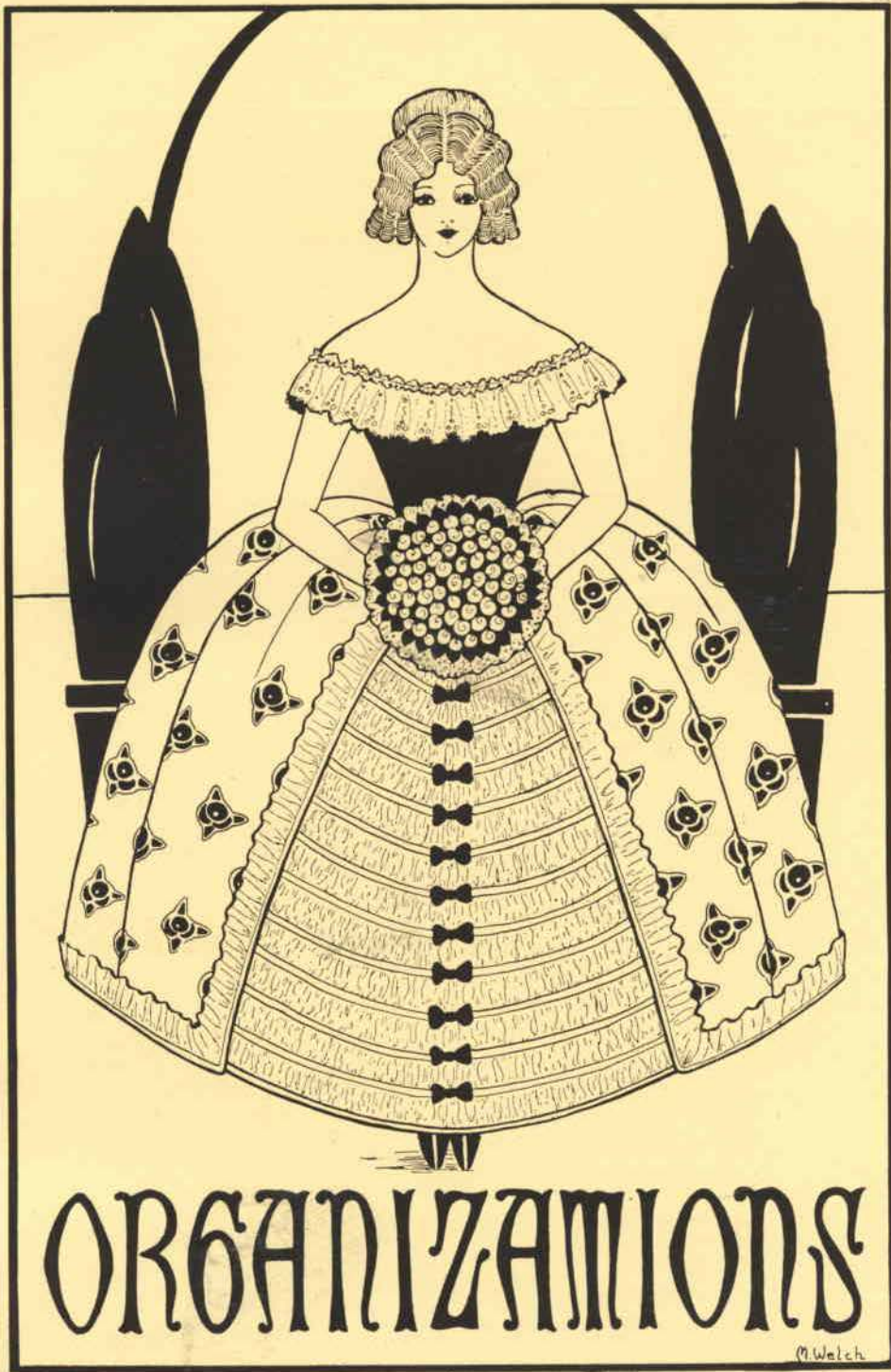
Who watches the taxis from the steps in the sun;
Who silently sentinels till the day's work is done?
Lin.

Who longs for the absent with deep-drawn sighs,
Who waits his coming with eager eyes?
Lin.

Who with his master loves to talk?
Lin.

Who loves to run and play and walk?
Lin.

Who is it faithful unto death;
Who cares naught for flattery's breath?
Who is it obeys his mistress' commands;
Who is it that feels and understands?
Lin.



ORGANIZATIONS

M. Welch

STUDENT COUNCIL



LOUISE CHILD
PRESIDENT



EVA FLEMING
SECRETARY-TREASURER



MAURECE PARKER
VICE-PRESIDENT



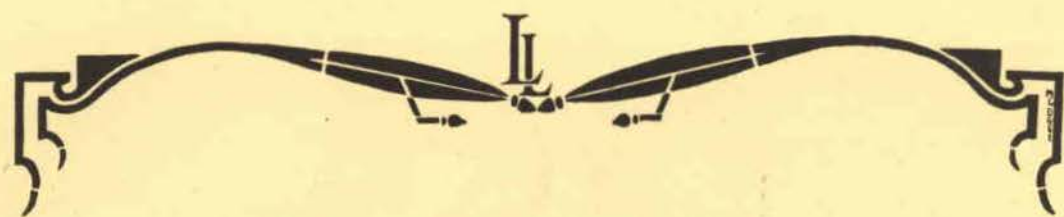
DOROTHY TAYLOR
HEAD PROCTOR BUTLER



EDNA HONEYWELL
HEAD PROCTOR NIGCOLLS



MARGARET OWEN
HEAD PROCTOR JUBILEE



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.

Upon entering the College each girl automatically becomes a member of the Student Government Association, subject to its rules and entitled to its privileges.

The Student Government Association controls the management of all matters pertaining to the conduct of the students in their daily life, which is not academic or reserved to the jurisdiction of the faculty, as agreed upon by the faculty and students in the Constitution.

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.

Y W C A

Y.W.C.A. CABINET



MADLINE LASAR
VICE-PRESIDENT



MARGARET QUIEN
SECRETARY



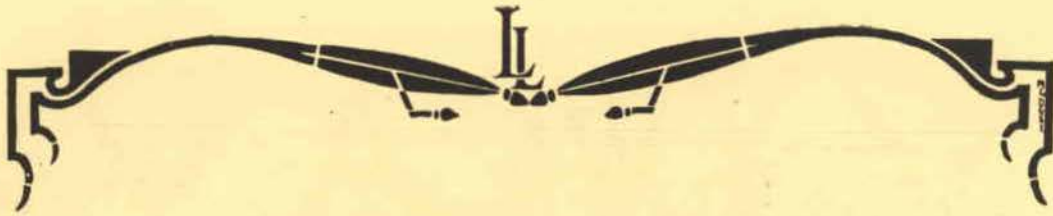
LENA MARY ALLISON
PRESIDENT



ELIZABETH SWAIN
TREASURER



AILLE NORRIS
CORRESPONDING SECRETARY



Y. W. C. A. FACULTY ADVISORS

Mrs. John L. Roemer
Miss Ariel Gross
Miss Pauline Weissgerber
Miss Frances Oldfield

Miss Louise Weld
Miss Mabel Hostetter
Miss Lillyn Allyn
Miss Garnet Kinsley

IT has been the aim to make the Y. W. C. A. the strongest organization at Lindenwood this year, and through the splendid help of the Y. W. Faculty Advisory Committee and the co-operation of the students has made this year a very successful one for the association.

The twentieth year of the Lindenwood Y. W. C. A. opened with an outdoor meeting in front of our lovely new Y. W. House. This house was made possible through the influence of Dr. and Mrs. Roemer and the generosity of the Board of Directors of Lindenwood College. It has been more than responsible for the wonderful spirit at school this year.

Last August the association was represented at the Estes Park Conference at Estes Park, Colo., by Madeline Lasar and Lena Allison.

The weekly meetings have been exceedingly interesting. The programs vary from talks by the students and members of the faculty to song services and pageants.

The association is still based on the Committee plan. In this form of organization the Cabinet co-operates with the Faculty Advisory Committee.

The World Fellowship Committee has to do with the study courses, like the recent course given by Dr. Cleaveland of St. Louis, on the Near East.

The Social Committee has charge of social affairs and they have given some lovely parties this year.

The religious work includes the planning of meetings, publicity and contests, such as the "end of the rainbow" contest for attendance. The Membership Committee has charge of recruiting members and church affiliation.

The Finance Committee is interested in all money-making efforts and this year the Y. W. has been using the budget system.

The Social Service Committee has done very good work in administering to needy families in St. Charles and visiting and taking gifts to the inmates at the County Farm.

The association at Lindenwood has tried to live up to the standards of the Blue Triangle, aiming to promote the all-around development of the girls. The Blue Triangle stands for healthier, happier womanhood, therefore better cities, a better nation and a better world.

LINDENWOOD. ATHLETIC - ASS'N



Head of Basketball.....Kathleen Fleming
 Head of Baseball.....Helene Milsap
 Head of Swimming.....Madeline Lasar
 Head of Dancing and Posture..Miriam Kennedy
 Head of Tennis.....Jeanette Asbury
 Head of Hiking.....June Beyler
 Head of Track and Field.....Dorothy Weber

EXECUTIVE BOARD OFFICERS

Ex-Officio—Miss Louise Weld

President.....Florence Bartz
 Vice-President.....Elizabeth Swaim
 Secretary.....Eva Fleming
 Treasurer.....Dorothy Ely

MEMBERS

Mary Arbogast
 Edith Arcularius
 Adaline Ayers
 Bernadine Eades
 Helen Evans
 Stella Harris

Ida Hoeflin
 Julia Horner
 Helen Liles
 Edith Reid
 Thelma Rich

Helen Riordan
 Lucile Spaulding
 Margaret Owen
 Ailee Norris
 Helen Peyton
 Marian Pohlman





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 in fifty other Colleges and Universities) seeks to bring an intelligent interest of International problems to the College students of today—the influential citizens of tomorrow. Can ignorant contempt for "foreigners" in America and "natives" abroad be replaced by sympathetic understanding of other races or people? The Lindenwood I. R. C., by papers and debates, by a political rally on national issues and by lectures from authorities on foreign relations, is aiming at this high goal. The I. R. C. stands for young American citizens who are learning to think and act as world citizens.

OFFICERS

President.....	Jeanette Asbury
Vice-President.....	Adeline Ayers
Secretary.....	Betty Townsend
Advisor.....	Miss Spahr

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Louise Child	Laura Cross	Elinor Montgomery
Elizabeth Swaim	Virginia Keith	Betty Townsend
Adeline Ayers	Edith Arcularius	

MEMBERS

Miss Rose M. Sweeney	Ernest Embry	Marion Pohlman
Marne Anderson	Patti Hendy	Helen Riordan
Lillian Bowman	Stella Harris	Ruth Roy
Martha Brill	Dorothy Howard	Betty Rogers
Helen Bayer	Adelaide Hodgson	Oreen Reudi
Olive Cabanne	Mabel Hendrixon	Anna Shelton
Gladys Carnahan	Mercedes Hicks	Leone Stanford
Dorothy Cannon	Phillippa Jones	Marion Stone
Alice Chapman	Ruth Kern	Florenz Smith
Elizabeth Cowan	Madeline Lasar	Florence Thomson
Mary Clark	Margaret Morris	Frances Titzell
Hazel Coley	Claire McNay	Nathine Talbot
Ann Draver	Cecelia Miller	Agnes Walker
Ethel Decker	Helene Millsap	Mary Frances Wertz
Edith Dockstader	Rilye Nelson	Gertrude Wollenberger
Margaret Ehlers	Margaret Owen	Mildred Walker

ARKANSAS CLUB



President.....Ailee Norris
 Vice-President.....Lil Pittman
 Secretary-Treasurer.....Annie B. Gardner

Open Motto: "We ain't so pretty, but we does so cute."

Secret Motto: "Don't sit and sit, but git up and git."

Flower: Cotton Blossom.

Roma Key	
Ailee Norris	
HaZel Coley	Annie Brooks Gardner
Edith TedfOrd	Mildred Leifer
MaRgaret Peay	Lucy MooRe
Ernest Embry	LiL Pittman
NAAn Core	Dorothy Seabrook
Gladys Carnahan	
Louise ParKin	
'Sarah Levine	

ILLINOIS CLUB

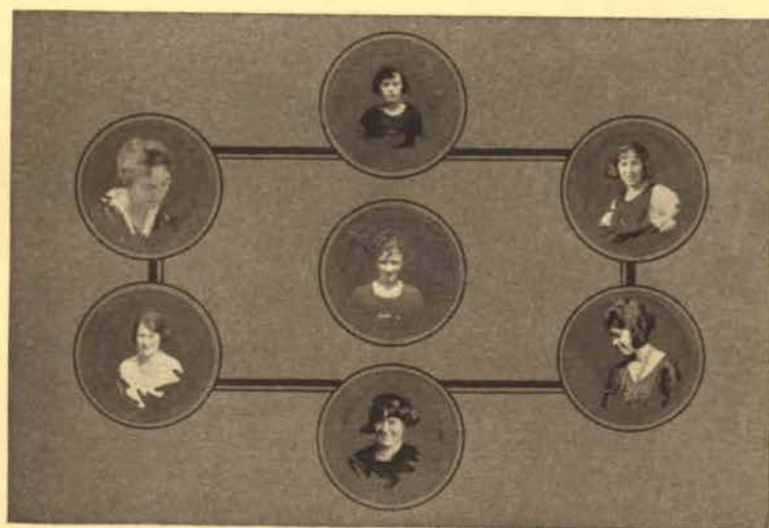


OFFICERS

PresidentElizabeth Swaim
 Vice-PresidentKathleen Fleming
 Secretary-TreasurerHelen Masei

Mary Arbogast	Eliabeth Hoiles	Maurece Parker	Lillian Sternberg
Mildred Buck	Ferne Jacobs	Helen Parkhill	Artrude Strange
Maeotta Divelbiss	Helen Kiser	Frances Parsons	Olga Swanson
Clara Ehleb	Ruth Morehead	Bertha Perry	Lois Vidler
Eva Fleming	Vesta Mudd	Marion Pohlman	Amelia Windweh
Mable Hendrickson	Helen Mullikin	Mary Helen Rogerson	Ruth Yourtee
Mercedes Hicks	Olivia Nyberg	Leora Seeber	
Adelaide Hodgson	Mary Ozment	Leone Stanford	

IOWA CLUB



OFFICERS

President.....	Helen Evans
Secretary-Treasurer.....	Ferne Estes
Sponsor.....	Miss Laipple

MEMBERS

Florence Griffith
Isabelle Weissman

Odella McGowan
Margaret Hamill

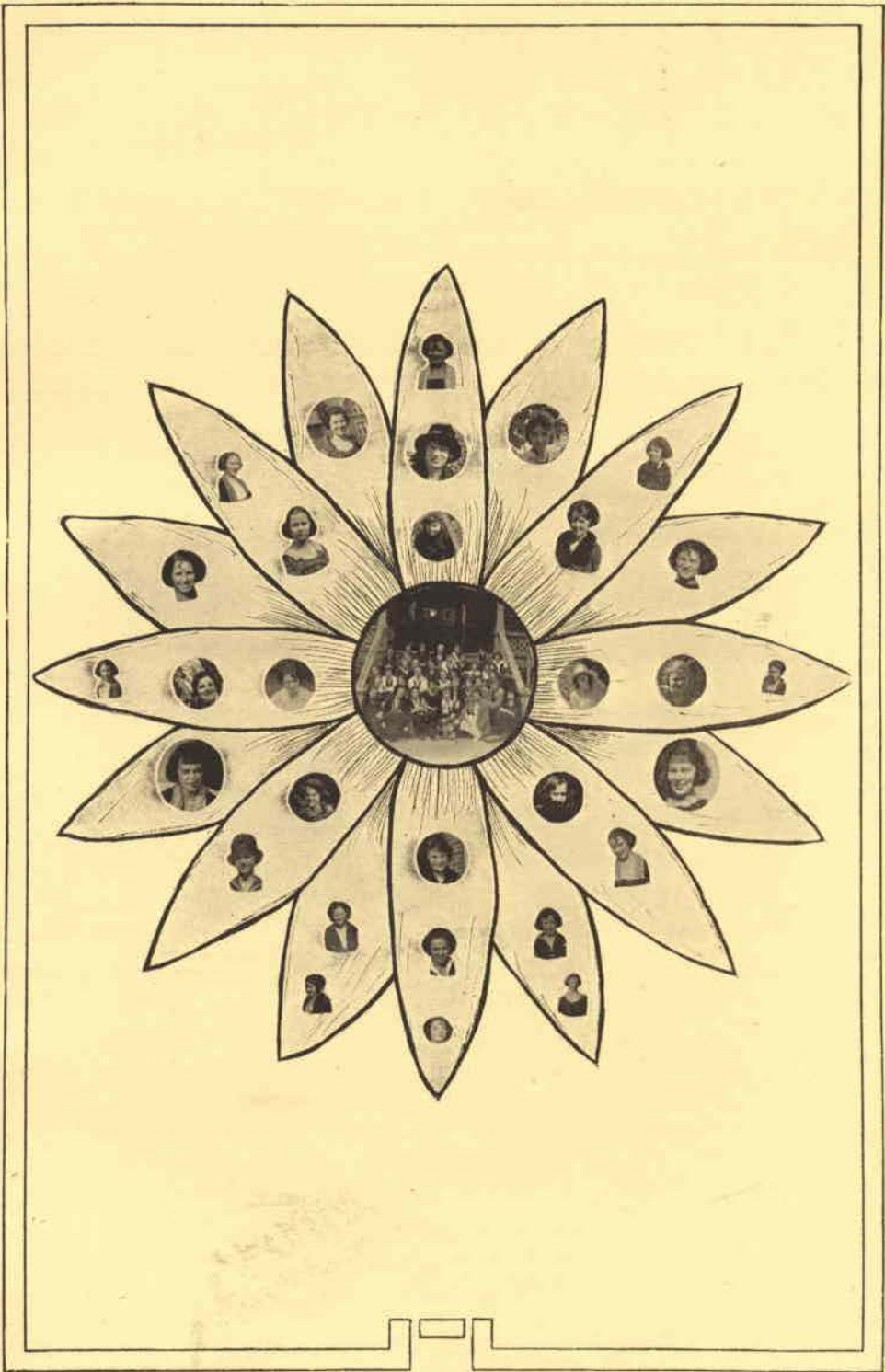
KANSAS KLUB

OFFICERS

President Alice Chapman
 Vice-President Edith Dockstader
 Secretary-Treasurer Elisabeth Deming

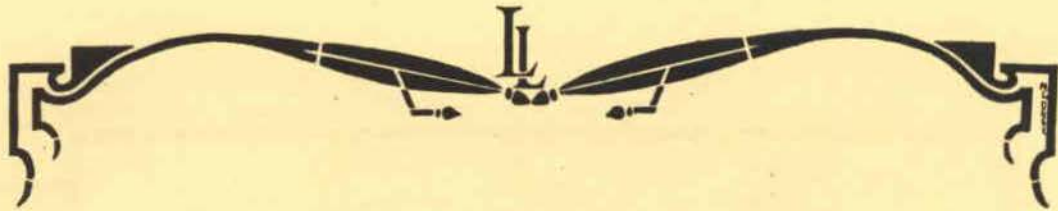
MEMBERS

Katherine Axline	Mary Louise Kirkpatrick
Willa Broughton	Helen Leffringhouse
Edna Brown	Margaret Liepman
Evelyn Curran	Mierin Litman
Mildred Dial	Mary Martin
Marguerite Ehlers	Jean Maser
Dorothy English	Jean Middleton
Irene Ewing	Charlotte Milliken
Leah Floyd	Carman McDonald
Artis Garvin	Keo Richards
Evelyn Garvin	Pauline Ross
Kathryn Graham	Grace Sachau
Stella Harris	Madge Stover
Lucile Hohner	Marion Thompson
Dorothy Howard	Blanche Traynor
Hazel Howard	Edith Troutfetter
Ellen Hughes	Frances Warren
Nellie Iler	



MISSOURI CLUB





OFFICERS

President Madeline Lasar
Secretary-Treasurer Margaret Morris

MEMBERS

Lorna Alexander	Edith Freeman	Margaret Morris
Edith Arcularius	Martha Findley	Rilye Nelson
Jeanette Asbury	Pauline French	Margaret Owen
Adeline Ayres	Carol Gillmor	Kitty Page
Helen Bayer	Merla Goldsmith	Roberta Perrine
Esther Bertman	Marjorie Goodwin	Udolphia Phillips
June Beyler	Freda Guenther	Thelma Rich
Marian Bowers	Allene Guthrie	Helen Riordan
Melvin Bowman	Mary Harriman	Betty Rogers
Lillian Bowman	Patti Hendy	Josephine Rosenberg
Evelyn Brownlee	Florence Heyde	Ruth Roy
Julia Brownlee	Hazel Hill	Oreen Ruedi
Elizabeth Bungenstock	Mary Hinkle	Audrey St. Jean
Olive Cabanne	Edna Honeywell	Esther Saunders
Gladys Campbell	Esther Hund	Helen Sawyer
Dorothy Cannon	Lorraine Irwin	Miriam Scharz
Lucille Cash	Etta Jackson	Carolyn Sheetz
Alba Chapman	Helen Jones	Anna Shelton
Louise Child	Helen Kahn	Mildred Silvers
Christine Clark	Vera Kappleman	Lucille Spaulding
Mary Clark	Virginia Keith	Ruth Steedman
Mildred Clark	Miriam Kennedy	Gladys Sullivan
Elizabeth Cowan	Ruth Kern	Ada Taylor
Laura Cross	Madeline Lasar	Marian Titus
Helen Culver	Helen Liles	Helen Towles
Ethel Decker	Lara Dale Lomax	Mildred Walker
Virginia Dell	Maurine McMahan	Grace Weissberger
Matred DeVol	Claire McNay	Page Wright
Anne Draver	Helen Maupin	Loraine White
Vera Eberle	Alberta Metzger	Eva Wiener
Bernadine Edes	Cecilia Miller	Marjorie Wiley
Josephine Erwin	Mildred Miller	Mae Williams
Thelma Evans	Elinor Montgomery	Myrtle Wolf

NEBRASKA CLUB



MEMBERS

Marne Anderson

Franc Coleman

Marie Cowgill

Alfreda Grantham

Jean Hampton

Dorothy Hilsabeck

Frances Smith

Nathine Talbot

OKLAHOMA CLUB



OFFICERS

President.....Dorothy Weber
 Vice-President.....Mary Cartwright
 Secretary-Treasurer.....Lyle Dickey

MEMBERS

Iva Adams	Mildred McConnell	Edith Reid
Hazel Bryan	Thelma McDonnell	Stella Rowland
Louise Clarke	Helene Millsap	Lorene Rowland
Nell Cook	Mary Patton	Iva Smith
Novella Jones	Kathleen Redburn	Elwilda Belle Springer
Thelma Thomas	Maude Wallace	Josephine White
Velma Vaughn	Marjorie Welch	

TEXAS ★ CLUB



DEPARTMENTS

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CHOIR

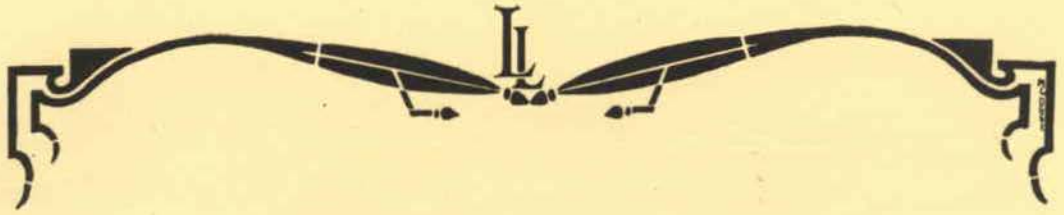


Jeanette Asbury
Marie Arthur
Seta Butler
Franc Coleman
Evelyn Curran
Matred DeVol
Josephine Erwin
Thelma Evans
Irene Ewing
Thelma McDonald
Clair McNay
Margaret Morris

Bertha Perry
Pauline Reeder
Lorene Rowland
Esther Saunders
Caroline Sheetz
Madge Stover
Annie B. Gardner
Freda Guenther
Stella Harris
Maria Hill
Esther Hund
Vera Kappelman
Mildred Leifer

Helen Liles
Mierin Litman
Gladys Sullivan
Olga Swanson
Blanche Traynor
Mildred Troutfetter
Marion Thompson
Frances Warren
Marjorie Wiley
Ailee Norris
Maurece Parker
Elizabeth Swaim

Miss Lucille Hatch, Director



CHORAL CLUB



OFFICERS

President E. Swaim
 Vice-President E. Saunders
 Secretary M. Thompson
 Librarian M. Parker
 Accompanist A. Norris

MEMBERS

J. Asbury
 M. Arthur
 F. Becker
 S. Butler
 L. Breckenridge
 E. Curran
 N. Core
 F. Coleman
 M. Dial
 M. DeVol
 M. Divelbiss
 T. Evans
 E. Embry
 J. Erwin
 I. Ewing
 F. Estes
 A. Gardner

F. Guenther
 H. Gieselman
 E. Hund
 S. Harris
 A. Hodgson
 D. Howard
 M. Hill
 F. Hill
 P. Hendy
 J. Horner
 H. Liles
 M. Liefer
 M. Littman
 H. Masel
 T. McDonnell
 M. Morris

C. McNay
 A. Norris
 B. Perry
 L. Parkin
 L. Patton
 P. Reeder
 L. Rowland
 O. Swanson
 D. Seabrook
 M. Stover
 C. Sheets
 I. Smith
 M. Troutfetter
 B. Traynor
 M. Wiley
 F. Warren
 L. White

COMMERCIAL CLUB

MISS LILLIAN J. ALLYN

SPONSOR

OFFICERS

President Amelia Windweh
Vice-President Artrude Strange
Secretary and Treasurer Lois Vidler

MEMBERS

Ada Taylor
Bertha Mason
Rhoda Comann
Mildred Miller
Ellen Hughes

Alberta Metzger
Ruth Morehead
Geraldine Wills
Miriam Schwarz
Nellie Iler

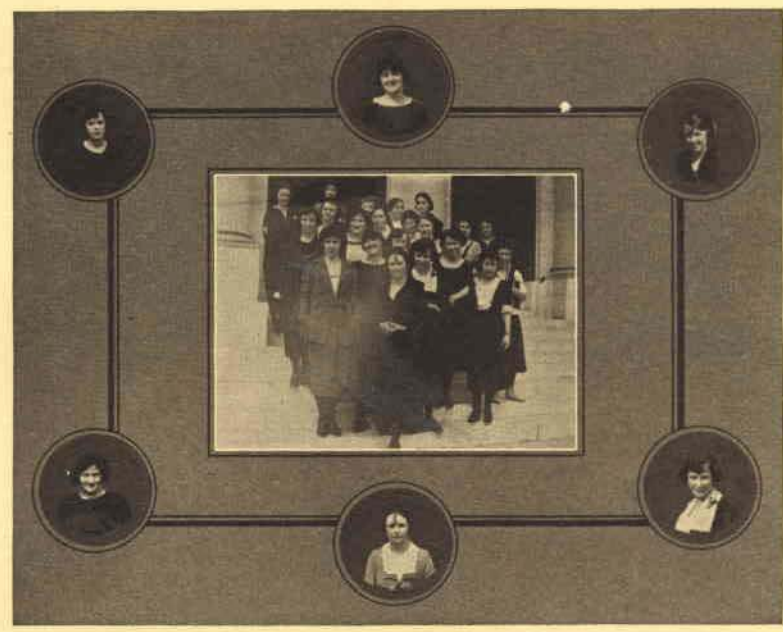
Mary Patton
Sarah Levine
Matred De Vol

For the first time in the history of Lindenwood College, a commercial club has been organized, with Miss Allyn as Sponsor. It is composed of sixteen enthusiastic members and holds weekly meetings on Monday nights. Talks, essays, and debates on commercial subjects are given; and its purpose is to improve 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.



DRAMATIC ART CLUB



OFFICERS

President.....Ernest Embry
 Vice-President.....Fern Estes
 Business Manager.....Edith Dockstader
 Secretary and Treasurer.....Merla Goldsmith
 Reporter.....Marian Bowers

MEMBERS

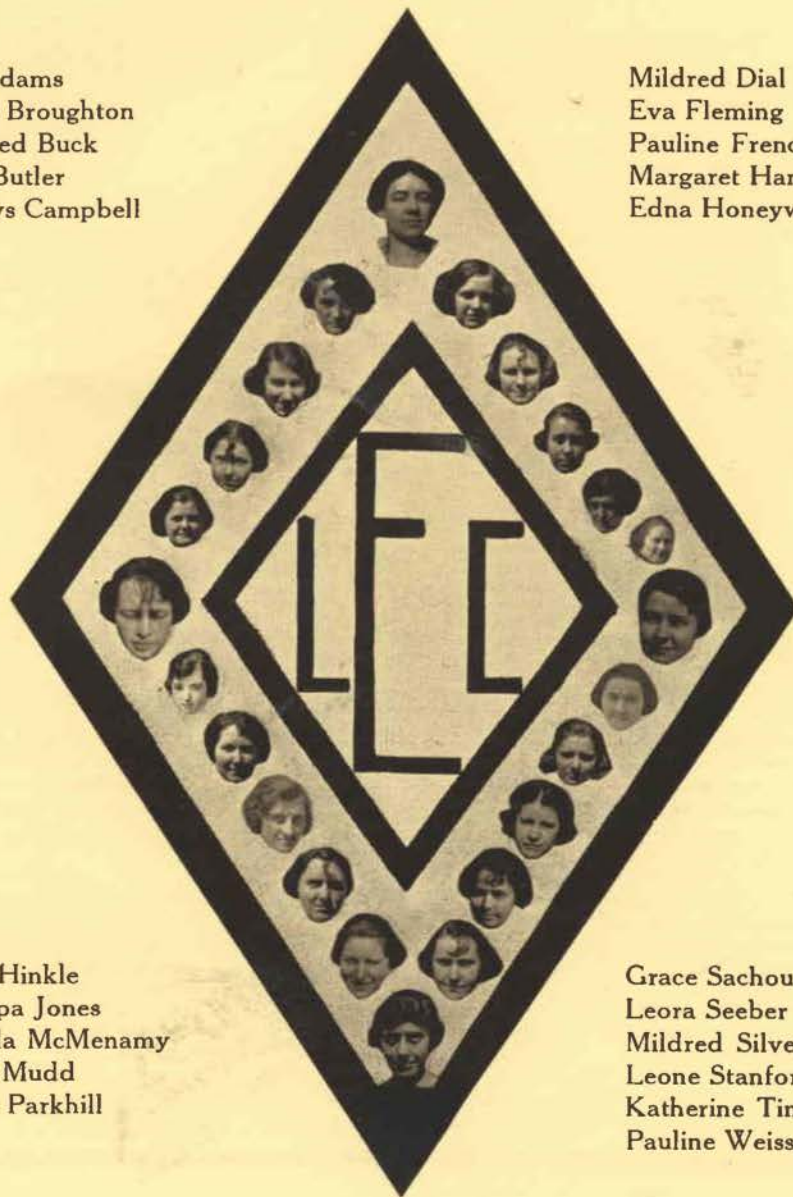
Eugenie Andrus Mary Arbogast Marian Bowers Martha Brill Franc Coleman Edith Dockstader Ernest Embry Fern Estes Marguerite Ehlers	Merla Goldsmith Florence Griffith Mercedes Hicks Ida Hoeffin Adelaide Hodgson Elizabeth Lee Fay McCormick Mary Ozment Udolphia Phillips	Elwilda Springer Mariam Schwarz Marian Stone Nathine Talbot Edith Tedford Dorothy Weber Mae Williams Mary Frances Wertz
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EUTHENICS CLUB

MEMBERS

Iva Adams
 Willa Broughton
 Mildred Buck
 Seta Butler
 Gladys Campbell

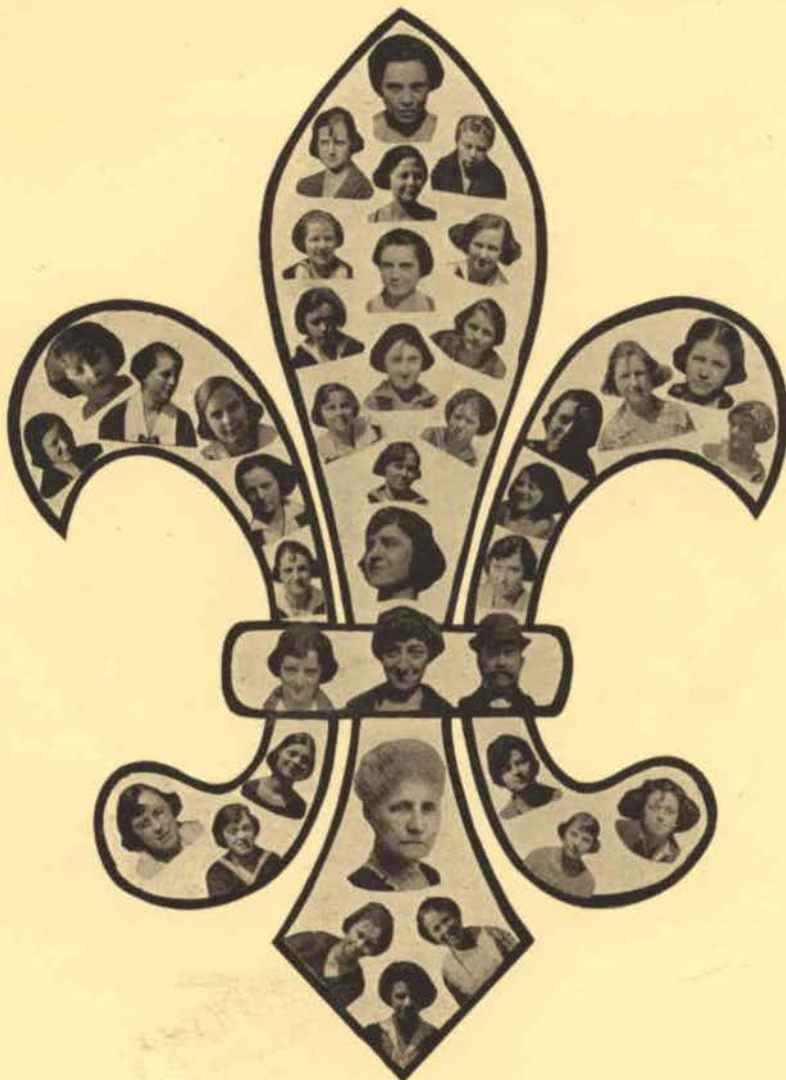
Mildred Dial
 Eva Fleming
 Pauline French
 Margaret Hamill
 Edna Honeywell



Mary Hinkle
 Philippa Jones
 Isabella McMenemy
 Vesta Mudd
 Helen Parkhill

Grace Sachou
 Leora Seeber
 Mildred Silvers
 Leone Stanford
 Katherine Tinsman
 Pauline Weissgerber

CLUB FRANCAIS





HOMEMAKERS CLUB



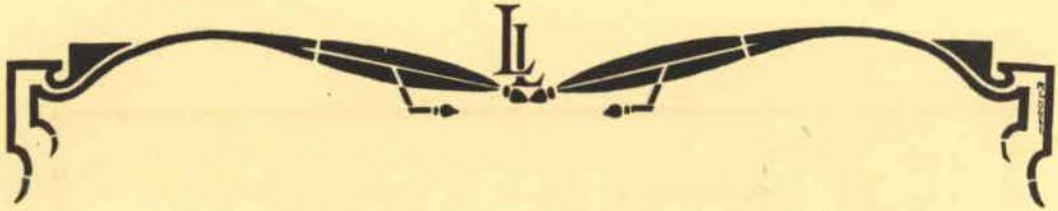
OFFICERS

President Dorothy Taylor
 Secretary-Treasurer Thelma Thomas

MEMBERS

Delma Arenowitch	Mierin Litman	Agnes Walker
Dorothy Dibell	Stella Rowland	Grace Woodard
Ferne Jacobs	Velma Vaughan	

L. Morris



THE OFFICE CAT

No. 3

DEVOTED TO ROOM THREE SIBLEY

Vol. 1

THE HONORARY CLUB

In Other Words—
 "The Mediums"
 The Mystical Four
 Spirit Soul
 Control Color
 Cleopatra.....Royal Purple
 Aristotle.....Turquoise Blue
 Marie Antoinette.Chinese Blue
 Empress of China..Gold & Tan

SPECIAL TASTES

CLEOPATRA—Men, but hates to admit it, attention, clothes, California, O. Henry, Argument.

ARISTOTLE — Winter, music, red roses, candle-light, her own way, period furniture, knitting.

MARIE ANTOINETTE — Scotch collies, cyclones, fires, troubles, teas, trees, Ring Lardner, tragedy, ghost scenes.

EMPRESS OF CHINA—Rain, sarcasm in herself, toast and tea, cats, solitude, authority, early morning in city parks.

ANTIPATHIES

CLEO—Noise from the other party, hypocrites, work, avoidupois, Daniel Webster, and Henry James.

TOTTLE — Galsworthy, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Dickens, baked potatoes, chewing gum and conventionality.

MARIE — Chemistry, sarcasm, sleep, Wallace Reid, curiosity, coward, authority.

EMPRESS—Mice and spiders, themes, Democrats and order.

AMBITIONS

C.—To rival the Chicago Examiner and N. Y. World with feature articles in Atlantic on Alaskan Sunsets.

A.—To manage newspaper campaign for next U. S. President; in between times, to report sermons in St. Louis.

M.—To write Robert W.

Service poetry and secret messages for the government in dots and dashes that cannot be deciphered without a key.

E.—To oversee everyone and influence the world thru the country press.

LINDEN BARKS

Editors

Louise Child, Laura Cross, Virginia Keith

Assistants

Lucille Cash, Alice Chapman, Florence Heyde, Florenz Smith

The infant protege of the newspaper world was born in September, 1920. As the fond parents could not agree upon a name, this worthy child was nameless for several weeks, but as it was beginning to grow noisy, it was finally christened "Linden Barks."

Its career has not always been smooth. There was trouble in the family of editors, and soon only three were left to pester and keep it alive. One week its mimeographed dress was shed for one of glorious black printer's ink, but too many sweets spoiled the youngster and for the rest of the time it had to be content with cartoons of rainbows and pie. Another time it ran away from its nurse, working as an extra for the Athletic Association, but as this was a new trick, it was not punished.

While this child is quite young and still wearing rompers and Billikins, it promises

to become a real politician for the students. With careful rearing and a little coaxing on the part of the public, we expect to see it rival the output of The Purple Cow and The Dirge.

THE PRESS CLUB

The Press Club, the first organization with a membership limited only to those students who are professionally interested in journalism, was founded on March 5, 1921, in Room Three, Sibley, and soon transferred to the Home Economics Department, where refreshments were served by the "mystical four."

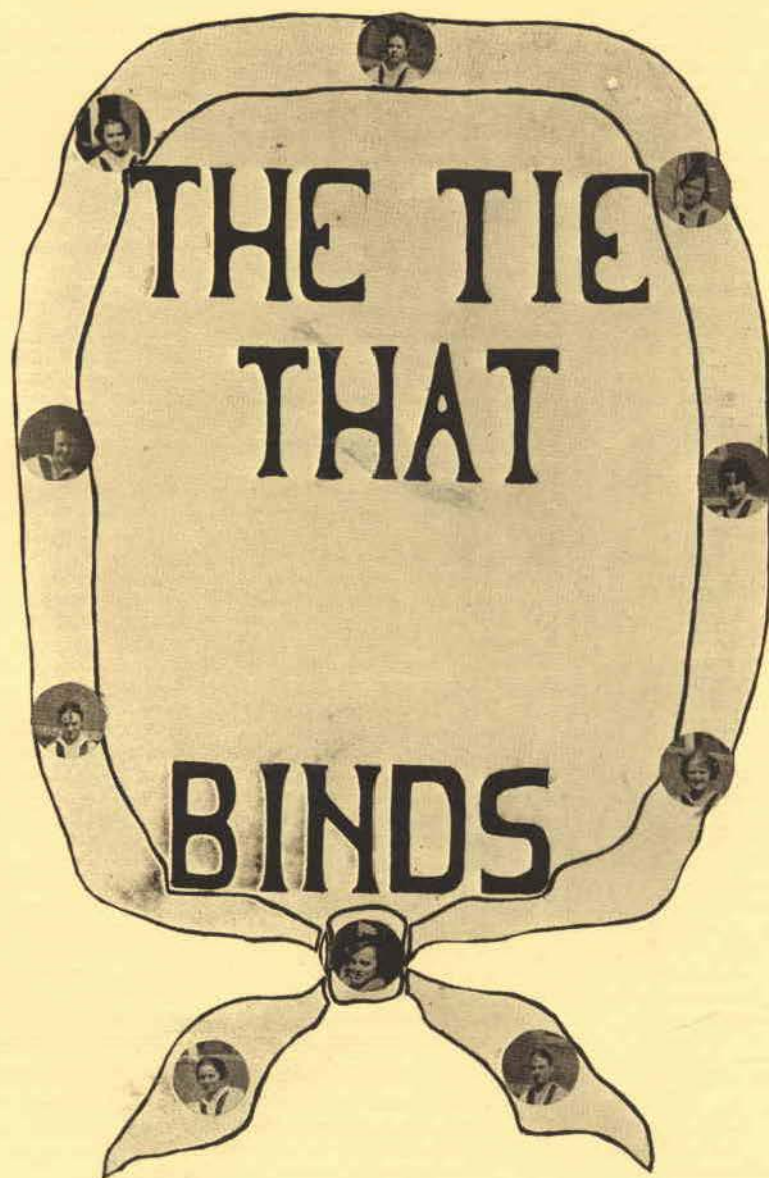
An executive committee, consisting of Louise Child, Laura Cross, Virginia Keith, Florence Heyde, Betty Townsend and Frances Titzell, has accepted the responsibilities of subsequent meetings at which different groups have presented programs of varied kinds—serious and otherwise. The club also supervises the publication of "Linden Barks."

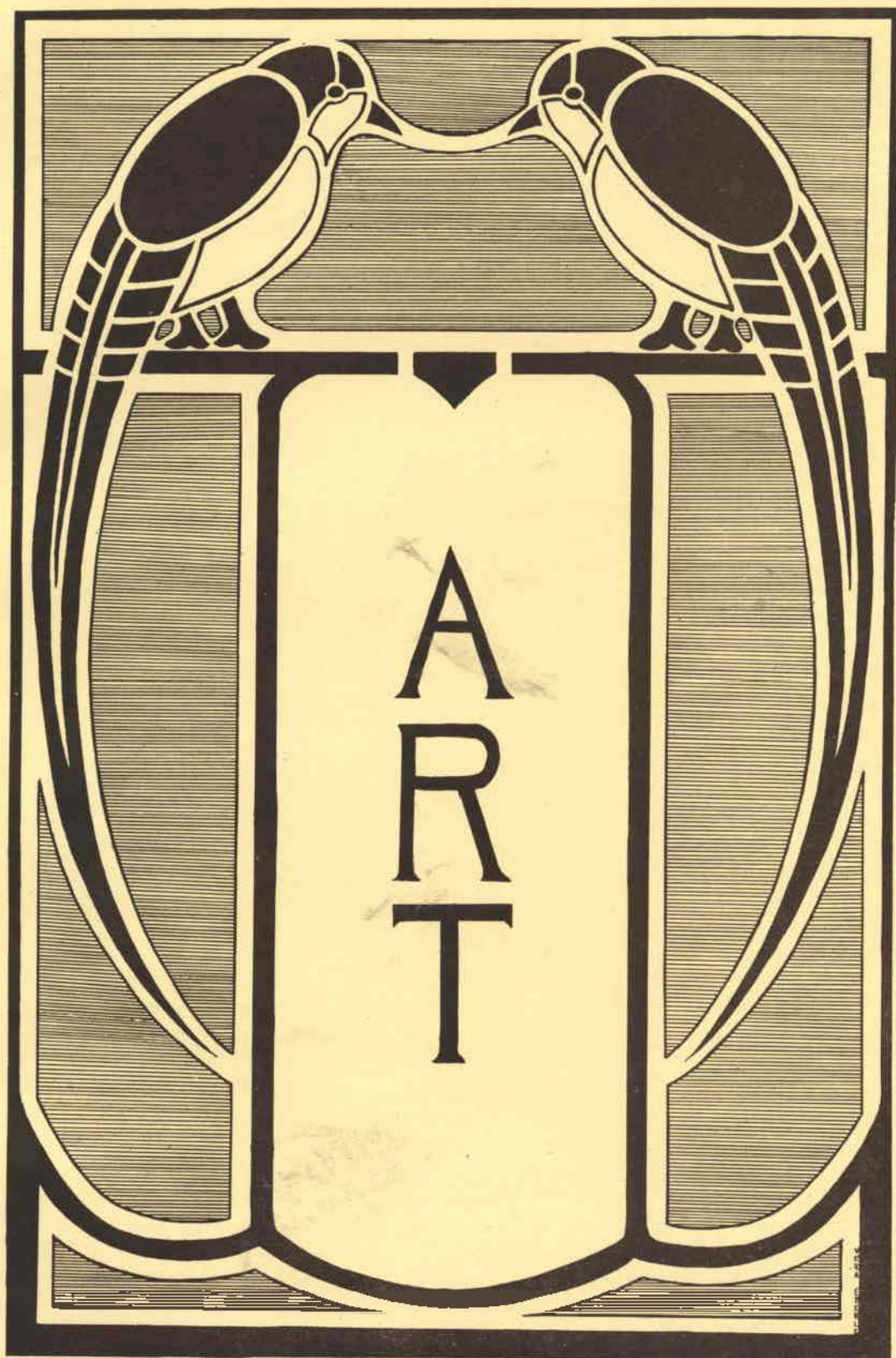
Active members are: Marie Arthur, Marian Bowers, Lucille Cash, Dorothy Cannon, Alba Chapman, Alice Chapman, Hazel Coley, Elizabeth Cowan, Martha Finley, Stella Harris, Florence Heyde, Elizabeth Hoiles, Dorothy Howard, Ruth Kern, Jean Maser, Margaret Morris, Helen Riordan, Oreen Ruedi, Florenz Smith, Frances Titzell, Betty Townsend, Mildred Walker and Catherine Yount.

PREREQUISITES FOR JOURNALISM

1. All exams must be taken during a small riot that has been especially imported for the occasion.
2. Learn to take a squelching as well as to give one.
3. Scent gossip before it happens.
4. Only the "Hide and Seek" method of typewriting is permitted. All machines are worked by invisible pedals.
5. Develop a handwriting that can be read only by you.
6. Be able to pass a post-graduate course in bluffing.
7. Greatest of these, be able to answer not more than two questions on a Current Event test.

PHYSICAL ED'S







ART DEPARTMENT

Motto: "Art is Long and Time is Fleeting."

Colors: Pink, White, Green.

Flowers: Pink Rose and White Rose.

Teacher: Miss Alice A. Linneman.

OFFICERS

President..... Vera Eberle
Vice-President..... Marjorie Welch
Secretary-Treasurer..... Clara Ehleb

CLASS ROLL

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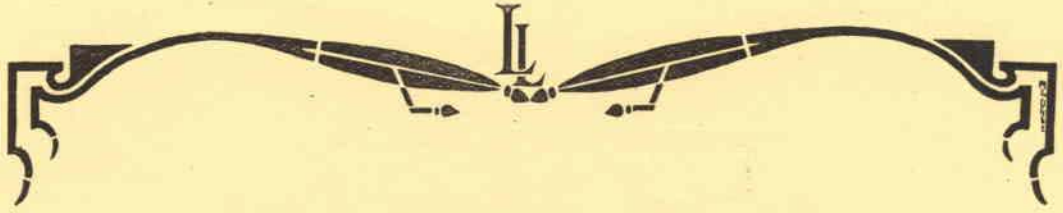
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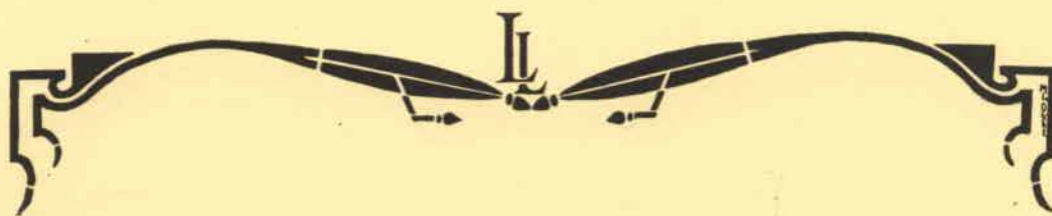


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PHI THETA KAPPA

Honor Society
ZETA CHAPTER

Phi Theta Kappa is the outgrowth of the society of Kappa Phi Omicron and was organized by the presidents of the Missouri Junior Colleges in March, 1918.

The aim of this organization is to foster among the students a spirit of devotion to study and the scholarly ideal.

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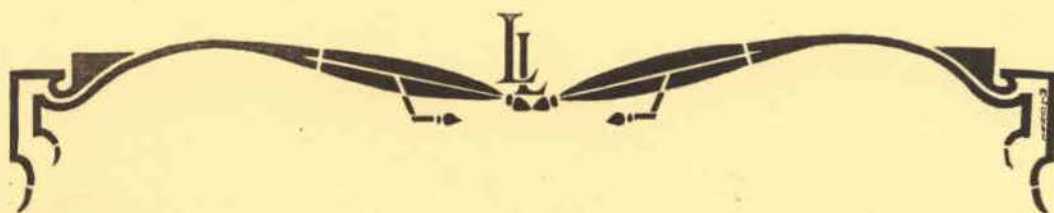
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Mildred Dial

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Patti Hendy

Alma Murphy
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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, to encourage its enthusiastic study and to promote good fellowship among the students of the Musical Department.

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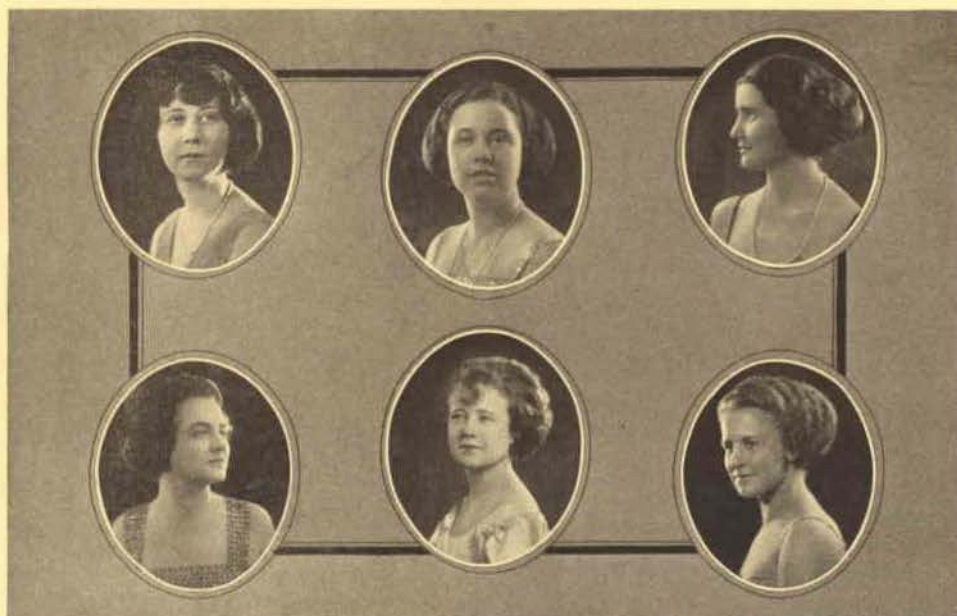
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DOES SHE SING THRU HER HAT?



OUR FUTURE MISSIONARY.



LINDENWOOD'S PRIMA DONNA .



LARGE EDITION OF HELEN?



KNOWN BY HER SMILE .



FACULTY FAVORITE ..



THE GIRL WITH CUTTING WAYS.



STAGE FAVORITE.



BIG UNDERSTANDING.



NOT ONLY DOGS WHINE.



LET'S GO WALKING EST!

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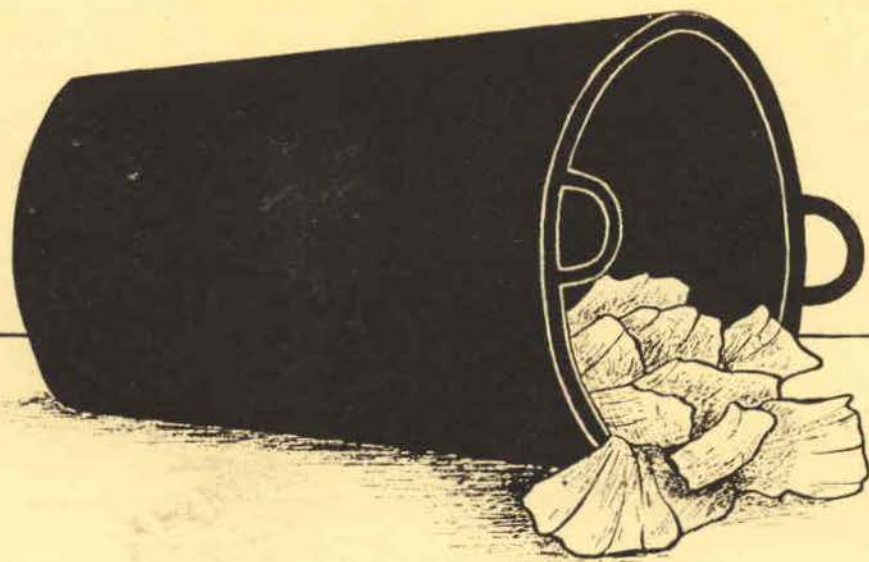


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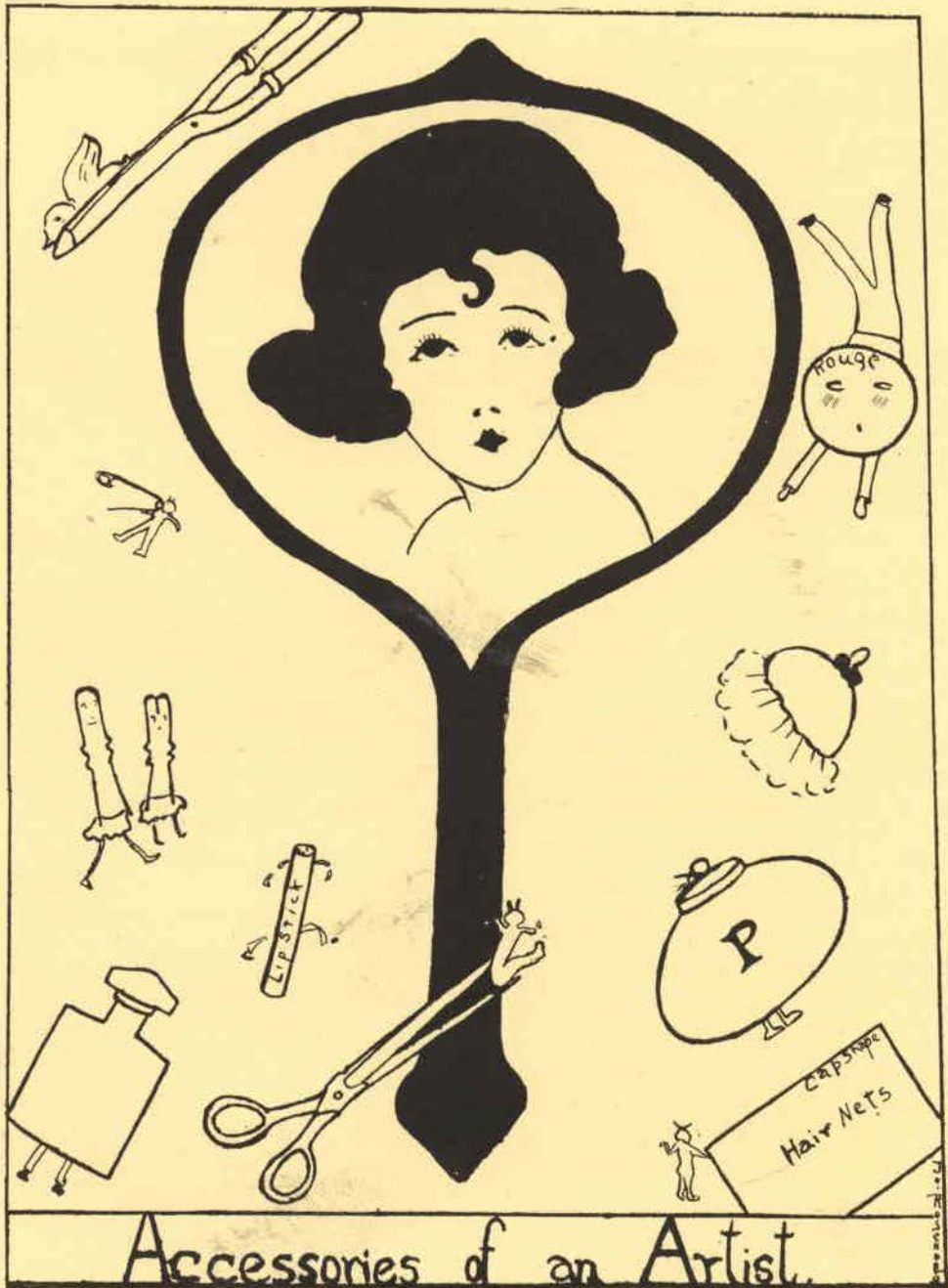


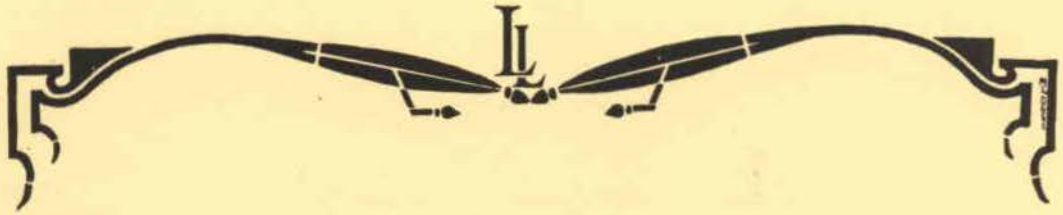
VERA EBERLE-ART EDITOR

SCRAPS



G. S. 126





JAZZING THE HISTORY

In the middle of August, 1821,
The history of Missouri was really begun.
At St. Charles, the Capital of our
Commonwealth,

An army was stationed to guard with
great stealth.

Major George Sibley and his charming
young wife

Realized the girls' needs of boarding
school life.

So six years later in the year '27

A site was selected that looked like
heaven,

A forest of Lindens suggested the name
Of Lindenwood, the college which bears
the same.

For years Mrs. Sibley conducted the
school

For young women who must obey the
rule.

In rambling stage coaches from over the
state

They came in small numbers at a rather
fast rate.

It was later incorporated by a special act
With a Presbyterian board to keep the
school intact.

Though girls of any faith might come,
The work of God was part of the
curriculum.

Still it is and will always be
Faithful to the ideals of Mary Sibley.
It stands for scholarship and Christian
purpose

To train young women for useful service.
In later years as it progressed
Colonel James Gay Butler was much
impressed.

He took for his wife Miss Margaret Hall,
And they came to Lindenwood to watch
over all.

They built Butler, Niccolls and Margaret
Hall,

Where many girls live in spring, winter
and fall.

But the greatest thing this couple meant
Was to beg Dr. Roemer to be president.
He, with Mrs. Roemer, his capable wife,
Came to Lindenwood in its time of strife.
Now to them a debt we owe

Of very much happiness and not any woe.
So let's all do our best
To preserve the crest;
Time will do the rest
For Lindenwood.



IF OUR BUILDINGS ENTERED THE LAND OF DRAMATIC ART

(Why not use local color in your future
hits in the dramatic world? Here are a
few hints as to how our buildings might
be used as settings.)

The Fantasy—Niccolls

(Riotous music; drum working over-
time; insistent cornet; curtain rises on
mob scene.)

Shrill screams rend the air. Songs
shrieked at the top of sixty-horsepower
lungs hiss past the ears. Bath robes flit by
on the wing, while from victims entrapped
in the bath robes come clamorous laments
of the stricken (none are dead or even
dying yet):

"Give me of my robe, oh roo-mate,
Of my large and ample bath robe."

By some hand of fate (or the stage
hands) a bell is heard off stage. Noise
decreases noticeably, yet still forms sub-
dued accompaniment to the dance of the
gnome, a captor monster, as he gloatingly
writhes across the stage. (Suggestion—
the dancer should have heavy black hair
wrapped in an immense coil on the back
of the head.)

(Exit to titters from 224.)

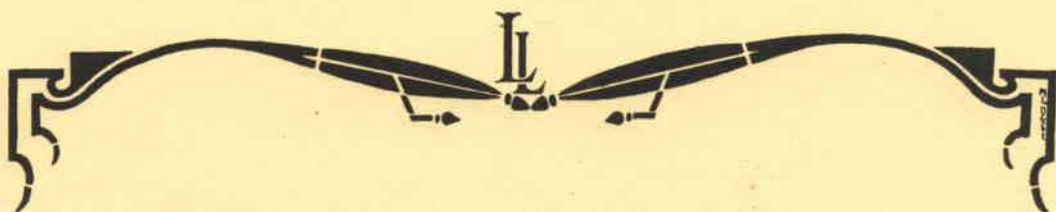
The Mystery Play—Butler

(Mysterious, subdued music—slightly
highbrow.)

Play opens with dim shadowed pro-
logue in which the student board execute
the dance of Expectant Triumph, strik-
ing characteristic poses at the end; fade
out with a hissed through-the-teeth-I-
have-thee-in-my-power-grin.

At the rise of the curtain, audience
discovers at last a dark hall, situated at
one end of stage (rest to be used in case
of fire.) Walls shine immaculately.
Voice floats through the air, with no
source in evidence (but nothing is in evi-
dence in Butler):

"S-S-S-Ssssh!"



Voice wavers through the hall; floor boards and walls take up the refrain (they acquire it from association):

"S-S-S-Ssssh!"

Dark figure creeps down the hall.

Figure: "S-S-S-Ssssh!"

(Impressive silence for three minutes; music thickens; audience must forget to take breath, for herein lies the success of the play). Suddenly another figure is discovered near entrance (Butler is full of surprises).

Voice (breaking silence): "S-S-S-Ssssh!"

(Exit figures in all the state due a head proctor—costume should consist of heavy brown braids and spotted blue silk kimona).

Slight pause: Expectancy enters.

Floor-boards contract in awe; walls wince—this requires the aid of the audience's imagination more than skill of stage hands.

(Sudden burst from the orchestra, which grows rapidly hysterical, stopping suddenly in the middle of a note).

Intense blue spotlight is thrown on entrance, revealing the Power behind a high-necked kimona. Stealthily she moves across stage, listening at every breath, putting one foot down at a time. Grimly she adjusts curl-paper as she moves. Silence grows deeper.

Off stage someone stirs (probably in their sleep).

The Power picks up her ears (stage hand probably knocked them off). Opens mouth to speak:

Curtain falls with a crash—This isn't an all night show.

Light Opera—Jubilee

Music from faculty parlors heard off-stage. Odor of boiled cauliflower delicately permeates the house. Jazz and popular music from the orchestra pit. Scene: Picturesque parlor, furniture suggestive of numerous periods. Statue of Winged Victory in background. To the left some sheltering palms. Chummy little groups of two are scattered at intervals around the parlor.

Dialogue is in pantomime for reasons,

obvious and unmentionable. Vague impressions pass by outside door. They seem to have no particular purpose—they are neither in honor of celebrations or even a circus parade.

After audience and "dates" are sufficiently bored, a bell rings. Exit all except couple under the sheltering palms.

Enter Power:

"Gentlemen, your taxis are waiting."

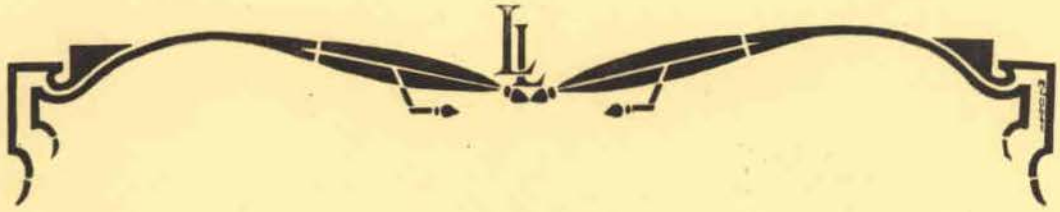
Curtain gently.

Would that mere Art could express Sibley.

It would be sacrilegious to touch upon the secret meeting of the most high in Room 2. It would be touching to dwell upon the realms of Nurse Stringer and Dr. Stumberg. It would be more touching to picture those little rooms where the hours we spent were as a string of exams. It would be tedious to take our thoughts to the chapel where we have to take ourselves so often. And third floor defies dramatization.

▼ ▼ ▼
THE RISING BELLE OF L. C.

Many charming beauties
We have
At Lindenwood.
But there is a rising belle
Incomparable with the rest.
Melodious base!
Voice
With the tenderness
Of six boiler factories.
Who could resist
Her magnetic
Personality?
At break of dawn
Her anvil-like form
Goes dancing
Coquettishly
Through the halls.
Her lusty laughter
Rings
Within our ears
And
We sleep no more.
Without
Her early morning voice
Our day
Would not begin.



SINCE PRACTICE RULES HAVE BEEN ENFORCED

Crash. Bang. Do-re-me—I love you tru—While Shepherds watch—Do-re-me—Margie, I'm always thinking of you (yelled very softly). Moonlight Sonatas intermingled with Rachmaninoff's Prelude and Chopin's waltzes combined with the March of the Indian Phantoms—Do-re-me-fa-sol-la-ti-do. (She got it all out that time.) Roses are growing in Picardy—and one silently (or aloud but not in these words—more like Sunday School) thinks—mostly thorns.

Although in the basement of Niccolls there are only forty-two pianos going at one time, with violins and voices it sounds like forty-two hundred.

Curses on that girl singing "Dear Old Pal of Mine" in unintentional variations. Ouch, somebody sure hit the wrong chord that time. Or maybe it was some of our Freshie's original harmony. O, yes, Edith Hatch's scales. It is bad enough to have to do 'em yourself—much less everybody else. "Squeak." "Squeak." "Squeeeak!" Oh, if she would only loosen that string and then play a few notes as the composer meant them.

It was not always thus, Harmony has just begun to be rendered since exams. Previous to that time, when you went down and played your little "ditty" fifteen minutes before your lesson, you played a solo. You never heard a single "Do-re-me" or Edith Hatch's scales! Does it seem quite necessary for some of our teachers to remark, oh, so casually, that your work seems to have improved for some peculiar reason. We'd like to know who invented sarcasm! But, oh, those new rules! You just "gotta" go. There isn't any way out, and the idea of cutting is preposterous. (We all enjoy our week-end privileges too much.) No, I've thought and thought, and there isn't any way out! We'll just have to sit tight, grin and bear it. And practice "Do-re-me" and "Edith Hatch" scales!

However, there is one blessing! The organ isn't in Niccolls. But don't think that keeps you from getting cuts. No, if

Miss Hatch doesn't run up from Margaret every five minutes to see if you are on the job, some kind (?) creature that wants the chapel always passes through when you aren't there, and then says, "Why, when I passed through the chapel this evening no one was in there. Why couldn't I use it then?" And then you get what Patty gave the drum.

Br-r-r (Second bell). Simultaneously everything and everybody begins to tune up.—And yes, there comes Miss Knisley, Marion, and Lena in full force—and—and—and oh, where am I supposed to practice my "Do-re-me" and "Edith Hatch" scales?



A DATE AT LINDENWOOD

This is well meant advice to girls who have never attempted to have a date at Lindenwood. First and most important, you must communicate with some handsome young man and make sure that he really means to come out some Saturday night and give you the exquisite pleasure of being bored by his company. Then go to Mrs. Roemer and inquire, in rather a confiding manner, if you may have an "engagement" on Saturday night. She will probably say yes, and you will go home all thrills and write friend Billy or Johnny a special, giving him all details about the trains to take and how to treat the conductor. This is very essential because, you know, he probably has never travelled and won't know how to get the trains to come here. You'll be a nervous wreck all week for fear that he will write and say that he can't come but, at last!—Saturday night arrives. You should spend all day dressing, curling your hair, manicuring your nails and trying on all the keen taffeta dresses in school. Arrange to have at least twenty of your girl friends come in and meet him because, you know, one lone man in the midst of twenty giggling school girls is comfortable and entirely at ease. He may arrive half an hour late, but you can make good use of that time shining your nails and powdering your nose. Be careful not to greet



him too profusely as there may be some friendly enemies around. The whole evening, of course, must be spent sitting "side by each" in the parlors. If you are very much in love you will have to content yourself with gazing soulfully into each other's eyes, but if you are merely good friends you have a wonderful time talking—politics (?). The evening will no doubt drag along in some way, and you will have to bid him a fond farewell. Remember you are not at home on your own front porch and there are eyes and ears all around you. Let your conscience be your guide!

But there's one way to find out if you really are in love with the Object of Your Affections, if you ever have a date at L. C. After your friends (?) have looked him over and given their frank opinion, and you have spent a whole evening in Jubilee parlors and tried to entertain him, if you still think as much of him as ever and he says he'll come **back again** to see you.—Then, hang on to him. You've found your better three-quarters for your Love Nest.



LINDENWOOD ROADSTER

Steering Wheel	Louise Child
Clutch	Miss Templin
Radiator	Margaret Leipman
Fly Wheel	Jean Middleton
Speedometer	June Beyler
Starter	Libbet Swaim
Exhaust	Juanita Tholl
Horn	Lorraine Erwin
Brake	Maurice Parker
Power	Dr. Roemer
Muffler	Miss Sweeny
Shock Absorber	Myrtle Wolff
Windshield	Edith Tedford
Spark Plug	Florence Bartz
Gasoline	Faculty
Spokes	Rest of Us

There are two girls
Who are
Inseparable
They are both great athletes
They haven't a
"Crush"

But they are as one
They look some
Thing alike
And now and then
They wear Purple smocks
They are Jack and
Dot
Don't you
Know
Them?

There's another girl
We couldn't
Do without.
She runs the book store
And she's always so
Obliging when you have forgotten
To go get the
Book you "just must
Have tomorrow"
She is one of the
Foundations of the
School
You have
Guessed right
It is
Patti
Don't you
Know
Her?

She thought the West End the nicest
store
So did I
She thought the back door the easiest
way
So did I
She thought banana splits the grandest
things
So did I
She saw the faculty approaching
So did I
They saw us first and said, "Report
yourselves"
So I did

There was a girl
Who came to school
And she thought she would have
To arise early to gain
Her knowledge
So



She brought Little Ben
She set him off
Once, twice,
Thrice
And then
He disappeared
He came back
Only after a long search
But He hasn't gone off
Lately
You can bet on that
And the girl
Sleeps later in
The morning
Myrtle
Comes from
New Haven
Don't you
Know her?

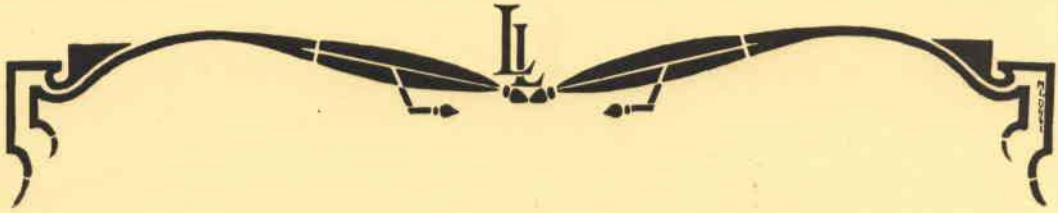
The Y. W. is
One of the best organizations
In school but
There is one girl who
Has done so much
For it this
Year
She started all
The membership
Drives
And she has been
The president all year
And just as a
Side issue we will tell
You that she is
A musician
And a good all-round
Girl
Lena
We all
Know
You.

They say
That bobbed hair
Is a disease
Well it surely
Spread fast at L. C.
At the first
Of
The year there were only
A few who had
The "awful style "

But now
You can scarcely
Walk a step without
Seeing at least
Five
Bobbed heads somewhere
Near.

There is one group
Of girls who are always on
The lookout for
Gossip
And they find
It, too
If it wasn't for them
We wouldn't have any
Weekly paper
And we wouldn't
Be half as
Wise
And up on world
Affairs as we
Are now.
Why they know two
Weeks before just what
Mrs. Harding will wear to
Church the next Sunday
And they always
Know from some source
The murders that
Will be committed
In the next month
They are the smartest
And Nosiest
Girls in school
But they are all right.
Hurrah
For the
Journalism
Girls.

Did you ever notice
That some girls
Are always
Late to breakfast
Or at least
Two or three
Days a week
They come tearing in
A few minutes
Late
And always have
The same excuse.



"I didn't get up till
Too late"
Or
"I am sorry
I will never be late again"
And we are
Willing to bet
That tomorrow she will
Be late again
But—
Some girls are
Just
Like
That.

There's one girl
We couldn't do without
And that is
Ailee
She plays and
Sings and
There's not much
She can't do
She leads the
Songs in chapel too and
We need her all
The time
Don't you
Think
So?

Some girls
Just naturally love
Their teachers.
For instance
There's one girl
Who seems to prefer the
Faculty to any one
Else
She is especially
Interested in one of
The French
Teachers.
Of course, it is
Lyle
Don't you
Know
Her?

STEPPING ASIDE

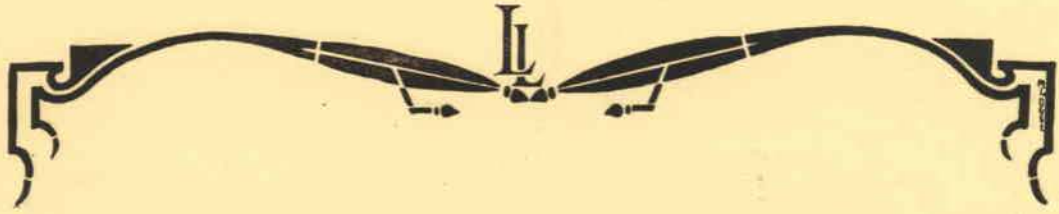
Did you ever get up at warning and just jump into what ever happened to be handy, comb your hair in a second and rush madly over to breakfast and know you were going to be late, and just as you got to the steps and could see every one sitting down, some faculty member would come along and you'd have to STEP ASIDE?

Did you ever get in that awful jamb down at the postoffice after chapel on Thursday and after pushing and pulling and scrambling through you could see three letters in your box and just as you were about to make a wild dive for them, some faculty member came in after her mail and you'd have to STEP ASIDE?

Did you ever have a grand lot of news and gossip to tell any one and you had just seen them go into some building and you were tearing after them to catch them before they got in class or somewhere and just as you were about to go in the door the whole faculty came in, too, and you'd have to STEP ASIDE?



She only had a few minutes to wait. What if he shouldn't come before she had to leave? And what if someone should see her waiting there? He would surely come soon and then her fate would be decided. Could he be so cruel and deny her what her heart most desired? She thought of all the times when he had come and had given her what she longed and lived for and of the times also when he had denied her. She never could tell just what her daily waiting for him would bring to her. At last she heard the sound of a car far off.—Then closer, closer it came! He was coming! Her heart jumped and beat so furiously she could scarcely breathe.—But,—there he was.—"Yes, m, Miss Swaim, you all done got your special from Wisconsin."



WHO SAYS COLLEGE ISN'T A VOCATIONAL GUIDE?

Do you remember the days when your young man friend called on you and brought you a box of candy or some flowers? Unless your memory is very good you no doubt have forgotten those days. And do you remember when James or John or Dick met you at the train with flowers when you left him? He sent you candy or flowers every Valentine's Day, Christmas, and every week while you were away. But oh! how he has changed. Perhaps the war has brought men's as well as women's emancipation. And perhaps the reason that men do not realize a girl's hunger is because they themselves have never been a student in a girl's school. Perhaps we girls have lost the power of "hintation." Or perhaps the fellows have lost the "takation" of the hints. Why, I remember back in the distant ages when I was the proud possessor of two boxes of candy a week. Candy was so plentiful that the whole juvenile neighborhood was called in to partake of the sweets. But alas! those days are over and gone, but there is a field open to girls who can bring the fellows back to the place they used to hold in our estimation.



AN INDIGO L. C. SABBATH

(Can you imagine our campus operating under these rules?)

1. The Sabbath shall begin at sunset on Saturday. (This would eliminate the gym and picture shows.)
2. No one shall use cigarettes unless more than ten miles from any company and fully chaperoned. (P. S. No one is allowed to leave the campus.)
3. No musical instrument shall be allowed on the Sabbath, nor the drum or ukelele, Jews-harp are also prohibited. (That denomination should find more appropriate means of expressing itself.)
4. If your best friend tears your dress, remember the Sabbath and keep it holy.
5. Breathing should be done very

softly at vespers. Do not wiggle your ears, as it is likely to disturb the faculty (if any). It must be remembered that those unaccustomed to the noise of vespers find it very annoying.

6. No mail is allowed to approach the campus before 7 a. m. on Monday morning. It must be parked with the rest of the visitors below the tearoom on Butler drive.

7. No cheese shall be served for tea. It is too vigorous for Sunday.

8. Package lines are illegal. Any physical reinforcement other than three scant meals a day is considered as work. It also offers temptation to those less fortunate, and he who tempteth his neighbor, you know.

9. All incurable crushes shall be separated on the Sabbath. They likewise should remember the day and keep it holy.



AND ON THE SEVENTH DAY THERE SHALL BE REST

Tramp, tramp, tramp.

Here they come, three hundred and eighty-five strong, with exception of those who got to the infirmary first, and those who are taking the chances that their beds or closets will cover a multitude of sins.

Tramp, tramp, tramp.

Here comes the first squadron. You all know them. There are the girls who do not consider themselves on time unless they are there fifteen minutes before church begins. It is that which makes it so hard on the rest of us in various walks of life. This species is rapidly becoming extinct.

And there is the girl who gets there in time to help the sexton open the doors, and stays outside until the doxology begins. This is the fresh-air fiend, supposedly.

And there are the girls who leave early, whom no one can remember ever having seen in church. This is the inconspicuous type, supposedly. They are also



the answer to why is the night watchman.

Tramp, tramp, tramp.

The second installment marches by. They are neither late nor early. Fat girls, short girls, thin girls, tall girls, red, blue, orange, green, black, brown, every size, shape and color under the sun.

It is gossip's big moment.

"Tell me why she got a hat like that? Doesn't she know she's too short for that?"

"She looks better in her own suit than that."

"Who's hat has Jean got on today? She's losing, don't you think?"

"She's stepping out in a bunch of new clothes this morning. I'm going to borrow that hat next week."

"I can't give last night's dates much. She told him goodbye on the steps."

Tramp, tramp, tramp.

Grumbling, laughing, chattering, flirting they go. Here comes half a dozen, "en masse," and here is a chummy little group of two whispering soulfully into each other's eyes. The ranks file by, and in review the riding population—mostly male—spins by. St. Charles has some record breakers in the endurance test. Some of St. Charles' ardent youths can go up and down Jefferson more times in one morning than their sisters could in a week.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, with eyes front—on the dress and hat of the girl in front, who in turn gives the girls in front of her the once over.

There goes the girl who sits in front of you every Sunday and just as the collection plate goes by, turns and says, "Have you any change?"

Oh, there is your brown hat that walked out of your closet one day. You hope she doesn't hurry to bring it back.

Tramp, tramp, tramp.

Here comes the delay team, struggling frantically with gloves, and doing double quick time. Perhaps they had intended to let the rest of the world go by while they remained in seclusion only to find that the best laid plans sometimes fail.

Tramp, tramp, tramp.

And in review the tourists (?) pass by.

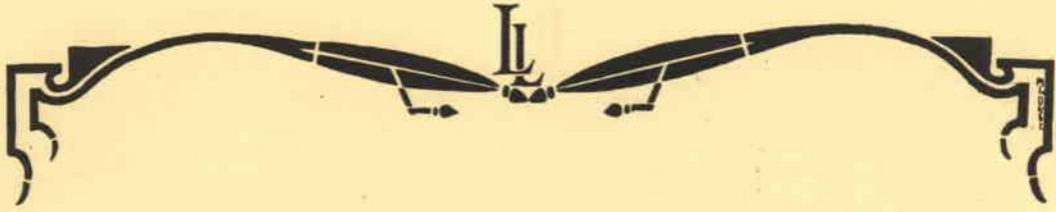
We are a religious army on Sunday, aren't we?



ARE WE COMING TO THIS?

It was the year 2021 in the "Wellesley of the West." Number 232-456's subconscious mind was receiving a message. It passed it on until she awoke. "6:30," the message was telepathed from the office, "Get up." That was her rising bell. She sat up stiffly; dressed right, climbed down a ladder, touched a button, and the shelf which constituted her bed disappeared in to the wall. Touching another button a dressing table sprang into view. She smoothed her closely clipped hair, slipped on a yard of material (history repeats itself and her gown certainly forecasted a "Back to Eden" movement.) "Breakfast," came a voice over the wireless telephone. Warning had been abolished long ago as inefficient. As she opened her door, forty-two doors opened simultaneously. From each compartment (they could scarcely be called rooms, being six feet long by four feet wide) emerged a figure. Mechanically the girls formed as in companies, and proceeded silently to the breakfast hall. Ranks were reformed here and the company filed past a long cabinet. No. 232-456 pulled the lever containing her number. A package marked 760 calories came out of a slot. She pocketed her breakfast and walked back to her cell.

Her mail had been dropped into her room from an aeroplane, through a chute in the wall. It was unimportant. Her brother merely stated that he would drop down from the North Pole to lunch with her next week-end, but he would have to be back in time to address the Eskimo Igloo Builders' League, in the afternoon. There was no word from Dick and her heart was heavy within her. Poor boy, since the last examination the Health Board had made of him, he had been ordered to Siberia to overcome a too powerful blood pressure in his right index finger. If he did not recover, the



government would never permit their marriage.

But the wireless telephone announced first hour class. With a sigh she stepped upon the moving walk and in another moment found herself at Margaret Hall, the new conservatory of music, artistic but small, being only twelve stories high. It was named after the simple structure of the 19th century.

"How I hate that crude ancient music of McDowell and Debussy," she shuddered. She was a little ashamed that the school was so old-fashioned as to teach music—useless sentiment.

Once free of the hated piano lesson, she hurriedly took the walk back to the campus, for her teacher, true to the traditions of the musical faculty, had kept her overtime.

No. 232-456 dreaded to go to her next class. She had not written up her communication with a newly discovered island on the Sun. But ancient history was worse. How could she be expected to remember about all those prehistoric ages—the Steam Age, the Gas Age and that nightmare, the Electricity Age? Physics followed, where she was expected to explain how a piece of radium the size of a pinhead could force great trains, send aeroplanes and messages to foreign planets, or redecorate Pike's Peak.

From Physics she went to Metaphysics. No. 232-456 was assigned to commune with Michael Wigglesworth on how he happened to write "The Day of Doom." All she could get from him was that his spirit was sore, his halo needed polishing and that he didn't care to talk to any but experienced mediums. At last Sir Oliver Lodge gave her a message (he was only too glad, as he received so little attention these days) and warned her that the spirits were going on a strike soon. They intended demanding that ouija boards be abolished, hours shortened and that mediums be required to pass examinations before issuing licenses.

There was one thing peculiar about the school—that was the class in Bible. The government had protested against it as being propaganda, but had given up

attempts to remove it as the college remained firm. The instructor had recently been discharged, as his voice had been declared too unmusical. It lacked the steady drone that was required to produce the characteristic drowsiness of a class in Bible. Tradition said that the Bible was the result of a curse visited upon the school by Mary Easton Sibley. Tradition also said that the little stone mound way up on the hill marked "OUR DEAR LIN" belonged to an ancient dog whose spirit still roamed the earth searching for those who had kicked him when he lived upon the earth.

The Session of Deliberation began at seven o'clock. It had been called Study Hall before proctors had been abolished as an autocratic disturbance. Dictaphones were established throughout the college and every sound wave was recorded at the Office. It even recorded smoke in the air; experts could tell what kind of smoke it was.

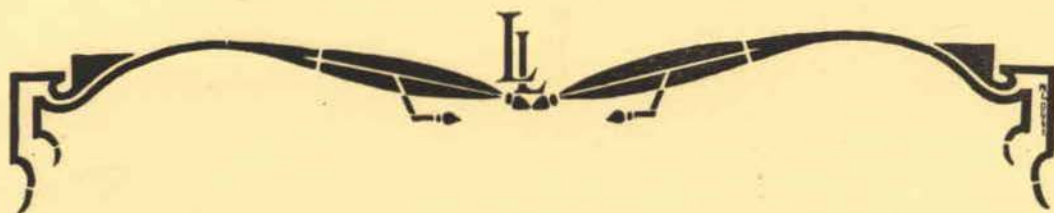
Her door burst open. No. 323-343 had some news. "Have you heard, No. 123-232 has been given her passports for home for receiving messages from a wireless operator on Mars—an entire stranger. And No. 153-623 has been sent home for going to the tea-room three times in one day. She has been pronounced physically unfit." "No?" murmured our heroine as she resumed her studies.

Her soul was heavy to-night. She felt a horrible foreboding oppressing her. Suddenly from out of the air a message came to her by telepath. The voice was Dick's:

"I announce that my soul is about to pass on. Forget our dreams, dearest, they could never be. My arms shall always be outstretched on the other side." The voice ceased.

She took up the wireless telephone. "The Marriage Board?" she asked colorlessly. "Please remove my application for marriage with No. 198-745."

Then she turned to her studies. After two hours of concentration, she got into bed, and cast her consciousness from her. It was the end of a perfectly efficient day.



DIDJU?

Didju jist ever
sit down
and wonder
why
some things
was?
sech as
foreign languages
and Student Boards
and no
men like the
collar advertisements
and not
mail? Didju?
Didju ever see
anybody whom
you felt
so sorry for
that you got
tired,
mad,
disgusted,
and so bored
seein' 'em around
that you
wanted to
help them out
by giving
them some
strychnine or
poison? Didju?
Now, didju
ever wonder why
you were
allowed to
enter this
"vale of tears"
and roam
around loose
like you
were sure
forgot?
Well, Didju?



HAVE YOU FOUND THESE IN THE LIBRARY AMONG OUR BOOKS?

To Have and to Hold—Our pleasant
memories of L. C.
Just Patty—Patti Hendy.

The Purple Heights—Miss Templin.
Little Women—Misses Hatch, McMa-
han, Lear and Sykes.
The Age of Innocence—Oreen Ruedi.
The Rose in Bloom—Any L. C. girl
in St. Louis for the day.
The Greatest of These—Florenz Smith.
The Twenty-third of June—Miss
Roberts.
The Bobsey Twins—Billy Springer and
Thema McDonald.
Eat and Grow Thin—No one here at
present.
The Light That Failed—The flashlight
that burned out during exam week.
Three Weeks—The long time between
our visits to the city.
A Poor Wise Man—Buzz.
Valley of Silent Men—Butler.



THE CONFESSIONS OF A FOUNTAIN PEN

As I approach the end of my career, I
am driven to make amends for my life
of sin. I wish to expiate my soul before
I expire. I shall enumerate my crimes
and lay bare my life for you to judge.

I have composed note-books that had
to be labeled to distinguish them from
logic or cooking.

I have written themes that were an
abomination to any intelligent English-
speaking citizen.

I have aided in imparting knowledge
unlawfully gained.

I have written checks that should never
have been written.

I have raised my screech in chapel with
one eye on the student board.

I am a pupil of preparedness. Believe
me, if all of those little notes that I pre-
pare before quizzes disappear at the
psychological moment there would be a
shortage of advisor cards.

I run out of ink in the middle of a
lecture period or a quizz on those days
when the teacher is in a bad mood.

I have handed a wicked line to Jim
and sent a carbon copy to Bob. I have
called so many men dearest that I some-
times wonder which one really is, if any.



I have sent itemized accounts to Dad of the charitable organizations which I patronize, the class dues that I pay twice a week, and asked that he increase my monthly allowance accordingly. I am proud of my imagination!

I sling the ink, yet I put forth the maximum number of words at the minimum amount of meaning. I have a few stock phrases that can be shifted to meet any occasion or man.

I have a stunted conscience which possesses a strong and elastic constitution.

But my day of reckoning will come. Now I shall spend the remainder of my days in penitence. For my sins I humbly petition forgiveness.

Signed May 31, 1921.

Any Fountain Pen.



THE TRUTH ABOUT THE FACULTY AS THEY THEMSELVES HAVE TOLD IT

Mr. Motley: "I have no use for Republicans and Jayhawkers."

Miss Barnes: "I confess, I am an incorrigible flirt."

Dean Templin: "This hurts me worse than it does you, children, to send home these reports."

Miss Gross: "My temperament is a continual source of delight to me."

Miss Hatch: "Few other girls could have squeezed so many dates in so short a life as I have."

Miss Jesse: "A stiff quizz now and then supports the theory of survival of the fittest of French students."

Miss Stringer: "You shall not pass."

Dr. Hazelit: "I find in photography food for the soul."

Miss Grinnan: "Friendship lightens the duties of a rhetoric teacher."

Dr. Stumberg: "When in doubt, give cough medicine."

Mrs. Motley: "Sarcasm secured me a husband. It ought to work on girls."

Miss Spahr: "As an outside reading, I shall assign the library."

Mr. Thomas: "It is my devilish brown

eyes that does it. I merely look—preferably musical. It is not my fault that the weaker sex has succumbed to my charms."

Miss Hostter: "An optimist sees the pie on Friday; a pessimist sees the fish."



IS THAT SO?

Cecilia: "Was that girl laughing at me?"

Mr. Motley: "I don't know. She often laughs at nothing."



DON'T BE TOO SURE!

Miss McMahan: "If you don't stop talking I'll take your name."

Anna: "Take it, I don't care. I have another promised me."



Miss Pugh: "June, don't you ever use a dictionary?"

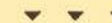
June: "No, I read one through once, but didn't even get the drift of the story."



NO ESCAPE

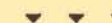
Miss Stringer: "The girl in the second bed there says that she had a nightmare last night."

Dr. Stumberg: "Well, charge it on her bill—ten dollars for livery."



Miss Lear: "Did you bring a blank piece of paper with you?"

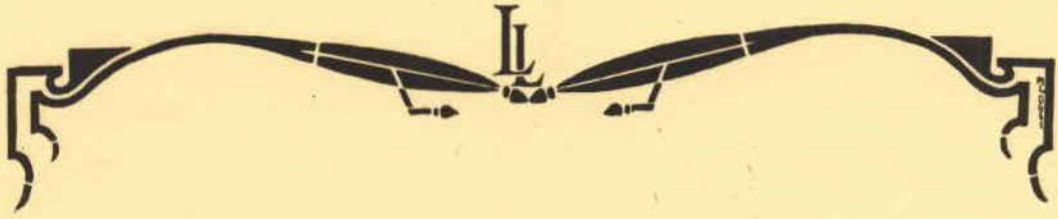
Phil.: "Well, mine has lines on it."



Merla: "Oh, there's a rat in my closet!"

Patti: "Why don't you give it a rat biscuit?"

Merla: "Indeed, I will not! If it don't like what I have to eat, it can get out."



AN UNUSUAL DAY

Breakfast—Everyone in bed.
 Classes—Excused for the day.
 Chapel—Popular song service.
 Mail—For everyone.
 Lunch—O. K.
 Afternoon—Permission to leave campus.
 Dinner—Steak.
 Night—Real date dance.
 Wake up, Helen, you're dreaming.

▼ ▼ ▼
 Maeotta Divelbiss feels better with a
 flake of powder on her shining nose.
 A flake won't hurt Maeotta, but why
 the snow storm?

LIFE'S MENU

▼ ▼ ▼
 The menu for our appetite
 Is just the start of things;
 The menu for our minds
 Is worked in every day;
 The menu for our love
 Is a long list with prices high;
 The menu for our souls
 Is serving someone, in some way;
 The menu for our lives
 Is listed in the world's book—
 We can either gather loose leaves,
 Or print the leaves ourselves.

THE LETTERS SHE WROTE ONE AFTERNOON TO HER MOTHER

My Own Dearest Mumsie:

I have been working so hard studying
 this week that I've not had time to write
 to a **single soul**. I have even sat up for
 hours after light bell to write themes and
 get those horrible French sentences that
 Miss Jesse loves to give us. But I knew
 you would be worried if I didn't write to
 you—and dear, won't you please send me
 a box? I'm starving to death, for we
 have cornbread and omelet for breakfast!
 Yes, I'm remembering about not eating
 so much candy; why, I haven't had a
 single bite for **weeks**!

Spring vacation will soon be here. I
 can have just lots of new clothes, can't I?

Lovingly,

P. S. Don't forget the box.

TO HER FATHER

Dear Old Dad:

I'm broke again and am borrowing
 from all the girls. I know you wouldn't
 like to have me do that, so I'm sure you'll
 send me a check right away.

Your little girl,

▼ ▼ ▼

TO HIM

Dearest:

Honey, I have your picture before me,
 trying to imagine that you are here with
 me. It would be so heavenly if you really
 were! There is a glorious moon, and it
 makes me so homesick for those glorious
 nights of last summer—will you ever for-
 get them? I am just living for spring
 vacation, darling, when we will be to-
 gether again.

Thank you so much for the candy. It
 is awfully sweet of you to send me those
 big boxes every week. I love you heaps
 and heaps.

Yours only,

▼ ▼ ▼

TO HER CHUM

Darlingest Sally:

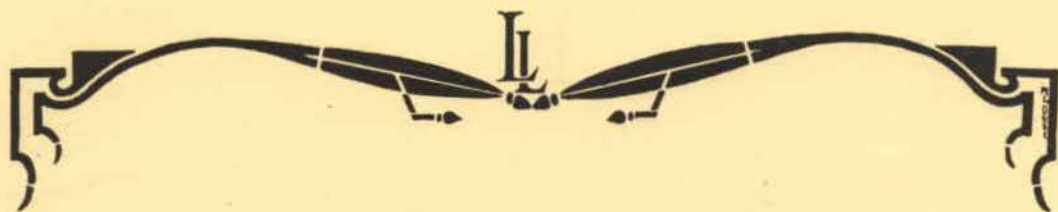
I have written three long letters this
 afternoon, but it is really the only thing I
 have to do. We **never** have to study, or
 at least we never do! The girls have such
 jolly times here—always having feeds
 after "lights" and other "Boarding-
 school" stunts.

I have just finished a letter to Dick.
 Honey, isn't it dreadful the way I kid the
 poor boy along? He really thinks I care
 a lot about him, and you should see his
 letters! They are perfectly **screaming**! I
 nearly laugh myself to death over them.
 Oh, my dear, I met the keenest fellow
 when I was in St. Louis last week-end!
 He is **stunning** looking and we have a per-
 fectly **wild** crush. He's coming out Sat-
 urday night—I'm thrilled to tears.

I heard John's Ford a few minutes ago,
 so I must run over and get my mail. I do
 hope Dad sent me a check!

Write me a long, long letter soon. I'm
 wild to see you during spring vacation.

Yours till gum-drops,



Miss McMahan: "Jean, what's your theme on?"

Jean: "It's on scratch paper now."



IN FRENCH

Miss Jesse: "Margaret, take the first sentence."

Margaret: "Why—er—I really didn't get that that far."



TITZELL EXPLAINS SOCIALISM

Myrtle Wolf: "What do you mean, Titzell, by this Socialism that you talk about?"

Titzell: "Well, suppose that I had two million dollars—I'd keep a million and I would give you a million."

Myrtle: "But suppose you had two fur coats?"

Titzell: "I'd give you one and keep one."

Myrtle: "But what if you had two hats?"

Titzell: "Keep still—you know I have two new spring hats."



Adeline A: "Are you busy, Dr. Stumberg?"

Dr.: "No, why?"

Adeline: "I want to talk to you about your anatomy."



Senior: "Where have you been?"

Freshie: "In the cemetery."

Senior: "Anybody dead?"

Freshie: "Um-hum, all of them."



Mr. Reddin (taking picture of Freshman): "Now, try not to think of yourself—think of something pleasant."



Gladys C.: "Miss Sweeney, don't you think June has a rosebud mouth?"

Miss S.: "No, rosebuds are always closed."

An annual is a great invention,
The school gets all the fame,
The printer gets all the money,
And the editors get all the blame.



Carmen: "What's the matter with Arti's arm?"

Evelyn G.: "She broke it patting herself on the back."



ORAL PENMANSHIP

Dr. Calder: "Now, this is going to be a lecture course and you must all take notes, and hand your notes in—in writing."



Mr. Motley, in history: "Can you tell me what an Indian baby is called—a wife is called a squaw?"

Elizabeth B.: "Yes, sir, a squawker."



"Did you favor the honor system at the recent election?"

"Sure, I voted for it five times."



THE ACADEMY

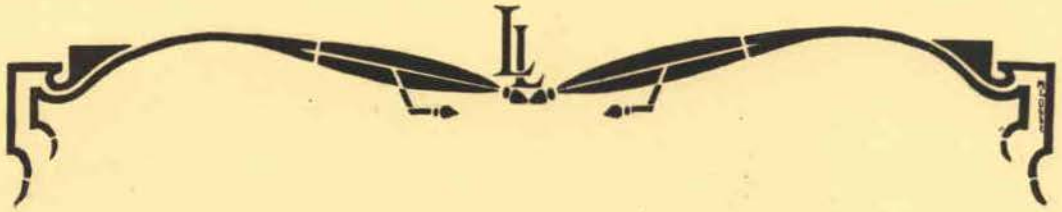
A tiny girl with a hopeful look,
Who's always worrying about her book;
She watches the college and is always yearning,
And says I'll be there when I get through learning.

FRESHMAN

A girl with a "French l" in her hand—
The picture of despair,
She wanders up and down the hall, then sits upon the stair;
She chats awhile, then reads a line,
And then she chats some more,
And when it comes recitation time, she flunks as oft before.

SOPHOMORE

A bumptious maiden, with haughty air,
Who gives the Freshman the stony stare;
With face red hot and excited greeting—
Just got out of the big class meeting.



UPPERCLASSMEN

A youngster with deep-set look on her
face,
Roaming around from place to place;
She's seeking for knowledge, you'd
naturally judge,
But she's searching for sugar to make
some fudge.



My roommate straightened the room
today—
She has her own peculiar way—
Of re-arranging things for me,
But still I wish she'd let them be.

When things are piled upon the table,
To find them I am always able;
But now in baffling piles they lay—
My roommate straightened the room
today.



UNTIL JUNE FIRST

Men—how I hate 'em!
My nerves, men grate 'em!
How can girls mate 'em?
Continually date 'em?
I'll always berate 'em!
Men—how I hate 'em!



Between room-bell and rising,
When stillness begins to lower,
Comes a time in the day's occupation
That is known as the nightwatchman's
hour.

The darkness hides a number of things,
Suspense over everything lies;
But around that corner yonder
Is the watchman—and you bet he's wise.
wise.



THE STUDY HALL BLUES

The shades of Butler were rising fast,
As through the darkened halls there past
The proctor whose voice is ever heard,
Breaking the silence with this one word—
S-S-sssh!

How often, oh, how often,
I've sat in study hall,
And studied and studied and studied
With deep quiet over all.

When out of the stillness there burst such
a clatter,
I sprang to the door to see what was the
matter.
The doors were shut tight—no one in the
hall—
It was only the proctor who had tapped
on the wall.

Alas! for the rarity
Of proctors' charity
Under the sun.

They are so hard on us,
Why don't they ever just
Let us alone till our lessons are done!



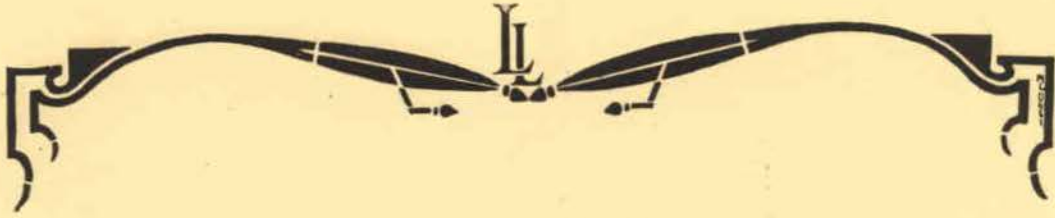
TALENT

I've learned to speak so carelessly
That no one else can see
By any little look or sign
How new it is to me.

I never strain my eyes at work;
This talent is enough;
The students call it "getting by,"
The teachers call it bluff.



Up in the infirmary
Are a pair of scales for me.
There I hie me all alone,
There I gnash my teeth and groan.
A reducing means I seek,
For I gained five pounds this week;
And every pound that I did gain
Is a new pound of added pain.
In last year's suit there soon shall be
Built in patchwork to cover me.
And every pound is what I ate
At times when I lost sight of weight.
Yes, up in the Infirmary
Are a pair of scales for me.



STUDENT'S HANDBOOK

We offer the 1921 Student's Handbook for your approval. This edition is built for service; truth is our motto; all B. S. is discarded.

Sept. 14—Delivered into clutches of faculty.

Sept. 15—Classes begin. Faculty prepare to impress the New Girl. Watchword: "Where is Room 7?" (or 8 or 9 for that matter).

Sept. 16—Faculty reception. Prepare for the "once over." Names worn to tell the world.

Thanksgiving — Semi-annual dinner. The other one comes on Mother Roemer's Birthday.

Holidays—Like the small end of the telescope—long time in coming and short when it gets here.

Exam Week—Much cram and more flunk.

Prayer Week—A week is only seven days.

Spring Vacation—A dream (but sweet while it lasts).

May Day—Guests; Seniors' trip and frolic on the green—mostly trip.

Commencement—Spotlight on seniors again.



A WORD OF WELCOME

This year we have added two more years to the course for the benefit of those parents who disapprove of universities. We offer, besides those courses listed in the catalogue, degrees in B. S. Nothing could be more helpful to your vocational subjects than the training in spoofing which every student automatically receives. We believe that every girl should prepare herself to do this in life. The art of excusing one's self gracefully is highly developed as our faculty accept none but the most novel and original. They know the tricks of the trade themselves! Putting things over is another part of our curriculum which many try, but few successfully finish the course.

Such students generally undergo a process of elimination.

For those whose aim in life is to enter the diplomatic service, we offer the greatest of opportunities. If you are not a diplomat by nature you soon will be in self-defense.

Survival of the fittest is another lesson soon learned. We consume and drink whether we eat and be merry or not. What is yours is mine if I can get it is the motto.

We desire your hearty co-operation in activities—particularly student board. May it never want for work to do.



GENERAL INFORMATION

(Don't hesitate to ask the old girls—they have forgotten about it anyway.)

To obtain excuse from Mother Roemer for cuts put up a hard luck story about loss of memory—aphasia or some other disease no one but a physician could know about.

Before holidays avoid double cuts by wiring home to please arrange a funeral; surely some members of your family of relatives can oblige you.

If you couldn't cram for exams because your flashlight went out, move over to the infirmary for a few days. Nursie will see you through (?).

Don't mind advisors whatever you do. They will probably forget to bring your little notice to you anyway. Every girl sees one some time in her life.

Students are urged to deposit money in the bank. You'll forget the hours, and your allowance is saved from you.

Keep away from the book store. Borrow from someone if you really care for such things.

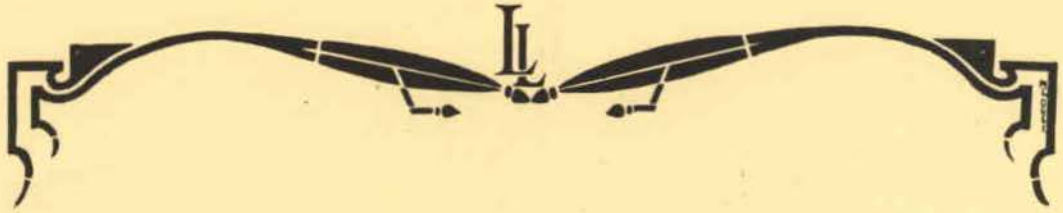
Remember you are responsible for the dresser your room-mate parks in front of: remember the fine for injury to the same.

Use the elevators only on Sunday. The stairs make athletes of the girls. No extra charge for this form of gym work.



DO'S AND DON'TS

Don't buy candy—watch the package lines and plan your calls accordingly.



Don't ask your room-mate for her belongings—she might want to use them herself. It's a useless risk—take 'em anyway.

Don't forget to write home often—for money.

Get interested in non-academic activities (enclosed cars preferable).

Don't cut gym; get an excuse from the doctor—you can't ever tell what's wrong with you.

Don't borrow clothes unless they express your individuality.

Bring a napkin ring with you—they make good monacles.

THE SILVER LINING

Time: Sunday Morning.

Place: A Room in Lindenwood.

Characters: An Erring Girl and Head of Building.

The Girl (to herself): "I'm sure everyone has gone to church now; I have an hour and a half to do as I please. I wish Jean or Ruth or Libby had brought some new magazines yesterday. I haven't a thing to read. I should make my bed, but I guess I'll write to Bob first.

(She seats herself at her desk.)

(Suddenly her door opens and the H. of B. thrusts herself into our maid's domain.)

The Head of Building: "Dorothy, you must report to the Student Council." (Dorothy, after becoming very red, (even as red as do our Lindenwood maids when leaving for the city) becomes white. She trembles and something seems to say to her—"Campused indefinitely."

Then

The Girl: "But what?"

Head of Building: "And I want you to wear your hose over your knees, too."

The Girl: "Yes, Miss——"

Head of Building: "You don't need that light. I have to leave them on for the girls in the back rooms."

The Girl: "But pardon me, Miss——"

Head of Building: "I don't like that picture—take it down."

The Girl: "Well, but——"

Head of Building: "I told you last

week to empty that waste basket."

The Girl (very hastily): "But what shall I say my offense is?"

Head of Building (endeavoring to remember): "Oh-yes,-well why, not having your bed made by 9 o'clock."

▼ ▼ ▼

She that knows not and knows not that she knows not, is a Freshman.

She that knows not and knows that she knows not, is a Sophomore.

She that knows and knows not that she knows, is a Junior.

She that knows and knows that she knows, is a Senior.

▼ ▼ ▼

The Girl packs her satchel to take to L. C. in 1850:

1 Bible.

1 box of peppermint sticks.

1 bottle of sulphur and molasses.

1 dozen hair ribbons.

Numerous unmentionables, flannel.

The Girl packs her traveling bag to take to L. C. in 1921:

1 copy of Wooley's Handbook.

1 carton stationery.

1 bottle bandoline.

1 dozen hair nets.

Numerous unmentionables, silk and gingham.

The Girl packs her vanity case to take to L. C. in 1990:

(History repeats itself.)

Numerous unmentionables, a la Eden.

▼ ▼ ▼

THE MAGAZINE SECTION

Youth's Companion.....Miss Weld

The Bookman.....Louise Child

Literary Digest.....Miss Spahr

Everybody's.....Olive Cabanne

Vanity Fair.....Evelyn Curran

Good Housekeeping.....Miss Gill

House Beautiful.....Ellen Hughes

Current Events.....Lorraine Irwin

Tatler.....Katherine Mayfield

Snappy Stories.....Phillipa Jones

Scientific American.....Dr. Stumberg

Century.....Patti Hendy

Harper's Bazarre.....Myrtle Wolfe



Lives of great men oft remind us,
As their pages we o'er turn,
That we're apt to leave behind us,
Letters that we ought to burn.

▼ ▼ ▼

The ones who think our jokes are poor,
Would straightways change their views,
Could they compare the ones we print,
With those that we refuse.

▼ ▼ ▼

Absence makes the heart grow fonder;
Least wise that's what people say,
That's why we like our teachers better,
On the days they stay away.

▼ ▼ ▼

Women's faults are many:
Men have only two—
Everything they say,
And everything they do.

▼ ▼ ▼

Doctor: "I advise you to take a cup
of hot water for breakfast every morn-
ing."

Mary Helen: "I do; but at school they
call it coffee."

▼ ▼ ▼

Teacher (at end of term): "Good-bye,
girls, have a good time, and come back
with some more brains."

Class (in unison): "Same to you."

▼ ▼ ▼

Miss Lear: "What is density?"

Mary: "I can't define it, but I can give
a good illustration."

Miss Lear: "The illustration is good,
you may be seated."

▼ ▼ ▼

Mae Williams: "What figure of speech
is 'I love my teacher'?"

Mildred Walker: "Usually sarcasm."

Miss McMahan: "Jean, did Frances
help you with this?"

Jean: "No, ma'am."

Miss McMahan: "Then did you do it
all by yourself?"

Jean: "No, Frances did it all by her-
self."

▼ ▼ ▼

Jack (just returning from Lindenwood
to the city): "Ever been to Linden-
wood?"

Other Wise Man: "Yea, perfect garden
of Eden, isn't it?"

Jack: "But er—a trifle more dressy,
don't you think?"

▼ ▼ ▼

Miss McMahan: "Form a sentence us-
ing the first person."

Marjorie: "Adam lived in the garden
of Eden."

▼ ▼ ▼

Miss Porter: "You have a splendid
voice, Merla; now throw it out."

▼ ▼ ▼

THE BELLS

Hear the rattle of the bells—

Electric bells!

What a world of bustle their melody fore-
tells!

How they b-z-z, buzz, buzz,

From morning until night,

While the girls all run around

To their classes they are bound,

For 'tis knowledge there is found.

Keeping time, time, time,

In a sort of busy rhyme,

To the buz-z-z bulation that so music-
ally (?) wells

From the bells, bells, bells, bells,

Bells, bells, bells—

From the buzzing and the rattling of the
bells.

Hear the jangle of the bells—

Cowbells!

What a school of sleepyheads their mel-
ody dispels!

How they jangle, jangle, jangle,



At 6:30 every morn',
Then the girls all over turn
And for one more sleep they yearn
'Tis a dangerous plan they learn.
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of iron rhyme,
To the jangle, janglation that so very
 loudly wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
From the jangling and the clanging of
 the bells.

Hear the tinkle of the bell!
WARNING BELL!
What a tale of terror, now, its turbulency
 tells!
In the startled ear of all
Throughout every single hall
We, too busy then to speak
Can only flurry 'round and shriek.
Then we rush, rush, rush,
Putting on—not very much,
And breathlessly to Jubilee
We hasten then to flee,
To the tin tinnabulation that so insistently
 wells
From that bell, bell, bell, bell,
Bell, bell, bell,
From the faint little tinkle of that bell.

▼ ▼ ▼
Charley is a colored man,
 As funny as can be.
Biggest, blackest, happiest dear
 That ever you did see.
He thinks the world
 The funniest place,
And every girl a fairy queen;
 But spooks and spirits he won't face,
Or anything else unseen.

▼ ▼ ▼
If you were thoughtful and sent your
teacher Christmas cards, valentines, flow-
ers and little what-nots, your fortune is
made.

▼ ▼ ▼
Pink and white thrills—A letter from
him.
Yellow and brown thrills—A C. O. D.
Green and pink thrills—A student
board notice.
Rosy thrills—A luscious meal.
Red thrills—A letter from home.

HER DAY

"Ho hum, wish I were home, so I could
sleep as long as I wanted—Was that
warning? Throw me my stockings. Don't
tell me there's a runner! Such is life!
Was that the bell? Just look at my hair!
I'll be late, just my luck."

(On entering dining-room):

"Horrors! have to go 'way up to be
excused—and maybe not be excused
then. My teeth are fairly chattering!
Everyone is looking at me! Wish I could
sink through the floor."

(In a breathless voice):

"Mrs. Roemer, I'm so sorry, but I
didn't hear rising and my alarm didn't
go off."

(Aside) "Good, I believe she starts
to smile—Oh! surely I was born on a
lucky day."

(On reaching table):

"Pardon me, please"—(aside) "Oh,
that horrid marmalade—why couldn't
we have cherry preserve. 'Well, if I'm
not a mess, my cuffs dipped in my cof-
fee.'—Isn't she going to ask us if we want
'seconds?' Gee, I'm hungry—

"What do I have today? That de-
spised old theme—what on earth'll I
write about? Well, breakfast is over.
Hope my roomie is sweeping."

(Fifteen minutes later):

"Did I transfer my Harmony? Oh!
I can't be bothered. Who is that com-
ing up in the taxi? Am surely dreading
next hour. Not wishing anybody hard
luck, but I hope Dr. Stumberg 'will not
be able to meet his classes today.' Don't
see why we can't get our mail at nine—
There's that horrid girl; no, she has never
done anything to me, but her 'I'm so
sorry' gets me."

(Later):

"Say, honey, is the mail up? Oh!
thrills! I wish you'd look—two specials
and three besides. Listen, he wants me
to come to the Kappa Sig dance. Oh,
boy! That's the second bell—come on."

(At table whispers):

"I've another clue; 'tis, too, I saw it.
How do you know? That makes the
third time."



(Five o'clock):

"Say, turn on the water for me, will ya? Kid, can I borrow your soap?—Well, that sure was a cold dip. Has anyone a dress I can wear? Sell me a hair net—black—pay you tomorrow—haven't any money out of the bank. (Aside), or in either. Thanks gobs!"

"Let's go over and dance.—Hear that new piece? I hope I don't dance like she does— isn't she a sight? There's the bell, I must go."

(Nine-thirty):

"Ye Gods! I haven't even finished my letter. Well, I'll see my teachers tomorrow and give them some compliment. Maybe I'll get by. Wonder if the girl across the hall has any food? I smell cheese—believe I'll go over. Oh! pardon me, I didn't know I was running in on a feed. From Bob? Yes, I'll have a piece; what kind of sandwiches? Just one, please. Bell's rung—good night."

Martha: "Have you forgotten that you owe me fifteen dollars?"

Peg: "No, but give me time and I will."

To the question, "what is an atom?" Libby Demming wrote on her Chemistry paper, "The Lord only knows."

When Miss Lear returned the paper, Libby found written under her brilliant answer, "And the Lord will get the credit for it, too."

CHOOSING A THEME

"What shall it be?" is the all-consuming question. If our teacher could only know the fear that quivers in our hearts when she calmly closes that fatal grade-book and announces, "I'll expect informal essays from you next recitation," she would never again risk the shock to our nervous systems.

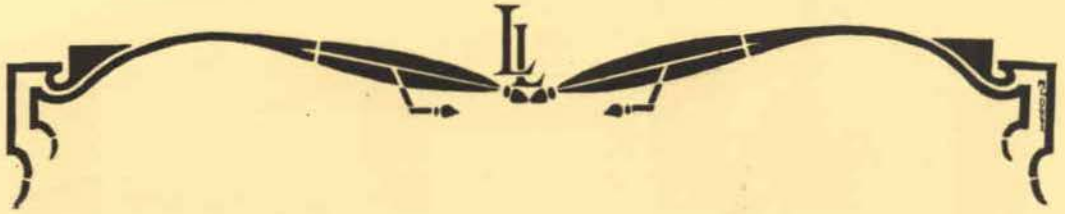
With a chorus of audible sighs, and yours is heard above all, the class drifts out into the confusion of the hall. You drag up to your room, deposit your books on the already groaning desk, pull back the curtain, stare out the window, then finally flop down in the nearest chair, and

with chin in palm and fingers tapping your cheek, wait for inspiration. Let's see, she said, "Look into your own minds, girls, for ideas." At that particular moment you can't locate that receptacle; then it suddenly occurs to you that it hasn't been functioning properly of late, or else has turned into a sieve.

If you had only been asked for a narrative, you feel sure you could write a story which would retire Eleanor Porter and a few others from the field. Any number of plots flock to your imagination. Each seems to have such excellent prospects that it would be difficult to choose from them. Perhaps, after all, it is better that the theme could not be a story. You really couldn't do any one of them justice in a mere two thousand words. Then a beautiful lake-scene of last summer's outing comes before your mind's eye. Oh, the possibilities of that ravishing moon and the white flecked ripples, are unthinkable! You vow you'd make a hit with a theme like that.

A rap sounds on the door. You jump, then settle back in your chair. No, if that's the girls wanting you to go to the tea-room you will refuse. You simply must be quiet and think. After a minute a clatter sounds on the stairs, and the disturbing element is gone. You can't understand why the girls insist on playing around and even insulting you at such a crucial moment by wanting you to waste your time (that this is a new opinion on the subject never occurs to you).

The remainder of the day you are in a semi-conscious condition. You drift about in a daze from one class to another. Your room-mate can't understand why you aren't enthusiastic about dancing in the "gym" after dinner. You don't even take an interest in the Thursday ice cream dessert. Somehow things are different. The crowd snickers when you persist in carrying a pencil and paper about with you. This does not exactly improve your disposition. You know your business, though. Suppose the inspiration should come and you should forget it? The thought of such a tragedy makes you shiver.



All during study-hour you sit staring around the room. You have counted the flowers in the window-draperies, minutely examined the zigzag cracks and the pictures on the wall, and can give a detailed and accurate inventory of the ivory and other decorations on the dresser. By the time "rec" bell rings you have nervously chewed off your thumb-nail and are beginning on your index-finger. When the lights flick out you are pale and hollow-eyed. In desperation you climb into bed, even failing to notice the much discussed bumps in the mattress. The moon shines through the lace curtains, making tantalizing little lights dance over the wall in seeming mockery. Still the question is unanswered. Perhaps if you sleep you may think of something in the morning.

But alas, sleep will not come to your tortured brain. At last when you have resorted to counting sheep and have decided that the wool production in this country is entirely too great, a tiny little voice whispers very faintly, but very surely from an unexplored region under your hair. You start and sit up in bed. Then you grab your room-mate about the neck and exclaim dramatically, "I've got it, I've got it!"

"Got what?" is all the unsympathetic soul replies.

You are called back to the land of reality and disgustedly add, "An idea."

You fall back on your pillow and, with an angelic smile on your face and your fingers locked across your breast, float peacefully off to the land of slumber.

Our college life is like a flower,
With petals unfolding hour by hour;
Year by year we learn to use
The knowledge which we gain; and lose
The narrower thoughts of self, in part,
Finding in humanity our heart.





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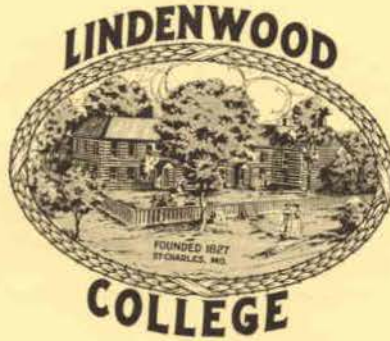
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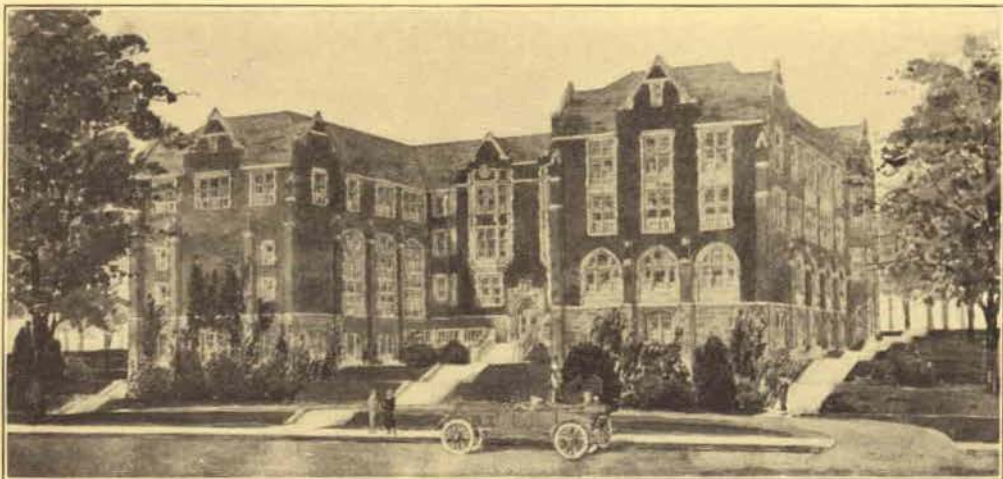
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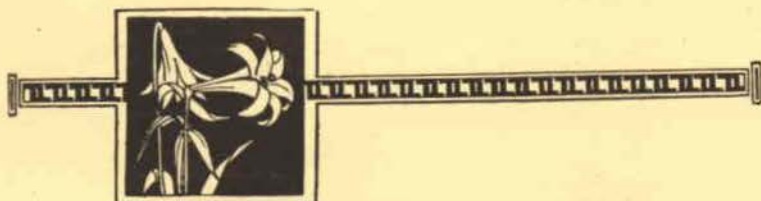
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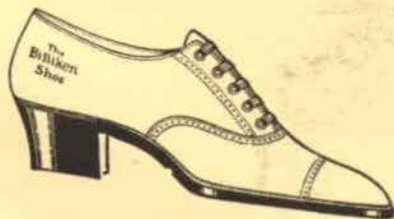
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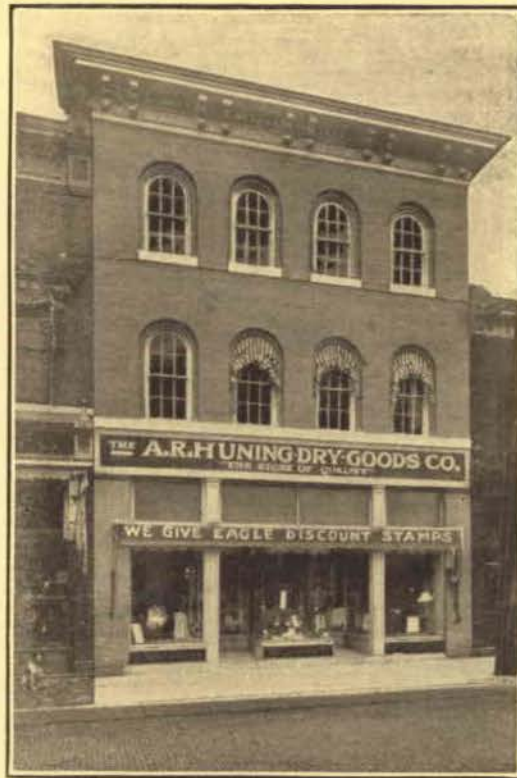
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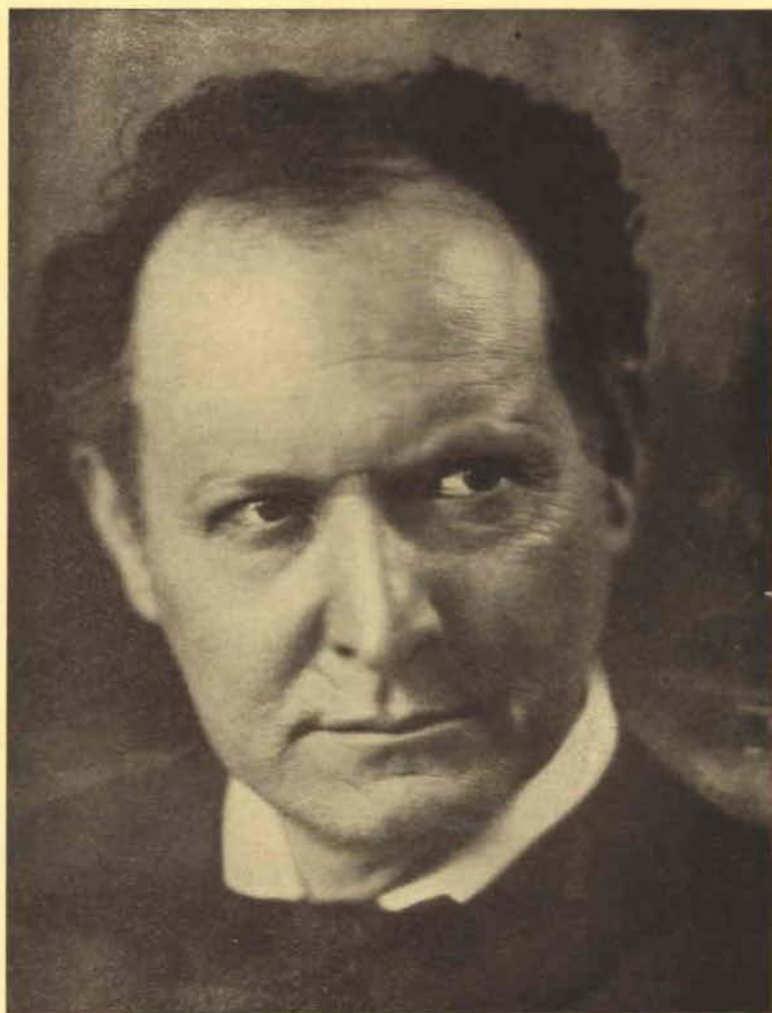
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"No"

"Just---"

"No"

"Once---"

"No"

"Please---"

"No"

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Mother Goose
 *Tea Room*

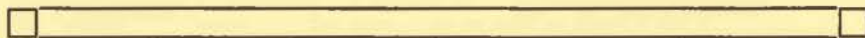
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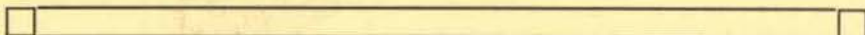
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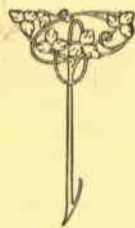
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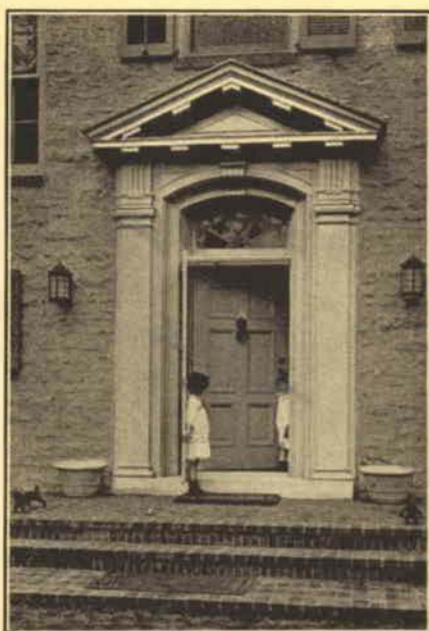
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