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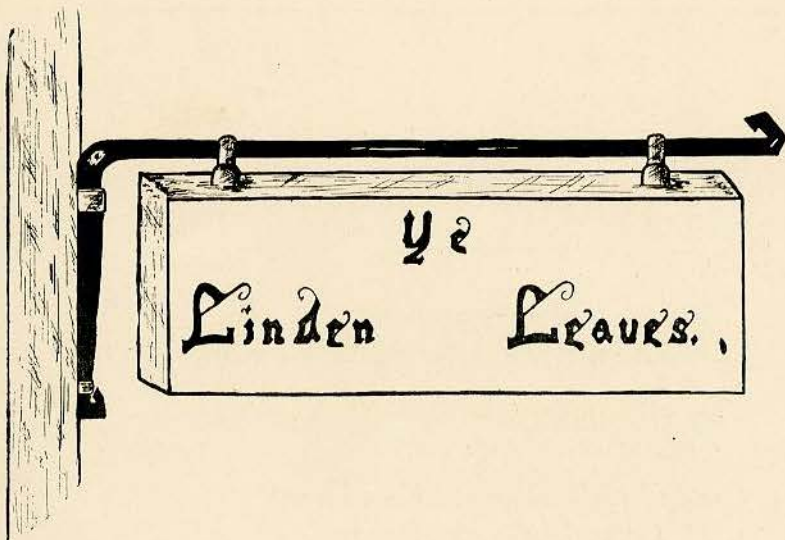
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y e
Linden Leaves.

To Our Book

*Go little book to every heart;
Woo them and win them with thine art.*

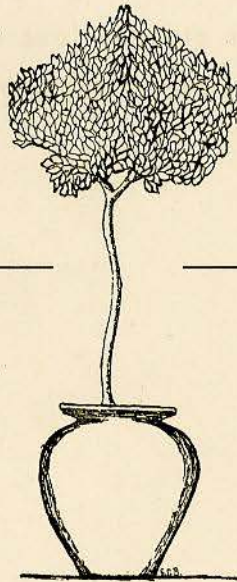
*Go little book to every eye,
Begging crumbs of sympathy.*

*Stay little book against each breast
That promises to give thee rest.*

*Come little book again to me,
If no soft bosom welcome thee.*

*My fond heart shall hold a nook
Ever for thee, little book.*

—Love Man.



This Memorial
of our life at Lindenwood we
affectionately dedicate

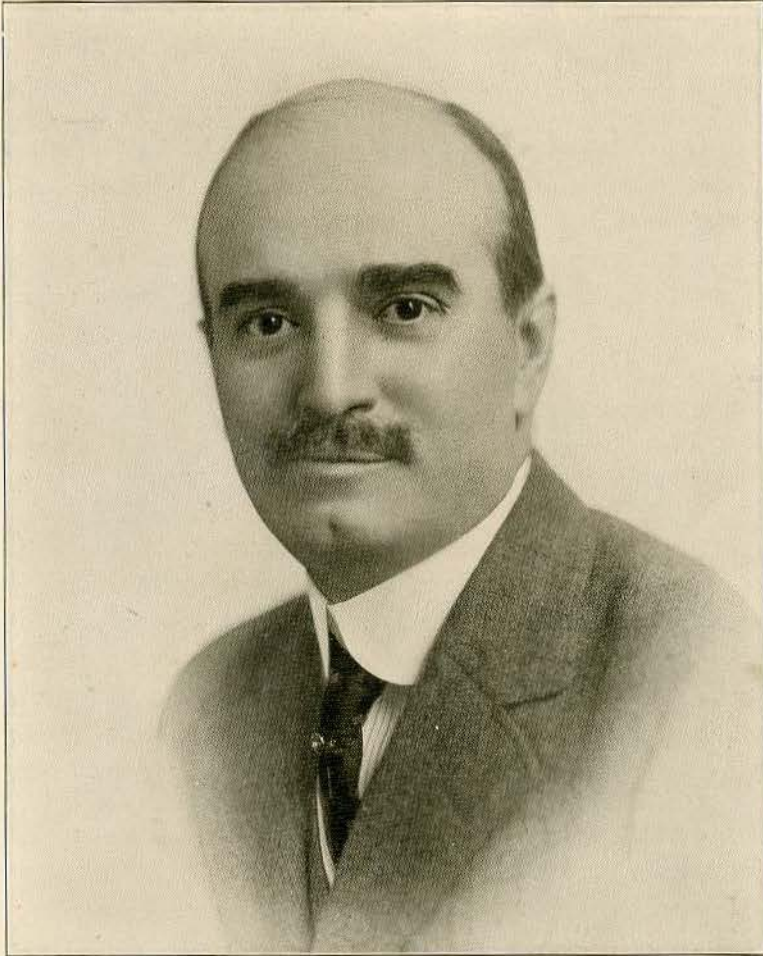
to

Dr. and Mrs.
John L. Roemer

as an assurance to them of our
esteem and gratitude
our sincere love and
deepest loyalty.



MRS. LILLIE P. ROEMER



JOHN L. ROEMER, D.D.

In Memoriam

Rev. Samuel J. Niccolls, D.D., LL.D.

On Thursday, August 17th, 1915, in the far-away Adirondack Mountains, the death of Lindenwood's truest and most devoted friend occurred. The heart utters a silent protest against the use of the word death in referring to the departure of such a kingly character as the noble President of our own Board of Trustees. Once more on that August day the impressive words of King David concerning his servant Abner took on fresh meaning: "Know ye not that there is a Prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?"

In the great church which Dr. Niccolls served with such eminent devotion and loyalty for more than half a century, he was universally recognized as the peerless leader. His prolonged and masterful pastorate in St. Louis stands alone, not only in its fifty years of tireless toil, but even more in the superb strength and dignity that characterized his entire administration.

To us here in the classic shades of Lindenwood the personality, the character, and the well-won fame of Dr. Niccolls seem unspeakably precious. Freely, tirelessly, prayerfully, in season and out of season, with the lofty courage of a mediaeval knight, with deathless devotion, this noble-hearted man gave time and strength unstintedly to the lofty purpose of making Lindenwood the peer of any of her sisters of the East or of the West.

—John Fenton Hendy.



REV. SAMUEL J. NICCOLLS, D.D., LL.D.

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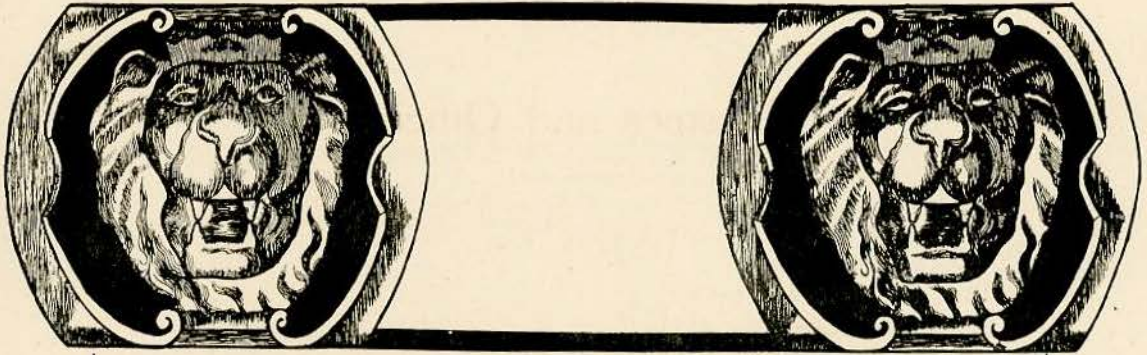
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Acknowledgments

We, the Linden Leaves Staff, wish to express our gratitude for the co-operation and help given us in the compilation of this book. We thank the school as a whole, and especially the following:

DR. ROEMER
DR. JOHN FENTON HENDY
MISS BERRY
MISS STURGES
OLIVE RAUCH
MISS LINNEMANN
MISS PORTERFIELD
MISS BAKER
GRACE LAUMAN
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LUCILE WILSON
CECILE ROETZEL
BESSIE HARVEY
ONETA KELLEY
ELLA KING
THE ADVERTISERS

Lindenwood Hymn

Louise T. Crandall

*School of our mothers, in days of yore,
Goal of their fond ambitions long,
Within the portals of thy door
Ideals were formed and wills made strong.
Thy honored rule was ever good,
Old Lindenwood, Old Lindenwood.*

*The tumult and the shouting dies,
The seniors year by year depart;
Still stands thine ancient edifice,
A stately and a noble pile,
With arched limbs of sacred wood,
'Round Lindenwood, Old Lindenwood.*

*Far called, old teachers pass away,
But new ones rise to take their place;
And all the pomp of yesterday
Goes on with but a change of face;
Few hearts but throb with kindly good
Towards Lindenwood, Old Lindenwood.*

*On girls that come and girls that go,
On all that walk beneath thy shade,
A heaven sent gift wilt thou bestow;
A graceful and a gracious maid,
With brain for power and heart for good;
Old Lindenwood, Dear Lindenwood.*

Amen.



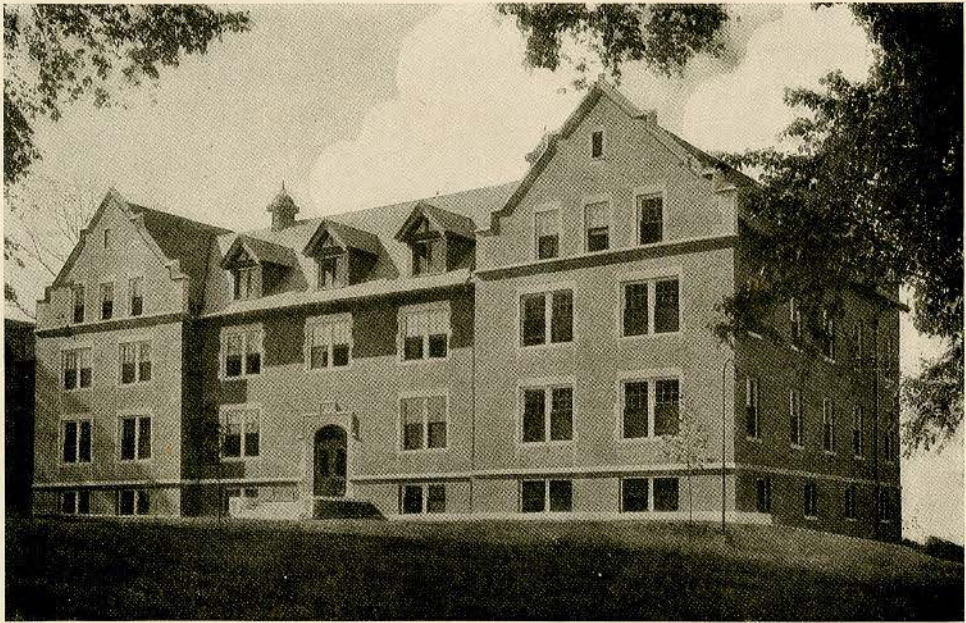
BUTLER WAY



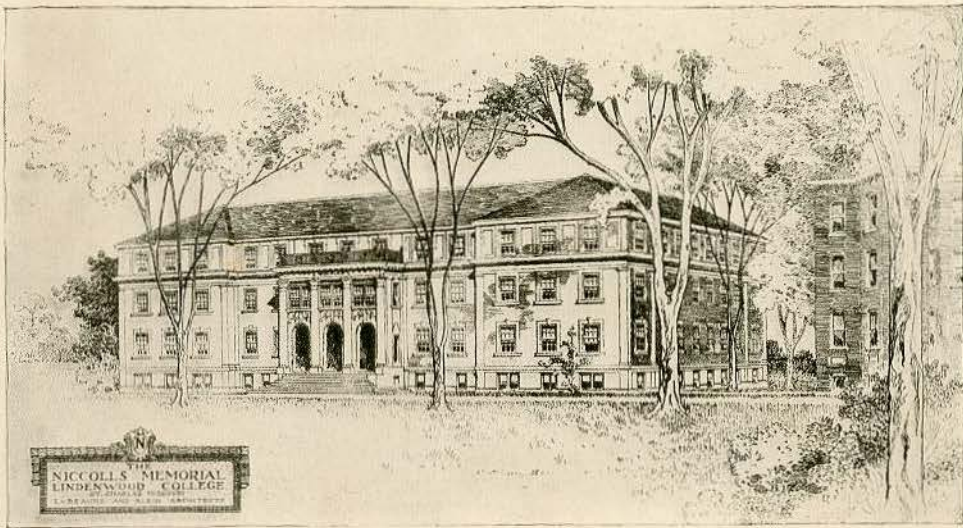
SIBLEY HALL



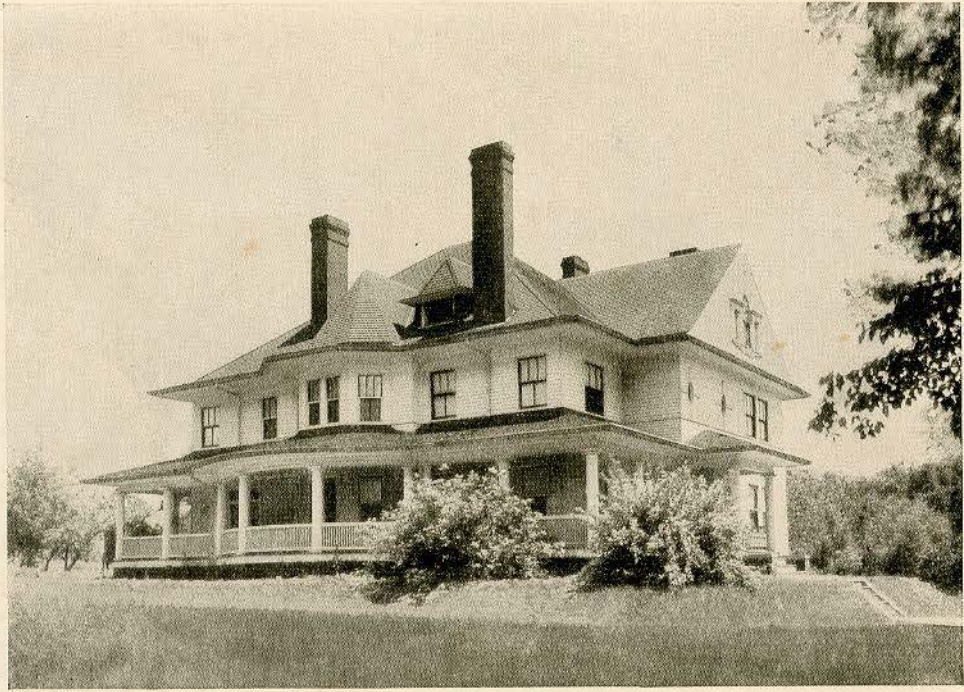
JUBILEE HALL



BUTLER HALL



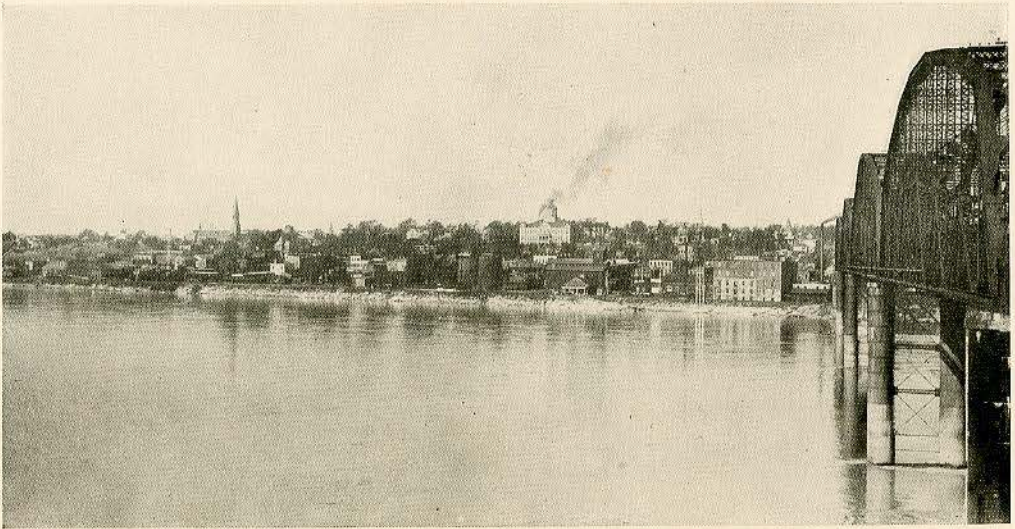
NICCOLLS HALL.



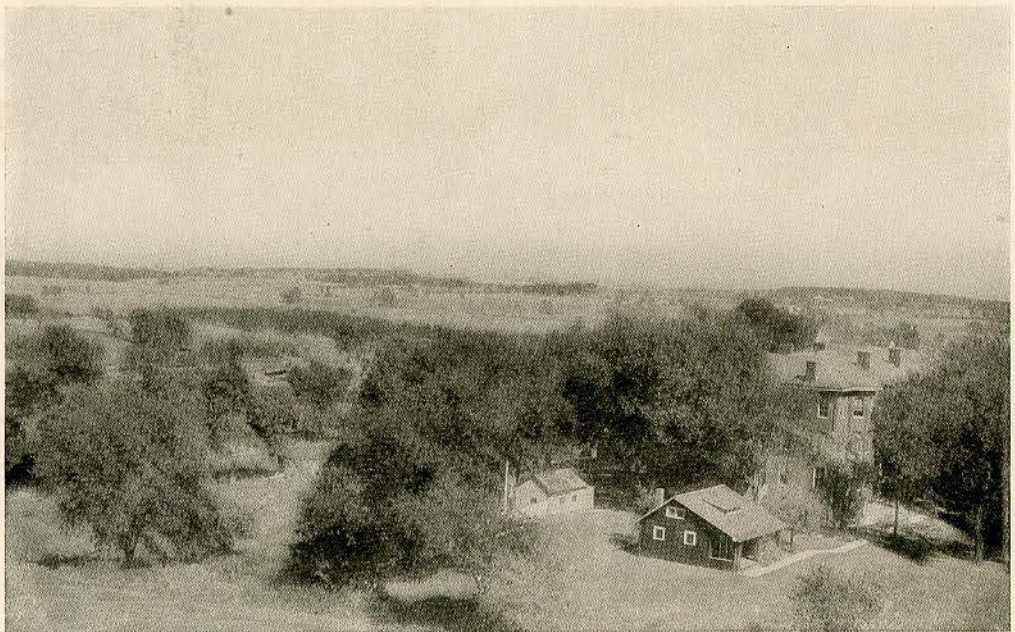
MARGARET HALL



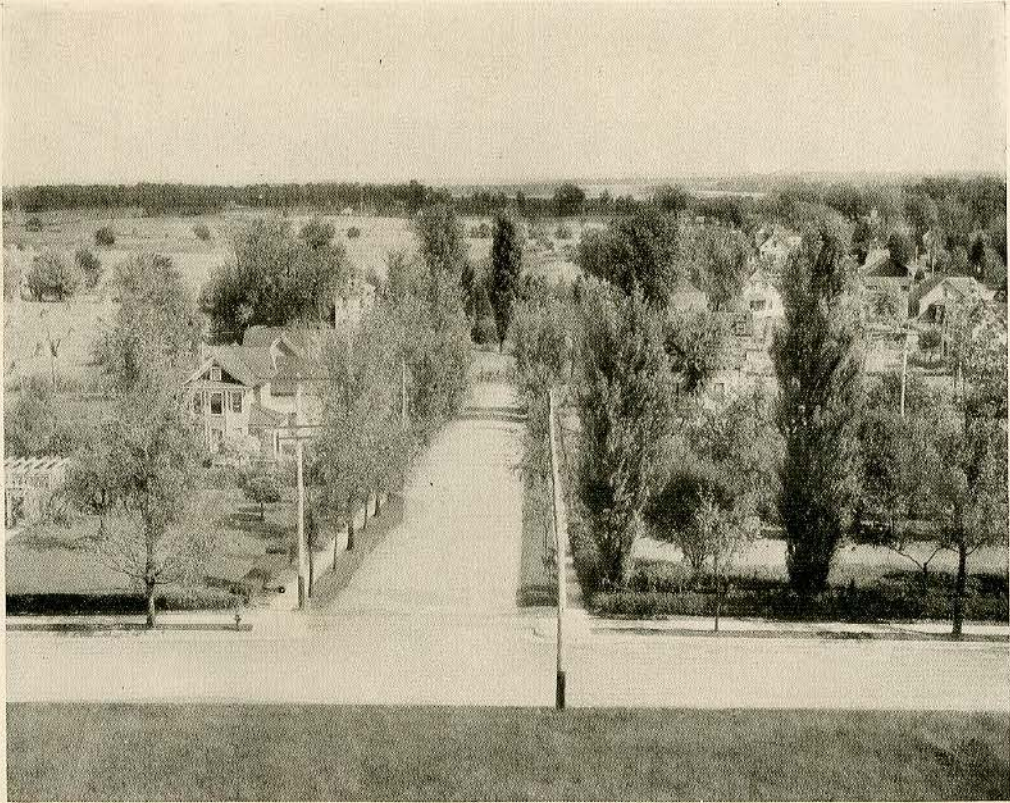
SHADOWS



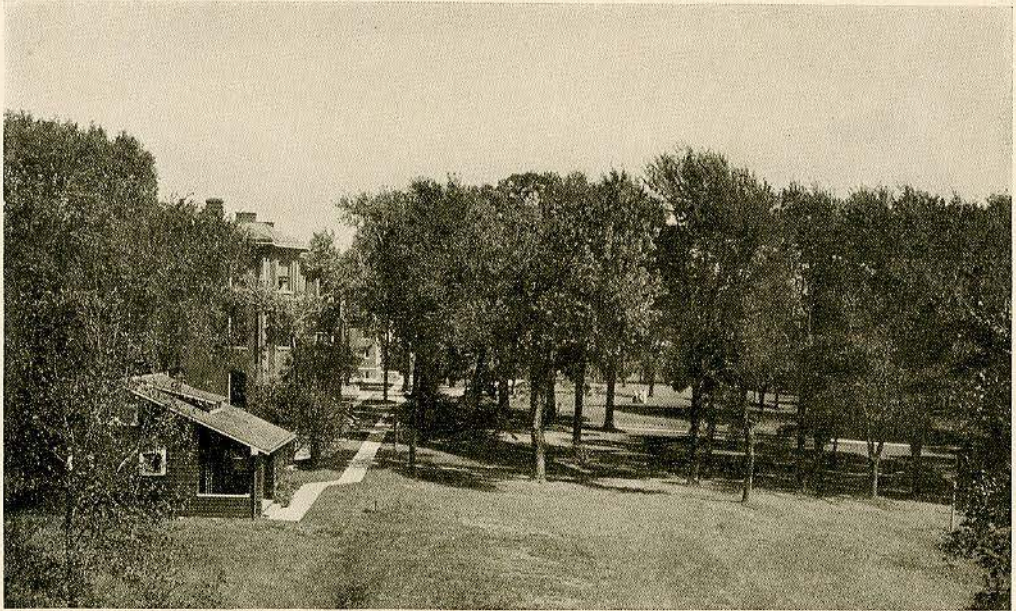
ST. CHARLES—FROM ACROSS THE RIVER



THE BLUFFS OF ILLINOIS



THE MISSOURI—FROM THE CAMPUS



ALONG COLLEGE AVENUE



THE TENNIS COURTS



SNOW SCENES

The History of Lindenwood



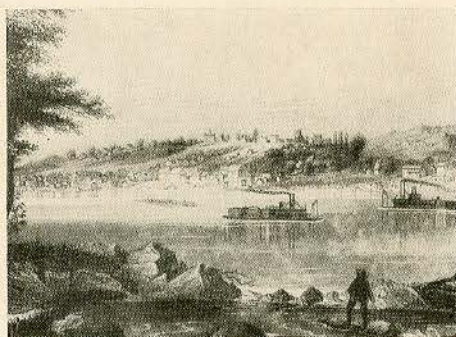
MAJOR GEORGE C. SIBLEY



MARY EASTON SIBLEY



ONE OF THE FIRST COMMENCEMENTS



ST. CHARLES, 1835



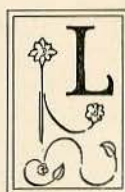
LINDENWOOD, 1847



SIBLEY HALL, 1857



SIBLEY HALL, 1906



LINDENWOOD was founded in the year 1830 by Major George C. Sibley and his wife, Mary Easton Sibley. Mrs. Sibley saw the need and opportunity of the new country, and a log cabin was erected to house the first select school for young ladies west of the Mississippi. The dignified old city of St. Charles was but a youngster at the time, and the boats that chugged up and down the Missouri River saw only a cluster of houses on a hill, where the oldest city in Missouri now stands.

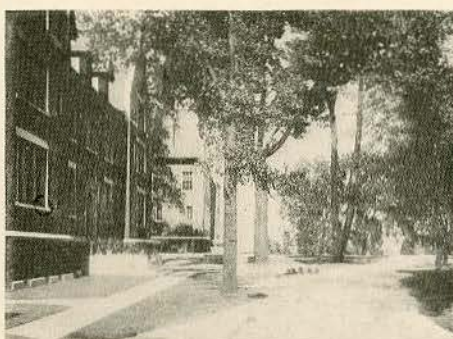
In 1853, Lindenwood was incorporated by the legislature, and in the next year received its charter. Three years later the corner-stone of Sibley Hall was laid—the same dear old Sibley of to-day, minus the wings and the modern conveniences.

In 1870, the school was placed under the Presbyterian Synod of Missouri. The first wing was added to Sibley Hall in 1881, making a college home for eighty-five girls. Six years later a similar addition was erected at the other end of the building and a steam heating plant was installed.

The second building, known as Jubilee Hall, was erected in 1908, through the generosity of Andrew Carnegie, Colonel James Gay Butler, Mrs. William McMillan, Mr. John A. Holmes and others. Jubilee, which accommodates forty-five girls, contains the offices of administration, the president's apartments, parlors, dining room, kitchen,



MARGARET HALL



JUBILEE AND BUTLER HALLS



COL. JAMES GAY BUTLER



MRS. JAMES GAY BUTLER

and servants' quarters. A bright, cheerful art room occupies the east end of third floor.

The Prosser home was bought in 1909 and named Margaret Hall, after the wife of its purchaser, Colonel James Gay Butler. This was formerly used as a dormitory but is now the conservatory of music.

On February 19, 1915, Butler Hall was dedicated. This dormitory contains accommodations for fifty-five girls. In it are a large gymnasium and swimming pool, as well as a cheerful living room which Mrs. Butler herself furnished.

On April 5, 1916, the ground was broken for Colonel Butler's latest gift, Niccolls Hall, to be dedicated to the Memory of the late Dr. Niccolls, former president of the board of trustees. While the two latest dormitories are wonderfully well equipped, Niccolls Hall is expected to be the best of them all. Lindenwood continues to grow ever faster and faster, and no small cause of its progress is the loyalty of its Faculty and students to their school, which they are steadily striving to make the "Wellesley of the West."



BREAKING OF GROUND FOR NICCOLLS HALL



HERE'S to our Faculty, Lindenwood's specialty
 On honor rolls, walking, cuts, grades, and the like.
 Forty in "soci" and fifty in French
 And a bullet in German straight from the trench;
 An A+ in ethics will vanish like magic
 When added to zero in logic so tragic.
 And then the announcements—oh listen with care!
 Of Gym. cuts and swim cuts from Mademoiselle Haire.
 And 'who is it can say things are lacking in pep
 When Miss Berry with dignity falls up the step?
 Miss Hanna giggles amidst the disaster
 When Miss Childs arrives with the sticking plaster.
 Or who can deny Miss Porterfield's skill,
 When fair Lena Gordon plays "Jack and Jill"?
 Then Miss Gross with excitement stirs all beside her,
 All on account of a poor little spider.
 Miss Powell would teach us ourselves to adorn,
 But for practical lessons, please see Dr. Horn.
 "Y. W." posters Miss Sutherland likes,
 Miss Sturges is long on cross-country hikes.
 Is that a student—that girl near at hand?
 Why no! That's Miss Baker—"Ain't that grand?"
 And who is this couple just to our right?
 Misses Ralston and Findley in dreams lost quite.
 But who is this coming with face half hid.
 And tatting so swiftly?—"Oh, hello kid!"
 Now can't you guess whom I'm talking about?
 Well, ask Willie O. and you'll find out.

But time goes by on silent wings
 And all our jests must end;
 So here's to those we love best of all—
 The dearest of true, tried friends.

They've helped us and saved us from many a fall,
 This Faculty we esteem;
 Joy, peace, and happiness to them all—
 And thus be fulfilled our dearest dream.

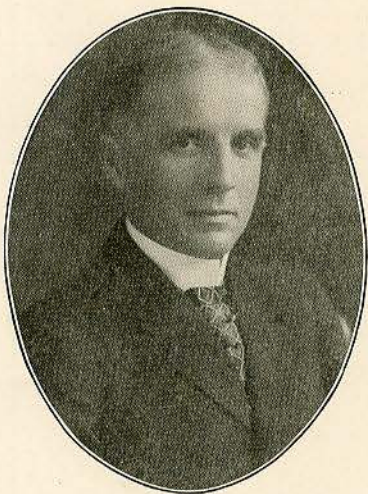
—WILHELMINA HERWIG '16.



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President of the College. Bible and Ethics



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English



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(Oxford and Chevy Chase)
Expression



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(St. Louis University; Pupil Professor
Charles Galloway, Pipe Organ; Piano, Victor Ehling)
Piano and Pipe Organ



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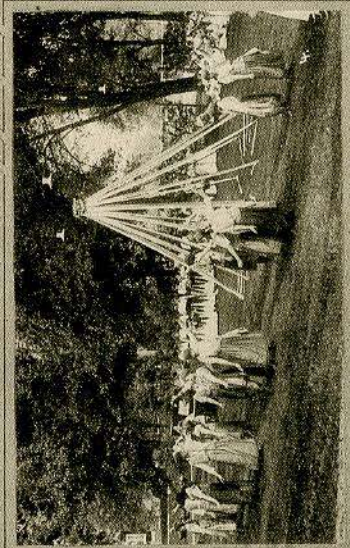
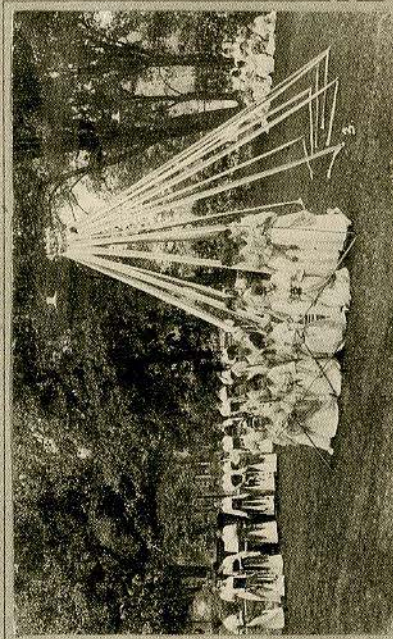
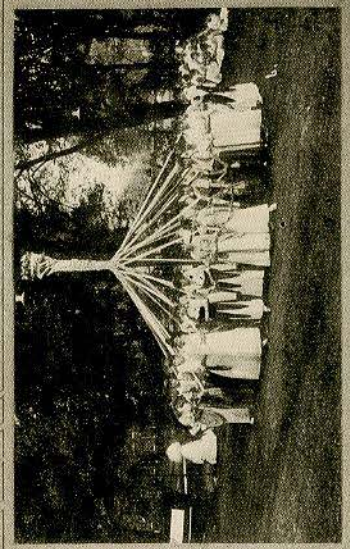
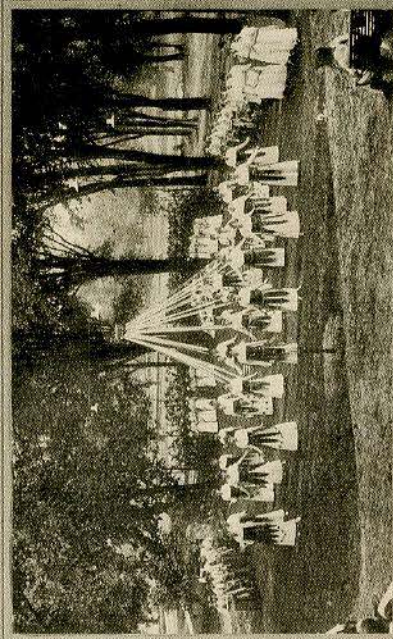
MRS. EFFIE ROBERTS, B.S.
(Ewing College)
Housekeeper




NELLIE CURTIS CHILDS
(Salem School of Nursing)
Head of Hospital




AGNES CAVANAUGH
Stenographer



MAY-DAY, '15



SENIORS




Advisor: MISS MILDRED FONTAINE

Colors: Coral and White.

Flower: Bridesmaid's Rose.

Talisman: Four-leaf Clover.

Motto:

One is for faith, and one is for hope,
 And one is for love, you know;
 And God put the other one in for luck —
 If you look, you will find where they grow.

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'15-'16; Dramatic Club '14-'15; Choral
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Piano

Choral Club '15-'16.
HTT



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HTT



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Choral Club '15-'16.



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College

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Chief Annual Board '15-'16; Senior Ad-
visor Missouri Club '15-'16; Assistant
Business Manager Annual Board '14-'15;
Choral Club '14-'16; Y. W. C. A. Cab-
inet '15-'16; Angel '14-'15.

HTT; KΦO



LEONA MARY EHRHARD, St. Charles,
Missouri

Piano



GLADYS FUNKHOUSER, West Plains, Missouri
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C. A. Cabinet '14-'15; Member Swim-
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ΣIX



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Secretary of Senior Class '15-'16; Liter-
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dent Government Board '14-'15; Choral
Club '14-'16; Angel '14-'15.

HTT; KΦO



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College

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Secretary Y. W. C. A. '15-'16; Y. W.
C. A. Cabinet '14-'15; Choral Club '14-
'15; Angel '14-'15.

HTT; KΦO



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Secretary of Illinois Club '14-'15; Choral
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CORNELIA HURST, St. Charles, Missouri
Home Economics

Student Government Board '15-'16.



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College; Expression
 Y. W. C. A. President '15-'16; Choral
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College
 Art Editor of Annual Board '14-'15; Y. W.
 C. A. Cabinet '14-'15.
 ΣIX



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 ΣIX



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ΣIX



MARGARET PECK, Westboro, Missouri
Home Economics

Student Government Board '15-'16; Basket Ball '14-'15.

ΣIX



ELSIE S. PORTH, Jefferson City, Missouri
Home Economics

Annual Board '15-'16; Choral Club '14-'16; A. O. H. D. '14-'15.

ΣIX



KATHLEEN PIEPER, St. Charles, Missouri
Expression

Dramatics.

ΣIX



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Piano
President of Eastern Club '14-'15; Choral
Club '14-'15; Angel '14-'15.
ΣIX



CORA ALTHEA SMITH, Ogden, Utah
Home Economics



JEAN STOPHLET, Flat River, Missouri
College
Y. W. C. A. Cabinet '15-'16.
ΣIX



HELEN PEARL TAYLOR, Bowling Green, Mo.
Piano; Voice
Annual Board '15-'16; Choral Club '14-'15;
Dramatics.



EMMA WILDHABER, Plymouth, Nebraska
College
Treasurer of Western Club '15-'16.



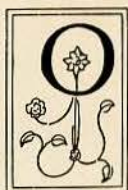
HATTIE LUCILE WINDWEH, Litchfield, Illinois
Piano

Senior Class Song

(Melody of *When You're Away*)

WHEN, in our memories, those college days we see,
We will remember the friends of our dear L. C.
To each one of us happy Seniors
Will come back sweet memories of old.
Ever we'll see you in dreams,
O Class of '16.

A Reunion of the Class of '16



ONCE more it was June at Lindenwood. Ten times had the proud old head of the "King of the Campus" been crowned with the queen of spring-time since the seniors of '16 bade their last tearful farewells and parted.

On this day in early June the taxi which was rolling up Butler Way, bore two eager occupants. They were talking hurriedly, peering this way, that way, exclaiming excitedly at sight of the wonderful new buildings and the beautiful campus.

"Oh, Ann," cried one, "if Jack only knew how much this coming back means to me, he wouldn't have minded so much my leaving him for just two days."

"Why, Fern, dear old Lorzetti didn't mind; neither of us can stand singing in New York every day in the year, you know, and he realized how much I would enjoy our class reunion. Here come the girls to meet us!—just look at Ted Bevard! She looks so prim, just a typical country minister's wife."

"And Dot McClusky, and Cora, and Annie Laurie. Oh, gir-ruls!"

Somehow the greetings were ended and they were all seated at the reunion dinner. To be sure, there were only ten of the twenty-six classmates; but the absent ones were not forgotten. Helen Taylor's success was mentioned first, for our dear old "Dido's" name was spoken reverently by all lovers of grand opera and even in circles abroad. Then there was Peckie whose wonderful voice had won her an audience even among exclusive court circles. Miss Ehrhard was still studying in Germany and many of her pieces had already been published. Such a successful career to have started from the "March" dedicated to "that dear old Senior Class." And then there was Willie O. and Gladys Grigg. Those two who had been end men in that never-to-be-forgotten minstrel show, and had been at the bottom of most of our class stunts, had become established favorites in the world of the footlights, always appearing together, and provoking countless smiles from faces which were usually sober.

At the mention of stunts, all eyes were turned toward Dot McClusky and nine voices begged for one of her clever impersonations. So while they waited for the salad Dot impersonated Dr. Horn amid peals of laughter from the whole dining-room.

Laura Craig was the first to subside, and whispered to Annie Laurie who sat next to her, "I must remember how this salad is made so that I can make it for Bob when I go home. You know when you are married and settled down on a farm you almost forget how to make salads. But I'm sublimely happy, Annie Laurie, and I'm sure I would rather have Bob than any of your high-society admirers, or Lavone's butterfly existence in Chicago. By the way, Lavone leaves for Paris in two weeks."

"Yes," added Cora Smith, "and I am going in about a month; I have already been engaged to design gowns for many New York debutantes this season."

"How wonderful!" Florence McConnell exclaimed, "I always did admire originality. (Grace should have been here to have heard me say that.) Sometime, Cora, I want you to design a costume for me, will you?"

"Florence can well afford it," remarked Ted to Emma. "Her husband is a scientist, you know, and a millionaire—I have heard. Emma, how do you ever think of all those clever things to write for 'Life'?"

"Oh, it isn't so very hard and, you know, Grace Lauman illustrates all my writings."

Across the table Kathleen Pieper gave a shriek of laughter—"Yes, girls, I'm an old maid and resigned to my fate, but Gladys Funkhouser a missionary! That's the killingest thing I ever heard!"

Everyone laughed at that, and screamed in fact, when it was remarked that Hattie Windweh had become a militant suffragette and Irene Rogers had become so fascinated with gymnasium work that she was now a regular athlete.

Then Emma told about Buckie being happily married and settled down out West and someone else said that Cornelia Hurst was lecturing throughout the country, her subject being "Artificial Means of Increasing Feminine Stature."

Helen Craig's successful invention was discussed and praised. Gunnie had spent five years in perfecting a new kind of ammunition composed mostly of "gun-powder." She always did stand for preparedness.

"What about Jean Stophlet, and Elsie Porth?" someone asked.

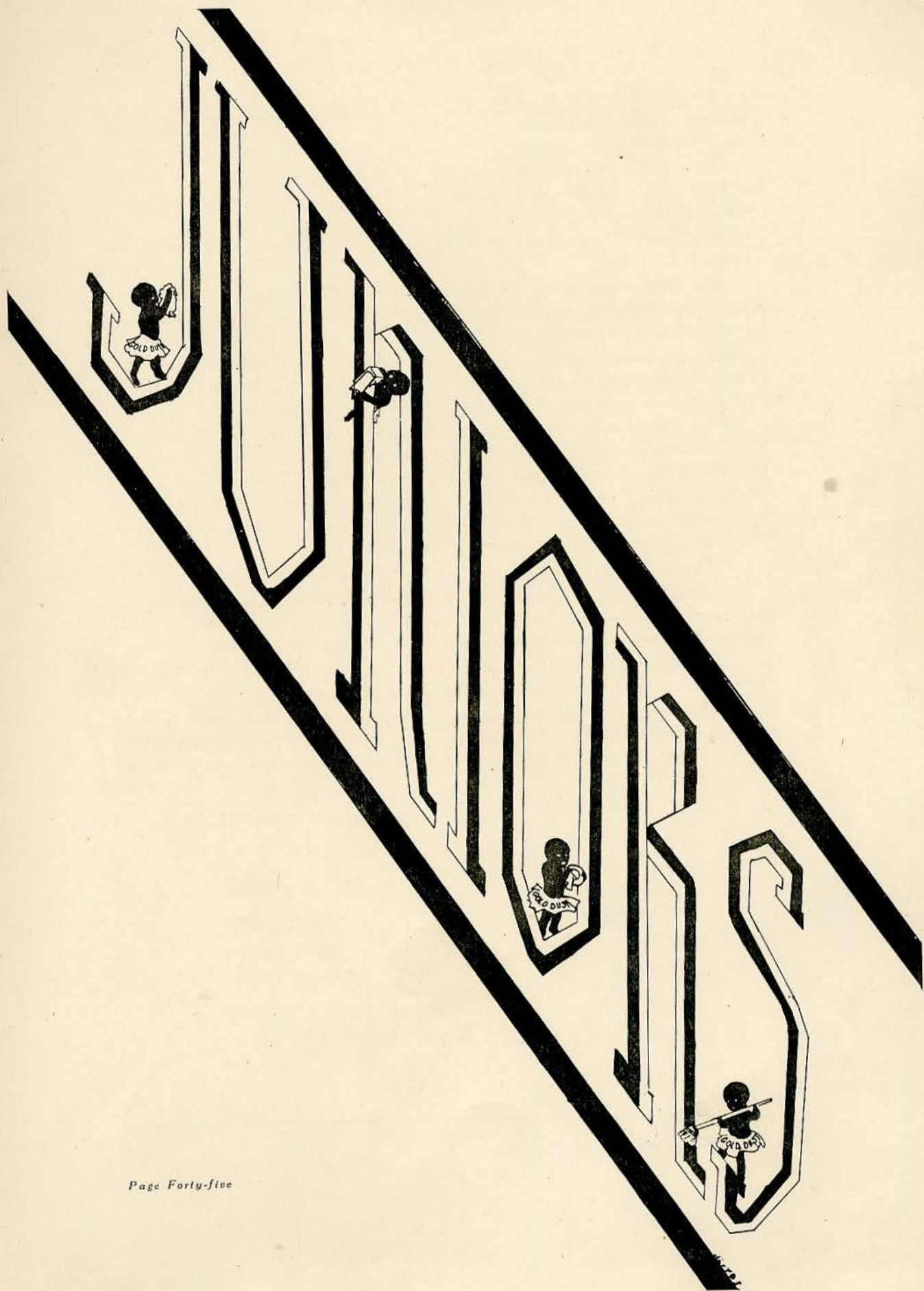
"Don't you know? Elsie became a nun soon after leaving school; someone said that she was disappointed in love. And Jean—why Jean has a good position in a deaf and dumb asylum, talking for the amusement of the poor afflicted ones."

Then there was Billy Herwig. All who had seen or heard of her said that she was the same little busy-bee—kind and sweet and helpful to all alike.

Toasts were drunk and the banquet was ended. But one service still remained to complete this festive day: ten girls later grouped themselves about a small maiden-hair tree, their "Princess of the Campus," and sang their old class song which died softly away at the close:

"Ever we see you in dreams,
O Class of '16."







Advisor: MISS FRANCES H. HAIRE.

Motto: Let the Gold Dust Twins do your work.

Colors: Green and violet.

Mascot: Gold Dust Twins.

Flower: Violet.

OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	LUCILE ROBERTS
<i>Vice-President</i>	CECILE ROETZEL
<i>Secretary</i>	HESTER JACKSON
<i>Treasurer</i>	RUTH MCGINLEY

HELEN MARGARET SOMERVILLE, Kansas
City, Missouri
ΣIX

ADELE HACKMAN, St. Charles, Missouri

LUCILE D. ROBERTS, Higgins, Texas
President Junior Class '15-'16; Student
Government Board '15-'16; Y. W. C. A.
Cabinet '15-'16.
HTT

CECILE ROETZEL, Bald Knob, Arkansas
Vice-President Junior Class '15-'16; Vice-
President Southwestern Club '15-'16;
Dramatics '15-'16.

ADALYN FARIS, Jefferson City, Missouri
Treasurer Missouri Club '15-'16.
ΣIX

JESSIE RANKIN, Idana, Kansas
President Western Club '15-'16; Treasurer
Y. W. C. A. '15-'16.
HTT

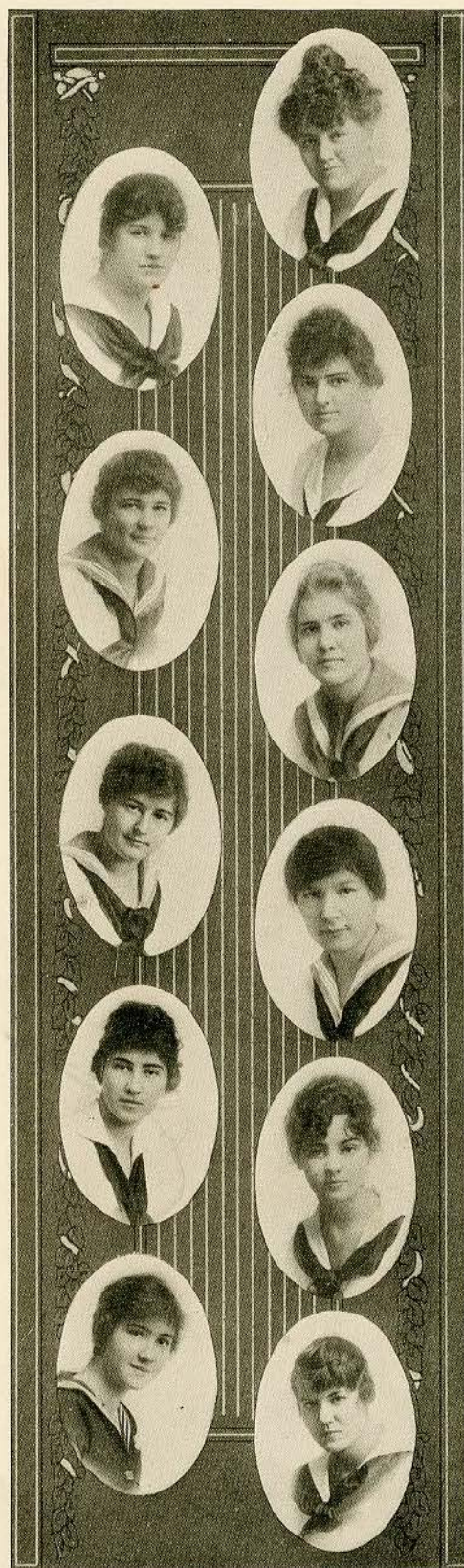
LOIS MARGARET HANNA, Clay Center,
Kansas
Y. W. C. A. Cabinet '15-'16.
HTT

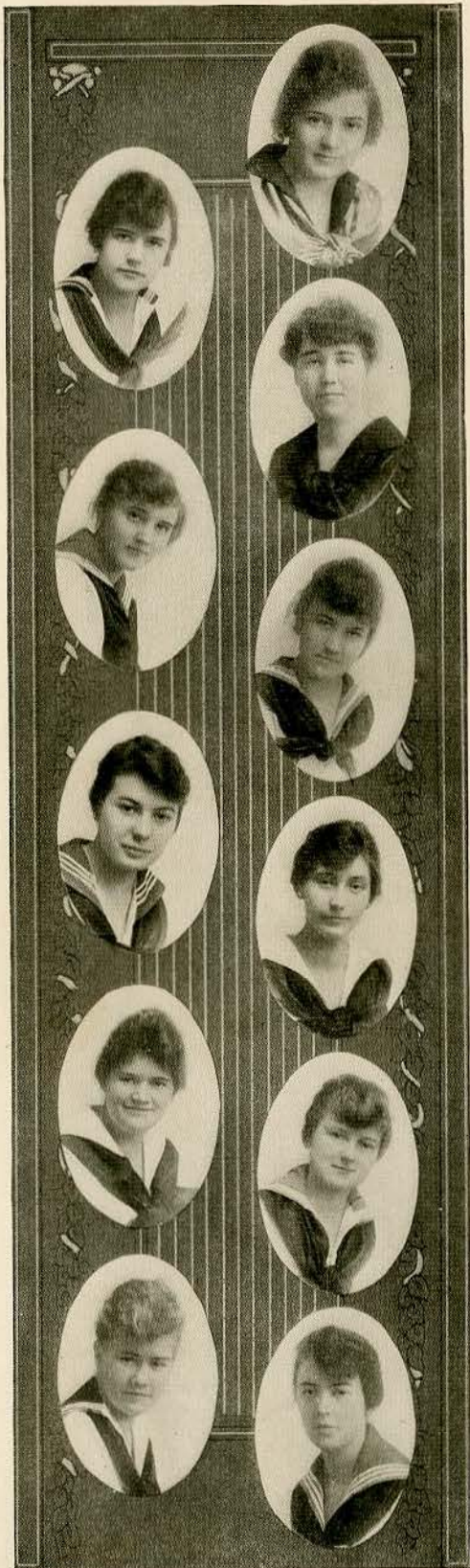
LOTTIE MAE ROBERTS, Higgins, Texas
Y. W. C. A. '15-'16.
HTT

HAZEL HUNTER, Mineral Wells, Texas
Secretary Southwestern Club '15-'16.
ΣIX

LUCILE WILSON, Rolla, Missouri
Vice-President Y. W. C. A. Cabinet '15-'16.
HTT

ARAMINTA KILLEN, Dalhart, Texas





BLANCHE RANDOLPH, Jonesboro,
Arkansas

CORINNE SOUTHARD, Fort Smith,
Arkansas

Y. W. C. A. Cabinet '15-'16.
ΣIX

LENA GORDON, Mound City, Missouri
Secretary Y. W. C. A. '15-'16; Student Re-
porter '15-'16.

ΣIX

MAURINE BAITS, St. Louis, Missouri

HESTER KING JACKSON, Lincoln, Kansas

President Kansas Club '14-'15; Secretary
Junior Class '15-'16; Chairman Social
Committee of Entertainment and Amuse-
ment Association '15-'16; Annual Board
'15-'16; Basket Ball '14-'15; A. O. H. D.
'14-'15.

HTT

RUTH MCGINLEY, Independence,
Missouri

Treasurer Junior Class '15-'16; Associate
Editor Annual Board '15-'16.

HTT

FRANCES DIMMITT, St. Louis, Missouri

LILLIAN STALCUP, Shelbina, Missouri

ESTHER MITTENDORF, St. Charles,
Missouri

BESSIE HARVEY, Parsons, Kansas

VELMA LOLLIS, Litchfield, Illinois

DOROTHY WETZEL, Clayton, Missouri
ΣIX

ALMA MABREY, Kirkwood, Missouri
Vice-President Missouri Club '15-'16; Associate Editor Annual Board '15-'16.
HTT

RUTH MAXINE MARTIN, Lyons, Kansas
Vice-President Western Club '15-'16; Dramatics '15-'16; Choral Club '15-'16.
HTT

HELEN HUGHES, Crawford, Nebraska
Dramatics '15-'16.

DORIS DODDRIDGE, Lyons, Kansas
Secretary Western Club '15-'16.

VIVIAN MOSELEY, Bloomfield, Missouri
ΣIX

MILDRED HOGE, Chillicothe, Missouri
ΣIX

VIRGINIA McCLURE, McClure, Illinois
Choral Club '15-'16.

ANITA LEOPOLD, Belleville, Illinois

LILLIAN MEYER, Linneus, Missouri

VECIE TILLOTSON, Ellsberry, Missouri



SENIOR ACADEMY



Advisor: MISS CLAIRE BERRY.

Motto: The Fair Beginners of a nobler time.

Mascot: Chinaman.

Colors: Green and poppy red.

Flower: Tulip.

OFFICERS

President HELEN D. CHESBROUGH
Vice-President EVELYN LEMLY
Secretary MAE BELLE McMINN
Treasurer HELEN MAE HORN



HELEN CHESBROUGH

MAE BELLE McMINN

EVELYN LEMLY

HELEN HORN



CONSTANCE HAMILTON



LUCILE MEYER



HELEN WIENER



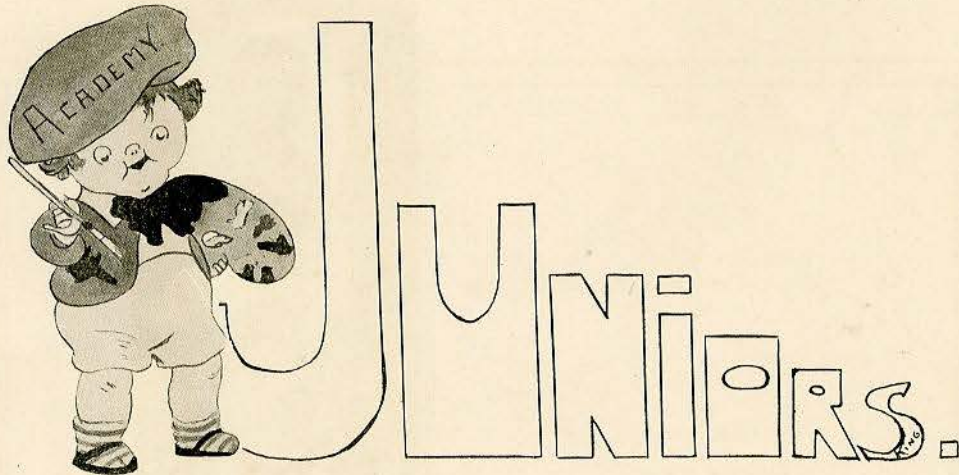
MARJORY MANGER



HELEN STEVENSON



ANNE STUDD



Advisor: DR. FRANKLIN HORN.

Motto: A little learning is a dangerous thing.

Mascot: Campbell Kids.

Colors: Purple and White.

Flower: Pansy.

OFFICERS

- | | |
|---------------------------------|--------------------|
| <i>President</i> | MARY KATHRYN CARDY |
| <i>Vice-President</i> | ALICE VAN GUILDER |
| <i>Secretary</i> | MARGARET MAXFIELD |
| <i>Treasurer</i> | HELEN CHALFANT |

MARGARET MAXFIELD

MARY KATHRYN CARDY

HELEN CHALFANT

ALICE VAN GUILDER



LILLIAN WAIT

ELEANOR PAINE

MILDRED KEOGH

RUTH SPOENEMAN

DOROTHY JONES

HELEN FRANKS





Advisor: MISS KATHRINE BAKER.

OFFICERS

President DOROTHY FORT
Secretary and Treasurer MARJORIE WAGNER

Motto: Age quid agis.
Mascot: Squirrel.
Colors: Lavender and White.
Flower: Sweet Pea.



MARY BUCHNER
She is seen and not heard.



HELEN ASHER
The girl who put Hutchinson on
the map.



BETTY MAE HUTCHINSON
"Honest, I didn't."



EUNICE SCHAUS
"Ain't it so?"



DOROTHY FORT
A whirlwind at tennis.



MARJORIE WAGNER
The student (?).



MILDRED MORRISON
"Oh, I'll never tell."



JEAN MCMINN
The Great Man-hater.



PHYLLIS PARR
A big bluffer.



LILLIAN SLAVENS
You know—salt mines and beaver
dams.

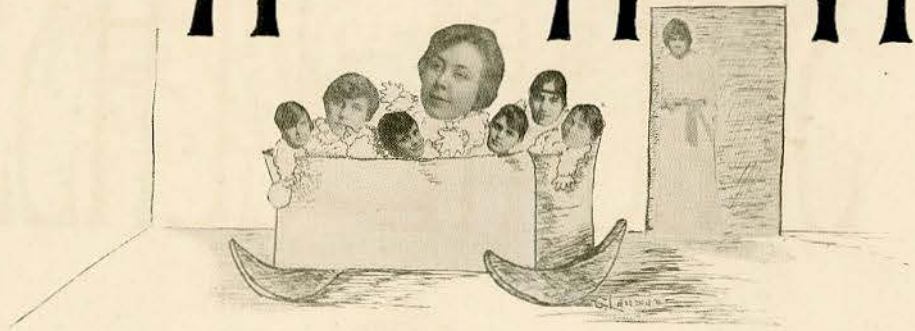


DOROTHY VINYARD
She is always heard by her gurgling
laughter.



IMOGENE JONES
"Did read by rote, and could not
spell."

FRESHMAN HIGH



Nurse: MISS CATHERINE SUTHERLAND.

CHIEF SQUALLERS

Prize Baby BLONDE KILLEN
Second Blue Ribbon ELIZABETH HUGHES

Motto: Quality, not Quantity.
Colors: Light Blue and Silver.

HARRIET BELL	"M. F."
VERA BUDDE	"Caruso"
JESSIE FRENCH	"Jinks"
MARJORY GROVE	"Cluck"
ELIZABETH HUGHES	"Libby"
BLONDE KILLEN	"Babe"
HAZEL MORRISON	"Giggles"
DOROTHEA SODEMANN	"Sodie"
ERMA WEISS	"Pat"

SPECIAL CLASS



Advisor: MISS AGNES L. STURGES

Motto: Variety is the Spice of Life.

Colors: Lavender and Gold.

Mascot: Bon Ami Chickens.

Flower: Chrysanthemum.

Tree: Sweet Gum.

OFFICERS

President LOUISA HUDSON
 Vice-President YVONNE JOHNSON
 Secretary and Treasurer . . ADRIENNE JORDAN

LOUISA HUDSON

Just to fuss her, mention Texas.

NELLE NELMS

"Girls, tickle my arm."

YVONNE JOHNSON

The quiet girl — " 'Tis my modesty
 that stands in my way."

BELLE HUNTER

She has the noble aspiration to be
 a teacher.

ADRIENNE LLOYD JORDAN

Disguised as a man, she steals all
 the girls' hearts.

LEONA MOEHLENKAMP

"In thy face I see—
 The map of honor, truth, and
 loyalty."





IRENE LEDERER
"Now, when we were abroad—"



LOUISE LANSING
A crush? Oh, no!
Annie Laurie and I are merely good
friends.



REBECCA GRAHAM
"Oh, Becky, we need another
Y. W. C. A. Poster."



MABEL CARTER
"Did you ever get lost in the city?"



HELEN FIBLE
Her greatest ambition is to weigh
120 lbs.



MABEL ELIZABETH CATLIN
A midnight feast's no mystery to
her.



IRMA SCHARR
"Do you like the way I puff my
hair?"



DOROTHY CAROL WHITMARSH
I'm going to try the "Wellesley of
the East" next year.



HAZEL OLENE WOLFE
My brother Joe is the best man
ever.



DOROTHY PIEPER
"Oh, Miss Linneman, come help
me!"



HELEN LOUISE JACOBS
"Oh, how I abhor painting from
Nature."



ANNA MARGARET CRAINE
P. G. me your plaid stockings.



HELEN VILLMOARE
"Was there much Kansas City mail
to-day?"



ANNIE LAURIE BLOODWORTH
She lives for the next week-end
dance.



MARGUERITE FOSTER
Third-floor Butler Pest.



LILLIAN MARGUERITE FREEMAN
"Thanks, I like it, that's why I
got it."



ONEITA M. BAKER
"Hey, kid, got anything to eat?"



META GASS
"Ach, I'm not a gas-meter."



JULIET A. PRICE
The hairbreadth heroine of the
movies—a second Pearl White.



BEATRICE KINDER
Never "cuts" a violin practice
period.



ONETA KELLEY
Quietness and demureness them-
selves until you know her.



MINA ROWLAND
Received a telegram of congratula-
tion for being on the
Honor Roll.



RUTH MADDOX
Why couldn't we all be blessed with
such curly hair?



AILEEN CECILE BAKER
"Bake's" tongue is loose at both
ends.



GRACE MARGARET HAMM
She rivals Annette Kellerman in swimming.



CATHERINE THOMPSON
Come on! Let's dance!



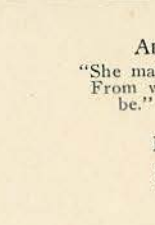
KATHRYN GRANT
"Hello, Sweetie!"



REVA PEARL PARAMORE
Such dainty little feet!



ELSIE APPEL
"What's your brother's address?"



HAZEL JUNE FULTON
"Oh, kid, whom do you know at K. U.?"



RUTH VIRGINIA PARAMORE
She dances divinely.

RUTH SKINNER
"I'm the original Mellin's food baby."



NELLIE MAE POYNTER
Makes lots of noise for one of her size.



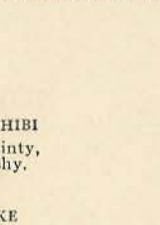
HORTENSE SCHIBI
Dear and dainty,
Sweet and shy.



LENA BURKE
The Will to do,
The Soul to dare.
"Craves" by words.



ADELE FULKERSON
With her music has its charm.

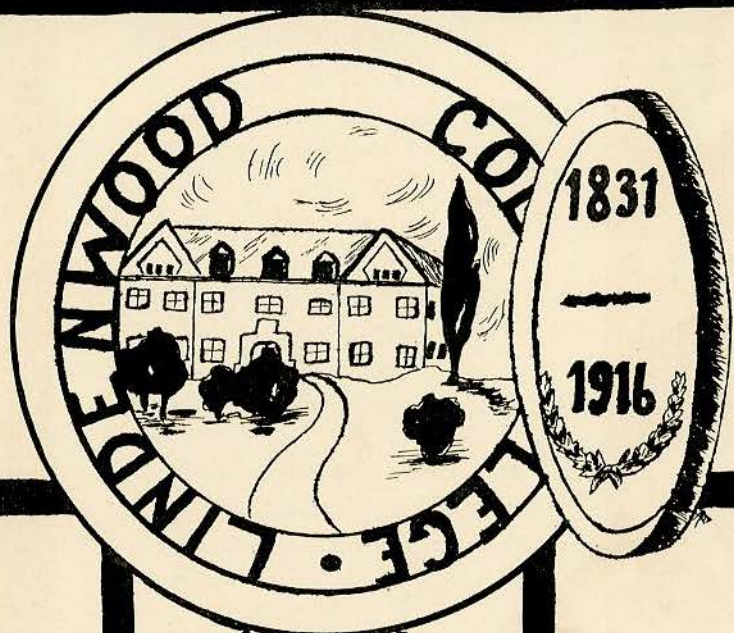


LEAH GIESSING
She's right there on baseball, tennis
and talk.

ADELHEID HACHMANN
"She may not vary in the least
From what at first she seemed to
be."

MRS. PAUL POLSKI
She is fortunate —
She has a husband.

ORGANIZATIONS



1831

—
1916

19-16

Organizations

OUR organizations are many indeed ;
You've probably heard of them all,
For hardly a "rec" has ever gone by
But they've sold ice-cream in the hall.

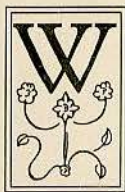
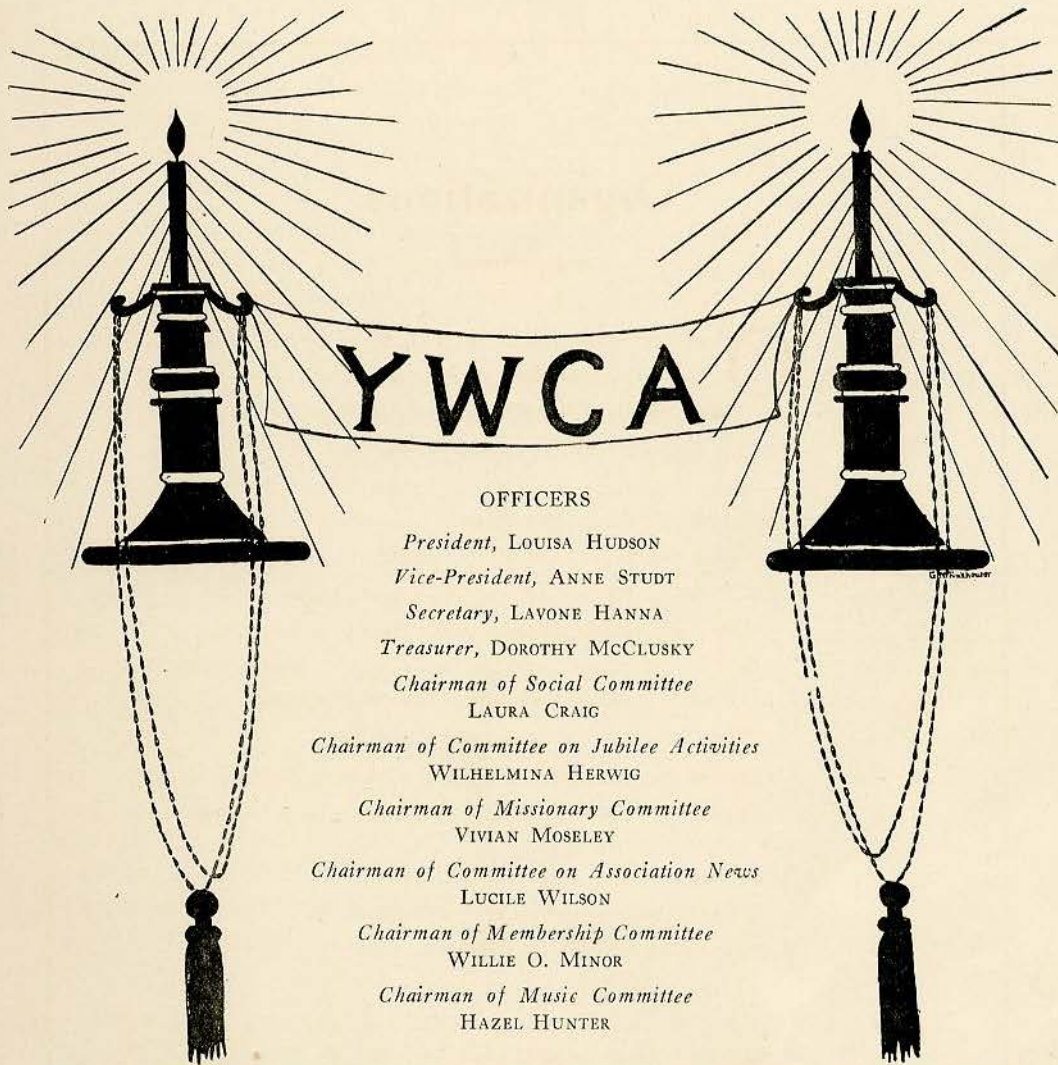
No introduction Y. W. needs ;
Their posters are cheerful to see ;
And oh, how we love them, when, after exams.,
They serve such refreshing hot tea.

Of the various class clubs too much can't be said ;
Now there's music, expression and art ;
Of course they sing and they read and they paint
And, in our school, play a great part.

The entertainment club you must know ;
They furnish the fun here at school,
For all of our frolics and athletic meets
Come under this jolly club's rule.

Each one of us to a state club belongs ;
We have girls from all over our land,
From way down in Dixie to Yankee northeast—
And each girl is equally grand.

Now those who are bright and who labor with care,
And who all of their studies adore,
Will be members of Kappa Phi Omicron—thus
Will be honored forevermore.



WHY do we have a Y. W. C. A. at Lindenwood? Because we believe that it has a particular mission which no other student organization fulfills. The all-round college girl of today has a many-sided development, not the least element of which is her training for Christian leadership. To provide this is the real purpose of our organization. Through the work of the Y. W. C. A., a girl is given opportunity to put in practice her religious beliefs and ideals, and to prepare herself for the leadership that awaits her when she leaves College.

Membership is open to all the students, and although our number has been but one-third of the College enrollment, we have tried to make each member feel herself a vital factor in the organization, and to acquaint her definitely with that for which it stands.

With this end in view, we purpose to work in harmony with the other religious activities of the College toward the furthering of the spirit of Christian fellowship, and the binding of our students together into a true association of Christian young women.

ACTIVITIES

MEETINGS.—Meetings of the president and cabinet members are held each Sunday. The meeting comprises brief devotional services and full discussion of the work of the different committees and of the general activities of the Association.

Regular meetings of the Association are held on Wednesday of each week. These are led by student members or outside speakers. Our Field Secretary, Miss Smith, has been with us twice during the year, and we are grateful for her rousing talks and ready suggestions, which have been a great source of help and encouragement.

SOCIAL SERVICE.—Our social service this year has been confined to contributions to the War Relief Fund under the direction of John R. Mott.

SOCIAL ACTIVITIES.—The Y. W. C. A. has been active in fostering the spirit of good fellowship. A series of teas was given at the opening of school in September. A marshmallow roast marked the time of falling leaves. Tea was served every afternoon during examination week. In February the Y. W. C. A. girls were hostesses for Dr. and Mrs. Cleveland of Joplin, Missouri, during their week of religious meetings at the College.

THE JUBILEE.—This year marked the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Y. W. C. A. in America. February was our Jubilee month, when we definitely tried to put before the students the purpose of the Y. W. C. A. On February 2 was held a members' luncheon. Toasts were given by Dr. Roemer, Miss Porterfield and Miss Herwig, Miss Hudson acting as toastmistress. Following the luncheon a splendid address was given by Mrs. Selden P. Spencer of St. Louis, chairman of the Student Committee of the Central Organization.

ESTES PARK, COLORADO.—This name, we hope, will have become a by-word to every student of the College before next year. For several years no delegate has been sent to the summer conference, but this year we have made the conference a definite aim and hope to send several representatives, who will return from this mountain top of privilege to give up added inspiration for the work of the coming year.





OFFICERS

WILLIE OVERTON MINOR
President

HESTER JACKSON
Chairman of Entertainment Committee

DOROTHY FORT
Chairman of Athletic Committee

HELEN HORN
Treasurer

MISS FRANCES HAIRE
Directress and Sponsor

MISS CLAIRE BERRY
Literary Advisor

The aim of the Association is the promotion of
frivolous but happy procedure.

MOTTO

"Push, Pep. and Pleasure"

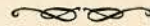
Mascot: Puck

Qualifications: Sense of humor, originality,
"get up and go", willingness to convert old clothes
into costumes, and to enter into the spirit of time,
place, and action.

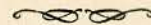
Things We Remember About Our Stunts



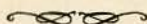
"On this auspicious occasion, children, we are gathering together for the rendition of our songs and pieces. Walter Gerak, are you late for your meals, too? No, Sarah, you cannot sit with Edna. The first part of your theme was inapplicable, the plot too elusive, and your diction chaotic, Claire. Mildred, don't call Claire 'Kid.' Don't stomp your toe, Claire. Put away your book, Cora Maude—no, you can't go to the dictionary now; we are having an entertainment. Why, of course not, Frances, I can't allow you to turn hand-springs for the visitors."



Fire! Fire!! On Butler Day we had a fire drill, and down the fire-escape of Sibley there were such thrilling "get-aways." Everything of real value was rescued—from hair switches, pictures of various "amours," pillows, and shower-bath hose to a mouse-trap with a beautiful young rat rescued by Grace Hamm.



This has been an advantageous winter for us—real convenient. We have hills all around us and with the assistance of Dr. Horn and Miss Haire we had numerous coasting parties. We have 'steened new toboggans and we sho' did coast. Some few learned to waltz and do the hesitation on ice skates. We had a great many parties at night on the lake near; we all went in a big automobile truck and with the assistance of the St. Charles "gallants" made fires and roasted wieners.



Camp "Kill Kare" is situated about twelve miles from Lindenwood on the Mississippi, and is a bungalow where Lindenwood girls can go for week-ends—(properly chaperoned). Some of the inducements—canoeing, rowing, hiking to the tune of ukes, fishing, outdoor and indoor cooking. Screened porch used for a dining-room,—all backed by the neighbor's dogs.

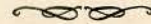




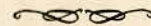
Hikers' Song

Tune "Sympathy"

You need sympathy, "stay-at-homes", just sympathy;
 You're not mighty as we,
 So you'll not care or think it unfair
 If we leave you safely at home, snoozing at home,
 While we roam;
 But we missed you at least, you "stay-at-homes."



You didn't think this was "Hamm and Appel turnover", did you? Well, it's not.



OTHER EVENTS

INDOOR MEET—MARCH 17, 1916

WINNERS

A. L. COX, First Place
 A. JORDAN, Second Place

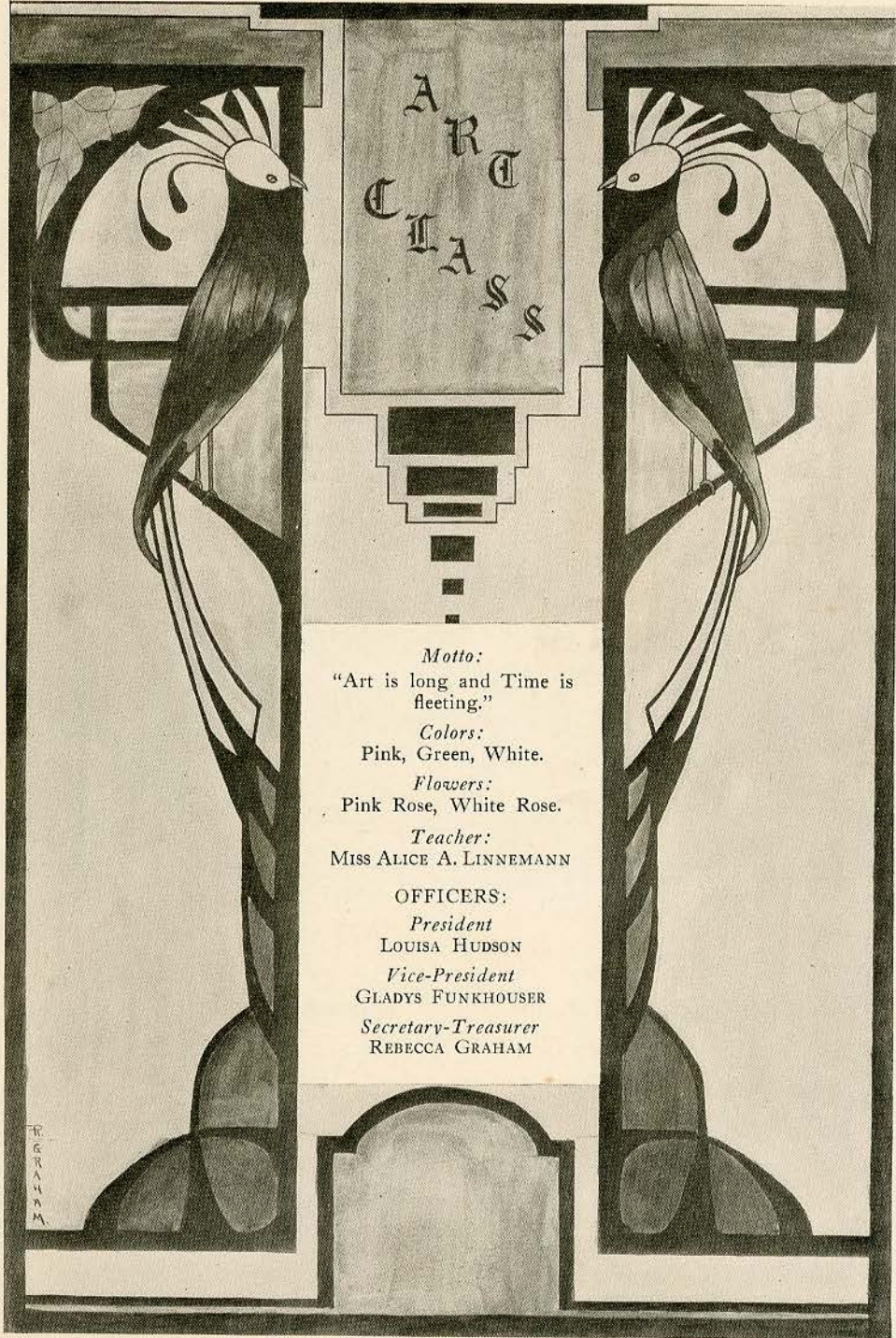
SWIMMING MEET—MARCH 17, 1916

WINNERS

B. M. HUTCHINSON, First Place
 G. FUNKHOUSER } Second Place
 M. MANGER }

EVENTS TO BE

VAUDEVILLE
 TENNIS TOURNAMENT
 MAY-DAY



ART
CLASS

Motto:
"Art is long and Time is
fleeting."

Colors:
Pink, Green, White.

Flowers:
Pink Rose, White Rose.

Teacher:
MISS ALICE A. LINNEMANN

OFFICERS:

President
LOUISA HUDSON

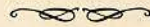
Vice-President
GLADYS FUNKHOUSER

Secretary-Treasurer
REBECCA GRAHAM

REBECCA
GRAHAM

Art Class

<i>Fern Baird</i>	<i>Belle Hunter</i>
<i>Helen Buck</i>	<i>Helen Jacobs</i>
<i>Vera Budde</i>	<i>Yvonne Johnson</i>
<i>Annie Laurie Cox</i>	<i>Ella King</i>
<i>Marie Diffenbaugh</i>	<i>Grace Lauman</i>
<i>Helen Fible</i>	<i>Marjorie Manger</i>
<i>Hazel Fulton</i>	<i>Fannie Meyer</i>
<i>Gladys Funkhouser</i>	<i>Ruth Paramore</i>
<i>Rebecca Graham</i>	<i>Dorothy Pieper</i>
<i>Bessie Harvey</i>	<i>Winona Smith</i>
<i>Anne Holdoway</i>	<i>Emma Wildhaber</i>
<i>Louisa Hudson</i>	<i>Hattie Windweh</i>



Drawing Class

<i>Fern Baird</i>	<i>Anne Holdoway</i>
<i>Helen Buck</i>	<i>Oneta Kelley</i>
<i>Vera Budde</i>	<i>Ruth Paramore</i>
<i>Wilda Cook</i>	<i>Blanche Randolph</i>
<i>Annie Laurie Cox</i>	<i>Cecile Roetzel</i>
<i>Dorothy Crawford</i>	<i>Eunice Schaus</i>
<i>Hazel Fulton</i>	<i>Jean Stophlet</i>
<i>Gladys Funkhouser</i>	<i>Alice Van Guilder</i>
<i>Bessie Harvey</i>	<i>Irma Weiss</i>
<i>Emma Wildhaber</i>	

History of Art Class

Edna Bevard

Helen Buck

Dorothy Fort

Helen Jacobs

Louise Lansing

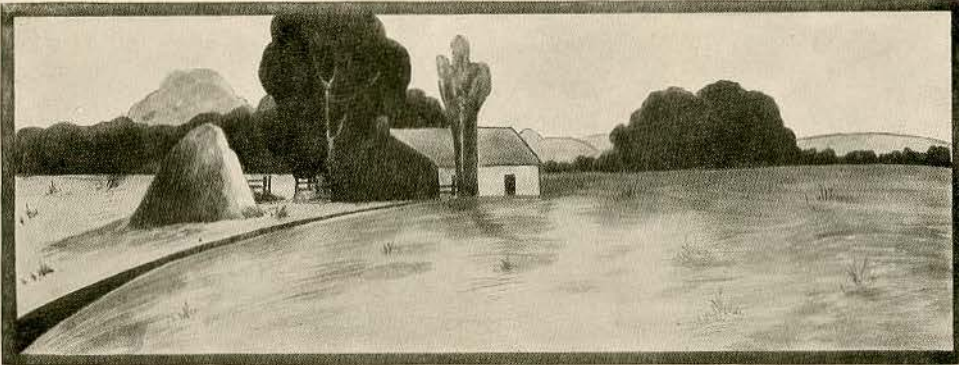
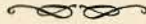
Evelyn Lemly

Anita Leopold

Dorothy Pieper

Helen Taylor

Emma Wildhaber



House Furnishing Class

Helen Buck

Wilda Cook

Mildred Hoge

Cornelia Hurst

Louise Lansing

Fannie Meyer

Dorothy Pieper

Margaret Spotts

Emma Wildhaber



Dramatics

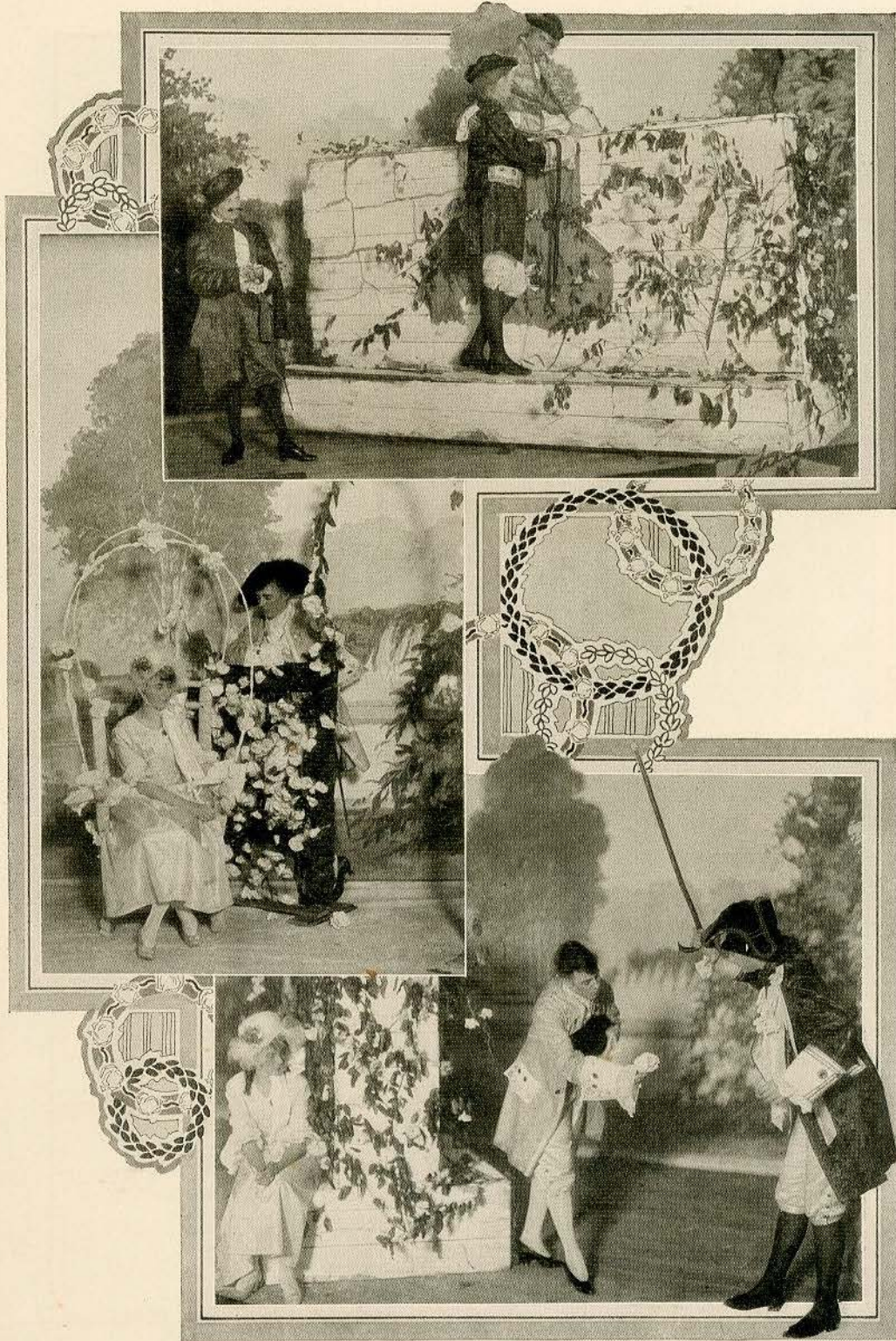
"THE SEASON'S BILL"

Endymion	MARIE JOSEPHINE WARREN
The Romancers	EDMOND ROSTAND
The Mouse-Trap	WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS
The Rivals	RICHARD B. SHERIDAN
A Midsummer Night's Dream	SHAKESPEARE

MISS MILDRED FONTAINE, Instructor

CLASS ROLL

HELEN ASHER	LOUISE LANSING
FERN BAIRD	RUTH MARTIN
ANNIE LAURIE COX	WILLIE OVERTON MINOR
HELEN FIBLE	KATHLEEN PIEPER
WILHELMINA HERWIG	NELLIE MAE POINTER
HELEN HUGHES	HELEN TAYLOR



THE ROMANCERS



Margaret Butler Choral Club

WALTER R. GERAK, *Director*

HELEN ASHER	GLADYS GRIGG	RUTH MARTIN
ONEITA BAKER	CONSTANCE HAMILTON	VIRGINIA McCLURE
EDNA BEVARD	LOIS HANNA	PHYLLIS PARR
MARY BUCHNER	WELCOME HAYHURST	ELSIE PORTH
MABEL CATLIN	WILHELMINA HERWIG	EUNICE SCHAUS
HELEN CRAIG	ANNE HOLDAWAY	LILLIAN SLAVENS
LAURA CRAIG	HELEN HORN	HELEN MARGARET SOMERVILLE
DORIS DODDRIDGE	LOUISA HUDSON	RUTH SPOENEMAN
MARGUERITE FOSTER	YVONNE JOHNSON	CATHERINE THOMPSON
LILLIAN FREEMAN	ARAMINTA KILLEN	DOROTHY VINYARD
JESSIE FRENCH	RUTH MADDOX	MARIE LUCILE WILSON
REBECCA GRAHAM	MARJORIE MANGER	HAZEL WOLFE

Choral Club Concert Program

- I. The Hunt *Huhn*
 Love is Like a Firefly *Frime*
 CHORAL CLUB
- II. Apple Blossoms *Salter*
 The Ginger-Bread Man *Gaynor*
 DOROTHY VINYARD
- III. In Blossom Time *Needham*
 The Call *Andrews*
 GLADYS GRIGG
- IV. Mifanwy *Forster*
 Where My Caravan Has Rested *Lohr*
 HELEN MARGARET SOMERVILLE
- V. Anitra's Dance *Grieg*
 Her Rose *Coombs*
 CHORAL CLUB
- VI. Morning *Oley Speaks*
 A Summer Romance *Hastings*
 MARIE LUCILE WILSON
- VII. Love's Way *Brown*
 Little House o' Dreams *Metcalf*
 ANNE HOLDAWAY
- VIII. The Night Has a Thousand Eyes *Woodman*
 Roses Everywhere *Denza*
 CHORAL CLUB
- IX. Song Cycle, Love's Epitome *Salter*
 Aria From La Boheme *Puccini*
 RUTH MARTIN
- X. Aria from Louise *Charpentier*
 Un Bel Di *Puccini*
 HELEN TAYLOR
- XI. Who is Sylvia? *Schubert*
 Robert of Lincoln *Bartlett*
 CHORAL CLUB



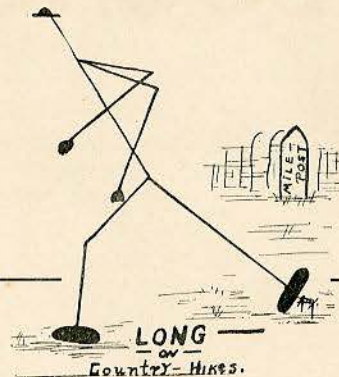
The Hikers' Club

Directors: MISS HAIRE AND DR. HORN

MEMBERS

ANNIE LAURIE COX
 GRACE HAMM
 LOIS HANNA
 LOUISA HUDSON
 ELIZABETH HUGHES
 HESTER JACKSON
 LOUISE LANSING
 EVELYN LEMLY
 ALMA MABREY

JEAN McMINN
 MAE BELLE McMINN
 HAZEL MORRISON
 MILDRED MORRISON
 PEARL PARAMORE
 RUTH PARAMORE
 CECILE ROETZEL
 HELEN STEVENSON
 LUCILE WILSON





HOME ECONOMICS

Domestic Science

SENIORS

AILEEN BAKER	DOROTHY McCLUSKY
ANNIE LAURIE COX	FLORENCE McCONNELL
GLADYS FUNKHOUSER	MARGARET PECK
ANNIE HOLDOWAY	ELSIE PORTH
CORNELIA HURST	CORA SMITH
LOUISE LANSING	FRIEDA VINYARD

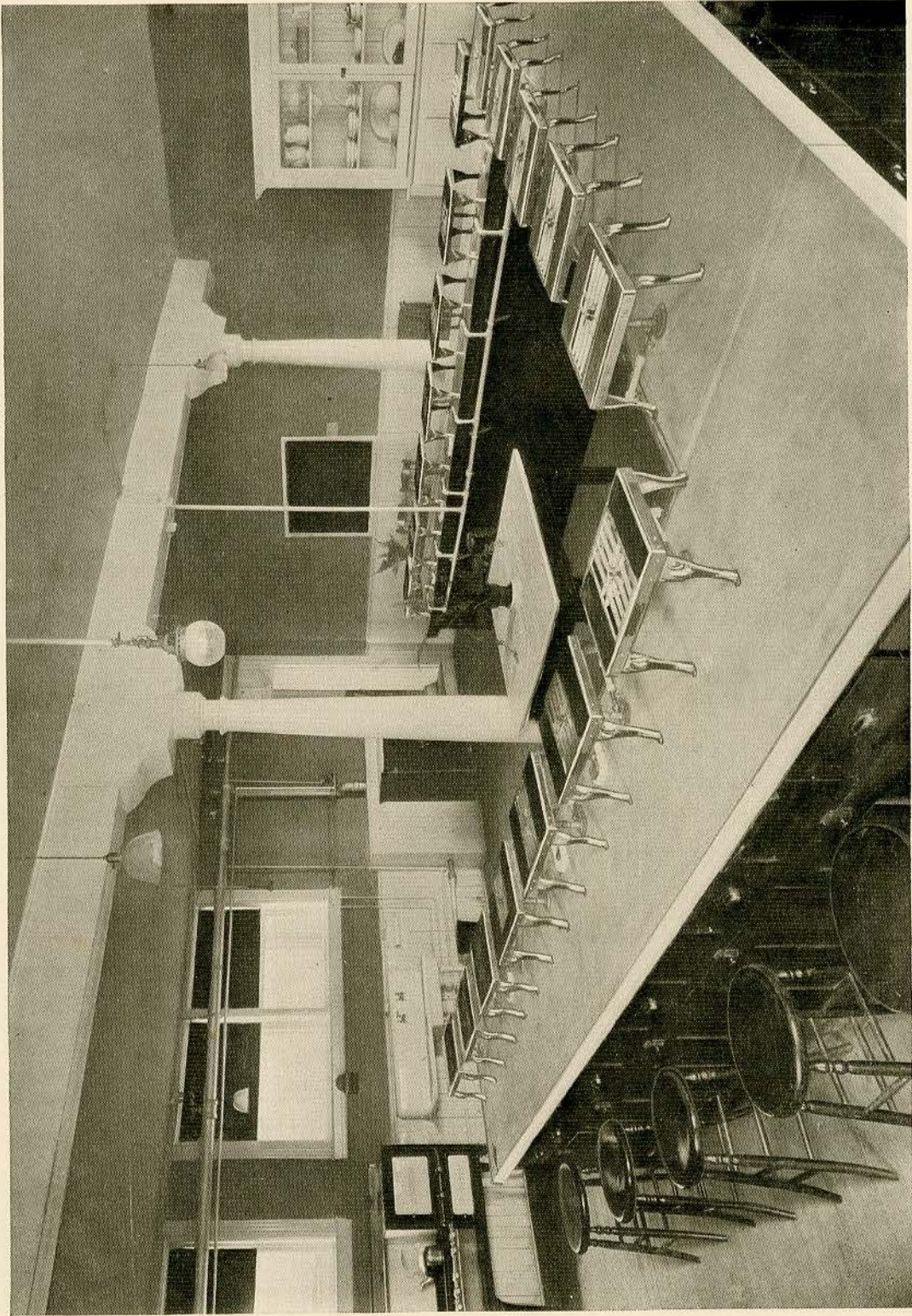
JUNIORS

HELEN BUCK	ONETA KELLEY
MABEL CATLIN	ANITA LEOPOLD
MARGUERITE FOSTER	VELMA LOLLIS
META GASS	RUTH MADDOX
BESSIE HARVEY	LILLIAN MEYER
MILDRED HOGE	VIVIAN MOSELEY
LOUISA HUDSON	LOTTIE MAE ROBERTS
ANNABEL HUNTER	EMMA WILDHABER

ACADEMY

ELSA ACHEPOHL	LEONORA HISSERICH
MAURINE BAITS	DOROTHY JONES
DOROTHY FORT	IRENE LEDERER
LILLIAN FREEMAN	EVELYN LEMLY
KATHRYN GRANT	LILLIAN SLAVENS

Alice Van Guilder



DOMESTIC SCIENCE KITCHEN

Domestic Art

SENIORS

ELSA ACHEPOHL	DOROTHY McCLUSKY
ANNIE LAURIE COX	FLORENCE McCONNELL
LEONORA HISSERICH	ESTHER MIDDENDORF
ANNIE HOLDOWAY	LEONA MOEHLENKAMP
CORNELIA HURST	MARGARET PECK
LOUISE LANSING	EUNICE SCHAUS
IRENE LEDERER	HORTENSE SCHIBI

JUNIORS

AILEEN BAKER	ONETA KELLEY
HELEN BUCK	ANITA LEOPOLD
MABEL CATLIN	VELMA LOLLIS
MARGUERITE FOSTER	RUTH MADDOX
BESSIE HARVEY	LILLIAN MEYER
MILDRED HOGE	VIVIAN MOSELEY
LOUISA HUDSON	LOTTIE MAE ROBERTS
ANNABEL HUNTER	EMMA WILDHABER

HAZEL WOLFE

ACADEMY

HELEN ASHER	PEARL PARAMORE
ANNIE LAURIE BLOODWORTH	RUTH PARAMORE
LILLIAN FREEMAN	MINA ROWLAND
KATHRYN GRANT	LILLIAN SLAVENS
EVELYN LEMLY	CATHERINE THOMPSON



DO MESTIC SCIENCE DINING-ROOM



Lindenwood Mandolin Club

MISS AGNES GRAY, *Directress.*

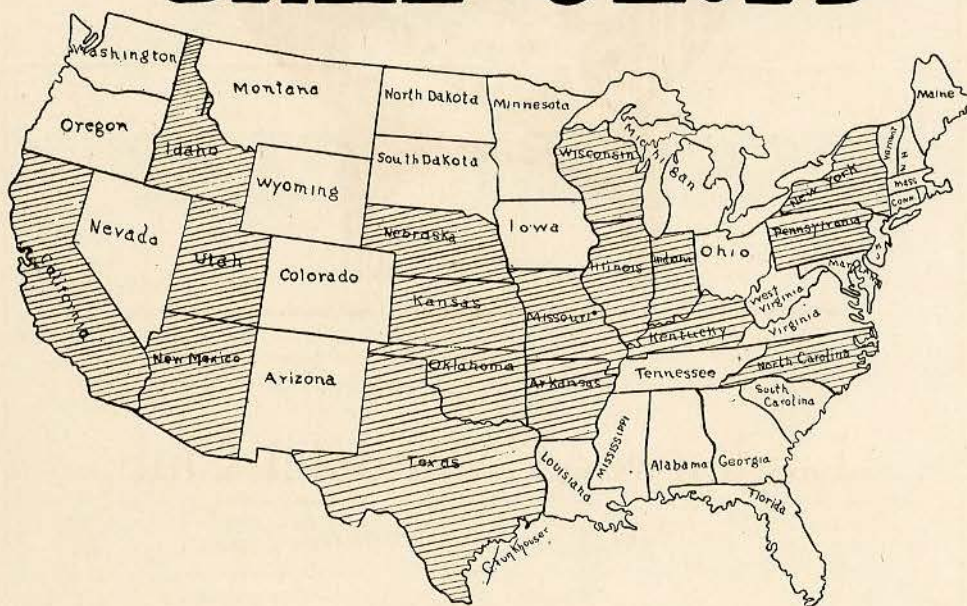
MEMBERS

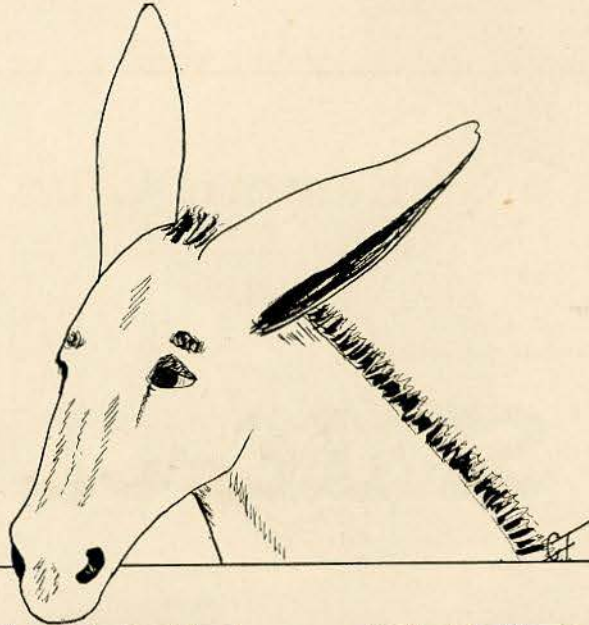
HELEN BUCK
ADALYN FARIS
DOROTHY FORT
YVONNE JOHNSON

ARAMINTA KILLEN
BLONDE KILLEN
BEATRICE KINDER
IRENE LEDERER

MINA ROWLAND

STATE CLUBS





MISSOURI CLUB

OFFICERS

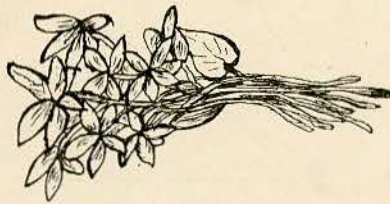
President HELEN VILMOARE, Kansas City
Vice-President ALMA MABREY, Kirkwood
Secretary NELLIE MAE POYNTER, Clinton
Treasurer ADALYN FARIS, Jefferson City

MEMBERS

ELSIE APPEL	MILDRED HOGE	ELSIE PORTH
ONEITA BAKER	HELEN HORN	JULIET PRICE
MAURINE BATES	ELIZABETH HUGHES	IRMA SCHARR
HARRIET BELL	ANABEL HUNTER	EUNICE SCHAUS
ANNIE LAURIE BLOODWORTH	CORNELIA HURST	ELSA SCHELPOHL
VERA BUDDE	BETTIE MAE HUTCHINSON	HORTENSE SCHIBI
MARY CATHERINE CARDY	HELEN JACOBS	RUTH SKINNER
MARY JANE CARTER	DOROTHY JONES	DOROTHEA SODEMAN
ANNIE LAURIE COX	BEATRICE KINDER	HELEN MARGARET SOMERVILLE
LAURA CRAIG	GRACE LAUMAN	LILLIAN STALCUP
FRANCES DIMMITT	VELMA LOLLIS	JEAN STOPHLET
LEONA EHRHARD	RUTH MADDOX	ANNE STUDDT
HELEN FIBLE	MARJORIE MANGER	PHYLLIS TARR
DOROTHY FORT	RUTH MCGINLEY	HELEN TAYLOR
HELEN FRANKS	JEAN MCMINN	CATHERINE THOMPSON
GLADYS FUNKHOUSER	MAE BELLE MCMINN	VECIE TILLOTSON
LEAH GIESSING	FANNIE MEYER	ALICE VAN GUILDER
LENA GORDON	LILLIAN MEYER	DOROTHY VINYARD
MARJORIE GROVE	LUCILLE MEYER	FRIEDA VINYARD
ADELE HACKMAN	ESTHER MIDDENDORF	LILLIAN WAITE
ADELHAID HACKMAN	VIVIAN MOSELEY	ERMA WEISS
GRACE HAMM	MARGARET PECK	DOROTHY WETZEL
WILHELMINA HERWIG	DOROTHY PIEPER	HELEN WIENER
LEONORA HISSERICH	KATHLEEN PIEPER	LUCILE WILSON

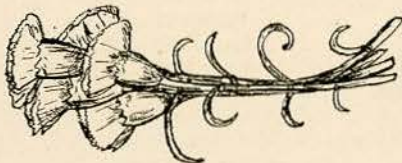
Eastern Club

President MARGARET CRAINE
Vice-President ADRIENNE JORDAN
Secretary and Treasurer LOUISE LANSING



ILLINOIS

BAIRD, FERN, Sparta	HOLDOWAY, ANNIE, Sparta
BEVARD, EDNA, Carterville	KING, ELLA, Mt. Carmel
CARTER, MABEL, Murphysboro	LEOPOLD, ANITA, Belleville
CATLIN, MABEL, Augusta	MCCLURE, VIRGINIA, McClure
CRAIG, HELEN, Jacksonville	MCCLUSKY, DOROTHY, Granite City
CRAINE, MARGARET, Murphysboro	MCCONNELL, FLORENCE, Mt. Carmel
FREEMAN, LILLIAN, Olney	ROGERS, IRENE, Belleville
GASS, META, Belleville	ROWLAND, MINA, Olney
GRIGG, GLADYS, Sparta	SPOENEMAN, RUTH, Belleville
HAMILTON, CONSTANCE, Collinsville	WAGNER, MARJORIE, Chicago
HAYHURST, WELCOME, Lawrenceville	WINDWEH, HATTIE, Litchfield



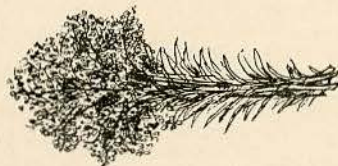
INDIANA

BAKER, ALINE, Vincennes
 JORDAN, ADRIENNE, Vincennes
 LEDERER, IRENE, Terre Haute



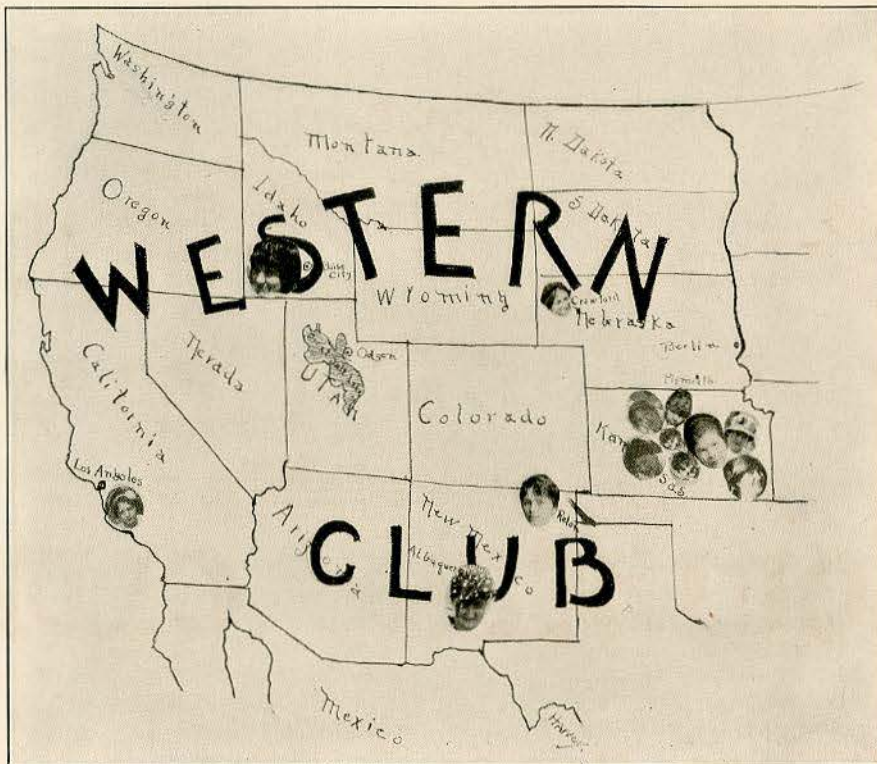
NEW YORK

LANSING, LOUISE, Buffalo



PENNSYLVANIA

CHESBROUGH, HELEN, Pittsburg



OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	JESSIE RANKIN
<i>Vice-President</i>	RUTH MARTIN
<i>Secretary</i>	DORIS DODDRIDGE
<i>Treasurer</i>	EMMA WILDHABER

MEMBERS

KANSAS

- | | |
|---------------------------|-----------------------------|
| HELEN ASHER, Hutchinson | HESTER JACKSON, Lincoln |
| LENA BURKE, Kansas City | RUTH MARTIN, Lyons |
| DORIS DODDRIDGE, Lyons | HAZEL MORRISON, Hillsdale |
| HAZEL FULTON, Abilene | MILDRED MORRISON, Hillsdale |
| KATHRYN GRANT, Wichita | PEARL PARAMORE, Larned |
| LAVONE HANNA, Clay Center | RUTH PARAMORE, Larned |
| LOIS HANNA, Clay Center | JESSIE RANKIN, Idana |
| BESSIE HARVEY, Parsons | LILLIAN SLAVENS, Hutchinson |

HELEN STEVENSON, Salina

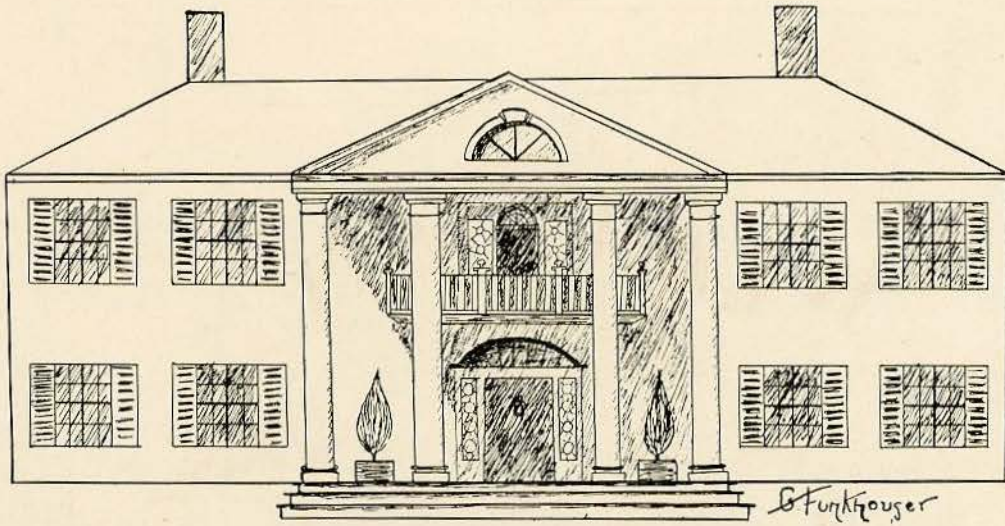
NEBRASKA

- HELEN BUCK, Berlin
 HELEN HUGHES, Crawford
 EMMA WILDHABER, Plymouth

UTAH

- CORA SMITH, Ogden
 WINONA SMITH, Ogden

- HELEN CHALFANT, Boise, Idaho
 JESSIE FRENCH, Raton, New Mexico
 ELEANORE PAINE, Los Angeles, California



SOUTHERN CLUB

OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	REBECCA GRAHAM
<i>Vice-President</i>	CECILE ROETZEL
<i>Secretary</i>	HAZEL WOLFE
<i>Treasurer</i>	HAZEL HUNTER

Colors: Blue and Gold.
Mascot: Negro Doll.
Flower: Cotton Blossom.

MEMBERS

ARKANSAS

MARY BUCHNER	BLANCHE K. RANDOLPH
EVELYN LEMLY	CECILE ROETZEL
WILLIE O. MINOR	CORINNE SOUTHARD
NELLE NELMS	CAROL WHITMARSH

KENTUCKY

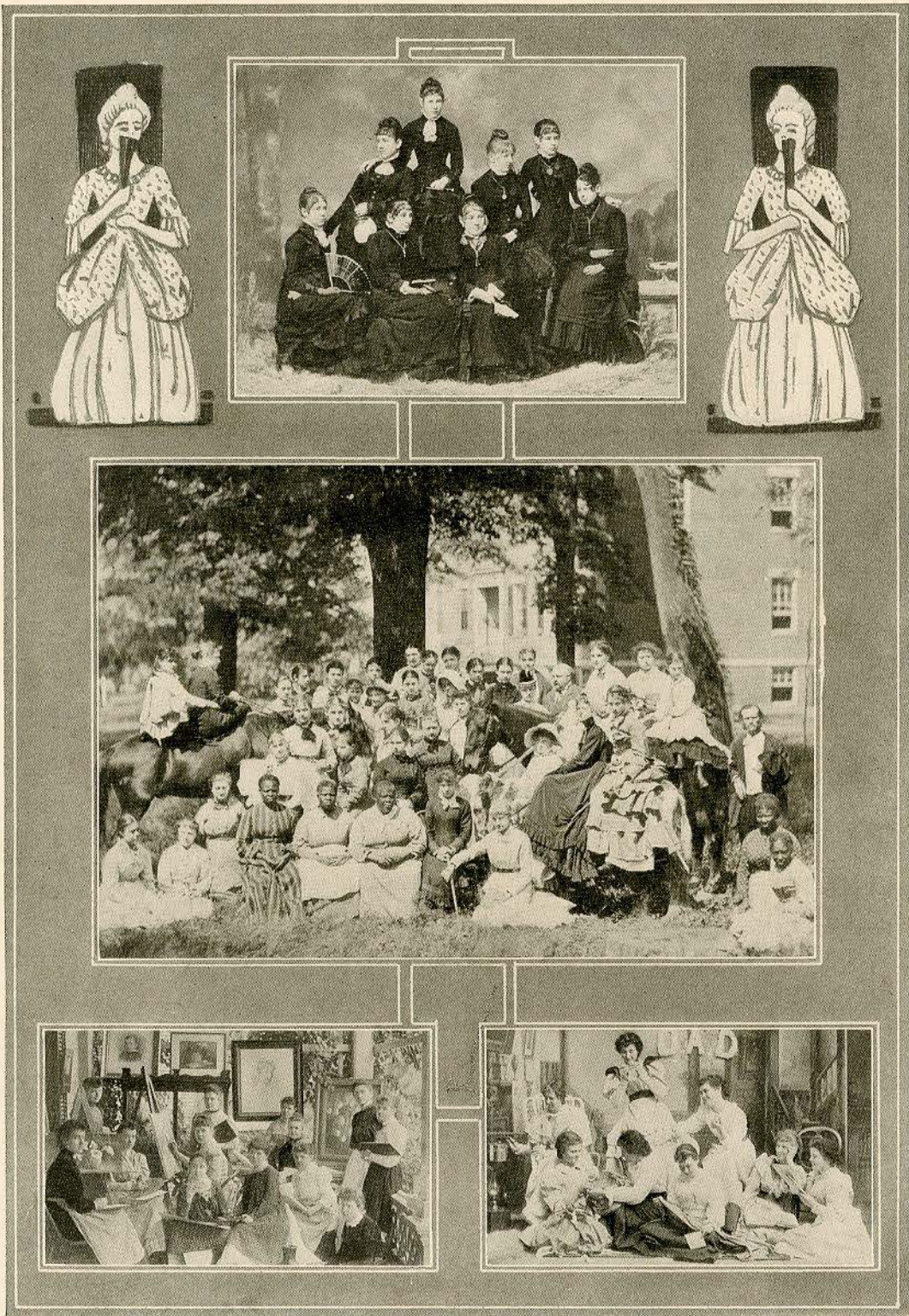
REBECCA GRAHAM

OKLAHOMA

MARGARET FOSTER	YVONNE JOHNSON
LOUISA HUDSON	MARGARET MAXFIELD
	HAZEL WOLFE

TEXAS

HAZEL HUNTER	BLONDE KILLEN
ONETA M. KELLEY	LOTTIE MAE ROBERTS
ARAMINTA KILLEN	LUCILE ROBERTS



"THIRTY YEARS AGO"

The Lindenwood College Club of St. Louis

<i>President</i>	MRS. MARY IRWIN McDEARMON
<i>First Vice-President</i>	MRS. MAUD REID RHODES
<i>Second Vice-President</i>	MRS. ANNA HAEUSSLER ROTH
<i>Recording Secretary</i>	MISS ADA MILLER
<i>Corresponding Secretary</i>	MRS. IRENE AMOS POTTS
<i>Treasurer</i>	MRS. HATTIE WIEBUSCH BOTTICHER
<i>Auditor</i>	MRS. EVA THURMAN CUNLIFF

CHAIRMEN OF COMMITTEES

<i>Membership</i>	MRS. MARY IRWIN McDEARMON
<i>Program</i>	MRS. LORRAINE THOMPSON BERNERO
<i>Finance</i>	MRS. LULU THURMAN HYNSON
<i>Hospitality</i>	MRS. MARIE KREBS FITZPORTER
<i>Publicity</i>	MRS. ELIZABETH KUHN PELTON

“Spring Showers bring May Flowers.” So goes the old saying, but Lindenwood College Club would say: “Bleak and dreary winter weather cannot last forever.” The November meeting held at the Marquette Hotel was enthusiastic, notwithstanding the bad weather. The resignation of our President and First Vice-President necessitated an election of new officers. Mrs. Roth stepped into the place left vacant by our President, Mrs. McDearmon. Mrs. Ella Ustick Bain as First Vice-President and Mrs. Janet Weber Crandall as Second Vice-President were duly elected. Miss Alice Linneman then gave a comprehensive and most instructive talk on “The Trip to California,” after which those who were fortunate enough to have spent part of the summer in California were given the opportunity to tell of some of the wonders of that state.

In December Mrs. Botticher and Mrs. Roth entertained with a tea at the home of the latter.

At the January meeting (typical winter weather) we were delightfully entertained by two of our youngest members—Miss Eva Hain and Miss Katherine Sutherland.

March Seventeenth—Hurrah! We are off to dear old “Lindenwood” and for once we stood in with the weather man. The day was perfect and all too short. Dr. and Mrs. Roemer and the girls of today made the girls of yesterday forget the years that have passed. Sixty of us left St. Louis and when we were joined by the twenty-five from St. Charles we felt that we had made tremendous strides in membership in two years.

As there had been no time for business at Lindenwood, a special meeting was called April 27, when plans were made for the annual luncheon and for the election of officers.

Our city’s motto, “St. Louis to the Front,” easily includes Lindenwood in the hearts of the Girls of Yesterday.

—MRS. ANNA H. ROTH.

Lindenwood College Association of Kansas City, Missouri

OFFICERS

MISS GERTRUDE NOFSINGER *President*
MRS. PAUL F. DONNELLY *Vice-President*
MRS. R. L. HARROD *Recording Secretary*
MISS M. LOUISE DICKEY . *Treasurer and Corresponding Secretary*

PROGRAM OF THE
THIRD ANNUAL LUNCHEON
HELD AT
ST. REGIS HOTEL, KANSAS CITY
MAY THIRD, NINETEEN SIXTEEN

Invocation DR. JOHN H. MILLER
Address of Welcome MISS NOFSINGER
Response MRS. HARRY MILLER, Topeka, Kansas
Remarks DR. HARRY C. ROGERS
Reminiscences MRS. R. L. HARROD
Reading MISS ANTHONY
May Bees MRS. J. T. FRANNEY
Our Association MISS DICKEY
Lindenwood of Yesterday . MRS. ISAAC STEPHENS, Class of 1860
Lindenwood of Today
. . . DR. JOHN L. ROEMER, Pres. of Lindenwood College





Eta Upsilon Gamma

Founded at Christian College, 1901

Zeta Chapter

Established May 25, 1905

Colors: Green and Gold. Flower: Yellow Rose.

Sponsor: IRENE SCRUTCHFIELD.

RESIDENT MEMBERS

LOIS ELY

MARGARET MARTIN
MARIE MARTIN

MRS. GEORGE NULL

MEMBERS IN FACULTY

ARIEL GROSS

EDNA HANNA
CORNELIA POWELL

IRENE SCRUTCHFIELD

MEMBERS IN COLLEGE

1916

EDNA BEVARD
ANNIE LAURIE COX

LAURA LIEBER CRAIG
GLADYS GRIGG

LAVONE HANNA

1917

LOIS MARGARET HANNA
HESTER KING JACKSON
ADRIENNE LLOYD JORDAN

ALMA RUTH MABREY
RUTH MAXINE MARTIN
RUTH MCGINLEY
JESSIE GLADYS RANKIN

LOTTIE MAE ROBERTS
LUCILE D. ROBERTS
MARIE LUCILE WILSON

1918

ONETA KELLEY

LOUISE LANSING
EVELYN LEMLY

HELEN LOUISE STEVENSON

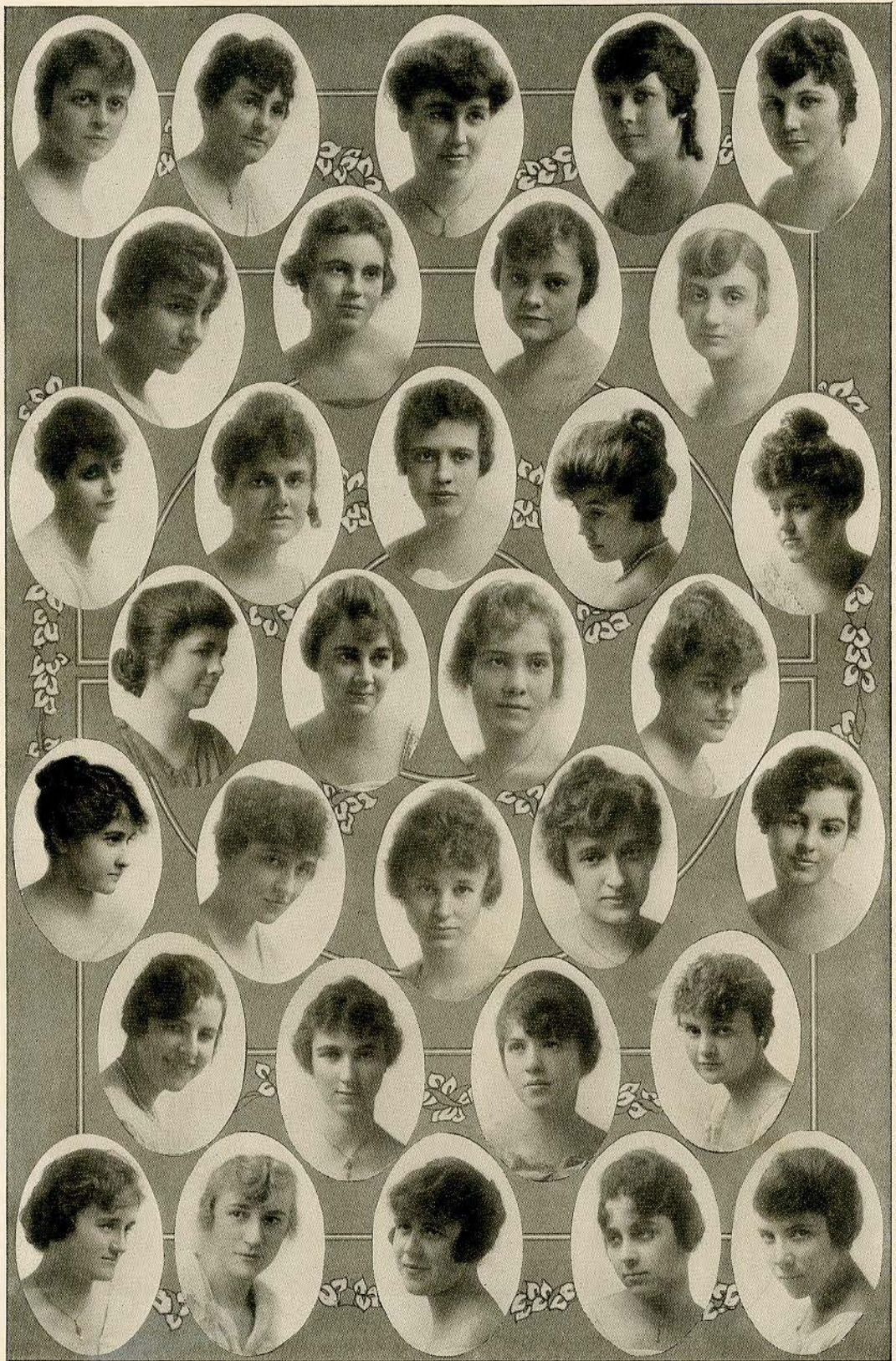
PLEDGES

AILEEN BAKER

VELMA LOLLIS

Inactive Member: LOUISA HUDSON





Sigma Iota Chi

Founded at St. James Xavier Academy, 1903

Theta Chapter

Established October 26, 1907.

Colors: Purple and Gold.

Flower: Violet.

Sponsor: Miss Alice A. Linnemann.

SORORES

1916

GLADYS FUNKHOUSER
GRACE LAUMAN
DOROTHY McCLUSKY

FLORENCE McCONNELL
WILLIE OVERTON MINOR
MARGARET PECK
KATHLEEN PIEPER

ELSIE PORTH
IRENE ROGERS
JEAN STOPHLET

1917

MARY CATHERINE CARDY
ADALYN FARIS
LENA GORDON

MILDRED HOGE
HAZEL HUNTER
ANITA LEOPOLD
VIVIAN MOSELEY

HELEN MARGARET SOMERVILLE
CORINNE SOUTHARD
DOROTHY WETZEL

1918

HELEN ASHER
LENA BURKE
HELEN CHESBROUGH
REBECCA GRAHAM

CONSTANCE HAMILTON
DOROTHY PIEPER
NELLIE MAE POYNTER
JULIET PRICE

ANNE STUDD
HELEN VILLMOARE
CAROL WHITMARSH

PLEDGES

HELEN FIBLE

MARGARET MAXFIELD

BIDS

MARY JANE CARTER

RUTH SPOENEMAN

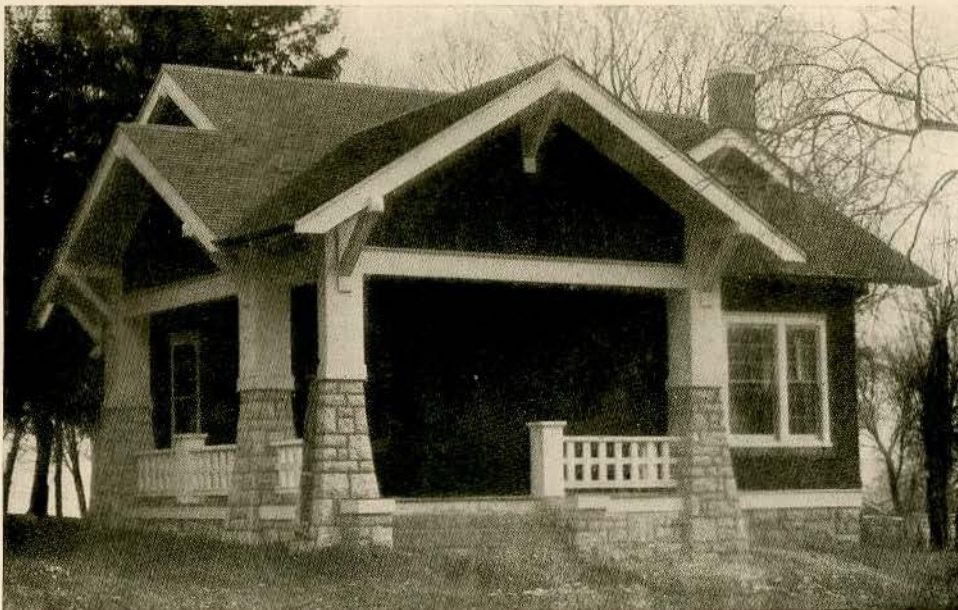
IN URBE

KATHERINE GROSS

HONORARY MEMBERS

COL. JAMES G. BUTLER

Mrs. JAMES G. BUTLER





Kappa Phi Omicron

Honor Society

Alpha Chapter Founded at Stephens College

Beta Chapter

ESTABLISHED 1910

FACULTY COUNCIL MEMBERS

MISS CORA M. PORTERFIELD MISS EDNA E. RALSTON
MRS. J. L. ROEMER, *ex-officio*

ACTIVE MEMBERS

LAURA CRAIG '16 GLADYS GRIGG '16
FLORENCE McCONNELL '16
LAVONE HANNA '16 LEONA MOEHLENKAMP '15
EMMA MUELLER '15

AIM

To foster among students a spirit of devotion to study
and the scholarly ideal.

Trust

Oh weary hearts, with your burden of woe,
Why do you fret and worry so?
The sun still shines out through the rain;
The winter will turn to spring again.

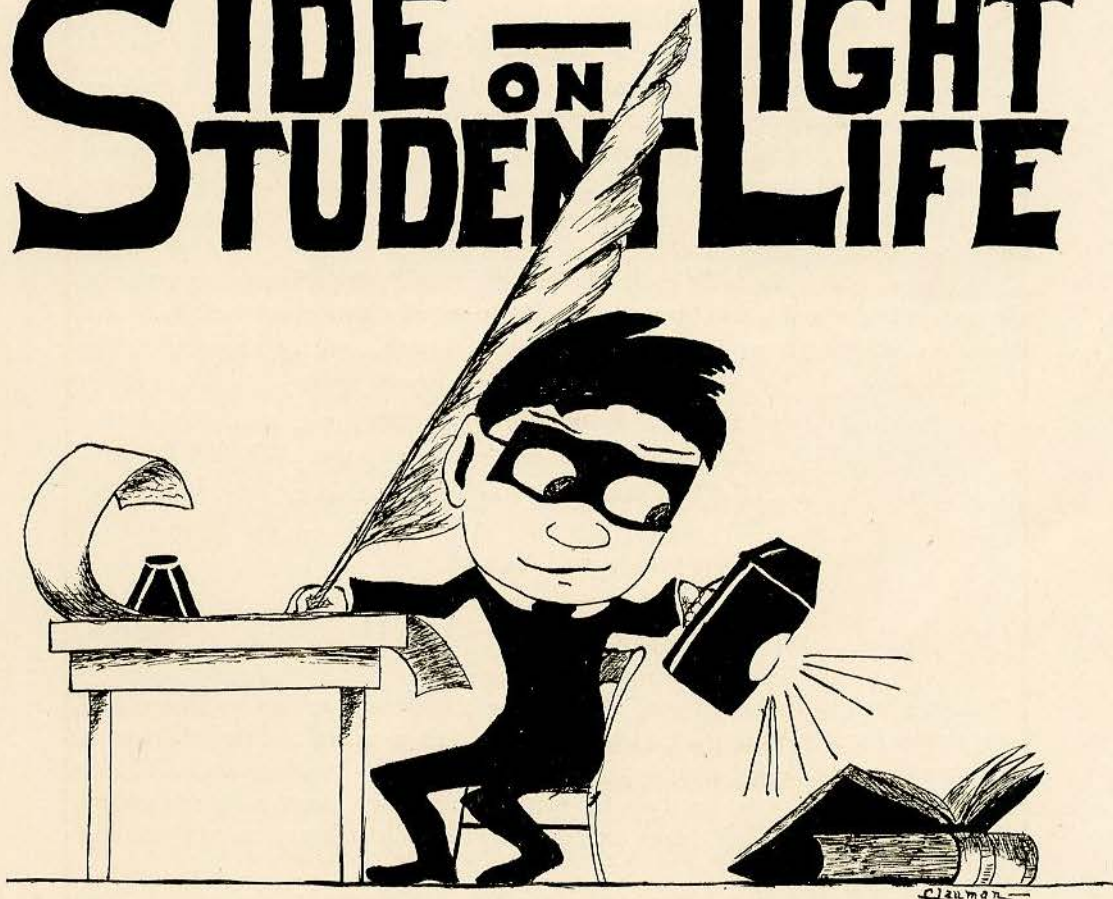
For winter must come with its ice and snow,
But under the blanket the violets grow;
And autumn its note of sadness brings,
But who can be sad when a robin sings?

Oh worn traveler on life's road,
You who sink beneath your load,
All our paths, where'er they be,
Lead us through Gethsemane.

Then lift your hearts, rejoice and be glad;
What though some of the days be sad?
Let to-morrow bring whatever it may;
Just live in the "now-time," smile and be gay.

—W. H.

SIDE ON LIGHT STUDENT LIFE



Student Government Board



URING the first semester the rules of the school were enforced by the Student Government Board, advised by Mrs. Roemer. This board consisted of:

- One representative from each sorority.
- Two resident non-sorority girls elected by the students.
- One non-resident, non-sorority girl elected by the non-resident students.
- A president nominated and elected by the student body.

The Student Board appointed proctors on each floor for every week day, to keep order during school hours. The board had direct supervision over walking privileges, general behavior on or off the campus, and attendance at church. All students who failed to conform to the rules of the Constitution were punished.

Although too much credit cannot be given to our Student Board for their conscientious attitude and actions in enforcing the rules, the Faculty deemed it wise to discontinue self-government the second semester, and established the honor-roll system of government.

<i>President</i>	ANNIE LAURIE COX
<i>Secretary</i>	FERN BAIRD
	HELEN CRAIG	MARGARET PECK
	CORNELIA HURST	LUCILE ROBERTS

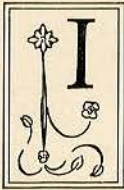
The Honor Roll

At the beginning of the second semester the "honor roll" system was introduced. Once a week Faculty meeting is held in the president's apartments and the affairs of the school are discussed. What a mysterious thing those Faculty meetings are! All girls not reported by any teacher for even the smallest offense are placed on the honor roll for the ensuing week. Their names are posted on the bulletin board every Wednesday morning.

Those on the honor roll have special privileges not granted to the others. They may walk, shop, and go to church without a chaperon, signing in the office upon leaving and returning, instead of answering to roll-call and leaving the campus only under the supervision of a teacher. They may study outdoors or play tennis during school hours. Juniors and Seniors may make use of their upper-classmen privileges by going to the College Inn on certain days in the week. A rule has recently been made also that girls may not go into St. Louis to spend the day unless they have been on the honor roll for two consecutive weeks.

This system has been very successful without being rigidly severe. Owing to the fact that the slightest misdemeanor will keep one's name off that coveted list, the girls are very conscientious in their behavior.

Boyle and Markham Centers



IN the Sociology Department of Lindenwood the lessons learned are followed up by practical experience. The girls of this department have a rare opportunity to acquire the true spirit of helpfulness and to enjoy that pleasure of giving a part of their time and ability in assisting at the Boyle and Markham Centers in St. Louis.

There is a strong spirit of rivalry between these two schools. Boyle, however, with its average attendance of one hundred and sixty, surpasses Markham with its one hundred and forty pupils. Both schools are well equipped for teaching domestic science and art to the girls and the arts and crafts to the boys. The younger children are well cared for in the kindergarten, where they play games and receive instruction in the simpler arts. Basket-ball teams for the girls and baseball teams for the boys are organized to encourage the spirit of co-operation and democracy among the students.

These two schools are situated in the tenement districts where they can be of the most use. They are ably superintended by Rev. G. W. King and Rev. D. V. Yergin. The Saturday schools are open to all nationalities free of charge. Girls of the Sociology Department are regular assistants at these schools and by being brought in closer touch with these institutions derive a great deal of practical knowledge and personal benefit.

—T. N. '17.



Eats!



O one ever thought of a boarding-school girl who wasn't everlastingly hungry. So, of course, we mustn't ignore the "cooky woman" or the "College Inn" or the "Candy Kitchen" or even the cracker and Hershey stores at the College. What an endless stream of girls there is before the Hershey counter every day of the week at four or five o'clock, saying each in her turn, "Three Hersheys, please." It seems no one minds that she is living up to our song, "Where does our money go?" and that at this time to-morrow she will be trying to borrow a dime to contribute to her State Club page in the Annual. What's the odds? Money comes and money goes, but one must eat!

And whoever heard of going down town without stopping in the "Candy Kitchen?" And the "College Inn" is so near that on hot days one can't resist the temptation to go there for a chocolate nut sundae. Although no one may go to the cooky woman's any more because we couldn't help sneaking off at the wrong time, still we can never forget those delicious cakes and cookies we used to buy there last semester. So, if anyone should ask you how a boarding-school girl spends her money, you can answer her in one word, "Eats."

THE bell for lights long since had rung,
When up from bed a student sprung;
A girl, who bore beneath her arm
A book which for her had no charm—
Scott's novel.

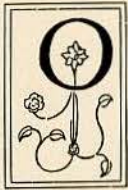
Heart of Midlothian was its name—
A classic widely known to fame.
Three hundred pages unread lay;
And she must take that quiz next day—
Miss Berry's.

In the bath tub she neatly spread
A blanket taken off her bed.
The night light burned a yellow glare
As this maiden read with frantic air—
That English.

At three forty-five the student rose;
Grasped 'neath her arm the warm bed clothes,
Went back to bed with never a pause,
A sleepy martyr to the cause—
Education!

—A. R. M. '17.

Social Events



ON the evening of September 17, two days after the opening of school, a reception was given in Jubilee Parlors with the girls of Eta Upsilon Gamma and Sigma Iota Chi Sororities acting as hostesses. The new girls were the honor-guests of the evening. A very entertaining musical program was given, after which light refreshments were served. When the girls departed they felt that, at least for the time being, that "homesicky" feeling was fast being overcome.

On Saturday, September 18, a circus came to town, and pitched its tent close to the College grounds. The day was perfect as to weather, and attendance of College students made the campus look rather desolate until their return late in the afternoon. The home-coming was well announced by tin horns, toy balloons, and shrill whistles.

A fellowship party was held in Butler Gym. on September 24. Each girl wore her calling card pinned to her dress, and many new acquaintances were thus formed. The party was later turned into a dance, and, when "Room Bell" was rung, it was responded to with many regretful sighs.

On Tuesday, October 5, the Veiled Prophets' Parade in St. Louis was attended by one hundred and ten Lindenwood girls. A special car was chartered which took the girls to Skinner & Kennedy's Printing Co., from whose windows they witnessed the parade. This year the parade consisted of twenty-one floats illustrating important events in mythology and history. While the procession was going by, the Lindenwood girls made their presence known by singing school songs and giving very lustily some of the best school yells.

On Saturday night, October 9, the announcement was made to the effect that a great band of gypsies, who had been camping for some time on the other side of the river, was intending to pay its respects to the College. So the girls, *en masse*, went to the gymnasium where they were to welcome the mystic folk. The girls were warmly greeted by the gypsies who, fully accoutred in their native costumes, had brought their canopied wagon along with them. The fortune tellers, strange to say, seemed to know a great deal about their hostesses. Pop-corn, apples and punch helped to appease the picnic appetites. It was discovered later that the whole affair was a "stunt party" given by the Faculty, but it was a clever deception and the girls readily agreed that they had been completely fooled.

Those attending the Grand Opera, "Madame Butterfly," on October 13, planned an elaborate dinner at the Busy Bee, before returning home. Only the girls were to be members of the party, but somehow or other Col. Butler learned of the affair and before the girls arrived, he had placed beautiful flowers and a box of candy at each place. To the great joy of all Col. Butler became one of the party.

The Senior Class gave a tacky party in the gym. on the evening of Saturday, October 23. The grotesque costumes of Charlie Chaplin, Mutt and Jeff, Happy Hooligan and others of the world's celebrities in real life and sketch, sank into insignificance when compared to the original regalia used on this happy occasion. Certain members of the Faculty constituted an immigrating family of the type commonly found seeking the friendly shores of America. Their impersonations were very clever, and were greatly enjoyed, as well as marveled at, by the students.

The Tenth Annual dance of the Eta Upsilon Gamma Sorority, given for all the students of the College, took place in Butler Gymnasium on Friday, October 29. Green and gold decorations vied with the traditional jack-o'-lanterns, witches, owls and black cats of all Hallow'een. Two features of the evening were the firefly dance and a specialty dance, the interpretation of the new Lindenwood song.

On November 23, the Lindenwood Dramatic Club presented Rostand's "The Romancers." The play was a rare treat to all. A large crowd was assembled to witness the famous fencing bout and to see the girls arrayed in satin knee breeches. Miss Fontaine was master of the situation and every detail was worked out to perfection.

On Thanksgiving day all rules were suspended and the girls joyfully took advantage of the holiday. In the morning, services were held in the chapel, and at noon a sumptuous turkey dinner was served. That evening a play was given by the students, "Poking Fun at the Faculty." It was a "take-off" on the Faculty representing the time when they were grade pupils. Not a teacher escaped mention, and the evening was enjoyed as much by the Faculty as by the students. A party of students spent the day in Columbia, Mo., witnessing the Missouri vs. Kansas game.

The last evening before Christmas vacation a Christmas dinner was served at six o'clock. During the meal, College songs and yells were given, the Juniors and Seniors coming very much into prominence. At 8 o'clock Butler Gym. was well filled and everyone enjoyed the vaudeville performance presented under Miss Haire's direction. After the show the crowd assembled in the "Old Gym." to see Santa and his wonderful tree. Each girl received a 10c present, besides a bag of candy and a pop-corn ball. Everyone had loads of fun and the girls took home the memory of a jolly good time.

February 1, the Second Semester began with the annual Semester dinner and dance in the gymnasium. The girls were all happy to have examinations over, and work and grind seemed to be things of the past.

On February 11, the Annual Reception was held in Jubilee Parlors. Valentine decorations were used, and hearts and sweethearts were in profusion.

The Senior class enjoyed its annual Colonial Dinner on the night of February 22. The class colors, coral and white, were carried out in the Martha Washington costumes of the class members, as well as in the table appointments of the entire dining-room. At each girl's plate was a crepe paper replica of the Senior class talisman, a four-leaf clover with its blossom.

On February 20, the Sigma Iota Chi Sorority gave its annual dance. Butler Gymnasium was transformed by hangings, draperies, and subdued lights. A drop ceiling of the sorority colors culminated in a gold basket in the center, laden with wisteria. Miss Melba Herner of Belleville, Illinois, gave an interpretation of the classic rhythmic movements. At the Sigma Extra, Irene Lederer and Alma Mabrey were awarded the prizes for drawing the lucky numbers.

On March 3rd, a minstrel show and cabaret was given by the Senior class. The "cullahed gentlemen" made a very fine appearance, and real talent was displayed.

A party of teachers and students attended the Russian Ballet which appeared at the Odeon in St. Louis on March 8.

The annual contest class plays were given on the night of March 23. The Senior class was awarded first prize and the Special class took second prize. The Senior class presented "The Magic Hour," the Juniors, "Twenty Minutes Of," the Specials, "The Eternal Triangle" and the High School Seniors, "Memories of Lindenwood."

April 12 was Arbor Day. Each class planted a tree and buried its secrets. Class songs were sung and a half-holiday was enjoyed.

"The Rivals," presented by the Dramatic club at the Grand Opera House on April 25, was a decided success. Mrs. Malaprop with her malapropisms afforded great amusement.

On April 28, a dance for all the students was given in Butler Gym by the Dramatic club and the Senior class. An orchestra was out from the city, punch was served, and everyone "tripped the light fantastic" until Room Bell rang.



The Wellesley Of The West.

Words and Music by
HELEN ASHER

The musical score is written for piano in 4/4 time with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It consists of five systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The first three systems are the main body of the piece, featuring a melody in the treble staff and a harmonic accompaniment in the bass staff. The fourth system is labeled 'Chorus' and includes a melodic line in the treble staff. The fifth system continues the accompaniment. The score includes various musical notations such as chords, triplets, and dynamic markings.

The image shows three systems of musical notation for piano accompaniment. Each system consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The music is written in a style typical of early 20th-century sheet music, featuring chords and melodic lines. The first system has a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The second system has a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The third system has a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, and A-flat). The notation includes various chord symbols, accidentals, and dynamic markings.

We Lindenwood girls are there on looks
 And full of pep, you see;
 We've said enough about ourselves
 So we'll mention the faculty.
 They are a very brilliant set
 And order they preserve,
 But sometimes we are forced to go
 Before the student board

But firm we stand for you, Lindenwood
 Our hearts and hands for you, Lindenwood
 Our colors we unfurl,
 To wave for every girl,
 You stand for the best that's in the land
 We sing our praise to you we love the best,
 For you're the Wellesley of the West;
 And our hearts will all be true
 When we wave farewell to you
 For we're white and yellow, Lindenwood.

The Wellesley etc. 2

Lindenwood Songs

Melody "Illinois Loyalty"

WERE loyal to you, Lindenwood;
We're yellow and white, Lindenwood;
We know you can stand
'Gainst the best in the land,
For your standard is grand, Lindenwood, Rah! Rah!

Then on with your work, Lindenwood;
Not one girl will shirk, Lindenwood;
Our school is our greatest pleasure;
On, girls, with great endeavor;
Three cheers for New Lindenwood!

Cha! he! Cha! Haw!—Cha! he! haw! haw!
Lindenwood, Lindenwood, Rah! Rah! Rah!

Melody "My Heidelberg, My Heidelberg"

HERE'S to our fair, new Lindenwood;
Here's to the flag she flies;
Here's to the girls that boost for her;
Their spirit never dies.
Here's to the Marguerite, so white;
Here's to our colors true;
Here's to each daughter of old L. C.;
Lindenwood—here's to you!

CHORUS

Oh, Lindenwood, dear Lindenwood,
Thy daughters sing thy praise;
That golden haze of student days
Will linger 'round thy name.
And cherished be the memory,
Through all the coming years,
When far away that memory
Will fill our eyes with tears.

Melody "The Mining Engineer"

THERE'S maplewood and cherry, and poplars grand and tall,
And Christmas trees so merry, and elms and pines and all;
But all the trees you mention, to us would not seem good;
For there's only one we cherish, and that is Lindenwood.

CHORUS

Oh, Lindenwood, Oh, Lindenwood,
You are the one we love;
Oh, Lindenwood, Oh, Lindenwood,
All other trees above;
You make the campus shady
For everyone you know;
So we hope you'll keep your head up high
And grow, and grow, and grow.

Melody "Solomon Levi"

LUSTILY we cheer for thee
Everywhere we go;
Our president's of high degree,
The others are not slow;
There is no other school can boast
So fine a Faculty,
And that is why you hear us cry—
Hurrah! for new L. C.!

CHORUS

Ho, for our College,
L. C. tra-la-la-la.
Ho, for the knowledge,
Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la-la.
A midnight feast is not the least
Of all the fun we've had;
But pranks are limited, you see,
To nothing very bad.
There is no other school can boast
So much of jollity;
And that is why you hear us cry—
Hurrah! for new L. C.!

Melody "Stein Song"

OH, there's many a school and college, Alma Mater is our glory,
For years and years have stood; Our greatest joy and pride;
But for fun and friends, and knowledge, And we'll sing to her the story,
The best is Lindenwood. As we stand here, side by side.

CHORUS

Oh, it's L. C. forever,
We're school-fellows here together;
We will sing her our praises,
We will sing for Lindenwood.

Melody "Fol-De-Rol"

FOR jolliness and push and vim, Literary dean is Horn,
Fol-de-rol de-rol-rol-rol— Fol-de-rol de-rol-rol-rol—
We used to honor Sunny Jim, His announcements do not scorn,
Fol-de-rol de-rol-rol-rol— Fol-de-rol de-rol-rol-rol—
Now his chance is very slim, "These young ladies please see me,"
Fol-de-rol de-rol-rol-rol— Fol-de-rol de-rol-rol-rol—
Dr. Roemer's ousted him, "When they can conveniently."
Fol-de-rol de-rol-rol-rol. Fol-de-rol de-rol-rol-rol.

WHERE does our money go? What is a midnight feast?
Where does it go? What can it be?
Where does our money go? What is a midnight feast?
Where does it go? It's a mystery to me.
Snappys and photo-plays, Twelve o'clock and the lights are out,
Hersheys and shows, You step out in the hall,
Sandwiches and ice-cream cones, Teacher comes, you run back in—
That's where it goes! ! Sh-sh, that's all! !

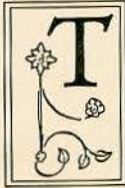
Melody "When You Wear the Ball and Chain"

WHEN you've got the ball and chain around your ankle,
'Cause the teachers in their meetings of you speak,
There's no virtue in repentance,
You have got to serve your sentence,
Which is chaperons for a week.

You've a number and you bet the teacher's got it;
But these stripes are now in vogue, if you are vain.
If you're not good on the whole,
You won't be on the honor roll,
And you'll have to wear the ball and chain.



Summer Days



TWO girls saunter into the corner drugstore and demand chocolate nut sundaes from the flip young clerk.

"Good night!" says the blonde with the gum, "this sure is one hot day."

And her best friend answers in kind, "Yes, this is the most disgustingly hot summer I have ever known. I've been asleep ever since lunch, but it's heaps hotter when you stay home and swelter trying to sleep than when you go out and forget it."

The farmer stops hoeing his beans and mops his brow with a red and yellow handkerchief. His wife, flushed and hot, even in her cool blue check, brings him a pitcher of ice-water.

"Whew! but that's good," says the farmer, as he bravely picks up his hoe. "Miranda, if it don't rain soon, the crops are all goin' to fail. This heat's dryin' everything up. Just look at this here garden."

On the little pleasure river, a canoe, one of many, floats aimlessly down the stream. "I am getting horribly sunburned," observed the girl sitting in the bottom.

The boy displays his naked brown arms proudly.

"How'd you like to have your neck and arms that color?"

"Love it," is the answer, "but mine will only blister and hurt like sixty. Billy, the sun is scorchingly hot, but don't you adore hot weather?"

In the ditch, the Italian laborers, in red flannel undershirts, lean on their shovels and make remarks about a passing girl. The foreman fans himself with his hat.

"Get to work there," he growls, and the men cease mopping their foreheads and grumblingly resume their relentless task.

On a much traveled country road, the familiar "Sis-sos" causes the driver of a seven-passenger Cadillac to bring the machine to a sudden stop. He climbs out and ruefully surveys his back tire. With his son's help, he jacks up the wheel and sets to work to put on a new tire, while the mother, grandmother, and two daughters seat themselves on the ground beneath an elm tree.

Finally, after fifteen minutes or so, the father wipes his hands on a piece of waste.

"Lord, but it's hot!" he remarks, signaling to the family that all is well. Thereupon the entire party climb back into the machine.

"This awful seat!" exclaims the elder daughter, as they take their places on the blistering leather. "It's a crime for days to be as hot as this."

At the Lakeshore Country Club, two couples are playing tennis.

"Beastly hot!" sighs one youth in white duck.

"Let's stop playing and get something to drink," suggests his partner.

They stroll over to a table on the lawn, where a frisky breeze comes up from the lake, as they sip their claret lemonade.

"It's great to be alive on a day like this," sighs Mary blissfully.

The tenement house mother leans over the bed-side of her feverish three-year-old. "Drink, drink," moans the child.

"Rachel," says the weary woman to the stunted child at her side, "take that pitcher out in the hall to the faucet, and bring back some water if you have to stand there in line two hours."

And the stunted child picks up the spoutless, handleless pitcher and trudges cheerfully out. The patient mother lays her forehead against the window pane. The baby rolls over in anguish because of the torturing heat.

—A. R. M. '17.

A Lindenwood Tragedy

SHE lay in her bed one morning,
As the rising bell rang through the hall
And pealed out its deafening music,
Which, alas, did not wake her at all.

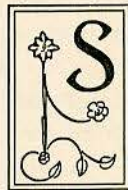
She dreamed of some wonderful dances,
And other things pleasant enough,
Which are all very fine on some evenings
But not when it's time to get up.

And so she slept on clear through warning,
And through both the other bells, too!
Then breakfast, it went on without her;
She blissfully slept right on through.

Then to Mrs. Roemer that morning,
The girl received orders to speak;
So—alas, how it grieves me to tell it!
She got campused for one whole long week.

—A. R. M. '17.

A Lament for the Passing of Mother Goose



SOMETIMES I have wished that I need not have put aside, along with other childish things, my love for Mother Goose. Why must we all in a few years outgrow our appreciation of her little jingles, which are as fascinating as they are senseless? Why need our minds grow so horribly prosaic that they no longer respond with the old-time thrills to the gay sing-song verses, but prefer instead to work overtime analyzing deeply involved plots, discriminating between styles, fathoming the depth of thought, and selecting quotations?

The very small and very inquisitive youngster-across-the-street confers daily visits upon me. He is fond of me; I read Mother Goose to him. The first time I resorted to this means of entertainment was on one rainy day, when we were both looking for amusement. There was pleasure in it for me simply in the enjoyment of the child. How wide his eyes grew at my exaggerated picture of the "great big spider" that "sat down beside her"; how puzzled he was over the "old woman who lived in a shoe" until I explained that the shoe must have been a very, very large one; what an immense tear splashed on the finger-marked page when we read about "Po-o-r pussy cat"! And how disappointed I should have been had I not been able to extract those excited little wiggles, those questions, and those tears! Had I not felt these same emotions over these same worn-out pages? Even as I read I seemed to be again before the grate fire, squeezed in the big leather chair beside my mother—listening; or perched in the bay-window in the morning—listening, as she sewed and pretended to read. She knew it all so well that the occasional glances at the big colored pages were only concessions to the watchful eyes of the little daughter who loved to be "read to." It mattered not in those days that I had heard it all dozens of times before; I always listened breathlessly.

But as I have said, the child-across-the-street is a frequent visitor. That first afternoon was a pleasant one, but somehow the subsequent ones have been a bore. Perhaps it is because I usually have had something else to do; perhaps because there have been very few rainy days; or, perhaps because I am not often in a reminiscent mood. But the real reason why I no longer enjoy an hour over that worn volume is just this: When those fire-side and bay-window days were over, Mother Goose passed too, that she might rule supreme in the childhood of another. I can only regret that she passed so soon, and that I cannot continue loving her ancient philosophy with the child-across-the-street.

—GRACE LAUMAN.



Oh, Fudge!



IRLS, I'm dying for some fudge! Come down to my room and we'll make some. Yes, gumps, of course I've got sugar and everything else.

Well—come on in. My heavens! Do you think I can chase that chafing dish down and be receiving line, too? Sit down, won't you? Mercy! not there! My hat's some place under that pile of laundry. Well, at last I've found that chafing dish—how was I to remember it was in this old hat-box? Yes, I have everything, every single thing in it—and if you'll just light the burner—that's it. Good-night! The smell of that alcohol! What's the matter? Well, I just can't fix it. Maybe if we'd put it outside on the window-ledge no one would notice it. It's either that or be caught. Open the window for here it comes. Oh, Girls! I could just die! I've gone and used my best dress for a cloth to keep my hands from burning—look at that! Two big scorched places! Oh, well—I can combine it with striped taffeta—I am stripes mad anyway, aren't you? Of course, I thought you'd watch it—that's alright, though—it's cooking I guess. No, I don't think it's done; if we had some water we'd try it. No, don't bother about water, honey—it doesn't look like it's done anyway. If only the wind wouldn't blow that flame so! It'll just take ages to cook. Well, if you're starved there are some crackers in the dresser drawer. No, if I had a grocery store I might have some, but I am glad to eat mine like that. Well, then wait—this fudge looks like it's done, don't you think so? Well, nut! Of course when you gouge your finger right into the boiling candy! Don't put it in cold water; it'll make it hurt worse after awhile. Oh! It is done! Hand me that psyche pin—no—that awful lookin' one. You needn't laugh; I know it's immense, but it's just the thing for fudge. Be quiet, you skulls! Don't you know there's a teacher on the next floor? Why, of course I have never worn the pin in my hair, you finiky boobs! I brought it along to beat fudge with—an egg-whip would be a give-away, you see, and this is innocent-looking even if hideous—and even the nurse thinks I'm crazy enough to wear it! Oh, girls! The fudge is going to be grand! Speed up, will you?—I'm starved. Jigger! I hear someone coming—be careful of my clothes in that closet—and my, horrors!—don't run into the mouse trap under the bed. Ye Gods! I've boobed the whole thing. I knocked the lighted burner out the window! Shove out that suit case from behind the screen there—I gotta hide this—turn out the light and let me jump into bed, quick! * * * * *

Girls, did you hear me snore? I claim we are some spoofers! Aw, don't get cold feet—hand out the fudge! Oh, hang! This goo isn't cooked enough—and the burner down there on the ground! Never mind though, it'll be grand on crackers! Good, Pete! When did you eat 'em! Well—we won't be foiled! Seize upon that powder-jar lid, and pin tray—we'll drink it!

—ADELE HACKMAN.

The Bells

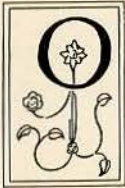
Apologies to E. A. Poe.

HEAR the ringing of the bell,
Rising bell.
What a world of restful sleep its melodies dispel!
Hear its clanging, clanging, clanging
In the early dawn of morning.
But we scorn this boisterous changing
And the maid through still halls banging
And so dawdle on till warning,
Keeping time, time, time
In a sort of snoring rhyme
To the tick-tock-abulation that so dutifully tells
That there are other bells, bells, bells
Bells, bells, bells—
That there are other inconvenient, maddening bells.

Hear the screaming of the bell,
Walking bell!
What a joyless sprint in ranks its harsh commands foretell!
What resentment comes up 'oer you.
You are nailed! There's no solution,
'Less the nurse will help restore you
Saying—nay, the things that bore you,
Undermine your constitution.
But your raving, raving raving,
You have passed the time of saving
When you disobeyed the warning of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the study, walking, room-bell, lights-out bells, bells, bells,
When you disobey the warning of the bells.

Hear the ringing of the bell,
Lights-out bell!—!!
What a world of darkness its dispersing notes foretell!
Leaves you groping, groping, groping,
'Tis your dresser you're pursuing
Then—with paste you do your doping,
And there's no amount of soaping
Will alleviate the gooing.
Not your swearing nor your raving,
Nor all your wild behaving
Will change this previous sounding of these heartless, tyrant bells.
From grayest dawn till half-past ten 'tis bells, bells, bells!
O! believe us, we are martyrs to the bells!

In the Night Watches



-OH, GIRLS, I'll positively croak if you tell another one of those dreadful, horrible, hair-raising tales. For goodness sake, hush up! I feel creepy, slimy things all along my spinal column now. Nightmares! We'll all have them. Come on, Marguerite, let's go home and put a halter on our beds."

"I suspect we'll need it at your present rate. Ethel, you're not really scared, though, are you?"

"Oh, of course not, you boob. Hurry and give Ethlyn her soul-kiss, or we'll get nailed for padding about after night bell."

At that suggestion, all the girls evidenced their willingness to depart, and to depart quickly. Marguerite and Ethel strolled down the hall, arms around each other, but not talking any too fluently. Greatly to the teacher's surprise, they were both undressed and in bed when she came to tell them good-night.

"Well, Ethel, nightmares, ghost stories, what not, I for one am dead tired. All this about influence of mind over matter, and dual personality, and temporary insanity, and hypnotism,—oh, it may sound very learned and psychological, but there's a lot of tommyrot to it. Don't you think so?"

"How about your dead-tiredness? You'll be so awake in a minute you can't ever get to sleep. I'm so tired I feel as if I could sleep through until next Wednesday. I'm going to sleep. Good-night!"

"Good-night."

Their tired, healthy bodies soon responded to the demands of sleep. The building was dark and quiet, yet oppressive with that sense of many human beings, asleep. Long, heavy hours dragged by, ushering in the third hour of the new day, that hour of lowest vitality and of darkest crime.

It was then Ethel awakened! Slowly, restlessly, with that feeling of impending disaster that this hour of the night brings with it. Then!—she realized what had aroused her. A dark, shadowy form, bending over her bed, drawing its fingers slowly up and down her face, and muttering strange-sounding words under its breath. Ethel was petrified with fear, her breath was frozen in her throat, and her hands lay limp at her sides; her disordered thoughts could only jump from one wild theory to another. Hypnotism? No, not at this time of night. Insanity? No, no, it couldn't be!! Sleep-walking? Oh, yes, that must be it. And it must surely be Marguerite, for no one else would walk into their room. She was lying perfectly motionless, and still the strange gestures and mutterings continued. If she could only move, or call her roommate's name.

With determination, she drew her muscles tense and called, "Marguerite." Her voice was piercing, and betrayed more of fright than she had realized she felt. And now that fright resolved itself into terror and panic. For, at the word "Marguerite,"

Marguerite had sat bolt upright in her bed, with wide, terror-opened eyes, and the shadowy form had glided noiselessly across the room and had vanished through the door.

"Oh, Ethel, what was it?" came Marguerite's affrighted whisper.

"I don't know. I thought it was you walking in your sleep. What could it be? You don't suppose it was one of the other girls sleep-walking?"

"Oh, no, she wouldn't have stolen out in that creepy way. Ethel, I never was so afraid. I can just see all kinds of things hovering around in the corners. Let's light the candle. I'm scared to death!"

So, shivering and stumbling, they finally succeeded in lighting a candle. Its glow drove away some of their fears, but only served to intensify the uncanny figures lurking in the shadows. Sitting in the circle of light, they started anew on their imaginings, going over and over the most frightening aspects of their night's experience.

"Well, I know one thing, Marguerite. If I live to spend another night in this weird place, I'm never going to sleep with that door open again."

"I should say not. We'll have to ask Miss Heddon for a key the very first thing in the morning. Come on, let's shut it tight now."

After barricading the door by pulling the dresser in front of it, putting down the window, stopping up the keyhole, and seizing upon a ukelele and a tennis racket as the best substitutes for weapons in the room, they crept back to bed once more.

"You come over in my bed, Ethel. It's farthest from the door."

Quibblings over room were forgotten this once, and they both huddled together in the center of the bed.

"What *do* you suppose it was, Ethel?"

"Ssh! Don't, don't talk about it."

Everything was quiet for five agonized minutes, and then came Ethel's hysterical voice.

"Marguerite, I'll just die if I see anything or hear anything stir."

"Please, please hush, Ethel. I can just feel goblins all around everywhere."

Then silence, but not sleep, until morning.

In the morning, their conviction remained firm that the experience was a reality and not a nightmare. They resolved to tell only Miss Heddon, and to shield the girls as long as possible from the fright that such knowledge would cause. But on their way down to breakfast and back, they found that all sorts of unheard-of things had been happening in the night. Clothes had disappeared entirely; corsets and switches, puffs and curls were strung up and down the hall; strange figures were dressed and standing around in corners; in some rooms, pictures had been taken from the walls and stacked in a funeral pyre in the center of the floor. Still no one had had as gruesome an experience as theirs.

Marguerite pulled Ethel aside and whispered:

"Do you suppose that *could* have been someone trying to play a joke on us? If it was, it was the most thoughtless thing I ever heard of. Why, they might have made one of us lose our minds."

"Yes, and it wasn't like a prank. Pranksters would have torn up our room."

The two, still a bit shaken and uneasy, joined the crowd that was now investigating the general havoc. The occasion for the display of so much energy remained a puzzle, until Evelyn suddenly laughed and exclaimed:

"Why, aren't we the slow ones! This is *April Fool's Day*."

A gasp of understanding followed, and then a dash for Helen, Kate and Eleanor, the hall's incorrigible practical jokers.

"A ducking."

"Good cold water for Helen."

"You fiend, Kate! Those were my new curls, and on that frightful dummy!"

The heartless laughter of the culprits ended in a gasp as they were plunged into the cold water, but Helen's broke out afresh as she caught sight of the two pale, anxious faces at the edge of the group.

"Such a circus! Oh, Ethel, if I could only have gotten your face blacked. But just you wait; I haven't given up!"

—FLORENCE MCCONNELL.

The Honor Roll

OUR Faculty wanted to make Lindenwood
The best school from north to south pole;
So they drew up an adequate system of rules,
And established a strict honor roll.

Now our teachers themselves are pleasant enough,
Their names would we gladly extol,
But we all are agreed 'twas a most cruel deed
To establish that "honory" roll.

And now when one wishes to shop in St. Charles,
For a chaperon she must pay toll
At the Candy Kitchen when ice-cream is bought,
If she's not on the honor roll.

And each day when four-fifteen comes around
A teacher reads from her scroll
The names of those walking with chaperons,
For they're not on the honor roll.

And when Sunday mornings we all go to church
(For church is quite good for the soul)
Chaperons indeed are in order for those
Who are not on the honor roll.

Now listen, my children, the moral is this:
Keep your conduct good on the whole,
Stay in your room, don't go in a store,
And you'll get on that honor roll.

— A. R. M. '17.

Boarding-School Jargon



IRLS in boarding-school create a language their very own. The new girl listens to a conversation among the old girls with wide-eyed astonishment and wonders if she will ever cultivate the art (?) of using such words. She might just as well be in a Greek class as listening to that talk. Such expressions as "terrific crush on me," or "cut gym this morning," completely mystify her and she wonders what sort of a dissecting laboratory exists there.

An extract from this same girl's letter two months later will convince you whether or not she attained her aspirations: "Dear Folks—I'm sure off of you. Haven't heard from you for 'steen weeks. Guess you forget all about my being stowed away in this female cemetery. Exams come next week and I'm simply scared panicky. I'm boning up in chemistry and if I can only get by on said subject—well, the rest of the work will be a cinch. I say, Dad, can't you ease a little spon up this way? I'm dead broke!" etc. Can't you just see those parents deciphering that letter?

Imagine the consternation of the fond mother who accompanies this daughter to a very formal dinner and hears her exclaim to her hostess, "My dear, those eats were de-licious. I've had a peach of a time."

And the father says to her, "Be careful about your language, daughter. When you were playing tennis yesterday with Phil I heard you say, 'Why, no, honey, that was a liner.' I guess you're so accustomed to girls that you forget yourself. But I know you embarrassed the boy."

His daughter giggles and says, "Poor Phil, I'll bet he was fussed to tears."

—H. K. J. '17.

Gay little flowers so bright and true,
Nodding your heads of purest blue—
Tell me some new game to play,
To while the tedious hours away.

"A word of comfort to hearts that are sad;
A joyous smile will make others glad;
Just being happy the live-long day,
Will while the tedious hours away."

—W. H.

Reminiscences

AS at twilight, shadows creeping
O'er the world, their watch are keeping;
So to me sweet thoughts come stealing,
And old memories, revealing
Times gone by again brought near.

Happy maidens hunting clover,
O'er the sweet, green patches hover;
"Here's a four-leaf under cover;
All this year I'll have a lover—
Twenty-four I have found here."

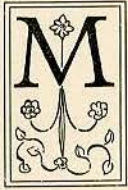
Campus never was so fair;
Flowers seemed blooming everywhere;
No thought of grief, no pain or care
Could enter here and unaware
Cloud the horizon, now so clear.

So to you, fair Lindenwood,
May each year bring what each year should;
A better, larger scope for good,
The ideals reached for which you stood;
To others—memories dear.

—I. L.

Birds of a Feather

September 25, 1915.



MY Dear Gathius:

I believe I'm going to like boarding-school despite my co-educational notions. Two very interesting girls have taken the suite next to my room. Margaret is an Eastern girl with views—at least I think she has views—as she does not say “Honey.” I have heard her say “My Dear,” but that is meant as a clue to her sarcasm, for her inflection is practically *nil*, and her repertoire of facial expressions is scant. Danny, musician, reader, dancer and athlete, is from Virginia. She has the most fascinating “r-less” drawl I have ever heard.

There goes warning for dinner, and my fringe is still in curl papers. I just can't get adjusted!

Sincerely,

—ANNE.

October 6.

My Dear Dr. Gathius:

Haven't time for a letter, really. I spend all my time in “the suite.” Margaret and Danny are perfectly inseparable. Materially speaking, they have nothing in common save a suite, two wardrobes, one bible professor, a Saturday night box of candy, a Sunday morning bouquet, and one eyebrow stick. Plenty *sans doute*, but still no foundation for such a friendship as theirs. Of course, high ideals are really their common ground.

Class bell!

Yours,

—ANNE.

P. S.—I neglected to say—still materially speaking—that the ivory-framed man on Danny's dressing table, a lawyer in Chicago, and the silver-framed man on Margaret's desk, a football star at M. U., early became common acquaintances—likewise interesting topics for quiet hour. Both gentlemen seem to be *comme il faut*.

—ANNE.

October 27.

My Dear Dr. Gathius:

The candy was delicious, but I really wasn't hinting for it. I went in to give Margaret and Danny some, but they had letters and weren't hungry. Danny had read almost a fourth page before she found a strange word; then she inquired of the female Gladstone (Did I tell you that M. is going to take up law next year?), “What means a divorce client?”

“Why, my dear, a cross between a pension and a sweetheart.”

Danny threw the letter at Margaret, and told her to read it if she enjoyed the lawish stuff. Margaret very kindly passed over her half-read epistle with the remark that since athletics was Danny's high particular, she might enjoy reading the football journal which Dave had tried to disguise with "My dear—" and "Devotedly yours." They threatened to exchange frat. pins, but didn't.

Danny asked Margaret what position Dave played in football. "Oh, either touch-down or shinguard, I never can remember." This ignorance was too much for Danny and Eldridge's letter seemed only a slight offense in comparison—until she had finished reading it. "How insulting!" she stormed. "He tells me to answer this 'brief' by return mail! Why I wouldn't think of such a thing!" * * * * * Margaret, may I borrow a sheet of your good-looking stationery. I can't find it, and would it be asking too much if I should ask to borrow my pen a few minutes?"

I must scoot to my practice; can't afford any more cuts this week.

With much like,

—ANNE.

P. S.—M. and D. only read each other's letters because of their inability to appreciate the things their respective beau-lovers write, otherwise they wouldn't think of it! No girls do.

November 5.

My Dear Gathius:

I am sorry you dislike the subject of my letters, but if I were not writing about Margaret and Danny, who are really interesting, I would be telling you how foolish you are.

The episode of your experience with the mysterious telephone call was most thrilling. I ran into "the suite" to share the fun and found M. and D. writing letters. I read this one excerpt to them; they shook hands sympathetically, vowed the material was too good to waste, and had me read it slowly while they copied it in their letters to their beau-lovers. Margaret very inopportunately remarked about her approaching ingress to legal status. Danny insisted upon her spelling it out so she could gain prestige with Eldridge by using the "lawish" expression; she also insisted on misplacing it in a sentimental sentence. If Eldridge has an eye for the incongruous, I fear for her prestige.

I am proctor and must away on my rounds.

Very sincerely yours,

—ANNE.

P. S.—Let me urge you to take the public character of M.'s and D.'s letters as a warning. If you don't improve, I'll be sending your letters to Hearst's or the confidante department of a newspaper.

—A.

My Dear Gathius:

November 18.

I've nothing to write in particular.

I had a clever letter from Johnny, but these villains, M. and D., wrenched it from me before I had scarcely begun it, and copied it verbatim. They do nothing these days but scout for material—oh, yes, Danny won out in the tennis tournament to-day.

Lights out.

Good-night,

—ANNE.

P. S. Nov. 19.—Your pun—that I should send my M. D. series to a medical journal was wasted on me.

—A.

December 15.

My Dear Gathius:

We have been rushed to death with our Christmas festivities; had a wonderful time, and I will leave for home in two days.

Margaret and Danny are going to stop off for three days with Danny's aunt in St. Louis, and Eldridge and Dave are going to meet them there! Isn't that exciting? They tossed a coin to see who would wear the cream lace dress to the big dance. Danny won.

I must run and get my things together. Will write anon.

Sincerely,

—ANNE.

December 22.

My Dear Gathius:

I have been having a keen time—parties, dances, teas and luncheons. What is more thrilling than Christmas holidays?

Just had a letter from Margaret; she hadn't words to express her wonderful times. She said Eldridge was praising Danny's literary ability and began telling some things she wrote. Dave looked startled, declared some of her letters (Margaret's) were worthy of print and related some of her clever fiction. Eldridge looked startled. M. and D. tried vainly to steer the conversation into safer channels, but "the truth—" You know the rest. It seems that the ivory and silver frames are going to do service for strange faces—and—Margaret and Danny have exchanged frat. pins for good!

Not another line about them.

Ever,


—ANNE.

P. S.—This Christmas spirit all about and these desperate romances make me almost sentimental. Gathius, everything conspires to convince me that people with common interests are sure to love each other. Do you think this? If you do, I'm going to Tulane next year. May you come during the holidays? Gathius, you must come! I'm not taking chances on some fair doctress you might know.

Yours,

—ANN-ONYMOUS.

School in the Year Two Thousand

“H! Alice do hurry,” I said approaching my new automatic glove donner.
“We’ll be late to school!”

“Is the ‘Wind’ in sight?” asked Alice, as I rushed to the window of our twenty-story apartment.

“Yes, here it comes, although it is provokingly late. I ordered it by wireless almost four minutes ago.”

We jumped into the aeroplane and got to school—which was forty blocks from our home—in a fraction over two minutes.

We bounded out of the “Wind” on the roof of our eighty-five story school building; chatted three or four seconds with boys and girls just arriving; permitted pages to take our wraps—and sped to the elevator. We got out on the sixteenth floor where our law class met. I studied law because my mother was Governor of New Jersey and I was ambitious to follow in her footsteps.

Upon entering the classroom I found that I was quite early. The seats as yet were nowhere in sight, so I pressed a button and they appeared. The class lasted fifteen minutes, but an especially interesting drama illustrating some weak points in our traditional code fully compensated for the time put in.

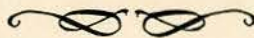
I had four more classes; then, greatly fatigued, went to luncheon. I wrote my order in shorthand, placed it in a small box in the wall, pressed a button and my delicious luncheon rolled up to me on a tea cart. A cable connection made it possible for us to hear the German monarch’s royal band. This music soothed and rested me—needless to say.

After an hour’s recreation which I spent sending and receiving affectionate messages from my cousin on Mars, I went to my science class on thirty-second floor. The problem which we discussed almost the whole ten minutes was how to have light without any outward appearance of fixtures. We had not arrived at any definite conclusion before the bell rang and I had to go to my economics class on the third floor.

In this class we had a very heated debate concerning our reciprocal relations with Venus.

My classes were all over, so I made a hurried flight home and was delighted to find a beautiful photograph a friend in Europe had cablegraphed me that afternoon.

—DOROTHEA SODEMAN.



Jane soon found her seat the center for all the children in the car. They sat on her lap, they pulled her hair; while one perched in the seat behind her and played "peek-a-boo" with the child in front of her. Jane almost began to wish they didn't like her quite so well. But they were lovable creatures, these children.

Then the porter came through with his well-known "second call to the diner." Jane and Mrs. Morris and Sylvia went in together. A middle-aged man followed them out of the Pullman and seated himself at the table opposite, facing Jane; so that every time the girl looked up he could smile at her.

"That man certainly is trying to make friends with you," observed Mrs. Morris.

"Is he?" asked Jane, with assumed innocence.

"I should say so. He's just sitting there staring at you."

Jane glared at him from his feet to his eyes, as coldly as she knew how—and she certainly knew how. Someone had told her once that her eyes could talk for her—that they could express anything from the deepest love to the greatest contempt.

All afternoon Mrs. Morris told her about the exposition; everyone came up to listen. The whole car was one big congenial party, including the middle aged flirt, who proved to be rather agreeable; so when on the second afternoon Mrs. Morris taught Jane how to play "double fan-tan" he sat down with them and they three had a jolly time while Sylvia slept.

Yes, they were nearly there now. Not until they were going through the tunnel under the river did Jane realize how near they were. Only three minutes more!

At last the train stopped. There was Uncle Bob, with Aunt Mary and another niece who was staying with them. In spite of the rain, which they had to go through, to reach the machine on the opposite side of the street from the station, Jane was happy; for wasn't this New York, the wonderful city of her dreams?

"Jane," the woman's voice began, and suddenly Jane realized that it was her older sister speaking. "I'm sorry to waken you, but you never will get father's socks darned before it's time for you to set the table."

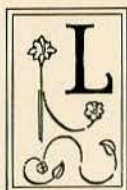
The grate fire had died down to ashes. Jane shivered, though she was not cold, and sleepily, wearily, wistfully she sighed, and picked up her darning needle.

—A. R. M.



It's Contagious

SCENE I.



LENA BURKE: [*Meeting Hamilton in the corridor.*] Oh! I say, Constance! I shall expect you to write me something for the Annual.

HAMILTON: Who? Me? Have a heart! I can't write.

BURKE: Oh, yes, you can. They tell me you have plenty of ability.

HAMILTON: But what shall I write *at*? What's my subject?

BURKE: Oh, anything will do. Just act natural; tell the girls all you can about Lindenwood—Col. Butler, Dr. Roemer. Write praises. I must go. I'll expect that before Christmas, sure.

HAMILTON: [*Wailing after her.*] I can't! I won't *have* the girls laugh at me!

SCENE II.

(Long after Christmas)

BURKE: [*Meeting Hamilton in the hall.*] Coming for that paper, Constance. Will be around at the end of the week. Of course you have it?

HAMILTON: I have it, yes! It's not even started.

HELEN MARGARET: Better do it, Constance! Lena will keep at you until you do.

SCENE III.

HAMILTON: [*Talking it over with Hamilton.*] I really ought to try and write that, but I do *not* know how. Anyway, it's a hard job and I am so busy with my studies how can I be expected to do more? Of course, other people put themselves out for me and I am treated fairly enough; why, who said I wasn't? Why, of course I am. This is the loveliest place on earth. Of course, everyone knows that. What? Maybe they don't? Well, I am going to tell them so this minute. The *idea* of not knowing Dr. and Mrs. R. and—and, oh, all of them— — —. Where is some paper? I will write *now*. There goes light bell. But I will do it in the morning; I am glad of a chance.

SCENE IV.

(The Next Morning.)

I want to write, but where are all the words gone to? I can't start. Dr. Roemer is the president. I don't want to say that. It reads like my first reader. This is a cat, the cat—oh, I don't care about the cat. How can I tell everyone how lovely everything is, and how nice everyone is? Why, I'll have to write a book and I have only had poetry from Miss Berry for four months. Anyway I hope everyone knows that this is the only school. Of course! Some people might want to know why, but that's easy. Colonel Butler is benefactor of this school. What more do you want? He is our Guardian Angel and Dr. and Mrs. Roemer—why everyone

knows *them*. They are the ones to go to if you need most anything; specially if home seems an endless distance away, and you need a little love. Then we have a Dean who goes out of his way to be nice; you never need call on him unless it's convenient. And the teachers are all here to help us, because Lindenwood girls must be smart and healthy and good. It's all very simple, you see.

"We all want to try and do our best,
For our Wellesley of the West."

We are just a big, happy family and it's our home. But the Guardian Angel calls it Lindenwood, and its colors are yellow and white. Lindenwood! Don't tell me you never heard of it! Rip Van Winkle slept a long time, but he had to wake up. You heard me say it then. You repeated it yourself. It's contagious! It lasts! Everyone knows it! Everyone says it! *Lindenwood!*

Reflections on Reincarnation

Hazel to Filbert.

It is good for my soul, Filbert, to sit when I feel unusually psychic and muse over our comradeship on countless passed planes. Let me see, did we first meet when you were a monkey and I an ape, in the ca-age? Or was it before that that you were a leaf and I a limb, in the foli-age? I haven't forgotten the dirty raking you gave me when you were a hoe and I a plow, in the till-age. Those were the days, Filbert! And how distant we were, you remember—near together—when I was a conjunction and you were an exclamation point, in langu-age. Would I could forget when I was a good old Fido and you a meat grinder—that was in the saus-age. And later, even lately, when you were a special and I a senior, in the coll-age.

And now, by that potent tie which binds kindred spirits, we wend our weary way in this—our great pilgrim-age.

—G. F.

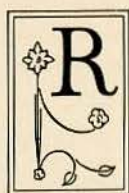


Balcony Scene from Romeo and Juliet

A la Billy Sunday

Apologies to Williams

Garden scene. Juliet sitting on banister of balcony. Enters Romeo.



ROMEO: But soft—I say that is *some* sparkle you've got in your window. By Jacks! It's the east, and Juliet is Old Sol. My late crush! I wonder does she know it? Hark!—no, not hark—Hist-t-t! Her eye discourses—her left eye! The two mooniest stars in all the heavens—Junipiter and Vesuvius, methinks, are having a caucus with her glimmers. What if her lamps were there— [*Points to skies.*] and they in her dome! Her shiny cheeks would make them look like thirty cents. See how she's lean—no—see how she *leans* on her fist. O, that I were a glove on that mit! She squeaks! She *squeaks!*

JULIET: O, gosh!

ROM.: Gab again, fair fowl.

JUL.: O Romeo, Romeo! Wherefore are you at, Romeo? Can your old man and your name, if you get cold feet—then, by gollies, I'll do her.

ROM.: [*Aside.*] Shall I kill her now or let her suffer?

JUL.: What the deuce is in a name anyway? Not an arm, nor pedal, nor mug. O, Romeo, shag out another name and let's beat it to the church around the corner.

ROM.: I call you there, Toots; that's a go!

JUL.: What gink bumps into my private confab? Come out into the light so I can give you the once-over! It can't be Romeo?

ROM.: I'm the guy!

JUL.: You didn't fool me none. I knew it the minute I heard your voice. Do you hold a record for jumpin'? These garden walls are no cinches—to whose shack do you come thus? Romeo, you're flirting with the undertaker.

ROM.: Say—I'm no coward—and if I've got the dope you're on the square with me, I'll mop up on the whole works.

JUL.: Well, Romie, all I can say is—I gotta hunch you're a few minutes ahead of an accident! Where'd you get my address?

ROM.: I don't like to brag on myself—but you've got my goat and—I just go after what I want—get me?

JUL.: If you smell burnt hair, it's blushes, not cigarettes! You heard the noise I was making over you, and now I hand it to you straight from the shoulder—I'm *for* you! If you think you got me going, tho, you're off! I'll kid you along a little to make the chase a regular one.

ROM.: Take it from me, Julie, either of them two moons up there—I'll swear by—

JUL.: Forget the moons! They change every month!

ROM.: What the deuce do you want me to swear by?

JUL.: Say—soft on that swearing stuff. I'm not that kind of a girl. You're a nice kid, all right, Romie, but— [*She looks about her.*] All this makes me nervous. I'm breaking a date with my beauty sleep—the hay for mine!

ROM.: That's a peach of a way to treat a guy who risks his neck for you—

JUL.: Gee whiz! Whatcha want?

ROM.: To go 50-50 on this love deal.

JUL.: Didn't I tell you I was a fool about you?

ROM.: Do you take it back?

JUL.: Not on your tintype! [*Nurse calls from within.*] Good-night! What's broke loose? [*Calls to Romeo over her shoulder.*] Excuse me a minute.

ROM.: [*Musing to himself.*] Am I smoking a pill or have I been drinking again?

JUL.: [*Leaning over banister.*] Say, kid, I gotta turn in. If you mean business, pipe up. I'll send a flunkey around to your hangout tomorrow, and you name the hour. [*Nurse calls again. Juliet, turning towards chamber.*] O, have a heart! [*Turning to Romeo again.*] But if you're trifling with me, Romeo Montague, you can't have no luck here. [*Nurse calls. Juliet to nurse.*] I'm coming, but you just can't see me— [*To Romeo.*] Just ring off if you're kidding! It'll put a puncture in my pericardium, but I'm not handing you no organ recital. I'll send around tomorrow—remember?

ROM.: Got you! Peace be unto my throbbing heart—I bet you four bits this don't last a week.

JUL.: A reel of so longs to you, Romie!

ROM.: Ditto, Jul. [*Exit Romeo.*]

JUL.: Hey—hey! This safety-first business don't make your voice any too sweet and birdlike. Wisht I was a ventriloquist. Romeo! [*Enter Rom.*]

ROM.: I fooled you. I wasn't gone; I was just cranking up my Ford.

JUL.: I gotta have words with you.

ROM.: Show some speed, will you?

JUL.: What time tomorrow?

ROM.: Nine bells.

JUL.: I gotcha. Lemme see—there was something else.

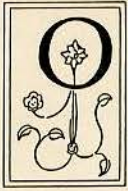
ROM.: I'll stick around while you jog your gray matter.

JUL.: Well, I'm for you sticking around—but I guess you'd better beat it—it's getting horrible late. Olive oil!

ROM.: Cold cream! [*Moving off slowly.*] I hope you sleep just like a top—I'll stagger off and talk to pop.

—FILBERT.

The Forget-Me-Not



ONCE upon a time there blossomed out in a great forest, violets whose beauty has never been equalled anywhere. They were so large and so purple that the spiders were called from all over the forest to weave a robe of that hue for the Fairy Queen; they were so fragrant that their fame spread over all the countries of earth, and men came many miles to see them.

Every day the Great Spirit of the wood came to the violet glade to rest. Every day the sun shone brightly on them; the winds caressed them as they went through the forest on their way to the realms of men; and the rain-drops lingered on the velvet petals.

But one day consternation reigned in the great forest. In vain the Great Spirit tried to pacify the wood folk. The sun sulked under a cloud; the wind whistled as it rushed through the forest; the rain-drops turned to ice.

Then all the furred and feathered folk gathered around the violet bed and sat gazing at it—silent, awed, indignant. For there in the very center of the purple splendor, nodding their heads gaily, three pale blue flowers grew. They were not so large as the violets; they were not fragrant; nor were their petals of the same velvety texture.

Why were they there? What right had they to mar the beauty of the violets?

Thinking to crush them, the fairies plucked them and scattered them on the highway, where they withered and died. But lo! for every one that was plucked, three sprang up in its place!

Then all the furred and feathered folk turned to the Great Spirit and said: "Tell us what it means, O Great Spirit. Why is the beauty of the forest marred by these shy usurpers? What are their names?"

And the Great Spirit answered, smiling down upon them: "Wait, and you shall see."

Now in a country bordering on this forest there lived a great king, who had a daughter more beautiful than any other maiden on earth. Her hair was as golden as the sun's own rays; and her eyes were like purple shadows at twilight.

But the princess was not happy, and many days the violet eyes were wet with tears. Vainly the great king sought to comfort her; always he received the same answer.

"My life is worthless. I am of no use to anyone. Somewhere there is sorrow, there is misery, there is crime—yet here sit I, my hands idle, the service I might do all unperformed."

One day there came to the court a very wise man, who said to the princess, "O fair princess, beyond the borders of your father's kingdom, there lies a great forest; beyond that forest, the great outside world. Here all is peace and happiness; there all is sorrow and sin. If you would go, you must go alone. The way is long, the labor hard; but the reward is peace."

The next day at sunrise the princess started on her quest for happiness. All day long she traveled, and at night, weary and faint, she came to the edge of the forest. The last rays of the setting sun fell in patterns through the trees, revealing a mass of purple fragrance such as the princess had never beheld. She made her way to it and then stopped short. There, in the very center of the riot of violets, drooping their heads as though ashamed, a little cluster of pale blue flowers grew. Something about them attracted the princess; she crept over to them, and then, utterly exhausted, fell asleep.

Then all the fairy folk and the creatures of the wood came to watch over her; and the little blue flowers nestled close, for they had found a friend. They were not to be lonely any more.

The next day the princess resumed her journey and at nightfall came to the other edge of the forest. Then the Great Spirit said to her:

"And now, my daughter, our power is ended. You have work to do. Go out and carry your message of joy to the people of the world."

"But where must I go?" asked the princess.

"Out into the world. Here all is peace; there is misery; go take to those who suffer, the message of the woods, and at twilight, when your work is ended, slip back into the forest and the fairies will watch over you."

And thus the princess went on her errand of happiness. And many hearts were lighter for her coming, and many tongues sang the praises of the beautiful princess. Day after day she worked in the heat of the city, and night after night she returned to the coolness of the forest. Always she carried a cluster of pale blue flowers, and when she left, to one of her new found friends she would say:

"I would bring you happiness. Yet the only true happiness comes in service to others. Take this tiny flower; guard it as your life. And now, farewell, and I pray you, forget me not."

At last the princess fulfilled her mission. She had found happiness. And as she journeyed back to the kingdom of her father, she went again through the great forest, and again she passed the violet bed. This time she stooped to drop a kiss on the tiny blue flowers and whisper:

"Farewell, little sisters; my mission is over. I have found happiness. But there will always be sorrow in the world, so you must take my place. And now, farewell, and I pray you, forget me not."

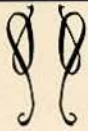
And once more all the furred and feathered folk came together and sat in a great circle around the violet bed. But this time the sun shone and the winds sang softly in the trees, and the dew-drops lingered on the silken petals; and the little blue flowers were happy at last. Then the Great Spirit said:

"O little flowers, you have done well. You are welcome to our forest; you are our sisters. You have gone to the world of mortals and taken light and joy and love. They will never forget you. And when the winds of adversity blow cold and chill, men will think of you and of the beautiful princess; and her last words shall be your name — 'Forget-me-not.'"

—WILHELMINA HERWIG, '16.



**Leavin's
of the
Leaves**



Editor-in-Chief IMA NUT
Associate Editor SOAMI
Literary Editor METOO





MISS SCRUTCHFIELD: Helen Margaret, do you still walk in your sleep?

HELEN MARGARET: No, I take carfare to bed with me now.

REGULAR CUSTOMER: I shall want a large quantity of flowers from you next week for my daughter's coming out.

FLOWER WOMAN: Yes, mum. You shall have 'em, the very best for 'er, poor dear. Wot were she put in for?
—*Missouri Outlook.*

SENIOR IN ENGLISH: I usen't to care much if I went, but them times ain't no more. Etc.

There is a girl named Ruth Skinner,
As a giggler she's a winner—
At the table she gets so very tickled
Her face flames up like a beet that's pickled.

Ding! Ding! Ding!—Cecile sits up in bed, turns off the clock and remarks, as her head strikes the pillow, "There is no cause for alarm."

NELLE NELMS (on returning from the city): Oh, I got the cutest hat—and a waist! And it has wings on it, too!"

Now twice a week I go to "gym."
To keep my muscles in good trim;
I fall from off the shiny bars
And see two hundred thousand stars;
I try a stunt upon the rope,
Get bumped, and say, "There is no hope."
Perhaps you've heard the crack of doom?
That's me a-falling off the boom.
And when at length they bring me to
With every muscle black and blue,
I make the office with a dive
And wire the folks: "I'm still alive."

ELEANOR PAINE: Do you know where girls go who don't put their church money on the plate?

ALMA MABREY: Yes, to the movies.

MISS HANNA (in History of Music Class): Who important lived in the romantic period?

BEAU JORDAN: Oh, you mean men?

MISS GROSS, what happened to the sleeves of your dress?
Oh, I don't need them in a bathing suit.

'Tis true she was pretty to-night,
Her cheeks were as red as a rose;
Perhaps they are naturally tinted that way,
And then, perhaps—but, who knows?

DR. ROEMER (announces in chapel): Anne Studt has lost her expression.

MISS SCRUTCHFIELD (in German, during study of inflected words): What is peculiar about this word?

IMOGENE JONES: Why, it isn't inflected.

EVELYN LEMLY (writing her Biology theme): Are calves born?

HESTER: Oh, no, they're hatched.

MISS BERRY: Now, girls, will you please turn in your appendix—oh, I mean Mr. Wooley's appendix.

DR. ROEMER (announces): Lost—Virgil. Snicker is heard and someone whispers, "Annie Laurie."

Our dancing class is a sight to see—
You ought to look at graceful me;
As with curtsy low I bend and bow
And glide around like a sweet young cow.
My arms they flap out into space
And hit my partner in the face;
I curve my fingers, watch them, so—
Forget my feet then stub my toe;
A deep-knee bend, weight on my toes
And then I fall flat on my nose.
I think of that old verse, "Woe be us
To see ourselves as others see us."



Blessed are they who are on the Honor Roll for theirs is the kingdom of privileges.

Why will Dorothy never be captured?
Because she's a Fort.

Just before the vaudeville, HELEN WIENER came prancing up holding a very transparent gown in her hands.

LOTTIE MAE: Why, Helen, what are you going to be in?

A. L. COX: It's certain when you put that on you won't be in much.

MARJORIE GROVES (studying her Ancient History): Say, was Nero that gink who was all the time getting frozen to death?

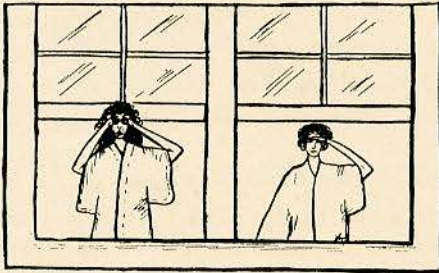
DOT FORT: Naw, that was Zero—different gink altogether.

“Oh, say, who was here to see you last night?”

“Only Myrtle, father.”

“Well, tell Myrtle she left her pipe on the piano.”

If HESTER'S JACKSON, is LUCILE WILSON?



During "Quiet-Hour."

Prompt at 2:30 the tyrant bell rings,
As Sunday's the time for religious things;
So into our rooms we all of us go—
We've a dress to finish and needs must sew.
Oh, how we long to be riding to-day,
As we see the machines drive up Butler Way.
To the windows we go with our spy-glass
—and then
We spend "Quiet Hour" in watching the men.

ANNE STUDD: How do you spell develop?

MILDRED KEOGH: F-a-t!

Ask RUTH SKINNER if she knows the Blowups in St. Louis.

If an orphan came to Lindenwood, would GLADYS FUNKHOUSER?

Here's Two on Bettie Mae

B. M.: I'm afraid she has consumption. Poor thing; she's so weak and emancipated.

DIDO: What's an optimist?

B. M.: Some kind of an eye-doctor, I think.

Beautiful Thought

When recitation days are o'er,
And bedspread's warmth hath come once more,
I'm going to wind my old Big Ben
And when at morn it starts to roar,
I'll break it gently on the floor
And gloating, go to sleep again!

—STANFORD CHAPARRAL.

A Saturday Morning at Lindenwood

Pauline goes to bed thinking how wonderful it is that to-morrow is Saturday and she can take a Senior privilege and sleep. But there is no rest for the wicked.

Disturbance No. 1, 5:30 A. M.—Big Ben in the next room goes off and runs for five minutes. Just as Pauline is getting back to sleep she is shaken violently and half opening one eye she discovers her next-door neighbor, who demands, "Hey, what did you do with my tennis racquet yesterday?" "Look under the bed and get out of here," she answers crossly and turning over is soon lost in profound slumber.

Disturbance No. 2, 6:00 A. M.—Door opens with a bang. Pauline is awakened by the noise, and by the odor of Djer Kiss Perfume. "Say, Pauline, can I wear your raincoat to the city? It looks like rain and I'm afraid I'll spoil my new suit. Have to catch the 6:30 car." "It's in the back of the closet," murmurs Pauline and goes back to sleep.

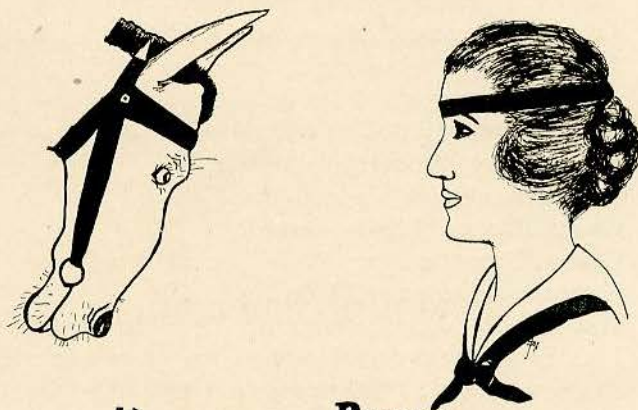
Disturbance No. 3, 6:45 A. M.—Ding, Dong; Ding, Dong. Pauline sits up in bed and realizes that for the first time in her life she has heard rising bell and all because her early visitors have left the door open. She smothers her head in the covers and dozes off.

Disturbance No. 4.—In what seems a few seconds she is bothered again by someone banging on the practice piano, "Put Me to Sleep With an Old Fashioned Melody," and she grumbles, "I could go to sleep without the melody."

Disturbances Nos. 5 and 6, 7:25, 7:30 A. M.—Warning bell and assembly bell ring next, but determined to catch a few winks she makes another attempt. Breakfast lasts fifteen minutes; she makes good use of the time.

Disturbance No. 7, 8:00 A. M.—Breakfast over, her Freshman crush bounces into the room. "Oh, you lucky dog, I wish I could take Senior cuts and sleep."

"So do I," replies Pauline.



HEAD-ACHE BANDS.

MISS BERRY (commenting on band around hair): Corinne, have you a headache?

CORINNE: No, I'm just tying up my head to keep my brains from falling out.

MISS RALSTON (in Algebra class): What is an improper fraction?

ANNE STUDD: One that is standing on its head.

They tell how fast the arrow sped
When William shot the apple,
But who can calculate the speed
Of Miss Hanna when late to chapel?

MISS PORTERFIELD (in Latin class): Give the principal parts of 'possum.

STUDENT: Head, legs and tail.

HARRIET BELL: Say, Crush, what do you think Miss Fontaine meant just now?

CRUSH: Why, what did she say?

HARRIET: When I asked if I might be her Valentine, she said, "Sentimental or comic?"

All "Gall" is divided into three parts—Juniors, Academy and Specials.

MISS RALSTON: Give scientific name of cat. Please be specific.

LILLIAN STALCUP: Rhyntothelmasticarestana Gnathomiactardsmpxaistia.

Corridor Echoes

1. RUTH SPOENEMAN: "Turn on a tub for me, Hattie."
2. IRENE LEDERER: "Now, when we were in Europe."
3. LENA BURKE: "I'm sittin' pretty."
4. ADRIENNE JORDAN: "You poor boob."
5. LILLIAN SLAVENS: "Aw, quit yer kiddin'."
6. ELSIE APPLE: "Good night, my mother said."
7. HELEN STEVENSON: "Yes, go."
8. JEAN STOPHLET: "Why, say, kid—."
9. MISS BERRY: "Primarily, as it were."
10. HELEN WIENER: "I'm so in love."
11. GRACE HAMM: "Hello, Crush!"
12. GLADYS FUNKHOUSER: "Have you all seen George?"
13. KATHERINE GRANT: "Hello, Sweetie."
14. HELEN MARGARET SOMERVILLE: "For Garden Seed."
15. LILLIAN FREEMAN: "More durn fun, more people killed."
16. MILDRED KEOGH: "Shiver me timbers."
17. LAURA CRAIG: "Now, listen, honey—."
18. NELLE NELMS: "I can't be bothered."
19. MISS SCRUTCHFIELD: "Why, Good Granny, I'll bet a nickel."
20. Giggle Alley—"Tee! Hee! Hee!"

ELSIE PORTH: Miss Porterfield, I think you made a mistake in the grade you gave me this month in Logic.

MISS PORTERFIELD: Why?

ELSIE: Because last month you gave me "B" when I didn't study half so hard as I did this month, and this time you only gave me "C."

MISS PORTERFIELD: Perhaps I made a mistake last month, but I'm sure I didn't this month.

MISS FONTAINE: You remind me of a page in a new book, Willie O.

WILLIE O.: Why?

MISS FONTAINE: Because I have to turn you down so often to keep you in your place.

Who speechifies so volubly?
Who gestures automatically?
Who struts about so seriously?
Why, who but Sammy *De*-kins?

Who is the hot-air orator?
Who's like our brother "Squeekins"?
Who is the coming auctioneer?
Why, who but Sammy *De*-kins?

MISS SCRUTCHFIELD (in French class): Miss Stevenson, you seem rather mixed in your ideas.

MISS STEVENSON: I just swallowed my Spearmint and I'm all gummed up.

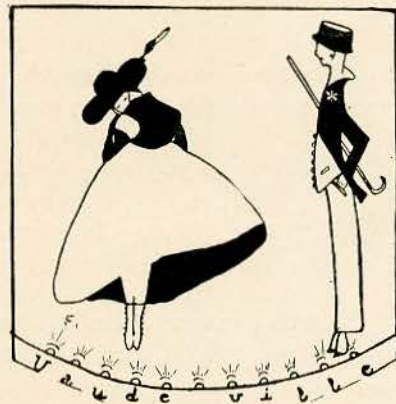
"Why can't Willie O. buy cigarettes?"

"Because she's a Minor."

In our vaudeville stunts no men we need,
Even in dances the girls can lead;
If we want a lover bold of heart,
In our president's clothes we act the part.

MISS BAKER had asked her English class to write the story of "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow." "Caruso" wrote: "Katrina was the daughter of Vernon Van Castle."

MISS PORTERFIELD (in Logic class): Never eat fruit from a newsstand without washing.



Fixtures

1. ALICE VAN GUILDER and her curls.
2. MINA ROWLAND and her Kappa Sigma pin.
3. HAZEL FULTON and the Paramores.
4. DR. HORN and his shrug.
5. HELEN MARGARET and her giggle.
6. MARJORIE GROVE and her crushes.
7. MISS FONTAINE and her diamond.
8. ELLA KING and her Honor Roll offenses.
9. LUCILE ROBERTS and her smile.
10. Lindenwood girls and their appetites.
11. ARAMINTA KILLEN and her dignity.
12. RUTH MCGINLEY and her midnight prowls.
13. MISS SUTHERLAND and her practice cuts.
14. NELLE NELMS and her "Specials."
15. MARJORIE FOSTER and her third-floor pranks.
16. The Annual Board and work.
17. HAZEL HUNTER and her dimples.
18. EUNICE SHAUS and the three Dorothys.
19. TILLIE and her hash *a la leftovers*.

ADALYN FARIS (in History Class): Then there were invasions and King Attila kept breaking out in different places.

Old girl returning to visit Lindenwood College: Well, Miss Findley, how is everything?

MISS FINDLEY (blushing): Oh, she's all right, thanks.

Meeting student in hall: How'd you come out in your Bible quiz?

Student: Aw, I flunked. Didn't get a seat until after breakfast and all the back ones were reserved last night.



Senior Minstrels

Two coons were out hunting. Rastus said to Rufus, "I believe there's a 'possum up in dat tree." Rufus climbs tree. Pretty soon he screams, "Hey, Rastus, dis heah ain't no 'possum, dis heah am a wild cat!" Rastus says, "Want me to come up and help hold him?" Rufus answers, "No, want you to help me turn him loose."

"Law, nigger, 'member that night we passed the cemetery with our next day's dinner a-floppin' under our arms?"

"Why, that wasn't no cemetery."

"Yea, didn't you see them gravestones?"

"Law, nigger, them was milestones."

MOSE: That Mr. Little out in town had a lot of trouble the other day.

ABE: That so? How 'bout it?

MOSE: Well, that Mr. Gerak, that singing teacher out at Lindenwood College, ran off with Mr. Little's daughter so he chased 'em.

ABE: When did that happen?

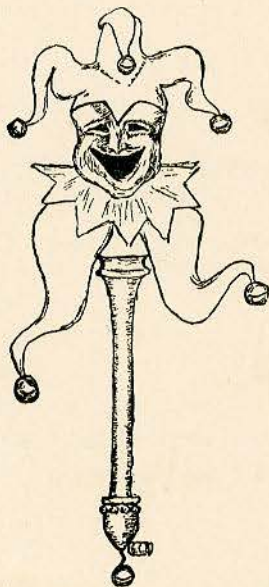
MOSE: Oh, Little after two.

Why couldn't Adam and Eve have ridden in a Ford if they had had one?

Because they didn't have a-tire.

It Couldn't Was—

1. That RUTH SKINNER loses three pounds.
2. That MISS FONTAINE forgets to say "kid."
3. That DR. ROEMER meets his Friday Bible Class.
4. That LILLIAN SLAVENS will turn out a missionary.
5. That VERA BUDDE ceases to practice.
6. That VIVIAN MOSELEY has no date.
7. That MARGARET MAXFIELD is on the Honor Roll.
8. That MISS FINDLEY is seen without MISS RALSTON.
9. That MARJORIE GROVES comes to breakfast on time.
10. That we don't have beans for lunch.
11. That TED BEVARD isn't sleepy.
12. That GRACE HAMM doesn't say, "Hello, Crush."
13. That HESTER JACKSON hasn't lost her music or sweater.
14. That DOT FORT loses a tennis game.
15. That ALMA MABREY doesn't attempt to answer a question.
16. That HELEN WIENER fails to make a noise.
17. That MISS HAIRE doesn't make an announcement in chapel.
18. That back seats in Bible aren't reserved before breakfast.
19. That HELEN ASHER isn't asked to play her song.
20. That BETTIE MAE gets up before warning.
21. That AILEEN BAKER isn't sore at one of her men.
22. That DR. HORN makes less than a five-minute prayer in chapel.
23. That LILLIAN FREEMAN renews her crush on Gerald.
24. That HELEN TAYLOR doesn't follow Vogue.



Just for Short

Apple	Dido	Lolly
Bake	Filbert	Mack
Bean	Freeny	Millie
Becky	Glad	Oriental
Billy	Goosie	Preach
Bucky	Gunny	Skinny
Caruso	Hacky	Spoeny
Cec	Hamm	Steve
Cheese	Jack	Ted
Chick	Josie	Weenie

An Englishman in South Station, Boston, read over a door, "Inside Baggage," then chuckled with glee, "You are so droll; now we should say Refreshment Room."

"I hear they buried the janitor last week."
"Yes, they had to; he died."

—LEHIGH BURR.

MARJORIE FOSTER: Does your fountain pen leak all the time?
BLONDE: Oh, goodness, no. Only when it has ink in it.
Isn't BLONDE KILLEN?

A Common Occurrence

"Has warning rung?
How could it be?
Where are my shoes?
Oh, yes, I see.

"Hand me my skirt,
There under the bed;
No, not the skirt,
My shoes, I said.

"Where have I put my comb and brush?
Don't talk to me, I'm in a rush.
Where's my tie? Oh mercy me!
I loaned it to my friend, Marie.

"Let me wear yours
Just for to-day.
There goes the bell—
Help, help—I pray!"

She sallied forth,
Half crimped, half dressed;
But got to breakfast
Nevertheless.

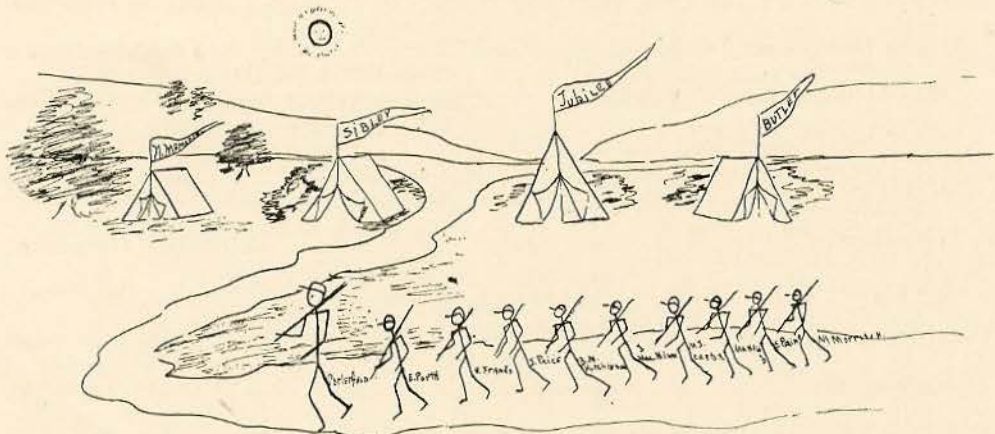
—I. L.



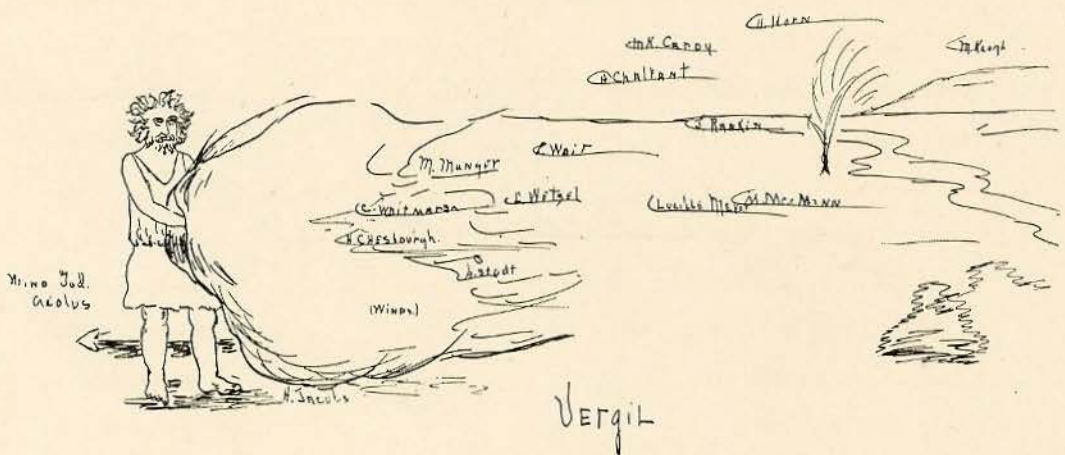
GUNNY: Blast my carelessness, I'll be blowed up if I don't watch out!

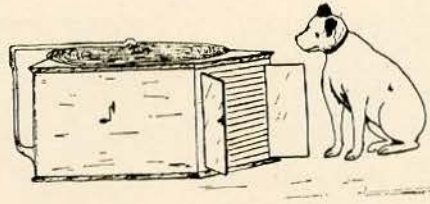
Ohi Paulem Kane! M. Buchner.	Ego Siam milites bonos esse B. Hillen	Duro. ducere, dupe ductus H. Morrison
Ego quozu Scio B. Kinder	Uli is Ca id B. Parr	Verbum non Scio D. Vinyard
quogue. non Scio M. Wagner		
Oh; you - Walley, qu - quest - quibus M. Wisner		

I YEAR CLASS-



II YEAR CLASS - CAESAR'S Army Marching to Mexico





Lindenwood "Vic" Records

- "When You're a Long, Long Way from Home".....*Helen Margaret Somerville*
"Please Don't Take My Lovin' Man Away".....*Elizabeth Hughes*
"Way Down in Dear Old Arkansas".....*Willie O. Minor*
"I'm Simply Crazy Over You".....*Miss Ralston and Miss Findley*
"Tickle the Ivories".....*Helen Asher*
"They Didn't Believe Me".....*Bettie Mae Hutchinson*
"Some Little Bug Is Going to Get You".....*Dr. Roemer*
"My Little Girl".....*Lillian Freeman*
"Ragging the Scale".....*Katherine Thompson*
"I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier" (only it's sailor).....*Hester Jackson*
"Take Me to That Midnight Cakewalk Ball".....*Mary Jane Carter*
"You'd Never Know that Old Home Town of Mine".....*Lois Hanna*
"Are You From Dixie?".....*Hazel Hunter*
"We'll Toddle All Over Town".....*Saturday Shoppers*
"Meu, Meu, Meu".....*Lucile Wilson*
"At Dawning".....*Tennis Enthusiasts*
"I Like to Get Up in the Morning, But It's Nicer to Stay in Bed"....*Cecile Roetzel*
"Sweet Kentucky Lady".....*Rebecca Graham*
"When Old Bill Bailey Plays His Ukelele".....*Louise Lansing*
"I Love Not One But All".....*Alma Mabrey*
"Pretty As a Picture".....*Helen Wiener*
"Billy".....*Nelle Nelms*

Miscellaneous Organizations

Lindenwood Dieters' Club

President: MRS. ROBERTS.

Fellow Dieters:

KATHERINE GRANT
EVELYN LEMLY
MARJORIE MANGER

ELSIE PORTH
RUTH SKINNER

H. M. SOMERVILLE
MISS STURGES
KATHERINE THOMPSON

Striving for Membership:

HELEN ASHER
MARGARET CRAINE

HAZEL HUNTER
IMOGENE JONES

LOUISE LANSING
MISS SCRUTCHFIELD

YOU say that you wish you were very slim—
Pitch in, and start to diet;
There's many good "eats" you can sacrifice—
Just buckle down and try it.

Of course, being fat is a horrible thing,
If that subject to you is tender;
But join the Lindenwood Dieters' Club
And become, like its members, slender.

G. A. G.

(Giggle Alley Gigglers)

Motto: Giggles come and giggles go, but ours go on forever.

HELEN ASHER

DOROTHY FORT

LILLIAN SLAVENS

MISS BERRY (Got there by mistake)

KATHERINE GRANT

HELEN STEVENSON

Ancient Order of Chronic Bluffers

Motto: Anything to Get By.

LENA BURKE
ADALYN FARIS

ADELE HACKMAN
LOIS HANNA

ELLA KING
CECILE ROETZEL

See-in-the-Dark Club

Chief Beacon: LILLIAN SLAVENS.

Reflections:

EDNA BEVARD
HELEN CRAIG

LAVONE HANNA

LOIS HANNA
ADRIENNE JORDAN

Laughing Stock Company

Now presenting Broadway's latest hit—"Down With Matrimony."

Those playing important roles are:

FERN BAIRD
LENA BURKE
GLADYS FUNKHOUSER

BEATRICE KINDER
VELMA LOLLIS
VIVIAN MOSELEY
NELLE NELMS

MINA ROWLAND
KATHERINE THOMPSON
LUCILE WILSON



SURROUNDED!

Scoops

“**M**AN Buried Under Coal May Live.”—*Philadelphia Press*. Take him out and his chances will probably be much better.



“Man Drowned as Boat Upsets in Forest Park.”—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*. It's a pity he couldn't walk out.

“Belgium Deaf to German Overtures.”—*Philadelphia Inquirer*. “Tannhauser” or “Gotterdammerung”?

“Correspondent Cables That Many Slain on Both Sides.”—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*. That's better than being half-shot.

“Bachelors' Club Called to Arms.”—*Baltimore Sun*. That's the leap-year spirit, girls!

“Unique Suit in County Court.”—*Rock Island Argus*. These fashions!

“Germans Storm Somme Village.”—*New York Times*. Evidently there's somme kind of a fight going on.

“Finds Wife and Children Hanging to a Ceiling Hook.”—*New York Times*. What is he, an oriole?

“Woodcutter Has Three Children.”—*Philadelphia Inquirer*. Probably chips off the old block.

“Boston Chases Dirt.”—*Boston Transcript*. Why not use Old Dutch Cleanser?

“Exchanged 400 Shots in Pitched Battle.”—*Chicago Tribune*. Hope they made a good bargain.

“Women Assure Colonel His Support is Welcomed.”—*Chicago Tribune*. It generally is!

“Twenty-five Bodies Found in Mine; All Out.”—*Baltimore Sun*. And probably “all in,” too.

“Gerard Still With Kaiser.”—*Boston Transcript*. Can't he speak the German language?

“Blocking Pass to Bottle Up Bandit.”—*Chicago Tribune*. The old foot-ball tactics, eh?

“Assault Repulsed With Enormous Losses.”—*Boston Transcript*. Are losses a new weapon?

“Mr. Rodney Fell and Struck Head on Pavement Badly Injuring It.”—*Kirkwood Courier*. Send the pavement to an osteopath.

“Children Will Miss His Face.”—*Kansas City Star*. Can't they aim any better than that?

Alibis



OR plain and fancy alibis this place is a world beater. We have fifty-seven different varieties. Any murderers in need of a good alibi apply to-morrow between the hours of 12 and 1 and we will guarantee a first-class, self-starting alibi with non-skid tires and shock-absorbers. Of course, you want me to get down to facts, so I'll start on this "getting-by" business. The leading role in this presentation is, or are, or am (take your choice) played by a bluffer. Now it happens this bluffer goes to class and is called upon for a recitation. She assumes a thoughtful attitude, looks up with an intelligent expression, loosens her brakes, pushes up the spark, releases her clutch and goes: "Well, you see, I didn't have time to give this lesson such a careful study as I usually do, but what I understand by your question as to the cause of the 'Long Parliament' is—that—er—I think—um-m—perhaps—you see, sir, in this case—it might be—well—I think—the length of time might have had something to do with it, so to speak!" You see, don't you?

That's a pretty good one, but listen to this: Here's a certain well-known girl whom you have in your class. She comes into the room, sees the quiz questions on the board—explains the force which causes the stars to shine—something simple like that. Ensues the following: "Oh, is this the lesson? Are we supposed to know this? I thought you only assigned twelve pages. Why, I studied the wrong lesson! Shall I tell about the moon, too? I thought you said not to bother about details. I was in the infirmary all day yesterday. I don't feel strong enough to take this." Have you ever heard it? That's standard.

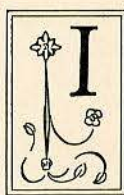
But the queen of them all, Mistress of the Alibister Isles—Hail to the Chief! Laura Craig is getting out a book. This Linden Leaves thing. Now, she asks a girl to write her a story. This girl disclaims all attempt to beg off, but starts something like this: "You see, Laura, it's like this. I'd just love to do it for you, but I'm so busy practicing for our Dramatic Club play. I'm down in Logic and I'm going to the city Saturday to the Symphony concert. My recital is in June and I must qualify for swimming. The Domestic Science class serves strawberry shortcake to-morrow so I must rehearse for Glee Club." Now she's the unvarying type even if you do marvel how she keeps her teeth from falling out with the excessive vibrations of her lower jaw.

Laura is waiting for this so I must close, maintaining to the last that for high-grade alibis—see us. Special terms until after the Annual goes to press. We never close.

—H. K. J. '17.



Cecile and Hester Study Logic



NEVER will understand this prerogative instance," declares Hester. "How in the world can I take a quiz next hour when none of these funny words awaken the tiniest glimmer of intelligence?"

"Stop raving, Hess, and get to work. We never will learn anything at this rate," remonstrates Cecile. "Now let's see, the first figure is—is—good night! Hester, I thought I knew *that* anyway. Oh, my dear, I've owed Alfred a letter for the longest time and he won't ever write until he hears from me."

"Well, I certainly can't understand why Harry hasn't written me. Honestly, I'm just so blue—oh, come on, Cece, we have to get busy. Let's see, the first figure is M—P, S—M, S—P."

"Why, yes, of course, and if the major premise is—is—oh, mercy! child, there's the duty teacher coming. *Where* can I hide?"

"Quick, quick, behind the door! Come in. Come *in*."

Miss Gross enters and seats herself. "Say, listen—" then with a giggle, "why, Cecile Roetzel, what are you doing in here?"

"We're studying logic. We are going to have a beastly quiz next period."

"Well, I think you'd better go back to your room."

"Can't do it. We just have to study this logic. Come on, Hester, let's get started."

"Well," says Miss Gross, as she departs, "I'll have to take you off the honor roll, girls. Go on home, Cecile."

"Now, isn't that pathetic?" sighs Cecile. "I haven't been on it but once. I wonder what it feels like." And the guest departs.

Five minutes later Cecile's door opens softly and her friend sneaks in.

"Well, here I am; maybe we can study now. I think I know one prerogative instance—a 'depictory instance.'"

"Depictory! Never heard tell of it; but then I haven't read my logic lesson for a week. Hand me that book. I don't see anything about a 'depictory instance'! Where did you get that?"

"Here is what I meant. 'Deviating instance,' that's it."

"Well, you poor nut, how did you get 'depictory' out of deviating?"

"I'm nuts, I admit, but no wonder; I just this minute got a special from Harry."

"Well, you old pill, why didn't you tell me when you first came in."

"Isn't he the sweetest thing? I haven't even read it yet; I brought it in here to let you read it, too."

"Hurry up, open it, quick! I wonder if he is sore because you wrote him such a crummy letter! 'Dearest Hester'—no, he doesn't sound sore."

"Oh, he often writes those sweet letters when I've been mean just to make me feel like a piece of cheese."

"Hurry up and read it."

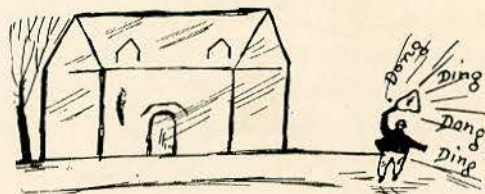
"All right. 'Your last letter was certainly!'—oh, my stars and stripes, Cece, there goes the bell! Grab enough paper for me, too; I haven't a scrap."

"Isn't this awful, Hess; I can't possibly get more than six on this quiz. I don't know one thing, and here I have wasted a whole perfectly good hour studying this logic!"

—A. R. M., '17.

I EAGERLY await my allowance each week,
And plan all the good things I'll have to eat,
With visions of Hershey's and picture-shows,
And how many times to the city I'll go.
A meeting is called of the Y. W. C. A.
With the request that all members immediately pay
For our annual page, just a quarter or so,
Such a worthy organization must needs have a show.
So I willingly give, with my conscience at ease—
Next week with crackers my appetite I'll appease.
On Saturday morning I go for a hike
With a jolly good crowd—the kind that I like—
With humor that's fitting the bright month of May,
Not a trouble to darken the clouds of the day;
But it befalls me the companion I draw for the walk
Of nothing but annual bills can talk.
She asks if my class dues I've paid up to date,
If not, won't I hurry, it's dreadfully late—
So one more loved greenback I kiss fond farewell
And instantly plan which waist I will sell.
Then around comes the treasurer of the club of my state;
As soon as I see her I know, sure as fate,
Her plea will be money for the annual; once more
I rush to the desk and pull out the drawer.
There lies the money I've saved for a week.
Alas! again I must sacrifice a matinee seat.
So I breathe with relief and think, well that's all—
From no other source will I get a call,
When in chapel next morning an announcement neat
That the Merry Makers' Club, which all winter did treat
Us with parties and shows, would ask for our dimes
To pay annual bills of the club of good times.
Pshaw! a dime isn't much, why only—my stars!
Just you stop to think 'twould buy two Hershey bars!
That evening the manager of financial affairs
Of that annual book calmly mounts the stairs
To my room, and asks that I buy
A copy or so and won't I please try
To sell all I can—they're two dollars each—
The binding's of leather, the book is a peach;
So I am forced to agree and with inward groans
I write a check on father for those two "bones."

Just Happenings



Sept. 14.



Oct. 23.



Oct. 30.



Nov. 9.

SEPTEMBER.

14. Opening of school. Glad reunions!
15. Classes organized.
17. Reception for new girls given by Eta Upsilon Gamma and Sigma Iota Chi.
18. Circus Day.
19. General attendance at Jefferson Street Presbyterian Church.
21. Convocation address by Dr. W. J. McKittrick.
23. Election of Student Government Officers.
24. Fellowship party in the Gym.
30. "Sammy" tells us "The Law a Woman Ought to Know."

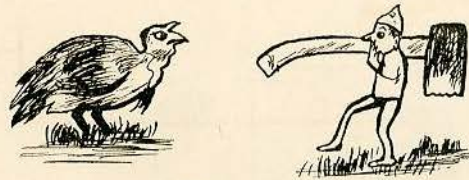
OCTOBER.

2. Illustrated lecture by Dr. D. M. Hazlitt.
4. Redpath Lyceum: The Continent Entertainers.
5. Veiled Prophet's Parade in St. Louis.
7. Rev. F. G. Behner tells us "The Cost of Beauty."
9. Faculty gypsy party.
10. Mr. Sttudell talks on "Christian Endeavor Work."
12. Grand opera.
13. Col. Butler entertains at the Busy Bee.
14. Synod visits the school.
18. F. E. Hopkins in the Redpath Lyceum Course.
21. Butler Day.
23. The Seniors give a tacky party.
29. The annual Gamma dance.
30. Hallowe'en Ghost Walk.

NOVEMBER.

4. "An Oriental Wedding," an address by the Rev. W. F. MacMillan.
6. The Symphony concerts begin.

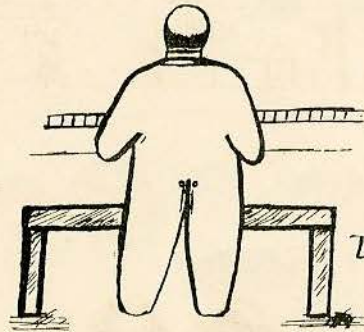
9. Y. W. C. A. marshmallow roast.
11. Students' recital.
18. "Pictures and Mottoes," by Rev. Abbott.
20. The Dramatic Club presents "The Romancers."
25. Thanksgiving address by the Rev. H. V. Yergin.



Nov. 25

DECEMBER.

3. Another Lyceum number: "The McCords."
5. "Luke's Picture of the Christ," by Dr. Roemer.
8. Organ and voice recital by Prof. Cibulka and Miss Tauckè of St. Louis.
15. The Christmas vaudeville. Santa Claus pays us a visit.
16. Christmas Holidays begin.



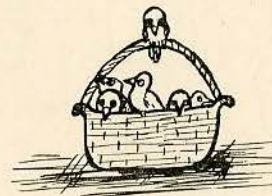
Dec. 8.

JANUARY.

5. School again!
6. Some of us attend the concert given in St. Louis by Madame Louise Homer.
7. Everybody back?—Oh, *no!*
14. "Lions, Adders and Dragons," by the Rev. J. H. Morehead.
15. Why didn't everyone bring back her skates?
16. Sorority luncheons at the Busy Bee.
20. Mr. Thompson and Mr. Oehler, of St. Louis, present us with a vaudeville.
22. Mr. Basket talks on birds.
25. The Panama Quartet.
26. Mid-year exams. begin. Cram, cram, cram!
27. More exams.!
28. Butlerites appear in evening dress; the result—a dance.
29. Butlerites still active; they give a tacky party in the Gym.
30. Great joy! No church on account of sleet.
31. Lamentations! The sleet has broken the trees on the campus.

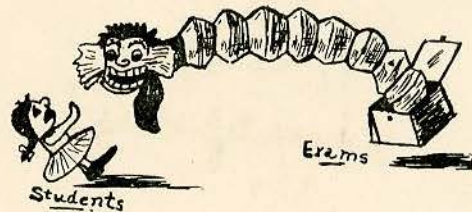


Dec. 15.



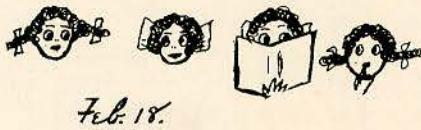
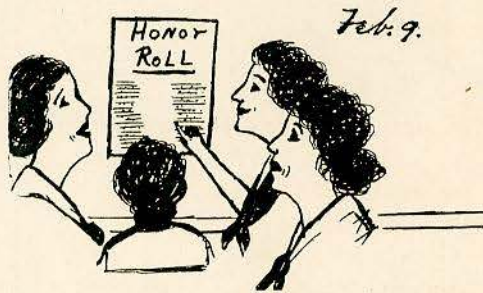
Jan. 22

Jan. 26.



Students

Exams



FEBRUARY.

1. Annual Semester Dinner and Dance.
2. The honor roll system, and with it the afternoon walks begin.
4. Annual Mid-Year Recital.
5. The Sigma luncheon in St. Louis.
6. Joy again! Church attendance not required—too much snow.
7. Everybody trying hard (?) to be on the honor roll.
8. Col. Butler visits us with news of new dormitory.
9. First honor roll is posted. "I can't see why my name is not there."
10. Dr. Hope's address on Africa.
11. Annual public reception.
14. Valentines! Dr. and Mrs. Cleveland arrive.
17. Dr. Holton tells "How to Be Beautiful."
18. State University inspectors visit us.
20. Dr. Cleveland's last address.
22. The Seniors' Annual Colonial Dinner.
23. The Faculty Recital.
25. Annual Sigma dance.
27. Grape-fruit for breakfast!!!
29. The Seniors do *not* have their minstrel.

MARCH.

1. March appears with snow and blow.
3. The Seniors *do* have their minstrel at last.
4. Lindenwood "men" at large on campus.
8. Russian Ballet in St. Louis.
9. Miss Barton's impromptu recital in the chapel.
13. Everybody changes seats in chapel.
14. Did someone say that spring was here? Spring hats frozen out!
18. Anna Case at the Symphony. Where will we be a week from to-day?
19. A pre-Easter parade to church.
22. Did anyone say that the wind blew last night?
23. Seniors win the class-play contest.
24. All-day color fight between the Seniors and Juniors as they depart for spring vacation.

APRIL.

6. We turned the first spadefuls of dirt for Niccolls Hall.
9. Everybody rags out in her best togs.
12. Arbor Day.
13. Dr. J. Thompson Baker gives an address on "Mountain Folks and Moonshiners."
15. Gamma banquet at the Jefferson.
16. How did the moving picture develop? Just ask us or Mr. Bloomer.
23. An egg hunt on the campus. Special afternoon Easter service.
25. Dramatic Club presents "The Rivals" at the Grand Opera House.
26. The old girls thought they knew all about "Angels," but they learn something new on the subject from Mrs. Rivers.

MAY.

4. Rev. W. H. DuBose visits us again.
6. Dr. Roemer entertains the Seniors with a luncheon at the new M. A. A. Building. Ringling Brothers are in town.
12. Athletic and Entertainment Association gives its vaudeville.
17. May-day exercises under the direction of Miss Haine. "A Midsummer Night's Dream" is presented at night by the Dramatic Club.
23. The graduates' recitals begin.

JUNE.

2. Senior Class play.
3. Art reception. Undergraduates' recital.
4. Baccalaureate sermon by the Rev. W. R. King, D.D., of St. Louis.
6. The Seniors receive their "sheepskins." Address by the Rev. W. F. Irwin, D.D., of Louisville, Ky.
Good-bye to Lindenwood.



THE LINDEN STAFF 1916

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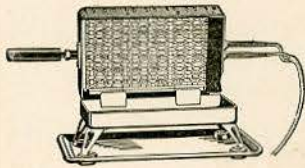
Local Editors { HESTER JACKSON
ELSIE PORTH
HELEN TAYLOR

IF this little book entertains you at all,
Or produces from you the least laugh,
We shall feel that our efforts have not been in vain,
We, the hardworking Annual Staff.

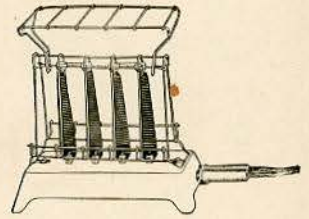
—A. R. M. '17.



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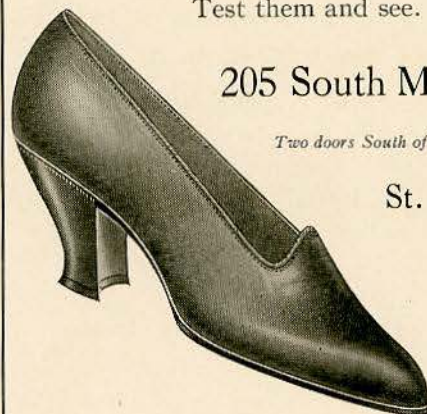
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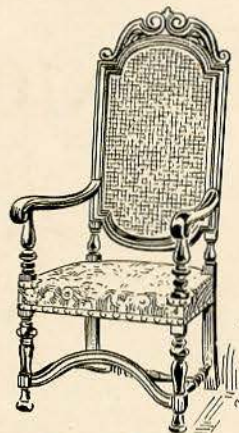
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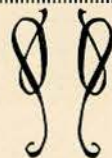
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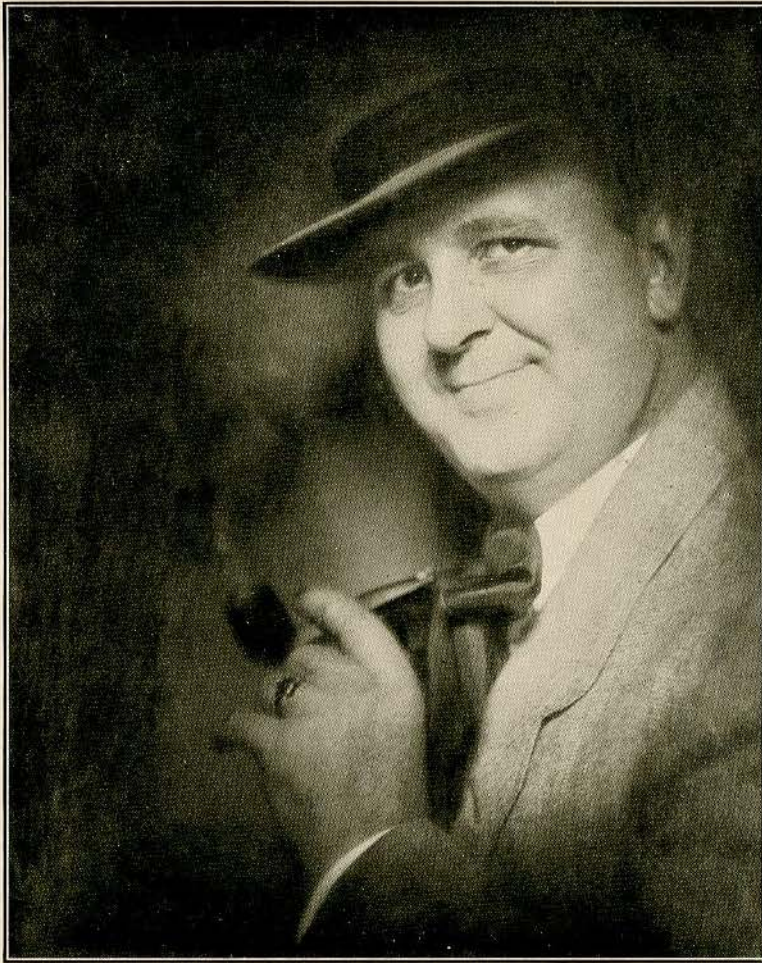
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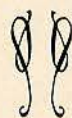
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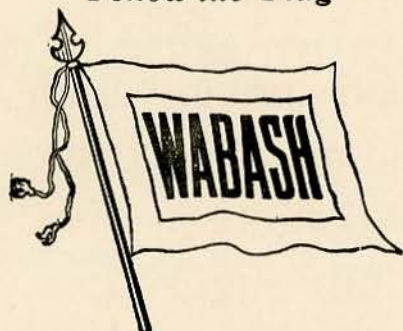
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We've just the character of Millinery and Wearing Apparel that will appeal to young ladies desiring smart exclusive styles at a modest outlay.

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There is a wonderful story by Tolstoi about a shoemaker whose shop was in a basement. When this shoemaker looked up from his work, he saw the feet of the people as they passed. Seldom did he see their faces—just their feet.

He judged them by their shoes, and his estimate was usually correct.

So look to your feet, and let us supply your needs. You will be thoroughly satisfied.

Agents for
Red Cross Shoes, Phoenix
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St. Charles Shoe Co.

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White Lily
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Will you
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We clean ladies' silk,
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guarantee not to shrink
or fade them. We
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repairing.

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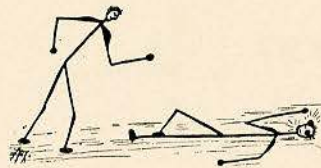
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