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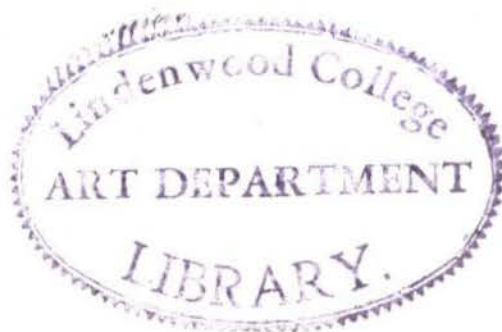
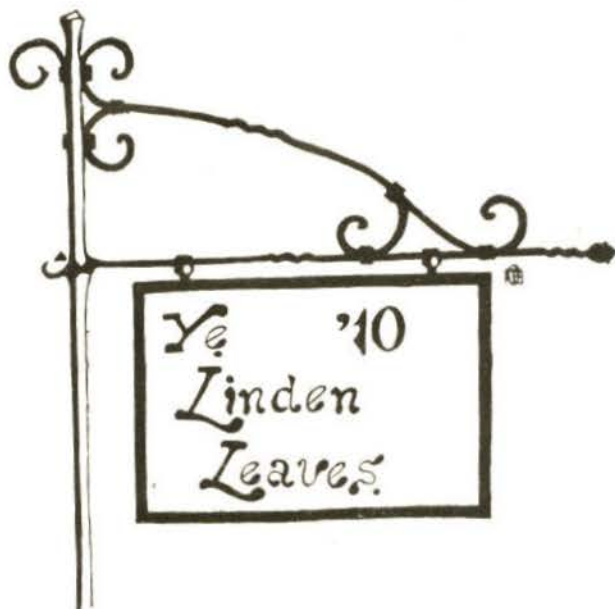
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LINDEN LEAVES

Presented by:
Alice B. Mumford



To

Col. James Gay Butler,

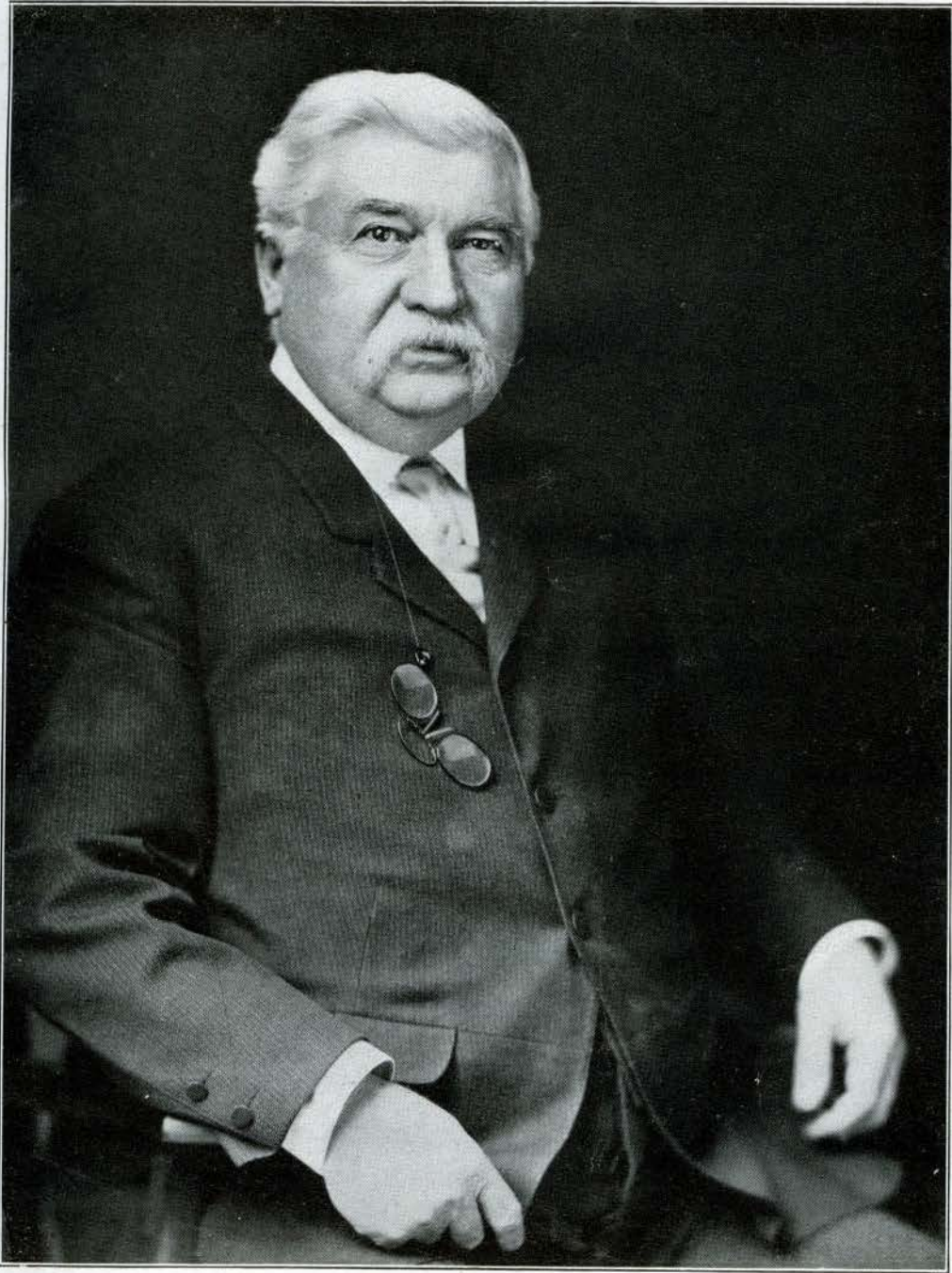
The true and tried friend of our beloved

institution, this volume is

affectionately dedicated

by the

Students of Lindenwood College.



Col. James Gay Butler.

85738

Dr. George Frederic Ayres,

To whom we owe so much for our

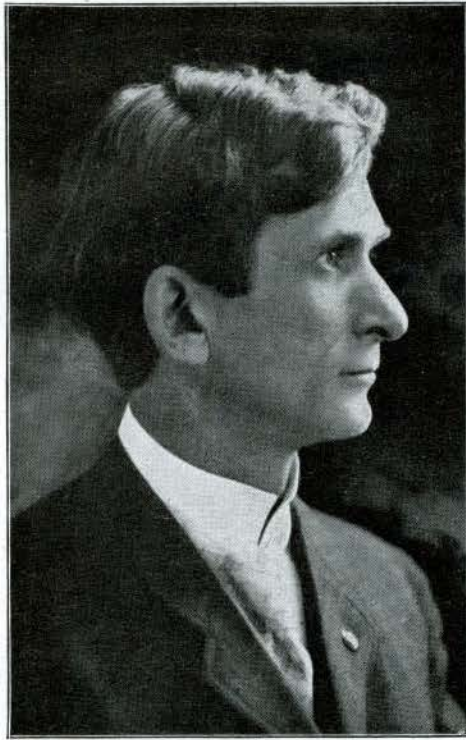
happy school life and who

worthily holds the highest

place in the love and

esteem of the

Students of Lindenwood College.



Dr. George Frederic Ayres.



SIBLEY AND JUBILEE HALLS.

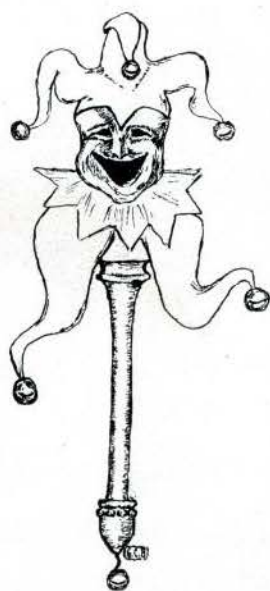
Preface

In this book we've laid aside
All our dignity and pride,
Seen ourselves as other folk,
Full of laughter, jest and joke.

College life has much of fun,
In spite of hard work to be done;
Memory dwells on happy faces,
And forgets the gloomy places.

So pray excuse our cap and bell,
Laugh with us and wish us well.

Louise T. Crandall.



ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

When to an annual board it seems as though "All the world's agin us," the students not handing in material, the merchants not advertising, and the printer's bill larger than usual, waiting to be paid; a little help and interest on the part of some member of the faculty and students has certainly been appreciated. The Board of Editors therefore would like to thank the school for its support, and especially the following:

Dr. Ayres	Miss Porterfield	Miss R. Barr
Mrs. Heron	Miss Kirby	Miss Howard
Mrs. Crandall	Miss Burnham	Miss Malaby
Miss Coombs	Miss Strangways	



Girls, read the "Ads" in this book and trade with the merchants that will help us. Show them that even if an annual is not any good as a circulating advertiser we girls appreciate what they have done for us, and will give them first chance to sell to us. Don't forget.

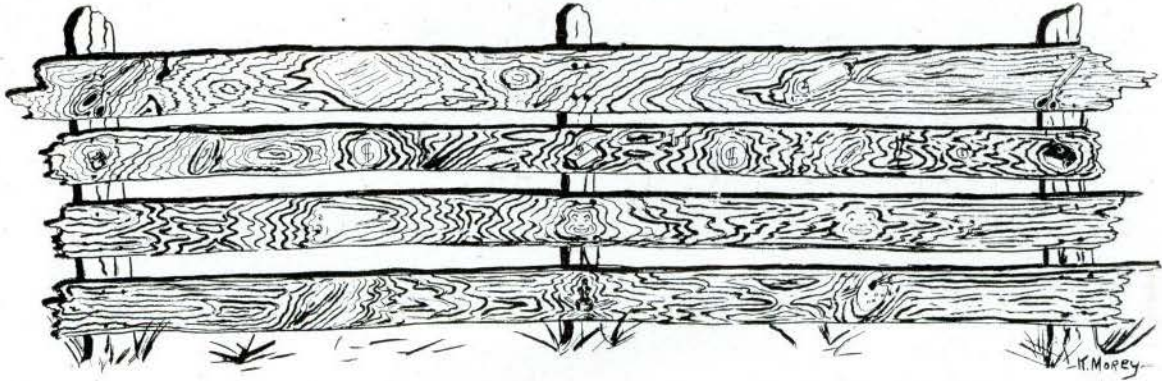


THE ANNUAL BOARD'S CREED.

Steady me to do my full stint of work, as well as I can, and when that is done pass me, pay me such wages as thou wilt, and help me to say with a quiet heart, a grateful Amen.

Van Dyke.

Annual Board



SADIE BELL, Editor in chief.

DOROTHY HOLTCAMP, Associate Editor.

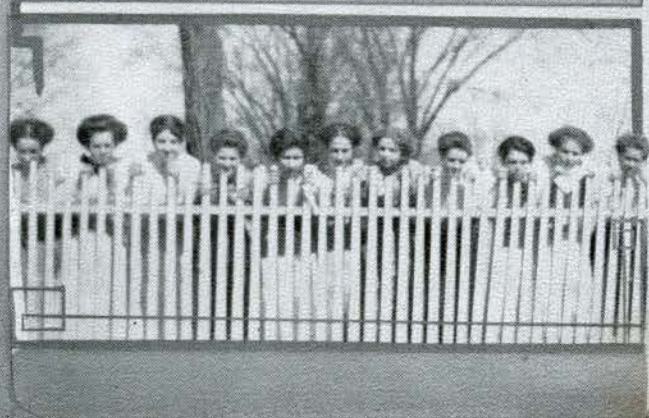
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MAY E. PARSONS, } Local Editors.

IRENE AMOS, General Business Manager.

FLORENCE WITHINGTON, }
NYDIA CECANKO, } Assistant Business Manager.

KATHERINE MOREY, }
OMA DOUGLAS, } Artists.



Faculty

The Necessary Qualities of a Successful Teacher.

It is a self-evident fact that for the thoroughly successful teacher there is but one standard: He must be an angel for temper, a demon for discipline, a chameleon for adaptation, a diplomatist for tact, an optimist for hope, and a hero for courage. To these common and easily developed qualities of mind and heart, he should add india-rubber nerves and a cheerful willingness to trust a large portion of his reward to some other world than this! And to learn early that there is an inherent difference between a child and a silkworm.



MRS. LAURA J. HERON,
Vice President.



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Associate Professor of Piano.



BELLE PATTERSON,
(Full Graduate of New England Conservatory of Music)
Associate Professor of Piano.



GRACE B. GIFFEN,
(Graduate in Literary Course of Cooper College; in
Expression of King's School of Expression and Dramatic
Art; also pupil in Columbia School of Oratory)
Expression, Physical Training.



ANNE W. RAYNOR,
(Four years' residence in Europe in study of languages)
German and French.



CLARE BUTLER, B.A.,
Instructor in Mathematics and Science.



MARY S. COOMBS, B.A.,
(Mt. Holyoke)
Algebra, Composition, English History.



ELIZABETH ROTER,
Instructor in Domestic Science.



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ELIZABETH ROTER,
Instructor in Domestic Science.



MRS. TULA KIRBY,
Matron.



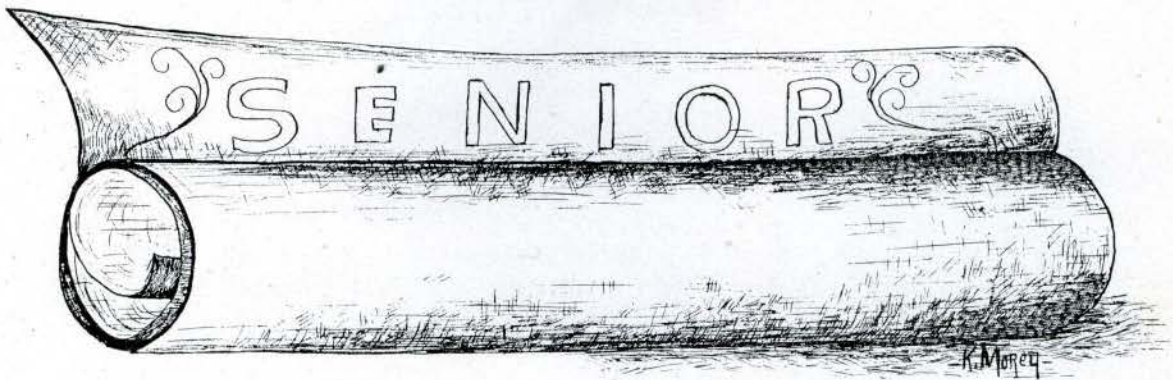
MRS. JOSEPHINE WILSON,
Chaperon.



SNOW SCENE OF THE CAMPUS.







SENIOR CLASS.

ETHEL ROBINSON, President.

HELEN HOWARD, Secretary.

GRACE MILLER, Vice-President.

MAY PARSONS, Treasurer.

COLORS: Maroon and White.

FLOWER: Red Carnation.

MASCOT: Lion.

MOTTO: "Hang on, hope hard."

YELLS:

One araka, two araka, three araka ray
Four araka, five araka, six araka I say
Seven araka, eight araka, nine araka ren
Seniors, Seniors nineteen ten.

Amo, amas, amat
We'll make those Juniors trot
We'll raise the dust
We'll win or bust
Amo, amas, amat.



MRS. LOUISE T. CRANDALL.

MRS. LOUISE T. CRANDALL,
Advisory Teacher.

"A perfect woman nobly planned
To warn, to comfort and command."

ETHEL ROBINSON,

B. L. HYF ΦΔΣ Sr. President '10. Y. W. Cabinet. Class Play '10.

"Most dignified."

She is always kind, never angry, with a smile for everyone.



ETHEL ROBINSON.



FLORENCE WITHINGTON.

FLORENCE WITHINGTON,

B. L. HYF "Flossie" Pres. ΦΔΣ '08, '09. Y. W. Cabinet '08, '09, '10.
"Neatest Girl" '08, '09. Class Play '10. Ass't Business Mgr. '10.

Give place all ye to this maiden of accomplishments, "charms
strike the sight, but merit wins the soul."

HELEN HOWARD.

B. L. HYT "Triangle" Sec. Sr. Class '10. Vice President of Y. W. C. A. '10.
V. P. $\Phi\Delta\Sigma$ President Art Class '08, '09, '10. V. P. Kansas Club '08, '09, '10.

Neatest girl in school '10. Annual Board '03, '09. Class Play '03, '09.

The mildest manners and gentlest heart, "In truth to know
her is to love her."



HELEN HOWARD.



SADIE BELL.

SADIE BELL.

B. L. ΣIX Pres. of $\Phi\Delta\Sigma$ '10. A. O. F. D. Editor in Chief of Annual '10.
Pres. of Arkansas Club '10. Y. W. C. A. Cabinet. Class Play '03, '09, '10.
Sec. of Class '03, '09.

A gentle smiling senior, with wisdom that becomes the cap.
Modesty and earnestness are the crowns that adorn her brow.

HELEN RICHARDS.

Treas. B. L. '08, '09.

In soul sincere, in action faithful, in honor clear, a thoroughly
exemplary type of Senior. She is a scholar and a ripe and
good one.



HELEN RICHARDS.



MAY PARSONS.

MAY PARSONS.

B. S. Music. $\Sigma IX, A \Delta$ "Shep." Treas. Class '10.
Annual Board '08, '09, '10.

Possesses a brilliant mind as well as a marked talent in music. After a long intimacy with the piano she has learned its laughs, sighs that makes all music words.

ETHEL ALEXANDER.

$\text{HYT } \Phi \Delta \Sigma, A \Delta$ "Pug" Special team '08, '09. Glee Club '08, '09.
Quartette '10.

"Best Musician in School."

Sweet of temper and ever smiling, one finds her a veritable sunbeam. Quick of instinct and sure of luck. She lives under an enviable star. Class play '10.



ETHEL ALEXANDER.

IRENE AMOS.

$\Sigma IX \Phi \Delta \Sigma$ A. O. F. D. Business Mgr. Annual '09, '10.
Pres. Missouri Club '10.

"Most Practical Girl in School."

Hail fellow, well met. She is gifted with a wonderful mind and with a knowledge of application which her rank in class readily shows. Class play '10.



IRENE AMOS.

RUTH SAYRE BARR.

HYG A. O. F. D. "Rufus" Tennis Tournament '08, '09. Basket Ball Team '08, '09. Vice President of Arkansas Club '08, '09. Class Play '09, '10. "Best Dancer." "Most Fascinating" '08, '09, '10.

Her charming personality will win her a host of friends wherever she may go, as it has in school. "Kind and sympathetic she is all in all admirable."



RUTH SAYRE BARR.



MARJORIE BURNHAM.

MARJORIE BURNHAM.

Senior Tennis '10.

Heads of great men all remind us,
We should go a proper gait
And get up early in the morning
And not start the day out late.

NYDIA CECANKO.

"Nyd" $\Delta\Delta$ Asst. Business Mgr. '10. Pres. Special Class '08, '09. Glee Club '08, '09. Senior Play '10. Quartette '10. "Prettiest Girl" '10.

She is bright and winsome, is ever ready to advise and comfort us and kindly lead us over the rough places strewn along our path-way.



NYDIA CECANKO.

EULA EDWARDS.

ΣΙΧ ΦΔΣ Υ. W. C. A. Secretary '09, '10. Glee Club '08, '09.
Class Play '10.

This blue eyed maiden is the embodiment of modesty. She has a gentle voice which "is an excellent thing in woman."



EULA EDWARDS.



MARITA HODGMAN.

MARITA HODGMAN.

ΣΤΦ A. O. F. D. "Triangle" "Smut" President Missouri Club '08, '09.
Sec. '10. Basket Ball Coach '08, '09. Team '10. Annual Board '08, '09, '10.
"Prettiest Girl" '08, '09. Class Play '10.

She possesses a keen sense of humor as well as a clear and well developed mind. She has small confidence in herself and worry is often expressed on her brow.

EVELYN HORNBACK.

"Her voice was even
An excellent thing in women."

Study ??? "Books cannot always please, however good."



EVELYN HORNBACK.



ELEANOR KELLER.

ELEANOR KELLER.

Basket Ball '08, '09. Tennis '10. Base Ball '10.

One of the gayest of the gay
And into every heart she makes her way.

FLORENCE KELLER.

Basket Ball '03, '09, '10. Base Ball '10.

She's strong for the class finance, her motto:
"Get money; still get money boy
No matter by what means."



FLORENCE KELLER.

MARY McCLURE.

Mary is a girl of sterling character and high ideals with
ambitions that soar far above her wise little head.



MARY McCLURE.

GRACE MILLER.

ΣIX "Monk" Vice President Senior Class '08, '09, '10. Vice President
Art Class, '08, '09, '10. President Ill. Club '09, '10.

In soul sincere, in action faithful, in honor clear. "She speaks,
behaves, and acts just as she ought."



GRACE MILLER.



CLARA SCHWERDTMANN.

CLARA SCHWERDTMANN.

HYΓ.ΦΔΣ. ΑΔ "Schwert."

There is an independent, frank carriage about her that tells
she is mistress of herself "Though China Fall."
Oh those eyes!

MARGUERITE STRANGWAYS.

ΑΔ Basket Ball. Capt. '08, '09, '10. Pres. Athletic Association '10.
Tennis '10. Base Ball '10. "Nuts" Sec. and Treas. Ark. Club.

Studies ???? Well Sometimes.
Yellocution ?? You ought to hear her.
Feasts ???? Bring 'em on.
Athletics ??? Right there always.



MARGUERITE STRANGWAYS.

SENIOR PROPHECY.

ON AUGUST 10th, 1925, the people of St. Louis were startled by the staring headlines of an article in the "North Pole Dispatch," concerning a bold and daring hold-up and mail robbery on the Wabash between St. Louis and its twin city, St. Charles.

Marita Hodgman, on reading this article, throws down the paper and rushes to the phone. She is still the happy excitable girl we knew at L. C., always saying, "Oh let's start something new". She calls up her old chum Ruth Barr, who, with her parents, now resides in St. Louis. To Marita's proposition that they drive in her car to the scene of the robbery Ruth eagerly assents and in fifteen minutes they are speeding toward their destination.

Not far from the place of the hold-up they discover letters strewn about in every direction. From this it seems that the mail car has been the scene of the trouble and the scattered mail has very carelessly been over-looked by the rescue workers.

Ruth's eye catches the name of Howard on one of the pieces of letters, as the car comes to a stand still. Picking it up, she reads the following: "and Helen do you know, Clara Schwerdtmann has actually lost her mind over that love affair and has gone crazy over toys? She is not dangerous, but plays almost incessantly with them." This is evidently a fragment of a letter intended for Helen Howard, who, as in days gone by is still quarreling with "triangles" etc. in an attempt to hold down a chair in Mathematics at L. C.

With curiosity, the two girls commence to hunt through the pile of torn mail for what other news they may find. As Marita picks up an envelope, a newspaper clipping falls out: she reads, "First prize has been awarded Miss Evelyn Hornback for best butter at State Fair." Oh! "So Evelyn is running her father's dairy!" Here Ruth interrupts, exclaiming, "Here is part of a letter from Ruth Vallette, she says she is progressing beautifully with her music abroad and that she has just received a 'Kansas City Journal' of some days-back which gives a long account of Ethel Robinson, the noted suffragette, who was arrested by the United States Marshal. At the time of her arrest, she was holding forth on women's rights from the court house steps, which place she had refused to vacate until forced." Who would ever have thought that their class president and the most dignified girl in the school would come to this?

"By the way Marita, do you remember Helen Richards? I heard the other day that she, contrary to our expectations, has turned out to be a most frivolous society woman who is so occupied with balls and dinners, etc., that she has no time to see her old friends. She stopped me on the street the other day just long enough to tell me about Mary McClure, who has been matron of a school in her town, but is now giving private lessons to those who are trying for the L. C. requirements.

"How many of our class are teaching! Let's go out some day to Edwards Institute. Wasn't it funny for Eula to found that school? If it hadn't been for her distaste of strict rules, she never would have done it. I imagine the girls have a hilarious time under her new code of school regulations."

Further searching produces no more letters, so they hurry into the car and soon reach Wellston. At last they reach Marita's home, where they stop for a hurried lunch and where Marita finds a letter from her old friend Sadie Bell. Sadie Bell is in ill health as she has never fully recovered from being so badly "Crushed" in her senior year, however, that has not hindered her from being prominent in several social reforms in Arkansas.

Her letter brings them back to their school days. She has been hunting up the where-abouts of the class and has very kindly passed the news to them. "Madge

Strangways has married one of her numerous beaux and lives in Michigan, where she is renowned for her prowess in athletics, which she still keeps up.

"Nydia Cecanko is a second 'Madame Yale', in fact, her beauty preparations are far more widely known. Florence Withington is in South America and it is rumored that through a revolution in one of those unheard of countries she is to be made queen. She was sent down there as a detective to hunt down 'Peon, the Red,' the noted outlaw and became so enamoured of the climate that she couldn't leave.

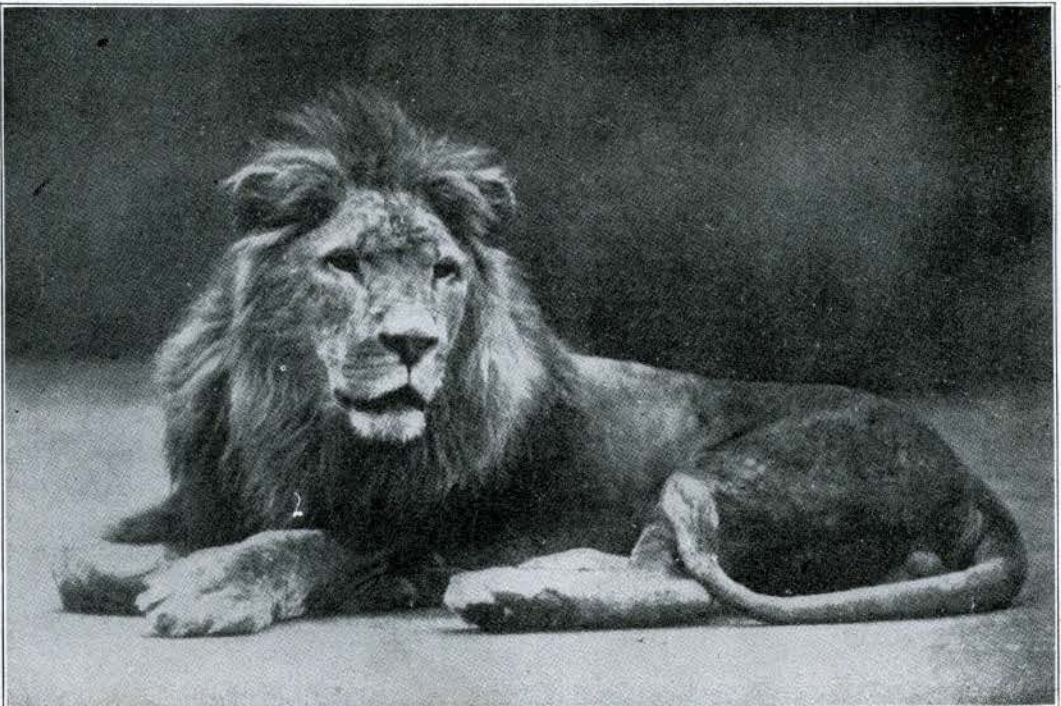
"Grace Miller was in Budapest the last I heard taking a course in Hypnotism in which she is to have the chair in our Alma Mater. The Keller girls are still living in Edwardsville, although they are both away a great deal of the time. Eleanor is a lecturer on the Lyceum Bureau and Florence is the secretary of the 'Anti-Canned Goods Association.' You remember how she used to condemn the use of canned goods at school and would never eat any of the *horrid stuff*."

After reading the letter, they start for the Coliseum to hear Ethel Alexander, the noted pianist, who has won great fame abroad and bids fair to soon excel Paderewski. As the car turns the corner of Jefferson street they nearly run over a young lady. "Why, May Parsons," cry both the girls; and they immediately stop to pick her up. Excitedly May tells them that she is visiting Irene Amos, who is now Ze Countess.

Together they go to hear their old class-mate and as they sit spell-bound through the brilliant passages, they nevertheless eagerly await the close of the performance to speak to the one whom they now hesitate to call "Pug". But she is just as jolly as when she carried a fat roll of music around Lindenwood halls.

On the way home Ruth says, "Marita, I just feel as if I had been to a reunion of the class of 1910 and our old prophecy about a 'rip roaring' class had come true, don't you?"

The next day, the telephone rings violently and Ruth hears Marita say, "Just read the postscript to Sadie's letter and it says that Majorie Burnham was to have been married last week, but she was late to the church, the groom thought she had jilted him and he committed suicide."



To The Senior Class of 1910.

Classmates, we have reached the parting,
Soon our paths will all divide;
College days are swiftly darting;
None can stay them as they glide.

Sweet has been our time together,
Sad will be our going hence.
Clouds and sunshine, tears and laughter;
This is life in every sense.

Girlhood dreams will soon be o'er,
Sterner tasks await us now;
Yet they must not press too sober,
Hence, rude Care from off our brow!

Though we go, we'll not forget her,
Each to other shall be dear,
And our much loved Alma Mater
Shall receive our saddest tear.

Farewell! Yes, the word is spoken,
Farewell to our college home.
Farewell to the bonds all broken.
Farewell! Yes, our mates have flown.

—Louise T. Crandall.

NINETEEN-TEN SCIENTIFIC DICTIONARY.

IN THIS year's work the Scientific Presearch Association has been especially handicapped by the peculiar and sometimes very abnormal nature of the specimens under examination.

The extended work of Mrs. Laura J. Heron on "The Habits and Nocturnal Customs of Abnomarmal Varieties" and the lately published production of Tulla M. Kirby's "A Scientifically Tabulated Report of the Examinations of the Habitat of Specimens" have aided the difficult task a great deal, but there is still some doubt about a few of the most baffling subjects and they remain a challenge to future investigation.

We present the following as the result of careful research and if there are any errors, the Scientific Presearch Association will be grateful for information in regard to disapproving same. We trust the following report will prove a real contribution to the scientific world. The well preserved specimens will be on exhibition in the museum of Lindenwood College June 7, 1910:

Canes Puga, ETHEL ALEXANDER, or Pug. A well-known variety of pet especially popular with the kids.

Opitium Giganticus, IRENE AMOS, or Ostrich. A fowl not very profitable on account of its capacity for food.

Caput Coloris, SADIE BELL, or Burro. From southern climes. Stubborn when aroused.

Apilis Celeritas, RUTH BARR, Antelope. Distinguished by grace of movement and swiftness.

Semper Tardus, MARJORIE BURNHAM, or Snail. Far famed for its speed of locomotion.

Scribere Catidie, NYDIA CECANKO, or Writing Spider. An interesting species and an incessant worker.

Ventriloquus Imitator, EULA EDWARDS, or Mocking Bird. A rare bird noted for its imitative ability. Can imitate the human voice very accurately.

Sapiens Nocturna. MARITA HODGMAN, Owl. Seen late at night. Habitat Stairways. Dangerous if disturbed.

Cheshira Felis, EVELYN HORNBACK, commonly called Cheshire Cat. An amiable variety noted for the charming smile.

Pugilisticis Minutissima, HELEN HOWARD, Snapping Turtle. Dangerous if teased. A small animal with very sharp claws.

. E. KELLER, a small animal related to the cat. As yet unclassified.

Tabitha Complacens, F. KELLER. A large species of Feline noted for intelligence and sociability.

Linate Domestica, MARY McCLURE. Linnet. A sweetly singing bird of gentle manners and docile disposition.

Summa Dulcis, GRACE MILLER, commonly called Monkey. A mischievous animal not at all fierce.

Pianissime Manipulator, MAY PARSONS, commonly not called, but comes. Scientists are of the opinion that this animal could produce wonderful music in the early morning but as yet it has been impossible to prove this theory.

Cramacial, HELEN RICHARDS, or Shark. A peculiar species noted for its brilliancy and pertinacity.

Albas Daschunda, ETHEL ROBINSON, or Daschund. A sprightly intelligent animal. This is an unusual specimen as it is white and exceedingly long and slender of body.

Fabulus Inventor, CLARA SCHWERDTMANN, Bird. A peculiar species noted for its extraordinary "tails".

Apilus Athleticus, MARGUERITE STRANGWAYS, or Hare. Far famed for its wonderful strength and agility.

. FLORENCE WITHINGTON, See Case 56 Senior Department. This specimen has been several times classified, but the tag has been lost. Attracted by bright colors, especially red. Its mouth is larger than a red squirrel's by "actual measurement".

Senior Song.

Chorus of "Put on Your Old Gray Bonnet".

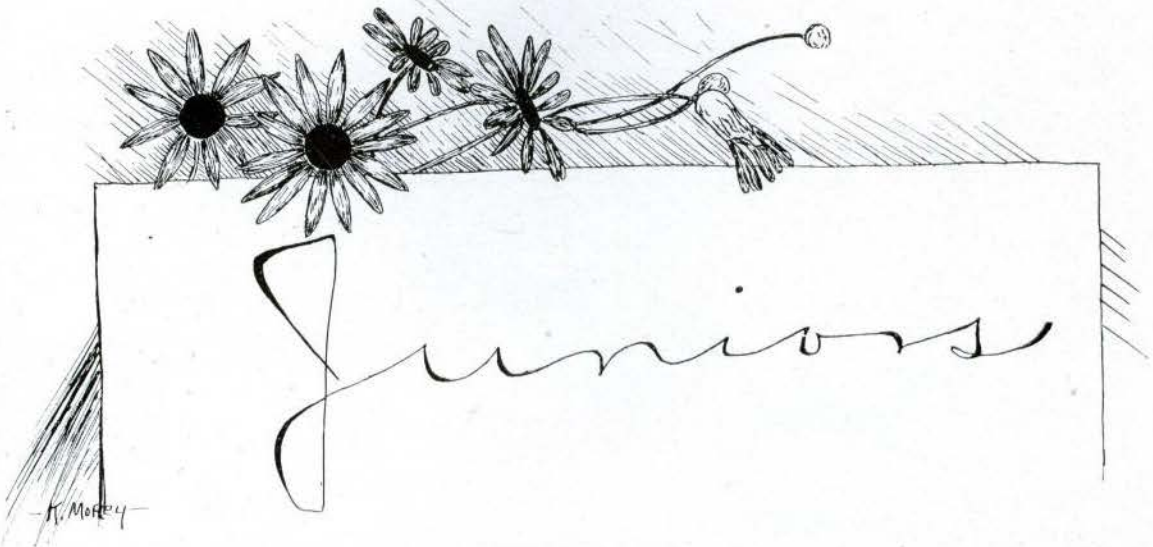
Seniors, put on your cap and gown
Forth for fame now and renown,
And leave all these comrades,
So forlorn.

We're going to turn things o'er,
Each become a "voter"
After our Commencement morn.

From these ideals ne'er turn us,
Tho' Fame Fortune spurn us,
And a home and husband
Be our pay.

Yet let us now aspire,
Tho' it go no higher
Than this bright Commencement Day.

SOULFUL GIRLS WITH
ENVIABLE DISPOSITIONS,
NEVER ANYTHING BUT
IDEAL STUDENTS.
ON TOP ALWAYS
REAL TRUE
SPORTS.



MISS ROTER
Advisor

MOTTO: Deeds, not words
Beaumont & Fletcher

MASCOT: Tiger

COLORS: Black and Gold

FLOWER: Black-eyed Susan

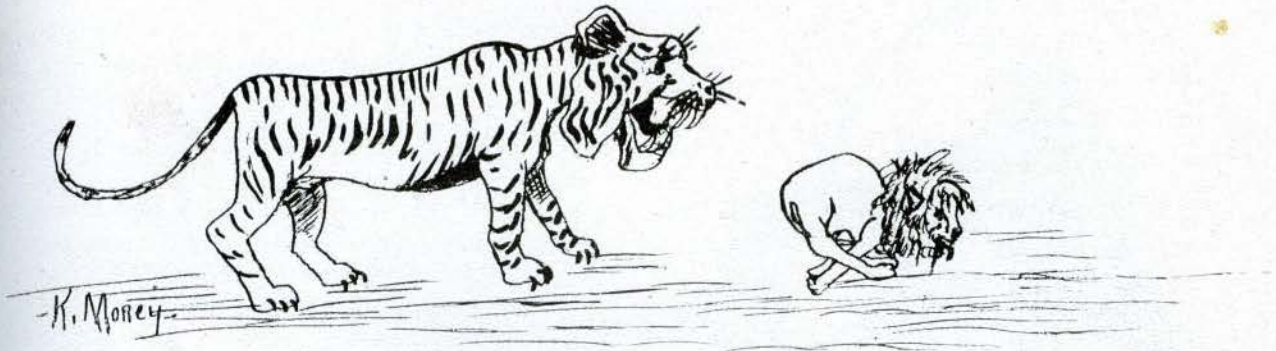
OFFICERS

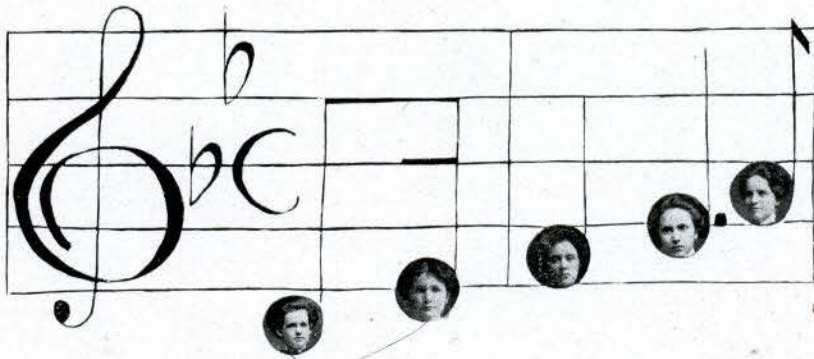
Dorothy Holtcamp	- - - -	President
Minnie Lee Betts	- - - -	Vice-President
Katherine Morey	- - - -	Secretary
Oma Douglas	- - - -	Treasurer

YELLS

J U N I O R S
That's the way to spell it
That's the way to yell it;
J U N I O R S

Sis s s s s s s
BOOM
YI
JUNIORS





Shadows

MINNIE LEE BETTS Hope, Arkansas

"A true daughter of the South, her blood flows hotly through her veins."

"De South for mine."

Has a crush on everybody in turn. Minnie lives in "Hope". Vice-president of the class.

ZELLA BLOOMHEART Chanute, Kansas.

"And they heaped coals of fire upon her head."

Captain of Junior Basket-ball Team. A regular whirlwind on the field. Is particularly fond of solitaires.

NATALIE CULVER Greenfield, Illinois.

"Wee modest crimson tipped flower."

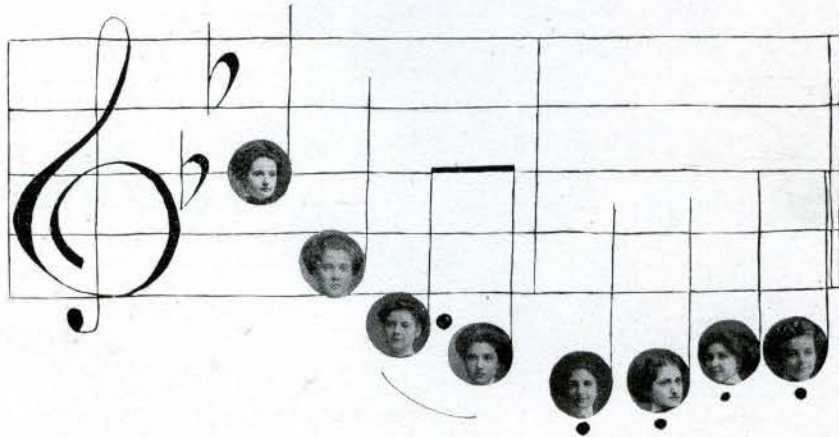
A late addition to the class. Hails from Illinois and has red hair. Very sociable.

HAZEL DEAN Rolla, Missouri.

"Things that are done up in small packages are not always precious."

Her palm reads of many heart breaking love affairs, but she will get married after all. Fitted to be a nurse?





OMA DOUGLAS - - - - - Bachtown, Illinois.

"Money is the root of all evil."
 Treasurer of the class. Very cleverly parts us from our money. Great acrobat, especially bare-back rider.

MIRIAM HERR - - - - - Bloomfield, Iowa.

"She could not make her eyes behave."
 A Virgil scholar of great reputation, also a Margaret Hallite. Noted for her absence at Junior meetings.

DOROTHY HOLTCAMP - - - - - St. Louis, Missouri.

"Music hath horrors to terrify the timid youth."
 The President of our class. Enthusiastic class worker. Ambition—to be able to sing. If she could only be like Miss Parks. Most popular girl in school.

GENEVIVE JAMES - - - - - St. Louis, Missouri.

"Round as a biscuit, busy as a bee, the funniest little thing you ever did see."
 Genevive believes in crushes. She will never recover from the one she has now. We wonder when she will grow tall???

RUTH KEENE - - - - - Ft. Scott, Kansas.

"A little slow, but always there."
 The philosopher of the class. Well read on every subject. Ruth is a nice girl if she does live in Kansas.

KATHERINE KENNEDY - - - - - St. Louis, Missouri.

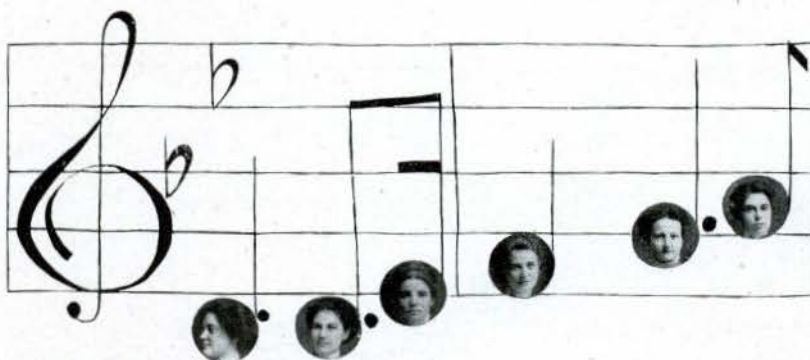
"If I have one virtue, it is gracefulness."
 Katherine, the walking telegraph pole, who insists that she is not tall. She performs the part of a bride very gracefully.

FAYE KURRE - - - - - Jackson, Missouri.

"They are never alone, who are accompanied by a crush."
 Faye is very fond of animals, especially dogs. So much that she took the part of one at a show. Loud talker????

EVA MALABY - - - - - Ellsworth, Kansas.

"Straining harsh discords and displeasing sharps."
 Eva is addicted to "hero worship". She can certainly make the piano talk. If you want a jolly companion, go talk to her and your troubles will vanish.



GLADYS McDONALD - - - - - Kansas City, Missouri.

"And no woman's face remember, save in my glass, mine own."

A faithful member of the class. Favors Lindenwood being closer to S. C. M. A. At home on the stage.

FRANCES MOFFETT - - - - - Moberly, Missouri.

"For she will sing the savageness out of a bear."

Good at everything she does. Acts the part of an old maid perfectly, which will be a great help later.

KATHERINE MOREY - - - - - Chanute, Kansas.

"Ye Gods, I am a woman after mine own heart."

Kit is our artist. She can play basket ball, too. To tell the truth we have never found anything she can't do from being a baby to singing high C. Most talented girl in school.

SYBLE NEFF - - - - - Hobart, Oklahoma.

"Her bark is worse than her bite."

Who is afraid of Syble? She may catch us cutting practice sometimes, but we cut often when she does not catch us. She is a good impersonator of a German musician.

MABEL NIX - - - - - Joplin, Missouri.

"Nature has made some strange beings in her time."

"Nix for Mine." Mabel is chiefly noted for her piano playing. Can reach exceedingly high notes in vocal. Sings at weddings. Try her.

LUDINE NYBERG - - - - - Harrisburg, Illinois.

*"In peace there is nothing so becomes a woman as stillness.
In conflict with the Seniors, let her howl."*

Another late addition to the class. Noted for her ability to "elocute". Extremely noisy??

RUTH PARR - - - - - St. Charles, Missouri.

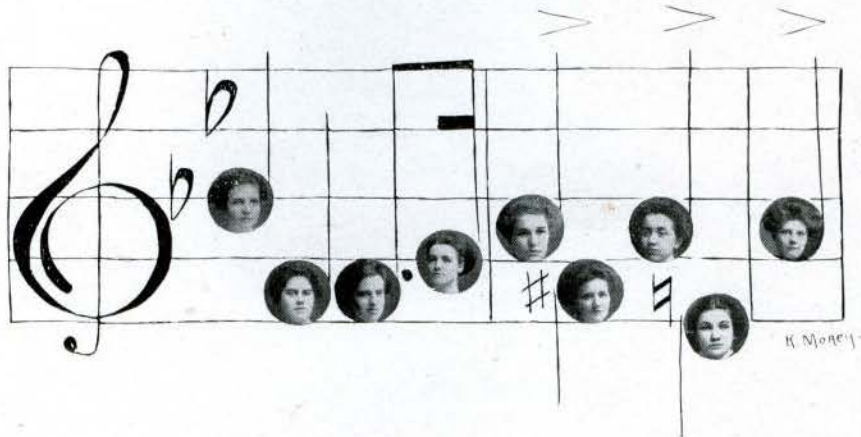
"Never do to-day what you can put off till tomorrow."

The dark complexioned little lass, who lives way down in old St. Charles. Never known to miss a Junior Meeting??

BESSIE RAYNOR - - - - - Caldwell, New Jersey.

"I have neither wit, nor words, nor utterance, nor the power of speech."

Never makes any objections. Takes all the subjects taught here. Believes in "Matrimony by Correspondence".



RHEA RICHARDSON - - - - - Winchester, Illinois.

"Curiosity killed a cat." Look out, Rhea.
 She has an abundance of beautiful black hair. Has great class enthusiasm (when someone starts it first).

GLADYS ROBERTSON - - - - - Grant City, Missouri.

"She only lacked one vice to make her perfect."
 This vice is "being naughty". A remarkable Latin scholar. Living advertisement of Danderine. Very much in love with her room-mate. Most studious girl in school.

JEAN RUSSELL - - - - - Mineral, Kansas.

"All that is silent is not harmless."
 She is a very studious girl. Has been known to join a midnight conspiracy on extreme provocation.

CLARA SPILLER - - - - - Benton, Illinois.

"I don't care what the teacher says, I can't play that tune."
 A very bashful musician, who says she "can't". Believes in Harmony. Afraid of snow-balls. Opera singer.

NAN TYLER - - - - - Defiance, Missouri.

"One may smile and smile and yet be a villain."
 Always ready to do her part. Believes in making a home happy by being a good cook. Jolliest girl in school.

ERMA WEBB - - - - - Rolla, Missouri.

"She speaks an infinite deal of nothing."
 She is said to be the biggest joker in school, with the exception of Miss Raynor. She is bright too, for she got out of her Chemistry exam.

ELEANORE WENCKER - - - - - Augusta, Missouri.

"Care will kill a pig; Let's be merry."
 The quiet member of the class?? Never mind "Wenkie", you will get over your bashfulness. Very fond of pickles.

LILLIAN ZACKER - - - - - St. Louis, Missouri.

"The course of true crushes never runs smooth."
 This beautiful young maiden is very bashful and seldom makes a noise?? Noted for her smile and complexion.

To The Loyalty of 1911.

OH, loyalty, to thee we owe
Our success with friend and foe,
In bonds that hold us strong and true
As true and deep as heaven's blue,
Our class is held together.

What spirit leads the soldiers on
Beneath the hot and blistering sun?
What leads the way to victory?
'Tis nothing else but loyalty.

When June arrives with budding tree,
And we from duties are made free;
Our thoughts will turn to victories past;
And loyalty will hold us fast.

So loyalty to thee we bring our hearts,
And to thee sing.
So through the years as in the past,
We trust that thou wilt hold us fast.

D. E. H. '11.

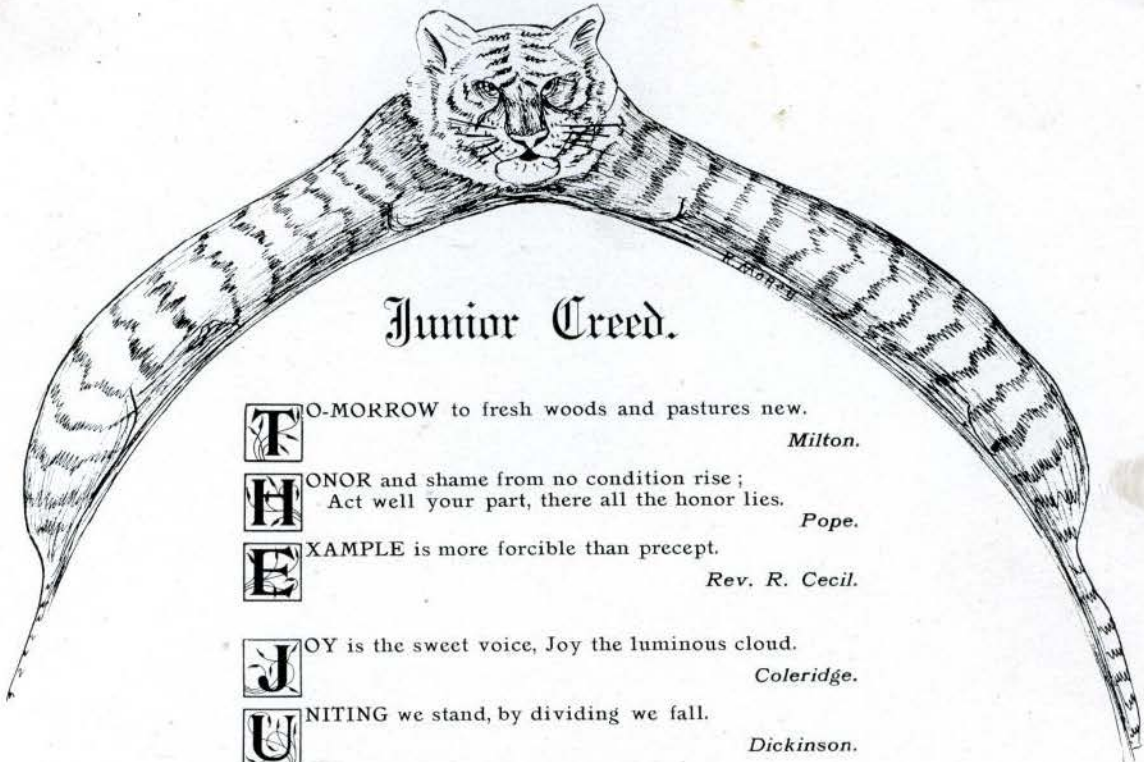
Class Song.

GIVE a rouse then for the Juniors.
We're a class that knows no fear.
In our conflict with the Seniors
We strive on with shouts of cheer.
So through fair and foul weather,
We Juniors will stick together
With a shout of hot fervor,
And our good song ringing clear.

Oh, we're proud of our mascot.
It's the tiger strong and bold,
And we're loyal to our colors,
Which are ever black and gold.
And we'll wave them forever,
'Till fate us from them doth sever.
With our hearts ever loyal,
And our minds all free from care.

Up and onward then, ye Juniors,
For a life of victory
And we'll surely find it glorious
When we conquer everything.
So away then, ye troubles,
For in us gay life or bubbles,
With a shout of hot fervor,
And our good song ringing clear.

D. E. H. '11.



Junior Creed.

TO-MORROW to fresh woods and pastures new.
Milton.

HONOR and shame from no condition rise ;
Act well your part, there all the honor lies.
Pope.

EXAMPLE is more forcible than precept.
Rev. R. Cecil.

JOY is the sweet voice, Joy the luminous cloud.
Coleridge.

UNITING we stand, by dividing we fall.
Dickinson.

NOW'S the day and now's the hour.
Burns.

IN cases of defence 'tis best to weigh the enemy more
mighty than he seems.
Shakespeare.

ORDER gave each thing view.
Shakespeare.

RANK is but the guinea's stamp
A man's the gowd for a' that.
Burns.

SPORT that wrinkled care derides,
And laughter holding both his sides
Come and trip it as you go,
In the light fantastic toe.
Milton.

CARE to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt, and every
grin, so merry, pulls one out.
Dr. Wolcat.

REVENGE is sweet, especially to women.
Byron.

EXTREMES in nature equal good produce ;
Extremes in man concur to general use.
Pope.

ENOUGH is good as a feast.
Ray.

DEFER no time. Delays have dangerous ends.
Shakespeare.

Halloween.

'T WAS the last of October, and all through the house,
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.
The halls were forsaken, the lights dim and low,
If a candle was lighted it sure didn't show.
The girls were all nestled snug in their beds,
While problems and French verbs danced through their heads.
The teacher on duty had at last made her rounds,
And closed the door quietly, hearing no sounds.

When up on third floor there seemed something the matter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the clatter,
Away to the door I flew like a flash,
Opened it quickly and there was a big crash.
Through the dim light I peered down the hall,
And the figures I saw there looked ghostly and tall.
What did I see? Seven girls, if you please,
Each one afraid to giggle or sneeze.

Their expressions on seeing me changed very quick,
And I saw in a moment they were up to old Nick.
Between subdued whispers, and "ohs" and "ands"
I soon understood and was one in their plans
And Helen and Dot the fudge were to cook,
While Ruth and Martha down the hall kept a look,
And Nydia and Ethel and May and myself,
Got everything down from the pantry shelf.

To that awful dark region known to us all
As the ghostly dark basement of Sibley Hall,
At last out the door, we stole single file,
Skillfully avoiding creaky boards all the while,
Down the first flight we crept then in pairs,
Paused for a breath, and looked toward the stairs,
On down the second and third then we went,
Trembling and quivering, our courage most spent.

Then into the first black room crept in fear,
Each on the look-out for ghosts to appear,
When suddenly a heart-rending scream pierced the air,
And madly and vainly we tore for the stair.
Little we cared then for noise, it is true,
Up to the third floor like lightning we flew,
Breathlessly questioning all in one breath,
What was the demon that scared us to death.
You'll not believe me, but 'tis true ne'er the less
And I know though you tried it you never could guess.
"Oh" panted May, "'Twas a mouse, 'twas a mouse,
I heard it gnawing. I know 'twas a mouse."

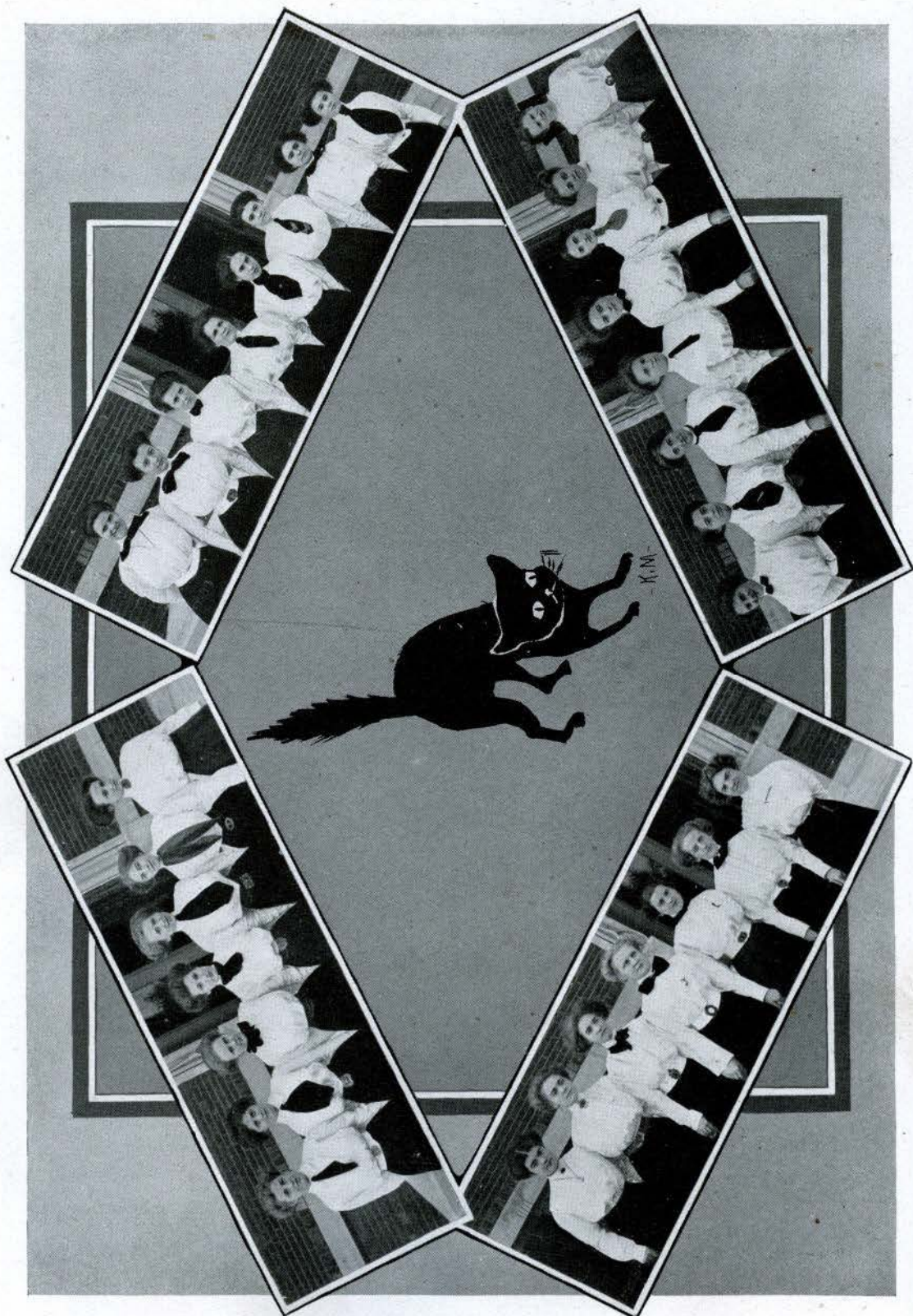


Specials



Class Roll.

Freda Amburg	-	-	-	-	-	Grafton, Ill.
Hixie Aiken	-	-	-	-	-	Camp Hill, Ala.
Nina Blount	-	-	-	-	-	Larned, Kans.
Edna Becker	-	-	-	-	-	St. Louis, Mo.
May Douglas	-	-	-	-	-	Batchtown, Ill.
Elizabeth Gordon	-	-	-	-	-	Oquawka, Ill.
Louise Humphrey	-	-	-	-	-	Ft. Scott, Kans.
Evelyn Hickel	-	-	-	-	-	St. Louis, Mo.
Idyl Hamilton	-	-	-	-	-	Weir, Kans.
Margaret Hamilton	-	-	-	-	-	Weir, Kans.
Mildred Hageman	-	-	-	-	-	Salina, Kans.
Verona Hemker	-	-	-	-	-	Catawissa, Mo.
Mazie Katzung	-	-	-	-	-	Ft. Scott, Kans.
Hester Light	-	-	-	-	-	Chicago, Ill.
Helen Moulton	-	-	-	-	-	Ft. Scott, Kans.
Caroline McClure	-	-	-	-	-	O'Fallon, Mo.
Frances Prill	-	-	-	-	-	Centralia, Ill.
Romona Pugh	-	-	-	-	-	Des Moines, Ia.
Rollie Purvines	-	-	-	-	-	Pleasant Plains, Ill.
Lona Reynolds	-	-	-	-	-	Atoka, Oklahoma.
Hattie Robbins	-	-	-	-	-	Meadville, Mo.
Ruth Renick	-	-	-	-	-	Parsons, Kans.
Myrna Stith	-	-	-	-	-	Eureka, Kans.
Edith Smith	-	-	-	-	-	Ash Grove, Mo.
Frances Young	-	-	-	-	-	Hot Springs, Ark.
Helen West	-	-	-	-	-	New Canton, Ill.
Lalie Kroeger	-	-	-	-	-	St. Louis, Mo.
Dorothy Scheuer	-	-	-	-	-	St. Louis, Mo.
Mildred Mayfield	-	-	-	-	-	St. Louis, Mo.
Florence Johns	-	-	-	-	-	White Castle, La.
Martha Johnson	-	-	-	-	-	St. Charles, Mo.
Hazle Kirby	-	-	-	-	-	Granite City, Ill.



*Lions roar, bull dogs bark and tigers are put behind latches.
But though we look so meek and mild, remember our mascot scratches.*

Class Poem.

Listen, my readers, and I shall disclose,
A tale on each Special that no one knows.

I begin with Miss Giffin, who is our advisor,
Each class has a teacher, but none is wiser.

Freda Amburg is brave, but would run from the house,
If someone real suddenly yelled out "A Mouse".

At class work Hixie Aiken is certainly fine,
But her heart's in New Mexico most of the time.

From Nina Blount we can't get very far,
Because it is widely known that she has a "Carr".

If Edna Becker you want to quiz,
Just ask her about her "rumetiz".

Mae Douglas does as well as she's able,
But she always takes a nap at the table.

You can't say Bessie Gordon is stupid,
For isn't she called our special class "Cupid"?

Humphrey is there when it comes to duty,
Even if she is our "Sleeping Beauty".

Mildred Hageman has a frat pin you know,
She certainly must have found a beau.

Who is this bringing the campus in?
It's Margaret Hamilton coming from gym.

I think we'll put Idyl in a show,
Because she can charm snakes, you know.

Hickel! O! Hickel, why don't you cease,
To bang and bang on that same old piece?

Hello "Snooks", do you know any news?
Oh! let me alone, I'm collecting the dues.

Katzung is fond of the opposite sex,
If you don't believe it, then ask about "Rex".

The Special Class ought to be bright,
For wherever we are we sure have a Light.

Moulton recites history from morning till night,
Louis I, Louis II, Louis III she recites.

What noise is that, that rends the air?
Oh! just McClure, she fell on the stair.

"Dutch Cleanser" one day Frances Prill read,
So she used the stuff to wash her head.

What is Ramona writing in her book?
She is planning how her "Lavender Wedding" will look.

Who is this in agony wild?
Rollie working Harmony. Poor child!

At class meetings Reynolds doesn't say very much,
But at recitals she plays to beat the Dutch.

Hattie Robbins gazes in her mirror with tearful eyes,
"I'm the only fat one in the family," she sighs.

Ruth Renick received a message, then whew -
Off to Kansas City she flew.

Myrna shrieks like she heard her death doom,
But it's only a June bug in her room.

Why does Edith Smith at Natalie stare?
Why, she is gazing at her auburn hair.

Why does Dot Scheuer storm around so?
Her S. C. M. C. letter is late, you know.

Frances swears she'll get married (she may get stung)
But really she doesn't want to die "Young".

There is one of our Specials who does her best,
And that girl's name is Helen West.

Lailie is a Special from whom not much is heard,
Ask her opinion in meetings and you'll hear, never a word.

Did you ask if Mildred Mayfield was ill?
Oh! no, she is just pining for Prill.

There is Johnsie looking worried again,
I suppose she's had trouble with her St. Charles men.

Why does Martha run so quick?
Sh-she has a letter from Drick.

Kirby just swears her hair has turned gray
Since they have sent the annual away.



SPECIAL OFFICERS

President	-	-	-	HAZEL DELL KIRBY
Vice-President	-	-	-	NINA BLOUNT
Secretary	-	-	-	MYRNA STITH
Treasurer	-	-	-	VERONA HEMKER

Advisor: MISS GRACE GIFFIN.

COLORS: Black and Red

FLOWER: Red Rose

MOTTO: "A long pull, a strong pull and a pull all together."

*A Special with powder puff
Doffing here and there,
This reported weather wise
Means "Continued Fair."*

*Girls agiggling, teachers cross,
Fuel to fire alending,
Weather signal in this case
Would be "Storms Impending."*

*Special now has flunked in Bible,
Tears her hair and bawls,
The weather bird would say, I'm sure,
There are "Sudden Squalls."*

*Girls and crushes have a spat
No more fudge and flowers,
The indications in this case
Are for "April Showers."*

*Snookie now is on the pace,
Girls seem a trifle nettled,
Come now, pay up, don't leave L. C.
Your class dues all "Unsettled."*

Special Scrap Basket.

S is for Special, a class brave and strong,

P for the President, who helps it along.

E is for Everyone enrolled in our book,

C is for Cat, the mascot we took.

I is for Interest we take in our class,

A is for Advisor, who helps every lass.

L for the Love we bear one another,

S for the School where we live all together.

Little knots of scarlet;

Little knots of black;

Make a full fledged Special

With nothing then alack.

There was a class at Lindenwood and "Special" was its name,
Now listen, friends, and you shall hear how it acquired its name.

Now this class had a mascot bold, a black cat wondrous wise,
The lion, tiger and bull dog was nothing like our prize.

Our pulling motto set a rule for any kind of weather,
"A long pull, a strong pull," and we sure pulled all together.

When e'er we go or where we go
Or if we ne'er come back
We still are Specials of L. C. and
Yell for Red and Black.

H. D. K.

You can tell about the Seniors,
If they're going to fill the bill.
You can figure on the Juniors
And you're apt to get your fill.
But to talk about the Specials,
You can talk till day is done,
And you'll never tell a thing but's true,
I'm sure you won't, not one.
I'll tell you what, they are the ones
On which you can depend.
They never fail, but always will
Be on time at the end.
If they don't do a thing, my friend,
I'm sure it can't be done
For they are swift and they are sure,
And always in for fun.

Cho.—O! you sure can tell about the Specials,
They're really great, and that's the truth, I know.
You never knew one that wasn't O. K.
And you never knew one that was slow.
They're always very certain to be winners
And always will be flying red and black.
You can yell till you are blue
But you bet they'll all be true,
To Lindenwood and our black cat.

I. M. H.



Sophomores.

MOTTO: Fram.

MASCOT: Bull Dog.

COLORS: Black and White.

FLOWER: White Rose.

Advisory Teacher: MISS COOMBS.

Officers.

ADELE CRANDALL, President.

KATHERINE ABRIGHT, Secretary.

ANNETTE DAVIS, Treasurer.

Class Roll.

KATHERINE ABRIGHT.

"Fair Katherine and most Fair."

EVELYN BAETZ.

"There's no place like home."

ADELE CRANDALL.

"Give us to go blithely on our business all this day."

ANNETTE DAVIS.

"Tossing back her raven hair with the old imperious air."

JESSIE DING.

"Thy voice is music and thy English broken."

MARGUERITE FOUTE.

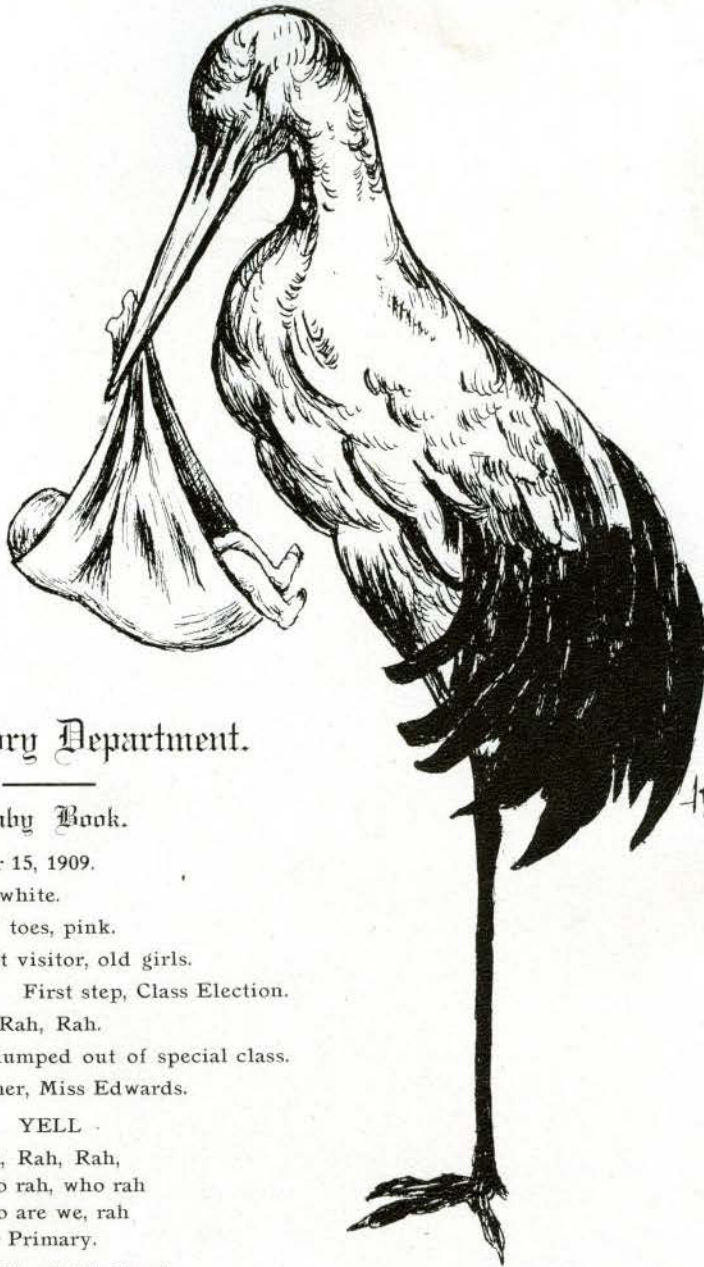
*"Flower o' the clove
All the Latin I construe is 'amo', I love."*

FRANCES STRATHMAN.

"What is the end of study? Let us know."

JOHANNA STUPP. - MAGDALINE STUPP.

*"Never on earth did mortal
See twins so like before."*



Preparatory Department.

Baby Book.

Arrival, September 15, 1909.

Color of hair, white.

Color of toes, pink.

First visitor, old girls.

First step, Class Election.

First words, Rah, Rah, Rah.

First bump, dumped out of special class.

Godmother, Miss Edwards.

YELL

Rah, Rah, Rah,

Who rah, who rah

Who are we, rah

Primary.

MASCOT: Little Lamb.

COLORS: Pink and White.

FLOWER: Apples Blossom.

MOTTO: Make haste slowly.

Preparatory Department.

Lillian Smith,
Leontine Larimore,

Mary Salisbury,
Margaret Salisbury,

Gladys Badger,
Mildred Becker.

Lindenwood Book Shelf.

Seats of the Mighty	Faculty Row.
The Music Master	Mr. Quarles.
Wild Animals I Have Known	The Juniors.
A Certain Rich Man	Col. Butler.
Question of the Hour	When will the Annual be out?
The Danger Mark	A Demerit.
Lavender and Old Lace	Mrs. Heron at the Reception.
The Firing Line	Questions in Chapel.
The Human Way	To adore Mary Helen.
Life's Little Ironies	Squelchings.
All Sorts and Conditions of Men	Girls on the way to Breakfast.
A Bath Comedy	Ask R. D. C. and M. S. J.
Etiquette for Americans	Hometalks.
Those Nerves	That Belong to the Duty Teacher.
A Key to the Unknown	A Latin Pony.
Love's Privilege	To Sleep with your Crush on Saturday
The Rome Express	St. Charles Car Line.
Les Miserables	The Athletic Association.
The Foolish Dictionary	May Parsons.
Much Ado about Nothing	That Ghost Walk.
Sentimental Journeys	Schwerdt's visits to Pug's room.
The Well Beloved	Saturday night.
The Century Cyclopedea	Dr. Horn.
Vera the Medium	Miss Coombs.
Work and Wages	When the Seniors earn money.
The City of Delight	St. Charles.
The Awakening of Helen Richie-ards	Just ask Helen about it.
A Sentimental Traveler	A Friday Night Caller.
Wanted—a Chaperon	At the Ball Game.
The Return of the Native	When We get Home on June 8.



85738



Art Class.

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

Colors:

Pink, Green and White

Flowers:

Pink Rose and White Rose

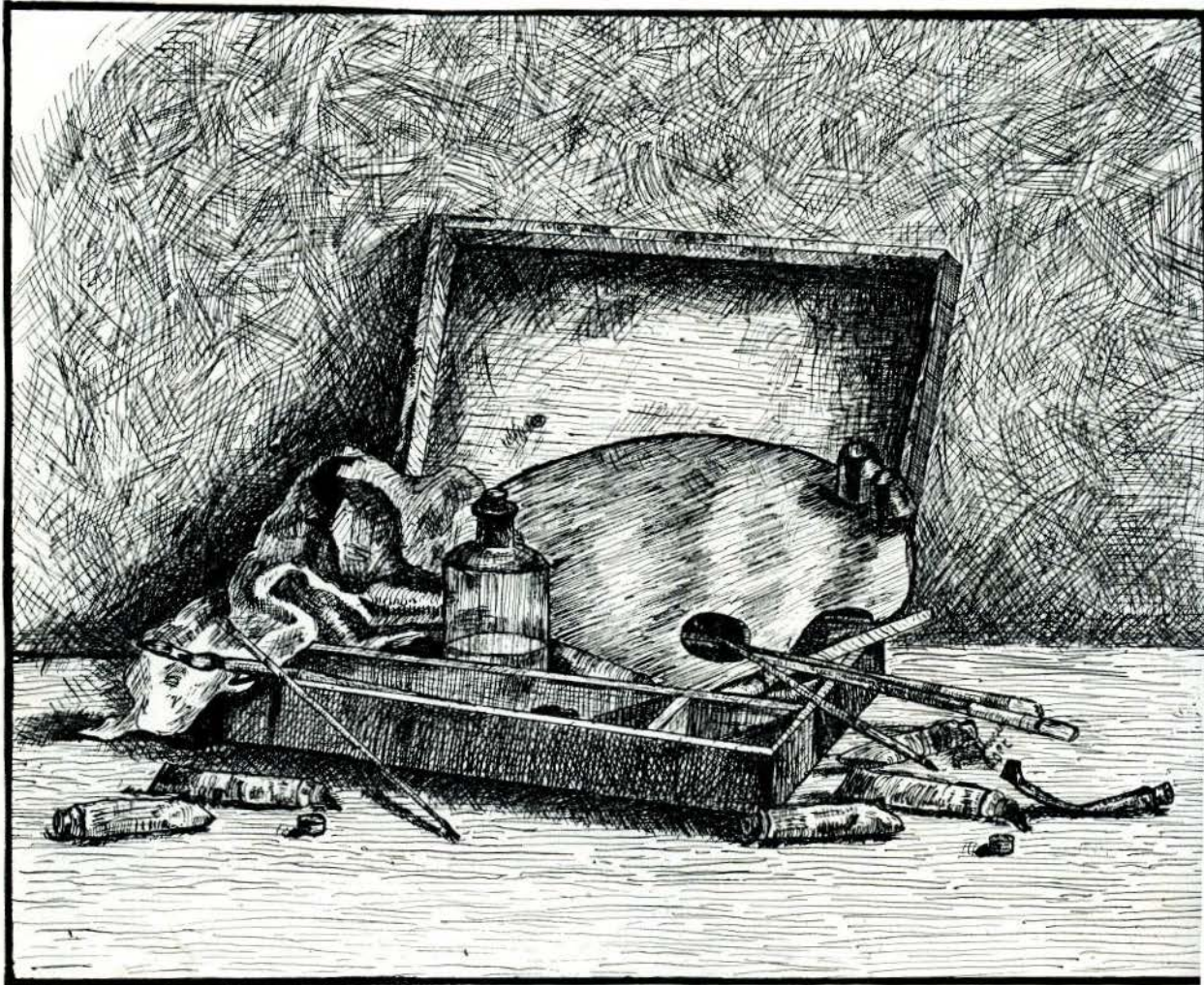
Miss Alice A. Linnemann, Teacher

Officers:

Helen Howard	President
Grace Miller	Vice-President
Ona Douglas	Secretary and Treasurer

Class Roll:

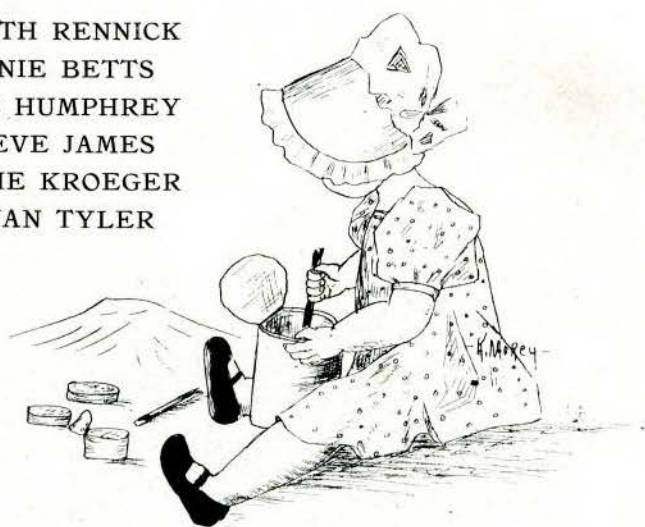
Louise Betts, Mary Salisbury, Mildred Hageman
Marcella Ludwig, Grace Miller,
Louise Humphrey, Helen Howard, Ruth Kenick,
Zella Bloomheart, Natalie Culver,
Katherine Morey, Marjorie Burnham, Idyl Hamilton,
Gladys Robertson, Johanna Stupp,
Margaret Hamilton, Magdalen Stupp, Irma Christy,
Martha Johnson, Jean Russell,
Lona Reynolds, Golda Hewitt, Ona Douglas,
Ruth Vallette, Lillian Smith,
Jean Warren, Miriam Herr,
Hazel Seitz, Romona Pugh,
Lillian Zacker.





Domestic Science

RUTH CRANDALL	RUTH RENNICK
RAMONA PUGH	MINNIE BETTS
EVELYN HICKEL	LOUISE HUMPHREY
HELEN WEST	GENEVIEVE JAMES
ELIZABETH GORDON	LALIE KROEGER
ETHEL CHADSEY	NAN TYLER





SENIOR CLASS PLAY.

The Worsted Man.

GIVEN BY SENIOR CLASS. APRIL 22, 1910.

MR. WOOLLEY—*The worsted man, a doll, an expident and a flirt.*
MARGUERITE STRANGWAYS.

MISS PATIENCE WILLOUGHBY—*An ingenious young woman, known as Impatience for an obvious reason.*
FLORENCE WITHINGTON.

MISS MARIANNA JONES—*A Summer girl, willing to be wooed.*
CLARA SCHWERDTMANN.

MISS BABETTE HAWKINS—*Another anxious to be courted.*
NYDIA CECANKO.

MISS JEANETTE BARRINGTON—*A third, desirous of being won.*
IRENE AMOS.

MISS SUSANNA DARROW—*A fourth, not averse to gallantry.*
EULA EDWARDS.

MISS PRISCILLA MIDDLETON—*A fifth, looking for a cavalier.*
ETHEL ROBINSON.

MISS PRUDENCE ANDREWS—*A sixth, with her cap set.*
MARITA HODGMAN.

MISS ETHELINDA DE WITT—*A seventh, except in years, where she is easily first, being quite thirty-seven; ready for anything.*
SADIE BELL.

SAMBO FRONT, Esq.—*A bell boy of ebon hue.*
HELEN RICHARDS.

SCENE—*The Office of a Summer Hotel of Highland Hills, New Hampshire.*



LINDENWOOD
1910

Declaration of Independence.

(Agreed to September 20, 1909.) In Congress, September 20, 1909.

The Unanimous Vote of Most of the Old Girls of Lindenwood.

(Wonder How Many Kept Their Word.)

When in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for all people to dissolve bands which have connected them too closely with other classmates, namely crushes, and assume among the powers of school life, the separate and equal station which nature and the God of nature entitles them. We hold these truths to be self evident facts, that all men are created equal, and are endowed with unalienable rights among which are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Whenever any friendship becomes destructive to these ends, it is the duty of the people concerned to alter, and abolish said friendship, and to institute a new friendship, laying for its foundation such principles, and organizing its power in such form as to them shall seem most likely to affect their safety and happiness. Prudence indeed will dictate that crushes of long standing, and long establishment, should not be changed for light and transient causes, and so experience has shown that crushes will suffer rather than right themselves by abolishing the intimacy to which they have become accustomed. But when a long train of abuses of friendship, resulting in misunderstandings and estrangement, it is the duty of those concerned to throw off such friendship and to provide new and strong guards against any such.

We, therefore, the Old girls of Lindenwood, in general assembly do, in the name and by the authority of the good people of Lindenwood, solemnly publish and declare, that this coming school year we will refrain from crushes of any size, shape or form.

Signed,

Dorothy Holtcamp,	Ruth Sayre Barr,	Edith Smith,
Irene Amos,	Clara Schwerdtmann,	Myrna Stith,
Adele Crandall,	Sadie Bell,	Florence Withington,
May Parsons,	Margaret Hogg,	Grace Miller,
Ethel Robinson,	Marguerite Strangways,	Florence Kellar,
Nydia Cecanko,	Ruth Crandall,	Mildred Mayfield,
Ethel Alexander,	Helen Howard,	Frances Prill,
Dorothy Scheuer,	Minnie Betts,	Annette Davis,
	Martha Johnson.	

Did You Ever?

Did you ever see young Chadsey curl her hair?
Did you ever hear a Latin student swear?
Did you ever, ever hear that Mag. Strangways shed a tear?
Did you ever?
No you never
For they really would not do it,
So don't fear.

Did you ever see Miss Porterfield dance a jig?
Did you ever get an A in your trig?
Did you ever wish you knew what the L. C. faculty do?
Did you ever?
No you never
And you never, never will,
It's sad, but true.

Did you ever hear a vocal pupil sing?
Did you ever see a school-girl work in spring?
Did you ever hope to see Seniors and Juniors that agree?
Did you ever?
No you never,
For they simply could not do it
Don't you see?



Phases of School Life.

Warning Bell.

DID the warning bell ring?" asked my room-mate, turning off the water and drying her hands on my clean towel.

"No," I answered, but in a moment I added on hearing the bell, "there it is now and my hair doesn't look a bit nice."

Whereupon I pulled it all down, and commenced again under even more trying circumstances than before, for we each were trying to look into the small space of mirror which was not covered with kodak pictures.

"Where's my collar?"

"Genevieve has my belt. That is my necktie."

"Oh, do you want to wear it today? Quit jabbing me with your elbow that way."

These remarks were made through teeth that held a dozen hair pins, and we jumped wildly into our one-piece dresses which never were so handy. I pulled my drawer out and began a whirling movement with my hands which soon brought to light the ribbon I was after; leaving the rest of the collars, ribbons, belts, ties and etc. in an artistic pile.

"Oh shoot that collar button anyhow," shouted my roomy, throwing the offending article out of the window. "There the lights go out, oh dear, why do they turn them out just when I am trying to fix my hair; I just wish they would have to dress one morning in the pitch dark."

"I was going to wear that pin this morning," said I, snatching a beauty pin she was just pinning into her collar.

"Well, I don't care if I'm not dressed right," we each muttered as we dashed out of our rooms quite out of breath and nearly half dressed.

The scene changes, it is about 9:49 P. M. A bell rings.

"I'm mad," my room-mate remarks.

"I'm sorry, can I do anything for you?" I remark soothingly.

"Oh shut up, shut up," is the answer. I subside. "There, I just started to undress and the lights will go off in a second—say, where's my gown?" But the lights go out and she sinks down on the bed. I assay to pat her hand.

"Shut up." Again I subside, this time for good. She begins to cry, quietly at first, then gradually louder and louder, her wails interspersed with "Shut up," as the girls along the hall ask the trouble.

Suddenly a Presence appears in the door, "Girls, what is the cause of this unseemly commotion; young lady, why are you crying?"

"They turned off the lights, and I can't find my night-gown," answered my room-mate.

The Presence quietly found the missing gown, and soon had roomy in bed, and with a few last sniffs, which sounded suspiciously like, "Shut up," my room-mate slept.

KATHERINE KENNEDY, '11.

An Anecdote.

THE door burst open and, gasping for breath, after running up three flights of stairs, a lively young girl, her face flushed and beaming, stammered:—"G-G-Ger-Gertrude you're w-w-wanted at the phone."

At this startling announcement a golden haired girl, clad in a kimona, who had been nestled snugly among pillows in one of the huge willow-rockers which the room boasted, sprang suddenly from her easy position. With a bound she stood in the middle of the room, throwing her novel, face downward, on the table, and overturning the contents of a candy-box, the existence of which she had forgotten on hearing the news.

She cast a bewildered glance at the girls seated on the trunks and chairs, then rushed in dismay to her mirror.

"Oh! honestly, Laura? My goodness, look at me, girls! What shall I do? I'll have to dress a little, and Dr. Zephers simply won't hold the phone! I know it's Dick and I'll have to pretend it's brother and will have an awful time when I think he is listening. Imagine! Dick a brother!"

"Where is my other suede shoe? I can't wear one shoe and one bedroom slipper. Jiminy, but that hurts my corn! Oh girls! My hair! And I can't take the curlers down or I'll look like thunder with straight hair at the dance to-morrow. Nellie, would you mind running to try and find a long rain-coat for me? I think Stella has a blue one that would be long enough. And a scarf, too, Nellie. Who do you suppose it can be? Surely no one is sick at home, we're such a healthy bunch! Girls, I'm just crazy to see who it is. Thanks, but I think I can do it quicker myself."

"Nellie, you are an angel! Now will you button my shoe? Oh, look how awful that scarf looks, you can tell my hair's on curlers, can't you, girls? Does it look too awful? Can you see my kimona under this coat? Why I never was so excited in my life. Gracious, just suppose something was the matter! Wish me luck, girls. Adios."

And Gertrude Nevins, the well beloved, bounded down stairs and in a moment was breathlessly interviewing the fatherly president.

"It's your brother, Miss Nevins," he said reassuringly, noticing the anxious look on the face of the girl.

The faintest glimmer of a smile flickered for a moment about her mouth, then Gertrude seated herself before the instrument only hesitating a second to regain a little breath and a few wits. Then in a voice shaking with breathlessness and suppressed laughter, she addressed the transmitter:

"Hello—Hello—Hell-O-O-O."

FLORENCE E. WITHERINGTON, '10.

A Sunday at Lindenwood.

YOU, who have attended Lindenwood, can easily bring back to your recollection the many happenings of that, the most memorable day of the seven. How each event comes up before you! Like ghosts of the past? Oh no—it is all too real for anything like ghosts. From the time you feel yourself turning over in bed, roused by that screaming bell, until after the laundry task is completed, and you seek your downy couch, does each moment live.

Although there is a half hour more sleeping time given on this said morning you could never know the difference. For an instant the remembrance of the night's before feast followed by a feeling of remorse comes over you. Then in another instant you are lost to the world again, and not until the warning bell rings are you brought back to earth. Then the usual wild rush ensues, which ends in your reaching the dining room just in time to be "looked at" by your hostess. As you recall that breakfast, isn't there a longing even for that Lindenwood breakfast, that makes you think kindly of it?

The hours for calling now last from breakfast until you are obliged to dress for church. After the week's gossip on subjects too numerous to mention, the sudden remembrance of an untouched bed occurs to you with that other awful thought "what shall I wear" I wonder how many bright Sunday mornings have been clouded by that one small question? How you have worried, and fretted, and unless you have been able to borrow what you wanted from your neighbor how many, often ungranted, excuses have you asked for. Probably this is one reason why we always enjoyed the walk to church, and even more the walk home, with the prospect of chicken and ice cream before you. After dinner and a period of having your picture taken you are very much in the mood to observe quiet hour.

The thing which always comes first before your mind, in thinking of a Lindenwood Sunday, is not the warning bell, neither is it the dinner nor the sermon you heard—but it is the time given us from three to five in the afternoon, the quiet hour. This is the real Sunday. Do you remember the first quiet hour you ever spent there? This is the best time in all the week to think of home and the folks. This is the time when the homesick germ incubates. You have tried your best to ward off the dread malady all week, but that quiet Sunday afternoon proves a Water-loo for you. How you sit at the window and look out at the contented lindens; the dull autumn breeze is cooling on your temples, and tearful face—but what of that? Tomorrow is Monday and the week is full of hard work along with that awful, that unendurable longing for mother.

But that same old warning bell, which you hated so this morning, comes to you now as a sort of relief. After tea you attend Y. W. and there a feeling of common interests and good feeling is always conveyed.

Nobody stays at home on Sunday evening. You are constantly calling in somebody's room. At this time a crowd of girls in bright kimonas, all cuddled together on a bed, or lounging around telling tales of home, of summer vacation and school, gives you a most typical college picture. This is rest, content,—yes, this real enjoyment. Oh, the wild tales that are told and sometimes even believed, the still wilder plans that are made for that wonderful time when school is over! The three hours seem no time when you hear room bell, and the duty of your laundry calls you. That dreaded task finished, you lie down to rest—but just before you lose consciousness you catch yourself wishing for just another such Sunday.

IRENE AMOS '10.

What Sometimes Happens on Sunday Afternoon.

THE background of this story is laid in a historic old town which is dear to the hearts of many of my readers, on account of the happy memories connected with it, and no doubt is well known to many others by report. To this place every year, there gathers a goodly company of bright lads and pretty lassies, attracted probably by the glamour of the educational possibilities, as it is known abroad to contain several schools of rank which might prepare the youth in a measure for the sterner duties of life. And so they come, some intent only on the pursuance of deep serious subjects, and some—many I fear—inclined to mingle pleasure with study. But no less was the case years ago, for the young have always been gay and careless, when the incident which I shall record took place.

It was a bright Sunday afternoon in early spring, when one feels of necessity impelled to leave all care and sadness within doors, and to go out and enjoy the beautiful sunshine and balmy air. At least this is what three aforesaid lads thought, whom we shall here call by the names, Lightheart, Fearless and Thoughtful.

As they emerged from the college campus, and came to the street, Thoughtful inquired:

"Which way shall we go?"

"Oh, let's keep straight on," answered Fearless.

Now if they kept "straight ahead" long enough, they would be led to the campus of the young ladies' college, which was some blocks distant; but our three young heroes did not mind that in the least, for they were not bashful. So they walked on gaily, turning neither to the right nor to the left, with no definite goal in view, until they came in sight of a building which surely must have been familiar to them. Curiously enough, their steps began to lag, and ceased altogether when they were in plain sight of the edifice, but at a safe distance from it.

"We had better be careful not to let Dr. Smith see us," suggested Thoughtful.

"What do we care for that, I am not afraid of him," said Fearless.

"No," agreed Lightheart, "we wouldn't get into very serious trouble, at any rate no one would know a hundred years from now."

With that they began to strain their eyes eagerly for a glimpse of something, they knew not exactly what; nor did they have long to wait, for presently a bit of white fluttered from a window, and they would not have been true sons of Adam had they not returned the greeting.

"It's a shame to be shut up in there a day like this," said Thoughtful.

"It is that," agreed the others. "I just wouldn't stand it," added Fearless, "I'd strike, I'd—"

"What are you young gentlemen doing here?" thundered a deep base voice behind them. They started, then turned.

"Why-a-we-we—" began Fearless.

"Oh, we were just hunting for wild flowers," put in Lightheart, airily.

"Well, I guess you have struck the wrong place," said the deep voice, "and you have no business hanging around here, any way; we do not encourage loafers."

"I beg your pardon, sir," spoke up Thoughtful, "we were only out for a walk, and had stopped for a moment to debate where we were to go next; we meant no offence, sir."

"Let it be! Whatever you were up to, you had better move on, now; this town does not afford such a variety of fine walks, that one has to stop and decide which one to take."

And they did move on; but all were silent until they were well out of hearing of him whom they stood in awe of.

"Won't this be a joke to tell, fellows?" said Lightheart gleefully.

"I didn't have any idea the most beloved president was so near at hand; seems as if he just dropped out of the sky," mused Thoughtful.

"It's queer how small he makes a fellow feel," acknowledged Fearless, "just scared away all the fine speech I had planned to say to him when I had the chance."

No doubt there have been many repetitions of that scene since and there will be many in the future, for youth is dauntless and cares little for the results of a foolish act, if he only gains the slightest satisfaction from it.

HELEN RICHARDS '10.

Shopping Day.

“DO hurry,” said Gay Hunt to her room-mate Madeline Lee, as she whisked the broom away into the closet. “Everything is all done but the dusting, and do hustle and get that done. I just have to dress before lunch, and get a letter written too, between now and two o'clock. You know I can't concentrate my mind when such a commotion is being made. No, I know, of course you hate to dust, but it surely won't be any more pleasant to dawdle over it.” Gay rattled on.

Finally the room was straightened and the girls proceeded to dress. “Let's change hats this afternoon,” Madeline said questioningly, looking at Gay out of the corner of her eye.

“Yes, let's do, somehow we each look better in each other's hats, and I just love yours anyway,” answered Gay.

When they were all ready but putting the last pins in collar and belt the warning bell rang.

“Goodie,” said Gay, “Isn't it fine to be all dressed for once when the bell rings, wonder what we'll have to eat?” Then her face fell. “I'll bet we have soup today because we did last Saturday. Never mind, we can get some fruit and stuff down town this afternoon.”

The lunch turned out to be salmon and chocolate of which each girl was especially fond. So when they came back to their room about a half an hour later their faces fairly radiated with good temper.

“Now for that letter!” said Gay. Just at this moment a knock was heard on the door and one of the girls from down the corridor stuck her head in, and asked if either Gay or Madeline would get her some candy. “I can't go down this afternoon myself,” she explained, “I cut practice on Tuesday so they won't let me.”

“We'll try,” answered Gay, “but I am afraid we'll have kind of a time to get it. We each have candy on our lists, so perhaps we can smuggle in some for you in some way or another.”

“Thanks awfully,” said the visitor, throwing some money on the bed and hurrying off.

“My poor letter,” sighed Gay, “I'll have to do it this evening I guess. You never know when somebody is coming in, and this letter is so important and must be written my very best. I vote for putting out a 'Busy' sign right after vespers this evening. You don't mind, do you, honey?”

“No, I'll be glad of a little time to finish a notebook I have got to hand in Monday,” answered Madeline.

And then the shopping bell rang; it seemed as though a bell was always ringing for something. The girls put on their changed hats and snatching a coat off the hook rushed breathlessly down the stairs.

“We were waiting for you,” said the chaperon.

“We're so sorry, we hurried down as soon as we heard the bell,” they panted.

“Well, never mind, now only do let's get started.”

Then the girls paired off and chatting and laughing started down the avenue.

The day was just the kind for people to enjoy themselves and for half an hour they walked on in the glorious air.

"Where do we go first?" asked Betty, one of the younger girls.

"To the dry goods store first, I think," answered Miss Wood, the chaperon. So in they trooped; and such a time as they had getting ties, hairnets, ribbons, and the thousand and one other things a girl is always in need of.

"Glad to get out of there, all right," was the general comment, as the girls all came out again to the street. "It was too hot and stuffy."

"May we get some ice cream, now?" was the question. And as the teacher was willing, the girls swarmed into the confectionery store, which was filled with the smell of freshly made candy.

"Come have some with us," said Madeline to Miss Wood as they drew around the tables.

So Madeline, Gay and Miss Woods chose a little table to themselves and heartily enjoyed the ice cream which was allowed only every other week. "It certainly was good," they assured the proprietor as he anxiously asked them if they liked his new kind. Then the girls made their purchases of fruit and candy. By some good fortune Gay managed to get the candy for her less fortunate friend at home, and after the crowd had bought post cards, visited the drug store, the hardware store, where they bought a package of tacks, it was time to start home. "Oh, there he is now," whispered Gay excitedly to her room-mate, "I knew he'd be down." And then at that moment—the teacher had noticed a peculiar kind of dog on the other side of the street. And as Miss Woods was very, very fond of dogs she turned all her attention to examining the peculiar marking on this one's head. Meanwhile a hurried word had passed between Gay and the stalwart young fellow in uniform.

"It was so thrilling," Gay afterwards confided to a few of her dearest friends, "to be talking yet fearful all the time that the teacher would turn—and see—and report! But I couldn't help telling Miss Woods on our way back, it seemed so sly and mean not to, after the nice time we had had. And she said she wouldn't report this time if I wouldn't do it again."

The girls were rather glad to see the old college buildings again, for shopping day is rather tiring even if it is lots of fun. As they reached the door, first one and then another called out their thanks to Miss Woods, for the good time they had had. The party dispersed and scattered to their rooms to lay down their yellow bags and queer shaped packages, and fix up a little for dinner.

BESSIE RAYNOR.



Darn.

A STITCH in time may save a few,
Though no one e'er could tell me true,
Just when the wise old saw might mean,
For always just too late I've been.

Before I've worn them half a day
I shut my eyes and do essay
To 'magine there no hole I see;
But there it is from toe to knee.

She not versed the ways of hose;
She may not know just what a dose
It is to sew up half a mile
Of stretchy silk or pulley lisle.

Right well I know 'tis up to me
To settle down and busy be,
Clad in kimona and in gown
Resigned to fate - but with a frown.

No cotton left? Well I declare!
To mend with white thread would I dare?
Why sure! Who's going to see that mend?
A white patch beats a yawning rend.

Pucker it does - I must admit;
But no one cares if hose don't fit.
That's one pair mended anyway,
And ought to last at least one day!

F. E. W. '10.

To a Violet.

THE scarlet poppies of the sky are nodding in the west,
They send to us the message of the evening and of rest,
The nightingale is trilling of calm and sweet repose,
While southern zephyrs breathe away our troubles and our woes.

These gentle zephyrs bring to me a longing for the woods,
They bring the breath of violets clothed in their purple hoods.
That modest flower of tender hue,
That lives and dies for me and you.

The babbling brook flows at my feet,
And deadens thoughts of toil and heat,
It whispers songs of love so true,
As true and deep as violets blue.

To thee, wee flower, we bring our love,
For thou was't sent from heaven above,
To vanish clouds of loss and grief,
With fragrance, wafted from thy leaf.

Dorothy E. Holtcamp, '11.

Of a Senior.

LITTLE maidens coming
IN the early fall
NOW are glad and happy,
DO not dread at all,
EVEN school books horrid
NOR the teacher's call.
WELL they always love it,
OLD Lindenwood so bright,
OH home of golden friendships
DEAR college band, good night.

L. T. C.

A Coasting Party at Lindenwood.

A CROWD standing around with nothing to do in particular, were wishing for something to happen. Someone noticed the snow on the ground and said "Wencher, the Miller, has a new coasting sled, let's send young James after it. And make him Russell, too."

While he was gone for the sled, Johns said "I Warren all you girls it looks dark in the West."

Then Ruth made Betts with Dot that it would either Raynor snow. Finally they came back with the sled; it was a fine new one with a big new Hornback, they piled on Douglas(t). Pug Hoggged the front of the sled and handled the ropes. Seeing there was a big Bell beside her she said "Ding it" and she did.

The sled started. "For goodness sake Amos straight," shouted Pug. They shot down a little Park that in A-Prill had been a Mayfield. The snow was fine and very deep in some places. Looming up in front of them was an enormous drift, so suddenly had they approached it that the sled could not be turned aside. Furthermore the runners were made of Pig iron, and were Blount instead of Keene, so the girls took an awful Spill(er), and were completely (Salis) buried in snow. When they finally got out of the slush and snow, by means of a Barr, they certainly were Seitz and a very mixed-Stupp bunch.

Helen, Florence and Ethel ran down the hill to pick up the injured, but the humor of the situation overcame them and they stood laughing as the others dug themselves out of the drifts. Pug, sitting in a snowbank up to her neck called up to Ethel,

"Oh, Ustick, why don't you help me out of here? The ground sure is Bloom(on) hard. Well we Roter anyhow."

Then they commenced to Badger Herr, and her face grew as red as Moulten lead, and when they all had been rescued Eva said she wished she had her Vallete there to Comer hair, with one of her new side Coombs.

John's son was the last of all to get out of the icy water, someone asked her if she was hurt. "Nix" she answered, "but I would have drowned if I hadn't had a Webb-foot which kept me up."

They managed to get back to school and close to the fire. They staid close enough to Burnham but didn't get scorched. It was fortunate there was enough Ayres Cough Syrup for all, otherwise the Parson would have had to say a good many pieces at the girls' funerals.

MARITA E. HODGMAN, '10.

Some questions an L. C. teacher has answered after due consideration, for the Annual, that all future students who are in doubt along this line may be relieved.

What is a Lindenwood scholar?

One who is putting out simultaneously, and in every direction as many feelers as a centipede has legs.

Why is an L. C. girl's mind like an umbrella?

Because it is capable of being expanded at all points, and because it sheds a good deal more than it retains.

What is a teacher?

One who cannot gaze upon a rainbow in the sky without remarking, "Thanks for the lesson of this spot."

FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.

<i>"He dares do all that doth become a man."</i>	Dr. Ayres.
<i>"With incense in the air, Jubilant songs and outcries of despair."</i>	Chapel.
<i>"Thy voice is music and thy English broken."</i>	Jessie Ding.
<i>"Sweet is pleasure after pain."</i>	Sunday Dinner.
<i>"A glorious company, the flower of 'men'."</i>	Senior Class.
<i>Note—The Seniors have a majority on the board.</i>	
<i>"If thy mind dislike anything, obey it."</i>	Miss Raynor's theory.
<i>"From sullen earth sings hymns at heaven's gate."</i>	Rising Bell.
<i>"Thank Heaven! The crisis, The danger is past."</i>	Commencement.
<i>"Nay, this is not a lion's roar, Nor tiger, panther, gives it vent, But dressed up in a lion's skin, It is a wretched ass that brays."</i>	A vocal pupil practising.
<i>"Order is heaven's first law."</i>	Frances Strathman.
<i>"So wise, so young, they say they n'er live long."</i>	Clara Schwerdtmann.
<i>"I find nonsense at all times singularly refreshing."</i>	May Katsung.
<i>"And oh, of all the tortures, that torture is the worst."</i>	To be asked to spell in Chapel.
<i>"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."</i>	The Campus.
<i>"'Tis better a witty fool than a foolish wit."</i>	Frances Young.
<i>"Now I rest so composedly within my bed."</i>	May Parsons.
<i>"For if it be a sin to covet Pug, Then I be the most offending soul alive."</i>	Dot.
<i>"And water once a day her chamber round, With eye offending brine."</i>	Margaret Hamilton.
<i>"Love did her reason blind."</i>	Genevieve James.
<i>"Strawberries grow underneath the nettle."</i>	Mrs. Kirby.
<i>"What passion can not music raise and quell?"</i>	Miss Nickolas.
<i>"Sleep is a reconciling, A rest that peace begets."</i>	Senior Cuts.
<i>"Never was such a sudden scholar made."</i>	The night before finals.
<i>"Having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery."</i>	Miss Porterfield.
<i>"Excellent it hangs like flax on a distaff."</i>	Ethel Robinson's hair.
<i>"Honest labor bears a lovely face."</i>	An "A" in Latin.
<i>"After day's fitful fever they sleep well."</i>	An L. C. student.
<i>"An apple clept in two is not more twin Than these two creatures."</i>	The Stupps.
<i>"For it's a knell That summons thee to heaven or to hell."</i>	A call to the office.
<i>"Stand not upon the order of your going but go at once."</i>	When the last breakfast bell rings.
<i>"Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there weep our sad bosoms empty."</i>	Seniors' Adieu.

Hop, Hop, Hop, Into Hard Grey Coin, Oh Corn.

WANT to see you right after vespers, tell the other two," Schwerdt whispered her message to Pug as the mail was being called.

The four crowded together as soon as the services were over and waited breathlessly.

"Hurry up, Schwerdt, and expound your plan," exclaimed Pug.

"It's end is money," promptly answered Schwerdt. "A dandy way to make Senior money, dead easy, nice and genteel, and with just huge profits."

"Well for goodness sake, what is it?" and Nydia pushed nearer.

"It's popcorn balls! Mrs. Heron will let us make them in the domestic science room, and popcorn is dead cheap, why a quarter's worth will last a month, besides it is something different from what the girls get and they will be wild over it. We can make it in the morning and sell it right after lunch."

"Great idea, good for you Schwerdt," they all agreed, and Pug added, "Lets make some plain buttered for some folks, me included, like it best."

Next day a borrowed dollar was invested in a new fangled popper, popcorn, butter, salt and sugar.

"If there is any stuff over, it will keep," urged Nydia.

At eleven Schwerdt and Ruth decided to commence, and for an hour they popped steadily, when they suddenly realized that they had no paper bags to put the corn into. After getting permission and hurriedly hiding themselves in big coats they rushed to the little store near, spent another quarter in paper bags and once more resumed their popping while Pug and Nydia buttered it and put it in bags.

"That ought to be enough buttered, oughtn't it, Pug?" asked Schwerdt, as she glanced at the three dish-pans of snowy corn.

"This much is going to make nine bags and I have more than nine orders to begin with," answered Pug in a few minutes.

"Nine? only nine! All that popcorn only make nine bags, why it seems to me we have popped enough to fill a bath tub," gasped Ruth from the other end of the room.

"Oh, there's the lunch bell. Well, we can hurry back right after lunch, and while Nyd and I sell this much you and Ruth can make the balls, they won't take as much corn," said Schwerdt, as they went into the dining room.

* * * * *

Girls, I've sold all that, too, and everybody wants more buttered and have ordered sixteen more balls," gasped Pug breathlessly, as she threw her basket on the popcorn besmeared table and surveyed her partners.

It was now three o'clock, and they had all been working steadily since lunch. Nydia was swaddled in a huge apron the front of which was glazed with syrup, which had tipped over her instead of the popcorn balls; Ruth was working with two fingers, the syrup having hit her also, and Schwerdt was automatically shaking the popper over the fire, while all looked ready to topple over.

"Good, how much have we made, now? No, don't you dare eat that good ball," she screamed as Pug grabbed for a big golden brown one, "you know we can't eat any but the burnt. I am just wild to eat this whole pan full, but think how much corn it takes to fill a bag, and how many bags to fill a basket, and how many baskets to make a —."

"Oh let up, Schwerdt, we have made a dollar and a half so far, that's fine," Pug informed them after counting the nickels and dimes, "now let's find out how much we spent and then we'll know how much each made."

"Here, give me your pencil, I'm treasurer, because I write the best hand." And on the paper the butter came in, Schwerdt began her list.

"We spent a dollar and a quarter for supplies, which leaves twenty-five cents profit, which is to be divided between four people, which leaves six and one-fourth cents each," said Schwerdt calmly after some calculation.

"W-H-A-T!!!" the others gasped.

"That's right, come and see for yourselves if you don't believe it; here's twenty-five cents for a popper, and —"

"Oh please don't enumerate to me again, Schwerdt, let me do an enumerating stunt for you," said Ruth, and she deliberately took a big popcorn ball. "We have worked four hours steady, we have burnt our hands off, we are out of popcorn and will have to go clear down town for more, we have messed this room till it will take us a week to clean it, we haven't eaten one good kernel yet, and in return for this we have earned, no, don't faint, six and one-fourth cents each."

But luckily the funny side came to them all, and doubled up in different ridiculous positions, they giggled and shrieked, until the domestic science room could scarcely keep its roof on.

"And to think," tittered Nydia when she could once more sit up, "that everybody thinks we have such a dead cinch."

"Oh, You Popc—!" but Pug could get no further, and once more the room rang with laughter.

The Real Letter of a Real Homesick Girl.

MY DEAR SISTER:

Here I am at school and I wish I was anywhere else. Goodness only knows I wish I were in an asylum and be done with it. I am surely going home Christmas. The Dean is awful, an old maid and as fussy as an old hen, I wish she was one and I'd wring her neck.

Just wrote mamma and I do wish I could see her, and Jack Steward. I fell down stairs the first morning I was here and sprained my wrist, and oh dear, I do wish papa would let me come home, my land, but I do!! I am in study hall and it is all I can do to keep from crying, I certainly am homesick. The girls don't seem a bit sociable, and some old goody-goodies keep reporting you all the time.

I received a letter from Jack Steward this morning, and I surely wish I could see him. I don't see what Ella could like about this school! Oh sister, please write papa to let me come home. I don't like the teachers or the student body, that is a few goody-goody girls who report you if you give them a pleasant smile and then if you can't answer the report they tell a teacher and then you get a demerit. Oh this is a humbug school, you tell papa and mamma I will never learn anything here.

Excuse the writing but I am homesick all over. Oh what it is to be homesick!! I wrote John Bates today and asked him to exchange pennants. I hope he'll send me a box of candy, you write and tell him to, sister please. You can buy candy only once a month here, and a little fruit on Saturday, and we go walking night and morning, and to church on Sunday all in line. Oh, I wish I were dead. I surely am caught in my own trap.

I liked Helen Smith best of all the new girls here, only today I found out that she is part nigger. Just think!! Her mother's mother's mother's mother was a full blooded one, you tell papa that too, dear, because you know how he would feel to have me go to school with niggers.

You can keep my Crawford pennant although my room hasn't anything in it, only don't forget to write papa, and to tell John to send me some candy and send me some yourself.

Ever your miserable sister,

EMMA.





"SO MUDDIE AND MISS PORTERFIELD RUN"
A "R-A-C-E"



THE PIPER OF HAMLIN

Voting Contest.

Most Popular		DOROTHY HOLT CAMP
Prettiest Laugh		JEAN WARREN
Most Athletic	}	RUTH CRANDALL
Most Original		
Best All-Round Girl		
Best Dancer	}	RUTH BARR
Most Fascinating		
Best Figure		
Most Sarcastic		EUSEBIA DUDLEY
Prettiest		NYDIA CECANKO
Best Musician		ETHEL ALEXANDER
Wittiest	}	EDITH SMITH
Most Talkative		
Unluckiest		MARGARET HAMILTON
Most Talented		KATHRYN MOREY
Most Studious		GLADYS ROBERTSON
Most Dignified		ETHEL ROBINSON
Prettiest Eyes		MIRIAM HERR
Biggest Flirt		MARGUERITE FOUTE
Neatest		HELEN HOWARD
Funniest		NAN TYLER
Most Capable		IRENE AMOS

The Faculty Recital As It Might Have Been.

DUET— <i>"Don't Forget Your Lights,"</i>		DR. AYRES and MRS. KIRBY
	Harp on one string, Violin accompaniment.	
CHORUS— <i>"We're Never too Tired for a Ball Game, But We're Really too Ill for Church,"</i>		STUDENT BODY
	Lindenwood Excuse.	
READING— <i>"Come Back and Get Your Answer Later,"</i>		MRS. HERON
VOCAL SOLO— <i>"Do Let's Open a Window, It Seems to Me It's Close,"</i>		MRS. CRANDALL
	(Rhapsodie F Sharp Minor.)	
QUINTETTE OF DUTY TEACHERS—MISSES ROTER, GIFFEN, COOMBS, BULTER, CRANDALL		
	<i>"Get to Your Rooms Quickly, Why Are You in the Hall? Don't Try to Make Any Answer, Your Excuses Only Pall."</i>	
VOCAL SOLO— <i>Sh-Sh-Sh-Sh-Sh-Sh-Sh-Sh-Sh-Sh-Sh.</i>		MISS PORTERFIELD.
	Through a half closed door.	
VOCAL SOLO— <i>"Where, oh where, are the blooming altos?"</i>		MISS PARKS.
	(Tremolo.)	
PIANO SOLO— <i>"Harmony, heavenly harmony."</i>		MISS PATTERSON.
HARP SOLO— <i>"The girls, dear darlings."</i>		MRS. WILSON.
CHORUS		MISS GIFFEN, and STUDENT BODY.
	<i>"I Put My Left Leg In, I Pull My Right Leg Out, I Give My Leg a Shake, Shake, Shake, And Turn Myself About."</i>	

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 thy 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 will thou bestow;
A graceful and a gracious maid,
With brain for power and heart for good;
Old Lindenwood, Dear Lindenwood.

Amen.

At Vesper Time.

The bell rings out its evening summons slowly,
Sends forth to all its solemn peaceful chime,
From trees and buildings fall the shadows lowly
At Vesper time.

Across the campus come the students wending,
Toward the chapel, their accustomed way;
The sun sinks gently, softer radiance lending
The closing day.

The world is very still, the restless hurry,
The work of other days is put aside —
And peace and rest come in the place of worry,
This eventide.

The service with its music softly stealing
Into our hearts, with cadences well known,
The loved commandments, bringing with them healing,
In every tone.

The helpful message causing hope to brighten,
And faith to triumph over doubt and fear,
The clouds that hover o'er us seem to lighten
When these we hear.

Some day when college mem'ries o'er us thronging,
Bring back the days of joy and youth sublime,
I think perhaps we'll think with greatest longing
Of Vesper time.

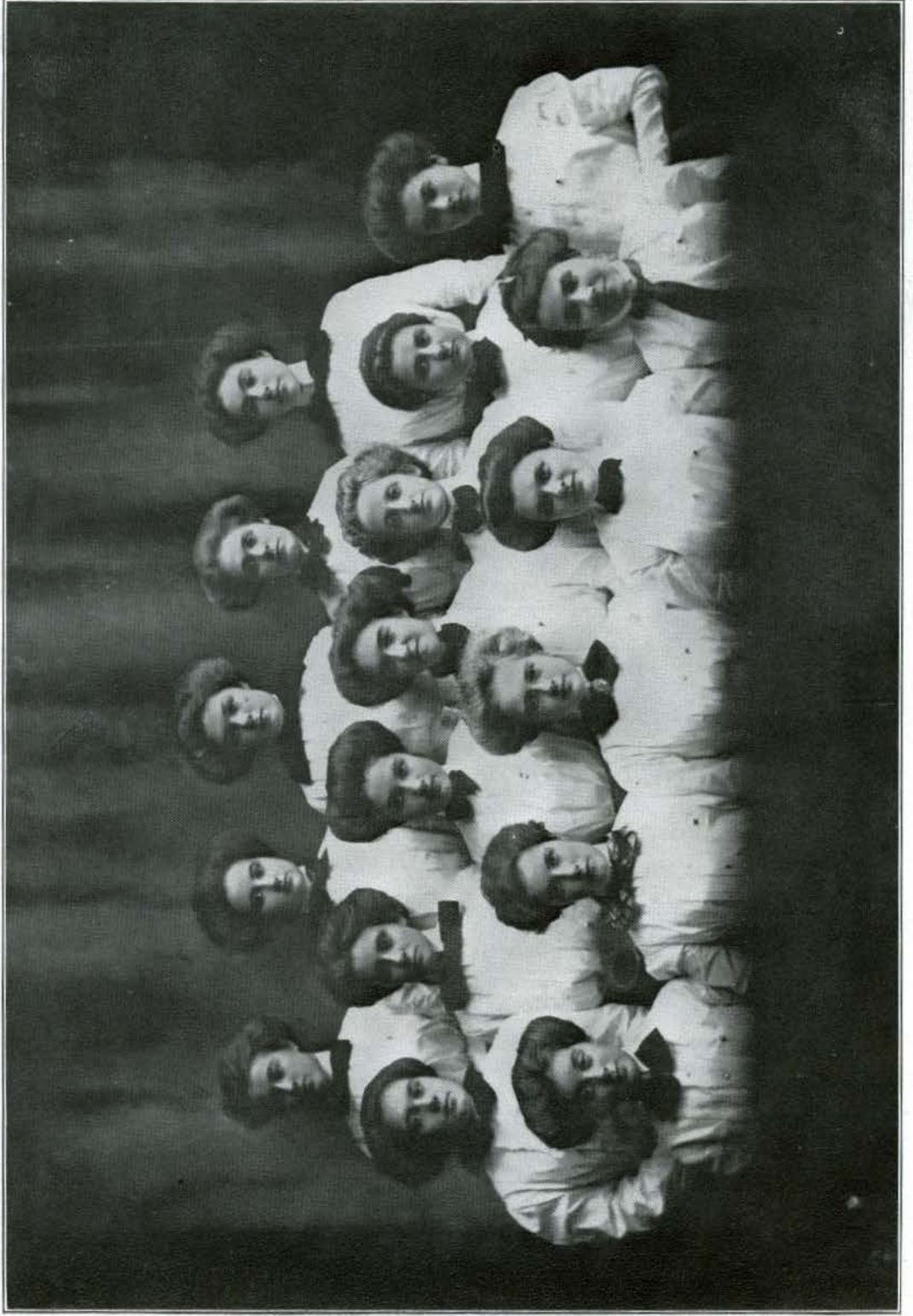
Taken from the Cyclone, '07.



SORORITY







ETA UPSILON GAMMA.



Eta Upsilon Gamma

Zeta Chapter

COLORS: Green and Gold.

FLOWER: Red Carnation.

Chapter Roll

ETHEL ALEXANDER	- - - - -	Grand Island, Neb.
MARY HELEN BARR	- - - - -	Camden, Ark.
RUTH SAYRE BARR	- - - - -	Camden, Ark.
EUSEBIA DUDLEY	- - - - -	Council Bluffs, Ia.
VERONA HEMKER	- - - - -	Catawissa, Mo.
MIRIAM ROBB HERR	- - - - -	Bloomfield, Ia.
FRANCES MARGARET HOGG	- - - - -	Hannibal, Mo.
HELEN CARLETON HOWARD	- - - - -	Ft. Scott, Kans.
HELEN LOUISE HUMPHREY	- - - - -	Ft. Scott, Kans.
FLORENCE JOHNS	- - - - -	White Castle, La.
MAZIE KATZUNG	- - - - -	Ft. Scott, Kans.
RUTH JEANETTE KEENE	- - - - -	Ft. Scott, Kans.
LALLIE ELEANOR KROEGER	- - - - -	St. Louis, Mo.
EVA ORISSA MALABY	- - - - -	Ellsworth, Kans.
HELEN FANNY MOULTON	- - - - -	Ft. Scott, Kans.
ROMONA FERN PUGH	- - - - -	Des Moines, Ia.
ETHEL FRANCES ROBINSON	- - - - -	Clay Center, Kans.
CLARA ALICE SCHWERDTMANN	- - - - -	St. Louis, Mo.
RUTH OPAL VALLETTE	- - - - -	Glen Elden, Kans.
FLORENCE ETHEL WITHINGTON	- - - - -	Cherryvale, Kans.

In Facultate

MRS. L. J. HERON, Sponsor

MRS. GEORGE FREDERIC AYRES

In Urbe

FLORENCE BLOEBAUM

MARIE MARTIN

IRENE UDSTAD





SIGMA IOTA CHI.

Sigma Iota Chi.

COLORS: Purple and Gold.

FLOWER: Violet.

THETA CHAPTER.

ROLL.

IRENE AMOS, Missouri.	MARTHA JOHNSON, Missouri.
SADIE BELL, Arkansas.	GRACE MILLER, Illinois.
LOUISE BETTS, Arkansas.	RUTH PARR, Missouri.
MINNIE BETTS, Arkansas.	MAY PARSONS, Missouri.
NINA BLOUNT, Kansas.	JEAN RUSSELL, Kansas.
EULA EDWARDS, Kansas.	EDITH SMITH, Missouri.
ISABEL GIBB, Kansas.	CLARA SPILLER, Illinois.
DOROTHY HOLTCAMP, Missouri.	MYRNA STITH, Kansas.
GENEVIEVE JAMES, Illinois.	JEAN WARREN, Arkansas.

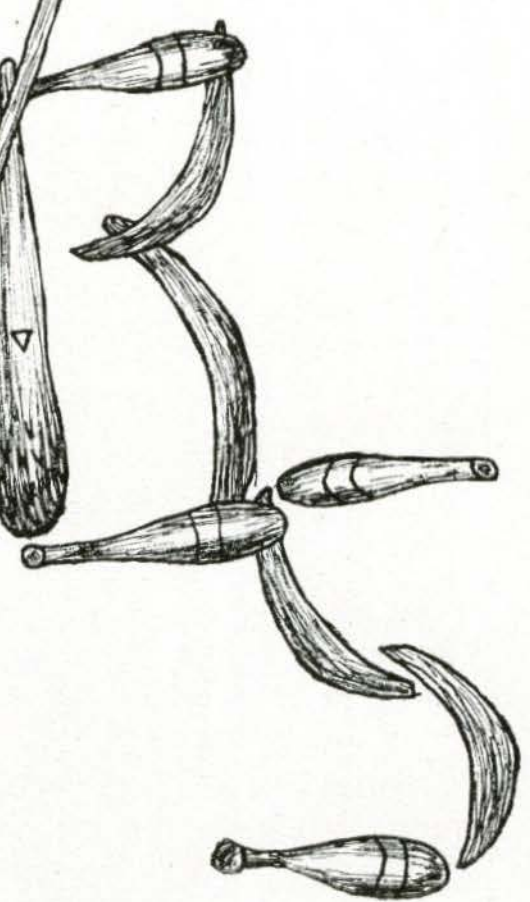
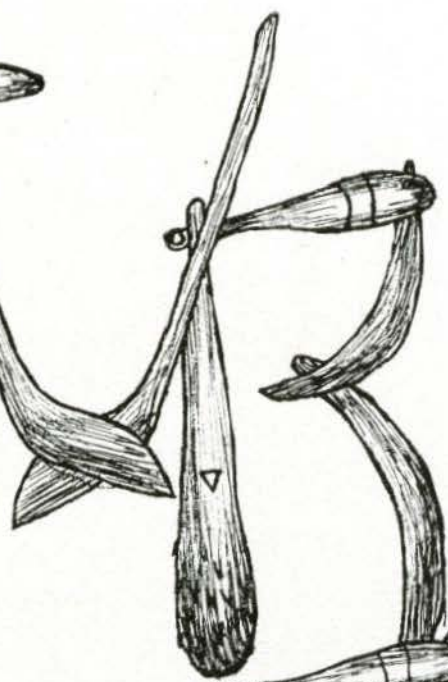
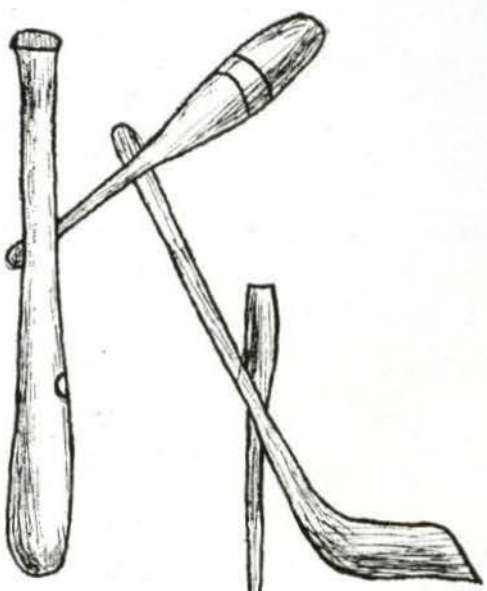
MISS ALICE LINNEMAN, Honorary.

CHAPTERS.

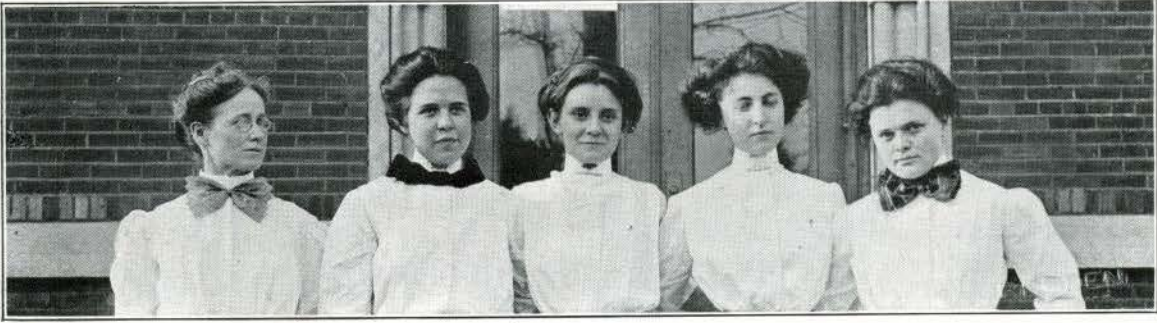
Gamma Chapter: Ward's Seminary, Nashville, Tenn.
Delta Chapter: Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Zeta Chapter: Belmont College, Nashville, Tenn.
Iota Chapter: Virginia College, Roanoke, Virginia.
Theta Chapter: Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Mo.
Kappa Chapter: Campbell Hageman College, Lexington, Ky.
Lambda Chapter: Gunston Hall, Washington, D. C.
Mu Chapter: Crescent College, Eureka Springs, Ark.
Alpha Gamma Chapter: Nashville, Tenn.



ARBOR DAY PICTURES.



ΦΔΣ



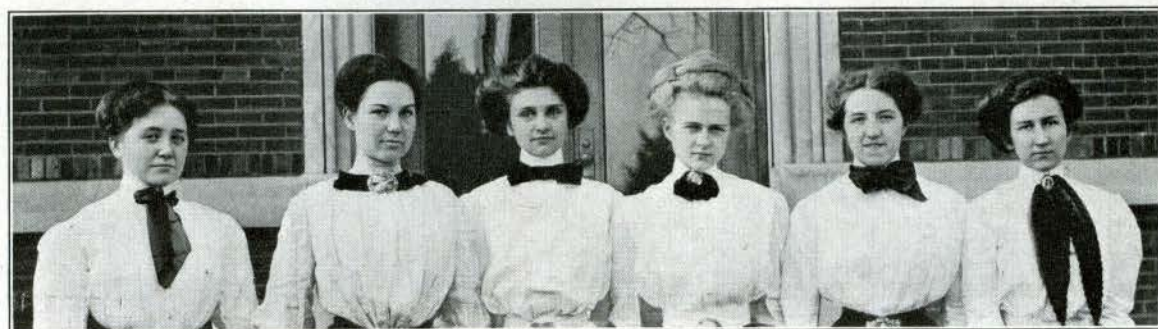
Phi Delta Sigma.

Members.

ETHEL ROBINSON,
RUTH CRANDALL,
EULA EDWARDS,
KATHERINE MOREY,
SADIE BELL,
HELEN HOWARD,
IRENE AMOS,
MARY HELEN BARR,
RUTH VALLETTE,
ETHEL ALEXANDER,
CLARA SCHWERDTMANN,

215
FLORENCE WITHINGTON,
DOROTHY HOLTCAMP,
GLADYS ROBERTSON,
MINNIE BETTS,
LUDEN NYBERG,
FAYE KURRE,
ERMA WEBB,
HAZEL DEAN,
CLARA SPILLER,
KATHERINE KENNEDY,
IDYL HAMILTON,

CORA M. PORTERFIELD, Advisor.



It was decided to spend the year in the study of Grecian and Roman Mythology.

After studying the "Myth of Creation," we began to read Jupiter the King of the Gods, who obliged every one to submit to his will. The Fates and Destiny alone dared to oppose his will even after he became ruler over all.

Although Jupiter was immortal, he was subject to pain, pleasure and grief. He was married to Juno, nevertheless he often indulged in love affairs with other goddesses and even mortal maidens, though he was forced to conduct his courtships in secrecy on account of the jealousy of Juno. He captured and married Europa. Jupiter was very widely worshiped by the Ancients.

Following Jupiter, we took up Juno, who is declared the Goddess of Marriage. Her marriage with Jupiter was not happy because of her jealousy and Jupiter's faithlessness. She is the mother of Mars, Hebe and Vulcan.

Minerva was next taken up. The legend of her birth is that one day Jupiter was suffering from a severe headache and being unable to get relief, he asked his son to split open his head. This was done and Minerva sprang out. She was widely worshiped as the Goddess of Wisdom.

The most beautiful and glorious among all the gods was Apollo, god of the sun, of music, poetry, medicine and all fine arts. He was the son of Jupiter and Catona.

One day pursuing the fleeing Nymph Daphne, he found himself grasping a tree trunk. He declared that the laurel would be his favorite tree, and prizes awarded to poets and musicians should consist of a wreath of its foliage.

Diana was the fair sister of Apollo and was the Goddess of the moon and the chase. She was loved by many mortals, but having received permission from her father to remain single all her life, never married. The Ancients celebrated many festivals in honor of the fair Goddess of the moon.

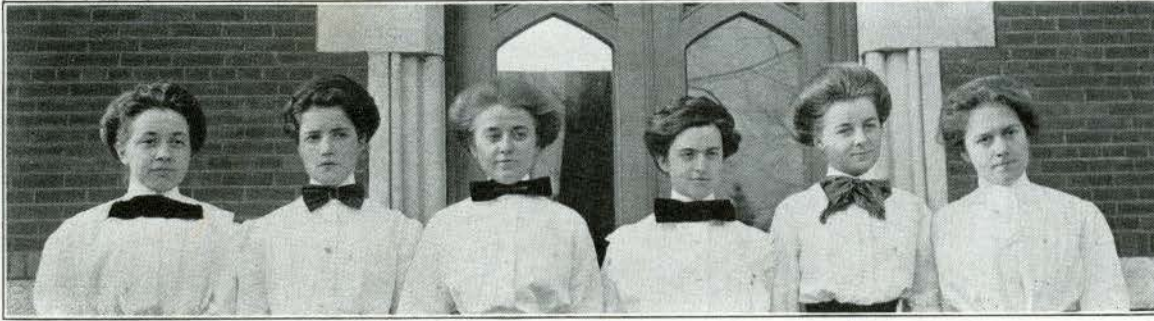
Venus, often called Dione and Crytherea, is said to be the daughter of Jupiter and Dione, also reported that she sprang from the foam of the sea. She was the Goddess of beauty, love and laughter and marriage, also the mother of Cupid, who was appointed God of Love.

Mercury, son of Jupiter and Maia, Goddess of plains, was appointed God of Thieves. He was presented with a magic wand by Apollo which had the power of reconciling all conflicting elements. Later he was appointed messenger of the gods, who to make him fleet of foot, presented him with winged sandals and a winged cap.

Other myths equally as interesting followed these later in the year and all added much to the knowledge of past legends.

Occasionally we diverged from this study to some entertaining short story found in the current magazines, also at each meeting there was always some special number in music or reading, which added to variety.

The year has been very successful in many ways and each member feels that she has gained something in mythology, current literature, music and elocution.



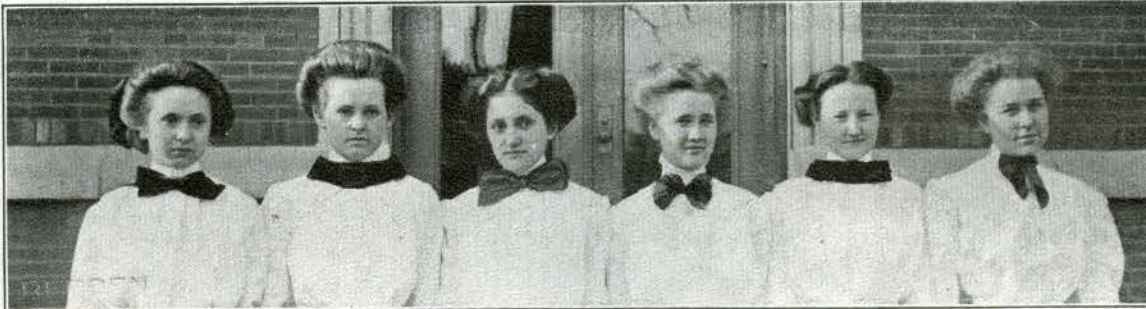
Phi Delta Sigma Open Meeting.

Program.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|---------------------|
| 1. Purpose of the Phi Delta Sigma | SADIE BELL |
| 2. Violin Solo | ERMA CHRISTY |
| 3. Reading | RUTH CRANDALL |
| 4. Vocal Solo | DOROTHY HOLT CAMP |
| 5. Reading | SADIE BELL |
| 6. Vocal Solo | FLORENCE WITHINGTON |

Officers.

SADIE BELL, President.
 HELEN HOWARD, Vice-President.
 DOROTHY HOLT CAMP, Secretary.
 FAYE KURRE, Treasurer.





H. Morey

Lindenwood College
ART DEPARTMENT
LIBRARY.



Young Woman's Christian Association.

MOTTO :

"Not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts." Zach. 4-6.

OFFICERS :

DOROTHY HOLT CAMP, President.

EULA EDWARDS, Secretary.

HELEN HOWARD, Vice-President

FLORENCE WITHINGTON, Treasurer.

HELEN HOWARD, Chairman of Membership Committee.

ETHEL ROBINSON, Chairman of Prayer Meeting Committee.

SADIE BELL, Chairman of Intercollegiate Committee.

RUTH D. CRANDALL, Chairman of Social Committee.

MRS. L. J. HERON, Advisory Member.

Ten years ago, the Young Woman's Christian Association of Lindenwood was organized by a few Christian girls. From the small, but earnest few, the association has grown year by year in number, besides spiritual and social interest.

During the school year of 1909 and 1910, our number increased to the extent that the space in our association rooms became too limited and we were forced to hold our weekly meetings in the college chapel.

The greatest success of our social life was a college play given by the cabinet. This play proved a great help to our finances. We also published a college calendar for the year 1910, which brought in splendid financial results and for which we owe great thanks to Miss Porterfield, whose untiring energy made the enterprise a success.

At Christmas time, the girls became very interested in a box of clothing which we sent to the Epworth Home in St. Louis.

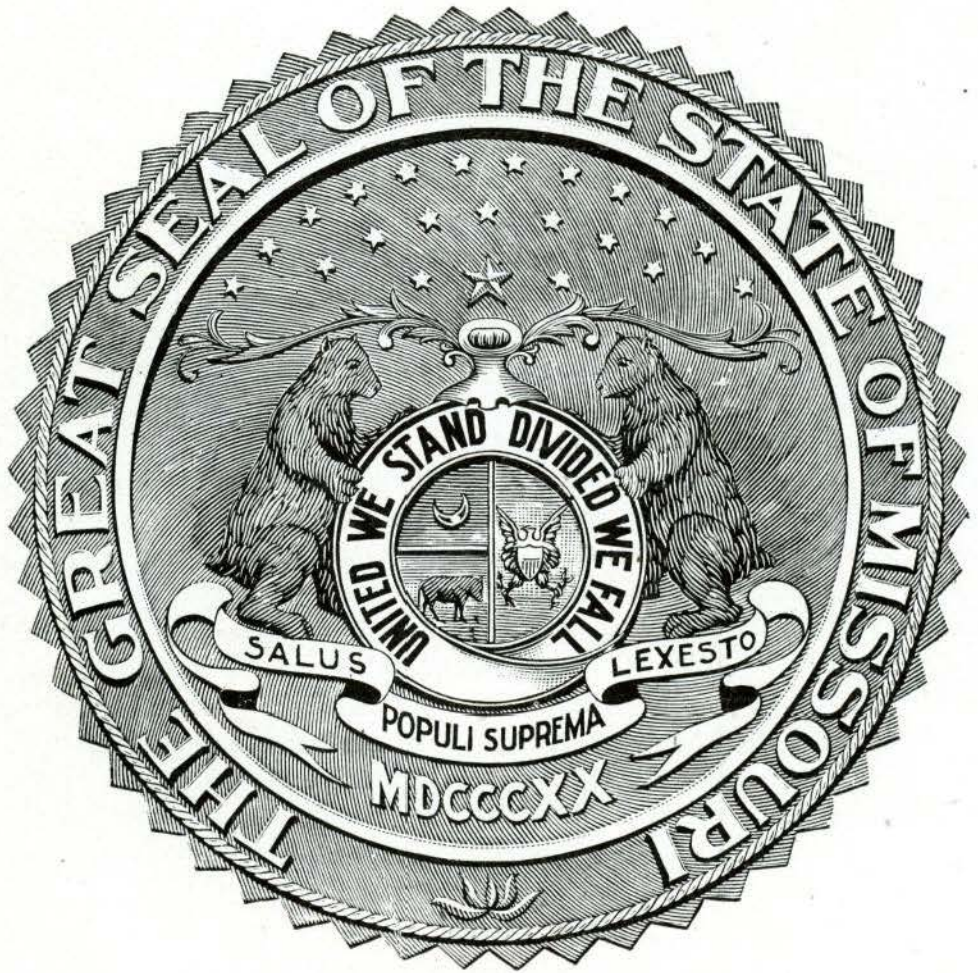
We have endeavored to make our weekly meetings as interesting as possible and one meeting was devoted to an enthusiastic report from the spring conference at Cascade. The reports of our six delegates to the Territorial convention at Kansas City also brought us great enthusiasm.

Another way in which we heightened the interest in our meetings was by having special music of a member of visiting co-workers. We were fortunate to receive visits from Miss Withers, our student secretary, Mrs. McKittrick and Mrs. Spencer of St. Louis, and a delegate to the Student Volunteer Movement convention, from Washington University. Besides these visits, Dr. Angie Martin Meyers of China spent a day with us.

Nevertheless, in spite of our growth in number and social interest, we felt the need of spiritual strength, so Mrs. Spencer held, during the first part of April, a number of prayer meetings. These few earnest minutes proved a great help, for the true Christian zeal of the leader was a shining example to every girl.

Although the year has been successful in the highest degree, the association is looking forward to the coming year, with all of its opportunities, earnestly, eagerly and zealously.





MISSOURI CLUB.

IRENE AMOS, President		MARITA HODGMAN, Secretary and Treasurer
KATHERINE ABRIGHT	EVELYN BAETZ	EDNA BECKER
ETHEL CHADSEY	RUTH CRANDALL	ADELE CRANDALL
ANNETTE DAVIS	HAZLE DEAN	VERONA HEMKER
EVELYN HICKEL	DOROTHY HOLTCAMP	EVELYN HORNBACK
FRANCES HORTSDANIEL	MARTHA JOHNSON	KATHERINE KENNEDY
LALIE KROEGER	FAYE KURRE	LEONTINE LARIMORE
MARY McCLUER	CAROLINE McCLUER	GLADYS MacDONALD
MILDRED MAYFIELD	FRANCES MOFFETT	MABLE NIX
BEATRICE NORRIS	RUTH PARR	MAY PARSONS
BESS RAYNOR	ELIZABETH RICHARDS	HELEN RICHARDS
HATTIE ROBBINS	GLADYS ROBERTSON	MARY SALISBURY
MARGARET SALISBURY	CLARA SCHWERDTMANN	EDITH SMITH
LILLIAN SMITH	FRANCES STRATHMANN	JOHANNA STUPP
MAGDALENE STUPP	NAN TYLER	ERMA WEBB
ELEANORE WENCKER		LILLIAN ZACKER



ILLINOIS CLUB.

GRACE MILLER, - - - - President.

CLARA SPILLER, - - - Vice-President.

GENEVIEVE JAMES, Secretary and Treasurer.

FRANCES PRILL.

FLORENCE KELLER.

ELEANOR KELLER.

LOUDENE NYBERG.

NATALIE CULVER.

BESSIE GORDON.

HESTER LIGHT.

ALICE DONEGAN.

HAZLE KIRBY.

FREDA AMBURG.

OMA DOUGLAS.

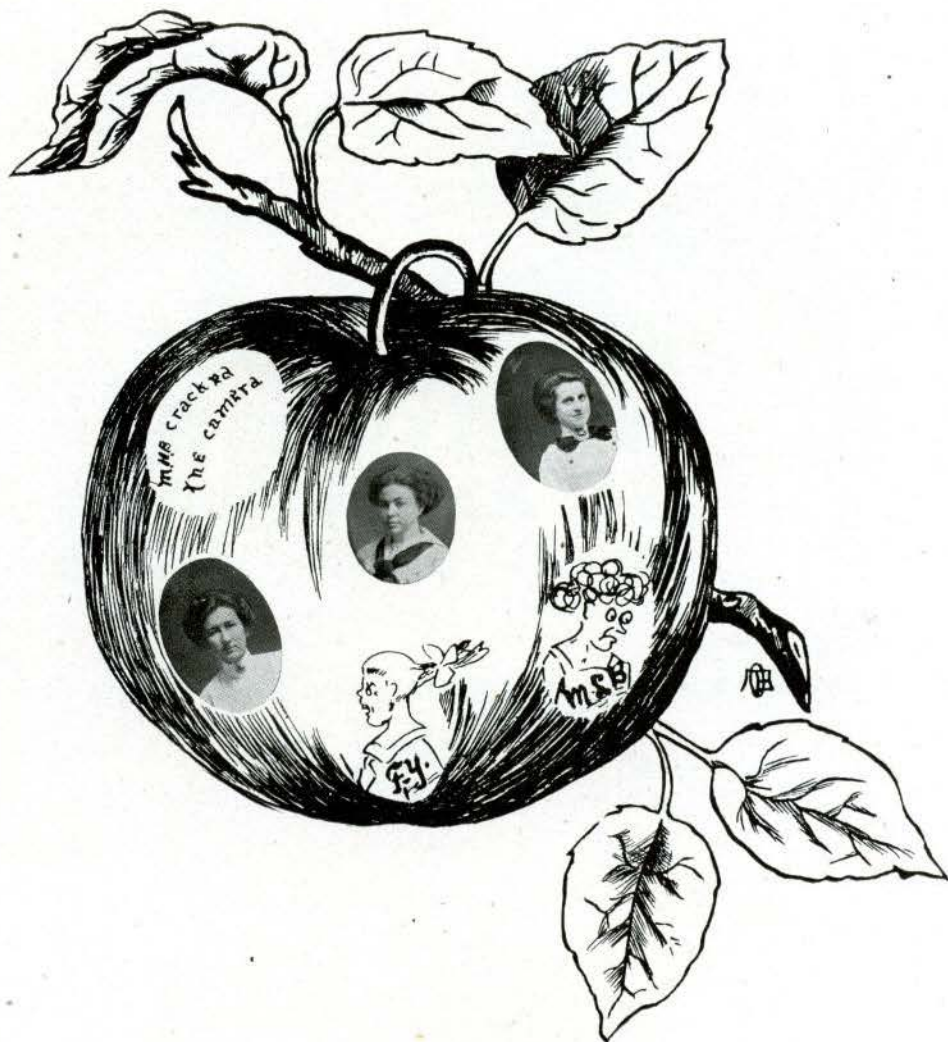
MAE DOUGLAS

RHEA RICHARDSON.

ROLLA PURVINES.

HELEN WEST.

MARJORIE BURNHAM.



ARKANSAS CLUB.

MOTTO: "Slow, but sure."

OFFICERS.

SADIE BELL, President.

MINNIE BETTS, Vice-President.

MARGUERITE STRANGWAYS, Secretary and Treasurer.

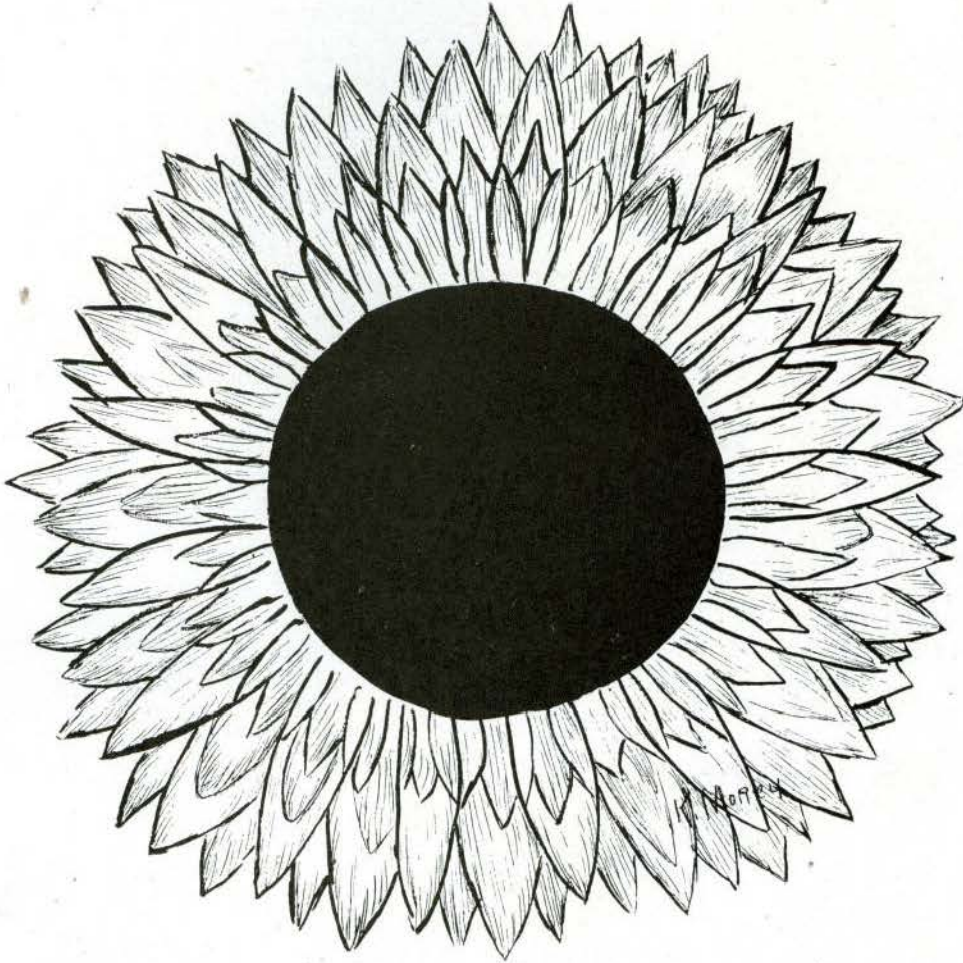
MARY HELEN BARR.

RUTH BARR.

LOUISE BETTS.

GLADYS COMER.

FRANCES YOUNG.



KANSAS CLUB.

SUNFLOWER

RUTH KEENE, President.

MARGARET HAMILTON, Secretary and Treasurer.

GLADYS BADGER
ZELLA BLOOMHEART
NINA BLOUNT
ERMA CHRISTY
EULA EDWARDS
ISABEL GIBBS
MILDRED HAGEMAN
MARGARET HAMILTON
IDYL HAMILTON
HELEN HOWARD
LOUISE HUMPHREY

RUTH KEENE
BERTHA KIDDOO
EVA MALABY
KATHERINE MOREY
HELEN MOULTON
ETHEL ROBINSON
RUTH RENICK
JEAN RUSSELL
MYRNA STITH
RUTH VALLETTE
FLORENCE WITHINGTON

MAZIE KATZUNG

The Rube's Morning Sun

THE JAYHAWKER'S COMFORT.

VOL. XIII.

RUBEVILLE, MO., APRIL 1, 1323.

No. 23.

THE FLAG STAFF

EDITRESS
Susan Fitt, nee Holtcamp.
FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT
M. D. E. Slapapple, nee Stith.
SOCIETY EDITRESS
Samantha Cornstassel,
nee Johnson.
SPORTING EDITRESS
Victoria C. Punkinvine,
nee Young.

IMPERSONALS AND EDITORIALS.

It has been discovered by a notorious philosopher that "cracked nuts" are bad for the health of humanity. Moral: Beware of "Nutty nuts."

Our foreign correspondent reports a rise of flour and a fall of egg in Greece. Turkey is enlarging itself, preparing for an invasion by Hungary.

Mr. Rube and family received a visit from their cousins, Mr. Chestnut and family.

Farmer Fitt has turned his hogs out to pasture. We wish our friend success, only warn him not to allow his hogs to feed too much on nuts. They might get cracked. Farmer Fitt also has a fine load of wood for sale, cut from a "Beech Grove" on Samantha Cornstassel's farm.

Victoria Punkinvine wishes to change her boarding house. Advice gratefully received.

The editress desires to thank her readers for their sympathy in her bereavement in losing her "nut cracker."

A word to the wise:
Subscribe for "The Morning Sun"
And your days will be fun.

SASSIETY NOTES.

Mr. and Mrs. Johnatha Samuels were agreeably surprised last night by a crowd of friends and relatives, that came to help them celebrate their forty-five wedding anniversary. Mr. Samuels is an old settler of Pan Handle, and very well known. He was presented with a handsome watch and chain, in appreciation of his honorable services in public work and around our thriving little town of Madison.

Mrs. Samuels was presented with an elegant ice water set, water pitcher and twelve tumblers.

A very enjoyable evening was spent. Miss Sally Doolittle gave a delightful song entitled, "When the Whipperwill Sings, Mary."

Refreshments were served at about half past nine, many good things were eaten which had been donated by the fine cooks in the crowd.

Everyone had an enjoyable time.

After eating and drinking until a very late hour, they all left, wishing Mr. and Mrs. Samuels many happy returns of the day.

A GUEST.

SPORTING COLUMN

The large fawn colored two year and a half old Jersey of Cy Perkins ran and can still be seen running from the far end of the pasture to the other. Cy expects the blue ribbon for it next year.

Bud Jones entered his two year old colt in the Derby at the county fair and it made a home run. Three cheers for your colt, Bud.

Thomas Silas Jenkins won the prize in the fat man's race at the fair. We congratulate you, Tom.

The sports at the Fair were grand and glorious and will always be a land-mark in the history of our sporting town. We have one hundred inhabitants when but last year we had only ninety-eight. The sporting spirit is alive and always ready for a good chance to make itself heard.

Lincoln Caesar Nero Washington Smith was so unfortunate as to lose four bits on Jimmie Stouter in the water melon eating contest. You have our deepest and most profound sympathy, Wash.

The constable stopped the great cock fight, on the grounds that the cocks were hurting each other and were getting vicious.

All contributions to the sporting column will be gladly and most gratefully received by the sporting editress.

NEWS FROM ABROAD

Our correspondent received as badge of honor, a huge hippopotamus captured in Africa during an afternoon nap of Mr. Teddy Rosevelts. The beast will be installed in the Rube's zoo at Lindenwood Park. Price of Admission, five peanuts.

Great destruction was caused by the overflowing of waters in China. Much soil was washed away, which caused a hole in the wall so large that one could Pekin.

A delegation from the Rube Association partook of a magnificent banquet on the Sandwich Isles. The neighboring Shetlands also aided in the entertainment, giving long ride over the Lowland.

Explorer Pherrie has discovered, after months of heart rending labor, the equator. This fact makes "The Sun" happy that it advertised so extensively for the doubted expedition.

Political strife in the South American States is not a circumstance to the downfall of China in consequence of the great Pesth.

Several Kings of Europe are intending to send their youths to American Schools. We recommend Lindenwood College, the greatest source of knowledge in the world.

NOTE: We provide this college with meat, potatoes, hash and plums.



A. O. F. D.

Organized Nov. 29, 1909

Motto P. D. Q.

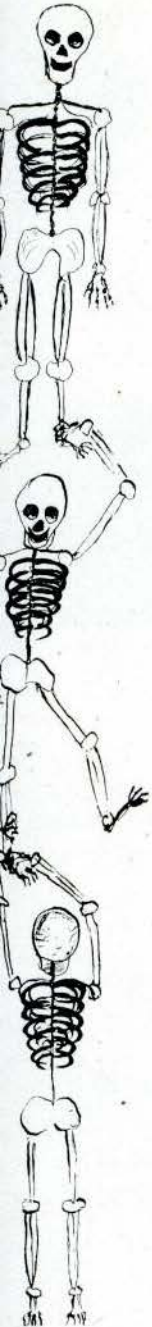
Charter Member, Helen Brimstone

C. F. O. P., Marita E. Hodgman
Ruth S. Barr

P. O. D., Sadie Bell
Irene Amos
Myrna Stith
Katherine Morey
Mary Helen Barr
Martha Johnson

Cipher-key on Request

Honorary D., Louise Betts
Honorary I., Eusebia Dudley





LINDENWOOD DOUBLE QUARTETTE

Music is a kind of inarticulate, unfathomable speech which leads us to the edge of the infinite, and lets us for moments gaze into that—
—Carlyle.

MISS ELIZABETH E. PARKS, Director

FRANCES MOFFETT,	Soprano	DOROTHY HOLTCAMP,	First Alto
MYRNA STITH,	Soprano	NYDIA CECANKO,	First Alto
SYBLE NEFF,	Second Soprano	MARGARET STRANGWAYS,	Second Alto
HAZEL KIRBY,	Second Soprano	ETHEL ALEXANDER,	Second Alto



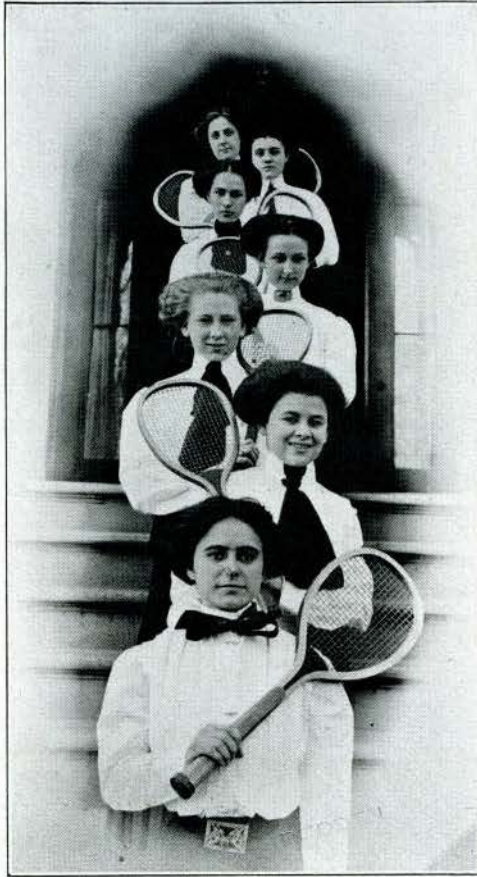
-K. Morey-

SENIOR
BASKET BALL



SENIOR TENNIS

SPECIAL
TENNIS.



SENIOR BASE BALL.



Junior Basket Ball Team.

FORWARDS.
Nan Tyler.
Eleanore Wencker.

Gladys McDonald.

CENTERS.
Katherine Morey.
Oma Douglas.

SUBSTITUTES.
Katherine Kennedy.

GUARDS.
Zella Bloomheart.
Dorothy Holtcamp.

Erma Webb.



Junior Tennis.

Athletic Association.

MARGUERITE STRANGWAYS, PRESIDENT.

HAZEL DELL KIRBY, SEC. TREAS.

The Athletic Association was not re-organized until the early part of February when it was taken up with enthusiasm. A number of new girls were enrolled and a few old girls who had not joined last year, increased our membership.

The athletic spirit is high this year and each class is putting good work into their practice for both basket-ball and tennis. The class of 1910 have organized a base-ball team and are now practicing with good base-ball spirit, while the class of 1911 are endeavoring to bring out a team to compete with them.

Early every morning, now fair weather has set in, a group of girls may be seen running on the campus. These are the track team girls, who are training for light track work.

Owing to an offer from our President, Dr. Ayres, of one hundred dollars, provided we should be able to raise another one hundred, an effort is being made to get this amount which will be used to better our facilities for athletics.

The time is now near for our match games, tennis tournament, basket ball, base ball and track team events. Each class is confident of being the victors in some line and there will be some interesting games as the teams are pretty evenly matched.

We hope that next year and each succeeding year will be as successful and even more so than this year.

Athletic Events.

BASKET BALL GAMES.

SENIORS vs. JUNIORS.

TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

SENIORS vs. JUNIORS vs. SPECIALS.

TRACK TEAM EVENTS.

BROAD JUMP,

HIGH JUMP,

50-YD. DASH,

100 YD. DASH,

120 YD. LOW HURDLES,

SHOT PUT,

RUNNING BROAD JUMP,

RELAY RACE.

TENNIS CLUB.

MARITA HODGMAN,

MAY PARSONS,

RUTH BARR,

RUTH CRANDALL,

MARGUERITE STRANGWAYS,

DOROTHY HOLT CAMP,

NAN TYLER,

KATHERINE KENNEDY,

GLADYS McDONALD,

MABEL NIX,

ZELA BLOOMHEART,

RUTH PARR,

HAZEL KIRBY,

ELIZABETH GORDAN,

EVELYN HICKEL,

HESTER LIGHT,

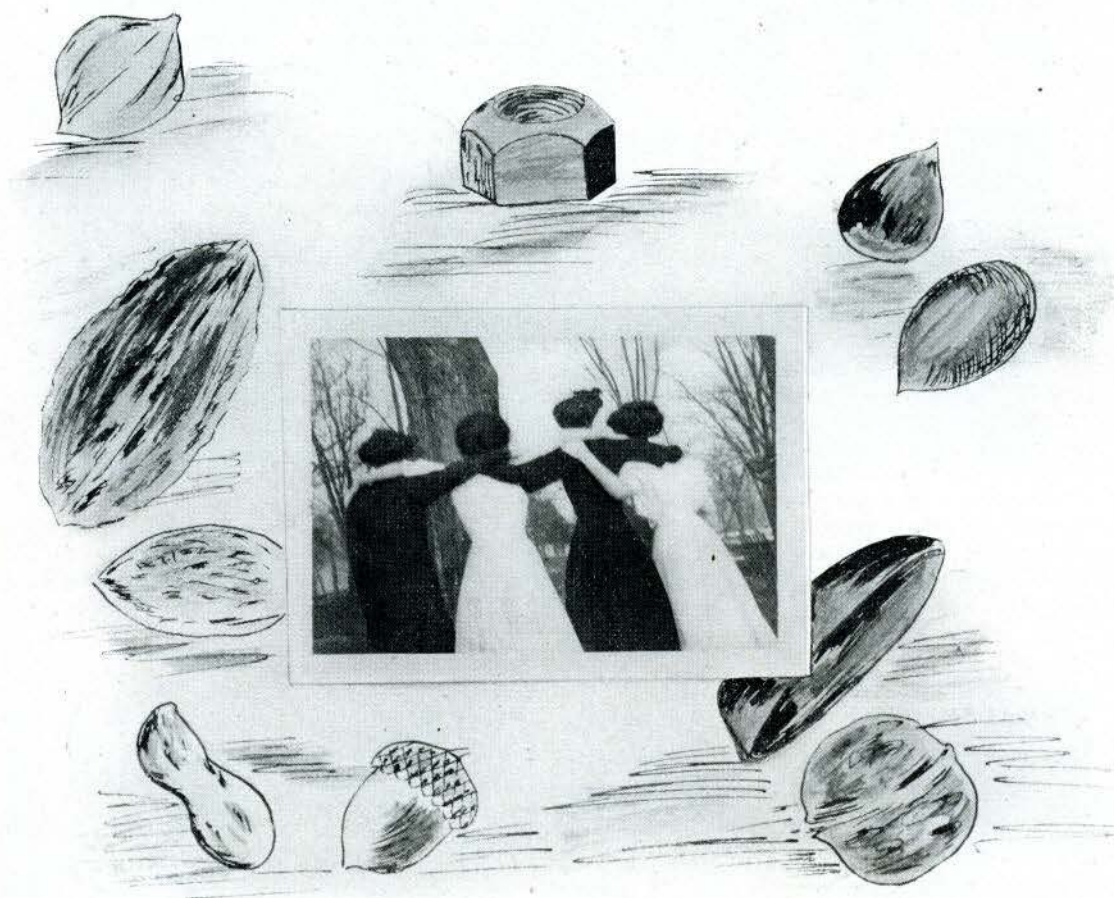
FRANCES YOUNG,

HELEN WEST,

EDITH SMITH,

DOROTHY SCHEUER,

FRANCES PRILL.



“Nuts”

MOTTO: “Cracked” but not “Broke”.

MAY PARSONS, President.

HAZLE D. KIRBY, Secretary.

MARGUERITE STRANGWAYS, Vice-President.

EVELYN HICKEL, Treasurer.

EVELYN HICKEL

HAZLE DELL KIRBY

MAY E. PARSONS

MARGUERITE STRANGWAYS

College Bell.

Tune: College Bell.

WAKE up, wake up, 'tis early morn,
Ding dong, ding, dong bell,
'Tis almost seven, just hear that horn,
Ding, dong, ding, dong bell,
Then rouse up, girls, oh what a bore,
Jump out of bed, no longer snore,
Yawning, rubbing, dressing, scrubbing,
Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong bell.

Now rings the bell for morning prayers,
Ding, dong, ding, dong bell,
So rush pellmell half dressed down stairs,
Ding, dong, ding, dong bell,
Straight for the chapel doorway steer,
And at your name yell loudly "Here".
Jumping, jamming, opening, slamming,
Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong bell.

This is the recitation hour,
Ding, dong, ding, dong bell,
Ye learned girls look grim and sour,
Ding, dong, ding, dong bell,
And be prepared with books all shut,
And never fizzle, flunk, nor cut,
Smiling, whispering, writing, peeking,
Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong bell.

We eat to live, so off to lunch,
Ding, dong, ding, dong bell,
Grow fat on hash and mixed up bunch,
Ding, dong, ding, dong bell.
For when the swallows homeward fly,
Of toughest meat and coffee rye,
Without question indigestion,
Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong bell.

Four years we've heard its music chime,
Ding, dong, ding, dong bell,
No more for us will it mark time,
Ding, dong, ding, dong bell,
But far beyond these sad farewells,
Shall we oft hear fond memory bells,
Softly ringing, sweetly singing,
Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong bell.

This should be memorized by all Lindenwood girls, before
they hope to graduate.

ALUMNAE.

- WINNIFRED OMSTEAD, *Principal of grammar school in Southern Missouri.*
- ALICE N. RIPLEY, *At home, Belleville, Ill.*
- MARIE KREBS, *Teaching English in Belleville High School.*
- MARY RICE, *At home, Ft. Scott, Kansas.*
- WINNIE WARREN, *At home, Hot Springs, Ark.*
- LOIS DALE, *At home, Texarkana, Ark.*
- MRS. DONNELLY, *Keeping House, Kansas City, Mo.*
- LOUISE KEENE, *At home, Ft. Scott, Kans.*
- RHEA MOORE, *At home, Galena, Kans.*
- LOUISE BETTS, *Taking art at Lindenwood until Christmas, after that at home,
Hope, Ark.*
- HELEN VAUGHAN BABCOCK, *At home, Hot Springs, Ark.*
- MARY CLAY, *At home, Jefferson City, Mo.*
- ETHEL ALLEN, *Studying music in her home, Savannah, Mo.*
- CARRIE COLLINS, *At home, Omaha, Neb.*
- LEOLA MITTELBACH, *Teaching School in Jefferson City, Mo.*
- MRS. WARREN L. GEORGE, (LIVINIA W. HORNE,) *Keeping house at
her home in Domopolis, Ala.*
- EDNA HANNA, *Studying music in Berlin.*

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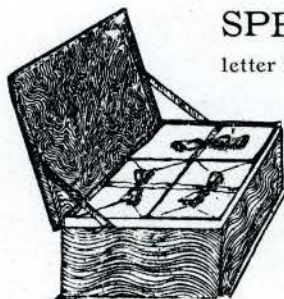
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Mermod, Jaccard & King

Broadway, Cor. Locust
ST. LOUIS, MO.

LOCALS.

Miss Raynor did actually blush at "de relict".

Miss Coombs (in Eng. History):

"Who led an invasion into Ireland to squelch the rebellion?"

Nan Tyler, who had just been in the office to ask permission to have a young man caller, returned in a state of great excitement.

Eva: "Well, did you get your permission?"

Nan: "Oh, I got so scared that I just asked ~~he~~ might go to the dentist."

Adele Crandall (at dinner):

"My, isn't the dining room noisy to-night?"

"Look, there goes a table up."

Result of Domestic Science.

"This potato is only half done, my dear," he said crossly.

"Then only eat half of it, my love," said she affectionately.—*Ex.*

Margaret Foute, to new girl:

"Where will you rank in school?"

N. G.: "On third floor, I think."

Schwerdt (Shakespeare):

Pythagoras was a great philosopher, who believed in the immigration of the soul.

Dr. Horn (in American History):

"It was a question of holding that country, so they sent settlers in and that settled it."

Ruth Crandall, getting British, was heard to say:

"Come on girls, let us take a ride in that hempty ay wagon."

Great Excitement ????????????

Whole 3rd French class a nervous wreck.

Two had hysterics

Three fainted

When "exempts" were posted.

Schoolmaster: "Is that your youngest child?"

Parent: "Yes, you can well believe it. There are three younger than he."

Eleanor K.: (In translating the above) "yes, I BELIEVE SO. There are three under him."

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China, Art Materials,
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LOCALS.

Grace Miller to Irene Amos:

"Where is your 'roomie' Irene?"

Irene:—"Over eating in the dining room."

Grace:—"Get out, who ever heard of any one over-eating in the dining room?"

Junior:—"You say a pony will save me half my work."

Clerk:—"Yes."

Junior:—"Gi'me two."

Ruth Crandall in Psychology:

"Can a deaf and dumb mute speak?"

Ruth Barr to Marita:

"Say, what's the matter with your shoes?"

Marita:—"The patent on them has expired."

"Why in the mischief can't a girl eat all she wants without feeling bum?"

"Draw backs abound in this life of ours."

—Ex.

Senior's experience:

If you try to make money, you are on to a dead sure——losing proposition.
That's why most of the seniors don't make any.

She:—"Did you come in during the course of the play?"

He:—"Yes, the second course, I was the supe."

"Sir, Have you my shoes ready?"

Shoemaker:—"Ah, Madam, Rome was not built in a day."

Why are young ladies at the breaking up of a party like arrows?

Because they can't go off without a bow and are all a quiver until they get one.

A Popular Girl:

"I want a license to marry the best girl in the world," said the young man.

"Sure," commented the clerk, "that makes thirteen hundred licenses for that girl this season."

—Ex.

Where was she?

Witness:—"At the time of the accident my maid was in my boudoir arranging my hair."

Lawyer:—"Yes, and where were you?"

Witness:—"Sir!"

—Ex.

A. H. F E T T I N G

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James H.

Crowley

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HOT WATER,
And STEAM
HEATING

*Gas Machines Put Up and
Repaired*

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ST. LOUIS, MO.

LOCALS.

Give quotations from Twelfth Night.

Ans. "Some achieve greatness and some have greatness thrown up on them."
— *Ex.*

"Villain, hast thou blacked my shoes?"

Ask Miss Linneman.

Dr. Ayres: Who wrote Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde?

Senior: "Connan Doyle."

Give the life of Queen Elizabeth.

"W-e-l-l, Miss Coombs, a few years after the war, she grew older and then lived a while and died in 1901."

Papa!

Oh, Papa!

Huh?

Say papa, if you died of hay fever, would mother be a grass widow?

Go to bed, son.—*Ex.*

Trespassing: "You accuse this aviator of trespassing in your gardens?"

"Yes, Judge, I caught him among my air currents."—*Ex.*

The Bitter Bit: "You say that dog bit you?"

"Yes, your Honor."

"Can you show the scar?"

"No, but I can show the dent. He bit me in me wooden leg."

"The dog is discharged. His chagrin and disappointment must be considered a sufficient punishment. Next case."—*Ex.*

A SCALY STORY.

The girls all loved Miss Parks so
Their tender hearts were soft as - - *Do*
They worshipped her and oft would say
In my life you are one bright - - *Ra*
If E's and Ah's I cannot see
Please knock some knowledge into - - *Mi*
I'm wild to sing a tra la la,
The fourth I've learned is simply - - *Fa*
My desire I can't control,
To learn to sing I'd give my - - *Sol*
But when I asked to write to Pa
Dr. Ayres said, what, you? Oh! - - *La*
But Miss Parks she sent for me
And so her I went to - - *Si*
But instead of hers, you know,
I'm taking now Miss Roter's - - *Do*

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Stock—Quality—Service
(LARGEST) (HIGHEST) (BEST)

Respectfully,

CHARLES E. MEYER
REXALL DRUG STORE.

IDIOTIC ANSWERS.

Mildred Hageman (in history):

"This prevented their tilling the soil and picking the pick."

Mrs. Crandall (in English Literature):

"What kind of poetry was written during this period?"

B. Norris: "Mostly prose, I believe."

"What was the Feast of the Passover?"

Answer: "It was the Feast of the four thousand on four loaves and two fishes."

In Musical History:

"Did Liszt recover from his severe illness?"

"No, not while he was sick."

"What was the temptation in the Wilderness?"

"It was when Satan told the Lord to go up into the Mount and cast himself into a pinnacle."

"Feudalism was when the women and the servants ground the corn."

"Longland wrote his 'Vision of Peers and Plowmen.'"

"Coherence is the main thought in a paragraph."

"Rhetoric helps you to talk a conversation with good grammar."

"At the time they had the order of ordeals and Tournaments in which the armour clad night took part."

When asked in Bible-class to correct the word "leper" which had been written on the board "lepar" M— said, "Oh! yes, I know, l-e-o-pard!"

Rule for subtraction; "The quotient is always the same as that of the larger number."

"Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife or anything thy neighbor has. That means that you should not take thy neighbor's wife away from him."

"The Pharisees were the people of Galilee, who helped Jesus at times."

"The pass over was when the people came to him to be fed and when he crossed over the sea to get away from them."

"Herod was the King who told the angel to go into each home and kill every child at the age of three years. This was when Jesus and his mother Mary and father Joseph made their flee into Egypt."

"Jacob, Exodus and Nazareth are among the twelve apostles."



What are the wild waves saying,
Sister, dear, to me?
Eat **BLANKE-WENNEKER** Chocolates
And you will happy be.



We are also manufacturers of the
famous **NADJA CAMELS**
Ask for them

BLANKE-WENNEKER CANDY CO.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

To Tune of Lindenwood Hymn.

School of novations and squelches galore,
List to our never ending song;
Within the portals of thy door
That has feasted and sheltered many a throng;
Oh, if we only, only could
Have our own way at Lindenwood.

The canned goods and the candles fly,
As Mother Kirby does her part;
Still we think we are in bliss;
Our faces always wear a smile;
With cans of beans and other goods,
We still have feasts at Lindenwood.

Always the girls are blithe and gay,
And dance each eve with sprightly grace,
Until they are warned they'll have to pay,
For having Lights on in the day.
Only the Seniors are awfully good,
And act as they should at Lindenwood.

Slang is our hobby, we know 'tis so,
But for its use we're dearly paid,
With "stings" and "home talks," oh! so slow,
We surely ought to, ought to know,
That slang is not for our own good.
That's what we've learned at Lindenwood.

ANDREW SLOAN DRAPER, L.L.D.

*Commissioner of Education
For the State of New York
EDITOR IN CHIEF*

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ST. LOUIS, MO.

There was once a vocal teacher who taught at old L. C
Taught the lassies how to sing that beloved E Ah E,
From early Monday morning till late Friday night,
She taught these little girlies (and their voices were a fright).
Now this self same teacher when e'er she fell asleep,
Even in her dreams would say, "over", "out", and "deep".
So once while sleeping peacefully,
She thought it bright day light,
The birds were all out singing and the sun was shining bright.
She arose, stepped to the window
And saw a yellow bird,
It's a wonder she knew the color for she only wanted words.
What was this little bird saying away up in that tree?
It must be something lovely, something beautiful, thought she.
But finally she heard and there under the sky so blue,
He sang these silly words, "I'll make catnip for you".

H. D. K.

One day the mother of six year old Mary saw her go skimming past the house on her sled, which was hitched to a passing wagon. When she came in from play she was taken to task, her mother saying severely, "Mary, haven't I told you that you must not hitch onto bobs? Besides, you know, it is against the law."

Mary tossed her head. "Oh!" she said, "don't talk to me about the law, it's all I can do to keep the Ten Commandments."—*Ex.*

"Your daughter," said the Professor of the Seminary, "stands well in her classes, but she lacks the 'saviorvivre' which our other girls have."

"Well," said Mrs. Nuritch, "buy her some and charge it to me."

Name some of the holidays in Merry England.

Ans. "Good Friday and Thanksgiving."

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Toasts.

To the Seniors:—

Oh! the boldest of the bold when she's bold!
And the best of the good when "pure gold"!
But her boldness when she's bold,
And her goodness when pure gold,
Can't compare with her coldness when she's cold.

Oh! you Junior:—

Loud doth she rave,
Learning her lessons of how to behave!

Wise Little Sophie:—

Winsome and sweet,
When a Senior approacheth,
Watch her retreat.

"FROSH"—

Puzzle—Find the Freshmen (better use a magnifying glass).

[Signed] ONE OF 'EM.

EXCELLENT PRESCRIPTIONS FOR FLUSTRATED GRADUATES

Take a large crystal of self possession and three grains of sand. Pound together in a mortar. When mixed, dissolve in a solution of self respect. When action has ceased, evaporate to dryness. Heat the residue in an ignition tube, collecting the gas over H. 2 O. Dissolve the gas in 10 ccg. concentrated dignity, add two drops of don't care.

Dose: Five drops in coffee for a week before graduation.

They said that "the Senior colors looked like striped stick candy," but it's the kind of candy that makes everybody sick, who tries to lick it.

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Dentist

St. Charles, Missouri

If woman wasn't artificial, she wouldn't be natural.

First Boy: "What is a spirit?"

Second Boy: "Something what aint."

First Boy: "Well, my girl's a spirit, then."

Martha to M. Herr: "Do you know when Mrs. Heron will be back?"

Miriam: "No, I really don't know how long she is going to stay."

I loved a young girl named Sulpicia.
I said, "Won't you please let me Kicia?
I love you much more than I e'er loved before
And when you are gone I will Micia."—*Ex.*

Who asked the librarian for the life of Janis Merideth?

Seeing is not believing, as some of the poets say,
For there are people I'd never believe, yet I see them every day.

"Isn't it funny how everyone's eyes have the 'twitches' today?"

Bright Girl: "Yes, I think it must be a hyperdermic."

Do you hear the ocean groaning,
Ever groaning, soft and low?
'Tis because some fat old bather
Stepped upon its under-tow.—*Ex.*

Miss Parks, who had stepped into the kitchen, was humming a tune.

Oscar, hearing her, remarked: "I can stand you in here, but oh, you tune."

IN ST. CHARLES

"I suppose," said the stranger within the gates, "The lid is on all games of chance in this town."

"Don't believe that, stranger, the marriage license office is still wide open."—*Ex.*

She: "You are too self conscious."

He: "Me? I self conscious? I am conscious of nothing."

She: "That's exactly what I said."



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We don't like you any more,
You'll be sorry when you see us
Going to some other store.
We don't need your clothes and wraps,
Merchandise and other fads.
We don't want to trade at your store,
If you won't give us an ad.

—*Ex.*

Mrs. C. (talking of nationality):—"What were Ruskin's parents?"
Ruth C.:—"Well, one of them was a wine merchant."

Marita and Ruth B. were going to town,
Someone asked them where they were going,
RUTH SAID, to see her "crush".
Then Marita chipped in and said
"Yes, 'Love is blind' as I'm leading her."

Judge:—"Then when your wife seized the weapon you ran from the house?"
Plaintiff:—"Yes sir."
Judge:—"But she might not have used it."
Plaintiff:—"True, your Honor. Maybe she picked up the flat iron just to smooth things over."

—*Ex.*

Edith S. (at ball game sees the boys with ankle straps above their shoes):—"I didn't know that they wore one pair of shoes inside the other."

"Oh ! would I were a bird" she sang
And each disgusted one
Thought to himself most wickedly,
"Oh ! would I were a gun."

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the best boxed goods in the market

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Pink Powder for Puny Persons
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We take great pleasure in announcing that a manicure
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YOU'LL have to hurry!
Shredded Saw Dust.
The only breakfast food left.

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ARE you starving?
FOR Good Food.

Then eat your meals at Phil-u-up
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KELLER SISTERS, Prop.
(BLOWN UP DOE KNUTS? SPECIALTY.)

ARE you bald?
Try Hodgman's Hair Promoter.
WARRANTED TO RAISE HAIR HIGHER THAN THE
SIGHT OF A SNAKE MIGHT RAISE IT.
For Sale at all Feed Stores.

DO you wish to shine with the
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Use "Rub-Longer"
ON YOUR SHOES AND MARK THE DIFFERENCE.
FOR SALE AT

**MILLER'S SHOESHINING
SALON.**

MATRIMONIAL Bureau.
Attention, Young Men.

DO YOU SEEK A BELLE?
If so send your
ACQUIREMENTS and REQUIREMENTS TO ME.
STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

S. Bell, Mgr.

COME One, Come All.
A Bunch of Burzy Burlesquers

IN A
FARCICAL MELOCOMEDRATIC
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PERSONAE PRINCIPIAE—PARSONS AND
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Admission \$50. Per.

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ARKANSAS."**

Lecture by

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WHO HAS MADE A SPECIAL STUDY OF SLOW
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In This Lecture She Explains Fully the Old Maxim,

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The School that has Given Character to the Education of
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The book which carries this advertisement illustrates the life and environment of the school; it gives a pictorial representation of the beautiful grounds; the commodious buildings; the ample teaching force; the representative class of young women, who are here receiving their preparation for their life work.

The degree conferred by Lindenwood is the equal in extent and thoroughness of the degrees offered by any of the representative women's schools of the Middle West. Unusual facilities are here offered for special work in music, art and expression.

For a booklet more fully describing the courses of study

Write to

DR. GEORGE FREDERIC AYRES,

St. Charles, Missouri

Faculty.

AS I sit and gaze from my window and look down the avenue,
I see a line of people against the sky so blue.
They are coming towards me and one by one I see,
Yes, it is our teachers, our L. C. faculty.

That is Dr. Ayres from Margaret Hall returning.
He is looking at this building. Gee! Is my light burning?

"May I have callers?" Mrs. Heron hears, then smiles and sighs,
I think six have asked. "Come back later," she replies.

Dr. Horn is dignified although sometimes he's jolly;
He peers at us through his glasses, the one on the little trolley.

Miss Alice makes out excuses now with a proud and serious face;
She slings the ink with vigor, taking Mrs. Heron's place.

What is this noise we hear? It sounds like a nihilist bomb.
It is only Mr. Quarles with his same old "Pom," "Pom," "Pom".

Now, who's this little lady with her market basket small?
Oh! Mrs. Ayres and her "sewing" coming from Margaret Hall.

Mrs. Wilson bustles around, business from heels to head.
What is she doing, you ask. Why, putting her "Darlings" to bed.

Miss Nicholas will cross the deep and I hope get her rewards.
She may rejoice! She's passed the stage of "Intervals and Chords".

Miss Giffin is demure and sweet with a real Madonna face.
Why not, I pray? I'm sure she's only teaching the arts of "Grace".

Muddie preaches every day and in fact all the time,
"Mark your laundry, every one; mark it or pay a fine."

Miss Raynor will manage well without the aid of a man,
She eats so very little since adopting the "no breakfast plan."

Our worthy Proctor sits in state and peers out in the hall,
She's guarding the Webster's Unabridged, in fact she's "guarding" us all.

Miss Butler has a private maid, with cap and mop and broom,
She captured Hilda one fine day and locked her in her room.

Come out, ye girls, lay down your books, and some fun we'll seek.
When the cat's away the mice will play; Miss C. is on duty this week.

Miss Patterson has a smile for all and every day,
But Saturday 'tis gone—"Cut practice chases it away."

Would you look into the future? Consult a Seer of note and fame;
Cross Miss Coombs palm with silver, learn your future "Hubby's" name.

In bygone days at old L. C. there's been a heap o' "Slushes."
Miss Roter thinks that they are fierce, "These abominable Crushes".

In St. Louis new stars were in view, Halley's comet ruled the day;
But when Miss Parks and her "Stars" appeared the rest all faded away.

Miss Edwards comes every day and stays out here to lunch,
She teaches the little "Academic" and they are a jolly bunch.

I've done all the damage I can do and I suppose they'll "Land on me",
But nevertheless here they are, and this is our Faculty.

HAZLE DELL KIRBY.

1847

1910

St. Charles Military Academy

FOR the past three years, the St. Charles Military Academy has been under entirely new management; the property has been overhauled and improved; the school has been articulated with the University of Missouri; a well equipped manual training department in charge of an experienced man has been added; at the St. Charles Military Academy, military training is but a means to an end and that end is the making of manly men. Individual instruction is insisted upon. One teacher for every ten cadets is employed.

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*We clean ladies' silk,
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skirts and shirt waists
by this process and
guarantee not to
shrink or fade them.
We also do pressing
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WM. H. RECHTURN & CO.

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Floral Decorations
Designs
Plants and
Cut Flowers.

Both Phones 217 S. 4th St.

- Sept. 15 School opens. A bevy of new girls.
- “ 16 Old girls returning slowly.
- “ 17 Classes tried. Gamma Reception.
- “ 18 Circus in town. “Tacky” party for new girls.
- “ 19 Our first visit to the Jefferson St. Church.
- “ 20 Convocation address, Rev. Pierce, sub. Lady Macbeth.
- “ 21 Home talk—Altogether novel for old girls.
- “ 22 Rainy—capital for home-sickness.
- “ 23 Pledge ribbons appear.
- “ 24 Sigma Iota Chi Dance.
- “ 25 Two new girls arrive.
- “ 26 Girls take their first snaps of campus.
- “ 27 Study Hall this P. M. Meeting of Presbytery at Jefferson St. Church.
- “ 28 Presbytery had services at Lindenwood.
- “ 29 Girls go for cross country walk.
- “ 30 Senior class election—Great.
- Oct. 1 Basket-ball practice. Junior election. Belated caller comes at 9:30.
- “ 2 Girls go into town, shopping.
- “ 3 A pleasant change, Church, chicken, cream.
- “ 4 Monday Infirmary full ? ? ? ? ?
- “ 5 A riot, all on account of a snake—?
- “ 6 Hot water to-night. You know the rest.
- “ 7 Col. Butler and Dr. Niccolls visit Lindenwood.
- “ 9 Ball game, Toot Toot for the military.
- “ 11 St. Charles Centennial, off all day—great—ham sandwiches, boat races, the governor talks, picture show, Taxicab.
- “ 12 ANOTHER Home talk.
- “ 15 All off for St. Louis; all home—tired.
- “ 16 Church in Chapel. Dr. Floe.
- “ 17 Changed tables to-night.
- “ 18 The Marguerite Smith Co. Splendid.
- “ 19 Two girls get squelched for peekin’ in window.
- “ 22 Triangle club originated. Petition for marshmellow roast.

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WE expect to remain in business for a good
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anything but the best materials or employ
other than skilled workmen. Our prices are as low as
is consistent with good quality, which spells economy.

Henry Broeker

WALL PAPER AND PAINTING.

- Oct. 23 Practice hymns to-night. Hopes for improvement.
 " 24 Tin Can Alley Concession Co. gives CIRCUS.
 " 26 Senior Table password "O, you Difference."
 " 30 Halloween. Annual Gamma Dance.
 " 31 Sermon on Temperance.
- Nov. 5 Danced quite a while in gym.
 " 6 C. C. C.
 " 7 Lecture—American Morals by Mr. Piles.
 " 9 Domestic Science girls dish out eats to less fortunate ones.
 " 10 Miss Coombs tells girls' fortunes.
 " 11 Barnyard. HUSH.....
 " 13 Old building girls lose privileges.
 " 14 School is serene indeed.
 " 16 Squelched activity bubbles forth anew.
 " 17 Changed tables.
 " 18 Day of arrivals.
 " 19 Sophomore Marshmellow roast. Big Jollification.
 " 20 "Captain Joe" given by Y. W. C. A.
 " 21 Seniors becoming dignified.
 " 22 Dignity reigns, in black, mighty seniors rule.
 " 23 The UNDER students are surely genius. Ask seniors.
 " 24 Girls all leaving--Turkeys all grieving.
 " 25 Thanksgiving Day.
 " 28 Club formed by the "Loneyites" A. O. F. D.
 " 29 Girls return; Feasts on all sides.
 " 30 Seniors receive privileges; great to do.
- Dec. 2 Seniors all take privileges. Girls all want to meet new girl, Smash
 Potato, from Dugoutville, Brazil.
 " 5 Mass Meeting; annual board elected.
 " 6 Seniors warbling Hebrew Poetry.
 " 8 Annual Meeting.
 " 9 Reception, girls make debut into St. Charles society.
 " 10 Sunday, it comes without saying C. C. C.

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Ice Cream Soda a Specialty. Plows and Lowney's Candies. Picnic Parties and Families Supplied at Special Rates.

- Dec. 12 Annual Meeting. Y. W. C. A. box packed and sent.
 " 13 A rebellious Junior properly clothed by Seniors.
 " 15 All on account of a Hair Pin ???
 " 16 Girls all gone—
 Jan. 4 School opens. Twelve girls here.
 " 6 Girls still straggle in.
 " 8 Athletic association gives Masquerade in gym.
 " 9 C. C. C. Midnight Spectre.
 " 10 Two dignified Seniors take a spill on the ice.
 " 12 A raid on our cupboards by "Ma Kirby".
 " 13-14 "Same old story in the same old way."
 " 16 Voting Contest; Fine results.
 " 17 Students' recital.
 " 20 Comet makes its appearance. "Exempts" posted.
 " 21 Feast night.
 " 22 Church not popular.
 " 23 Pictures taken for some Agriculture Magazine.
 " 24 One girl dies from "cramites"; first exams posted.
 " 26 Exams; Grand Opera Lohengrin.
 " 28 Exams are over.
 " 29 Girls see Madame Butterfly.
 " 30 Mrs. Seldon D. Spencer speaks in Y. W. C. A.
 " 31 New Semester. Tables changed.
 Feb. 2 All patronize the sandwich man.
 " 3 Students' Public Recital.
 " 4 Annual meeting - danced.
 " 5 Hay Ride. Junior Vaudeville??
 " 6 Miss Porterfield gets locked in—?
 " 7 Specials organize.

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Washington
Ave.



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St. Charles
St.

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We want you to know how carefully and how thoroughly we have planned for every possible footwear need that you may have.

We want you to know for yourself and by your own experience just what Brandt quality means.

We want you to know what Brandt store service means—the service that our conscientious, intelligent and courteous salespeople give.

Remember we are sole St. Louis Agents for

Wickert & Gardiner's Shoes for Women.

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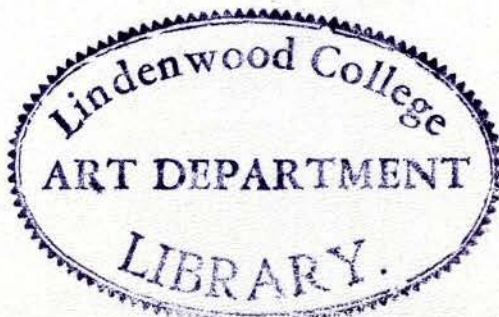
Knight Shoes for Men.

Full line of Cross Gloves and Leather Goods.

Not Best Because Largest

But Largest Because Best

- Feb. 9 S. C. M. C. Reception.
- “ 10 Mrs. Crandall entertains Seniors.
- “ 11 Senior Sunday. 17th day of Prayer for Colleges.
- “ 14 Valentines pour in for everyone.
- “ 17 Mrs. McKittrick gives talk to girls.
- “ 18 Juniors give Seniors a bob-sled ride.
- “ 19 Sigma Iota Chi Dance. Gamma bob-sled ride.
- “ 20 A tired Sunday. Everyone lazy.
- “ 21 Seniors challenge Juniors to snow fight. Juniors' mammas won't let 'em.
- “ 22 Seniors have Martha Washington dinner.
- “ 23 Classes all have meetings.
- “ 24 Students' recital.
- “ 25 Frederick Ward gives Merchant of Venice; Excellent.
- “ 26 Pop corn, doughnuts, sandwiches, etc.
- “ 27 Miss Thompson of W. U. speaks of Student Volunteer Conference.
- “ 28 Meeting of Athletic Association.
- Mar. 2 "Charlie" breaks his collar bone. U. N. Q. has peritonitis.
- “ 4 There was NOT a seat in the Chapel vs. There WAS.
- “ 5 Senior Rehearsal.
- “ 6 Spring fever. . . . Faculty recital to-night.
- “ 7 Mrs. Spencer gives talk in Y. W. C. A.
- “ 8 Senior Meeting.
- “ 10 Senior Rehearsal.
- “ 11 Big Scare—A man floating lose on campus.
- “ 12 Big crowd go to the city. Seniors give Masquerade.
- “ 13 Senior Sunday. Quartette sings in St. Louis.
- “ 14 Just like all other Mondays. Everyone has a grouch.
- “ 15 Senior play PICTURES taken.
- “ 16 Pictures taken of athletic association for catalogue.
- “ 17 Seniors on a "toot".



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brand of goods?

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“JUST RIGHT”, “FAULTLESS”,
“GOLDEN SLIPPER”, “ACME”
and “CHIMO” BRAND
GROCERIES.

- Mar. 18 ΣIX entertains HYT.
- “ 21 Concert given by Mrs. Geo. Dobyne, Mrs. J. T. Quarles, Mr. Chas. A. Cale and Mr. J. T. Quarles.
- “ 22 Senior meeting, also meeting of Athletic Association.
- “ 23 A few daring ones ascend the city water tower.
- “ 25 Spring vacation.
- “ 29 School opens again; lessons come harder than ever.
- “ 30 L. C. converted into a Parisian Millinery establishment.
- “ 31 First of series of Prayer meetings held in front suite second floor.
- April 1 And no one was fooled? ? Prayer meeting in Crandall Suite.
- “ 2 Prayer meeting in Miss Moffett's room. Dr. Wright gives address in afternoon.
- “ 3 C. C. C. C. Mrs. Spenser and Miss Roth arrive.
- “ 4 Katherine Kennedy eats six pieces of mince pie for dinner. Mrs. Spenser conducts Vesper services.
- “ 5 Our second talk by Mrs. Spenser. Arbor Day. Political Economy class go to brick yards.
- “ 7 S. C. M. C. play, "Half back Sandy". Seventy girls attend.
- “ 9 S. C. M. C. vs. St. Louis U. 8-6 favor Military. Serenade by Cadets; enjoyed immensely.
- “ 10 Quartette sings at Southern Pres. church.
- “ 11 Rained all day. Absolutely nothing doing. Lecture—Philosophy of Fun. MacLaren.
- “ 12 S. C. M. C. play, "Toastmaster". Girls not permitted to attend.
- “ 13 Annual goes to press. Annual Board go on a "Spree".
- “ 16 Senior Street Fair with "Pike" attractions.
- “ 22 Senior Play, "The Worsted Man".
- May 18 Tennis Tournament.
- “ 20 Basket Ball Tournament.
- “ 24 Seniors' Graduating Recital.
- “ 26 Seniors' Graduating Recital.
- “ 27 Seniors entertain Juniors.
- June 3 Annual concert.
- “ 4 Art Reception.
- “ 5 Baccalaureate Sunday.
- “ 6 Class Day; Commencement; Parting Farewells.

PORTRAITS, GROUPS
and VIEWS of all Kinds.

S. G. Redden

PHOTOGRAPHER

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you can be pleased and properly fitted in*

Ladies' Suits,
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