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HINDEN LIVES

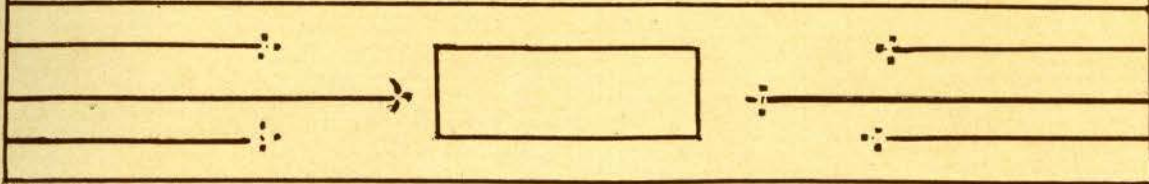
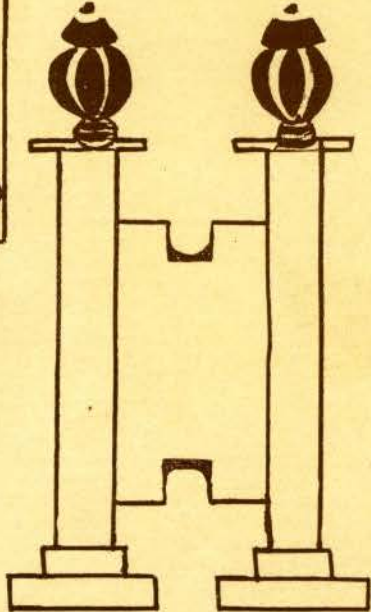
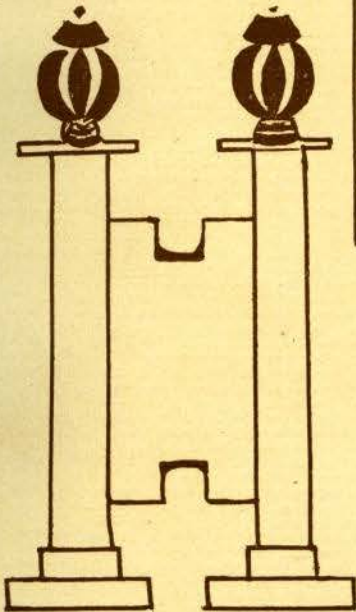
LINDENLEAVES



Nineteen Hundred
and Nine.

Volume Three.

Published by the
Students of
Lindenwood College,
St. Charles, Mo.



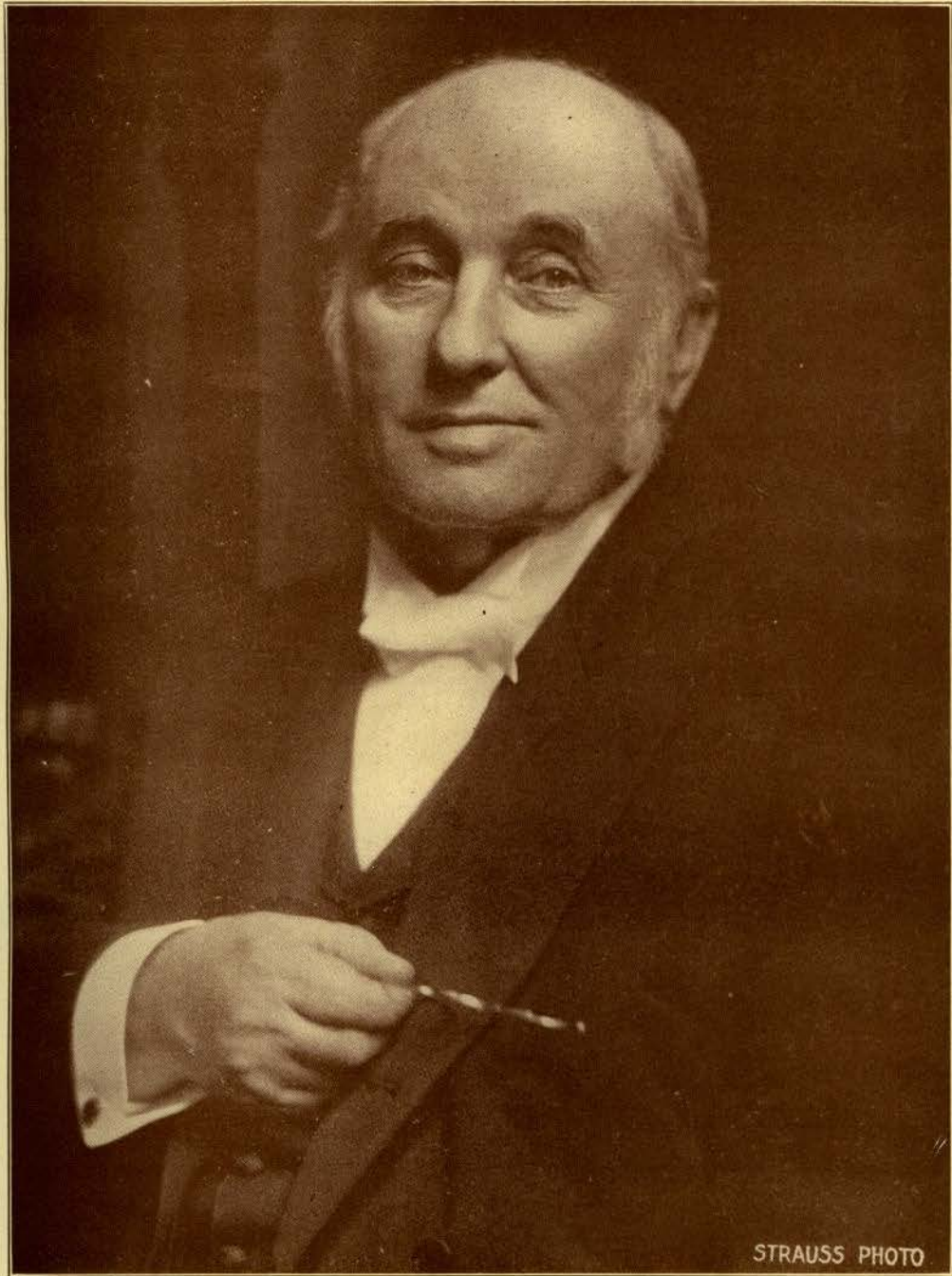
.....To.....

Dr. Samuel Jack Niccolls,

The true and tried friend of our beloved
institution, this volume is
affectionately dedicated

by the

Students of Lindenwood College.



Dr. Samuel Jack Niccolls.

Dr. George Frederic Ayres,

To whom we owe so much for our

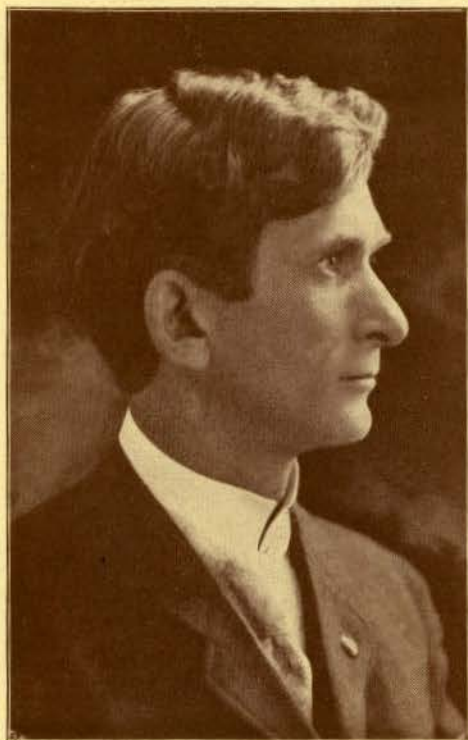
happy school life and who

worthily holds the highest

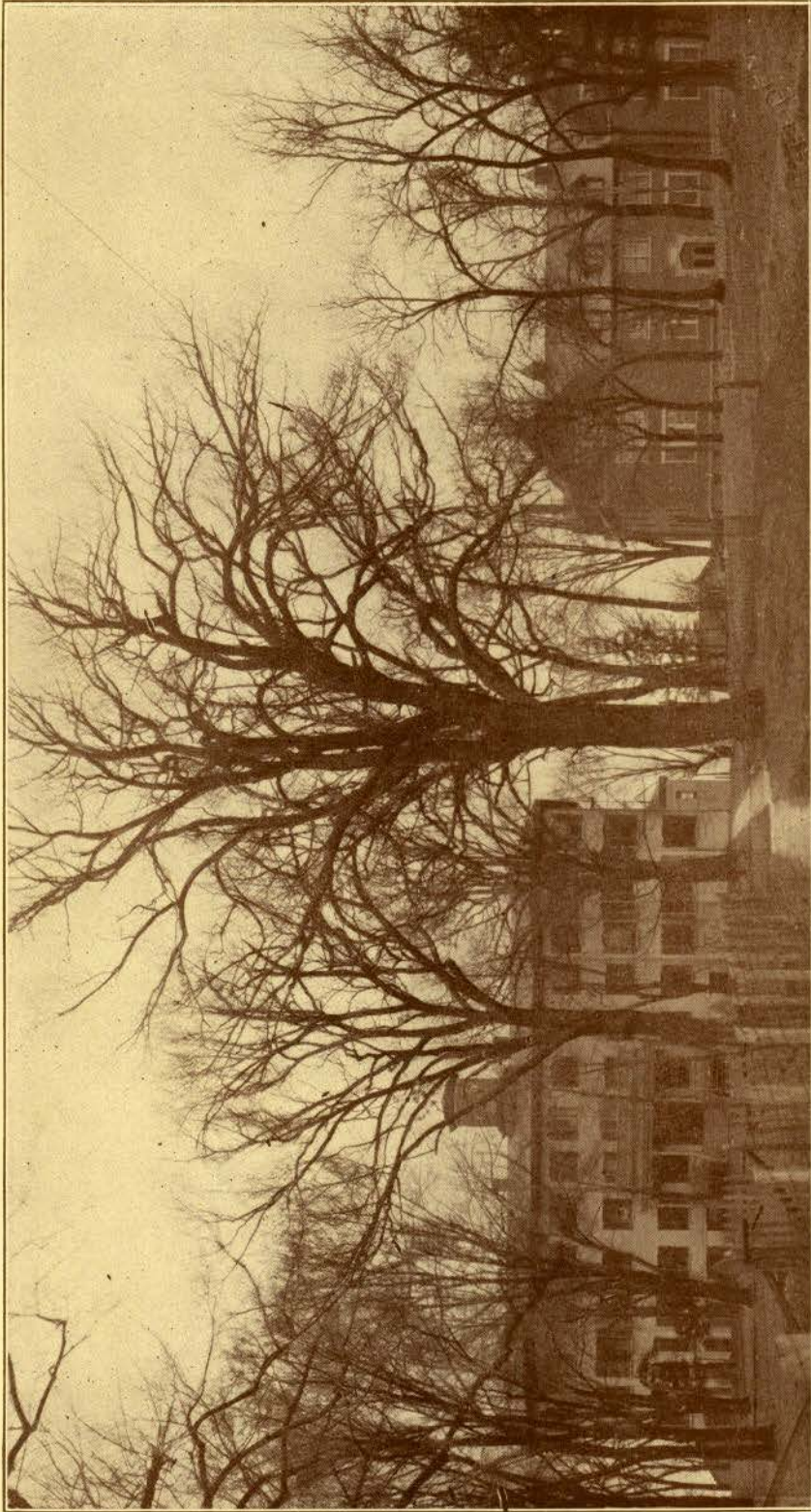
place in the love and

esteem of the

Students of Lindenwood College.



George Frederic Ayres, Ph. D.,
President.



VIEW OF COLLEGE BUILDINGS.

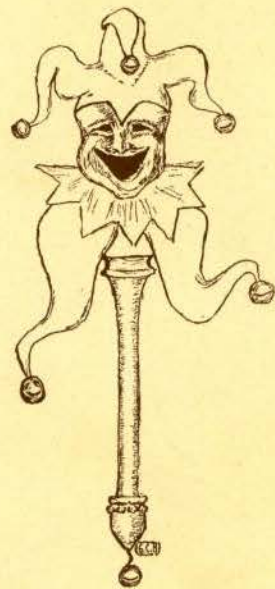
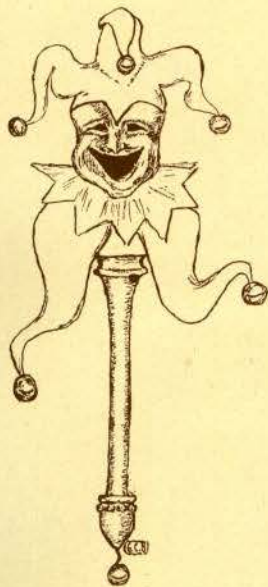
Preface

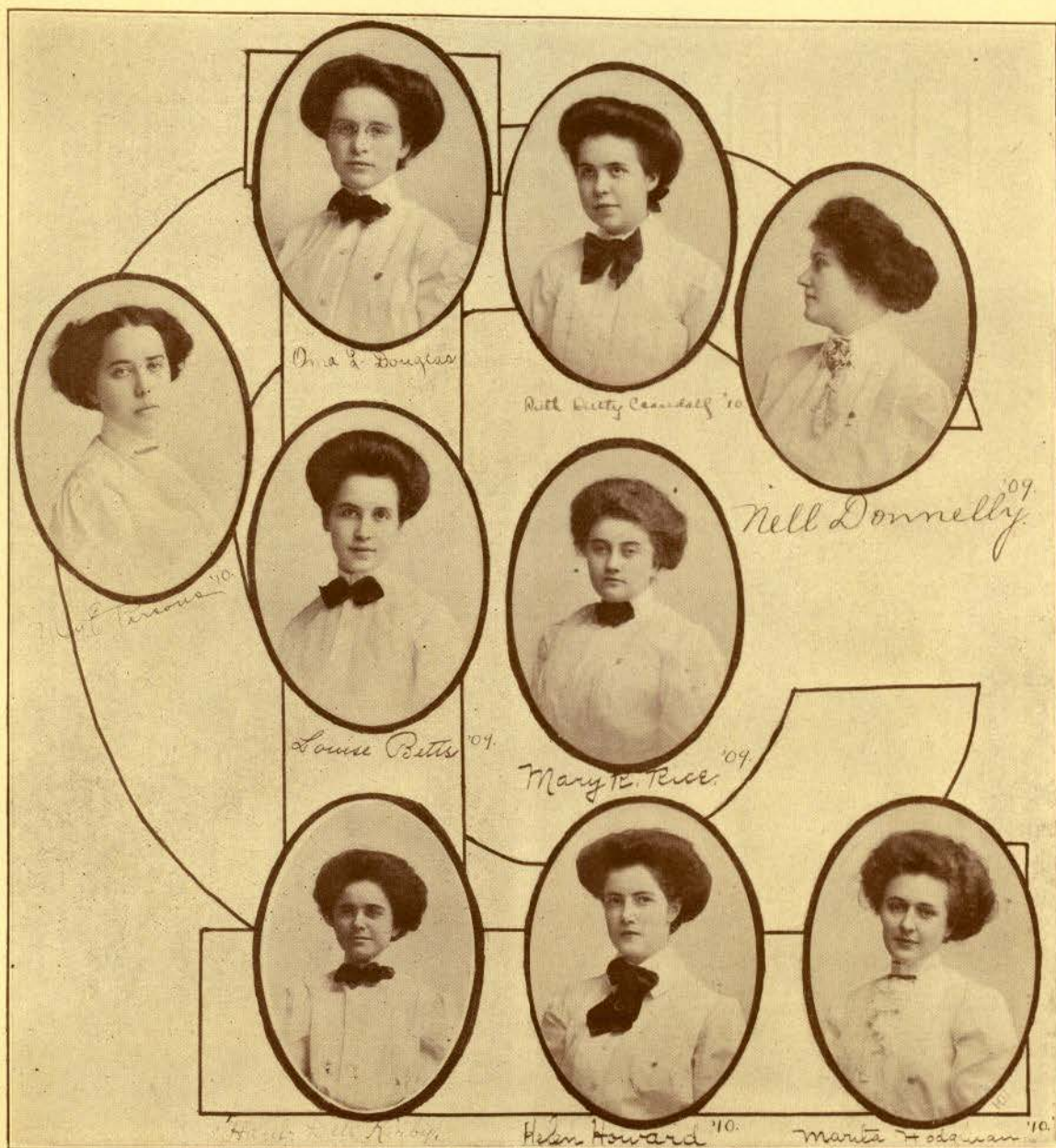
In this book we've laid aside
All our dignity and pride,
Seen ourselves as other folk,
Full of laughter, jest and joke

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.





MARY R. RICE, Editor in Chief.
 LOUISE BETTS, Associate Editor.
 RUTH DULTY CRANDALL, Literary Editor,
 HAZEL DELL KIRBY, Local Editor.

OMA DOUGLAS, Artist.
 HELEN HOWARD, Artist.
 MAY E. PARSONS, Artist.
 MARITA HODGEMAN, Artist.

NELL QUINLAN DONNELLY, Business Manager.

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Instructor in Latin, Greek and Philosophy.



MRS. TULA KIRBY,
Matron.



MRS. SINCLAIR,
Chaperone.



SCENES ABOUT THE CAMPUS.





SIBLEY HALL.





RHEA MOORE, President.

LOUISE BETTS, Secretary.

MARIE KREBS, Treasurer.

COLORS: Green and White.

FLOWER: White Carnation.

MOTTO: "By Virtue We Conquer."

YELL:

Hullo, Balloo, Ballu, Ballee
Foremost Class of L. L. C.
Record Breakers, Dandy Fine,
Seniors, Seniors, 1909.

YELL:

Nineteen nine, Nineteen nine
Nineteen, Nineteen, Nineteen nine.

SONG.

(Tune of "Harrigan.")

S-e-n-i-ors spells Seniors,
We are proud of all the "get up"
that is in us—
Double dog dare you to say a word
"agin" us,
Because it's S-e-n-i-ors, you bet.
It's a class that will pass under
any circumstance,
Seniors, that's us.

H. V. B. '09



ALICE LINNEMAN.

"What did you say the book said?"

Straight from the Emerald Isle with an abundance of auburn hair. One of the quiet, unassuming type, with a ready smile and as good tempered a human as can be found, and one of the few who pays her class dues before time.

Our Advisory Teacher, beloved by all the class. Always cheerful, ready, and willing to help us with her bright, apt suggestions which have many times saved the day for the class of '09.



ETHEL MAURINE ALLEN.

"Oh, I have something to tell you."

Straight from Arkansas with all the Southern hospitality you read about. Go it Louise, no one can stop you, not even Dr. Horn, when it comes to arguing about Dixie. Always kind and considerate to animals—especially cats. Never was known to be without her lessons.



VIRGINIA LOUISE BETTS.



HELEN VAUGHAN BABCOCK.

"I didn't quite understand, won't you please repeat the question?"

This is the fourth year Helen has safely reached Lindewood on a "slow train" from Arkansas. Helen may be a sad coquette but she is so good looking and attractive that we must expect that. She wears bangs beautifully and we cannot help but like her even if she is from Arkansas.

"I sure did squelch her".

The Divine Carrie whose wonderful playing charms the audiences at L. C. recitals. The key note of our subject's character is frankness and she was never known to grant a fellow the last word in an argument.



CAROLINE ELIZABETH COLLINS

"Well I know it but I simply can't help it." (hair).

Our stunning blond whose golden tresses are always very curly in the morning but as the day waxes strong the curls wane. She is not only large in stature but in heart and our estimation as well. She shines wherever she goes, especially in Military schools.



MARY CLAY.



NELL QUINLAN DONNELLY.

"In Kansas City."

The Mrs. of the class. Always busy, always in a hurry, but always on time. She hasn't yet informed us what other college she will honor with her attendance, but we surmise that before long she will be enrolled as a permanent student in the school of Domestic Science and House-keeping. A good friend, pleasant companion, and a splendid worker on the Annual Board.

"Moah aiah."

They say that the best things come in small packages; if so, our Arkansas Bunny is no exception to the rule. She is particularly adapted in the art of making excuses to stay from church. But never mind, this is a characteristic weakness of the witty.



LOIS DALE.



CLARA LOUISE DAVIS.

"You would have died if you had been there" (F. P. U.)

Yes, Clara, giggle and we'll giggle with you. But, who could help it in such company. For it is a known and accepted fact that all fat people are good natured. Has always had a smile for the girls of her class, so we are all her friends.



ARLIE RUTH FLEMING.

"Where is that Belleville paper?"

Here's to Marie, a good scholar, good friend and the wonder of the class. She was the only one of us who was brilliant enough to be able to quit work nine days simply to have the mumps. She also takes strongly to the stage, especially in the part of a dear simple minister.



ELIZABETH LOUISE KEENE.

"Nope, too hard for me."

Our sweet, mild, brown-eyed cherub, never known to make a noise, who believes in the maxim:—"Be seen, but not heard". No, she was not captured in India, she is just from East St. Louis. She is a faithful worker and believes in asking questions; for instance, "What is the atomic weight of heat?"



MARIE WANDA KREBS.

"I don't near care."

A charming brunette whose powers of fascination are undisputed. Louise's sunny disposition has often come to the rescue at the Senior table when it was impossible to keep up with the quiet conversation. She is always known to laugh at a joke, however dry it may be. If she has accomplished nothing else she certainly knows how to pour coffee.



RHEA MOORE.

"Oh, I am so tired."

Behold Winnifred! Our mathematics shark who can easily crack the back bone of any example extant. She has tried her best to organize a Senior Basket Ball Team but her efforts will not pull the Seniors from their books. She may be regarded as our sleepy member but she is right there on the basket ball field.

We'll have a meeting tonight."

Stop! look! This tall member is our stately president. She is the most quiet, unassuming of all '09, regardless of the fact that she reigns over all the brilliant girls at Lindenwood. She plays the works of no composer who has less than twenty-five letters in his name.



WINNIFRED MARRITTA OLMSTEAD.

"I just never was so hungry."

Behold, she who spends more time and money on her clothes than all the rest of '09. But regardless of all this, her idea of supreme happiness is a bowl of apple butter. Although she hails from Belleville, her habits are unrepachable and we all love her.



ALICE NORA MAY RIPLEY.



MARY REDFIELD RICE, B. L.

"You simply must make me quit eating."

Everybody loves Mary. One of the naturally brilliant, always in good humor and she merely forms a fine example of maidenly dignity that her influences are desirable in every neighborhood. With all her accomplishments she is not only companionable but is delightful as a classmate.

"She makes me tired."

"Oh, pensive nun, devout and pure, sober, steadfast and demure." She will do anything in the world for you but talk. However, she can speak up when accosted by her teacher. She is happy with all things but the boys and from them she flees.



MARGARET SCHILTZ.

"He came clear to the gate with me."

Gifted with that social accomplishment—talk. She can talk you into believing your head is not your own. She can digest a dictionary with the ease of a goat and she is par excellence in what ever she attempts in school and out.



WINIFRED WARREN.

CLASS PROPHECY.

A tall shadowy form appeared above what had been the resting place of the ghost of the 1909 class. "It won't do," said the ghost looking down at the wide crack in the ground, "I couldn't wait for the five years to go by before coming back and seeing what the future had brought forth for all the 1909 girls." As it stood thinking of which way it should go another ghost, tired and sadfaced came up. "You'll give up the search" it said, "I have been looking for my girls over a year and am now returning to my grave with part of the task uncompleted. The ghost of 1909 having known the class did not continue the subject but asked anxiously, "Have you seen any of the 1909 girls in your journeying?" "Yes," was the reply and the ghost listened attentively to the directions given as to where one of the girls had been seen.

The place was soon reached and the ghost was surprised to see a large crowd gathered around the entrance to a public building. The doors were being closed and a man was calling through a megaphone "Not even standing room left, lecture will be repeated tonight." The ghost drifted in through the small opening of the door and looking around saw Louise Betts gesticulating widely from the platform of the auditorium. Upon going closer the subject of her discourse was found to be, Bravery of the Confederate Soldiers and Wrongs done the South. "Yes" it overheard in passing two men who were discussing the lecture, "The cause for which the money is being used may be a good one, but do you really think that cats need a home founded for them?"

The ghost passed out and was going down the street when a woman's voice caused it to stop. The owner of the voice proved to be Ethel Allen who was walking with an obedient looking man. They soon entered a house and the ghost found that Ethel had married soon after her graduation and settled down to a quiet, domestic life.

The day being quite warm the ghost rested a while and did not reach another place of interest until about 3:30. It was Jefferson City, the home of Mary Clay. The ghost passed through the streets of the capital but saw few people as the heat was so intense. When the Clay home was reached it saw Mary dressed as for a walk and looking pensively at a picture of a young man in a military suit. The ghost suddenly remembered that it was Thursday and murmuring "force of habit" passed on.

On the street corner stood a man reading a newspaper. Looking over his shoulder the following notice could be read—Miss Lois Dale has returned from abroad where she has been furthering her study of foreign dances, to fill engagements in the East. During six months of every year she in company with Miss Louise Keene who has a millinery establishment on Fifth Ave., New York, go South to their bungalow in the Ozarks where they live a life of seclusion, no men being allowed within the gates. "So two more have realized their ambitions" thought the ghost, "but what is this enormous building?" It covered an entire block and the sign "Largest Wholesale Grocer House in The Southwest," was

painted across the front. It was found that the owner was the husband of Alice Ripley. "Alice must be supremely happy having plenty to eat" murmured the ghost remembering Alice's fondness for feasts. But these reflections were brought to a close by the appearance of a young woman carrying a huge bundle of books. The ghost recognized the fast walk but murmured "Surely this cannot be Mrs. Donnelly still going to school, but still I do remember having heard that she had acquired an infatuation for it and seemed unable to stop." A short distance behind her was Arlie Fleming, her arms loaded with text books and note books on psychology and logic. As they walked on the ghost gained from their conversation the following information:—Rhea Moore having made a success of her music, studying in Kansas City and being tired of refusing THE man decided to make that place her permanent home having a bungalow next door to a certain other admirer of K. C. Her old roommate, Margaret Schiltz had entered a convent and was now a nun. Carrie Collins had become a renowned concert player and was now touring the East. As they were entering the University, groups of students were discussing the new branch of learning—conversationology, which was being placed in all the nigher colleges by its founder, Miss Winnifred Warren, the famous Woman Conversationalist. Loud screams from the atheletic grounds caused the ghost to return to the outside again. There were a number of young ladies dressed in bloomers and short sweaters on the field. They were applauding their coach, Winnifred Olmstead who was advising them as to the best methods to use in winning a game of basket ball.

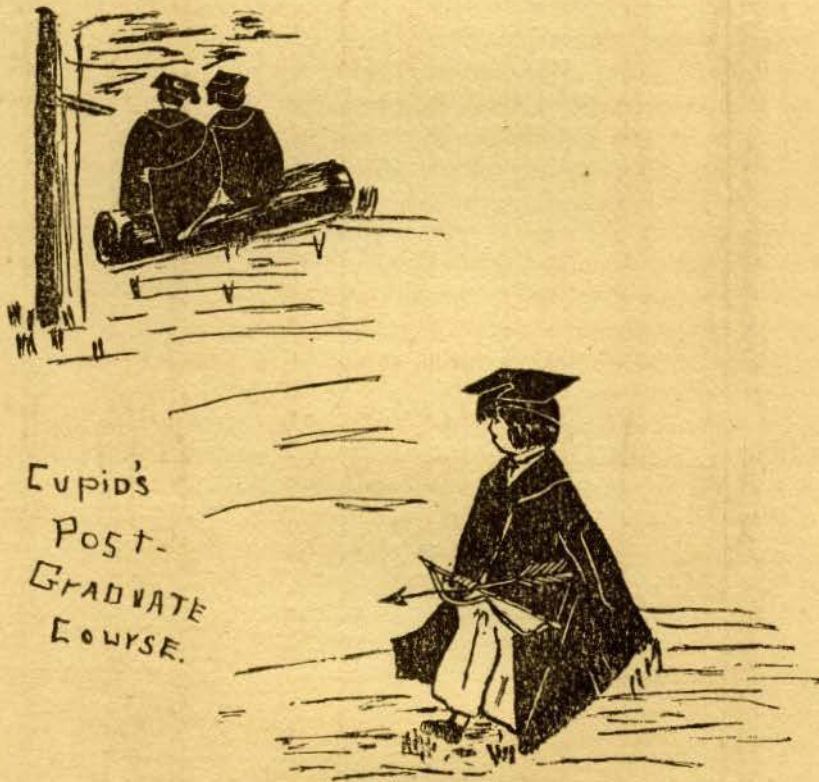
The ghost hurried on. It was quite dark now and in the large crowd it was easily seen that the most of them were going into a theater. The huge colored board outside satisfied the curiosity of the ghost. "Marie Krebs, Impersonator." Another 'og girl leading a public life thought the ghost. The next place was Hot Springs and in passing through the city the ghost was attracted by bright lights and music issuing from a ball room nearby. As the window was reached the music ceased and everyone began fanning and moving toward the punch bowl. The dancers fell back toward the walls as the next dance began—a graceful figure floated out to the strains of the waltz, her feet scarcely touching the floor, so light were her movements. "Helen Vaughan Babcock still dancing" sighed the ghost.

The long distance between Hot Springs and Ft. Scott gave the ghost time for reflection in regard to Mary Rice, "The college senior of the class, I do hope that she has lived up to my expectations". The river near Ft. Scott was crossed and the ghost passed into the city. It did not take long to find Mary, in company with a young man who appeared quite devoted. "Married, and after all the hopes I had for her, "Its terrible to be so disappointed."

The ghost then turned toward Colorado thinking of the remaining girl of the class. "She will be making somebody happy wherever she is." A scene of confusion rose before the eyes of the ghost. Solemn-faced men and anxious women were hurrying from one place to another. There seemed to have been an explosion in one of the mines. Doctors and nurses could be seen relieving the wounded men. Near one cot on which lay a sufferer the

ghost noticed Clara Davis in the white uniform, assisting one of the surgeons. "Will he pull through?" she asked the surgeon. "Yes, with your help," was the reply. The ghost did not linger but began

the long way back to its resting place, satisfied with what it had seen on its journey and anxious to meet ghosts of other classes and tell them of the splendid successes of the girls of 1909.



CLASS POEM

Tell me not in mournful numbers
L. C. does not educate the mind,
Just to prove it, I'll point you
To the class of 1909.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And a credit is our aim;
Must keep at it, must have it,
But we never "crib" to gain.

Lives of great men all remind us,
We should never kill our time,
But, departing, carry with us,
Knowledge blissful and sublime.

Knowledge that perhaps a Junior,
Bending patiently and late
Over logic terms and syllogisms,
Flatly fails to imitate.

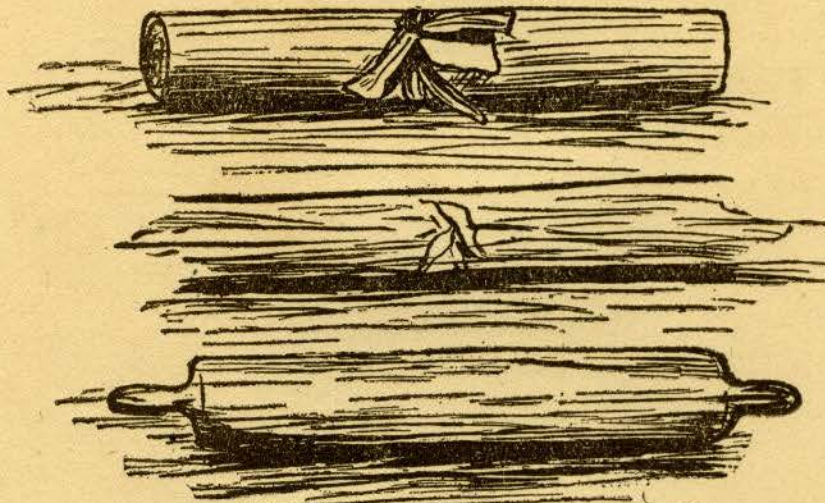
Art is long, and time is fleeting,
And this year will soon slip by;
Have your fill of fun and nonsense,
For the end will bring a sigh.

Trust no future, how e'er pleasant;
Pleasant scenes now greet the eyes;
Senior privileges are our pastimes,
Enjoyed only by the wise.

In the world's broad field of battle,
When a diploma ends the strife,
Just remember that as Seniors
You enjoyed sweet peace in life.

Let us then be up and doing,
And greet the world with pleasant looks,
For our school days will soon be o'er
And we'll have harder things to face than books.

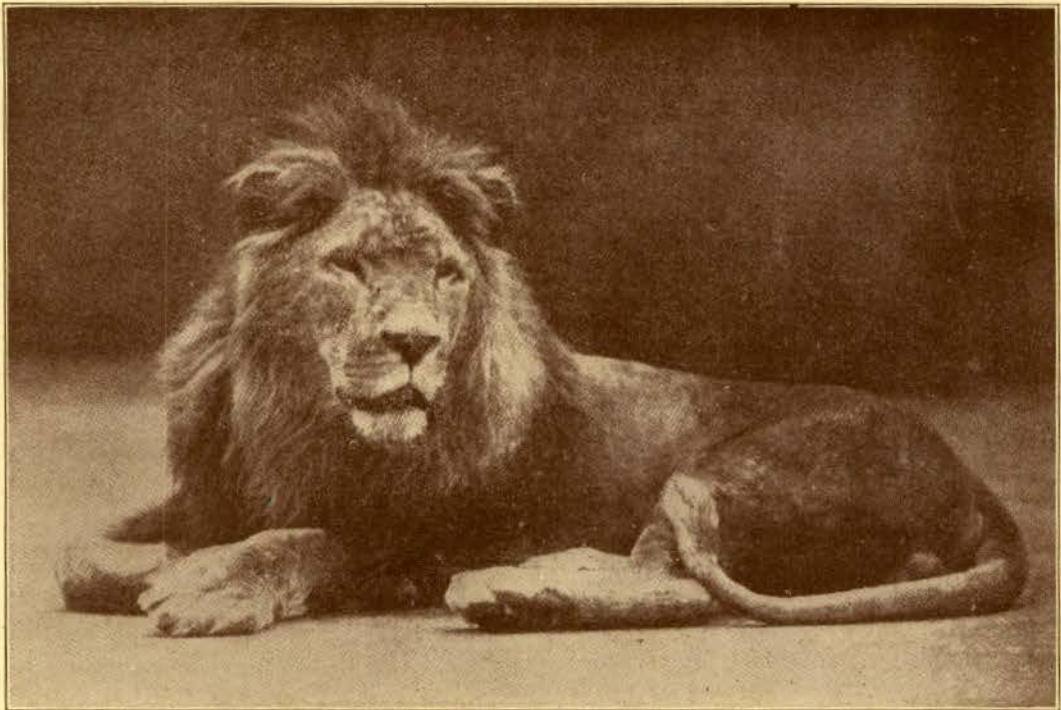
W. M. O., '09.



The Evolution of The Diploma.

JUNIORS

1910



MOTTO:

"Hang on; Hope hard."—*Browning.*

FLOWER:

General Jacque Rose.

≡ JUNIORS 1910 ≡



MRS. LOUISE T. CRANDALL,
Adviser.

OFFICERS.

Ruth Dulty Crandall, President.
Grace Miller, Vice-President.

1-2-3-4
2-4-3-4

who for, what for
who you going to root for:
 juniors.

Sadie Bell, Secretary.
Helen Richards, Treasurer.

amo amas amat
we'll make those Senior trot
we'll raise the dust
we'll win or bust
amo amas amat.

1910 and who'll do it now
1910 and who's ripe for a fight now
Give a rouse, we'll have that game
 despite all,
1-9-1-0

CLASS ROLL.

Irene Amos
Ruth Barr
Sadie Bell
Ruth Crandall
Eva Ditch
Eloise Eagleton
Olive Eagleton
Florence Hayes
Golda Hewitt
Marita Hodgeman

Margaret Hogg
Helen Howard
Florence Keller
Eleanore Keller
Grace Miller
May Parsons
Ethel Robinson
Helen Richards
Clara Schwerdtmann.

Champion tennis and basket ball player,
Literary editor and Senior hope slayer;
Who is this bright athletic lass,
The President of the Junior class.



This is one of the Graces fair,
She and her roommate make quite a pair;
She can act like a monkey and make you
 roar
Until your sides split and you fall on the
 floor.

And then there's that dear little Olive
Who is healthy, happy and jolly,
She gets mad in a minute,
But she never stays in it,
That dear little Junior called Olive.

There was a young lady named Sadie,
Who was really a very fine lady,
But when dressed as a boy
She gave Clara great joy,
This nice little lady named Sadie.

You know of the sisters named Keller,
And when you see one you can tell her,
For she's all skin and bone,
But the other has grown
Till at basket ball none can excel her.

Our hungry Amos
You know is famous,
On account of her appetite;
She got the mumps,
And was down in the dumps,
And certainly was a sight.

They say that our poor Eloise
Every night is ill at her ease;
For a robber she looks,
Under beds and in nooks—
So scared is our poor Eloise.

There was a young lady named Schwert,
Who was sometimes inclined to be pert,
She would laugh or she'd cry,
Play tricks on the sly,
And was just the least bit of a flirt.

Eva, you know, was once on the stage,
And she a rather dark character made;
But such is life, there is always a shadow,
And she indeed made a fine Mulatto.

Miss Richards who is very rich,
Has such a time trying to ketch
All the girls in their room,
And with money from home,
That she sometimes just almost has fits.

Golda dear, the dainty lass,
We can't ever let you pass;
You with your smiles so blithe and gay,
You are as bright as the sun any day.



A pessimistic young student Miss Hayes,
Renowned for her dignified ways,
Her old chem she hated,
Her roommate she fated—
"She's all that I live for" said Hayes.

May Parsons next is our sleepy head,
And she hates like poison to leave her bed,
But when awake at last she gets
She makes the piano buzz, you bet.



Marita, you know, is the college beauty,
By the basket ball team she does her duty,
She has shiny orbs and golden tresses
And in her classes makes good guesses.

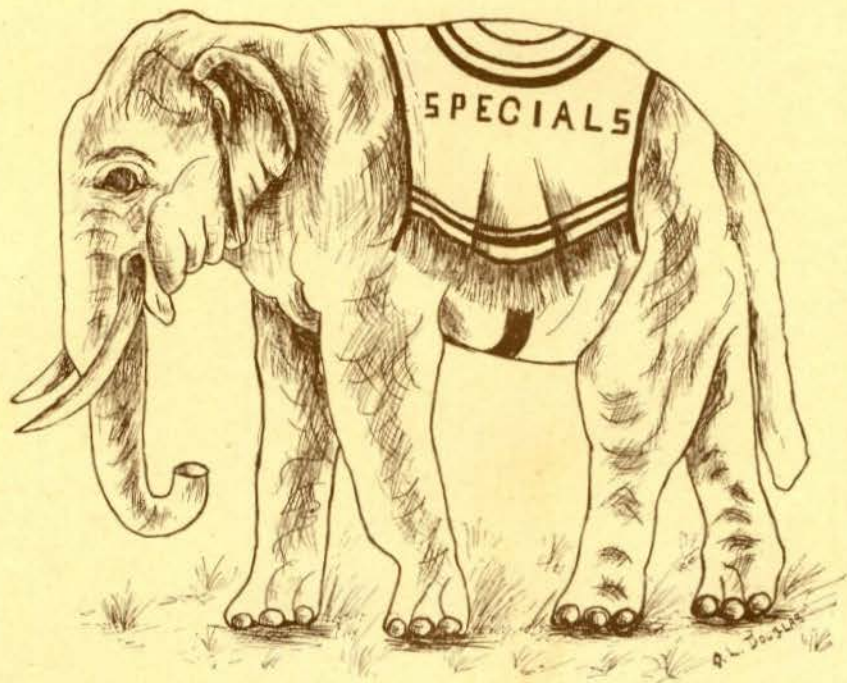
Such a frisky young lady called Barr,
Who can spy a cadet from afar;
"Do tell," she will say
All the hours of the day,
This curly-haired maiden named Barr.

And Ethel too, with studies spent,
Too bad she is so corpulent,
But just the same when pictures are hung
She acts as a ladder and must be brung.

Of course you all know Helen Howard,
She's not a bit of a coward,
She once grew so fat
That she outgrew her hat
When her face with the mumps was be-
flowered.

Now Marg. is the girl for a crush,
If she spies you she'll come in a rush,
And for five minutes' time
You'll feel quite sublime
Then it's over and you're left to rust.







ROLL.

Miss Ricketts, Advisory Teacher

Nydia Cecanko, President

Dorothy Holtcamp, Secretary

Gracia Miller, Vice-President

Martha Johnson, Treasurer

Bertha Blair

Nina Blount

Clara Cordes

Eulah Edwards

Serita Lake

Gladys McDonald

Clara Pelinski

Frances Prill

Clara Spiller

Margaret Strangways

Louise Culbertson

Katherine Stupp

Edith Smith

Ethel Alexander

Anna Mell

Myrna Stith

Genevieve James

Pearl Wiese

Fay Kurre

Eleanore Wencker

Jean Warren

Dorothy Scheuer

Albertine Lakeman

Hazel Kirby

Isabel Gibb

Bessie Carson

Oma Douglas

Marvel Cape

Nan Tyler



MOTTO.

"Despite of all, we conquer."

COLORS.

Gray and Pink.

Chic-a-lic, a lac
Boom-a-raw bom-a-raw
Boom-a-raw-a-rac
Pile 'em up, show 'em up
To the pile of the stack
Specials, Specials, never back.

Kick-a-pee-boop-ski Wah wuh wah
Specials Specials rah rah rah
Boom-a-rac boom-a-rac
Whose in line?
Lindenwood Specials
Every Time.

MASCOT.

Elephant.

FLOWER.

Pink rose.

L.—C.—S.

L.—C.—S.

We're the finest in the land

We play ball to beat the band.

L.—C.—S.

L.—C.—S.

Hok 'em, poke 'em.

Soke 'em, Choke 'em.

L.—C.—S.

Alagazack-a-boomalack-a-boomalack-a-whee

Alagazack-a-boomalack-a-who are we ?

Why, we're Specials-C.

CLASS POEM.

As I wandered in a garden,
With its quaint box-bordered paths,
Each posy with a world of cheer,
Called back to mind a special dear.

A bonny Sweet William first caught my eye,
And 'tis of Nydia I thoughtfully sigh.
Then in the face of a fragrant Sweet Pea,
A picture of Gracia, I seem to see.

Yes, by the Gilly Flower, strong and straight,
I remember Dorothy and her expected fate.
A Daisy dear, with eyes of brown,
Is Martha with her curly crown.

A Larkspur there is truly seen,
Which makes me think of dainty Jeane.
I see our Genevieve's bright smile,
In the Golden Glow nodding merrily the while.

A tall and slender Lily pure,
Reflects our Gladys, sweet; demure.
Then Pearl with cheeks of rosy hue,
Is pictured by a Rose, all bright with dew.

And in the bright blue Climatis cheer,
I see Clara Cordes and Nina dear.
Yes, there is Ethel, pert coquette,
Embodied in a fragrant Mignonette.

See, bending in the wind's wild wake,
The tall Golden Rod is Serita Lake.
Frances and Clara S. with golden hair,
Are seen in the Honey Suckle, sweet and fair.

Then Eula and Marguerite with dear, jolly ways,
Reflect the Morning Glory's bright, cheery rays.
Well, little Louise, with your gentle repose,
Seems shadowed to me in the dainty Primrose.

So, Hazel and Myrna, with brown hair and eyes,
Your pertness and sweetness the Pansy revives.
In the Water Lily lying close to the pond,
I could see Edith Smith hugging the water-tank round.

The jolly, bright Poppy, with face towards the sun,
Is the symbol of Clara Pelinski's jolly good fun,
And little Katrina, with her eyes of blue,
Resembles the Kaiser Blumen's dainty hue.

In the Sweet Allysm growing close to the ground,
An image of Albertine is certainly found.
A bunch of Lady Tresses blown in the air,
Are likened to Fay's and Elenore's long hair.

A picture of Nan and Dot, S. in basket ball
I found in the Sunflower, strong and tall;
Bessie, with eyes of deepest blue,
Is shown by the Violet steeped in dew.

Of two more blue-eyed maidens our roll will tell,
And Anna and Bertha recall the Blue Bell.
So, last, but not least, dear Oma, loved by the whole lot,
Your image is written in Forget-Me-Not.

So, thus I mused till twilight fell,
But now of memories no more I'll tell.
So, friends to whom this book may pass,
Remember us all of the Special Class.

SPECIAL JOKES.

Why is Bessie Carson so anxious for
May to come?

It will bring the "Roses".

Mrs. Crandall in Rhetoric—Serita!
What figures of speech are we studying?

Serita—Daniel Boone.

Nydia thought she could read Shake-
speare correctly. Taking the part of
Caesar in Julius Caesar she came to the
following words: "Et tu Brute". She
read "Eat two Brutie".

Martha at the table—Well, Bryan has
another chance of being elected in four
years.

Dorothy—Absentmindedly—Yes, Harry
can vote then.

Martha—"Oh, dear, I have lost my
little heart."

Edith—"I suppose you can find it over
at S. C. M. C.

Edith—"Do you know, we have the
funniest colored darky at home."

Question. Why did Genevieve laugh?

Carrie to Edith—"Has Jimmie given
you any Foote exercises yet?"

Edith—Tapping her foot and counting
1-2-3—"He had me going like this for
half an hour".

Here's to the light of Heaven,
Here's to the darkness of night
Here's to the girls who are Specials
For they're all right.

NONSENSE RHYME.

1.

One day Sweet Cottonwood of S. C. M. C. school,
He took a notion (and his hat) to go upon a stroll,
Quoth he, "I don't know where I'm bound, but it doesn't worry me,
For, if I have no end in view I can't go wrong, you see."

2.

We must now leave the brave soldier, (he'll stay till we get back),
And trace the fortunes of one Clare, (the other name I lack),
She lived a mile on down the road, the other end of which,
The brave lieutenant, with his sword, had walked without a hitch.

3.

Pelinski sweet, the fair one, I just recall her name,
Was walking down the avenue (you surely know its fame),
When suddenly she look abroad upon this day so bright,
She saw coat of blue approach which filled her with delight.

4.

She quickly waved her handkerchief, was answered in a trice,
And closer then they each one crept as soft as any mice.
But let us tear ourselves away to quite another scene,
And seek upon the long white road, a person often seen.

5.

It is the fair Miss Irvin, whose fame is known afar,
Who's been to get her daily, from her box nailed to a bar,
At sight of her the soldier flees, Pelinski hurries in,
And thus their tete-a-tete is stopped; it seems a perfect sin.

6.

So now you have the story just as plain as anything
Of everything that happened on that sunny day in spring.
But should you ask me how these things all happened thus and so,
I really couldn't tell you, for I really do not know.

R. D. C.





Art Class.

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

Colors.
Pink, Green, and White

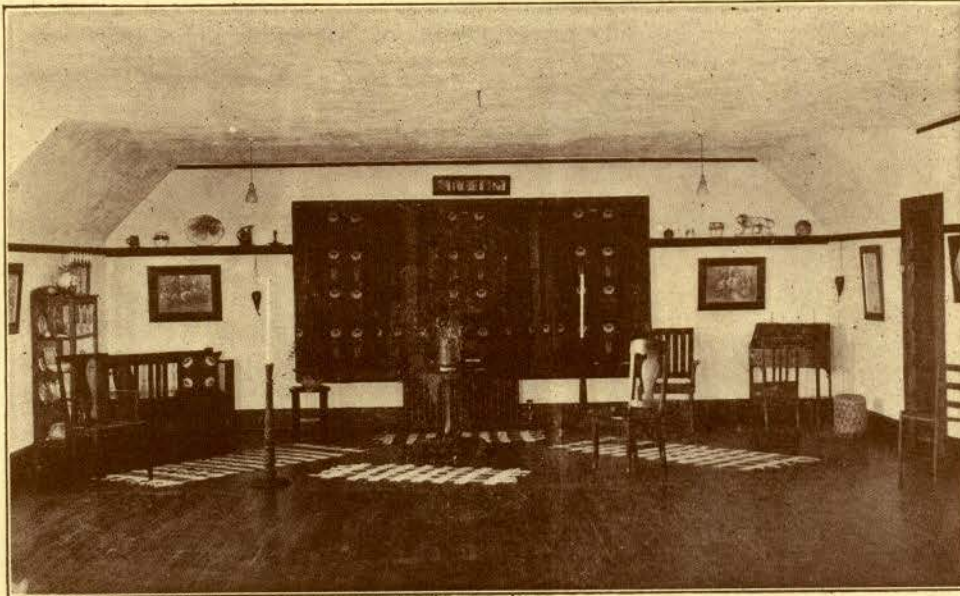
Flowers.
Pink Rose, and White Rose

Miss Alice Ligonemann, Teacher.

Officers

Helen Howard, President
Grace Miller, Vice President
Bertha Blair, Secretary
Uma Douglas, Treasurer

Art Class Roll.



Grace Miller
Lucille Richardson
Olive Eagleton
Louise Culbertson
Katherine Stupp
Bertha Blair
Helen Howard
Oma Douglas
Martha Johnson
Clara Cordes
Ferne Hamilton

Olive Gray
Winifred Warren
Ethel Robinson
Jessie Ding
Johanna Stupp
Alice Ripley
Eloise Eagleton
Edith Smith
Genevieve James
Marita Hodgman
Frances Horstdaniel





|| "There is music in all things if men had ears."—Byron.

PIANO.

James J. Quarles, Dean
Sarah Nicholas

Elberta Llewellyn
Mrs. G. F. Ayres

VOICE.

Elizabeth Parks

VIOLIN.

Agnes Gray

GRADUATES.

Caroline Elizabeth Collins, Piano.

Rhea Moore, Piano.

DEPARTMENT OF EXPRESSION.

ELOCUTION, DRAMATICS, ETC.

"Whose end, both then and now, was and is, to hold the mirroe up to nature."
—Shakespeare.

Instructor, Emma J. Hamm.

ROLL.

Lenore Antony

Sadie Bell

Ruth Crandall

Eula Edwards

Lois Ely

Ruby Ferguson

Levenia Horn

Albertine Lakeman

Helen Richards

Myrtle Reece

Marguerite Strangways

Helen Troupe

Pearl Wiece

Golda Hewitt

Mary Clay, Graduate.



Scene from "The Elopement of Ellen"

—Given by the—

Senior Class, January 29, 1909.

CHARACTERS.

Richard Ford, a devoted young husband,	Max Ten Eych, a chum of Robert's,
Mrs. P. F. Donnelly	Mary Clay
Molly, his wife,	Dorothy Marck, engaged to Max, a guest
Lois Dale	of Mrs. Ford's—Alice N. Ripley
Robert Shepard, Molly's brother,	June Haverhill, Lindenwood '06,
Levenia W. Horne	Helen Vaughan Babcock
John Hume, Rector of St. Agnes,	
Marie Krebs	

SYNOPSIS.

Act I.

Morning room at Mrs. Ford's. Eight
A. M.

Act III.

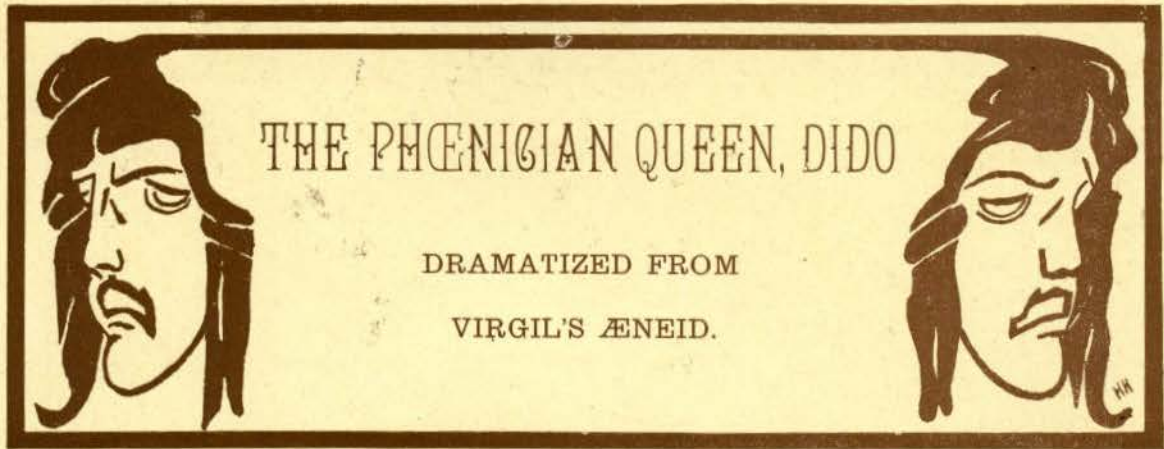
Same corner in the evening of the same
day.

Act II.

Corner of Mrs. Ford's garden at five A.
M. the next day.

PLACE.

Pleasant Hill, a suburb of St. Louis.



CAST OF CHARACTERS :

The Prologue.....	Ruth Crandall
Æneas, Prince of Troy.....	Helen Richards
Achates, Friend of Æneas.....	Eva Ditch
Trojans: Ilioneus, Irene Amos; Antheus, Edith Smith; Sergestus, Dorothy Scheuer; Cloanthus, Olive Eagleton.	
Dido, Queen of Carthage.....	Mary Rice
Anna, Dido's Sister.....	Margaret Hogg
Barce, Dido's Nurse.....	Florence Withington
Juno, Protecting Goddess of Carthage.....	Ruth Crandall
Venus, Goddess Mother of Æneas.....	Ethel Robinson
Iopas, Carthaginian Minstrel.....	Florence Withington
Bitias, Carthaginian Noble.....	Katharine Abright
Iarbas, A Moorish Prince.....	Adele Crandall
Cupid, God of Love.....	Daryl Sinclair
Mercury, Messenger of Jupiter..	Olive Eagleton
Page of Carthage.....	Gussie Leak
Maid Servant.....	Faye Kurre
Man Servant.....	Oma Douglas
Soldiers of Carthage.....	Lucille Richardson Isabel Gibb
Chorus: Ethel Alexander, Dorothy Holtcamp, Hazel Kirby, Gracia Miller, Clara Pelinski, Myrna Stith, Margaret Strangways, Jean Warren, Florence Withington.	

ACT I.

Scene 1. The Trojans, shipwrecked off the coast of Africa, apply for aid to Dido, who receives them kindly. Scene 2. Venus plots with Cupid to inflame Dido with love for Æneas. Scene 3. Dido makes a feast in honor of Æneas.

ACT II.

Scene 1. Dido, urged on by Anna, decides to cease struggling against her love for Æneas. Scene 2. Juno asks Venus to allow Dido and Æneas to wed. Venus cunningly agrees. Scene 3. Dido and Æneas, leading the hunt are driven to shelter by a storm.

ACT III.

Scene 1. Iarbas complains to Jupiter that Dido has slighted him for Æneas. Scene 2. Jupiter sends Mercury to order Æneas from Africa. Scene 3. Æneas prepares to obey. Dido reproaches him and begs him to remain.

ACT IV.

Scene 1. Dido sends Anna to persuade Æneas to delay a little his departure. Scene 2. Dido feigns resignation and orders preparations made for certain magic rites. Scene 3. After passing through various changes of passion, Dido commits suicide.

LINDENWOOD A CENTURY HENCE.

A VISION.

Sitting one warm sunshiny afternoon at an open window, in my cozy little room at Lindenwood, my gaze wandered idly across the broad campus as I watched the girls in their light spring dresses wandering aimlessly to and fro under the shade of the lindens. All at once without warning, I found myself sailing noiselessly through the warm air in some strange sort of craft, and before I had recovered from my astonishment I was gently descending to earth. When I slipped out on Terra Firma at the end of the avenue, I found myself at the gates of a new and magnificent Lindenwood.

The massive gates of iron were indeed works of art and the low stone wall, which encircled the entire campus was a mass of ivy, while here and there a pink or blue flower could be seen peeping out through the cool green leaves. I felt as though I were going into some enchanted garden, so beautiful was the entrance. A massive archway, guarded on either side by huge lions, carved from blocks of pure granite. A little farther on, flanking either side, the broad graveled driveway, were two immense statues that gave one the impression that they were extending greetings to any chance visitor. Pausing just a moment I noted the names engraved upon their bases, "Col. S. J. Butler" and "Andrew Carnegie".

I hurried on to see the other wonders of this magical change. My eyes were directed to the site where once had stood the homely old brown cottage; now an imposing structure of granite greeted me, through whose broad open doorway came

delicious and soul-stirring sounds, that told me that this was Lindenwood's famous home of music, the "Quarles Conservatory". I knew intuitively the dream of this great and generous master had at last been realized, when he gave his life's work and his wealth to the building of such a noble edifice.

As I progressed in my wanderings, I found the campus a regular garden of Eden, with its many fountains of cool running water, flower beds, cozy little grottos, and here and there gleaming white marble statues given in remembrance of some one, whose interest and generosity had helped in Lindenwood's transformation. I wondered as I walked around the winding graveled paths, why a girl should not want school days to last forever in a place like this Lindenwood.

Janis, Feronia, Caroe, The Owl's Nest, and Marquette were now tall wide-spreading lindens, under whose shade many girls had spent long blissful, happy hours with their college chums. Sibley Hall I recognized in all its completeness, though it had grown old in comparison with the newer style of architecture, and its walls were now ivy-covered.

A little to the right of this building stood a magnificent pile of bricks, and upon drawing nearer I read this inscription carved in stone, "McMillen Hall". Gazing on its vast and ample proportions for the accommodation of the many students who seemed to dwell here, my heart was filled with thankfulness for the generosity of the donor, who had so bountifully remembered Lindenwood in her

will, and provided such a beautifully appointed home for the girls who should live there for a time.

Just opposite this mass was another elegant red brick building, whose broad expanse and peculiar round-shaped roof told at once the meaning of the rumbling sounds and loud laughter, that came from within. I knew instantly it was the girls at recreation in their "Gymnasium". I had always been interested in this sort of sport, so decided to take a peep within.

The girls all seemed so happy here, and why should they not be, with so many beautiful things provided for their enjoyment? There were numerous polished bowling alleys, and one could scarcely resist the temptation to take a turn and see those smooth round balls glide swiftly along the polished surface.

A broad expanse of smooth floor next greeted my eye. The girls were fairly skimming over its surface. They seemed to be floating on fairy wings, as they flashed by in laughing chattering groups. I could not understand this weird sport until, drawing nearer, I saw that each girl was provided with a pair of noiseless roller skates, and with such a beautiful well-kept floor, I knew they enjoyed many hours of dancing here.

I had only just begun to investigate all the novelties used in these new athletic sports, when I was attracted by peals of laughter and sounds of splashing water, which seemed to come from a room to my right. I gently pushed open the large double doors, and entering, found myself in a most magnificent natatorium. Here indeed was the merriest sight of all.

Large deep pools of clear sparkling water in which the girls in bathing suits were splashing noisily, looked inviting in the spring sunlight. My mind at once

turned to pictures I had seen and poems I had read of Grecian maidens in the bath.

Reluctantly leaving this building, and coming out again in the warm air, I had only to glance to that part of the grounds, where I almost expected to see Handy and Old Dan quietly plowing the growing corn, to see it had all disappeared, and instead of the green shoots and straight rows, there now appeared to my vision a broad clear lake over whose quiet glassy surface skimmed graceful, gayly painted electric boats and yachts, class colors and pennants streaming in the gentle spring breeze, as they steamed to and fro, shouting merrily to each other.

Rustic benches, boat houses, peculiarly constructed little towers or light houses, and many strange looking devices for swimming and enjoyment on the water, were scattered here and there along the water's edge. A little to the south and west of old Lindenwood Hall, where during my three happy years here, I had often filched radishes and onions, with now and then a flower from Mrs. Ayres' garden, now stood an inviting looking building. Its broad sunny windows, peculiar architecture and perfect quietness, at once impressed me as being a house of learning. I was not surprised to see cut deep in the tablets of stone, that formed a part of the broad deep entrance "Nichol's Library". Of all things near and dear to his heart, I knew dear Dr. Nichols would have loved to bequeath love of knowledge to the girls of Lindenwood, that should come after him. Perfect quiet reigned here and the girls in cap and gown, who were descending the broad stone steps, their arms filled with books and papers, seemed to have no time for the lighter occupations of their sister students.

Beside the library, and seeming to be almost a sister to, in point of beauty and

architecture, though widely different in purpose, stood another building which now attracted me. The large double doors were locked and somehow the breezes seemed to whisper to me, "only with permission may you enter here", but in the same silent way in which I had visited other places, I was at last inside. I knew then why I had hesitated; a large full sized portrait of Mrs. Heron on a magnificent easel was the first thing to greet my eyes. When I looked farther and saw the beautiful and perfectly equipped stage, the frescoed ceiling, walls lighted with countless twinkling lights, and the comfortable opera chairs, I knew that here could be found both pleasure and knowledge in the lectures, concerts, and operas, that were the delight of all the girls. I also felt that the wish of our own well loved lady principal had been fulfilled in this, the "Heron Auditorium".

A group of cozy home-like looking smaller buildings, Gothic in architecture, and with every open window and fluttering draperies speaking the comfort and cheerfulness within, told me these were the gifts and work of loyal sorority girls to their beloved "Alma Mater", Sigma Theta, Eta Upsilon Gamma, Eta Beta Phi, and others, whose Greek lettering I could not comprehend were all represented here. Grouped together in loving community over in the corner of the old pasture, they seemed a little colony of their own.

My heart was filled with the thought of how happy one should be to have the pleasure of pursuing her studies, where so much had been provided for knowledge, comfort, and pleasure. As I stood gazing on all the magic changes I had encountered in my ramblings, the thought came to me for the first time, "Where is old Lindenwood Hall?", but

as I looked at the largest group of buildings of them all, each old familiar brick and window seemed to stand forth from among the rest. I knew then the dear old Hall I loved so well had only lost its identity in the building on and adding to of the others to make of the whole, one large and superior hall of learning—the main college building.

I could not think of leaving the grounds until I had visited for an instant, the spot most dear to the heart of every girl, whose interest has ever been centered at Lindenwood. As I strolled on through flowering shrubbery and delightful odors of spring blossoms, I scarcely recognized the site of the "Old Point". My eyes were almost blinded by the dazzling splendor of the setting sun, flashing on the walls and stained glass windows of a marble building, "the most noble of them all", upon whose endearing tablets was carved the name "Ayres Memorial Chapel". I could only gaze in awe and reverence, while I thought what a fitting and well deserved monument this house of worship was to the life and work of our dearly beloved president, who had lived, labored, and worked for the best interest of the girls, whose education it had been his pleasure to direct. The wide white marble steps looked as though not made for earthly beings' use, but nevertheless I walked boldly into the vestibule. I caught my breath as I looked around me. Someone was seated at the grand pipe organ, and the choir of fifty voices were practicing for the morrow's services.

I sat there long after the music had ceased and every one had departed, lost in the beauty and simplicity of this most exquisitely appointed chapel. I was still dreaming of that music and almost heavenly voices, when I heard Genevieve saying, "Hazel, for mercy sake wake up, the last bell for dinner is ringing". Even as I entered the dining room, I could not shake off the impression that I had indeed received a vision of the possibilities of the new Lindenwood.

Hazle Dell Kirby.



MUMPERY.

When Dr. Kirby first pronounced Helen Howard's sore throat "mumps" everyone smiled. Mumps, that baby disease in a young ladies boarding school! But when Fay Curre followed in a few hours people's smiles gave way to laughter. With the help of kind roommates they were removed to the infirmary where everything was made as cosy and home-like as home itself. The invalids were flooded with books, magazines, notes, fruit, etc.

In fact life looked so pleasant from without on the stairway that by the following day there were six cases and from day to day more added. But if it had looked so comfortable from the stairway it was certainly a case of "distance lends

enchantment" for the novelty soon wore off of being ten in those quarters, with your head tied up and no smiles without groans of pain for accompaniment.

When the resort was at its fullest season the room was divided into bedroom and dining room. The dining table was a long board across two chairs and here as the patients were able they came, took a mouthful and retired to their beds to go through the painful process of swallowing it. In this way a small table and a few spoons served very well.

One day at a meal it was suggested the last one up from the table should be compelled to wash the dishes! When the crowd again regained consciousness they found themselves in one swarming mass

of "cheeky" girls. In their scramble they had forgotten the table and dishes and down they came with a terrific crash on the floor under which the healthy students were endeavoring to have vesper service.

At night was the time ghosts prowled about, rattling the windows and shutters and sometimes these ghosts would glide across the moonlight into the diningroom where they would devour all the remains

of dinner. Sometimes, too, the visits of these ghosts coincided and several sat around on the floor at midnight and slowly, very slowly ate the contents of the buffet.

These are only a few happenings in the mumpery and it may be added that never in the history of Lindenwood were such "times" enjoyed in such a "place" by such "girls."

ODE TO THE PINK SHIRT.

Of thee, pink shirt, and of thy long, long
tail,

I sing of faithfulness of three long
years,

When after days and nights of wear and
soil

Thou, freshly laundered, Monday morn
appear'st.

And of the way they deep pink color
glowed

Beneath his vest, when he that first
year came,

How it set off his eyes of deep sea blue
Those eyes, which even infants know
their fame.

Each fall just slightly faded, back you
came,

And though your pinkness is less dis-
tinct,

All your old jauntiness and something
more

I recognize in your familiar pink.

So, of thee dear pink friend, my eyes
delight,

For three long years; but now thou
art no more,

Of thy now fading dye and ruddy light
I sing, with all a poet's fire and soul.

I hear you're gone, but trust that we
shall meet,

And though your shape may altered be
so much,

That you are called a ladies' jumper
waist,

I know that I shall recognize your
face.

RHYMES FROM STUDY HALL,

After two hours and a half study hall, the following was what five bad little L. C. lasses had to show for their work.

"I'M THE FAIREST OF TEN THOUSAND."

Now it's my time
For just a line,
I almost got left
But mine shall be best.
Of the merry five
I'm most alive,
This study-hall life
Hurts worse than a knife.

CHORUS.

Oh, I'm the fairest of ten thousand
And the brightest of them all,
I've climbed all over the building
And never had a fall.
But though my feats are numerous,
The Bravest of them all,

Is coming down the fire escape
Without a single fall. F. M. H.

"HONEST LITTLE BED.

Honest little bed, I am strong for you,
When I have to leave you I do long
for you,
Wish they'd please encourage me to sleep
a little more,
I do-oo-oo-oo-oo,

You needn't think I'm fibbing—for I
need the beauty sleep,
But if you say you believe it,
Why, I'll be sure you have
A well developed cerebellum.
("I'm strong for you.") R. S. B.

LINDENWOOD, FAIR LINDEN WOOD.

Lindenwood, fair Lindenwood,
Thy ghostly lights I see,
They haunt me most terrifically
And chase me up a tree,
Where from this lofty height I see
Ten thousand pesky mice,
That creep and crawl and even squeal,
When the lights are out at night.
(Here the poet's meter changes.)
But last and not least
(Not mentioning feasts),
I'll never forget I was once a thief,

We went to the cellar without any
leave,
And simply walked off with a can of
corn.
We never let on until the next morn
And then on our faces
We told the tale
Our eyes were all red, our cheeks very
pale,
And please let me tell you
You'd better not try
To eat canned corn upon the sly.

AUTOMOBILE RULES.

Converted for "Night-walking" duty teachers.

RULE 1.

To avoid dire calamities, night walking duty teachers, wandering thru the (apparently) silent and deserted corridors, shall wear a white light in the rear; before turning an abrupt corner the said teacher shall blow three blasts on a horn, to prevent a disastrous collision with any girl who might be lingering around the corner.

RULE 2.

When some inexperienced new girl is made nervous by a teacher, she shall indicate the same, and the teacher shall turn her back until such time as the unsophisticated one may see fit to signal otherwise.

RULE 3.

In running down girls, the duty teacher shall not remain out of her room later than 3:30 A. M.

RULE 4.

Each duty teacher must register at the beginning of the year, and pay a fine of \$5 for the privileges of "the chase". No money is refunded if this teacher is killed off before the end of same year.

RULE 5.

Duty teachers will be held responsible for all damage done, by coming into unexpected contact with young ladies at unearthly hours, or in such obscure places as wardrobes, closets, under beds, etc.

F. E. W.

KETCHUP AND HAMM.

Listen my children and you shall hear
The tale of the ketchup that once did smear
The starchy, clean waist and dark brown hair

Eyes, cheeks, nose and glasses of a
teacher so fair

Who presided with dignity, kindness and
grace

At an L. C. table, where nine girls had a
place

It was Saturday evening and the menu
contained

Baked beans, on which all the trouble
was blamed.

For all the week long each girl in her
dreams

Had visions of Saturday, Heinze "57" and
beans,

But scarce were we served and ready to
tackle

The beans when My! what an uproarous
cackle,

Laughter, shrieks, yells arose from that
table

The quiet bell rang, still no one was able
To stop laughing, for there in undignified
grace

Sat our teacher with ketchup all over her
face.

It seems that the stopper was hard to
remove

And willing her athletic muscle to prove
Miss H. seized the bottle, when swish!
with a whirl

The cork hit the ceiling and each startled
girl,

Could scarcely believe 'twas ketchup not
"gore"

Trickling from Psyche the shirtwaist o'er.
I have eaten Chop-suey, Con Carney, and
Goulash

And that mysterious concoction, our own
L. C. Hash

But the strangest of dishes from fried
eggs to spring lamb

That 'ere yet I've met up with is—
Ketchup and Hamm.

Hazel Dell Kirby.

DO LINDENWOOD GIRLS SEW?

Do Lindenwood Girls sew? Well, just listen to the following incident and then answer the question yourself.

She was a little girl of fifteen years, and she had not been away from home long before she felt the need of an addition to her wardrobe. As new material would be slow to obtain, she decided to remodel one of her old dresses, and piling all the available ones on the bed, she contemplated the mass long and deliberately.

At last deciding on a light blue gingham, she spread it on the floor, picked up the scissors, and gazed at it again for several minutes, then began: Taking several books to keep it flattened out in the starched places, and holding her tongue tightly between her teeth, as though this helped concentrate all her grey matter, she cut.

Slowly the scissors ate their way round it, and the seamstress soon triumphantly held up her result. It was in the shape of a large cross, and smiling gleefully, she now cut a little stove hole in the middle and thrust the garment over her head.

Evidently very pleased with her labor she studied herself for some time in the mirror, pinning here and there, to perfect the fit. Stripping it off rapidly, she began searching intently under the bed, and at last brought to light a large darning needle, which she threaded with coarse black thread. Seating herself with her sewing in her lap she stitched steadily for ten minutes, pricking herself every three stitches. This however did not daunt her. At the end of that time she bit her thread with a savage bite, cut the sack up the middle of the back, and turned in neat hems.

Now she paused and rummaged

through all her bags and several of her neighbors, and she discovered four buttons which might have been taken for third cousins on a great stretch of imagination. These she sewed quickly in place and cut button holes, but decided to wait and buttonhole these later, when she had more time.

And now came the most important part of all. She carefully put herself into this new creation, pinned on a spotless collar, and gay necktie, tucked it in there, pulled it out here, until she was satisfied at the reflection in the glass. With a parting glance at the image, she sailed out of the room, soon to be gathered about by a flock of admiring fashion lovers.

Do Lindenwood girls sew?

R. D. C. '10.

A RAID ON THE KITCHEN.

The night was dark and dreary

The halls were very cold,

How they escaped the duty teacher

Could really not be told.

Howe'er they wandered downwards,

(T'was twelve o'clock at night)

Though the stairs did lots of squeaking

There was no one else in sight.

And so, encountering no one,

They, reaching the ground floor,

And wending their ways onwards,

Came to the kitchen door.

This they opened carefully

And now began the raid,

With muffins, cheese and crackers,

Filled up each naughty maid.

This is one thing at Lindenwood,

(It happened in Jubilee Hall)

Of which our dear Mrs. Heron

Was not aware at all.

X. Y. Z.

SENIOR FREAK SHOW AND VAUDEVILLE,

PRESENTED BY MESSIEURS DES CHAMPS ET JEAN, APRIL 2, 1909.

Continuous performance from 7:30 until 10 o'clock. No time or money spared in obtaining the world-famed collection.

Fatima, the 1,119 pounds of humanity.

Zaretta, the three-legged woman; each leg guaranteed to work.



M. DES CHAMPS.

Clo-Clo and Frqu-Fro, the Siamese Twins—marvelous and bewitching.

Snakillio—She eats them alive.

Museulisa, the iron-jawed maiden; worth the price of admission alone. Raises 1,000 pound weight 3 feet from the ground. This wonderful feat performed without any effort.

Serpentina—The only mermaid in captivity. The most beautiful bit of piscatorial femininity.

Skyhiska, the giantess, brought in on a stretcher; by the clock her feet arrived ten minutes after her head.

Madame Ezelle presents two physiognomies to the breathless crowd which surges near.

Capillariska—The bearded lady from Prussia.

Illustrated songs by the peerless trio. Music and dancing artists. Snappy, bright and catchy songs.

Popcorn, peanuts, balloons and red lemonade can be obtained at entrance of the main tent.

HANDED IN TO THE ANNUAL BOARD.

Early in the spring a notice was posted that read as follows:—"Wanted at once, good, spicy stories of college life, no matter what about. All write at once."

Two weeks later the majestic thoughts from the tips of numerous Spencerian pens of the ingenious students appeared. The first was the way an imaginative little Freshman saw the Annual Basket Ball contest.

The Battle of the Strong.

It was a magnificent day in early April. The golden sun was retiring behind the leafy trees before it burst forth in all its fair radiance.

With the tread of many foot-steps, the Knights of the Order of Juniors appeared in the costume of battle, and confronts the Knights of the Order of the Specials. The brave warriors wore looks of pain on their storm beaten countenances. Perhaps they were thinking of their mothers, who might never see them again, or perhaps it was the dreaded enemy.

They were not clad in suits of armor as might have been expected, but in gymnasium suits, their colors tied on their arms, by some faithful lady love, gleaming in the golden sunlight.

Their Knight General blew the trumpet, and as the sound of thunder burst near at hand the noble athletes plunged into the field. "Position"! shouted their generals, "Fire". Back and forth the cannon balls flew. Struggle after struggle took place, life after life was lost, and their cold bodies were stretched on the bloody bier.

All day long the battle surged, and hour after hour the cries of anguish from the speculators rent the air, and rose into the cloudy sky pregnant with the smell of gun-powder.

At last, when the curtain of night came and closed all the terrible scene from before our eyes, the combatants all lay dead, piled in gory heaps on the field, not one left to tell the tale.

One youthful student handed in a poem, which she said a spirit directed her to write one night, when she should have been getting her next day's Caesar. Poor Caius Julius Caesar

Thy life was spent in war,
Around the campfires ruddy glow
In many parts of Gaul.

The Suebi, Menipee, and Belgae
All know thy battle cry,
The legions are world famous
Thy battles students know.

But in the end, oh Caesar!

Thou died as all us rest,
Stabbed to the heart by the knife,
Of one who'd been thy friend in life.

This came to another little Freshman as she sat looking out the window, and thinking of home so far away.

The View From Our Windows.

As you look out of our window in the early morning, you see the sun pecking through the trees, and giving everything a rosy tint.

You can see the bluffs of the Mississippi as they rise wrapped in gray mist; the corn fields white with snow and the orchards bare and desolate. There are many little farm houses with their barns and little fences, that divide them from each other, and in the distance can be seen the large brick building of the Insane Asylum.

The merry sleigh bells tingle through the air as the children pass in their sleighs; the horses and cows huddle together in little heaps to keep warm; and the snow birds sit in the trees and talk together.

A FEW CHOICE RECIPES.

An April side dish—Junior sausage served hot on the basket ball field and composed of Ruth Crandall under Florence Keller. Garnish daintily with oh's and ah's.

Nut "Sunday"—Divide five cent's worth of salted peanuts among chums and eat noisily during quiet hour.

A tempting Sunday scramble—Though fresh eggs make a good scramble, they are not necessary; neither is an eggbeater. Choose instead a belated student, who while the church bell dings in her

ears, hunts madly for veil, gloves, handkerchiefs and collection.

Spring hash served by any member of the Annual Board—Two chemistry note books, one French phonetics, advertisements, puns, short stories and kodaks. Ad liberally, spring gowns, Easter bonnets, and undarned stockings. Stir together and serve with a soup of study.

A suggestion—Perhaps Lindenwood girls have eaten too many serials (cereals) this winter to compose a short story.

WE WANT TO KNOW

IF Marg. will have a crush in heaven?
Lois will ever grow tall?
Louise will ever hear all that is going on (Senior Table)?
Miss Irvin will ever fail to get her mail?

WHAT Makes Miss Llewellyn like cabbage?
Made Helen Vaughan cut those bangs?
Makes Bessie C. like posies?
Would happen if Helen H. didn't get her daily?

WHY Mrs. Heron didn't find out about that raid on the kitchen?

Mary R. never sees the point?
Twin girls are sisters? (Ask Hazel Kirby.)
Clara D. made such a fine "Fat Woman?"

HOW Smut would ever get along without Rufus? (Vice Versa)
Old would you be if you were right fat?
Near alive the editors will be when this book is out?

IN MEMORY OF HIM.

"Yes, I'll take one," the old lady said, after a few minutes deliberation, "the smallest one that comes."

After her caller had gone she resumed her dusting, but her cloth passed listlessly over the hair-cloth furniture and even over the glass dome which covered the highly prized wax flowers. Her mind was in the past. She was hearing the soft patter of little feet and seeing the flutter of golden curls, as over this very rag-carpet, then much newer and brighter, a sturdy little boy scampered into her arms. The room seemed so dark and dreary now, for even the rays of the summer sun could not brighten it, as once had one little curly head and the light from a pair of dancing eyes. But God had closed those sparkling eyes many years before. And ever since she had been almost bitter and because the ways of children made her think of "him," she had never wanted to have them near her. So the neighbors cautioned their children:

"Now don't go into Magill's yard. She hates children." And now she had promised to take one of the little "fresh air" children.

What would pa say? For pa was as much haunted by memories as she when children were near.

"Perhaps," she thought, "when the child is really here he won't care so very much and then if he makes him too nervous he can go down to the corners a good deal. Believe I'll get pa a biled dinner. And she hurried away to carry out her resolve.

Pa was sitting with his feet on the counter at "the Corner's, munching an apple. He was listening to a conversation between the shop-keeper and his customer. As she turned to go he brought his feet down with a bang and hurried up to her.

"Say, Mis' Perkins, you are huntin' places for them fresh-air children, aren't you? Wal, recon we can take one. Say, give us a little tod, won't you?" Then he went back to his chair and his apple. But his mind was now in the past.

"How tickled" he used to be with the whistles his pa made him and how "he" liked to go for old Dolly— Wonder what ma'll say! Mebbe I better not tell her yet. Then if the youngster bothers I can keep him out-doors most of the time. 'Bout time I was meanderin' home.'

A few days later the evening train brought the little "fresh air" children to the village. Pa was at the station to get the child, but thinkin' of ma's probable disgust, he took the little lad over to the Corner's with him to put off the moment of confession. It was nearly dusk when he reached home and he opened the door, the child clinging to his hand.

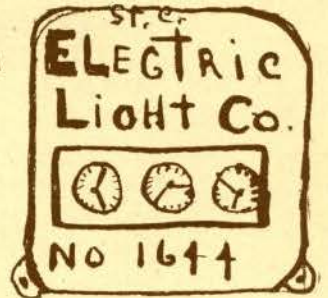
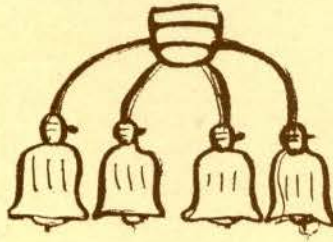
"How like old times," he thought. But there before the open fire sat ma, a fat little arm around her neck, a golden head nestling around the folds of her kerchief. The little eyes had closed to the soft cooing of "Rock-a-bye-baby." But in ma's eyes—oh! the look of a satisfied mother's heart.

ETHEL ROBINSON.

THE LIGHT QUESTION.

The Man Speaks:

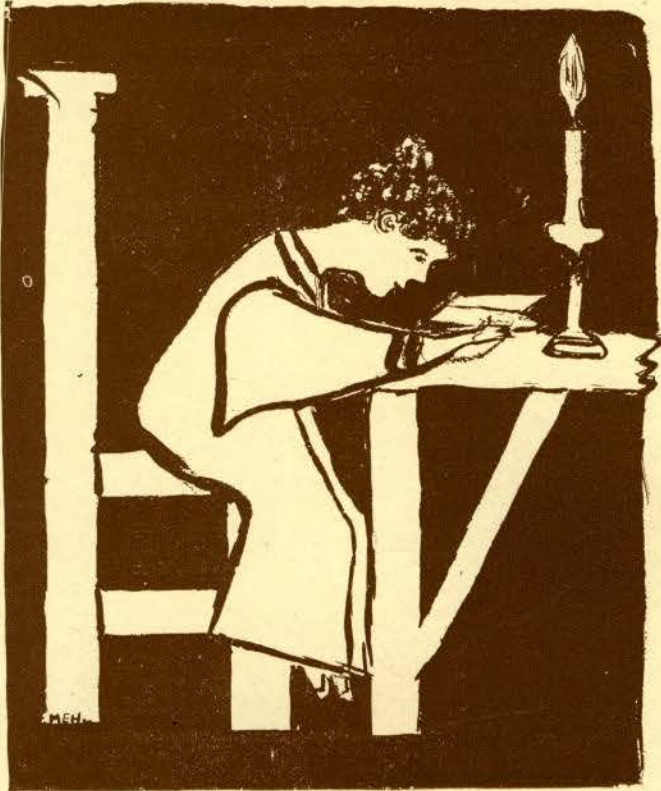
When I consider how my light is spent
In Sibley Hall and Lindenwood beside,
And that big meter bill here at my side
Grows daily bigger, though my mind were bent
To teach each girl whom parents here have sent,
To practice true economy and wide,
"Will students never learn that light's denied?"
I often ask; but teachers to prevent
That murmur soon reply: "You do not need
To worry any more. Each girl at best
Means well. It is the iron hand of fate
That lights should be forgot; that girls should speed
And post from room to hall with hungry zest;
The tardy bell is ringing and they're late."



YOUNG LADIES
ARE REQUESTED
TO TURN OFF THE
LIGHTS. 5¢ FINE

The Girl Speaks:

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half the term in this big school and wide,
And that "chem" notebook, which is death to hide,
Lodged with me empty, though my mind most bent
To study all my lessons, and present
A grand report, lest Dad, in writing, chide;
"Do teachers look for lessons, light denied?"
I rashly ask; but roommate to prevent
That murmur soon replies: "You do not need
To study after ten o'clock; at least
It is not well to work so very late;
But if you have a book you want to read,
And think you do not need to lie and rest,
You can shiver in the hall at any rate."



THE VOTING CONTEST.

At a mass meeting of the school, a voting contest was held and below we find the results:

Most popular.....Louise Betts.	Best Figure.....Ruth Barr.
Prettiest.....Marita Hodgman.	Most Athletic.....Ruth Crandall.
Most studious.....Mary Rice.	Best talker.....Winnifred Warren.
Most dignified.....Rhea Moore.	Most fascinating.....
Wittiest.....Lois Dale.Dorothy Holtcamp,
Biggest Flirt.....May Parsons.Ruth Barr,
Jolliest.....Clara Davis.Winifred Warren.
Most original.....Ruth Crandall.	Slimmest.....Hazel Kirby.
Most popular musician.....	Best hearted.....Clara Pelinski.
.....Leonora Mathews.	Neatest.....Florence Withington.
Best dressed.....Alice Ripley.	Prettiest eyes.....Arlie Fleming.
Most Stylish, Best Dancer.....	Best all-around girl.....Louise Betts.
.....Helen Vaughan Babcock.	

ODE TO THE LINDENS.

(Impromptu lines suggested at the fall of an old Linden tree, which gave its life in order to make room for the new building. Mrs. Eugene Ayres.)

Thou, old tree, hast forged thy last ring,
 Hast told thy last historic year,
 Offerings of sad regrets we bring
 And lay upon thy sacred bier.

For many eons, thou didst stand,
 Serene, majestic, a very king,
 Ruling by right divine, a band
 Of loyal lindens, brave and true.

Else prophet-king, thou didst foresee
 This time so rich in classic lore,
 Or held in thrall of mystic spell
 Probed deep the oracles of yore.

Brought down by weight of centuries,
 Thou dost bequeath thy honored name,
 And learning's treasured mysteries,
 To make this a school of hallowed
 fame.



JESSIE DING,
Foochow, China.

Editors Note. The two compositions below were written by our Chinese girl about a month after her arrival at Lindenwood.)

When eleven of September, I start from Japan. About one week I was between the water and sky on the ocean. About few days, I could not get up and it was very hard to open my eyes. I thought of my parents, brothers, sisters, and all my family that time. How poor, homesick, and seasick came upon me all the time. After that I became better, I always went up on deck to see the ocean. How large a body of water it is. It is just like God's love, measureless, enough for all of us, at any time and any place.

It was very beautiful to see the waves jump up over the ship sometimes. I remember one day, I sat on a chair, suddenly the wave overcame the ship, and my hair and my dress were all wet so that I immediately ran away.

We reached Honolulu Island on Monday. That night Miss Loomis and many ladies went to church with me, and we went to see some places after church. Next day we got up at three before the

sun rose. We climbed one mountain, and some lady took my picture on the mountain top. Then we rounded the island.

Oh, how many kinds of fishes we saw, trees and many other things which we had not seen before. On Monday afternoon, the ship started again so we were on the ocean between the water and the sky again. We were about two weeks going from Honolulu to San Francisco.

There two weeks on the ship, I had a teacher who taught me English every day. I shall always remember when we reached San Francisco. All the people seemed to be very happy. Some of them cried very loudly, because for a long time they had not seen the birds and the mountains. Then everybody was very happy to found their way. I went too.

Jessie Ding.

When I was ten years old, I entered one of the Missionary Schools. At first only few girls in there, for the parents were very afraid the missionary would take their girls to America, would kill them. So when I decided I would come

here, many, many women told my parents, "Don't let your girl go so far. You know if she is killed by the people that you don't know". Many of the missionaries went to the family to ask the mother to let her girls come to the school to study. Oh, the mothers very afraid; the girls ran away, but cried very loudly.

Some of them said: "My girls too small, don't know how to study! Please you ask mother." Some of them said: "Why you want my girls so much? I never let her go. I want she stay with me all the time".

Afterward they saw so many Christian girls not killed, so let their girls come. Last year we had about eighty girls. Some of them were Christians, some of them were not, therefore many good works for Christians to help. Many girls took off their little shoes when they enter the school. At first they could not walk, but very soon they were

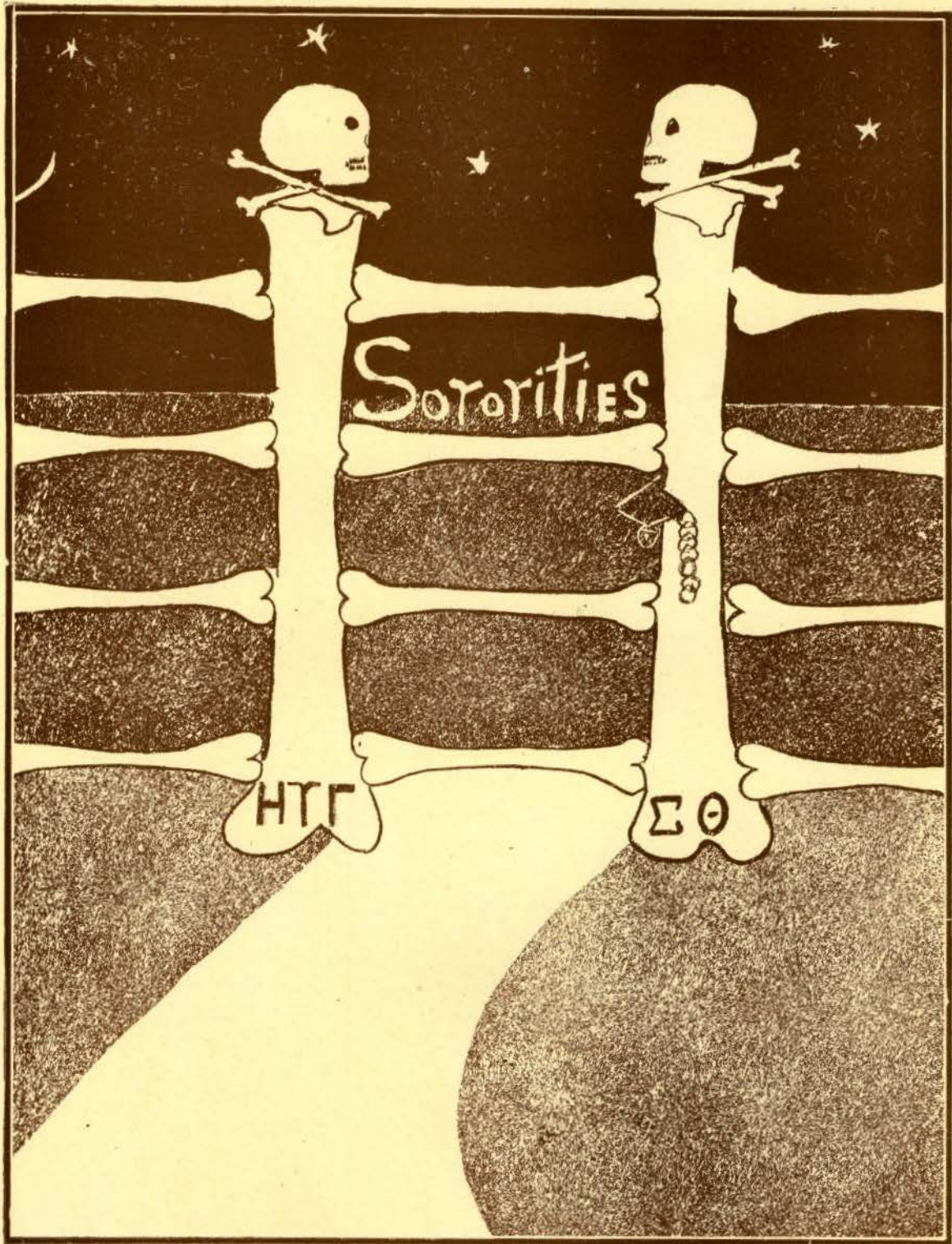
better. Many girls can play ball very skillfully, and have five or seven stones they can throw and catch very well.

In every morning and night we have prayer meeting just like you are. They study, some of them, just like you do, but never play the piano like you do. There is no piano in my school. Some of them have learned to play the organ a little, but they don't want to learn, for when they go home there is no organ to play, and their parents don't want their girls to learn, for they think if their girls play, they would be Christians. Then school leave to study the Bible.

Some of the girls say to the principal: "I don't want to study the Bible; if I study, my parents will scold me. Please let me study 'Confucious Books' which I like". Now all changed, but many still can not understand, so please you remember my school in your prayers. Will you?

Jessie Ding.









GAMMA GROUP.



ZETA CHAPTER.

COLORS—Green and Gold.

FLOWER—Red Carnation.

CHAPTER ROLL:

Helen Vaughan Babcock.....	Hot Springs, Ark.
Ruth Sayre Barr.....	Camden, Ark.
Marvel Adeline Cape.....	Joplin, Mo.
Frances Margaret Hogg.....	Hannibal, Mo.
Helen Carleton Howard.....	Ft. Scott, Kan.
Elizabeth Louise Keene.....	Ft. Scott, Kan.
Minnie Ferguson Minor.....	Newport, Ark.
Leola Katharyn Mittlebach.....	Boonville, Mo.
Gladys Von Tront Myres.....	Kansas City, Mo.
Mary Redfield Rice.....	Ft. Scott, Kan.
Ethel Frances Robinson.....	Clay Center, Kan.
Florence Ethel Withington.....	Cherryvale, Kan.
Clara Alice Schwerdtmann.....	St. Louis, Mo.
Marita Elizabeth Hodgeman.....	St. Louis, Mo.

In Facultate.

Mrs. Geo. Frederic Ayres

Mrs. L. J. Heron, Sponsor

In Urbe.

Marie Martin

Irene Udstead

Florence Bloebaum





SIGMA IOTA CHI GROUP.

SIGMA IOTA CHI.

Colors—Purple and Gold.

Flower—Violet.

THETA CHAPTER.

ROLL.

Amos, Irene, Missouri.
Bell, Sadie, Arkansas.
Betts, Louise, Arkansas.
Dale, Lois, Arkansas.
Holtcamp, Dorothy, Missouri.
James, Genevieve, Illinois.
Johnson, Martha, Missouri.

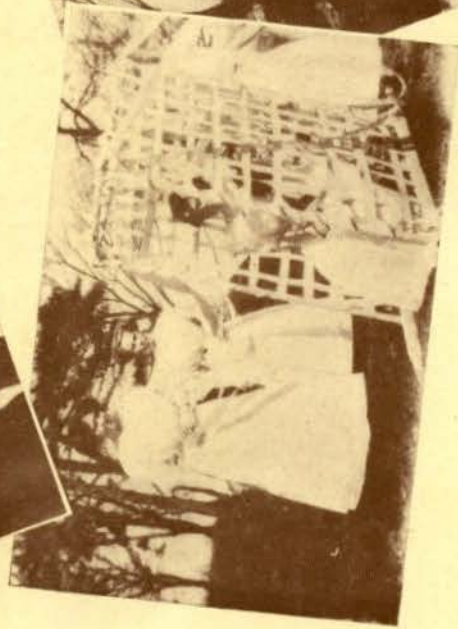
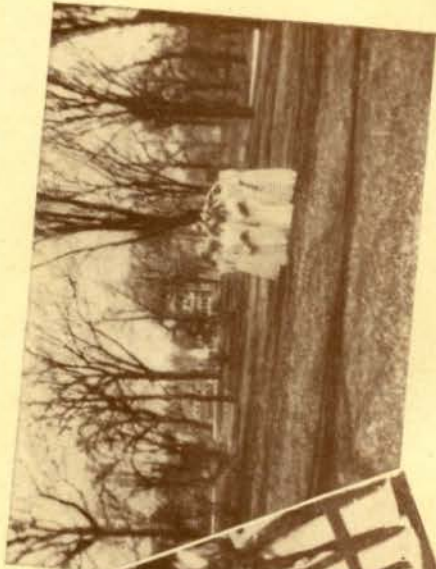
Krebs, Marie, Illinois.
Miller, Grace, Illinois.
Miller, Gracia, Iowa.
Moore, Rhea, Kansas.
Parsons, May, Missouri.
Ripley, Alice, Illinois.

Miss Alice Linneman, Sponsor.

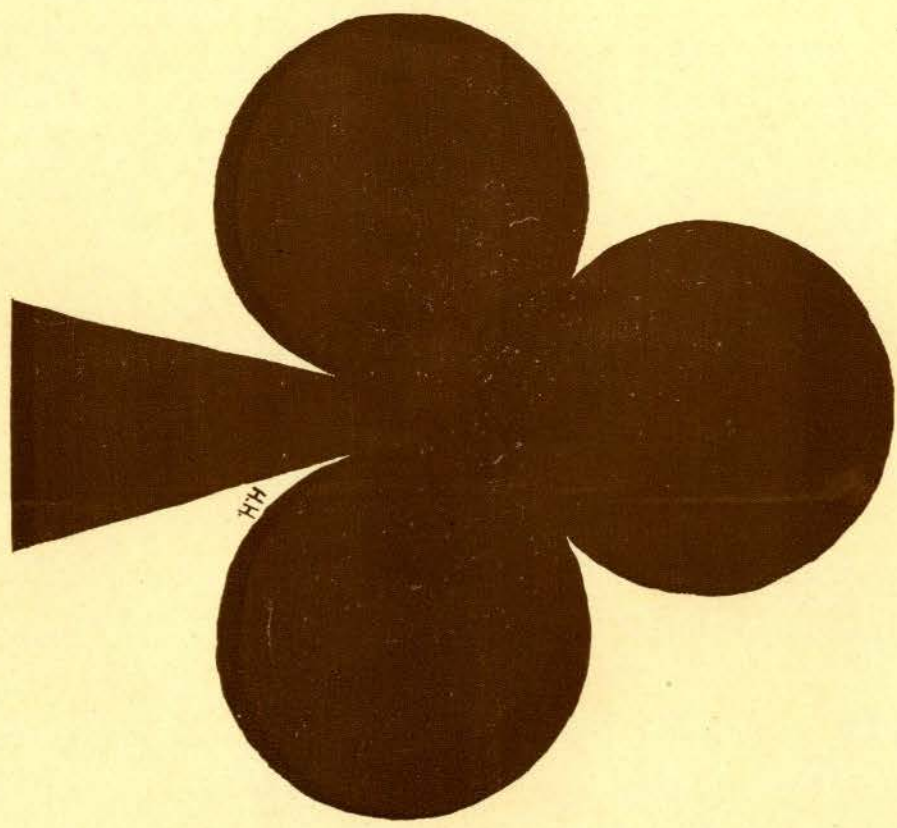
CHAPTERS.

Alpha Chapter—St. James & St. Xavier,
Alexandria, La.
Beta Chapter—Winchester Academy, Win-
Chester, Tenn.
Gamma Chapter—Ward's Seminary, Nash-
ville, Tenn.
Delta Chapter—Cincinnati Conservatory
of Music, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Epsilon Chapter—Hannah Moore Acad-
emy, Rucherston, Md.
Zeta Chapter—Belmont College, Nashville,
Tenn.

Iota Chapter—Virginia College, Roanoke,
Virginia.
Theta Chapter—Potter College, Bowling
Green, Ky.
Theta Chapter—Transferred to Linden-
wood College, St. Charles, Mo.
Kappa Chapter—Campbell Hagerman Col-
lege, Lexington, Ky.
Lambda Chapter—Gunston Hall, Washing-
ton, D. C.



PICTURES TAKEN ARBOR DAY.



HH

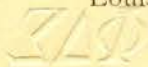
ΦΔΣ



PHI DELTA SIGMA.

Officers.

Florence Withington, President
 Mary Rice, Vice-President
 Nell Donnelly, Secretary
 Louise Betts, Treasurer



ROLL.

Mary Rice	Lois Dale
Louise Betts	Dorothy Holtcamp
Louise Keene	Fay Kurre
Ruth Crandall	Florence Hayes
Florence Withington	Ethel Robinson
Lucile Richardson	Carrie Collins
Margaret Schiltz	Helen Howard
Sadie Bell	Clara Schwerdtmann
Nell Donnelly	



It may seem as if we have not accomplished much in our course of study this year because we have taken up no special authors and have confined ourselves to no definite range of subjects. Our work has been entirely devoted to the short story. We have found many advantages in studying that branch of literature which, with leaders like Poe and Hawthorne, has grown to be so important. It has brought us in contact with such varied conditions of life, such different points of view, so many types of people in as many sections of the world, and beside all this has given us the opportunity to compare different writers in style and literary merit.

We have shuddered and grown cold at the horrible conceptions of Poe and admired the intensity and grim attractiveness of his wonderful stories. We have entered the far North with Jack London in selections from his "Call of the Wild" and learned to wonder at the faithfulness and love of a dog for his master, which he so interestingly portrays.

Led by Myra Kelly's sympathetic hand we have laughed and come near tears at the vivid scenes from the school room on the East Side into the inmost life of which, she conducted us.

In Booth Tarkington's "Mrs. Protheroe" we had an interesting and instruc-

tive glimpse behind the scenes in Congress.

"Crutch the Page" by George Alfred Townsend showed us life in Washington at a little different angle but was severely criticised.

We became acquainted with Richard Harding Davis with great enjoyment. His "Ole Stracted" gave us an especially pleasant afternoon.

Mary -Stewart Cutting's ideal home pictures came as a pleasant contrast to the many current stories of domestic life. One story that seemed to us especially strong was Margaret Deland's "Many Waters", showing as it does, the implicit trust and unflinching faithfulness of a strong little woman. George Parsons Lathrop's "In Each Other's Shoes" was not an especial favorite.

Bayard Taylor's "Who Was She" aroused quite an argument and while there was much harsh criticism it found many loyal defenders. "The Old Partisan" by Octave Thanet, the only story read from that author was judged a poor sample of her work.

Viewing the year's work we look back to many well spent afternoons when we have been led out of ourselves and our school world into the lives and interests of others and have made the acquaintance of authors and characters which have inspired us.



GLEE CLUB.

Music hath charms to soathe the savage breast,
To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.

—CONGREVE.

Miss T. Julette Wilson, Director.

Hazle Dell Kirby, President.

Gracia Miller, Secretary.

First Sopranos:

Dorothy E. Holtcamp

Gracia Miller

Frances Pril

Myrna Stith

Jean Warren

First Altos:

Hazle Dell Kirby

Leonora Matthews

Dorothy Holtcamp, Vice-President.

Mary A. Clay, Treasurer.

Second Sopranos:

Ethel Alexander

Nyda Cecanko

Mary A. Clay

Lois Dale

Marvel Cape

Second Altos:

Margarite Strangways

Clara Pelinske



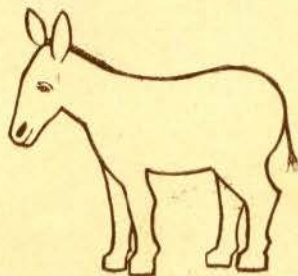
MISSOURI CLUB.

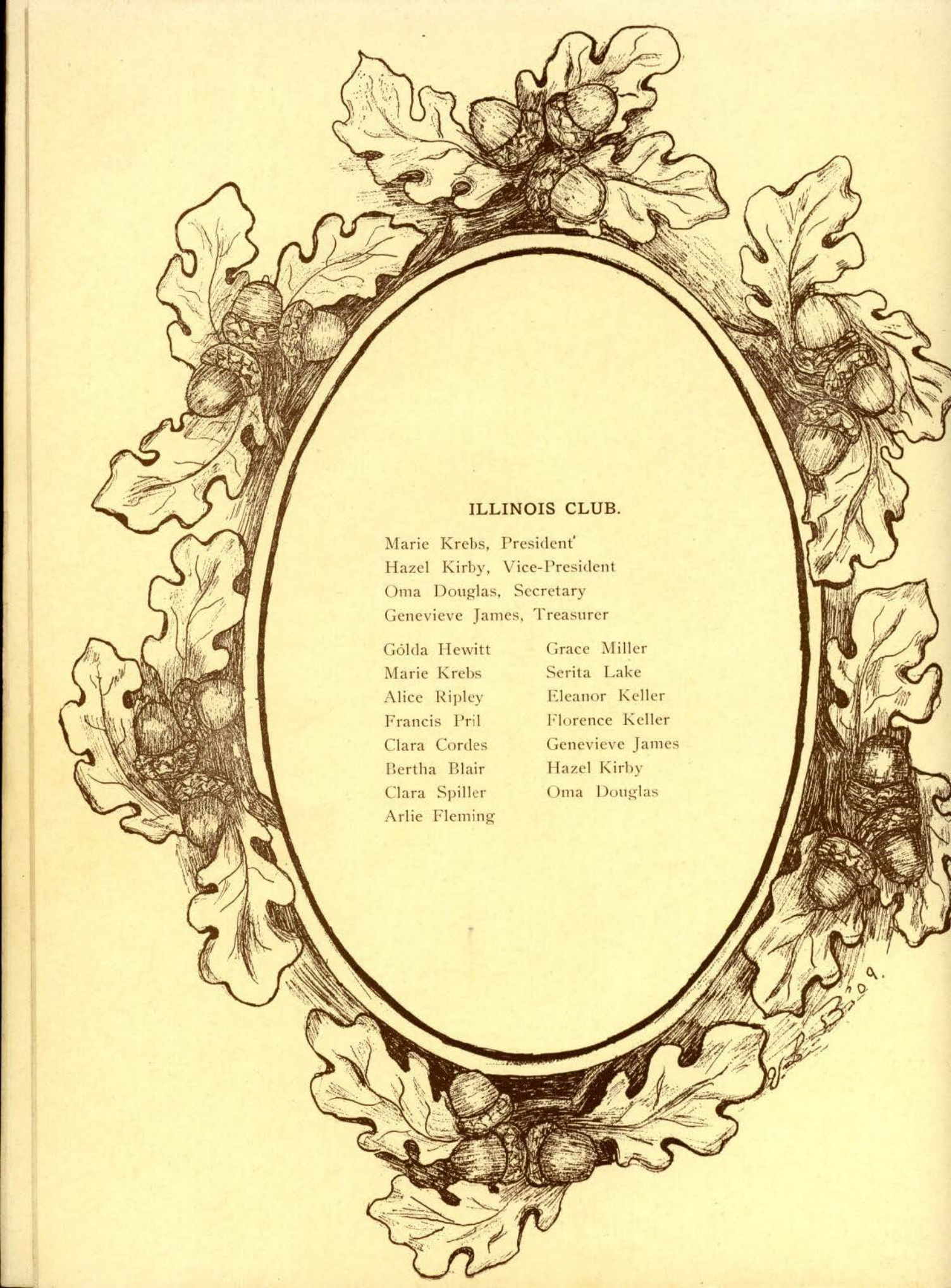
Marita Hodgman, President

Ethel Allen, Secretary and Treasurer

Clara Schwerdtmann
Katharine Stupp
Clara Pelinski
Johanna Stupp
Gladys McDonald
Martha Johnson
Ruth Crandall
Adele Crandall
Anna Mell
Dorothy Holtcamp
Leonora Matthews
Leola Mittlebach
Hattie Caldwell

Fay Curre
Bessie Carson
Albertine Lakeman
Mary Clay
May Parsons
Margaret Hogg
Kathrine Abright
Annette Davis
Edith Smith
Eleanor Wenker
Marvel Cape
Maud Harpe
Mildred Mayfield

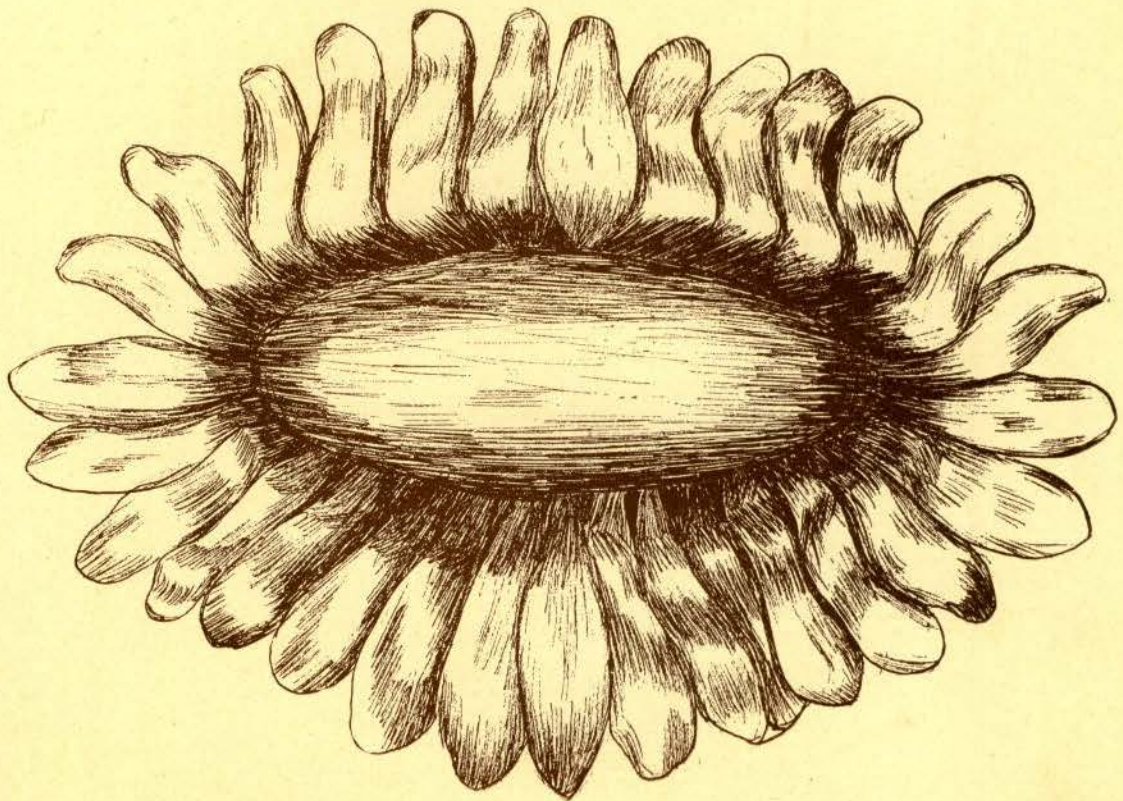




ILLINOIS CLUB.

Marie Krebs, President'
Hazel Kirby, Vice-President
Oma Douglas, Secretary
Genevieve James, Treasurer

Gölda Hewitt	Grace Miller
Marie Krebs	Serita Lake
Alice Ripley	Eleanor Keller
Francis Pril	Florence Keller
Clara Cordes	Genevieve James
Bertha Blair	Hazel Kirby
Clara Spiller	Oma Douglas
Arlie Fleming	



KANSAS CLUB.

Officers.

Nell Donnelly, President

Helen Howard, Vice President

Florence Hayes, Secretary and Treasurer

Nina Blount

Mary Rice

Nell Donnelly

Ethel Robinson

Eula Edwards

Jane Russell

Helen Howard

Myrna Stith

Louise Keene

Margaret Schiltz

Florence Hayes

Florence Withington

Rhea Moore



ARKANSAS CLUB.

FLOWER—Apple Blossom.

COLORS—White and Red.

Louise Betts, President

Sadie Bell, Secretary

Minnie Minor, Treasurer

Lois Dale

Minnie Betts

Ruth Barr

Ruby Ferguson

Helen Vaughan Babcock

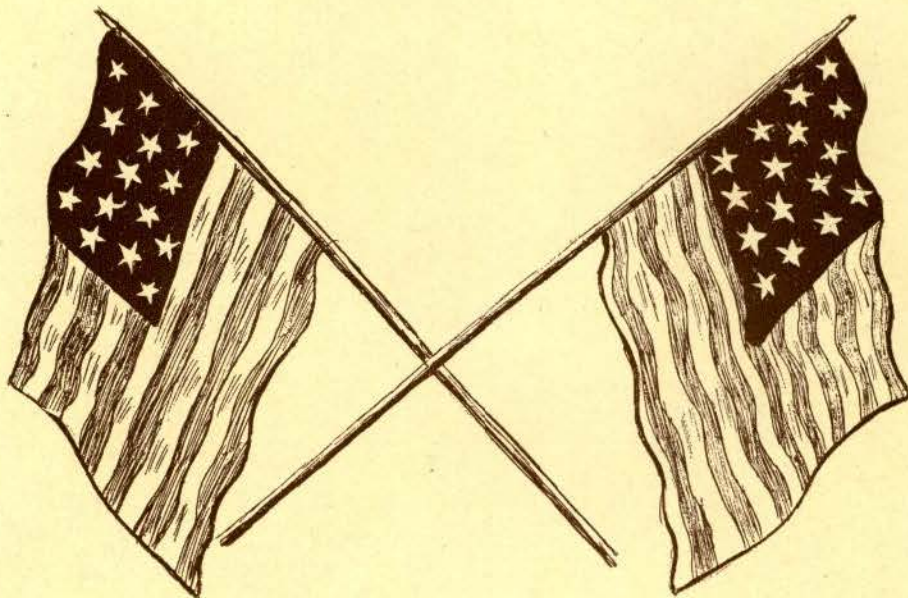
Willie Ferguson

Gracia Miller

Lavinia Horne

Lucille Richardson

Marguerite Strangways



UNITED STATES CLUB.

Oklahoma—Eloise Eagleton, Olive Eagleton, Nida Cecanko.

Iowa—Eva Ditch, Winnifred Olmstead, Graecia Miller.

Nebraska—Carrie Collins, Ethel Alexander.

Tennessee—Bessie Carson.

Texas—Louise Culbertson, Jean Warren, Winifred Warren.

Montana—Alta Albright.

New York—Dorothy Scheuer.

Colorado—Clara Davis.

New Mexico—Mary Schroeder.



DIXIE CLUB.

Louise Betts, President.

Helen Vaughan Babcock, Vice-President

Ruby Ferguson, Treasurer.

Willie Ferguson.

Daryl Sinclair.

Lois Dale.

Bessie Carson.

Minnie Betts.

Olive Eagleton.

Sadie Bell.

Eloise Eagleton.

Lavinia Horne.

Minnie Minor.

Lucille Richardson

THE WILD FLOWERS.



ROLL.

Lois Dale { President.
Vice-President.
Secretary.
Treasurer.

Louise Keene { President.
Vice-President.
Secretary.
Treasurer.

PIN—Cabbage Leaf.

PLEDGE PIN—Dandelion.

CALL—Honk! Honk!

RULES AND REGULATIONS.

All applicants must have a crush approved by Charter members. Must answer all calls. Must attend all meetings. Regular meetings held at four o'clock at the ringing of the blue bell.

Meetings may be called by any member at midnight, however, a feast is always expected.

PLEDGES:

Mary Rice
Marie Krebs

Winnie Warren
Helen V. Babcock

Alice Ripley
Clara Davis



YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

Motto—"Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit saith the Lord of Hosts" Zach. 4:6—

Officers.

President, Mary R. Rice
 Vice-President, Rhea Moore

Secretary, Louise Betts
 Treasurer, Florence Withington

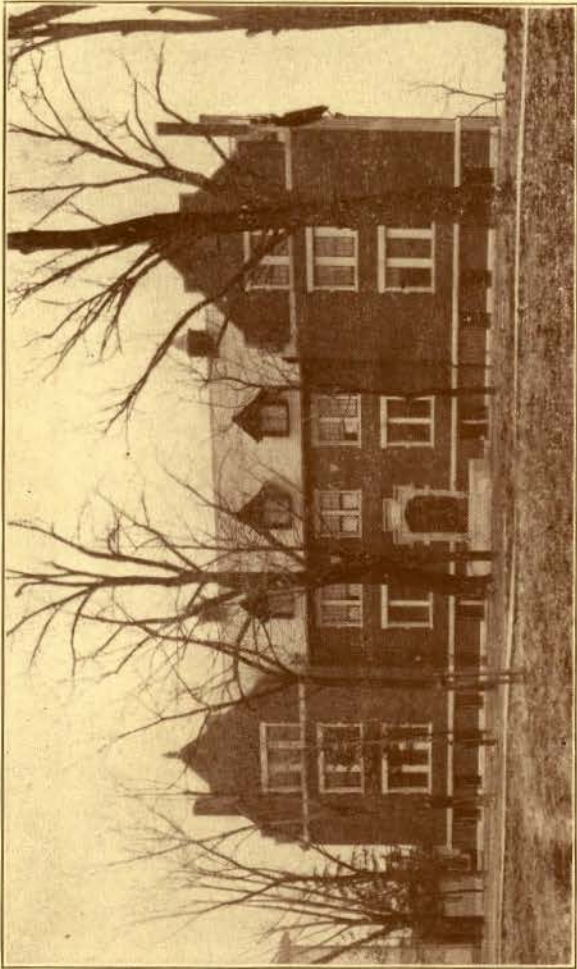
Chm. of Membership Committee, Louise Keene
 Chm. of Missionary Committee..... Eloise Eagleton
 Chm. of Prayer Meeting Committee..... Rhea Moore
 Chm. of Social Committee..... Levenia Horne
 Chm. of Intercollegiate Committee..... Louise Betts
 Advisory Member..... Mrs. L. J. Heron.

In the year 1900 a few earnest Christian girls organized the Young Women's Christian Association in Lindenwood College. Such was the beginning of the Association whose purpose is to help and strengthen the girls both spiritually and socially.

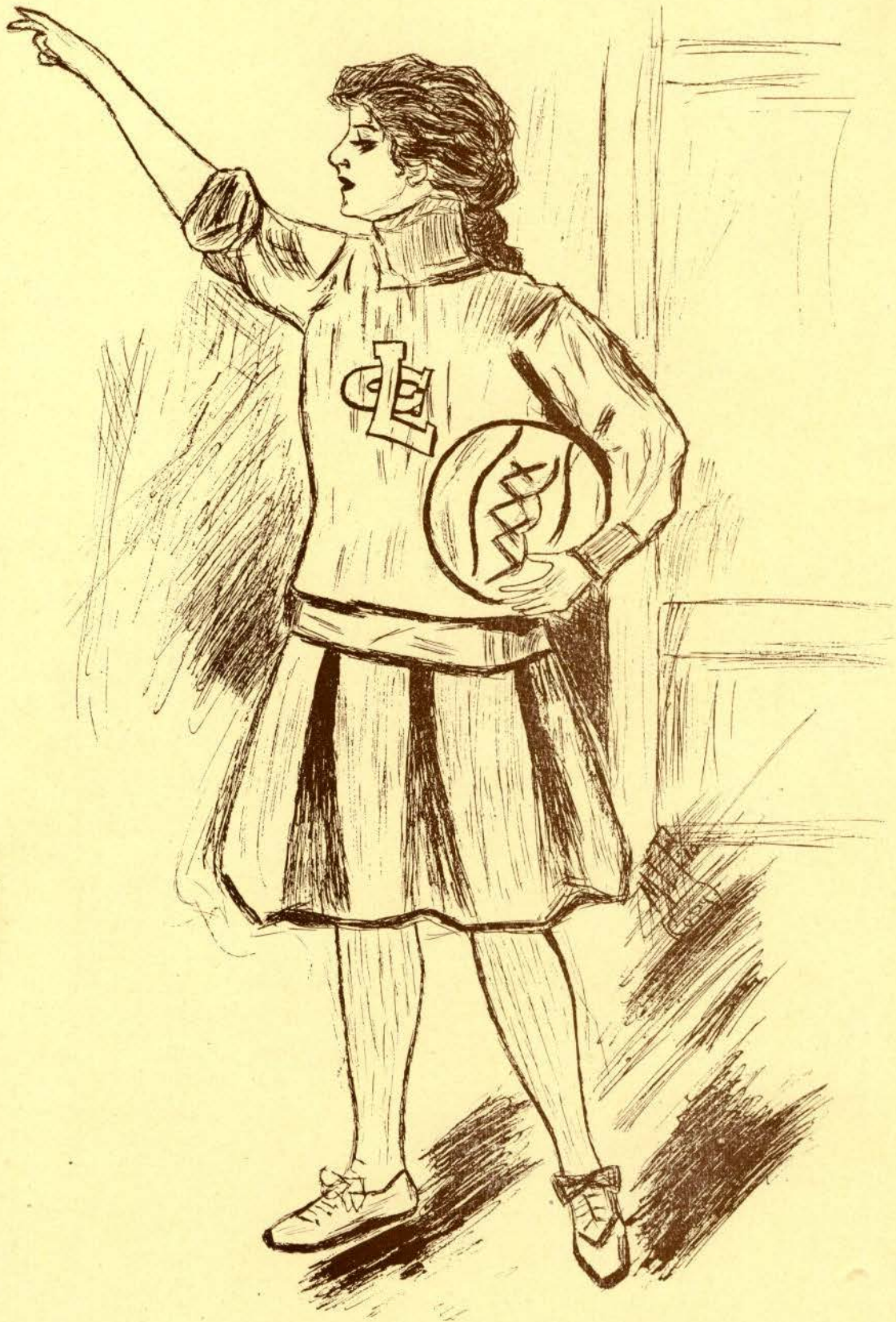
Weekly meetings are held in the Association rooms which are a new acquisition this year and which we expect to be given much needed improvements by each succeeding association. A reception was given to the whole school early in the year and later another social function when everyone was invited to his own birthday party and from which financially, we realized about fifty-five dollars.

In October '08 we sent two delegates to the State Conference at Springfield, Mo., and they brought back much valuable information to the Association. Last June we failed to send a delegate to the Summer Conference at Cascade, Colorado, but this year we will be represented and expect to gain much help next fall from our delegate's report. We have had the pleasure of hearing a number of splendid missionary talks this year, also several of the Y. W. workers from the city, among them Miss Hess and Miss Dabb our State Secretary, whose visits are always a source of help and inspiration.





JUBILEE HALL.



ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

OFFICERS.

Ruth Dulty Crandall, President.

Louise Betts, Secretary.

Louise Keene, Vice-President.

Dorothy Holteamp, Treasurer.

GAMES.

Tennis.

In the October Doubles—Seniors vs. Juniors. Juniors winners. Juniors vs. Specials. Juniors winners.

Spring Doubles—Seniors vs. Juniors. Seniors vs. Specials. Juniors vs. Specials.

Basket Ball.

Juniors vs. Specials. Juniors winners.

The Athletic Association, which was not reorganized through the winter of 1907-08, was again taken up early in September, 1908.

The membership consisted of all those in any way interested in athletics, which was nearly sixty.

As the different teams both in basket ball and tennis would be under the management of their separate classes, the As-

sociation did not attempt to organize any such, but with the dues tried to help the facilities for athletics in the school. In order to have indoor basket ball they had all the windows wire-screened, the bowling alley taken out and new baskets put up in the gymnasium, so that the teams did not have to rely on good weather for practice. The Association also bought a beautiful new basket ball before the annual game.

The athletic spirit ran much higher among the girls this year than ever before and all the contests were hard fights, taking labor and skill on the part of the contestants.

It is sincerely hoped that this spirit for wholesome outdoor exercise will continue and that next year, even more than this, all will take an interest in athletics and the betterment of the apparatus.



SPECIAL BASKET BALL TEAM.



JUNIOR BASKET BALL TEAM.



SENIOR TENNIS CLUB.

Nell Quinlan Donnelly, President.

Virginia Louise Betts, Vice-President.

Ethel Maurine Allen.

Helen Vaughn Babeock.

Carrie E. Collins.

Alice N. Ripley.

Marie Krebs.



AT THE FALL TENNIS DOUBLES.

Lindenwood Hymn

By Mrs. Louise T. Grandall

School of our Mothers, in days of yore,
Goal of their fond ambitions long
Within the portals of thy door,
Ideals 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 arching 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,
Toward Lindenwood, Old Lindenwood.



On girls that come and girls that go,
On all that walk beneath their 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.



(Paraphrase of Kipling's Recessional)

A MONOLOGUE.

Oh, dear! This car is so crowded; I don't believe there's a vacant seat. Why, yes, here's one that I can have all to myself. Let's see, isn't this the 24th of March? How time does fly? It must be about time for Betty's spring vacation. I think it is a shame that old bear of an uncle of hers will persist in sending her off to boarding school. She seems to enjoy it, though.

Why, hello, Betty! I was just thinking about you. Where on earth did you come from? How well you are looking. When did you come back? Do sit down and tell me all about yourself. What do you intend to do during your vacation? Remember, I want to see just lots of you. What's that! You have loads of shopping to do? Spring clothes, of course. Do tell me what kind of a hat you are going to get. The hats are perfect dears this spring, don't you think so? You don't know? Why, of course, how could you. Well! they've greatly diminished in size, that's one thing. You ought to hear Bob rave over them. He used to kick about Mabel's big hats all the time, and almost hated to take her out, but the other night he came home just praising the new kind of spring styles. "I believe I'll take Mabel out every night," he said. Bob's so foolish, but then the hats are lots smaller. Of course, there are some dreadfully large

ones; those for dress occasions are monstrous. The turbans are a little larger than they were, but are awfully smart and convenient. The street hats are of moderate size.

By the way, I saw the dearest hat for you at the Grand Leader. Fine straw with flower-like rosettes of old rose silk almost covering it and set off in the cutest way with sprays of leaves and little flowers. Awfully stylish and so reasonable. I just love Grand Leader hats. They have such a variety. Do you know a great many of the hats have fruits on them—all kinds—apples, plums and grapes, instead of flowers. The favorite colors are green, grey, blue, and old rose.

Am going to get my hat tomorrow. Yes, I always go to the Grand Leader. It seems that you can get just anything you want there. Their French gown department is wonderful. I never imagined there could be so many beautiful creations in one season as they have in that department. Mother says she is sure that she saves 10 per cent on everything she buys at the Grand Leader. What did you say? Oh! I'd love to go and help you to select yours. Tomorrow? All right. I'll meet you in the waiting room at the Grand Leader at eleven. There's my corner! I'll have to leave you. Remember me to everybody and don't forget tomorrow! Good-bye.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Lillian Urban—Taking a kindergarten course, 3867 Cleveland, St. Louis.

Ethel Spencer—Teaching school, Chickasha, Okla.

Pansy Bailey—Teaching music, Hannibal, Mo.

Hazel Graham—Teaching domestic science, El Paso, Texas.

Edna Hanna—Teaching music, Clay Center, Kas.

Nell Green—Teaching school, Jefferson City, Mo.

Jane Foute—Chicago, Ill.

Isabel Ely—Washington University, St. Louis.

Leon Wahlert—Normal College, St. Louis.

Norma Buckner—Office work, St. Louis.

Pauline Sellers—Teaching vocal, Wentworth College, Lexington, Mo.

Jessie Hanon—Principal of High School, Flora, Ill.

Louise Ferguson—Attending Normal School, Oklahoma.

Joe Nicks—At home, Ft. Worth, Tex.

Marguerite Linville—Studying art, Edina, Mo.

Gilda Bringhurst—At home, St. Louis, Mo.

Amie Becker—At Home, St. Charles, Mo.

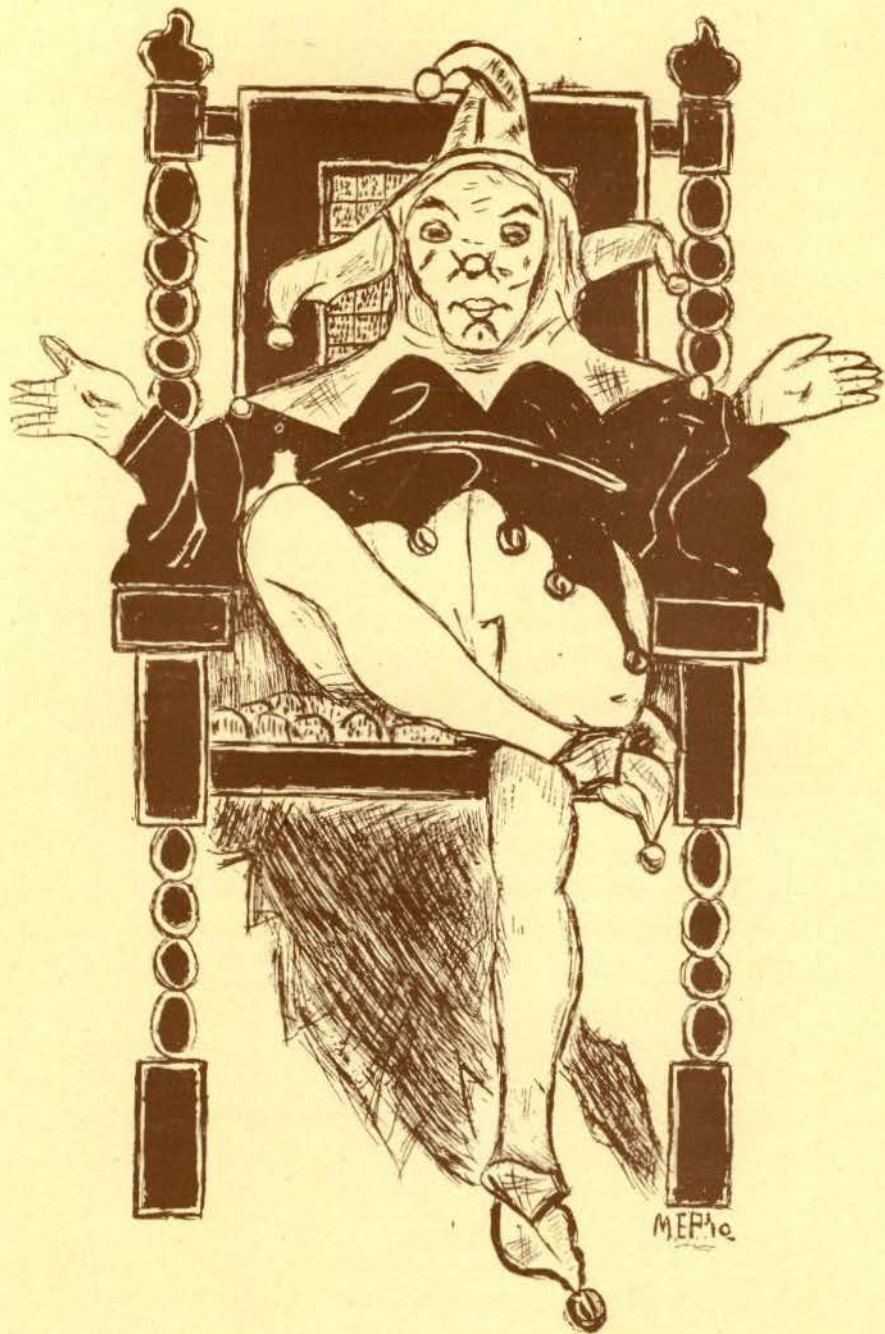
May Dunn—Studying music, Senior year.

Elizabeth Richards—At home in St. Charles, doing special work at Lindenwood.

Mary Barton—Boarding at Scarritt Training School and studying music.

Romayne Whitney—At home, Eldorado, Ill.

Mary Vance—At home, Pierce City, Mo.



LOCALS.

English History Teacher: "Ruth, did Queen Anne have any children?"

Ruth C.: "No, but she had fits."

Edith S.: "Say the colored darkey was driving a hearse with a dead corpse in it."

Louise to Clara: "When Ruth turns up her nose she looks just like William—my cat."

Clara S.: Well, if I were to marry and my husband were to say 'Why don't you make bread like my mother used to make?' I'd say, 'Why don't you make dough like father used to make?'"

Olive (very earnestly): "Well, my father can't make bread, but he can fry eggs and bacon."

Nell Donnelly (when the milk gave out): "The first thing I intend to do when I graduate is to donate six cows to Lindewood, with the understanding that they shall be kept for the girls to drink."

Louise B. (speaking of cows, too): "Well, father is very fond of cows, and we never have less than six, but we have them milked just one at a time."

Clara Pelinski was heard to say at the tennis tournament: "Who says you can play tennis and never raise a racket?"



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Mrs. S.: Was it Fay Curre who was singing alto in the mumpery?

Marie K.: No, I think she sings vocal.

Mrs. H. (writing an excuse for Hazel K.): What reason can you give for this excuse?

Hazel: Why, Mrs. Heron, I was sound asleep with the tooth-ache.

A number of L. C. girls were taking a cross-country walk. They paused before entering a pasture.

Ruth C.: "We can't go in there because there's a sign "Keep Out."

Eloise E.: Oh, that doesn't mean us; that's for cows.

Dr. Horn (in Ethics): Miss Bell, how long can a man control his property?

Sadie: "Well, I do-on't think he can after he dies."

Jennie Russell, who for several days had appeared in a bright pink dress, came down one morning in a blue one.

Mrs. Crandall (smiling): "Jennie had her pink dress washed and it turned blue."

"Really?" asked Rhea, in dead earnest.

There was a very young Major named Walter
Who over at the Military College did saunter.
He sauntered around until the English accent he found,
And this seemed to please Herbert Walter.

Miss Porterfield (overhearing the girls speak of Ethel Barrymore): "Oh! is that one of the old girls?"



Coming Lindenwood Girls.

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EXCHANGE.

A stitch in time saves embarrassing exposures.

Fine feathers make fine feather-beds.

People who live in glass houses should dress in the dark.

Man proposes, then woman imposes.

Beggars should never be choosers, though the beggar often chews what he begs.

Laugh in your sleeve. (It's the direct route to the funny bone.)

Home is where the mortgage is.

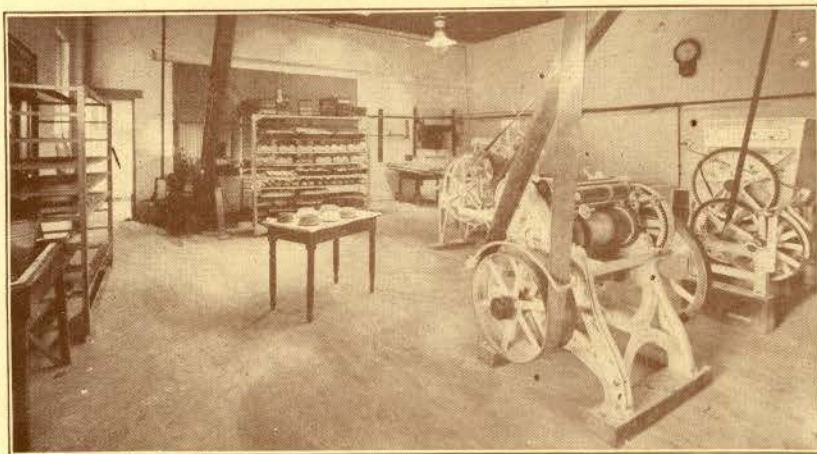
It's never too late to spend.

Out of the frying pan into the face—mother's doughnuts.

A Frenchman was riding on a street car in New York. After many delays, the car stopped altogether.

The Frenchman called the conductor to him. "You Americans brag of your fast street cars. Why are we so slow?"

"Because," replied the conductor, "the car in front is behind."



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Lucille Richardson: "Do you know why Miss Hamm never rings the bell at the table in the evening?"

Eva Ditch: "Why, no; why?"

Lucille: "Because she does not approve of being the star in the evening services."

Miss P. (in psychology): Who wrote "Gulliver's Travels?"

Carrie Collins: "Washington Irving."

Mary Schroeder: "Doctor, I've got a pain covering a spot just about as large as a half dollar, I should say, right under my left shoulder blade."

Doctor: "Humph! If the pain area is no larger than that, it isn't worth bothering about. Wait till it gets about the size of a two-dollar bill, then call round and see me."

Grace Miller to Marita, when she saw a bit of paper with "Ruth" and "Marita" entwined on it: "My goodness! I do believe you two are crushes, crushes, amen."

"Oh, no," answered Marita. "We're crushes, crushes until a man."

Teacher (in literature): When our author speaks of Our Lady, whom does it refer to?

Bright Pupil: The Queen.

PROSPECTIVE PENNANT PURCHASERS.

First Girl: I think pennants are awfully expensive and especially the Greek lettered ones.

Second Girl: But don't you think Old English are just as pretty? I think Lindenwood would be prettier in Old English than in Greek.

Complexion, as defined in a foolish dictionary: Color of face. From Eng. Complex—difficult, and shun—to avoid. To avoid difficulty buy it of a druggist.

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An American was bragging in England about how much faster American trains were than English. After they had taken him on the fastest the country afforded, they got special permission to outdo all records. The train got to going faster and faster, and at last the American held tightly to his seat.

Then the Englishman said: "Well, how does this suit you? Pretty scared, aren't you?"

The American: "No, indeed; I'm just scared we'll run off your insignificant little island."

"I'm weak from toil, but strong in appetite," said a Lindenwood Shakespeare student, after a ten minutes' struggle with a L. C. beefsteak.

Carrie C.: "Say, the gas meter in my room is broken; tell Mrs. Kirby."

Lucille: "Why, Carrie, have you a meteor right in your room?"

Louise B. (entering a room and slamming the door on her own skirt): "Oh, excuse me; did I pinch you in the door?"

Dr. Horn: "Tell me the writers of the Queen Anne period."
Florence W. (after nearly all had been named): "Fielding."

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Carr: "I am sure Cupid had nothing to do with the alphabet."

N. Blount: "What gives you that impression?"

Carr: "If he had been doing it, he would have placed N and I much nearer together."

Dr. Horn (in English History): "Frances, who is Cromwell?"

Frances Prill: "It is a city, isn't it?"

Nydia Cacanko: "What do you think is the best fruit of courtship?"

Turner: "The date."

Schwerdt: "Say, Marita, does old rose color come from old, faded roses?"

Teacher (in English literature): "Who have we now buried in Westminster Abbey?"

Lucille: "Sir Thomas A. Scott."

(Heard in chemistry class, during a discussion of carbon dioxide as used to charge soda water.)

Golda Hewitt: "Miss Irvin, is that what they use when they want to spike drinks?"

Now Dick and Barney have it bad,
It's worse and worse than ever,
One day he called to see her folks,
To ask for Dick forever.

Katherine A. (reading in rhetoric): "A High School came up to the lady and said: "Can't I help you carry your bundles?"

Mary Rice (translating in Ovid): "Ad patrias sua fert vestigia, vultus constitque procul"—He carried his feet to his father and left his face standing afar off."

Florence W.: "The wearied men stretched their bodies out in all directions over the ground." (Translation in Virgil.)

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THE TALE OF THE RAT.

Sadie had a little "rat,"
She wore it in her hair,
It made her pompadour so large
The boys all stopped to stare.
One day down on the practice field,
Where she was playing ball,
She jumped around so lively
Her hair began to fall;
Hair pins, side combs, and rat,
Were laid upon the ground,
Bob, the dog, came trotting by,
And soon the treasures found.
He stopped and stared with mild amaze,
At this strange, black, wooly rat,
Then pounced upon and shook it,
As though it were a cat.
Sadie played on merrily,
Her thoughts on basket ball,

Bob was having "heaps o' fun"
Making the rat look small.
At last, when Sadie spied him
She shrieked and fainted away,
The girls'all started after Bob,
He thought they had come for play.
Then across the campus they tore,
Scattering wire and hair,
Girls wildly chasing after,
Shrieks of laughter filled the air;
At last, when Bob was run to earth,
There was a mighty wail,
There wasn't a hair of that rat left,
Not enough to tell the "tale,"
From that day forth, Miss Sadie Bell
Has es-"chewed" rats and puffs as well,
"The simple for mine," says she,
"No rats of wire or wool for me."

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Lois Dale: "Dr. Horn, what animal does that thick black leather come from?"

Dr. Horn: "Why, what leather do you mean?"

Dale: "I mean that thick leather that they make the heels of shoes out of."

Dr. Horn (in astronomy telling of Jupiter's seven moons):

Louise B.: "Oh, I wouldn't like to live on Jupiter a bit. One moon is plenty bright enough for me.

Why did the class laugh?"

Miss Ricketts (in German 2): "Clara, machen Sie einen Satze mit 'Wenn.'"

Clara: "Das Kind ist gut wenn es schlaf."

The girls at the table talking of farms.

Golda H.: "Oh, I was born on a farm when I was little."

Myrna (to Mother K. at dinner): "Mother, what is Dr. Horn's maiden name?"

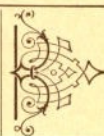
Dr. Horn in Ethics class (reading): "We are clearly conscious of merit and demerit and the—"

Clara S. (interrupting vigorously): "We certainly are."

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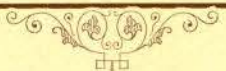
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DREAMS THAT DO NOT COME TRUE.


- Ruth Crandall not smiling and being sweet to Louise Betts.
Miss Porterfield not watching and walking the halls when she is on duty.
Louise Culbertson getting a squelching.
Lucille Richardson not talking.
Mrs. Heron not clapping her hands when a noise is heard.
Dr. Horn not shrugging his shoulders.
Mr. Quarles not coming down late to lunch with staring eyes.
Miss Hamm not being graceful in "Gym."
Clara Pelinski not laughing out loud.
Florence Keller not having something to eat.
Miss Albright not coming around to the practice room.
Martha Johnson and Marvel Cape not in study hall.
Margaret Schiltz talking.
Mary Clay knowing her psychology (Senior dream).
Ethel Allen skipping a practice period.
A girl at Lindenwood playing better rag time music than Leonora Matthews.
Eva Ditch not doing a favor for some one.
S. C. M. C. boys not at the Point and end of Avenue.
Girls not talking to said boys.



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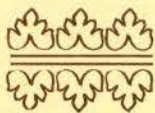
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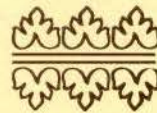
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CAESAR CLASS CREED.

All those died who wrote it,
All those died who spoke it,
All those die who learn it,
Blessed grave, they surely earn it.

At Miss Ricketts' table: "What is a bigot?"
M. Hogg: "Oh, I know, it's a man with two wives."

Ruth: "Oh, I have to read the 'Pathfinder,' one of the Leather Stocking Series."

Margaret H.: "Do you? I read one last year, 'Twice Told Tales.'"

Marguerite S. and Isabel G. on their way to St. Louis. Marguerite inquiring what some small green vines were.

Isabel: Why, that's a vineyard, I know, 'cause I live in a wine-raising country."

DIED, March 3rd, 1909—Tom, the L. C. cat, noted for his beautiful contralto voice.

Dr. Horn (in English History): "What is monasticism?"
M. S.: "A belief in one wife."
O. E.: "Oh, no, it is chewing your food well."

This bed is surely a tight wad.
Why?
Because it won't give a bit.

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LINDENWOOD "HOME TALK."

It was a lovely night in October, and school was in full sway,
We had had lots of home-talks, and expected more before May,
The faculty are always excused and don't have to sit and listen,
But they just ought to stay some night, (they don't know what
they're missin');

Mrs. Heron comes walking down the aisle, with spoon and fork
and papers,

The girls settle right down in their seats, and refrain from all
their capers;

First she reads her demerit list, and all ears are strained to hear,
Then she reads the little "Don'ts" we have heard for many a
year.

She insists on the girls being PROMPT at the bells and ready
in everything,

And then she says to be still in the halls, and not to holler and
sing,

Next comes the questions of neatness, and be sure to read your
card,

"Don't borrow things from the other girls, and throw bean cans
in the yard."

By this time we're getting restless and anxious for our mail,
Then when she reads out all the names, down to the "Gym" we'll
sail,

We breathe freely for about a week to think the ordeal is over,
We feel just about as free as little calves in clover.

But just let us get reckless, and throw tin-cans in the yard.
Then we get another home talk, and we get it good and hard.

HAZLE DELL KIRBY.

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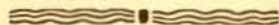
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WANTED—Someone to chaperone Miss P. downtown—the cadets are going also.

Has anyone seen Besstie Carsthun?

Mrs. C. (in Shakespeare): "Miss Amos, will you be the Earl?"

Miss Amos (reading): "Yes, my Lord."

In Botany—

Teacher: "In what respect is a cat and cockle bur related?"

Bright girl: "They both scratch."

Miss P.: "In what voice is that verb in?"

Miss S.: "Bass voice."

Pil (looking at a picture in the library): "That girl was killed during the Civil War."

Eleanor K.: "Did you go to Lindenwood when she did?"

Sing, "I Gave Her Kisses One," to Miss Irvin and see what happens!

Tilly (our colored cook): "Is Mrs. Heron going to the 'aug-eration?"

Mrs. K.: "No, I think not."

Tilly: "Well, I wish I had known that before and I would have gone. You know we can't both be away at once."

Louise K. (proclaiming): "How I would love to hire a horse and go horse-back riding." (Thinking) "But I suppose I would have to take a chaperone—Well, I guess I will ask Miss Porterfield."

Marita H. (horrified): "Oh, no, no! Miss Porterfield doesn't believe in 'ponies.'"

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Adele C. (at dinner table): "Maud, why aren't you eating your dinner?"

Maud: "I have a crush."

May P. to Hazel: "Say, you remember the Grand Opera Lohengrin last year?"—

Dorothy (chiming in): "I saw a Grand Opera this week. It was 'School Days.'"

Sis in Senior Play practice: "It is confoundedly good to be hard."

May: "What are you reading, Mother Kirby?" "Oh, physics pneumonia." (A new term for psychic phenomena.)

Lost! A sack of onions. Inhabitants of No. 50 much worried.

Did Mary C. receive a package at noon? Oh, no, it was just a "tablet" from S. C. M. C.

After "Election Day," why was Mary C. so down-hearted? Why, she was elected.

Miss L. (talking in the office): "Well, I always did think I was kind of a splinter."

Mr. Q.: "Yes, I always noticed you were very 'pointed.'"

If you happen to see one of Miss Nicholas' pupils with a long face you can look further and see an interval chord book.

What is that noise? Oh! only Mr. Q. singing "Pom, Pom, Tee-on" to one of his pupils.

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Bunny Dale (eating chicken which had been prepared "long since"): "Oh, I'll die if this kills me to-night."

Mrs. K. (at the table wanting to know if there were any vacant places): "Sadie, please look around and see if you can see anyone who is absent."

Dorothy: "I wonder who I can get for a tutor in Algebra?"
Margaret H.: "Why don't you get Dr. H., he's a 'tooter.'"

"Louise, have you a ruler in your room?"
Louise: "I should say not, there are enough rulers in this school without having one in your room."

Does Miss Porterfield like the "opposite sex?"
Oh, yes; why, the other day she "cornered" a cadet.

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AN L. C. SERENADE.

One beautiful night in December, the snow fell thick and fast,
The maids of L. C. were all sleeping and the lights were out to
the last.

Inside all was dead silence as the teacher made her last round;
Yes, as silent and wierd and ghostlike as the white snow on the
ground.

We, my roommate and I, were discussing the general things of
the day,

What a bad lesson we had had and how long it would be till next
day.

We discussed such matters of interest for about an hour or more,
When all of a sudden I heard a noise—my roomie had decided
to snore.

I lay dozing a while, and then all was blank to me,

I think I must have gone to sleep, as my roomie snored merrily.

I jumped with a start and strained my ears, what was this I could
hear?

Music! Ah, lonely music, how beautiful and how clear.

What were these tragic sounds that held me in such a spell,

I yelled to my roomie to awake, and she jumped to the floor pell
mell.

She ran to the window and raised it, then thrust her head away
out,

And then such a laugh I never heard, and I swear 'twas fairly a
shout.

I shook and pounded and punched her,—the music was out of my
mind,

And then to surprise she said I was certainly deaf and blind,

Because the beautiful music that had enchanted me so that night,

Was the nightly serenade of the L. C. cats, and she said it was
truly a fright.

Now, I am not so enchanted when that same music I hear,

Although it is just as loud and, indeed, it is just as clear.

But now, when I am dozing, and the serenaders make ready to
sing,

I help my roomie throw shoes, books, pictures, and, in fact, just
any old thing.

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LINDENWOOD CALENDAR.

- Sept. 16—Opening of school.
Sept. 19—Old girls come late, as usual.
Sept. 21—Convocation service.
Sept. 22—New girls talk of Cadets.
Sept. 24—Clara Spiller cries.
Sept. 25—Old girls entertain new girls in a dance.
Sept. 27—Homesick Sunday.
Sept. 29—Home letters—everybody happy.
Sept. 30—Clara still crying.
Oct. 2—Famous Crawley Players.
Oct. 3—Football game.
Oct. 4—Dr. Ayres reads Jessie's letter to the girls.
Oct. 5—Blue Monday.
Oct. 6—Confiscation of chafing dish burners.
Oct. 7—Miss Porterfield teaches Bible.
Oct. 10—The girls go to the village to shop.
Oct. 11—Every one asleep in church.
Oct. 13—Jessie arrives.
Oct. 14—Great time about the "Academs."
Oct. 17—Girls go to St. Louis to see the sights.
Oct. 18—Rain. Have church in chapel.
Oct. 19—Miss Porterfield on duty.—Oh, my!!!
Oct. 21—Two girls get squelched in the office.
Oct. 22—Big day. Taft in town. Girls visit court house.
Oct. 23—Skidoo's Birthday.
Oct. 24—Fudge!
Oct. 26—Something wrong! Dr. Horn's Bible class recites.
Oct. 28—Home talk.
Oct. 29—Faculty Recital.

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- Oct. 30—Gamma Dance.
- Nov. 1—Howard swallows a fly.
- Nov. 2—Big Junior campaign.
- Nov. 3—Presidential election.
- Nov. 4—Everybody happy—but Lucille.
- Nov. 6—Marshmallow roast. Everyone, even Merry Wid-
ows, wears gym suits.
- Nov. 7—Mother Kirby fusses about clean spreads.
- Nov. 8—Missionary talks in Y. M. C. A.
- Nov. 9—Helen Vaughn cuts bangs.
- Nov. 10—Dr. Ayres makes announcement about economy in
electric lights.
- Nov. 11.—Boiler bursts.—Half holiday.
- Nov. 13—Friday, thirteenth.
- Nov. 15—Ice cream and chicken, as usual.
- Nov. 17—Tennis tournament.—Juniors winners.
- Nov. 19—Students' recital.
- Nov. 21—Every one talks of Turkey days.
- Nov. 23—Packing.
- Nov. 25—All off for Thanksgiving.
- Nov. 30—All away.
- Dec. 1—Girls arrive after vacation.
- Dec. 3—Girls still strolling in.
- Dec. 4—Last bones of Thanksgiving boxes picked.
- Dec. 5—Mrs. Ayres and Hazle buy Mrs. Heron's birthday
present.
- Dec. 6—Indigestion—excuses from church.
- Dec. 7—Six girls cut bangs. Elks Memorial in the afternoon.

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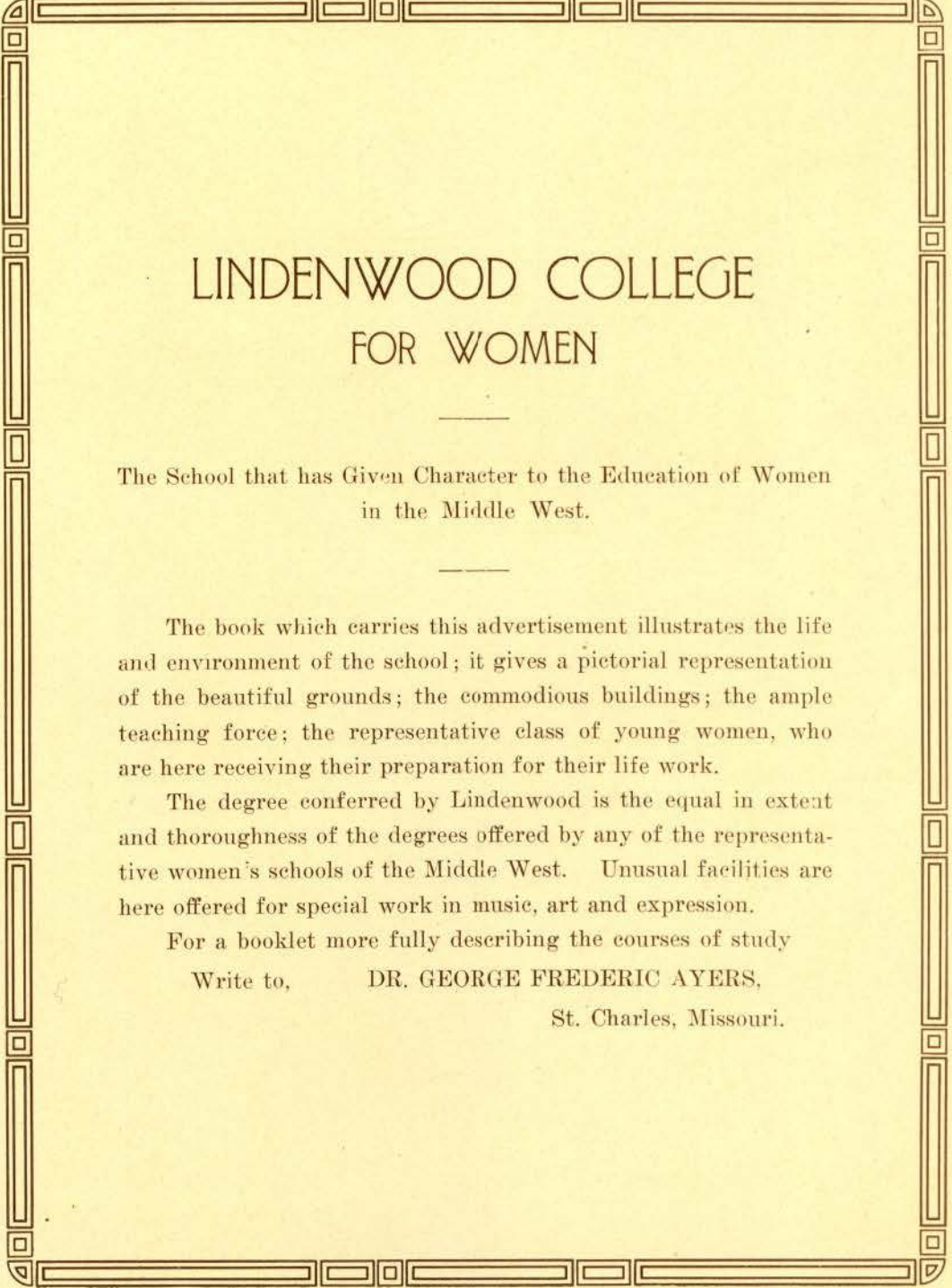
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(In all Colors and White)

- Dec. 9—Something unusual. Dr. Ayres announces about lights.
- Dec. 11—Faculty and Students' Reception.
- Dec. 12—Everyone claims a Cadet.
- Dec. 13—Church in chapel. Faculty has twenty cents collection.
- Dec. 14—Faculty meeting. Everybody good.
- Dec. 15—Mrs. Heron's birthday.
- Dec. 16—Faculty linger in Dining Room.
- Dec. 17—Hair washing.
- Dec. 19—Girls visit Xmas Bazaar.
- Dec. 20—Everyone talks of Christmas presents.
- Dec. 23—Home for Christmas.
- Jan. 6—Back to school.
- Jan. 6—Everyone homesick.
- Jan. 8—Sis Horne arrives with a solitaire.
- Jan. 9—Everyone cleans room.—Sighs!
- Jan. 11—Sis talks of nothing but Warren and the wedding.
- Jan. 13—Nothing doing.
- Jan. 15—Callers.
- Jan. 17—Miss Llewellyn has company.
- Jan. 19—Forest Park girls arrive.
- Jan. 21—Everyone holds breath for fear of a students' recital.
- Jan. 23—And the next day it rained.
- Jan. 24—Sunday. Blizzard.
- Jan. 26—Mary Schroeder ill.

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LINDENWOOD COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

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St. Charles, Missouri.

- Jan. 27—Girls ask for callers. Mrs. Heron says, "Come back later."
- Jan. 29—No callers. Everyone mad.
- Jan. 30—"Who has the mop?"
- Feb. 1—Senior Play, "The Elopement of Ellen."
- Feb. 5—Hazle and McQueen meet.
- Feb. 6—Girls get "comps."
- Feb. 8—"One of the Eight," by S. C. M. C.
- Feb. 9—"Wasn't it fine?"
- Feb. 11—Mother Kirby plays detective and discovers Mary in Davis' closet.
- Feb. 12—Lincoln's birthday. Petition for half holiday, Nixy holiday. Tilly indignant.
- Feb. 13—Valentine box. Lots of comics.
- Feb. 15—Bob sled ride. Jessie delighted.
- Feb. 17—Miss Hamm has fun with the "catchup bottle."
- Feb. 20—An old girl comes back to the old building.
- Feb. 22—Theta Dance. How it rained!!!
- Feb. 23—Juniors make a noise,—that's all.
- Feb. 24—Seniors make donations of lemons to the Juniors.
- Feb. 25—Helen, Margaret, Faye condemned to the mumpery.
- Feb. 26—Seniors wear pig tail locks.
- Feb. 27—More mumps!!!!!! Query—Where did we get them?
- Feb. 28—Fried oysters!

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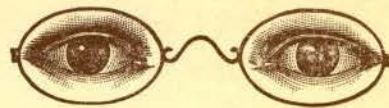
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- March 1—A bunch in Study hall.—A few tears.
- March 2—Physiognomist searches for intellectual bumps.
- March 4—Voting contest for Annual in chapel.
- March 5—Bob dines on Sadie Bell's "rat." Also S. C. M. C. reception.
- March 6—S. C. M. C. belt buckles in evidence.
- March 7—Indian Evangelist. Stampede to Southern Presbyterian Church.
- March 9—Indian Wright visits L. C. at chapel.
- March 10—Logan converted.
- March 12—Mad rush for callers. Two left out.
- March 14—Eight L. C. girls join church.
- March 15—More mumps—Lucille searches in vain for lumps.
- March 16—Wanted—A private mail carrier for the mumpery.
- March 17—Miss Porterfield "corners" a Cadet.
- March 18—Quarantine signs in evidence. "Old Glory" waves serenely.
- March 20—All make a raid on vinegar bottle.
- March 21—Mary has Ptomaine. "Swell" affair.
- March 23—Helen and Col. Smith take a walk.
- March 24—Basket ball game called off.
- March 25—Oh, JOY! Spring vacation.
- March 30—School again, ready for study.

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April 1—All fool's day, everybody foolish.
April 2—Senior Circus. Big time.
April 3—First base ball game. "Too cold" for the L. C. girls.
April 4—Spring "flower pots" blossom.
April 5—Echo from Edwardsville—"Who are the Browns?"
April 6—Basket ball contest. Juniors win 11 to 4.
April 7—Annual goes to the press. Rejoicing by the board.
April 13—Arbor Day. Celebrations.
May 21—Senior Recital.
May 27—Field Day.
May 28—Students' Recital.
May 29—Art Reception.
May 30—Baccalaureate Sunday.
May 31—Class Day.
June 1—Commencement.



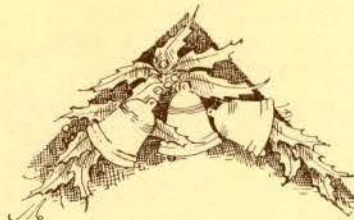
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