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1908

## 1907-1908 Linden Leaves

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LINDEN LEAVES

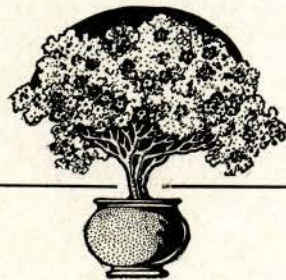
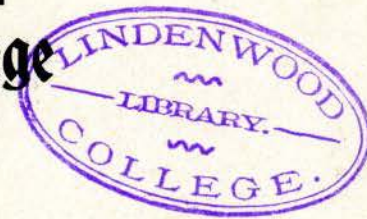


1908

Nineteen Hundred and Eight  
Volume Two

# Linden Leaves

Published by the Students of  
**Lindenwood College**  
Saint Charles, Missouri



# Dedication

To our beloved and esteemed President

**Dr. George Frederic Ayres,**

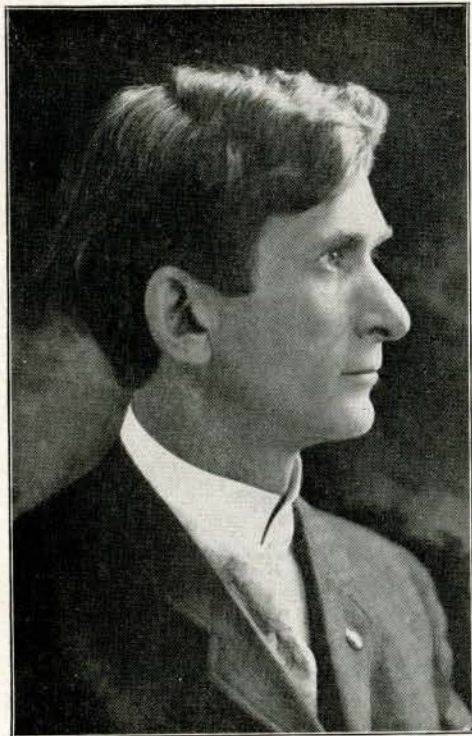
this book is respectfully dedicated

by the

Students of Lindenwood College

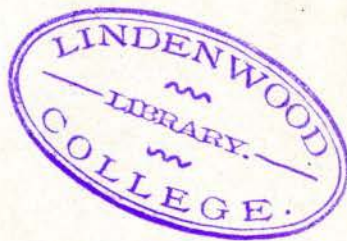


24 Oct. '16 - Gift.



George Frederic Ayres, Ph. D.  
President.

2369



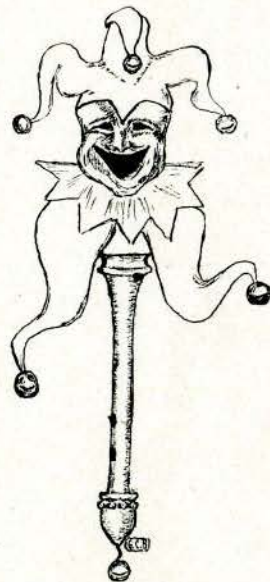
## Preface

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

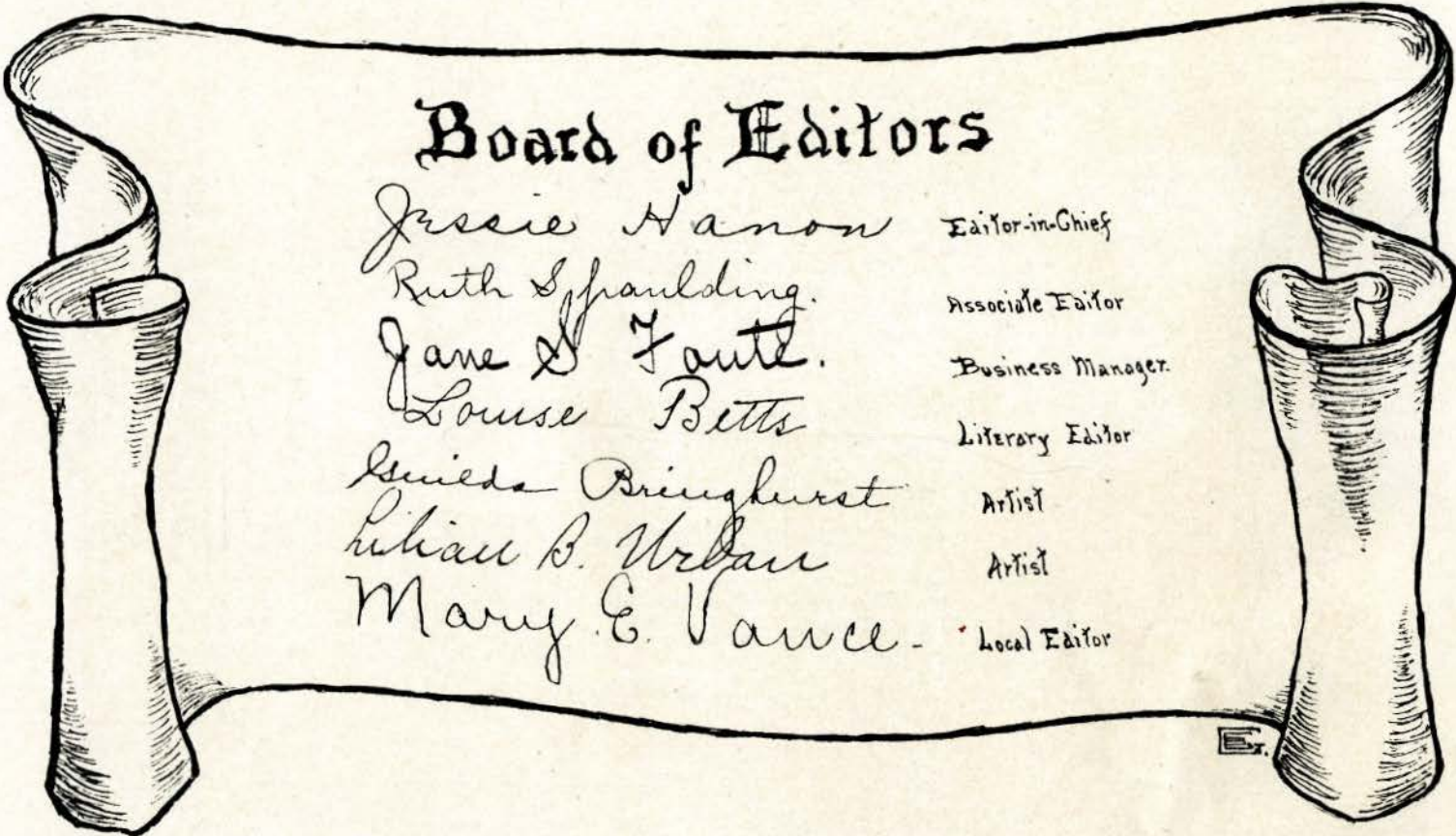
College life has much of fun,  
In spite of hard work to be done;  
Memory dwells on happy faces,  
And forgets the gloomy places.

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

*Louise T. Crandall.*







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## Our Faculty

To Lindenwood I went one day,  
Where everything seemed bright and gay.  
I meant to spend a term or two,  
To see what studies I could "do",  
But this is not what I planned to say.  
So I'll lead your thoughts another way.  
'Tis of the Faculty I would talk,  
For they certainly do make us walk chalk.  
'Tis Dr. Ayres who leads the line;  
He makes the rules for us to mind.  
Mrs. Heron reads the "don'ts" and grants "pers",  
Dodge the rest of the rules but look out for hers.  
Tiny Mrs. Ayres the girls all love,  
For she is our President's dear little Dove.  
For Mrs. Kirby we have no grudge,  
Although she confiscates the fudge.  
Our worthy Dean sure pokes those bells,  
You can hear them above the college yells.  
Here comes Miss Burnett, I know she's guessin'  
I'm playing ragtime instead of my lesson.  
Miss Hamm teaches gym, elocution and grace,  
Every day except Wednesday in the same old place.  
Mr. Quarles, our Director of Music so dear—  
It's a shame to roast him, so I'll leave him right here.

Who swings her foot and makes you stand pat?  
Why, Miss McCullough. Everyone knows that.  
Along comes Dr. Ely looking so grave.  
"Young ladies, young ladies, why don't you behave?"  
On Shakespeare and Chaucer, Mrs. Crandall preaches,  
It is plainly seen she thinks they are peaches.  
Miss Irvin is tall and has brown hair,  
I always want to ask her "How's the weather up  
there?"  
On the Queen of the art room you need cast no slur,  
For she daubs the paint like a Rosa Bonheur.  
Of Miss Martin so sweet I can't say very much,  
But I know she can cook to beat the Dutch.  
Miss Twiford is great with her Do, Re, Me,  
Drop in Wednesday morning at Choral and see.  
Miss Llewellyn is the L. C. piano pounder,  
Lindenwood was sure lucky when they found her.  
You should see Miss Booth with the duty bell,  
She squelches the girls till they fairly yell.  
Our dear little Jean brings up the rear,  
Over "cut" practice periods there's many a tear.  
Tilly's not one of the teachers I guess,  
But she's as important as all the rest.

—Hazle Dell Kirby.



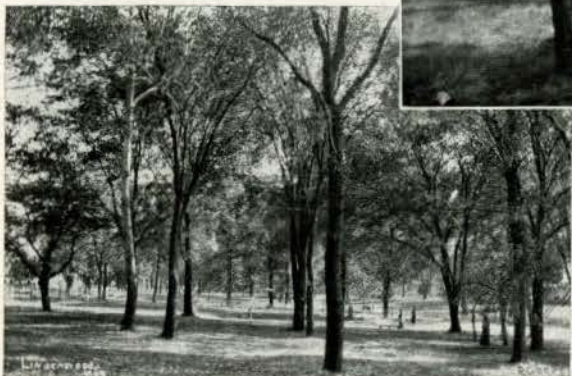


LINDENWOOD HALL

HALLS OF RESIDENCE

JUBILEE HALL





SCENES ABOUT THE CAMPUS



LINDENWOOD  
LIBRARY  
COLLEGE



# 1908

“ROWING, NOT DRIFTING”

Mascot—The Owl

Color—Moss Green and Lavender

Flower—The Violet

## OFFICERS

Edna Hanna, President

Jessie Hanon, Secretary

Jane Foute, Vice-President

Joe Nicks, Treasurer

## YELLS

We're rollicksome! We're frolicsome!

We're happy-go-lucky! We're up-to-date!

We set the pace, and go it some!

We're the class of Nineteen-eight!

Who-o-o-Who-o-o-Who-o-o-are we?

We, We, We are the

S E N I O R S

Se-e-niors !!!





MARY ELEANOR BARTON  
"Learning, that cobweb of the brain,  
Profane, erroneous and vain."—*Butler*



AIMEE MARIE LOUISE BECKER, *B. L.*  
"That Latin was no more difficile  
Than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle."—*Butler*



GUILDA CECILIA BRINGHURST  
"Seraphs share with thee  
Knowledge; but art, O man, is thine alone."—*Schiller*



NORMA MAE BUCHNER  
"Life is a jest, and all things show it,  
I thought so once, but now I know it."—*Gay*



MAY EDNA DUNN  
"Look then into thine heart and write!"—*Longfellow*



ISABEL THOMPSON ELY, *B. L.*  
"He was in logic a great critic,  
Profoundly skilled in analytic."—*Butler*



LOUISE DOUGLASS FERGUSON

"They love their land, because it is their own,  
And scorn to give aught other reason why."—*Halleck*



HAZEL FRANCES GRAHAM

"There are moments when silence, prolonged and unbroken,  
More expressive may be, than all words e'er spoken."—*Meredith*



IRENE GREASON

"He hath a lean and hungry look,  
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous."—*Shakespeare*



NELL LAURA GREEN, B. L.

"With just enough of learning to misquote."—*Byron*



HELEN BEATRICE HAMMAR

"We may live without friends, we may live without books,  
But civilized man cannot live without cooks."—*Meredith*



EDNA ALICE HANNA, B. L.

"But water I deem, hath a mightier claim,  
To fill up a niche in the temple of Fame."—*Cook*





JESSIE HANON, *B. L.*

"Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,  
And pause a while from letters to be wise."—*Johnson.*



LILIAN E. HENDRICKS

"And then to breakfast with what appetite you have."—*Shakespeare*



MARGUERITE LINVILLE

"Seek to be good but aim not to be great."—*Lyttleton*



JOSEPHINE NICKS

"It is good  
To lengthen to the last, a sunny mood."—*Lowell*



ADA JEANETTE REESE

"We cannot fight for love as men may do,  
We should be wooed and were not made to woo."—*Shakespeare*



ELIZABETH FRANCES RICHARDS

"How pleased is every paltry elf,  
To prate about that thing, himself."—*Churchill*



JEANETTE STEELE

"Good at a fight, but better at a play."—*Moore*



ETHEL SPENCER

"From Indian blood, you deem him sprung,  
But no, he speaks the English tongue."



MARY STATLER

"A sport you say, aha, how true."



LILIAN BADER URBAN

"If little labor, little are our gains,  
Man's fortunes are according to his pains."—*Herrick*



MARY ELIZABETH VANCE

"I do but sing because I must,  
And pipe but as the linnets sing."—*Tennyson*



ROMAYNE ESTHER WHITLEY

"He made an instrument to know,  
If the moon shines at full or no."—*Butler*



## Farewell.

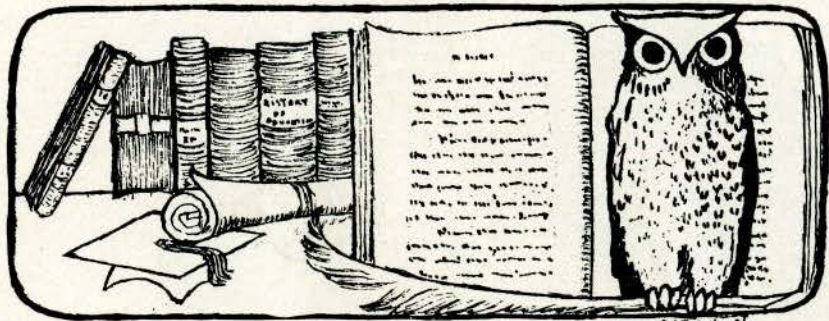
THE powers that rule the destinies of man have so decreed, that all mankind must attend one great University, the Universal School of Life. All too soon the days slip past, and before we are aware we find ourselves standing at the threshold of our preparatory school, about to bid it farewell before we are admitted to membership in the life-long institution. 'Tis only natural that a few wistful and even regretful glances are cast backward. The years that have passed have held so much of pleasure, as well as earnest work. True, the joys have been intermingled with some disasters, but they only tended to draw us into closer comradeship. Yet, underlying amusements and study, there has ever been one vein of sentiment deep in all hearts—loyalty to the school that has guarded and instructed us, and a sincere desire to aid in her success. Some measure of her prosperity we have witnessed, but our ambitions, how high they were and how far we have fallen short of them! Now we can see clearly, many a way wherein we might have accomplished so much, but failed through lack of understanding or perseverance. Nevertheless, despite this, we hope our good intentions have not been altogether fruitless. If only as the managers of the first volume of "Linden Leaves", may the class of 1908 live in the kindly thoughts of students of the future.

By no means, tho', has it been a case of giving—always giving, without returns. On the contrary, for every atom of zeal and devotion, we have been repaid fourfold, aside from knowledge gained. Indeed, from "class fights" even, we have derived lasting good. The almost fanatic fidelity to class emblems and colors has never been such as to cause us to lose sight of the high standards of honor, set before us by the stern laws of school-girl etiquette. The tall old lindens, too, bending over us, as we wander 'neath their protruding boughs, or slip silently by bent on some errand of importance (?), whisper ever, "Be true, be loyal and fearless." It is this, the greatest gift of Lindenwood to her daughters, the inspiration to "stand fast" fearing nothing save the wrong—this, which each member of the class of 1908 will take with her forth into the world.









G.C. Bridgford L.









## Juniors.

MOTTO.

By Virtue We Conquer.

*Colors:* Green and White.

*Flower:* White Carnation.

YELL.

Hullo-Balloo, Ballu, Balee  
Foremost Class of L. L. C.  
Record Breakers Dandy Fine,  
Juniors, Juniors, 1909.

YELL.

We're It! We're It! Mighty Fine!  
Who's It? Who's It? Naughty-nine!  
0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0

SONG.

(To the tune of School-days.)  
Juniors, Juniors, dear old L. C.  
Juniors.  
Just green and white and red and  
gray,  
We'll teach the Seniors just what to  
say.  
On nineteen eight we've got them  
beat,  
All other classes must take a back  
seat.  
We'll be the brightest girls that stand  
On dear old Lindenwood land.





### **Advisory Teacher.**

Miss Alice Linnemann.

### **Officers.**

Louise D. Cain—President.

Ruth Barr—Vice-President.

Mary R. Rice—Secretary.

Blanche Knight—Treasurer.

### **Class Roll.**

Ethel Allen.

Ruth Barr.

Helen V. Babcock.

Louise Betts.

Elizabeth Baird.

Louise D. Cain.

Carrie Collins.

Mary Clay.

Nell Donnelly.

Lois Dale.

Levinia W. Horne.

Blanche Knight.

Alvina Leopold.

Ruth Spaulding.

Helen Myers.

Hortense Myers.

Rhea Moore.

Alice Ripley.

Mary R. Rice.

Margaret Schiltz.







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MOTTO.

"First in Everything."

*Class Flower:* Red Carnation.

OFFICERS.

Hazle Dell Kirby—President.

Alma Swope—Vice-President.

Dorothy Holtkamp—Secretary.

Margaret Hogg—Treasurer.

ADVISOR.

Mrs. Tula Kirby.

ROLL.

Gladys Bamberger.

Elsie Bray.

Annette Davis.

Dollie Deviney.

Oma Douglas.

Edith Gray.

Margaret Hogg.

Dorothy Holtkamp.

Genevieve James.

Martha Johnson.

Hazle Kirby.

Alice Knapp.

Lenora Matthews.

Pearl McNiell.

May Parsons.

Helen Richards.

Lucile Richardson.

Beulah Stephenson.

Helen Stimson.

Alma Swope.

Nan Tyler.

Eleanore Von Phul.

Mable Warren.

Zelma Welborn.



Senior Specials



*Colors:* Red.....Black.

YELLS.

Katanna, Katanna, Ka tau, tau, tau,  
Kazula, Kazala, Ka zau, zau, zau.  
Katanna, Katau, Kazula, Kazau,  
Senior Specials, Rah, Rah, Rah.

Shoo, Shoo, Shoo, I rue  
Shoo I shackaracka, shoo a bobacos  
Arabuble, ricktum, jictum, rack,  
Senior Specials, Red and Black.

Zorah, Zorah, Zorah ree,  
Senior Specials, one, two, three.  
Always ready at the word,  
Whoop-a-lee for the Weather Bird.

Senior Specials on the hop,  
Senior Specials they're on top,  
Junior Specials up a tree,  
Junior Specials—"23".

## Chronicles of the Senior Specials

NOW Hazel, daughter of Tula, began to reign over the Senior Specials and reigned two years, and Hazel said unto all the multitude of Specials, If it seem good to you let us send abroad unto all our Sistern everywhere that are left in the land of Lindenwood that they may gather themselves unto us.

Now the congregation of Senior Specials in the year '07-'08 was great in numbers and seeing that it was good, Alma went out to call them hither, and the children called Senior Specials who bear arms in this most righteous cause were twenty-four in number, and Hazel assembled them together sworn defenders of the "Red and Black".

Now these, the daughter of Homer, who is known in the City of Quincy over against a mighty river as Swope,

And the maid who was given as daughter to George, one of the Chiefs of Hoo-Hoo, called Hogg,

And Dorothea, who brought words of wisdom gleaned from her father, the great Judge.

Nancy, the Tylerite from over against Hamburg, whose tribe are tenders of flocks and tillers of soil.

Martha, daughter of Samuel, healer of the afflicted.

May and Lenore, whose fame had gone forth as makers of sweet music.

These with Omo, Genevieve, Beulah, Elinor, Stimson, Mable, Gladys and Alice, to their leader loyal and true, together with Helen, Dollie, Annette, Zelma, Pearl, Elsie, Edith and Lucille, formed a band of maidens mighty of valor than whom none greater ever rejoiced in the halls of old Lindenwood.

And the fame of them went forth unto all other Colleges and great was the fear of them on all the Junior Specials.

And there was joy in the ranks of the Senior Specials and they rejoiced greatly with songs, and yells, and with whistles and with much mad clapping of hands.

Now this chosen band sent a Herald of good will to their friends, the Seniors, saying, "Peace



Peace, be unto thee, and Peace to thine helpers", and made a covenant with them of lasting friendship and allegiance to the standard of Lavender and Green.

And the anger of their enemies, the Junior Specials, was kindled against them, for there was jealousy of their mighty fame in Lindenwood. And there was lamentation and wailing and gnashing of teeth in the ranks of the Junior Specials.

Now the chosen band gathered them together over under the Linden trees and made them a secret hiding place for their noble banner of Red and Black, and they conferred together and hearkened to the voice of their Mascot high up in the Lindens, who spake unto them goodly counsel, saying, "Turn away from thine enemies yet a little while to confuse them and come forth upon them when they yet sleepeth, for their eyes are blinded and they understand not the goings out, or comings in of the Senior Specials.

"But let them even put forth their hand to touch the banner of beauteous colors and thou shalt go forth and fall upon them and smite them with mighty smites."

Now the rest of the various deeds of the Senior Specials and all that they did in the land of Lindenwood are they not written in the memory and in the hearts of each of the class of '07-'08?

And finally, Sistern, tried and true, farewell. Whatsoever lessons were hard; whatsoever demerits ye have received; whatsoever squelchings ye have endured, and above all whatsoever bruises have been yours in loyal defense of your well loved Red and Black, think on these things and *smile* and think on the Senior Specials of '07-'08.



Sub Hoc Signo Vincemus







## JUNIOR SPECIALS

*Mascot:* Dragon.

*Flower:* Crimson Jack-rose.

*Colors:* Crimson and Gray.

### OFFICERS.

Caroline Calhoun—President.

Louise Keene—Vice-President.

Minnie Betts—Secretary.

Ruth Crandall—Treasurer.

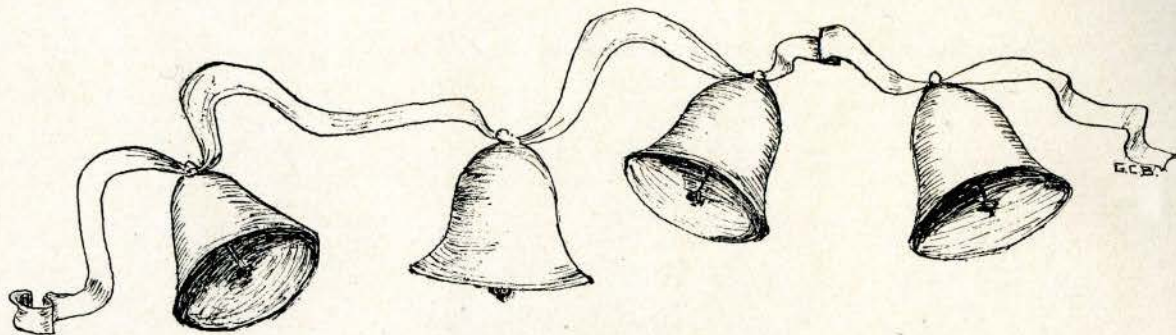
### YELLS.

Hippety-hop! Hippety-hop!  
Junior Specials still on top.  
We do not bust; we do not rust;  
You cannot locate flies on us.

Lavender and Green, that ought not  
to be seen.  
Green and white, that's all right.  
Red and black, keep off the track;  
Crimson and gray, hooray, hooray.







### The Bells of Lindenwood

Oh, the bells of Lindenwood,  
How they could  
Tell of matters grave and gay,  
Tell of all that move by day and— at night.

Hear the housemaid with her bell, rising bell;  
What a world of work and worry its brazen voice foretells.  
How it clangs and clangs and clashes  
Through the chilly halls at night,  
Keeping time, keeping time in a sort of Runic rhyme,  
To our dreams of fond delight.



Hear the scary second bell, Warning bell!  
What a world of half dressed girls its trembling voice  
foretells,  
Crash and flurry, dash and hurry,  
How it fills the soul with worry;  
Better far to stay in bed and be ill!

Hear the merry dinner bell,  
Welcome bell,  
What a world of savory dishes  
its merry voice foretells,  
Crash and clatter, girls must

scatter, —  
Teachers first and girls come after, at Lindenwood.



Hear that horrid little bell, study bell,  
What a world of stupid matter its squeaky voice foretells.  
How it fills the soul with madness,  
As it breatheth and it shrieketh, study hall!

Hear the bell at ten o'clock, "Lights out! girls."  
What a world of feasts are broken  
And a lot of words unspoken, Just at last,  
How the dangers sink and swell,  
By the sinking and the swelling, in the ringing of  
the bell.

For the ear it fully knows,  
By the twanging and the clanging,  
How the danger ebbs and flows, Teachers past!

Oh, the bells at Lindenwood, Electric bells;  
What a world of work and worry their monody compels.  
All of joy and all of strife, all that goes to make up life,  
At Lindenwood:



Keeping time, keeping time in a sort of Runic  
rhyme  
To the ringing of the bells, of the bells, bells, bells,  
To the ringing and the dinging of the bells.

—L. T. C.







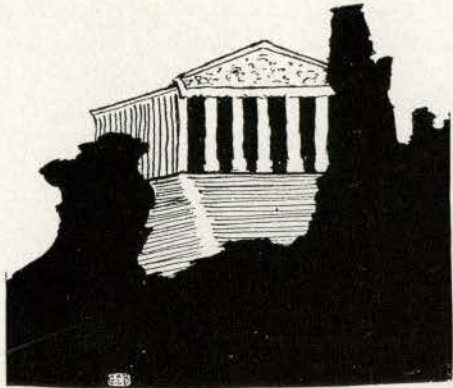
Art Class

## My Mission at Lindenwood

ALVINA LEOPOLD .....To play ragtime.  
RAY GRAHAM .....To go home.  
ALMA SWOPE .....To sing bass.  
ESTHER DOOLEY .....To take scarlet fever.  
HORTENSE MEYERS .....To be patient.  
IRMA GLEN .....To visit home.  
SAMMY MUNCRIEF..... To wear fancy petticoats.  
LUCILE RICHARDSON .....To learn to talk.  
VIVIAN GARVIN .....To be a Prima Donna.  
JEAN SHEPHERD .....To give advice.  
LILLIAN URBAN .....To learn the latest way of dressing hair.  
OMA DOUGLAS .....To make a noise.  
BEULAH STEVENSON .....To become a great artist and live at Fairfax.  
LOIS DALE .....To boom Arkansas.  
ELSIE BRAY .....To be with "Billy".  
KATHARINE BETTS .....To furnish her china cabinet.  
GEORGE HOWARD .....To be near S. C. M. C.  
MABLE MACKIE .....To loaf.  
MARGUERITE LINVILLE ...To study Logic.  
MARGARET HOGG .....To giggle.  
GENEVIEVE JAMES .....To tell about Ramsey.  
JENNIE RUSSELL .....To wear crimson and gray.  
ADELE WEBER..... To get tall.  
ALICE KNAPP .....To sleep.  
MISS LINNEMAN .....To chew gum.



# Departments



## Greek

Paraphrase—The Song of the Sirens from the *Odyssey*

List to the song of the Sirens; the mermaids seductive and tempting;  
Calling Ulysses to tarry, to cease from his toil and his glory.  
“Come to us over the billows, to rest with us here in our sea caves;  
Come while the sunlight is scorching and cool yourself here in our shadows.  
Everyone tarries who hears us and straightway forgets all his troubles;  
Those who are weary and wistful, go away peaceful and happy.  
Come and forget all your sorrows, you hero of tempest and warfare;  
Troy’s siege has told of your actions, your struggles persistent, heroic!  
Stay with us then in our caverns and rest with us now from the billows:  
Soft blows the air in our green isle and sweet are the songs of our maidens.  
Stay, oh, Ulysses, we beg you and rest with us here in the shadows.”

## Latin

Translation of Horace’s Ode to Chloe

Shy as a fawn when seeking its mother,  
O’er mountains, in woods, and pathless heather,  
Trembling with fear at the wind’s whistling moan;  
Quaking in heart at the thicket’s black gloam,  
Starting in dread when awakening spring  
Rustles and hums with fluttering wing,  
Or withered leaves stir in the wake of a lizard.  
Why dost thou shun me, O Chloe, sweet wizard?  
Not as a lion do I crouch to pursue thee,  
But ardently faithful, devoted, I woo thee.

—J. H. '08.



## Song of the Caesar Class

Daily in the English classroom,  
(But on Tuesdays in the end room)  
Miss B. Booth, the native Latin,  
From the famous land of Drury,  
From the land of hills and Latins,  
With an M. A. wrapped about her  
Holds a solemn class in Cæsar;  
Teaches of the wars of Cæsar,  
Of the brave Diviciacus,  
And the cursed Latin endings,  
All erect with mouths stretched open,  
Full of love for Cæsar's antics,  
Rev'ling in the different cases,  
Drinking in vast draughts of knowledge,  
Sit the scholars, thinking deeply.

"Please translate the first two chapters,"  
Says Miss Booth in accents measured.  
"Oh, Miss Booth, I fear I cannot.  
When I finished chapter quartus  
Of the death of brave Orgetrix  
I was really so affected,  
That I wept for full an hour,"  
Answers Golda very red-eyed.

"Yes, it really is most touching,"  
Accent all the earnest students,  
And at once all set to weeping.  
"Give me then the case of die,  
And name over all the cases  
That appear in the fourth chapter;

Name me ablatives and datives;  
Name me subjunctives and adverbs,  
Name me nouns and periphrasties  
That we may enjoy the music  
Of their dear familiar endings."

Then Louise sets forth reciting  
Word for word with right tonation  
Near the whole of Latin grammar,  
Of a bulky Allen-Greenough,  
Sometimes joined by Ruth and Julia,  
Or by Elsie, Nan and Carrie,  
All who sit with eyes dilated,  
Full of rapture at the beauty,  
Full of memories how in past times,  
When as poor beginning Latins,  
They had struggled over endings,  
But which long ago had conquered.

Suddenly their joys are vanished,  
As the clanging of a bell sounds  
They are brought again to present;  
And the huge delight of Cæsar  
Must be ended for the hour.

"Take the two preceding chapters  
For to-morrow," says the teacher.  
"Only that much, mayn't we take more?"  
Dor'thy asks in voice most mournful;  
And with sad unhappy foot-steps  
Slowly file the scholars outward.

—Ruth Crandall.



## EXTRACT FROM CICERO'S FIRST ORATION AGAINST THE GHOST-WALKERS.

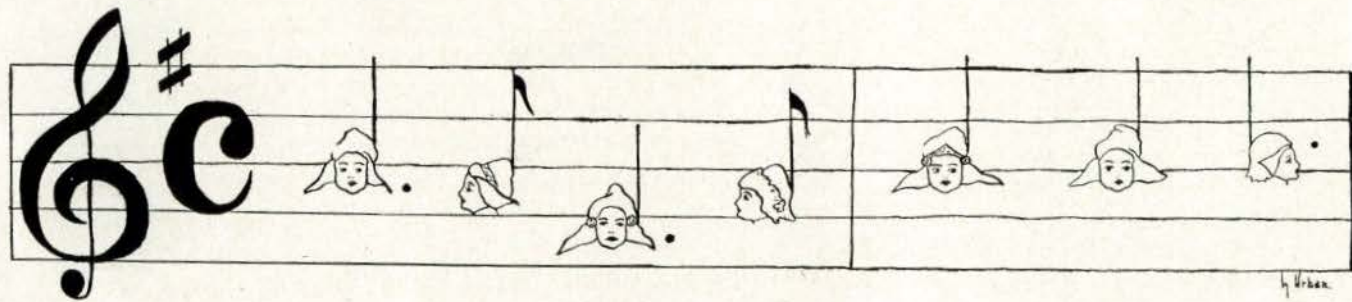
Editor's Note—We are glad of the opportunity of publishing for the first time the following copy taken from a recently recovered manuscript. While the papyrus itself is remarkably well preserved, seeming to show that the writing was not earlier than the Middle Ages, yet after careful consideration of the internal evidence we conclude that the work is undoubtedly that of Cicero.)

When, O Ghost-walkers, do you mean to cease abusing our patience? How long are your stealthy (?) steps to mock the silence of the night? Do not the mighty guards of the corridors—do not the watches posted throughout the building—does not the alarm of the sleepers—do not the looks and countenances of the venerable (?) body of Faculty have any effect upon you? Do you not feel your plans are detected? What is there that happened on the Ides of February, what the night before with which anyone of us is unacquainted? Who summoned you forth from your hiding places and searched the nooks and crannies where you might conceal yourselves? Whose pace echoed and re-echoed through the lonely halls during the night watches? Whose voice muttered imprecations upon your heads? And yet you live—and you live, not to lay aside, but to persist in your audacity.



LINDENWOOD TRIUMVIRATE





## Ein Kleines Lied

Fräulein Drvin hat ein kleines Lamb,  
Kleines Lamb, kleines Lamb,  
Fräulein Drvin hat ein kleines Lamb,  
Man nennt sie Nellie Green.

Überall Fräulein Drvin ging,  
Fräulein Drvin ging, Fräulein Drvin ging,  
Überall Fräulein Drvin ging,  
Da ging Nellie auch.

Folgte ihr nur Schul' ein Jahr,  
Schul' ein Jahr, Schul' ein Jahr,  
Folgte ihr nur Schul' ein Jahr,  
Und noch ein Jahr dazu.

Denk' wir haben genug gesagt,  
G'nug gesagt, g'nug gesagt,  
Denk' wir haben genug gesagt,  
Das übrige könnt Ihr raten.



## Spanish

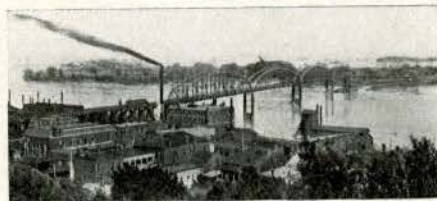
**S**AN Carlos es una bonita y antigua ciudad sobre el Rio Missouri. Tiene dos puentes, uno para el ferrocarril y otra para el carro electrico. Tiene tambien gas y la luz electrica, pero todos son feos.

Hay tiendas y fabricas en San Carlos. muchas iglésias, y mas escuelas.

Hé aqui la escuela grande de Lindenwood y una muchacha de esta. Allí esta un muchacho militar: quien se llama el discipulo de S. C. M. C. Ambas escuelas están sobre El Camino Real.

Los muchachos quieren las muchachas y visitarlas cuando pueden. Ellos escriben con mucho rapidez y sus cartas están hermosas y claras.

Los jovenes tienen que estudiar muchísimo y cuanado llega el mas de Junio, están muy delgados. Alors le gustan mucho decir "adios" a San Carlos.





### Mrs. Sibley Plays Rip Van Winkle

WELL! I wonder if rising bell has rung and I not heard it," yawned Mrs. Sibley, slipping out of bed. "Dear, dear, I fear I may not be able to complete my toilet before breakfast, it is so late. How could I have so overslept," she murmured, smoothing her hair in the strictest lines and donning her trim black dress.

As the last bell rang, she opened her door quietly, then stopped short. How things have changed over night! Instead of twenty demure maidens, who had always greeted her with "Good morning, Mistress Sibley," one hundred sleepy girls were rushing down the stairs; some putting on belts, hair ribbons and collars, as they went; others stopping to help a friend or tie a shoe; a few were entirely dressed.

"Oh," gasped the little lady in astonishment. Stepping forward she laid her hand detainingly on an especially late girl. "My dear, why all this hurry in the morning? Have I not told you often enough what bad form it is for young ladies to——?"

"You told us! Why madam, pardon me, but I am sure we have never met before this moment; at least I don't think we have, though your face does seem familiar. But, unless I rush on now I will never make the dining room before the last bell," answered the bewildered girl, hurrying down three steps at a time and murmuring, "where have I seen her face before? I believe she looks like that picture of Mrs. Sibley in the Chapel!"

"Oh, dear, dear! did I ever hear of anything so strange," exclaimed the stupefied lady, also, her dark eyes dilating with wonder, as she wended her way with dignity to the dining room. "Last night when I retired I left twenty perfect young ladies speaking French fluently, cooking and sewing as every lady should; young women of high Christian characters fully prepared to become the mistresses of homes; only to awaken to this!"

Here her soliloquy ended, for she had entered the noisy dining room. She stopped again in astonishment. How different this was also! No dainty appetites were in evidence here; the girls were beginning their breakfast with a relish, that in her eyes was only fit for harvesters and workmen. She went to her accustomed seat at the President's table, but found it occupied. When she explained, as they motioned her to a vacant chair, that she was Mrs. Sibley, president and founder of Lindenwood College for Women, everyone smiled incredulously and remarked that she was fifty years too late.



These remarks, however, passed unnoticed, for she was intent upon the still greater changes in the girls. As she studied them, she became more dumbfounded. They talked entirely in English,—a thing she had never allowed,—and laughed often,—which in her eyes was unpardonable.

After she had decided that she was unable to unravel the mystery for herself, she turned to the lady at the head of her table, and said, “Please may I ask you a few questions concerning things that puzzle me extremely? Could you explain why the girls wear those incomprehensible little balls on their heads?”

“Why, those are puffs and considered very stylish,” explained the President’s wife smilingly.

“Ah! indeed! and what are those terribly starched whiskers under their chins?” she continued, a sneer on her aristocratic lips.

“Those are the latest thing in ties and really very fetching, even if uncomfortable,” answered the President’s wife again.

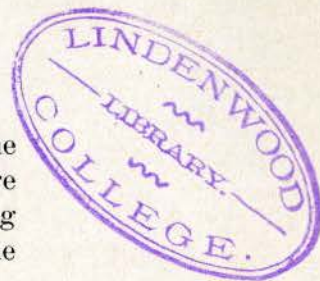
Before Mrs. Sibley could ask more questions, the breakfast was over. Hurrying up stairs she found the girls in a laughing whirlpool around the front door. They were dressed even more queerly; some wore round felt hats with beautiful inscriptions on them such as “keep smiling,” and “23 for you.” Coats of every description and color were in evidence.

“Ah, dear me,” she exclaimed with pleasure, “at last I have discovered some resemblance to the past. This is meant for morning promenade I am sure, when the young women accustom themselves to fresh air, but how differently it is done!”

Here the din was quelled for a moment by the approach of a lady with a formidable book in her hand. As soon, however, as the girls became accustomed to the new presence, the noise began again with renewed force.

After much effort on the part of two teachers the roll was finally called. Mrs. Sibley had forced upon her notice how many girls soon after their names were called remembered something they had forgotten or left upstairs, which they now darted after nor did they return in time to depart with the line.





As the crowd began to move toward the porch, Mrs. Sibley went too. Much to her terror the girls, having formed in line, all began yelling like Comanche Indians something about "We are the" and "Hippoty Hop," but the rest was lost in one conglomeration. What is it? "Oh, young ladies! Has the civil war broken out anew, or are the Mohawks back? Are they hurt?" she shrieked, grasping her nearest neighbor by the arm.

"Good gracious, no; this is nothing! They are only giving their class yells. They are not hurt; they are happy," answered her companion reassuringly.

"Oh," said Mrs. Sibley primly, and turning aside she muttered, "So this is the way they show happiness nowadays, is it? How queer it must sound at the theater, or a dinner, for really I cannot see anything funny, happy or beautiful about the sound."

As the line disappeared around the corner she turned back into the house and wandered into the library. "There now, I was sure fifty years had not past as that pert teacher told me and this proves it! There is the very magazine I was reading before I retired."

With this she sat down and resuming her article where she had left off, finished reading about the surrender of Lee at Appomattox.

But again her quiet was interrupted. A rushing of many feet, then stillness. Someone called, "Horne, Foute, Skinner," and so on until the supply gave out and the noise began again.

The bells now rang and the girls disappeared slowly into their class rooms. Mrs. Sibley, whom a senior had invited to visit the trigonometry class, soon found herself among people who were talking of things utterly foreign to her.

After she had listened as long as possible she began in a disgusted voice, "Please may I ask what you are studying?"

"Certainly, we are studying trigonometry, answered the teacher, greatly amused.

"What does it do for the betterment of young women?" continued Mrs. Sibley rather sharply.

"It trains, broadens and strengthens their minds and teaches them to survey," returned the instructor somewhat pompously.

"Why, what good does surveying do for young women who are to be trained to become mistresses of homes?" asked Mrs. Sibley incredulously.



"It teaches them to successfully survey the dust, I guess," answered a bright senior, turning from her work at the blackboard.

Suddenly from below came a loud bang followed by several screams.

"Oh, young ladies, what is it?" cried their visitor rushing for the door.

"Oh, probably it is the chemistry class learning that all acids do not mix well. This often happens, so do not feel alarmed," said the teacher, and calmly went on with her explanations.

When the bell rang, although she was urged to remain, Mrs. Sibley wandered on.

"Pardon me, where do they have their sewing classes?" she questioned of a teacher, who was ringing the bells.

"The sewing classes? Why, the girls have discovered mending with safety pins far easier and just as good, so they have been abolished," answered the teacher passing into her class room.

"Oh, dear, dear, this is awful. No sewing class! how then do the young ladies ever expect to become cultured young ladies if they cannot embroider! Well, perhaps they have excellent domestic science to take its place, I will ask this young student.

"Pardon me, but do they have domestic science taught here?"

"Oh, yes'm, the girls are down there now making fudge. Oh, it's grand! They let you make the dandiest things, just dreams of cakes," exclaimed the girl enthusiastically.

"I fear I do not understand you. You say they make dreams of cakes, do you mean then, they only imagine and dream of cooking?" asked Mrs. Sibley perplexed.

"Ha! ha! ha! oh, mercy no, I mean they make most delicious cakes, do you understand?" returned the girl passing on.

Clang! clang The lunch bell. Doors opened from every side, and girls descended ravenously to lunch. After which Mrs. Sibley found, much to her delight, that she could visit two French classes. Until three o'clock she forgot the mysteries without in her enthusiasm over her beloved language.

As she was about to snatch a moment's rest in her room, a few minutes after three a whistle sounded outside. Girls from everywhere rushed screaming and burst out of the door. Class yells were mingled in one great howl as the girls formed a huge mass on the campus.



"Oh! oh! *oh!*" screamed Mrs. Sibley, wringing her hands, and tearing her hair, "Now surely something is the matter! Hurry and stop them before they kill each other! Are they crazy? Has too much study turned their brains?"

"Calm yourself, madam," commanded the President, "This is nothing. Merely a class rush. No one will be hurt, and it will end in a moment." As he spoke the mass disappeared, and, drawing to opposite sides contented themselves by yelling.

"Are these things all so helpful and necessary to the present higher education of young women?" Mrs. Sibley whispered tremblingly to the President.

"So it appears. Although my day was after yours, this seems unnecessary even to me, but I have been assured by all parties concerned that it is most important for their future advancement," answered the President, and, turning unexcitedly, went to resume his work.

When Mrs. Sibley reached the sanctity of her room she dropped into a chair, and fell to thinking. So this constituted the modern young woman of culture and refinement, who in a few short years should be fitted to manage a home.

"Such hair!" she mused, "such starchy whiskers! such appetites! such yells of happiness!" she sighed in despair. "Their poor husbands,—if husbands they ever get,—who will have nothing to eat but fudge and dreams of cakes! And those terrible fights! So this is the result of my fond hope for the advancement of young women."

A knock upon her door interrupted her thoughts. Two young girls, dressed daintily in white, entered. She remembered having been introduced to them that morning.

"So, you are really Mrs. Sibley who founded dear old Lindenwood!" They exclaimed gushingly. "We've wanted so often to get acquainted with you. We have wanted to meet you whenever we looked at your picture and now our wish has come true!"

The following hour was one of the most delightful Mrs. Sibley had ever spent. The girls explained the cause of the class rush so vividly that even Mrs. Sibley's blood began to flow more quickly in her veins. They sang for her and told her of their ambitions and future plans. When the bell for dinner rang she was forced to acknowledge to herself, that although the modern girl did many things which as yet Mrs. Sibley did not understand or quite approve, on the whole she was charming.

RUTH D. CRANDALL, '10.





#### RECIPES.

Petition à la Heron—To about a quart of desire, add liberal pinches of persuasive eloquence. Mix thoroughly with respect and season with flattery. Roll thickly with humility and bake in an argumentative oven. Serve hot with a garnish of tears.

Examination de l'Opera.—Select any sweet ideas such as Scarlatti, Monteverde or Gluck. Have at hand several words—contrapuntal, dissonance, orchestration, or if these are not available, melody or homophonic will do. Chop fine so that all the ingredients will be thoroughly mixed. Season liberally with hope

and spread thickly over several large sheets of paper. (This is a difficult dish for beginners.)

A tempting way to serve meal cutlets.—Cut two meals, lunch and dinner, and one morning walk; beat a retreat and cover carefully, allow to stand for two or three days, then garnish with innocence and a pinch of boldness. If this lacks flavor, add one visit after light bell, which must be done with great care and little stirring. Serve hot with a dressing of giggles to a circle of admiring friends. (If this proves successful, it is one of the most delicious of boarding school dishes.)



# CHEMISTRY

## AN INCIDENT IN CHEMISTRY.

Once upon a sunny afternoon in May,  
On that dearest of all times, Chemistry day,  
Nine L. C. girls, in cunning aprons blue,  
Were trying experiments which never seemed to do.

Ethel, Hazel, Mary, Lil and Romaine,  
Jessie, Guilda, May, Marguerite and Jane,  
Were all fellow-students of this bright busy class,  
Unaware of the danger o'er-taking them fast.

Miss Irvin was floating from pillar to post,  
Smiling or scolding whiche'er suited most,  
Giving directions for mixing with care.  
To Lindenwood girls she is just and fair.

When out from this quiet, with dire explosion  
A bomb suddenly fell with awful commotion,  
In the corner where Jessie and Gil had been seen  
Fire and smoke and then a big scream.

Jessie, excited, went straight through the door,  
While Marguerite, trembling, tried to break up the  
floor,

May Dunn was found with her head in a jar,  
(Its contents might have been acid or tar).

Jane began wildly dancing a jig,  
While Guilda screamed loudly "A rig! oh, a rig!  
I'll drive through the window e'en though it is small,  
To one of my size what matters a fall."

Hazel and Mary were clean out of sight,  
Though we searched by the rays of St. Charles  
'lectric light.

'Tis supposed that Hazel to Texas returned,  
But Mary's safe shelter has never been learned.

But not all Science girls thus fear an explosion,  
For calm as a poultice, or other good lotion,  
Lil, Ethel, Romaine stood fixed and serene,  
Smiling contempt with an unruffled mien.

Crestfallen and slow the frightened returned,  
Trying again the rules they had learned,  
Though they'd found to their sorrow all acids won't  
mix,

But like even good Seniors, are up to some tricks.

—Lilian Hendricks.

# HISTORY

## THE FAMOUS RETREAT OF THE TWENTY THOUSAND

"The King of France went up a hill with twenty thousand men;  
The King of France went down the hill and ne'er went back again."

The lofty turrets bloomed black against the starlit sky, the ramparts seemed deserted as the valiant army drew up the southern slope of the hill. On came the besiegers, singing songs of victory.

Scarcely had the stirring strains commenced, when a sound as of clashing arms sounded from within the fortress. The clashing increased as numbers upon numbers gathered at the loopholes. With another shout of victory, the beleaguering forces halted beneath the battlements. Arrows showered upon them from above and were eagerly gathered by those below who were thus supplied with ammunition. Did their triumphant shouts penetrate even unto the ears of mighty Jove and arouse his vengeance? Be that as it may, just at this point when victory seemed so sure, a crash like a terrific peal of thunder rent the midnight air. For an instant, fear paralyzed the besiegers—then, obeying Nature's first instinct of self-preservation, they fled in wild disorder.

Reaching a point of safety at the base of the hill, the general called a council of his terrified forces and thus addressed them: "My comrades in my opinion, we were too hasty in our flight. It is always well to consider cause and effect in critical moments. By using a little stratagem, we might have changed defeat into victory, but it seems to be too late now."

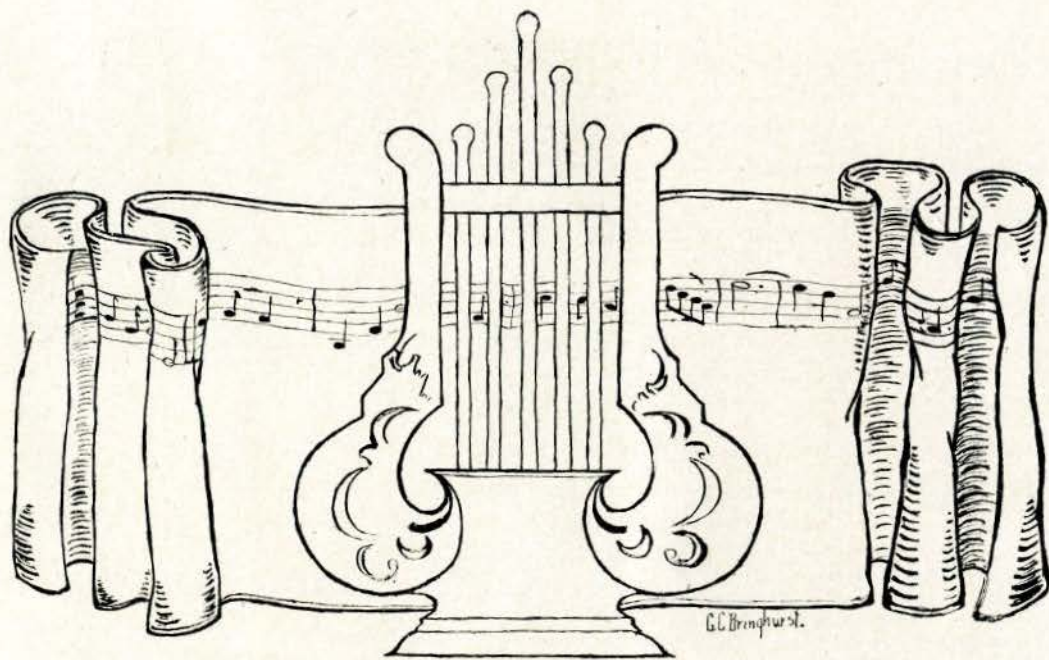
[Editor's Note.—Following the advice of Dr. Horn in always applying the lessons learned in history to modern everyday life, we have deducted the following axiom from this account of an "ancient French (?) battle:

Fielding, "What is repartee?"

Painter, "Repartee is the brilliant answer you think of after you get home."]







# MUSIC

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

## Piano

James T. Quarles (Paris)  
Malen Burnett (Paris)  
Elberta Llewellyn (St. Louis)  
Mrs. G. F. Ayres (Leipzig)

Edna Hanna, Piano

## Violin

Agnes Gray (Berlin)

## Voice

Haidee Twiford (Chicago)

## Graduates

Ada Reese, Piano

Jessie Hanon, Violin

# Department of Expression

## DRAMATICS

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

[Shakespeare]

*Under the Direction of Emma J. Hamm*

### ROLL

Amie Becker	Dorothy Hammer	R. Logan	Jeanette Steele
Mary Clay	Helen Hammer	Hazel Provart	Clara Schwerdtmann
Ruth Crandall	Lavinia Horn	Alice Ripley	Mable Warren
Blanche Drace	Golda Hewitt	Ruth Spaulding	Adele Weber

*Given at Spring Recital*

Six Cups of Chocolate (*A Piece of Gossip in One Act*)

Freely Englished from a Kaffeeklatch of E. Schmithof

### CHARACTERS

Miss Adeline Von Lindau, A German girl .....	BLANCHE KNIGHT
Miss Marian Lee, A transplanted Southern girl.....	AMIE BECKER
Miss Dorothy Green, A New Englander .....	MABLE WARREN
Miss Hestor Beacon, A Bostonian .....	GOLDA HEWITT
Miss Beatrix Van Kortland, A New Yorker .....	ALICE RIPLEY
Jeanette Durand, A French Girl .....	CLARA SCHWERDTMANN

Soul of the Violin - - Margaret Mantel Merrill

MISS RUTH SPAULDING

If I Were King - - - - Justin McCarty

[Arranged by Miss Steele]

MISS JEANETTE STEELE



### MISS HAMM'S SHAKESPEARE CLUB

(A Farce in One Act)

### CHARACTERS

Caroline Gushington, The Hostess.....	MABLE WARREN	
Maria Knowitall, President of the Club .....	LAVINIA HORN	
Daisy Lighthead.....	} Members of the Club {	
Merrie Weathervane.....		CLARA SCHWERDTMANN
Rose Budd.....		MARY CLAY
Nan Giddy.....		ALICE RIPLEY
Nora O'Brien, a Servant.....	ADELE WEBER	
	RUTH CRANDALL	





*Scene from Act I of "Pygmalion and Galatea" Given by Senior Class, May 8, 1908*

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

Pygmalion .....	an Athenian Sculptor
	MARY E. VANCE
Leucippe .....	a Soldier
	LILIAN HENDRICKS
Chrysos .....	an Art Patron
	EDNA A. HANNA
Agosimos .....	Chrysos' Slave
	HAZEL F. GRAHAM
Mimos .....	Pygmalion's Slave
	ETHEL SPENCER
Galatea .....	an Animated Statue
	JEANETTE STEELE
Cynisca .....	Pygmalion's Wife
	LILIAN URBAN
Daphne .....	Chrysos' Wife
	JESSIE HANON
Myrine .....	Pygmalion's Sister
	ROMAYNE WHITLEY

### What Became of the Chafing-Dish

There are many questions at dear old L. C.  
But none are quite so curious to me  
As the one for an answer I've so long wished,  
What became of the chafing-dish?

It was there on the table not ten minutes ago,  
But I stepped out for a minute or so,  
And as I came back something went swish!  
Well, what *did* become of that chafing-dish?

I have worked my brain and asked so many,  
But none can answer, no not any,  
Though all through the school it's a general wish  
To know what became of the chafing-dish.

Two girls made fudge when all was dark,  
Oh, they thought they were having a terrible lark.  
Alcohol and benzine they mixed—Hish!  
They lighted their match and up went the dish.

Each one was scared, thinking it fire,  
And being disturbed from their early retire.  
I know just then both girls had a wish—  
That they hadn't fooled with their chafing-dish.

The faculty said they were tired of such capers,  
They were all out now with their hair in curl-papers.  
So every cooking utensil to the closet did van-ish,  
And that's what became of the chafing-dish.

—Hazel Dell Kirby.

### Regular Lindenwood Dinner

Biscuits	-	-	-	-	dittos
Hot rolls	-	-	-	-	annuals
Soup	-	-	-	-	semi-annual
Toast	-	-	-	-	hardtack
Hash	-	-	-	-	summary

### Lindenwood Luncheon

Pickled Canary Bird Tongue  
Beef with Ever Sauce  
Seaweed Trimmed in Atmosphere  
Giraffe on the Wing  
Wieners á la chien  
Turtle on the Half Shell  
Water Cooled in Snow Flakes

—Hazel Graham '08





# Societies

Phi Delta Sigma

Eta Upsilon Gamma

Sigma Theta

Eta Beta Pie

Phi Epsilon Fraternity

U. W. C. A.





### PHI DELTA SIGMA LITERARY SOCIETY

#### MOTTO.

Slumber not in the tents of your fathers, the world is advancing, advance with it."

*Colors:* Black and White.

#### MEMBERS.

*Flower:* White Carnation.

Ruth Spaulding—Secretary.  
Louise Betts.  
Caroline Calhoun.  
Nell Green.  
Alvina Leopold.

Jane Foute—President.  
Mary Vance—Vice-President.  
Guilda Bringhurst.  
Ruth Crandall.  
Mary Rice.  
Minnie Sweeney.  
Jessie Hanon.

Louise Kenne—Treasurer.  
Louise Cain.  
Louise Ferguson.  
Lilian Hendricks.  
Florence Withington.

#### RESUME OF WORK OF PHI DELTA SIGMA.

AS the past quarter century has witnessed such a veritable flood of mediocre "literature", there is eminent danger that the true book lover may condemn, as worthless, everything modern, and thereby miss some rare treats. Holding this to be true, the Phi Delta Sigma Literary Society has adopted a course which covers the field of current literature. It has been designed to obtain as great a variety as possible, the selections ranging from Poe's weird, uncanny tales, to the quaint negro stories of Joel Chandler Harris.



The year's work opened with a number of Riley's lyrics, which lead to a discussion of him as author and man. In contrast to this typical American was Omar Khayyam. For the "Rubaiyat", there were only exclamations of delight and admiration, drawn forth by the beauty and thought and music of the poetry, and, in a much less degree, the same was true of Lowell's "Vision of Sir Launfal". But alas for Britain's great bard, Kipling! How severely he was criticized; the members of the society did not "hear the East a calling" and declined to regard him other than as a cynic, sadly lacking refinement.

Not all the members admired poetry, but there were few indeed who did not enjoy a good short story. The first read were Poe's prose tales, selected on account of the general familiarity with his poetry. As a stimulant after Poe's fantastic imagery, Ralph Connor's refreshing style came like a breath from the pines of his own beloved mountains. As original in their way, and more unique, are the stories of Joel Chandler Harris. Who can resist the charm of "Uncle Remus"? He has won fame for this author, which will endure long after other stories of to-day are forgotten. Equally as noted, is Kate Douglas Wiggin, for her clever manner of inserting trite sayings and her keen humor. Jerome K. Jerome also has this happy faculty, and his sketches on every-day life were very acceptable. But James Lane Allen won the most approbation. While acknowledging that his characters are weak and his rhetoric often at fault, it was voted that the musical language and uplifting ideals quite counter-balance these defects.

However, all the meetings were not devoted to poetry and short stories. To obtain variety was the object, and that object was unquestionably attained when an afternoon was spent with Elbert Hubbard. What a storm of protest his "Dante and Beatrice" and "The Disagreeable Girl" raised! Hubbard was a misanthrope—pessimist—woman-hater—iconoclast. For his merciless sarcasm he was rather sharply censured. In order to regain faith in human-kind, by contrast with nature, Thompson Seton's renowned "nature-stories" were given, and greatly enjoyed, this author's views being compared with those of President Roosevelt. And last, but not least, came Anna Chopin Ray's "Wonder Tales from Wagner," opening the magic land of music and folk lore, and giving each a truer conception of the meaning of this great composer.

Thus the year has been spent, with equal pleasure and profit and we earnestly desire that the years to come may see our society prosper and give to its members as many delightful hours as it has given to us.

*Nelle Green, '08.*



Eta Upsilon Gamma









## ZETA CHAPTER

*Colors:* Green and Gold.

*Flower:* Red Carnation.

### ACTIVE MEMBERS.

Helen Vaughn Babcock, Hot Springs, Ark.  
Ruth Sayre Barr, Millville, Ark.  
Louise De Moss Cain, Hot Springs, Ark.  
Caroline May Calhoun, Ft. Scott, Kan.  
Marvel Adeline Cape, Joplin, Mo.  
Jane Skipwith Foute, Chicago, Ill.

Edna Alice Hanna, Clay Center, Kan.  
Elizabeth Louise Keene, Ft. Scott, Kan.  
Mary Redfield Rice, Ft. Scott, Kan.  
Lillian Ruth Spaulding, Independence, Mo.  
Alma Adair Swope, Quincy, Ill.  
Mary Elizabeth Vance, Pierce City, Mo.  
Florence Ethel Withington, Cherryville, Kan.

### IN FACULTATE.

Mrs. Laura J. Heron, Sponser.

Mrs. George F. Ayres.

### IN URBE.

Marie Martin.

Florence Bloebaum.

Irene Udsted.



















# Sigma Theta

CHI CHAPTER.

*Flower:* Violet.

*Colors:* Violet and Green.

## Chapter Roll

Josephine Nicks, Texas.

Lois E. Dale, Arkansas.

Romayne Esther Whitley, Illinois.

Lilian B. Urban, Illinois.

Jean Shepherd, Missouri.

Kathleen L. Whitley, Illinois.

Howard Frances Foute, Texas.

Alice Nora Ripley, Illinois.

Lilian E. Hendricks, Texas.

Alvina Leopold, Illinois.

Virginia Louise Betts, Arkansas.

Martha Johnson, Missouri.

Dorothy Holtkamp, Missouri.

Minnie Lee Betts, Arkansas.



# Eta Beta Pie

International Spanority. Chapters under beds, behind trunks, in closets and anywhere to get out of the way. Meetings: After light bell.

*Colors*:—Red and Green.

*Flower*:—Green Carnation and Red Ribbon.

*Motto*: - Eat, drink and get married (if you can.)

## Regulations to Spanority

- 1 Must wear not less than number nine shoes.
- 2 Must have an ample appetite and be able to eat twelve pieces of pie at one sitting.
- 3 Must promise not to marry more than eight times.
- 4 Must not have more than three-eighths good sense.
- 5 Must be able to bluff duty teacher.
- 6 Must take life easy, never work, nor worry.

## Members

The wonder (?)  
Cicero (?)  
The Reporter (?)  
The Pathetic  
Piggie Hog

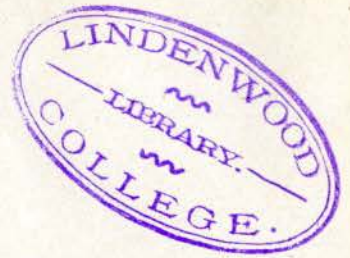
The Wise  
The Skipper  
The Studious  
The Lazy

## Spluges

The Baby  
The Invalid

The Shepherd

The Mother  
The Singer



# Phile Fraternity

## Bite=um Chapter

Original Order of Energetic Hoppers.

First Hop—November 35, '07.

*Motto:*—Hop high and bite

*Colors:*—Paris Green and Pig Purple

*Flower:*—Pennyroyal

### Officers

Sil Aale

Dog Brithungs.

Esvul St. Ebt.

Mei Tebst.

### Members

Scuol Sonfuger.

Yam Talters.

Micin Nywuce.

Neal Pbrdeol.

Ali Rubra.

### Yell

1  
Hop, hop-hop, hop, hop.

2  
Hop, hop-hop, hop, hop.

3  
Hop, hop ————— Stop.





## Young Women's Christian Association

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

President . . . . .	Louise Cain	Chairman of Finance Committee . . . . .	Hazel Kirby
Vice-President . . . . .	Edna Hanna	Chairman of Prayer Meeting Committee . . . . .	Nelle Green
Secretary . . . . .	Louise Ferguson	Chairman of Social Committee . . . . .	Jane Foute
Treasurer . . . . .	Hazel Kirby	Pianist . . . . .	Edna Hanna
Chairman of Membership Committee . . . . .	Edna Hanna	Advisory Member . . . . .	Mrs. L. J. Heron

The Young Women's Christian Association of Lindenwood College was organized in 1900 by a few earnest, Christian girls. From this modest beginning, the Association has grown until the membership is now fully three-fourths of the entire college.

The plan of our association is to strengthen and help the girls both spiritually and socially. Every Sunday evening we gather together in the parlor like one big happy family, where each girl is made to feel at home and as though some one was interested in her individual welfare.

Several times during the year, entertainments are given, not only that the girls may become better acquainted with each other, but also that they may be helped socially.

Each year, a member is sent to the Conclave. Last June, our association sent a delegate to Cascade, Colorado, who, in the fall, brought to us a very interesting report of the Conference and many helpful ideas. We were again represented at the State Convention at St. Joseph, Mo. By this means we are kept in touch with other associations.

Our nearness to St. Louis is a great advantage to us, as we are thus enabled throughout the year to have with us many splendid missionaries whose words always bring cheer and inspiration. Among those who were with us this year were, Mrs. Ranken, Dr. Eltzholtz, Miss Wiley, Dr. W. T. Rogers and Senor Zermeno, a Mexican who is studying in the United States to be a missionary to his own people.

Miss Dabb, the secretary of the State Association, visits us twice a year, bringing us each time new plans and energy for our work.



## The Letters of a Homesick Girl to Her Mother

September 18th.

Dearest Mother:—

I arrived last night and found things as we expected. My room-mate has not come yet, and my room seems awfully lonely. I almost died of blues and strangeness last night but feel a little better to-day. I intend to study terribly hard and so I'll probably get over feeling quite so bad then. I am so glad I am to have my own allowance, for it is so nice to feel one has one's own money. I am sure I shall save a lot each month, as I won't have any expenses except books and laundry and perhaps a few other little things, as I have plenty of clothes.

With lots of love,

Your very homesick,

BETTY.

September 19th.

Dearest Mother:—

My room-mate came! I like her ever so much. She has lots more clothes than I, but I don't care. She gets more allowance too, and says I won't be able to live on mine, but I know I shall. Our room looks perfectly lovely now as she has the most cunning things.

Loving,

BETTY.

P. S.—Oh, dear. We had Chapel to-day since I wrote this and the President said he wished to tell us of several little expenses, too personal to send home—a breakage deposit, etc. I thought they sent bills like that home but they don't. They took all my allowance this month.

Do you think papa would forward me a few dollars on next month's? Of course I'll pay it back soon. One's first month is always the most expensive. I get awfully homesick at night and almost die.

Please write and send the money soon.

Homesickly,

BETTY.

September 24th.

Dearest Mother :—

Thanks a thousand times for the five dollars, now I'll get on fine. I have ordered my books, but can run a bill and won't have to pay for them until I want to. Isn't that grand managing?

We all went down town to-day and bought some things to eat, and had a feast at night. It was lots of fun. I wish I had brought a chafing-dish, but as roomy has one I buy the alcohol and she furnishes her dish.

I didn't realize laundry was such an expensive thing; at home, you know I just put anything that's dirty in the wash and it comes home clean. I did that way here and it cost me three dollars! A pretty expensive lesson, but I won't have another like it soon.

I think I shall die of blues unless we begin regular work soon. Please send my allowance as I'm in awful need of it.

Yours bluely,

BETTY.

October 1.

Dearest Mother :—

My money did not come and I need it so badly. Please hustle it! I have ordered a school pin. I really ought not to afford one just now as I owe for several little things, but one has to have a pin, and I might as well have it now. Our class has organized and that is another expense I hadn't thought of, but I will pull through all right.

I won't be able to pay back that five dollars this month but hope to soon. I think I'm going to like my studies alright after I once begin to study, but there are so many other things to do and, Mother, it's impossible for me to ever learn Algebra; I see that already and my Algebra teacher hates me.

Oh, I wish I was home!

Love to all,

BETTY.



October 7th.

Dearest Mother:—

If ever I get home again nothing in this wide world can pull me away. Mother, simply because I forgot to go to that old Algebra class for two days I'm in "study hall". That is a place where you have to go and study on stiff, hard old chairs for two hours and a half. It's awful, Mother, and just as if I meant to forget the old class. I'm just miserable! You said for me to study harder in your last letter, but, Mother, studying awful old things like Algebra and Latin don't make me feel better. I want to come home. My allowance is all gone and I had to borrow from roomy to pay my last laundry. I can't see where the money goes, but it disappears some way. Could you send me a little, dear?

Your miserable

BETTY.

October 28th.

Dearest Mother:—

I went down to the gate with roomy and we happened to meet two boys; what is wrong with that I don't see, and it was lots of fun, too. But it was terribly wrong, evidently, and now I have to stay in my room alone all the time and my roomy is alone in another. I'm getting perfectly desperate. Mother, all the girls here get birthday boxes from home on their birthdays; if you could send me one on mine perhaps life would be worth while again.

I owe eight dollars for books. I didn't dream that I had bought nearly that many books, and I must pay for that pin I was telling you about, too. Will you send me enough to pay these debts. I'm in terrible financial straits as roomy has borrowed some money of me and can't pay it back just now.

Well, I guess I had better begin to study that detestable Algebra.

Your abused,

BETTY.

November 5th.

Dearest Mother:—

Oh, you angel of angels! The box came and what's more the money too. The food was simply grand. We just feasted for two whole days. You put in everything I liked and it made me long more than ever to come home.

Mother, our Shakespeare teacher thinks we all ought to go to see one of his plays this week. It will make it so much easier to understand, you know. You didn't expect me to get things like this out of my allowance, did you? Please send me enough to get a dandy dinner, too.

I'm trying to live till Christmas.

Don't forget the money, please.

Lovingly,

BETTY.

P. S.—I forgot to tell you my Algebra teacher says it will be necessary for me to have a tutor in Algebra for a month or so, but she won't be so very expensive.

BETTY.

P. S.—Our class is going to give a party and really none of my clothes look fit. Could you possibly have me a new dress made?

B.

November 12th.

Dearest Mother:—

Oh, dear, I'm in terrible trouble once more. We made fudge and got "caught" and now I'm in that prison study-hall again. My Algebra teacher says I'm going to flunk in algebra, but, Mother, really I can't help it, it's impossible for me to ever learn it. Talk about allowance, Mother, and saving money here! Bah! I owe my room-mate three dollars; my dues for the class, one; for a class pin, two; a pennant, one; books, one; laundry, two; a club I belong to, three; for meals sent to my room, one; a sum of fourteen dollars! And I don't see how these bills run up so; I am so careful, and I don't see how my money goes, but it does.

Rapidly worrying to death over money matters,

I remain,

Yours devotedly,

BETTY.



November 16th.

Dearest Mother:—

If there ever was an insipid idiot, I'm it. Roomy and I made fudge again; the chafing-dish *exploded* and burned a hole in our carpet before we could get it out and now I'm scared stiff! Every one was awfully mad and some of the girls think we'll be expelled. Oh, Mother, can't I come home, I'm so miserably blue and homesick? I know it was very foolish to make it in the first place, but I didn't want to study and didn't have anything else to do. Roomy thinks they will either fine us twenty-five dollars each or expel us.

Your incorrigible culprit,

BETTY.

November 17th.

Dear Mother:—

I can't stand it any longer. Am borrowing money and am coming home on a visit.

BETTY.





## The Hazing of Bubbles

Had you been Bubbles' roommate, perhaps you too would have been as heartily disgusted as I was. Of course, she was a "new girl," and on that account many of her shortcomings were allowed to pass almost unnoticed; but one she had which was beyond all tolerance. This was her most unhappy faculty of plunging everyone except herself into all sorts of school-girl disgraces.

Bubbles was not her real name, but no one went without a nick name at Miss Moffit's, and then too it was so much more appropriate than Grace. She was so fat and chubby and red that she looked for all the world like one of those great red-tinted bubbles we used to blow with our soap bubble pipes. Her nick name suited her in more ways than one, for when Miss Moffit's customary reproof followed close on the heels of our pranks, Bubbles had always faded away, just exactly as a big bubble breaks. In her fading away, Bubbles usually left evidences around her which struck in the faces of her neighbors, and then instead of Bubbles receiving the blame, it was one or more of us girls.

It was one of these pranks that lead to the hazing of Bubbles with the result that she was cured, for a time at least, of getting other people into trouble.

When the duty teacher took the long line of girls on the customary shopping expedition one Saturday, Bubbles borrowed my chum's suit and hat to wear down town. It was the only suit of its kind in the building and all the teachers knew it to be Fay's; so when Bubbles tried to talk to some boys, the chaperone, who was far in the rear of the line, did not dream that it was Bubbles. As soon as she reached the college, Fay was reported for misbehavior. Of course a long interview followed in Miss Moffit's office, during which she told her how surprised she was that one whom she had trusted would do such a thing, and that henceforth she would have no shopping privileges whatever; all of which Fay bore like a Trojan, for she was not the kind of girl to tell on Bubbles.

You may well guess that the rest of us "Big Six" did not take it so calmly, when she told us. Everyone of us individually and collectively vowed revenge and we had it!

It happened that Bubbles' mother had insisted that she sleep on a feather bed, much to my dismay, as I had to sleep on it too; so I had no religious pangs of conscience when at about two o'clock in the night we six girls wrapped the sleeping Bubbles and her feather bed into a huge bundle and cautiously dragged it to the top of the stairway.



Bubbles by this time, although still sleeping, was beginning to express in no weak voice just wonder and surprise, then dismay, as we neared the stairs. There was no time to be lost. With one mighty effort, we started the bunglesome Bubbles sliding down the stairs. To our keen amusement, it seemed to bump on each successive step; but when it came to the turn of the stairs, it stuck.

It didn't make much difference to us that in stopping, the featherbed had placed Bubbles on her head, but for humane reasons we extricated her and sent her the rest of the way bumping beautifully with feet first.

Miss Moffit's doorway was directly opposite the last step and as the bubbling Bubbles struck the last turn with a thud, we saw a light above the transom that gave warning for us to make ourselves scarce. We hurried up the few steps and leaned over the banisters in time to see a tall figure in a bright red slumber robe emerge from the door. We hardly recognized Miss Moffit with her hair tightly braided in long plaits and a fringe of curl papers on either side of her face, but our surprise at her appearance was soon swallowed up by our interest in the movement of events.

"Miss Grace Hilda Humperdinck! and what may you be doing at this hour of the night? I am surprised, exceedingly surprised! Please explain your present position!" It was Miss Moffit's voice, but oh, so stern and indignant that we almost felt sorry for Bubbles.

During this speech, Grace had been trying to extricate herself and as if for an audible exclamation point, the heavy cord broke with a loud pop as Miss Moffit finished. Bubbles, thus revealed in all her disheveled glory could at first only gasp and choke, "I'm-not-to-to-blame,-I-" and there she stopped, for her conscience must have given a twinge of sudden awakening; at any rate what she finally said between long breaths was, "I have-sim-ply-been enjoying the-shoots—but it's-it's all my fault."

And we from our posts of observation gave six big sighs of satisfaction.

EDNA A. HANNA, '08.



# Beauty and Etiquette Department

*Conducted by Madame DuPré*

## BEAUTY DEPARTMENT.

Is it proper to pick up your chicken in your fingers to find the meat on the bone?—Miss Irvin.

If you think there is a vague possibility of finding a dainty morsel reposing snugly upon the bone, it will not be termed a breach of etiquette to make a thorough search for it.

Wanted to know how to keep the chaps away.—Minnie S.

Put on a forbidding countenance mixed with "cold" cream. ,

How can I remove my freckles?—Clara P.

Preserve all lemons handed to you, and in a few days, when you have quite a collection, squeeze the juice into a large vat. Mix with one can of lye (unadulterated) and weaken with strong  $H_2SO_4$ ; add two drops of bay rum. One vigorous application will remove all traces of freckles.

How can I make my eyebrows thin?—Miss Llewellyn.

Madam has had good reports from those to whom she has recommended the following calisthenics for the reduction of superfluous eyebrows: While standing on your eyebrows sing "Ein Kleines Lied" on page 53 of this publication,—in the meantime, sway gently pro and con. ,

March 16—Where can I find my voice?—Guilda.

Rent an airship from Dumont. Steer your course to the Northwest. Lost article will be found sailing among the clouds in vacuum. Proximity will be discovered by shouts of "Who! who —."

Please tell me how I can make my hair wavy?—Mary B.

Dampen the hair and braid tightly into very small plaitstying each at the end with No. 50 black cotton. Heat a flat iron to the sizzling point, place the head on an ironing board, rubbing the iron along plaits vigorously for several minutes. Careful observance of the directions will insure, not only the desired result, but an exhilarating sensation.

Will you please tell me how to make my eyes behave?—Ruth B.

Find one object of sufficient attraction; continue to gaze steadily at it. This insures a cure for the malady within a few days.

Would you recommend L. C. hash for the preservation of a beautiful complexion?—Rosebud.

A sealed reply will be sent upon receipt of a stamped envelope. The answer is too personal to bear publication.

How should I receive my gentleman callers whom I have not seen for years?—Guilda.

Greet them with a charming smile, dainty handshake and girlish coquetry.



Is there a recipe for making the eyes large and wistful looking?—Ruth S.

Endeavor to find a man.

According to Mrs. Heron, you should not talk with your mouth open. Will you please give me your opinion upon the subject?

This is a question which has given physiologists much thought for many centuries. The youth of Athens were accustomed to hear Socrates discourse at length upon this subject and, after his death, Plato and his pupil Aristotle, spent years in trying to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion. Later in the Seventeenth Century, Louis XIV, noted for his courtly mien and exquisite perfection of manner, lead a discussion upon this same subject. Madame is not surprised that the subject has been revived in the Twentieth Century as all unanswered questions tempt the inquiring mind to explanation. Allow her to refer you to Mrs. Heron as practical demonstrator of this theory.

What will keep powder on the nose?—B. E. K.

Sponge the nose in luke warm water. (It is important that the water be just the right temperature, neither cold nor hot.) Just before retiring, apply one ounce of La Page's glue to the affected part with a clothes brush. The morning after the night before, dust on the powder. Name of good powder will be sent upon request.

Will you please tell me how to get a little shorter?—Louise F.

Madame regrets anything so deplorable.

Kindly inform me how to make my nose go down instead of up?—May P.

Poise the ring finger of the left hand daintily upon the tip of the nose, rotate rapidly from right to left. Daily perserverance will show rapid results.

Can you recommend a rouge which will not rub off on black broadcloth?—Sweet Sixteen.

Just before the appearance of the broadcloth, apply the following lotion: To one ounce of violent pinching add two grams of Frottage a la Rub and two natural blushes. This is the only successful rouge.

Is it correct for Faculty to rest their arms and elbows on the table?—Anxious.

Foreigners have excused the American woman for this breach of etiquette on the ground that her delight in sharp repartee leads her to forget the conventionalities in her desire to lean toward the object of such witticism who may be across the table; and secondly, that their vivacity in conversation would excuse anything. Be not less charitable than the Frenchman.

On leaving a ball room, should you let your train sweep or pick it up? Vaughn.

It depends altogether upon the "Time, Place and the Girl."





#### JUNIOR SPECIAL RECEPTION

The gymnasium was the scene of one of the most charming and unique functions on St. Patrick's night, when the Junior Specials entertained the Faculty and Junior Class.

The color scheme of St. Patrick's day and also the Junior colors, green and white, prevailed in everything. The smiling Junior Specials in dainty white dresses, with green sashes, happily received the expectant Juniors.

The dances progressed by favors, the first being the daintiest of green parasols, making the Grand March most pleasing in its effect, and calling forth merited applause from the spectators.

The next favors were green poke bonnets, presented by partners already in huge green stove-pipe hats. This dance was novel and charming.

The supper was also part of the color scheme—green and white ice cream in shamrock leaves and shamrock cakes. After many more as interesting and novel favors, all went whirling away amid a maze of colored ribbons, to the strains of Home Sweet Home waltz. E. McC.



## Classification of Girls

Prettiest..... Most Fascinating.....

Most Amiable..... Most Accomplished.....

Most Sincere..... Most Susceptible.....

Greatest Flirt..... Most Athletic.....

Most Religious..... Most Practical.....

Most Sentimental..... The Only One.....

Best Dressed..... Cutest.....

Greatest Chatterbox..... Best Figure.....

Smartest..... Most Conceited.....

Tallest..... Best Dancer.....

Shortest..... Most Graceful.....

Best "All-round goodfellow".....



## EDITORIALS

Scene—A room in the Prosser house. Time—November.

"Isn't it perfectly glorious! To think that this is our first year here and we are chosen for such high offices!"

It was the Associate Editor of this Annual speaking to the Editor-in-Chief. They had just been elected that afternoon in a mass meeting of the student body.

"Yes, and we really will not have anything to do, but just look over the articles the other Editors hand in. And we won't even have to think of the business side of it,—I mean the advertisements, etc. We will just sit up and look wise whenever anything like that is mentioned. O! it is so easy!"

"Poor girls, they will really have to work like troopers, while we—ha! ha! ha! well, we will at least have to pretend to be a little bit busy so we can maintain our editorial dignity."

And so they talked and laughed on.

Time—The latter part of March.

Scene—A large room in Sibley Hall, with every available space covered with papers, books, etc.

Editor enters room where the Associate Editor is busily pecking away at the typewriter.

"I just came in to see if you have that Junior article written."

"Goodness, no. I have been so busy I haven't had time to breathe easily. Why, I have been copying all morning and this afternoon we are going down town to finish getting ads and then there are those horrid letters to write, and, by the way, you haven't handed in that story yet."

"Don't mention that story to me. I haven't another idea. Why, I see ads, cuts, editorials and locals in my dreams."

For some minutes both work silently, save for the steady click! click! of the typewriter. Gradually the Editor's pencil moved slower and slower, and her eyes wandered to the window and rested on the merry groups of girls enjoying the warm afternoon sunshine on the campus. "Oh, to be able to get out!"

Another pause and then in a somewhat humble tone,

"Say, Ruth, our ideas of editorship are quite different now from what they were in November, aren't they?"

Ruth's typewriter stopped with a vicious little click.

"Well, I think so!! It's work, work, work for everybody all the time. We didn't plan on girls not having time to write things for us, or people refusing us ads, or the Business Manager getting scarlet-fever, did we?"

*Jane S. Foute, '08*

THE Editor sat at her desk, with bandaged head, in despair but still thinking, thinking. All the house was still. The clock ticked dismally with hands creeping toward the mid-night hour. The Editor's eyes began to swim and her head nodded despite the bandage, but with grim determination she grasped her pencil and sat thinking—thinking.

Once a dog began to howl, a rooster crowed in the distance, a bell tolled the hour across the river and then all was still again. Presently the door began to open, slowly, noiselessly, the light grew dim and dimmer until the wires merely glowd, the Editor's hair began to rise, and her throat contracted as from the clutch of a cold clammy hand. The patter of feet sounded in the room and a low, distinct, mirthless, mocking laugh caused her eyes to bulge in horror. The light brightened for an instant and in that instant she saw the figure of a little old woman perched upon the trunk. Her eyes were blood-shot, yet seemed to pierce the dimness of the room as they gazed. Long white hair fell over her stooped shoulders and seemed to be dripping with water and tangled with sea-weed. The features were blackened as from long exposure and the hands hard and calloused from toil. The Editor seized her pencil and managed to whisper hoarsely, "Who are you?" Again that taunting, elusive laugh, and as the light grew brighter, the figure grew small and smaller until it vanished. But still there came the echo of that mocking reply, "I am the Ghost of an Idea."

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## Alumnae Notes

JULIA WILSON,	'06-'07. Dana School, New Jersey.
BLOSSOM ERNEST,	'06-'07. Mrs. E. W. Gilkerson, Kankakee.
GLADYS WOOLF,	'05-'07. Cushing Academy, Ashburnham, Mass.
TONINA CARR,	'07. At home, Trenton, Ills.
AGNES KIRK,	'07. Student, Warrensburg, Mo.
RUTH PHILLIPS,	'06-'07. Drury College, Springfield, Mo.
FRANCIS GOODIN,	'06-'07. Teaching music at home, Windsor, Mo.
THERZA CHENNERY,	'05-'06. Married to Dr. J. P. Marshall, Maplewood, Mo.
AMIE VIRDEN,	'07. Chicago College of Expression.
MARY BROWN,	'06-'07. Studying music in Kansas City.
ANTOINETTE WEBBER,	'05-'06. Married to Bertram C. Harvey, Eldon, Mo.
WILLIE FERGUSON,	'05-'07. Attending Hamilton College, Lexington, Ky.
PEARL FINGER,	'06. Studying Expression in St. Louis.
ELSIE DE WOLF,	'06. Spending winter in the South.
ZOE GUTHRIE,	'07. Married to ?????????? Carbondale, Ill.
MARY ROLLINS,	'07. Now lives in Kansas City.
BEATRICE MCKAY,	'06-'07. Studying music in Cincinnati.
JAMIE TOWNSEND,	'05-'06. Deceased.

## Alumnae Notes

- LEONE WAHLERT, '07. Taking a course in primary work at The Teachers' College, St. Louis, Mo.
- VICTORIA PUGLISI, '02-'06. Studying voice in Italy.
- NAN SANDERS, '06. Teaching school at Trenton, Ill.
- DELLA CORY, '06-'07. Student at the University of Illinois.
- PAULINE SELLARS, '06. Concertizing.
- FLORENCE BLOEBAUM, '05. Assistant to the Postmaster, St. Charles, Mo.
- CARRY BAIRD, '07. Studying in St. Louis.
- MARY BULETT, '05-'06. Mrs. Walter Shaw, Oklahoma.
- MARTHA LEMON, '05. Studying expression in St. Louis. Teaching in St. Charles.
- HARRIETT CARSON, '05-'06. Teaching music in Synodical College, Fulton, Mo.
- LILIAN MILES, '92. Mrs. Hall, Arkadelphia, Ark.
- ALICE A. LINNEMAN, '90. Teaching Art in Lindenwood College.
- MALEN BURNETT, '98. Concert pianist, Richmond, Va.
- MARGUERITE URBAN, '05-'06. Spent winter traveling.
- MILLY FINCH, '07. Studying Domestic Science in St. Louis.
- EDNA HAUKE, '06-'07. Attending college in Topeka, Kas.
- MARGUERITE KAHL, '06-'07. Taking course in stenography in St. Louis.



# Calendar

- September 18. It begins. 89 girls arrive.  
September 19. Still there's more to follow.  
September 20. Y. W. C. A. entertain school. Old girls serenade new and blue girls.  
September 21. First pilgrimage to the village and first study hall observed at night.  
September 22. School attends Presbyterian Church in a body.  
September 23. Convocation exercises. Cadets all present.  
September 24. First regular school and Mrs. Heron gives parlor talk after Vespers.  
September 25. Girls trip the light fantastic in Gym.  
September 26. Ruth C.'s catastrophe.  
September 27. Question Mark Club organized.  
September 28. First foot-ball game of season.  
September 29. Reminiscences.  
September 30. Blue Monday.
- October 1. Plans on foot to go into St. Louis for Veiled Prophet's parade. Plans  
"materializeth" not.  
October 2. St. Louis—President Roosevelt. Rain!!!  
October 3. The day after.  
October 4. Old girls entertain new girls at Mother Goose dance.  
October 5. Foot-ball!! Smith vs. S. C. M. C.  
October 6. Fried chicken and ice-cream.  
October 7. Ruth C. has two teeth extracted.  
October 8. Change of tables.  
October 9. Girls, go down and get some hot water from Tilly. This is hair washing day.  
October 10. Leake and bright future in the way of S. C. M. C. pennants.  
October 11. Cadets serenade.  
October 12. Longest sermon ever! Cat-naps.  
October 13. Sad news. Mr. Hopkins to go to Porto Rico.  
October 14. Good news. Dr. Horn to succeed Mr. Hopkins.

- October 15. And the next day it rained.
- October 16. Junior Specials organize.
- October 17. Senior farce. "Two Ghosts in White."
- October 18. Another foot-ball game. A sprained "ankled" hero.
- October 19. Sermons and squelches.
- October 20. Crimson and gray colors exchange ownership.
- October 21. Junior Specials turn detective.
- October 22. Grand row over Junior Special colors concealed under necktie.
- October 23. "Nichts didding".
- October 24. Mr. Goode and his "good" impression.
- October 25. Rain and sorrows drowned in fudge.
- October 26. Quiet "Quiet Hour"?
- October 27. Invitations for Gamma dance.
- October 28. Lillian H. and Ethel S. undertake to make a little fudge after light bell. Alcohol being out decide to use benzine. Miss Irvin sees bright light and turns in fire alarm. General confusion.
- October 29. Farewell, sweet chafing-dish.
- October 30. Face cream and curl papers.
- October 31. Gamma dance on Halloween. Big doings.
- November 1. First number of Lecture Course. Mr. Gillilan, a humorous humorist.
- November 2. Crowd of L. C. girls go into city to see Ethel Barrymore in "Her Sister".
- November 3. Numerous understudies of Ethel Barrymore.
- November 4. Too much "Busy Bee".
- November 5. Indian summer weather.
- November 6. Picnic in woods and furious little school master. Marg. succeeds in spraining her knee.
- November 7. Goldie and Laura get squelched.



- November 8. Impossible! Dale is ill.  
November 9. Lenora plays "Dreaming".  
November 10. How many remember the Golden Text?  
November 11. Nelle G. forgets Miss Irvin's milk bucket.  
November 12. Hot roll season. 600 devoured.  
November 13. Great consternation. Mary B's Princeton letter delayed a day.  
November 14. Rejoice and be exceeding glad. The letter has arrived.  
November 15. Second number of Lecture Course. Mrs. Beecher, reader.  
November 16. Uneventful Sunday.  
November 17. Rain and prisoners at Lindenwood.  
November 18. Wash day.  
November 19. Eta-Beta-Pi, the new spanority.  
November 20. Four spluges spluged.  
November 21. Will's chocolates make happy hearts.  
November 22. Juniors entertain Seniors at party, "Costume of Nations."  
November 23. The Pi's feast on Pie.  
November 24. Marvel's room rifled by kind(?) friends.  
November 25. Edna takes first lesson in giggling.  
November 26. Dr. Horn takes Political Economy class to American Car works.  
November 27. Thanksgiving recess. Mackie feast—Joy!!!  
November 28. Thanksgiving Day. Big table and big dinner. Foot-ball game in afternoon.  
November 29. Numerous parties scout the country.  
November 30. Crowd go into city to see Maude Adams in "Peter Pan".  
December 1. Jane F., Ruth S. and Jean S. run off for a nice long walk.  
December 2. Episcopal girls attend Church bazaar.  
December 3. Who has a crush? Why, M. B. and M. H.!!!!  
December 4. Working hard.  
December 5. Senior dinner.

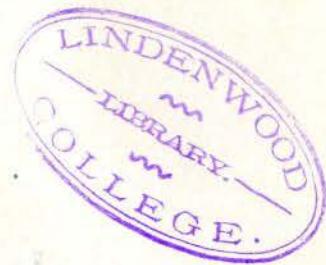
- December 6. Beulah is afflicted.
- December 7. Far-sighted Christmas shoppers visit city.
- December 8. Query. Who'll be sitting in the parlor with me two weeks from to-day? Answer.  
Why, home folks, of course.
- December 9. Voices from water-tower. Girls crane necks.
- December 10. Everyone just "knocking" around.
- December 11. Faculty and Students' Reception.
- December 12. Home-talk No. 2.
- December 13. Preparations for Senior Bazaar.
- December 14. Senior Bazaar!!! Rush from 7 A.M. to 11 P.M.
- December 15. Sunday. Sleeping and snores.
- December 16. Seniors armed with brooms and hatchets make a raid on the Gym.
- December 17. Pi's initiate spludges.
- December 18. Grand flourish. The Betts attempt to leave.
- December 19. Holidays begin. Great rejoicing.
- December 20. Jessie H. and Mary V. leave in the wee small hours.  
Christmas Holidays.  
Barn-yard????
- January 6. Twelve return to the grind.
- January 7. Senior class pins in evidence; also homesickness.
- January 8. Tears more evident.
- January 9. Junior Special pins blossom.
- January 10. Heard from 2nd floor: "Will Clara Pelinski please be quiet?"
- January 11. Brooms and dust-pans.
- January 12. Services in Chapel, conducted by Dr. Ayres. Jessie plays violin solo in Y. W. C.  
A. accompanied by tears.
- January 13. Miss Booth cracks a joke in Logic class (somebody laughs).
- January 14. "Annual stunts."
- January 15. Fifteen girls succumbed to La Grippe.







- February 12. Open meeting of Phi Delta Sigma Literary Society.
- February 13. Misses Twiford, Burnett, and Llewellyn chaperone girls into St. Louis for Grand Opera—"Lohengrin".
- February 14. Students' public recital.
- February 15. Rising, warning and breakfast bells availeth nothing. Girls all asleep.
- February 16. Mary Rice gets usual Sunday "Special".
- February 17. For lo! in the stilly night the ghosts did walk, with anything but death-like steps—for about five minutes—then stole noisily back into their closets and shut the doors, save seven bold and naughty ghosts, who went up into the attic and sat on the rafters until 3:00 A.M.
- February 18. Corn-bread for lunch.
- February 19. Louise Cain departs 'mid Gamma tears.
- February 20. Jessie H. represents Senior class at Gym.
- February 21. Alma and Carrie sing "Hims." Mrs. Donnelly washes her waist in gasoline after light bell.
- February 22. Marvel and Miss Lally attend dance at "Western."
- February 23. Cadets in evidence around point.
- February 24. Mary Statler's lame foot serves as excuse for cutting walk.
- February 25. Ada and Jeanette go to town.
- February 27. Minnie S. talks for two hours!
- February 28. City electric plant conveniently shuts down.
- February 29. Weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth. Opportunity to propose and no one to propose to.
- March 1. First of month and bills to pay.
- March 2. This was Saturday.
- March 3. Cornstarch pudding for dinner.
- March 4. Blanche D. writes a poem.
- March 5. Helen back at Lindenwood.





- March 6. Miss Irvin takes Physics class to water-works.
- March 7. Girls take outing. Whence and whither cometh the new switch?
- March 8. Snow-storm—services in Chapel—Ruth Barr sings in Chapel.
- March 9. Clover-leaf invitations sent out by Jr. S. to Juniors for St. Patrick dance.
- March 10. Guilda reigns supreme as hostess of Senior table.
- March 11. Joe Nicks goes walking!
- March 12. Something radically wrong! May Parsons up and out-doors before warning bell.
- March 13. Friday, the thirteenth. Jr. S. and Sr. S. fight. Mass meeting afterwards. Rising, Romaine says that *that owl belongs to her.*
- March 14. The day before Sunday.
- March 15. Miss Llewellyn has company.
- March 16. Sen. Sp., Junior, and Jr. S. class pictures taken for Annual. Mass meeting after vespers. Captain Whitley reviews and drills Senior troops on campus. Classes vie with each other in yells.
- March 17. St. Patrick's day in the morning. Board of Editors, Phi Delta Sigma and Y. W. C. A. Board have pictures taken for the Annual. Jr. S. entertain Juniors with St. Patrick dance in Gym.
- March 18. Senior feast, when and where? Seniors at Mrs. Heron's table attempt to illustrate their appearance after having taken their Ph.D. degrees.
- March 19. Junior colors float over new building. Junior pennant burnt in effigy. Great row! Two unwilling carpenters held captive by girls. Dr. Ayres to the rescue! No more colors on new building.
- March 20. Lindell Ave. Methodist Church choir give concert. Mrs. Donnelly attempts to climb tree and take down Senior colors during lunch. Signal blown, causing general stampede. Mrs. Donnelly forced to come down without colors.
- March 21. Mock base-ball game. Senior feast.
- March 22. Sunday will be Sunday.
- March 23. Guilda and Mary V. do acrobatic stunt in hall. Carpenter needed.



- |       |     |  |
|-------|-----|--|
| March | 24. | Miss Burnett takes sun-bath. Bob awakens her with a kiss.  |
| March | 25. | Mr. French, ventriloquist, entertains Lindenwood girls. Instantaneous heater explodes. School heaves a simultaneous groan. |
| March | 26. | Spring vacation begins. Pelinski departs with much pomp and ceremony.  |
| March | 27. | Annual goes to press.  |
| April | 24. | Senior play—"Pygmalion and Galatea".   |
| May   | 2.  | Y. W. C. A. Operetta.  |
| May   | 15. | Graduating recital given by Miss Reese, piano, and Miss Steele, expression.  |
| May   | 22. | Graduating recital given by Miss Hanna, piano, and Miss Hanon, violin.   |
| May   | 29. | Annual Concert.  |
| May   | 30. | Art Reception.   |
| May   | 31. | Baccalaureate Sermon.  |
| June  | 1.  | Class Day.   |
| June  | 2.  | Commencement.  |

## An Incident

THE night was wild and windy, the broken windows rattled violently, the old door swung creakingly on its rusty hinges and the biting sleet and icy blasts of wind whistled mournfully down the rickety stairway from the dark tower above. All was utter darkness, save where here and there a mysterious piece of machinery stood out dimly in the faint light which came through the trap-door in the center.

The little group of miserable outcasts huddled closely together, their trembling hands clasping each others' convulsively at each sound. Hours passed in absolute silence, then far below came the sound of a few blood-curdling, agonizing shrieks. The voices became more numerous and more distinct to the straining ears of the little group. Gradually the sound grew and swelled, until it seemed to shake the very heavens; bells rang, whistles blew and children screamed as the mad mob surged on. Then just as suddenly there was silence again. The outcasts drew breaths of relief; when, hark! What was that? It was the heavy tread of the executioner as he came slowly and deliberately up the creaking steps into the tower. The huge door swung open, the inky darkness was pierced by the torch in his hand, as the executioner, draped in black from head to foot, stepped into the dungeon. Fixing his eyes on the crouching figures, he—

Well, all that is necessary to say is that the next day the names of six girls were read in Chapel for being in the cupola after a "barn-yard".

JANE S. FOUTE, '08.





# Advertisements

Locals and Exchanges



## Locals

Sis Horn (in Political Economy): "You have to have a compensation from the Pope to be married by a Protestant preacher."

Edna Hanna (in Hebrew Poetry): "What was that word, Dr. Ayres?"

Dr. Ayres: "Wisdom, you spell it with a 'w'."

Helen Myers: "I think it was very observed for Miss Irvin to throw sticks at the boys."

Miss Burnett (giving a music lesson): "Aimee, when you are going to play the F sharp scale, on what note do you begin?"

Aimee: "On G."

Nell G.: "What is a 'phony ring'?"

Mary B.: "Lil's diamond."

Hazel Graham (on March 1st): "Ray wrote me from El Paso that she had been wearing her white linen suit for two weeks."

Edna H.: "My! isn't it dirty by now?"

Nell G. (looking at Jessie's pictures): "She looks so squelchy in her pictures."

Gilda: "No, she'd look pleased if she thought she was squelching anybody."

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Our constant aim is to make this Grocery a better one, a more desirable source of supply, an efficient aid to the economical house wife.

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Phones: KINLOCH 200—BELL 152

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Sole agents for Chase & Sanborn Coffees and Teas, and Morrell's "Iowa's Pride" Meats.



Mrs. C.: "Genevieve, define perimeter and give a sentence using the word."

Genevieve: "Boundary of a figure. Example, Her perimeter was beautiful and stylish."

Hazel (waxing poetic): "And the golden sky in the west was lavender."

Alice K. (in Bible class): "Dr. Ely, may I get a drink?"

Dr. Ely: "The bell will ring in a few minutes, you can wait."

Alice K.: "Dr. Ely if you won't let me get a drink, I will die."

Dr. Ely: "Well, if you die, we will bury you."

Annette D.: "Miss Hamm, I have the prettiest piece I want you to teach me to recite."

Miss Hamm: "Is it a reading?"

Annette: "No, it is a recitation."

Miss Burnett (giving a music lesson): "What is the definition of crescendo?"

Nell R.: "Slow down, not so fast."

Mrs. C.: "Martha, what is the cube of seven?"

Martha (quickly): "Fourteen, no, no, I mean twenty-eight!"

Jessie (discussing searching of rooms by opposing class): "Well! if anyone attempts to search my violin case, I am afraid she will find me very undignified."

GARLAND'S *Broadway, near Locust* GARLAND'S  
*SAINT LOUIS*

## March, 1908---Tenth Anniversary

---

Of our establishing in Saint Louis, the "Garland Garment" Emporium, we look backward with pride to our one floor in a large building which amply accommodated the business for many months, but the

### "Garland Method"

of conducting business then put into practice and today strictly adhered to quickly forced us to add floor after floor until the entire building, five floors and basement, was in use. This satisfied us for a time, but continued increasing trade compelled the construction of a building equal in size to that occupied, and today twelve large floors, including basement, are necessary to do our business conducted ten years ago in one. This wonderful growth could only be the result of public confidence acquired by strict adherence to the "Garland Method" of handling only high-class garments, up to the latest requirement of fashion. No misrepresentation tolerated by salespeople, and satisfaction guaranteed in every transaction. The various departments—SUITS, SKIRTS, WAISTS and JACKETS—are at all times fully stocked with Special conceptions of Parisian newest styles modified and made to conform to the acknowledged tastes of our refined dressers. Our womens' tailors have accomplished wonders—helpful for Spring decisions.

*Garland's*  
*Broadway, near Locust*



Miss Burnett (giving a music lesson): "What is a line over two notes?"

Ethel A.: "It is connected discatta."

Hazel G.: "In El Paso the alkali is so abundant that I can't wear a red dress, but it turns blue."

Teddy B.: "Well,-er-ahem-hydrochloric acid is found in the stomach where it aids indigestion."

Ethel S.: "Why, Miss Irvin, we put benzine and oh,—let me see—I forget."

Lilian H. (unconcerned): "Why, it was alcohol, don't you remember?"

Adele Weber: "What is psychology about? Cyclones?"

Nell G. (languidly): "Love is like the measles, it is liable to break out most any time." Query: "Who has the measles?"

Louise F. (at Choral Symphony): "Oh, doesn't it seem nice to see a man in a dress-suit-case again?"

Jessie (discussing Choral Symphony): "May, what number did you like best?"

May: "I liked the 'shirt-show'." (Scherzo.)

Florence (reading in Spanish): "The bed makes itself every morning." (All Lindenwood girls are in favor of adopting Spanish customs.)

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ST. LOUIS



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Carrie Calhoun (discussing an incident in French Class): "Well, I didn't blame Miss Hanon at all. I think Miss MacCullough hasn't enough respect for Miss Hanon, anyway."

BOARDING SCHOOL GEOMETRY.

(However, Lindenwood is an exception.)

I. All boarding schools are the same boarding school.

II. The matron of a boarding school is a parallelogram: a figure which cannot be described but is equal to anything.

PROPOSITIONS.

I. The matron may be reduced to least punishment by a series of propositions.

II. A bee-line may be made from one room to another (by a series of cunning maneuvers, after light bell).

Helen: "Carrie, why don't you wear your pink dress to-night?"

Carrie: "Because it doesn't harmonize with his hair."

Louise F.: "I have my essay all planned out, but I just can't get it together."

Jane F.: "Use chewing-gum."

Lilian H. (reading from newspaper): "Here is a girl 13 years old—the most beautiful girl in St. Louis."

Louise F. (very earnestly): "Well, you know, I wasn't there."



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know it's right



Miss Burnett (giving a music lesson): "If two-eighths make one-quarter, what is one-half of one quarter?"

Helen S.: "Twelve and one-half."

Miss Booth (in psychology): "Degrees of hearing differ in different people. Some people have extremely acute hearing."

Howard F.: "Yes, Mrs. Heron has her auditory nerve developed to a high extent."

Louise Betts (looking at the picture of a "Fisher Girl"): "Last winter I had the most beautiful face, very much like that picture."

Mary Statler: "Well, for heaven's sake, Louise, why did you ever change it?"

Query from the greater part of the Faculty after last Lyceum number: "Was the baritone married?"

Mary C. (trying to get an excuse from walking for Pearl): "Mrs. Ayres, Pearl wants to be sick, she's in bed."

Miss Twiford (looking through the dictionary): "What is the meaning of cotton? Oh, it is something soft and fluffy." For reference ask Lenore.

Mrs. C.: "Pearl, what is the use of Latin?"

Pearl: "Latin is used mostly to enlarge your vocabulary and your mind."



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57 VARIETIES **HEINZ** VARIETIES 57



Miss Martin (in Domestic Science): "Don't get that too near your nose, it is red pepper."

Pearl: "Oh, yes; that's canine, isn't it?"

Was the change in Lot's wife chemical or physical?

Dr. Ayres (in Chapel): "Young ladies, do not go out doors without your shoes on—don't go out half-shod."

"Why did Pig and Pearl get up at 3:30 A.M.?"

"Sh-h-h. Look at the gym bell."

Romayne: "Positively my neck will get as long as a kangaroo's, trying to maintain this Senior dignity."

Dr. Ely (to Miss Horn in Ethics Class): "Does law create rights?"

Miss Horn: "No, sir; it makes rights."

Mr. Quarles: "Jane, do you smuggle much candy in?"

Jane: "No, indeed, the protective tariff is too high."

Mr. Q.: "What is it?"

Jane: "Oh, study hall for some, loss of privileges for Seniors."

Mr. Q.: "So study hall is the duty of some and the custom of others, is it?"

Teacher: "Compare 'cold'."

Pupil: "Positive, cold; comparative cough; superlative coffin."

"Does your little brother know how to talk, Abner?"

"Yeth. He knowths how. We all thowed him, but he can't do it yet."

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Charles E. Meyer Pharmacy  
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Hazel K.: "Mrs. Ayres, I saw a man on the prettiest black horse to-day, and it had one white foot."

Mrs. Ayres: "Which, the man or the horse."

    Guilda had a little chum,  
    With whom she used to play,  
    Who followed her to Lindenwood,  
    Which made Guil smile all day.

    They liked each other very well,  
    As such chums always do,  
    And everywhere that Guilda went,  
    Minnie went there too.

Extracts from one of Mrs. Heron's "Home-talks":

"Do not talk with your mouth open."

"Do not break crackers into your bread."

"Wherein do Lindenwood girls resemble the Ancient Gods?"

"They have ambrosia to eat."

Mrs. Crandall: "What is the square of four?"

Marvel (raising her hand high, answered quickly):  
"Eight."

Young wife (at home): "Hello, dearest."

Young husband (at office): "Hello! who is it?"

"Pat," said a young wife, "I wish you wouldn't put your knife in your mouth when you eat."

"An' where wud yez hev me put it, in me eye?" returned Pat in astonishment.

Mrs. C.: "Edith, what is gnarled?"

Edith: "Rough. Example, Her hair was so gnarled she couldn't do anything with it."

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Scene: In front of the Prosser house.

Time: 3:30 on a fall afternoon.

Ruth Barr, Helen Babcock and Ruth Spaulding are walking toward the avenue.

A man, riding a beautiful horse is seen in the distance, coming rapidly toward them.

Ruth B.: "Oh, how I wish I had a horse like that right now."

Helen B.: "Wonder who the man is?"

Man and horse fly by.

Ruth S.: "He looks good to me."

Ruth B.: "He is awfully good-looking in the face."

Helen B.: "Oh, he looks just like a cow-catcher."

Hazel K. (in English Literature): "Shakespeare had to leave Stratford and went to New York."

Ruth B. (at table): "Please pass Santa Claus."

Golda H.: "What is Santa Claus?"

Ruth B.: "Why, it's the catsup bottle."

Golda H.: "Oh, I was not acquainted with your terms of designation."

Miss Irvin (to Margaret Hogg): "By long association you have become a hog."

Margaret H.: "Yes, Miss Irvin, and by long association you have become awfully 'Green'."

"That man is so honest he wouldn't steal a pin," said the admiring friend.

"I never thought much of a pin test," answered Miss Cayenne. "Try him with an umbrella!"

Seniors and Juniors :: Go to

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Hot Chocolate  
Ice Cream



Dairy Lunches  
:: Candies

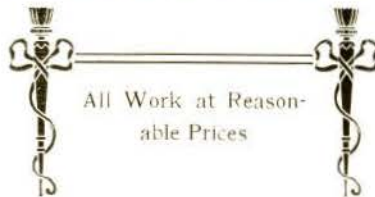
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Ethel S.: "What are the three exquisites of production?"

Teacher (in Spanish): "Why did you use the temporary word 'esta' in this sentence, 'My room is now very clean,' instead of the permanent word 'es'?"

Pupil: "Because it won't stay clean long."

"Miss Knapp, how many boy cousins (?) have you? There is such a family resemblance between you and those who have visited you on Sunday."

Dr. Horn (in Sociology): "What is the sustaining power of Hot Springs, Miss Horne?"

Miss H. (a native of Hot Springs): "Hot water."

Miss G. (in an undertone): "Also hot air."

Dr. Horn (in Sociology): "A town of 2,500 not incorporated? It must be in the country."

Nell G.: "Oh, no; it is in Missouri."

Room—?

The Bee Hive.

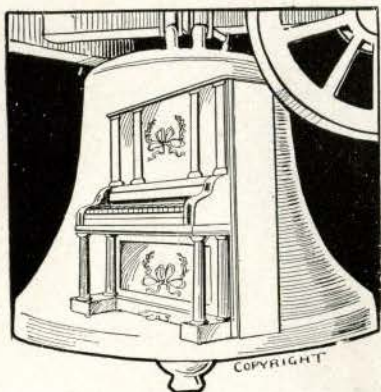
—? Queen Bee and Chief Stinger.

—? Drone.

Visiting philanthropist: "Good morning, madam. I am collecting for the Drunkards' Home."

Mrs. McGuire: "Shure, I'm glad of it sor, if yez come around to-night yez can take me husband."

A certain young man of great gumption  
'Mongst cannibals had the presumption  
To go,—but alack!  
He never came back;  
They say 'twas a case of consumption.



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are the notes of our Pianos, and this remark is true of every tone. From the lowest bass to the highest treble key— That singing quality made possible by the purity of every note in the scale, is the chief charm of piano performances, and the most con-

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### Bread, Cakes and Pastry

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923 North Second Street, Saint Charles, Mo



Howard F.: "Well, Miss Hanon, you can take a Ph.D. degree, but I'd rather take a B.H.B."

Sprague (12 year old mascot of S. C. M. C. to Annette): "I was going to Harvard this year, but spoke too late for a room."

Billy Stimson strained her voice, singing through a sieve.

Why does Miss MacCullough like the "Man on the Box"?

Ruth: "Who was Lady Jane Grey?"

Bright Senior: "An Englishman, wasn't she?"

Lil Urban: "Do you know I had the best chew of gum for over a week and I lost it—can't find it anywhere."

Who?

She wants a man, she does.

Just a man, any man,

Even a bus-man.

Mrs. Crandall (in English Literature Class):  
"Golda, when was Shakespeare born?"

Golda: "In 1905."

Nell: "I can't find that 'dope' for my tooth."

Jessie: "Am I to understand from your description of dope that it is something of a liquid nature?"

"But surely you're the man to whom I gave some pie a fortnight ago?"

"Yes, liddy. I thought perhaps you'd like to know that I'm able to get about agin."

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Elizabeth R. (looking over her laundry): "Well, I tell you, I'm tired of always having my clothes come back missing."

Elizabeth and Helen R. (studying Cicero): "He has gone, he has departed, he has escaped, he has broken away."

Carrie Collins (interrupting): "Well, why don't you say he has fled, and be done with it?"

HEARD AT SENIOR TABLE.

Fergie: "I always have the butter sitting by me."

Jane: "Have you had an introduction to it?"

Edna: "Goodness, she has gotten a knock-down."

Eleanor Von Phul: "But really, don't you think Romeo and Juliet is a very old play, now?"

Miss Llewellyn (with wide-eyed curiosity): "Mrs. Heron, does spaghetti grow on trees?"

Dr. Ayres (in Hebrew Poetry Class): "Miss Green, it is your turn to read."

Nell Green (starting from deep slumber, reads) "Hold your peace, let me alone," etc.

Dr. Ayres (in Chapel): "Miss Becker has lost her comforter and you will confer a great favor upon her by returning same to her."

General laughter and Miss Becker weakly asserts that it is her muffler that has been lost.

Mistress (angrily): "See, Bridget, I can write my name in the dust on the mantelpiece."

Bridget (admiringly): "There's nothin' like eddication, after all, is there, mum?"

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Ass't Cashier



Wanted—Someone who will produce the diamond from the bottom of her trunk.

Wanted—Another piece of bread.—Billy Stimson.

Wanted—To know what is going on.—Mary Rice.

Wanted—To learn how to wash dishes.—Miss Llewellyn.

Wanted—Something to eat.—Alice Ripley.

Wanted—A can-opener.—Edna Hanna.

Wanted—A breath of fresh air at any time of day.—Mary Vance.

Helen Myers (in M. & M. History Class): “Yes, the king killed the people mercilessly.”

Bright Pupil (translating in Spanish): “The man gathered hay with a hair-pin.”

Ruth S. (anxiously): “Mr. Redden, can you hear my type-writer tick in the picture?”

Miss McCullough (in first French): “Anything you want to know about French verbs you will find in your appendix.”

Hazel K. (at dinner table): “Jane, was that a bay horse out there to-day?”

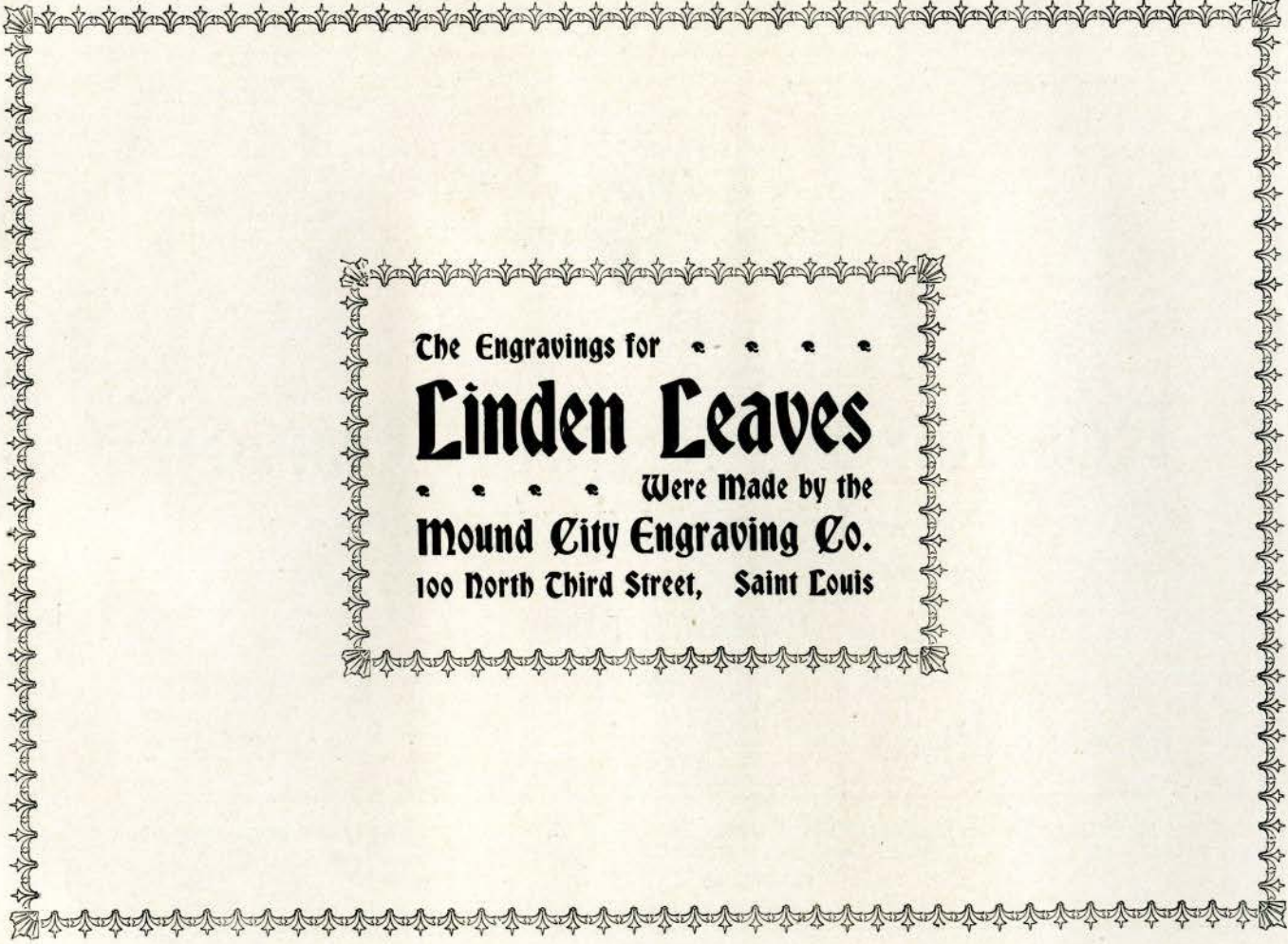
Jane: “Why, I don’t know whether it was bay or not, it was black.”

Mrs. Crandall (in English Literature Class): “Can anyone give quotations from Pope’s Essay On Man?”

Mrs. Donnelly (promptly): “Oh, yes.”

Mrs. C.: “Please give some Mrs. Donnelly.”

Mrs. D. (hesitatingly): “Why-er-why, I can’t give any—I meant that they *could* be given.”



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