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LINDEN
LEAVES

Nineteen Hundred and Seven

VOLUME I

LINDEN LEAVES

Carric Collins

Published by the Junior Class of
Lindenwood College

St. Charles, Missouri

To Mary Easton Sibley's

Memory

In loving recognition of her gift and services

In founding and fostering this school,

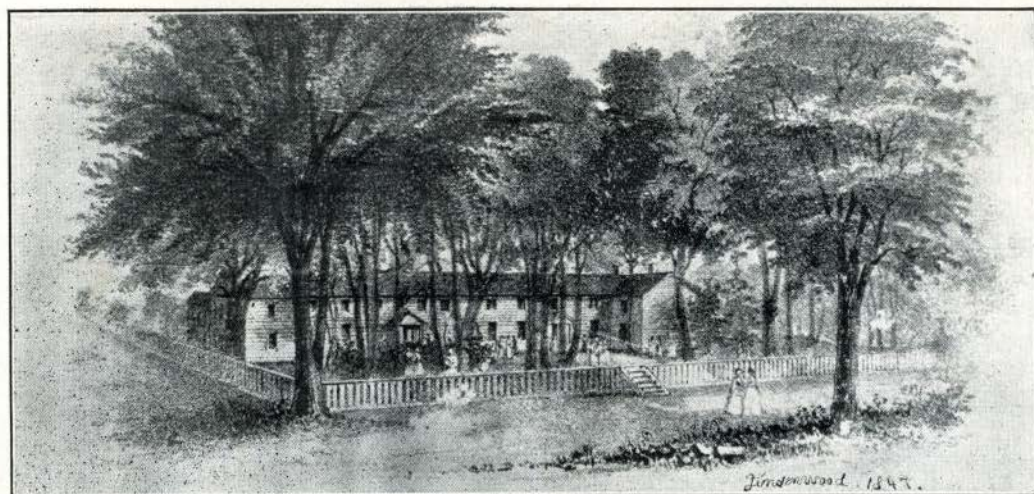
And impressing upon it her high ideals:—

This volume of the Linden Leaves of

Lindenwood College

Is affectionately dedicated,

By the Junior Class of Nineteen hundred and eight



LINDENWOOD IN 1847



Courtesy of R. GOEBEL

LINDENWOOD HALL

85833

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History of Lindenwood College



THE close of the eighteenth century, and dawn of the nineteenth, was marked by the great Western exodus in American history. Dauntless pioneers crossed the Father of Waters to build homes for their families, and hew fortunes for themselves in the fertile wilderness. Among the heralds of the westward advance of civilization, came the surveyors. At the head of one of these surveying expeditions was Major George C. Sibley, of the United States regular army, a skilled engineer who had been appointed in 1827 by President Adams, to survey a road from the Missouri River to Santa Fe, New Mexico. While in persuance of his arduous duty, he, like other ambitious men, felt the charm of the virgin forests, and his heart heard the call of the great West. In response, he decided to establish his home on the banks of the Big Muddy, in the quaint old French town of St. Charles, which had been established as a military post, under the French, in the latter part of the eighteenth century. With the eye of an artist, Major Sibley selected the most beautiful spot in the surrounding country. About a mile from the river, north of the village, on an eminence, crowned with linden trees, surrounded by one hundred and twenty acres of rich soil, he erected a log cabin. To this humble home he brought his young and accomplished wife.

Mrs. Sibley was typical of her time—that period which was marked by the most brilliant women America has produced. Prior to settling in the new country, Mrs. Sibley had been fascinated by the intellectual diversions of the day—a trend of thought which bore the impress of the French era of Free Thought. Brilliancy, rather than depth, and lightness, rather than seriousness, were the most marked traits of this school. But Mrs. Sibley's insight into life was too keen not to realize the shallowness of

such a life. Out of this stage of frivolity she brought one lasting impression. This was the firm belief that woman possesses a mission in the world, and has the same right to be prepared for it, that her brother has. This belief was the foundation of her dream to better the condition of the women in the new country, which was to be her home.

It was shortly after this, that she and Major Sibley built their St. Charles home, and it is not surprising, in the light of Mrs. Sibley's character, that hardly were they settled in their new home, before she had persuaded her husband—who was ever ready to aid her in any good cause—to open their home, as a school, to the young girls of the region. With characteristic modesty, Mr. and Mrs. Sibley chose to name their school "Lindenwood Female Seminary," from the most striking feature of its location, rather than for themselves.

Owing to dangers of a wild country, and the treachery of the red men, news traveled slowly in those days, but by the fall of 1831, about thirty girls had gathered at Mrs. Sibley's home, coming, according to her diary, by stage, boat, and on horseback. Thus, amid dangers and discouragements, while yet the terrible war-cry of the dread Black Hawk was heard in the land, the first Protestant girls' seminary was planted beyond the Mississippi. This determination to face all trials to gain their end, braving the dangers of the wilderness, and great inconveniences of travel, speaks eloquently and pathetically for the eagerness of those frontier girls to acquire the rudiments of an education.

The first building stood on what is now called "The Point," overlooking the little village. What strange stories the old linden on "The Point" might tell, if our ears were but trained to interpret its whispered confidences. As one walks under the majestic trees that still grace the campus, it is not hard to picture that first school; the rude, but homely house, the inadequate equipments, the scarcity of books; but all outweighed by the healthy, eager faces of the girls, keen to make the best of this

heaven-sent opportunity.

A quarter of a century later the Sibleys realized that their lives were drawing to a close, and that the work, begun on so small a scale, had grown beyond their limitations. They then turned over the school, together with all their estate, to the Presbytery of St. Louis, upon condition that the standard which they had established should be maintained—in brief, to endow a college wherein women could receive the same advantages as their more favored brothers. But inside of three years, the Presbytery awoke to the fact that it had assumed too great a responsibility, and, in turn, made over the entire property to the Synod of Missouri under which wise supervision the school has existed to this day. The Synod sensibly decided to continue the school under its historic name of Lindenwood.

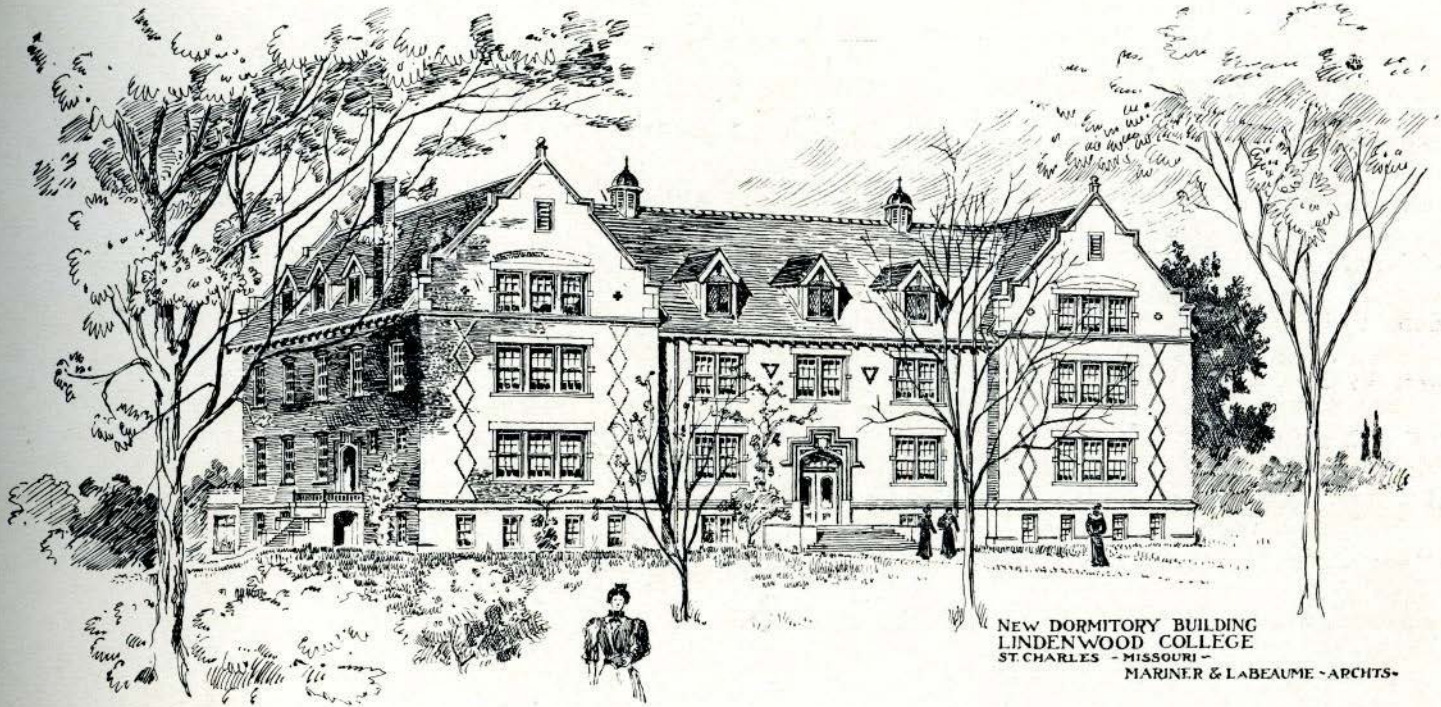
The enterprise flourished until the Civil war, when it suffered a brief period of depression, but with the close of hostilities, it continued to grow. At the time of its transfer to the Presbytery of St. Louis, the old log cabin was condemned, and the central part of the present building was erected.

In inspecting the building, this seems well nigh incredible, for not only is it strong and safe, but the general plan follows fairly well the lines of modern school architecture. There were no further changes in the building until 1881, when a wing was added, and six years later a corresponding one was built on the other side. In recent years, slight improvements have been made, such as a system of electric lights being installed, new laundry, power house, and practice hall built. To the year 1907, however, falls the honor of seeing the greatest stride in Lindenwood's history. It is to witness the erection of a thoroughly modern combination dormitory and school building, to be constructed at an expense of \$40,000.

The year 1906 will also be a "red letter" year in the annals of Lindenwood, as it marked the seventy-fifth anniversary of

her existence. On October twenty-fifth, 1906, the Diamond Jubilee of the college was celebrated, with fitting ceremonies, in the Jefferson Street Presbyterian Church, and the college chapel. The Synod of Missouri, at the time, was in session in St. Louis, but adjourned to St. Charles for that memorable day. The morning, evening, and half the afternoon were devoted to appropriate speeches, letters and telegrams of congratulations, interspersed with music and the reports of the various committees. The remainder of the afternoon was given over to athletic contests.

To-day Lindenwood is standing the cross-roads, one leading to a great college, such as Smith, Vassar, or Wellesly, and the other,—the fate of being classed merely as a girls seminary. True to its Presbyterian origin and backing, the policy of Lindenwood is and ever will be conservative. She will not grow by taking big risks, but slowly and carefully, until some day Mrs. Sibley's dream may be realized. Her spirit, living in the old lindens so dear to the heart of every Lindenwood girl, may yet see the school she founded and nourished, amid sacrifices and toils, become a centre where the girls of this great West may acquire, not only that broader mental training, which will prepare them, thoroughly equipped, to meet the world, but the greater training,—the broadening of heart and soul, rounding each young character into that of the truest, noblest type of womanhood. Such was the dream of Mrs. Sibley, and such is the dream and hope of all today who hold in loving reverence, her memory, and whose hearts throb with love and loyalty to our Alma Mater.—Lindenwood.



NEW DORMITORY BUILDING
LINDENWOOD COLLEGE
ST. CHARLES - MISSOURI -
MARINER & LABEAUME - ARCHTS.

Faculty Roll

Most Patient? *Mr. M.*

Tear Producer? *Mr. G.*

Brightest?

Most Inquisitive? *Miss Bennett*

Most Particular about Promptness? *Dr. Ayres*

Stiffest Marker? *Miss Bach*

Most Affectionate? *Miss G.*

Faculty Pet? *Mr. G.*



Never Sleeps? *Miss W.*

Easiest to Jolly? *Mr.*

Most Popular?

Faculty Genius? *Miss C.*

Girl's Best Friend? *Miss G.*

Unexpected Examiner?

Busiest? *Mr. K.*

Best Looking?

Pass Words: "I don't know," and "Ask Dr. Ayres!"

("A word to the wise is sufficient!")



Strauss Photo

GEORGE FREDERIC AYRES, Ph. D., President



JAMES T. QUARLES
Director of Department of Fine Arts



ROBERT W. ELY, M. A.
Professor of Bible



LAURA J. HERON
Lady Principal



THOMAS F. MARSHALL, B. A.
Dean of Literary Department



MRS. GEORGE FREDERIC AYRES
Primary Piano



ALICE LINNEMAN
Art and English History



HELEN MACDONALD BURK, B. A.
Modern Languages



GRACE E. IRVIN, B. S.
Science and Higher Mathematics



MAUD M. WHIPPLE
Elocution and Physical Training



HAIDEE TWIFORD

Voice Culture



MALEN BURNETT

Advanced Piano

Redden Photo



BERTHA E. BOOTH, M. A.

Latin and Philosophy



LOUISE CRANDALL
Algebra, Rhetoric, and
Grammar School Studies



MRS. TULA KIRBY
House Mother



ELBERTA LEWELLYN, Ph. D.
Intermediate Piano

Redden Photo

A Lindenwood Faculty Meeting



IGHT o'clock! Time for faculty meeting! The old hall clock could scarcely have moved its hands a quarter of a minute, when Mrs. Crandall and Miss Booth, each armed with a pretentious looking note book and several well sharpened pencils, entered the old Science room and sat down in front seats. Ten minutes later the gentle squeeking of new shoes announced Miss Irvin's arrival, followed by Dr. Ayres and Mr. Quarles, with the latter's arm thrown protectingly around Doctor's shoulders. So one by one, and group by group, they gradually filed in and in less than forty-five minutes even Miss Burnett and Miss Llewellyn had squeezed into back seats and all sat waiting in breathless expectancy for the last of the beloved meetings to begin.

With majestic dignity Dr. Ayres rose and, running his fingers through his glossy locks, said: "Ladies and gentlemen, we have assembled here this evening to discuss a grave and noble subject, and it affords me great pleasure to introduce to you our own dear Sister Irvin, who has prepared for our benefit a paper on this subject. Miss Irvin, come forward!"

Miss Irvin picked her way daintily to the front, bowing and smiling on all sides and after the applause had died down, began: "The topic of my paper is 'Suggestions for Improvements in Girl's Schools.' (Applaus) This weighty question before us has been discussed and written upon by some of the most brilliant men and women of this great intellectual age. (More applause) It is too broad for us to go deeply into, in this short time to-night, so let us limit ourselves to improvements in this, our own time-honored institution, and let us hope that these suggested improvements may be successfully applied in the new Sibley Hall; also,

when this dear shack has moldered in dust away. (Hysterical weeping, Mr. Quarles sobs audibly.) To come to the point quickly, first, let me speak of promptness. In a large congregation of young and growing girls like this, care should be exercised lest they work too hard—girls of this age are prone to study too much—and they should be given plenty of time to go from class to class. Hurried movements are never graceful and Grace is such an essential quality in young people. But to return to promptness, let us be quicker in ringing the bells and never give more than fifty minutes between warning and meal bells.

Then as to table manners we are too lenient here. The young ladies should dress more for meals, or at least roll their sleeves up above their dainty elbows. In fact, to condense my statements I would suggest the following rules of table etiquette:

First. Spoon should always be left in cup after drinking.

Second. Young ladies should rest elbows on table between courses, not wrists.

Third. Young ladies should drink at least two, if possible three, cups of coffee at dinner.

Fourth. To economize space in dining room, young ladies should sit with shoulders touching.

Fifth. The spoon should always be placed in the mouth point first, with the one exception of taking ice cream. Then it should be taken on the far side of the spoon and the spoon turned around when eating. (Miss Whipple nods vigorously)

Sixth. Each girl should have an oil-cloth pocket in her skirt in which to slip butter chips.

Seventh. In passing dishes around table, the girl should incline head in same direction and gaze in other's eyes for thirty seconds.

Also, in connection with table etiquette let me suggest since the apple-butter diet has proved such a brilliant success, that Lindenwood and "57 Varieties" consolidate. This would insure an unfailing supply and Lindenwood Stew could be the 58th

Variety. (Three cheers from whole faculty.)

Oh yes, friends, there is another thing dear to my heart, and the hearts of many of the other maiden teachers—not a suggestion, but an entreaty. I beg, O Faculty and boon companions, that the girls may be taught to sing some of those old, sweet songs we sang when we were children. The music faculty especially beseech this favor. (Miss Twiford clasps hands in humble supplication.)

Perhaps another wise improvement would be the establishment of a more fully organized fire drill, by providing the young ladies and teachers with rubber boots, caps, and ulsters; erecting firemen's poles from the third floor to the ground; and drilling them in the use of the rope ladder—which, tho' there is no fire, will teach them how to elope safely. They should be encouraged to use the pole often—perhaps sliding down at meal time would be good practice. Of course, we never know when fire may break out; even the hot water might ignite the building. Still another protection might be secured by providing each room with an electric stove on which to cook between meals; also with a sufficient number of pans, plates, knives, forks spoons, pitchers, cups, glasses, and can openers, and a ventilator which will allow the odor of fudge to escape and avoid tantalizing the teacher's sensitive nostrils.

Lastly but not leastly comes the subject of cadets. Now, Faculty, ye know they are to us even as strangers, on account of the cold indifference of the girls and the overwhelming timidity of the boys. Their acquaintance-ship should be studiously cultivated, as a knowledge of military academies and a collection of belt buckles, cross-guns and campaign hats, is another prime factor in the higher education of young women.

I submit these suggestions to you, O Faculty, with the hope that they may be accepted and that 1908 may see the college

several strides farther towards perfection." (Retires amid cheers.)

During the reading of the paper the pencils had been going furiously and many a page of note book was filled. Even Miss Burk scribbled some notes on the margin of her precious newspaper.

Again Dr. Ayres arose. "I am sure this has been a most excellent paper, and I know I speak for myself and all the members of the faculty, when I thank Miss Irvin for her most excellent discussion of the subject. The subject is now before you and we are ready for any remarks."

"Well," drawled Miss Whipple, "I think that it would be much better if the girls wouldn't dress so carefully for their morning walks, and would walk in threes or fives, instead of so precisely. Why, one of the colonels at S. C. M. C. told me the other day that the girls have such a military bearing that the boys are actually jealous."

"And, Doctor, don't you think the girls ought to be less timid about using the library and taking the magazines to their own rooms? Somehow I can't convince them I don't care," interposed Miss Burk, over the top of her newspaper.

"I would like to add," this from Mr. Marshall, "that the idea of having Study Hall in chapel ought to be abandoned, on account of the difficulty in making fudge there with which to refresh themselves during the evening. Another thing is, the seats are too hard and they can study so much better reclining in their own rooms."

"Another thing Miss Irvin forgot to mention is that the Seniors should not be subject to any rules at all. They are no longer children and should not be treated as such," came from Mrs. Crandall.

Don't you think it would be a good idea for Miss Llewellyn and me to wear a neat little placard on our backs when we are on duty, to announce the fact? No one ever seems to know it." Miss Burnett sighed. "I suppose because we are so lenient."

"And I'm going to wear stilts, too," finished Miss Llewellyn.

"Can I suggest, also ——," began Miss Twiford, "Oh! Oh! Oh! Help! ! Murder! !"

There was an answering yell from the other twelve throats and a general scrambling upon chairs, radiators and desks, and finally a wild dash out of the door, as the little gray object scuttled across the floor.

+ + +

The door of the closet opened slowly and a very weak Junior sank into the nearest chair and gave vent to her long pent up merriment. A few minutes later she stooped, hastily picked up the offending toy mouse, and rushed after the faculty. It was too good to keep!

JENNIE S. FOUTE.

We always laugh at teachers jokes,
No matter what they be;
Not because they're funny jokes,
But because it's policy.



A Common Occurrence;---Lights Off !!

Lindenwood Hymn

By Mrs. Louise Crandall



SCHOOL of our Mothers, in days of yore,
Goal of their fond ambitions long
Within the portals of thy door,

Ideals were formed and wills made strong.

Thy honored rule was ever good,

Old Lindenwood, Old Lindenwood.



THE tumult and the shouting dies,
The Seniors year by year depart,
Still stands thy ancient edifice,

A stately and a noble pile,

With arching limbs of sacred wood,

Round Lindenwood, Old Lindenwood.



FARE called, old teachers pass away,
But new ones rise to take their place;
And all the pomp of yesterday

Goes on with but a change of face;

Few hearts but throb with kindly good,

Toward Lindenwood, Old Lindenwood.



ON GIRLS that come and girls that go,
On all that walk beneath their shade,
A heaven sent gift will thou bestow;

A graceful and a gracious maid

With brain for power and heart for good:

Old Lindenwood, Dear Lindenwood.

Amen.

(Paraphrase of Kipling's Recessional)



College Avenue—The Big Elm.

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1907

"Ad astra per aspera"

FLOWER: Brown-eyed Susan

COLORS: Gold and Brown

Y E L L S

Racky Cax! Coax! Coax!
Terry O Rex, O Rex, O Round;
Clickity Clack, Chickity Cown:
'Rah for the Seniors
GOLD AND BROWN!

Rick-a-rah, Rick-a-rah,
Rick-a-rah, Boom!
Rick-a-rah, Rick-a-rah, Boom!
Boom! Boom!
Are we it? WELL, I guess.
Seniors, Seniors, Yes! Yes! Yes!

O F F I C E R S

HONORARY MEMBER—MRS. LAURA J. HERON

PRESIDENT—AGNES KIRK

SECRETARY—LEON ROSE WAHLERT

VICE-PRESIDENT—MARY HELEN BARR

CORRESPONDING SECRETARY—MARY FERN ROLLINS

TREASURER—GEORGIA GROVES HOWARD



PANSY HARRIET BAILEY—Born at Edina. On her arrival at Lindenwood she was modest and sweet. By the advent of Genevive she was changed from this chrysalis state to a full fledged butterfly. Plays soulful music. After June 4, Chinese puzzles in Harmony will cease. Then-a-Pansa-you will be reada to marra.



CARRIE BELLE BAIRD—Born and reared in the city of our "Alma Mater". Noted for promptness at class meetings. Enthusiastic student of Grammar and Geography. Admirer of men, so long as they hail from a college or university.



ORPHA M. BALDWIN—"Why then methinks 'tis time to smile again." (Orpha's motto.) She was born on a sunny day in April. Event made Appleton City famous. Outgrew town; sent to boarding-school; finally sent to L. C. There has been "working herself to death" (to keep her middle name secret). Much talent in literary way. Fine girl, loyal Senior.



MARY HELEN BARR—Born, Hastings, Neb. Was nourished on molasses candy and honey, absorbing their sweetness. In Lindenwood the adjective which best describes her is—"sweet." Soulful eyes; curly hair; rosebud month; smouldering temper. Vice-President of the Class.

Fearless in Love; Dauntless in War;
Was there ever a girl like sweet Mary Barr?



ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL—Born in Canada, was nursed by "black mammy", whose dialect she absorbed. Was always a wonder at impersonations, particularly of the "coon" variety. In her Junior year—never was a Junior. As a Senior she has proved herself a wonderful(?) French scholar. Eats pretzels like a native German. Warbles like an Italian. Received her highest fame as the "veritable black man" in the Senior Vaudeville. "Toot! Toot! Good-by."



TONINA PLACK CARR—Born at Trenton, in 1888; sang high "C" at two months; screamed with joy at the sight of piano at six months; composed a concerto in "C" at age of ten years which was equal to any of the old masters. History of Music and Harmony are her specialties? Played Chopin at all recitals.



THEO NOBLE DODSON—Born on a rare day in June at Jerseyville, Ill. Began singing at two minutes past and is still at it. Now a dignified Senior. She is two faced, but don't mistake me, she only uses her black face on "stage" occasions; then brings down the house. Contortionist of first rank. "Noble" in basket ball. Fond of Elk pins and "Solitaires." Does not take domestic science, but hopes to be a "Cook" some day.



MILDRED KATHERINE FINCH—Born in St. Louis. When a baby, could only be lulled to sleep by Listz Rhapsodies. St. Louis offered no advantages to this prodigy—Lindenwood and Mr. Quarles came to rescue. Mastered History and Harmony in ONE week---truly. Chief characteristic---Lillian.



ZOA GUTHRIE—Born in Ozarks, freezing day in Dec., forty miles from nowhere. Spent early days sliding down the mountains, which accounts for her ninety-two pounds of bone and muscle. Promising horse woman. Prize cake walker. Charter member of Lindenwood.



GEORGIA GROVES HOWARD—Emphasis on the Groves. Born "way down South." Drew soldier boys with colored crayons at three months. Made her appearance at Lindenwood Sept. 20, 1907. Heart smasher at the last reception: principal sufferers, cadets. Chief ornaments, cross-guns and belt buckles. President of Phi Delta Sigma. Staunch Senior(?) Treasurer of class.



AGNES VICTORIA KIRK—Born at St. Louis, Mo. Cut her first tooth at three months. Was President of her class in both Junior and Senior years. Captain of Basketball team. Made so thrilling a speech on Arbor day that she brought tears to the eyes of all and cracked the heart of old Janus.



MARY FERNE ROLLINS—Born, Denver, Colorado. Christened "Ferne," should have been "Columbine." Nurtured on her native ozone. Her mother sent her to Lindenwood. Highest ambition is to be a sign painter. Coach of Basketball Team; playwright; designer.; author; corresponding secretary of Class.



JEANETTE SKINNER—Born at Mt. Vernon, Mo. Eats pickles three times a day---bad sign. Has a "House" on a "Hill." St. Charles post office has been raised to third class on account of "Jeanette's" mail. Daily edition. Senior in piano. Hard worker. Practices twenty-five hours a day, (and gets 'em in too).



MINNIE SWEENEY---Born at Deep Water, Mo. Model baby. Never cried until 1903. Made the Walkin ring, when she arrived at boarding school. Brave victory. Most popular girl in school. Dandy Senior. Plays divinely. Lost without Guilda. Burns the midnight oil.

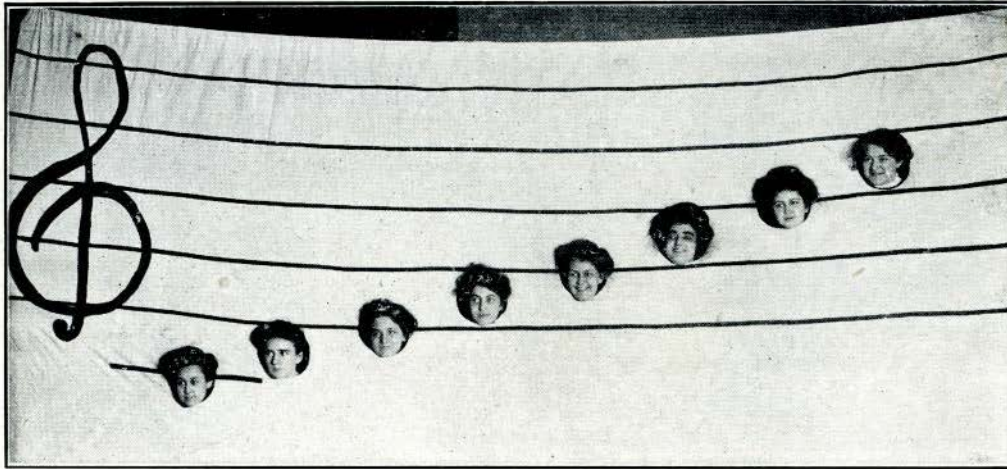


AMY JANE VIRDEN---Born in New Hampton; awoke in a rage, hair stood on end and turned red; been red ever since. Blue eyes, fair skin, perfection de lignes, amy-able disposition. Wonderful child impersonator. A star in all Lindenwood productions in 1905-'07. President of Y. W. C. A. Enormous appetite(? ? ?) Extremely popular.



LEON ROSE WAHLERT—Born in St. Louis, squalled at the top of her voice and still squalles, occasion or no occasion. At Lindenwood four years. A loyal supporter of the Gold and Brown. Prettiest dancer in school. Renowned Basket Ball player. Never cuts a class(?) Lover of music and poetry.

Senior Vaudeville



Redden Photo

THE HUMANIPHONE

On Friday night, March the first, the Seniors of 1907 presented an unique entertainment, which they styled a vaudeville. It included everything from pretty chorus girls to the latest invention in the musical world, the Humaniphone. The pretty girls, the catchy music, and the sparkling wit of "black-faces," all contributed to a delightful result.

PROGRAM -

I.

THE POPPY SISTERS
EXTRAVAGANZA COMPANY

Mildred Finch, Pianist.

II.

Miss Elsie Janis.....Amy Virden

In Four Impersonations:

- a. "San Francisco Girl."
- b. "Chicago Girl."
- c. "Boston Girl."
- d. "New York Girl."

III.

PRIMROSE & DOCKSTADER.

New Jokes. New Songs.

Archie Campbell and Theo Dodson.

IV.

DASH AVIS

Chalk Talk Artist.

Mary Rollins.

V.

PROF. QUAMES T. JARRELS

Introducing for the first time in this country his new and wonderful

musical instrument

THE HUMANIPHONE

Agnes Kirk

VI.

One Act Comedy—"BURGLARS"

Mr. Green, a brave man, Agnes Kirk

Toby, an enterprising Etheopian,

Archie Campbell

Mrs. Green.....Amy Virden

Kitty Malone, an Irish Maid

Zoe Guthrie

Retrospection



ULD lang Syne! Moments we have spent together and that are so nearly gone. Days passed in study, in recreation, in wanderings over the dear old campus and in feasting in our sanctum sanctorum. These are some of the pebbles which memory has gathered along the sea shore of our lives and stored in her treasure box. Father Time's moonlight sheds over these a soft luster, mellowing some few dark pebbles that have been as mile stones to mark the rugged places in the past. And gazing at them we seem to see them as priceless gems.

One by one we gently bring them out from our own treasure box. One, very smooth and round, marks the organization of our Junior Class, two years ago, recollecting the faces of fourteen sweet girls united by the common bond of the gold and brown. Many smaller pebbles are brought forth picturing to us the joyous incidents of that pleasant year. Another is lifted out very sadly, it marks the commencement of our Junior year. Then we all hoped to meet again as Seniors, but, when the time came for us to again assemble, the joy of first meeting was subdued by finding so many of our members missing, and although we were soon joined by new class mates, still we missed greatly our loyal Junior girls, who could not be Senior girls.

We are not allowed to linger long among our shining pebbles, so we must pass over many. One, pure and white, we gaze at long and tenderly; it is the memory of Jamie. A strong well shaped pebble brings to us thoughts of our year, full of earnest endeavor "ad astra per aspera." And now as the time for parting is drawing near, each one of the sixteen girls is saddened by the realization that she has come to the parting of the ways, and the path that she now chooses will be the highway of her future life. But let her trust that Janus thru' his intercessions with the Gods, may aid her in her choice.

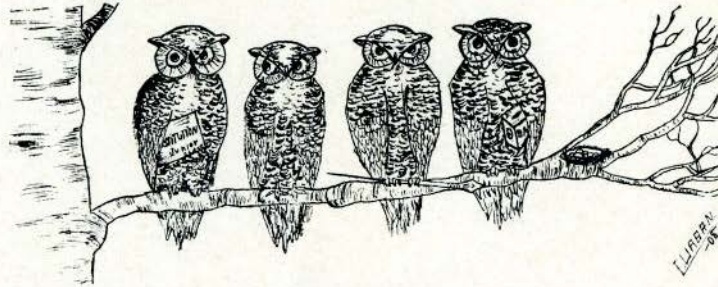




Redden—Photographer



Redden—Photographer



JUNIOR OFFICERS

EDNA HANNA, President

NELL GREEN, Vice-President

MISS HELEN BURK, Advisory Teacher

JENNIE FOUTE, Secretary

LILLIAN URBAN, Treasurer

CLASS ROLL

Reading pictures from left to right

EDNA HANNA

MARY STATLER

NELL GREEN

GUILDA BRINGHURST

JOSEPHINE NICKS

NORMA BUCKNER

ISABEL ELY

ROMAYNE WHITLEY

ELIZABETH RICHARDS

JENNIE FOUTE

LOUISE FERGUSON

AIMEE BECKER

JEANNETTE STEELE

MARGUERITE LINVILLE

LILLIAN URBAN

MASCOT—The Owl

MOTTO: Rowing Not Drifting

COLORS: Lavender and Moss-green

FLOWER: Violet

Y E L L

We're rollicsome! 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!

Looking Backward

"Backward, turn backward, O Time in thy flight,
Make me a girl again, just for tonight."

"WHO'D ever think we were the Juniors of '07?" The question was asked by a plump, auburn haired little woman, one of a group of merry maids and matrons, seated under a beautiful linden tree, in the dusk of a September evening.

"Well, not I! I never would have thought, fifteen years ago, Edna, that you, whom we all expected to become a noted pianiste, would become a teacher of domestic science," laughed Mrs. Joe, showing that even Fort Worth society had not robbed her of her youthful gaiety. "But Mrs. Nell is just what I expected. Stout, happy, and contented with her husband, who is a member of the Missouri Legislature. That is a case of 'the mills of the gods grinding slow, but grinding exceeding fine.' You know how she always ridiculed that dignified(?) body:" chimed in bachelor girl Jennie Foute, whose cozy bachelor apartments were always headquarters for any stray Juniors in St. Louis. "Pshaw, only eight of us have realized our ambitions at all, all the rest of you had to get married." "Perhaps that was the ambition of some of us. I'm sure it was mine," replied Mrs. Mary, her face beaming with good nature and satisfaction. "Wasn't it yours, too, Marguerite?" turning to a quiet little woman, whose merry black eyes had been dancing with amusement, as each speaker recalled some memory. Slowly she answered: "Well, I can't say that it was my ambition to get married, indeed it was quite to the contrary; but now I am convinced that to be a home maker is the grandest purpose in life, any girl can have."

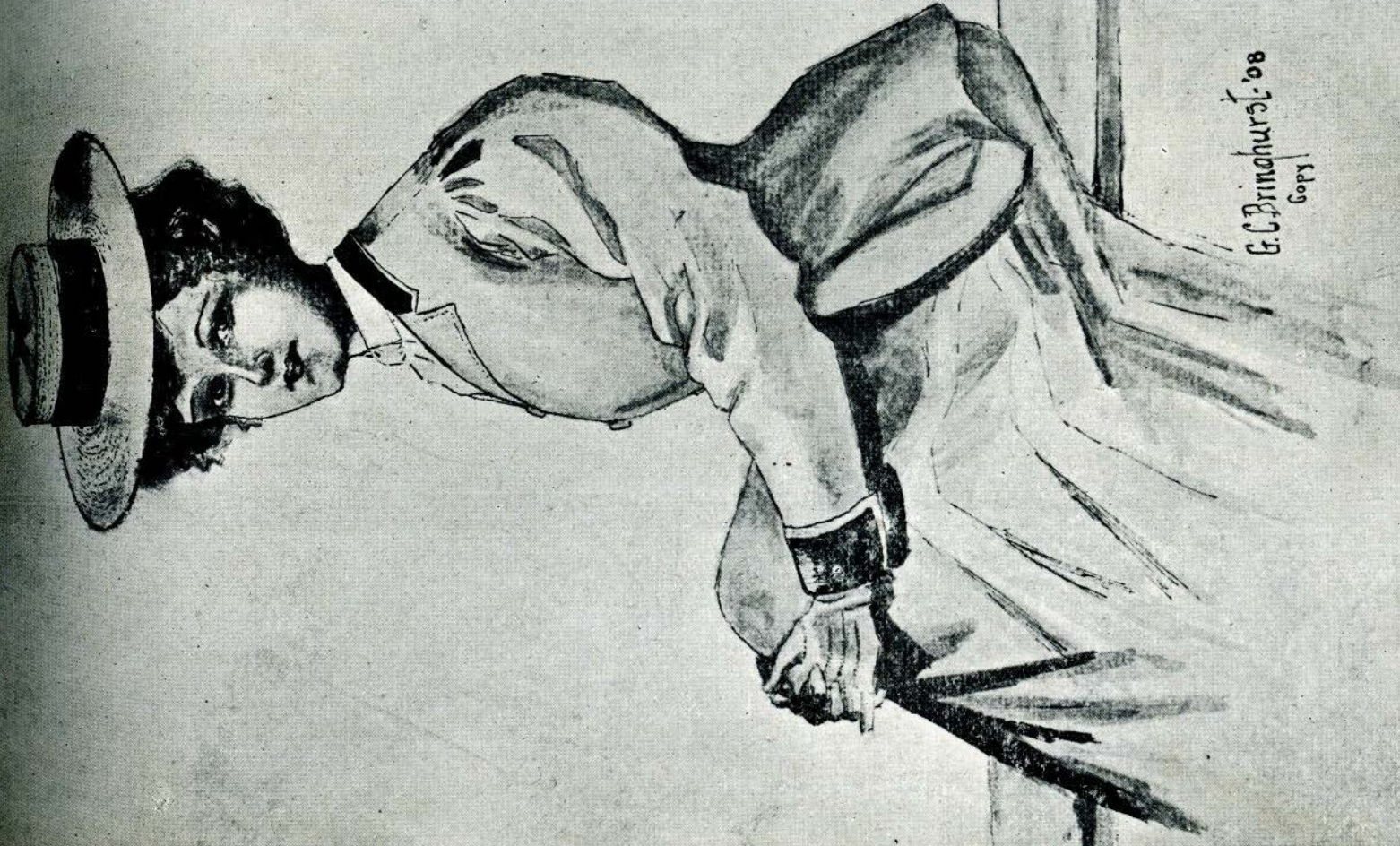
"Romaine's ambition was to discover the comet, don't you know, but instead, she found—Bob," giggled Isabelle, for even tho a national secretary of the Y. W. C. A., she had not forgotten how to giggle."

"I think we ought to have the names of Guilda and Jeanette placed in the Hall of Fame. Think of the honoah they have reflected upon tfe Junioahs! Why, Guildas' paintings ah as famous as huh fathah's sculptuah, and Jeanette is noted the world around, as a worthy successah to the Ethel Barrymoah oah Maude Adams of ouah school days," broke in Mrs. Fergie, with some of her old Arkansas spirit, as well as the familiar drawl. "Lilian's name might have been there, too, as she was beginning to attract notice as an illustrator; but I suppose she preferred to place her fame in Tommy's hands," added Mrs. Teddy, merrily.

"It's a shame Aimee and Miss Burk aren't with us," sighed Edna, glancing around the group. "I feel positively guilty because I didn't get word to Aimee in time, but I had no idea she would leave so soon. Here-to-fore, she has always waited until colder weather before starting for Florida. And, as for Miss Burk, she couldn't find any other place in this country to go, so she is making a tour of the world."

And so the merry chatter continued; a confused jumble of "barn yard," "marshmallow roast," "disappearance of the Black Cat," "Japanese and Puritan parties," "Junior feasts and picnic," "basket-ball," "Annual," "Owl," and like school girl jargon. As the darkness slowly settled, a hush fell upon the little group, and as they watched the twinkling lights one by one, appear in the three great college buildings, they realized that their common ambition had been fulfilled in the growth and prosperity of their Alma Mater. Suddenly, in the dark branches above them, they heard the hoot of an owl: "Who, who, who-o-o are you! !" The sound struck a common cord of memory in all, and when, in the clear, sweet voice that had charmed so many vast audiences, Elizabeth began:

"When the leaves adorn thee, fairest Linden," all joined in heartily. With the closing words of the song, all arose, and sauntered slowly toward the central building, the sound of their voices dying away in the distance. Gradually the twinkling lights in the buildings disappeared, and all was still and deserted. Only the glowing eyes of the faithful mascot could be seen, as he perched high on his leafy throne, guarding with all his great wisdom, the name and fame of the Junior's of '07.



G. C. Brinckhurst '08
copy

Junior Class Song

(To the tune of "The Moon has his Eyes on You")

When the leaves adorn thee, fairest Linden;
When thy blossoms sweet perfume the air;
Breezes softly whisper of us Juniors,
To the maidens wand'ring there.
Every evening for a quiet ramble,
Other Juniors walk beneath thy shade.
When their arms each waist entwine,
Whisp'ring of the twilight fine,
Linden softly murmur in the breeze.



When the months and years have passed away,
When thy branches strong and firm have grown,
When the Juniors here have all turned grey,
And many, many girls have come and gone,
Linden dear, still whisper of thy Mothers,
Who planted thee upon this Arbor day.
Tell them they must not forget,
When we wandered in these grounds,
Linden softly murmur in the breeze.

CHORUS

The Owl has his eyes on you,
So be careful of what you do.
Every time you go a strolling with your darling chum,
Mister Owl is watching from above.
Big eyes way up in the tree,
So you see, you must faithful be.
Don't try to shirk, for way up in the tree,
The Owl has his eyes on you.



1909

Sophomores

COLORS
Green and White

FLOWER
White Carnation

YELL

HULLO-BALLOO BALLU BALEE
FOREMOST CLASS OF L. L. C.
RECORD BREAKERS DANDY FINE
SOPHOMORES, SOPHOMORES, 1909

MOTTO

Hitch your wagon to a comet

ADVISARY TEACHER

MISS ALICE LINNEMAN

YELL

Nineteen Nine
Nineteen Nine
Nineteen Nineteen
Nineteen Nine

OFFICERS

PRESIDENT.....GLADYS WOLFF

SECRETARY.....RUTH BARR

VICE-PRESIDENT.....LOUISE CAIN

TREASURER.....HELEN BABCOCK

ROLL

BARR, RUTH
BABCOCK, HELEN
BAIRD, ELIZABETH
CAIN, LOUISE

CLAY, MARY
COLLINS, CAROLINE
FOUTE. HOWARD
GRAY, GRACE

HOGG, MARGARET
WILSON, JULE
WOLFF, GLADYS



Redden—Photographer



MISS ALICE LINNEMANN

The Sophomore Mirror

NAMES	COMMONLY CALLED	CHIEF CHARACTERISTIC	SHE ADMIRES	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	ADMIREE	CHIEF OCCUPATION	SHE WANTS TO BE
Barr, R.....	Rufus	Slang	Belt buckles	"Oh! goo'y"	Small ankles	Eating	A home maker
Babcock, H....	Helen V.	Positiveness	B. M. A.	"You Indian"	Her curls	Writing to her Indian	Mrs. (?)
Baird, E.....	Bess	Anxiety	"Cooks"	"I don't care"	The locatiou of her home	Carrying Pennants	A cook
Cain, L.....	Wieza	Importance	"Jewels"	"That's the limit"	Petiteness	Studying	President of Y. W. C. A.
Clay, M.....	Sis	Her size	The other sex	"Darn"	Voice	Chewing gum	Pugilist
Collins, C.....	Caddie	Prim, prudish and practical	Gray eyes	"Penoche"	Hair	Squelching	Musician
Foute, H.....	Howdie	Excitability	Ft. Worth	"Sap it"	Indifference to boys	Talking	Vocal teacher
Gray, G.....	Gracious	Gentleness	Every-one	"Ding it"	Good figure	Hunting caddie	A dancing teacher
Hogg, M.....	Pig	Humor	Seniors	"Ding bust it"	Rapidity in see- ing jokes	Fixing hair	Trained nurse
Wilson, J.....	Jewel	Chewing the rag	"Sassity"	'Come on goils'	Straight shoulders	Boasting	Sassity belle
Wolff, G.....	Glad Eyes	"Giggling"	Patent medicines	"Oh! fudge"	Dainty feet	Making fudge	A boy

Song

(To Tune of Cammany)

Naughty-nine, naughty-nine

Sophomores meet in old room A

Teach the Specials the game to play

Naughty-nine, naughty-nine

Swamp 'em, haunt 'em

Got their pennant, naughty-nine



S P E C I A L S



COLORS

Red and Black

MOTTO

"First In Everything"

FLOWER

Red Carnation

ADVISOR

MRS. T. F. MARSHALL

CLASS OFFICERS

PRESIDENT.....HAZEL KIRBY

SECRETARY.....EDNA HOUK

VICE-PRESIDENT.....EMMA CARTER

TREASURER.....EUALIA SMITH



Redden—Photographer

Roll

Bogard, Gertrude

Brown, Mary

Carter, Emma

Corrie, Della

Crandall, Ruth

Divinney, Dolly

Earnest, Blossom

Ferguson, Ruby

Goodin, Frances

Hawks, Gertrude

Hawks, Irene

Heinemann, Folste

Houk, Edna

Handley, Alice

Holtcamp, Dorothy

James, Genevieve

Johnson, Martha

La Rue, Dorothy

McMullin, Medora

• McMullin, Vida

McNeil, Pearl

Niccolls, Frances

Purcell, Frances

Reese, Ada

Robertson, Essie

Switzer, Elizabeth

Stevenson, Beulah

Smith, Eualia

Tyler, Nan

Rip, saw, Rip saw, Rip, saw,

Bang!

We belong to the Special gang.

Are we It? Well I should smile.

We've been It for quite a while.

Katanna, Katanna, Ka tau, tau, tau,

Kazula, Kazala, Ka zau, zau, zau.

Katanna, Katau, Kazula, Kazau,

Specials, Specials,

Rah! rah! rah!

Class Poem

Ripsau-ripsau-ripsau Bang

The following belong to the "Special" gang.

They are a dandy class to yell

On each member now a joke we'll tell.

Mrs. Marshall is our advisory teacher,

The joke on her is—she married a preacher.

Hazel Kirby the President droll

Is taking a course in button holes.

Carter of Wheeling is our worthy Vice

Cross-guns-a-la-sugar she finds very nice.

Of Edna B. Houk you've all heard tell

For she is the noted "Specials" P. L.

Our Treasurer Smith is in the swim

And "Showers of blessings" is her favorite "him."

Mary Brown is our Special who "talks"

Always starting some spooky ghost walk.

Alice Handly knows Forest Park has fountains

But ask her if Illinois really has mountains.

Holtcamp and Tyler are members from town

Two better girls could nowhere be found.

Beulah is always on the hum

Since she signed a contract with Mike for "gum".

Oar dear little graceful Genevieve James

Has "Ramsey" added to her list of names.

What is Shakespeare playing in now Mama K?

Asked Dorothy La Rue one fine autumn day.


Percy can paint "just something swell"

If you want any proof look at the "gym" bell.

Irene dearie don't you cry,
For you will reach Arkansas by and by.
Frances Niccolls on dress parade,
Spent study hall at a cat serenade.
No matter where Frances Goodin doth roam
Something always "looks like some one at home."
Bloom Earnest is a dandy girl to raid;
She is also the Specials "jack of all trades."
McMullin our athelete climbed a spruce tree
And, regardless of rocks, set the "weather bird free."
Dollie whose place no one could fill,
Came from the great town of Pattonville.
Of Ruby you all have heard I know,
For she wanted to see a bean seed grow.
Bogard and Robertson from old St. L.
Are always ready with a "Special" yell.
Vida McMullin is our botany girl
The subject of "buds" sets her brain in a whirl.

Crandall, Oh! Crandall, where have you been?
On some "special" errand you can tell by her grin.
Altho worthy Della has a "punk wrist"
In a raid or class fight, her name heads the list.
"He who laughs last laughs best" quoth Reese,
When the joke was found out her laughter did cease.
Folste our classmate so brave and tall,
Will break a lock at a "Specials" call.
Beth Switzer will be a renowned artist some day,
If a Syracuse Dr. don't carry her away.
Gertrude Hawks we all like to tease;
If you want a pretty blush mention "Crabtrees."
Martha Johnson our girlie so bright
Takes her pillow out for a stroll at night.
Last but not least comes Pearl McNeil
Who is always ready to make a speil.

The Cynosure Of All Eyes

“LEVEN o'clock. Friday morning at Emery Bird Thayer's waiting room, and I'm here exactly on time," soliloquized Helen Knight. "The Time, the Place, and the Girl,—but what does all that count when the man isn't here. Richard has always been on time before.”

She scanned the sea of faces before her, but found no Dick, so with a little sigh of disappointment and weariness, settled herself in a large mission chair, so placed that it was necessary for every-one to pass it on their way to the writing and tea rooms.

“I don't know of anything I hate so much as waiting and in a strange place too!” She thought impatiently as she eagerly scrutinized each face in the crowds pouring out of the elevators and up the stairs.

It was not many minutes, however, till she noticed that each passer-by bestowed upon her a peculiar glance of some kind; haughty, angry, cheerful, discontented or satisfied. Was she so strange looking? She was sure it wasn't on account of her beauty, or homeliness either, for on the other side of the room were several women, who far excelled her in both.

“Is it my hat, or my face, or my whole appearance?” She questioned. “Here comes a nice, sensible looking woman. Perhaps I can decipher from her looks what the trouble is.

She, just as all the others, looked only ahead of her, till she came opposite the girl, then she glanced up, smiled, bowed in a quaint little satisfied manner, and passed on.

“She pities me, too,” sighed Helen.

Slowly ascending the stairs was a High School chap. He at least was not rude enough to stare. But as he gained the accustomed place for the usual change of expression, he, too, stopped and gazed with adoring eyes. Then off came the cap with one hand while with the other he smoothed his curly locks. Indeed she would not look at him! Did she look like a flirt?

Again he took off the cap, replaced it at a different angle, and with another adoring glance, sauntered off.

"If I have to stand much more of this, I'll scream."

Looking up she saw a young miss of smart appearance, frowning at her, and giving vigorous tugs at her hair.

"She's trying to tell me what the matter is," thought poor Helen.

This girl passed on, but some one else was looking. Yes, two women; actually frowning, and staring at her hat! "I don't like it at all." She heard one say. "Well, it might be more becoming." Answered the other.

Helen Knight was now disappointed over her new Easter bonnet, which she had thought was a love of a hat, but here in Kansas City, in a public waiting room, it was so conspicuous that even men stared. This was awful! Why didn't Richard come? Was that he? No, but it proved to be a well dressed man, who, being too polite to look at her face, gave her tan pumps a glance, evidently comparing the color of them with his own, as he liesurly strolled into the Tea room.

Thus the maddening observation continued. Each passer-by deepening her humiliation and she was almost in tears when a familiar voice sounded in her ear.

"Thought it would be impossible for you to be here a minute before twelve!"

All she could do was look at him in relief and reply in rather a haughty tone. "I've been placed under very trying circumstances and you wouldn't have found me waiting—if I hadn't been ashamed—afraid to move."

She spoke so rapidly that he could hardly catch her words, and less of her meaning.

"Tell me, Richard Cherrington and tell me the truth. What is the matter with me that necessitates every man, woman, and child to make a public laughing stock of me? Stand out there and tell me exactly what is so frightful about me or my hat!"

"What, you look peculiar? People laughing at you?" He stepped back a pace or two and surveyed her from the top of her head to the toe of her brown pumps. "You certainly do look all right to me." Then with a puzzled glance at the passers-by and back to the girl, the truth dawned on him, and he too laughed.

Helen turned impatiently and beheld in wonderment her own face. Then she realized that all her anxiety had been unnecessary for it was the mirror in front of which she had been sitting, and not herself, which had been the cynosure of all eyes."

ORPHA BALDWIN, '07.

A College Girl's Sanctum

Toast given by Agnes Kirk at Alumni Banquet 1907

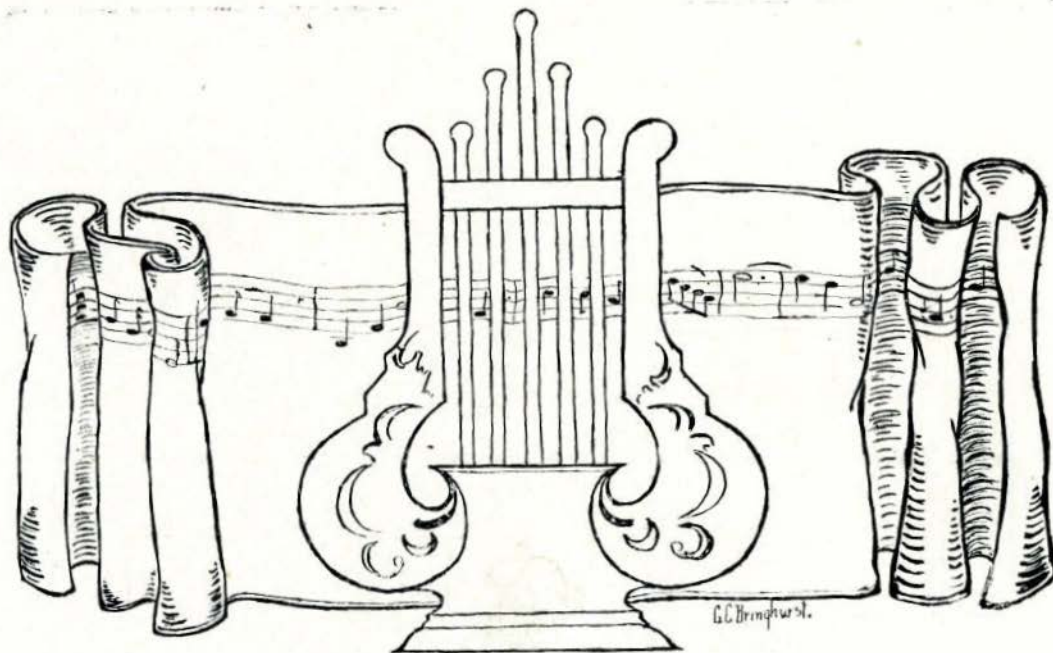
A college girl's bed-room, as you are aware,
Is her study, her sanctum, her den and her lair:
Her first thought when she plans her career;—
Her last fond remembrance when age draweth near.
Were ever such pennants, such pillows, such fudge,—
Though the latter came hardly with many a grudge,—
Such "barnyards," such frolics, such feasts without number;
That waked a good teacher from beauty's first slumber?

Such a refuge to sigh in, such a dear bed to cry in,
When teachers had squelched one or home folks forgot;
Such a place full of laughter, that rang from the rafter,
When Friday night came, and no tasks were one's lot.
So here's to the college girl's sanctum, her home;
Ne're, ne're to be forgotten, where ever she may roam.
So drink to the best that money can give,
For no girl can forget it as long as she live.



A Landscape Scene on the Point

Department of Fine Arts



MUSIC

“The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils.” —Merchant of Venice.

Piano

MR. JAMES T. QUARLES, A. A. G. O. (Paris) Dean

MRS. GEORGE F. AYRES (Leipsig)

MISS MAYLEN BURNETT (Berlin)

MISS ELBERTA LLEWELLYN (St. Louis)

Voice

MISS HAIDEE TWIFORD (Chicago)





ART CLASS

MOTTO:

"Art is long and Time is fleeting."

Colors:

Pink, Green and White.

Flowers:

Pink Rose and White Rose.

Miss Alice Linneman, Teacher

OFFICERS

Hazel Kirby, President.

Mary Rollins, Secretary.

Elizabeth Sweitzer, Vice-President.

Georgia Howard, Treasurer.



Studio Jingles

BEULAH STEPHENSON.....Oregon, Missouri

Every hour brought forth her sighs,
Worried! Though so very wise.

MARGUERITE LINVILLE.....Edina, Missouri

A maiden most demure and sweet,
Whose courage and grit 'tis hard to beat.

MARY ROLLINS.....Denver, Colorado

To the ranch she fain would go,
To rescue sheep lost in the snow.
We hope she'll take a frying pan,
To help her feed that hungry man.

BLOSSOM, EARNEST.....Galena, Kansas

In name she is a flower,
Though high she does not tower.

RUBY FERGUSON.....Augusta, Arkansas

Ruby, Ruby don't be so slow,
Or to Europe you'll never go.
Enlarge your pumps—feed the cat.
Stop your raving over "Pat."

EUGENIA HARDMAN.....Edina, Missouri

She was well treated, she was well fed.
Yet, alas! from Lindenwood to Edina she fled.

JEANETTE WUERPEL.....St. Louis, Missouri

Another from our ranks has gone,
Joy (?) to her teachers in St. Louis town!

GERTRUDE HAWKS.....Corning, Arkansas

Finding no more wood to burn,
Gertie decided to give china a turn.

MEDORA McMULLEN.....Hillsboro, Missouri

Thrilled with ambition she sits and digs,
Be it iris', windmills or pigs,
She is so interested in her Art
She forgets to eat her "Tilly Tart."

FRANCES HORSTDANIEL.....St. Charles, Missouri

She comes to work and not to play,
As her progress proves from day to day.

MISS LINNEMANN.....St. Charles, Missouri

Miss Linnemann's maxim is the studio chant
Go ahead,—try,—never say can't!

ALICE HANDLEYAnglum, Missouri

She says she's not so quiet and still,
Then let her prove it, if she will?

EDA BURTIS SALVETERSt. Charles, Missouri

A little girl so dear and sweet,
To know her is a regular treat.

GEORGIA HOWARDMount Vernon, Illinois

Her artistic ability is so marked and rare,
Her pictures we are sure to see at the next World's Fair.
Unless that everlasting Frank,
Persuades her to join another rank.

LILLIAN URBANQuincy, Illinois

We know she is daffy over her Millie,
But in the Art Room she is far from silly.

FRANCES THIERRYSt. Louis, Missouri

Oh! that dreadful "black and white!"
Was Frances' wail by day and by night.

VIOLET SCHOENBERGSt. Charles, Missouri

Late she came to board our train,
Let us hope she'll long remain.

JOSEPHINE NICKSFort Worth, Texas

Our Josie dear did us forsake,
Because Mamma wouldn't let her "china" take.
Yet she has our hearts so fast,
That she will hold them to the last.

IRENE HAWKSCorning, Arkansas

Don't worry! it makes us sad—
Gertrude's taste really isn't bad!

ELIZABETH SWEITZERHarrisonville, Missouri

Syracuse is in New York,
That's where you'll find Elizabeth's heart.
Oh! doctor, doctor, can you tell,
What will make Elizabeth well?

HAZEL KIRBYGranite City, Illinois

Work, work Hazel, don't fuss and fume,
Or those pansies won't bloom by June!

BEATRICE McKAYXenia, Ohio

Off with the old love, and on with the new.
Wonder if to either shell ever be true?

Floration

MISS MAUDE M. WHIPPLE: Expression and English Literature

R O L L

ARCHIE CAMPBELL, Senior

AMY VIRDEN, Senior

BLOSSOM ERNEST

RUBY FERGUSON

MILDRED FINCH

ZOA GUTHRIE

CHAMP BLACKMAN

PAUL SIDDON



IRENE HAWKS

GERTRUDE HAWKS

AGNES KIRK

DOROTHY LA RUE

MEDORA McMULLEN

HELEN RICHARDS

JEANNETTE STEELE

LAVIER MILLSTEAD

Lindenwood Library

Review of Reviews.....The final exam.

Smart Set..... Junior Class.

Outlook.....Mrs. Heron's door.

Everybodys.....Mrs. Kerby.

The Independent.....Miss Whipple.

Tales.....The new building.

Black Cat? — — !! ?

Youth's Companion.....A chaperon.

Christian Advocate.....Dr. Ely.

The Observer.....Mrs. Heron.

St. Louis Star.....Leon Wahlert.

Smith's.....Jewel Wilson.

"Art de la Mode".....Helen Vaughn Babcock.

Webster's Unabridged Dictionary.....Nell Green.

The Good News in Story and Song....."The \$10,000 lunch!"

Fairie Queene.....Mrs. Ayres.

Sentimental Tommy.....Mr. Marshall.

Fables in Slang.....Mary Clay.

Ships That Pass in the Night.....Duty Teachers.

Man on the Box.....George.

Right of Way.....Mrs. Heron's permission.

Battle of the Strong.....Senior-Junior contest.

The Other Wise Man.....Mr. Quarles.

Call of the Wild.....The cats.

Ghosts I've Met..... Ask the duty teachers.

Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.....Dr. Ayres.

Lay of the Last Minstrel.....S. C. M. C. serenade.

The Light That Failed.....St. Charles Electric Light Co.

Her Teddy Bear

A FARCE IN ONE ACT:

Presented by the Junior Class in College Chapel; Friday, April 12, 1907

CHARACTERS

TEDDY HARKNESS, (in love with Elsie).....	Edna Hanna
MR. ULRICH, (commonly called Swisz).....	Jeannette Steele
HAZEL RATHBURN,) ((college chums)	Lillian Urban
ELSIE GODDARD,)	Jennie Foute
AUNT EMILY OR MRS. PEARSON, (the chaperon).....	Mary Statler

SCENE:—Sitting room of bachelor apartments.

Teddy, dressed in pajamas, seated at the piano playing snatches of popular airs; Swisz lounging in big arm chair.

Swisz: (looking at watch, springs from chair and slaps Teddy on back.) See here, Ted, it's nearly time for those girls and you have this room to clean up and yourself to dress while I have those clams to fix. Now hurry. (exits.)

Teddy: (continues playing.) Oh, well girls are never on time (whistles and Swisz is heard jigging in the kitchen.)

Swisz: (enters) Now Ted, no more fooling! Get up and arrange this room! (exits.)

Teddy: Well, what do you want done with these pillows? (stacks them awkwardly on divan) And where shall I hang these pictures? (picks up two framed photographs.)

Swisz: (from kitchen.) Put my girl's picture in the most prominent place, but Ted, come out here and see what you think of these whoppin' big clams.

Teddy: Can't do it just at present, old boy, if you expect me to get these pictures of our beloveds up before they arrive. Jove! but it's hard to find a place to hang things in this den. Besides, if I do get these up within the next year, I have to dress. I hope you don't expect me, arrayed in pajamas, to greet anyone upon whose single blessedness I have such murderous intent. I'm perspiring already just in expectation of the beastly job ahead. And Swisz, if you don't keep that girl of yours and the chaperon out there in the dining-room 'till I get through my say, there'll be no rest for you in this den. I'll make it brief, something like this: (pauses in deep meditation gazing at photograph in his hand) Oh, hang it! How will I say it? Anyway, it doesn't do any good to practice up before hand. But I'll make it brief and state it in such a way that all she will have to say will be "yes" and then we'll prance out to you dear people and ask her aunt's blessing. See, old boy, couldn't be planned better. But as for those clams—— (bell rings.)

Swisz: (from hall) Back to the room, boy, there are the ladies.

(Teddy rushes around, much confused, trying to hang picture and escape, but finally lands in closet at right just as ladies enter at left door.)

Aunt Emily: How neat and tasty your apartments are. I never imagined that bachelor apartments could be so cosy and homelike.

Swisz: I'm glad you like them. We are very well satisfied. (latch of closet door rattles imperatively. He turns in direction of closet and discovers corner of Teddy's coat fastened in door.) (aside) Ye gods and little fishes!! Teddy in the closet—clams on a cookin'. (turning to ladies) Please make yourselves at home. Just take this rocker Aunt—I mean Mrs. Pearson. (she hesitates to remove wraps) Yes, I expect you had better take off your wraps first. You see entertaining is a new stunt for Teddy and me and as he seems to be detained, (aside) I don't know why he is but he is. I'm rather confused.

(Ladies remove wraps.)

Hazel: Now please don't apologize for being confused for it's perfectly natural. It's certainly grand of you boys to invite us to a little informal dinner.

Elsie: Yes indeed it is, and if you are the least bit anxious about your cooking, (aside) I think I smell something burning. Why we'll excuse you and entertain ourselves for a little while. You evidently have something extra fine from the savory odor, so please hurry up as we're hungry as bears, not Teddy ones either.

Swisz: Well, thank you. I'm sorry to leave you but cooks don't generally sit in the parlor while the meals are cooking. I don't know why they don't but they don't. (exits) (calls from kitchen) Look at the pictures, books or anything you like. Perhaps Teddy will be in to entertain you in a minute.

Aunt Emily: Elsie, why will you persist in bringing Teddy Bears into your conversation? Anyone to talk to you would think you had gone stark crazy.

(Elsie has discovered her picture and hears nothing of the conversation.)

Hazel: Aunt Emily, you know Elsie doesn't care a snap of her little finger for Teddy Bears. She thinks they are cute

playthings for children but abominable for women to carry. I should think you would be more worried about her live Teddy Bear.

Elsie: (coming out of reverie) Bear, did you say? I wonder if they get very hungry, do they? Because if they don't I'll have to find something else to liken my hunger to. I'm nearly starved. Oh, that darling book (grasps a leather book from table and reads) *A Warning to Lovers*.—Let's read it aloud while we are waiting.

Hazel: No indeed, we'll not read any *Warning to Lovers*.

Swisz: (calls from kitchen) I can't imagine what is the matter with this clam goo, (hastily) I mean broth.

Hazel: Oh can't I help you?

Elsie: (in low voice) Hazel, I should think you would be ashamed. You should stay right here 'till dinner is announced.

Hazel: (looks at her disdainfully and calls out) May I help you Mr. Ulrich?

Swisz: (gladly) Bully for you! Come ahead. Hazel (exits)

Elsie: (anxiously) Aunt Emily, what do you suppose is the matter? Something has evidently turned up to cause some trouble for Teddy has not yet returned—

Aunt Emily: (coldly) I suppose you mean Mr. Harkness.

Elsie: [quickly] Yes, yes, Mr. Harkness, and Mr. Ulrich seems so excited about something.

Hazel and Swisz enter. Swisz: Everything is ready now, all we have to do is wait for Teddy. Wouldn't you ladies like to—to—to walk up and down the lawn and increase your appetites?

Elsie: [crestfallen] Do you really think that would be wise? What can be keeping Mr. Harkness so long?

Swisz: [meaningly] He's probably in some tight place and can't get away very easily.

(A loud explosion, closet door bursts open and Teddy, in pajamas, dashes to kitchen, followed by Swisz. Ladies look about bewildered for escape; Aunt Emily and Hazel disappear into closet; Elsie exits into hall. Excited voices and furniture being moved heard in direction of kitchen. Enter Swisz.)

Teddy: (from kitchen) Sooth the ladies' minds and then clean this up a bit. The dinner isn't spoiled and I'll be in to help you in a minute.

Swisz: (surprised) Alas, the birds have flown. (Notices closet door closed and hastily opens it. Aunt Emily seems about to faint. They place her in a chair.)

Hazel: Get her salts. (Swisz rushes to kitchen and brings back salt shaker) No, no, her salts from her bag, there. Now open the window and help me fan her.

Aunt Emily: (faintly) What was it? Was it the comet?

Swisz: Oh the gas stove just went on one of its usual little jaunts. Only this was a little bit bigger than usual. Everything is alright now.

Aunt Emily: Elsie, where's Elsie?

(Elsie and Teddy enter jubilantly. Teddy covered with soot.)

Teddy: I've done it—I've done it.

Elsie: Aunt Emily, my new found but somewhat soiled Teddy Bear.

Curtain.

Edna Hanna, '08.

S O C I E T Y S

History of the Phi Delta Sigma

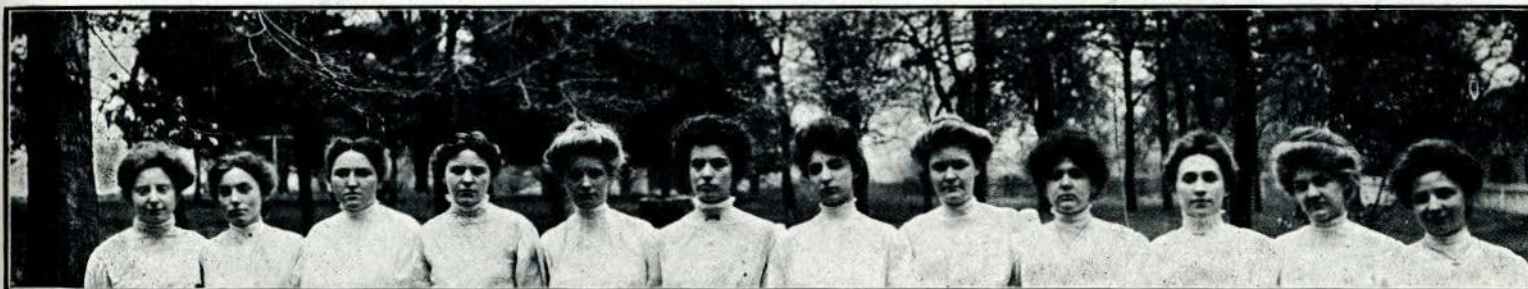
"A meeting of the Phi Delta Sigma is called for three o'clock, in the Senior Room." This announcement was made by Dr. Ayres, just before grace, one luncheon time, and caused a suppressed twitter from some few girls, and looks of amazement from others. "What was the Phi Delta Sigma?" "Who were the Honored Few?" and like questions passed from mouth to mouth. Oh, they'd find out! They knew a way! That afternoon at three o'clock, a few of them walked slowly up and down the corridor, in front of the Senior Room, and watched the girls enter. One dozen girls, exactly! The literary coterie of Lindenwood!

That was the beginning of our literary work, for at a previous meeting, known only to the members, the constitution had been submitted, officers elected, and all preliminary business, attended to. We now started with our regular weekly meetings, every Monday afternoon, and enjoyed a pleasant hour or two, listening to current events, and readings rendered by different members of our society.

At first a contemporary society was started, but our brilliancy so completely outshone them, that they passed quietly out of existence, and left us the distinguished honor of being the only Literary Society, at Lindenwood.

Our purpose has been to bring before the girls, the works of modern literary geniuses, our main line of reading, being so far, the beautiful short stories of Dr. Van Dyke, which we have greatly enjoyed.

Now, it is almost time for our group of girls to disband. Next year, another group will take our place, and we all join heartily, in wishing that our successors will derive as much enjoyment, and benefit, from the society meetings, as have their predecessors, while being active members of the Phi Delta Sigma.



Redden Photo

PHI DELTA SIGMA

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

COLORS: Moss Green and Hunter's Green.

FLOWER: Green Carnation.

MEMBERS

Georgia Groves Howard, President

Leon Wahlert, Secretary

Jennie Foute, Vice-President

Minnie Sweeney, Treasurer

Mary Helen Barr

Louise Cain

Edna Hanna

Mary Rollins

Gilda Bringhurst

Tonina Carr

Agnes Kirk

Amy Virden

Coast—Dear Old Lindenwood



ere's to dear old Lindenwood,
Our college of wide renown.

You'll find it in Grand Old Missouri,

At the edge of St. Charles town.

Hail, to the White and the Yellow!

The elms and the lindens we love.

And for a grand, glorious future,

We look to the Power above!





Eta Upsilon Gamma



M E M B E R S

AGNES VICTORIA KIRK.....	1907
MARY HELEN BARR.....	1907
AMY JANE VIRDEN.....	1907
EDNA ALICE HANNA.....	1908
LOUISE CAIN.....	1909

PLEDGES

Helen V. Babcock

Ruth S. Barr

Athletic Association



Redden Photo

SENIOR BASKET BALL TEAM

Mary Rollins.....	Captain and Coach
Agnes Kirk.....	Goaler
Leon Wahlert.....	Forward
Georgia Howard.....	Centre
Theo Dodson.....	Guard to Goaler
Amy Virden.....	Guard to Forward



JUNIOR BASKET BALL TEAM

Guilda Bringham.....	Goaler and Captain
Lilian Urban.....	Forward
Aimee Becker.....	Centre
Jeanette Steele.....	Guard to Goaler
Norma Buckner.....	Guard to Forward
Edna Hanna.....	Coach

O F F I C E R S

President, Agnes Kirk

Vice-President, Mary Rollins

Secretary, Amy Virden

Treasurer, Ruth Phillips

HISTORY OF ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Altho the attention paid to athletics has always been a marked feature of Lindenwood, it was not until 1905 that a permanent athletic association was organized. Officers were elected, a constitution drawn up, and the first Monday of every month selected as the day of meeting. Membership in the association was compulsory, every girl being fined who failed to attend. Tennis, bowling, fencing, basket-ball and walking clubs were organized, every girl being required to belong to at least two clubs.

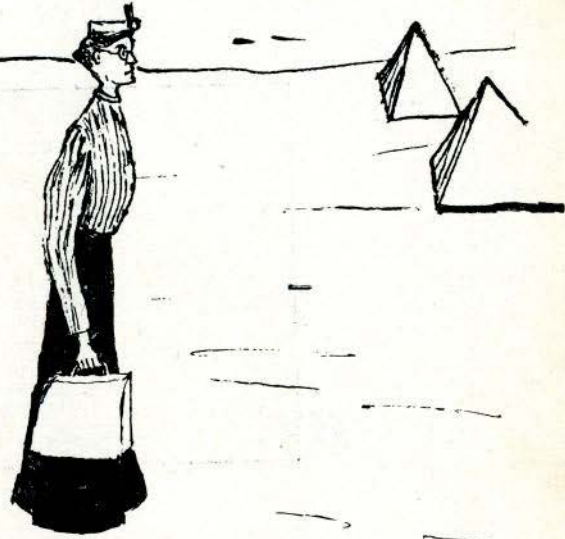
Perhaps the most important athletic contest this year, was the Senior-Junior basket-ball game, played on Jubilee Day. Dr. Ayres had offered a prize of ten dollars to the winning team, and for weeks before the 25th of October, the star players of each team were on the field daily. At last the great day came and with it the crowd of visitors to witness the game. The greatest excitement was manifested by the allies of each team. Bells, pans, megaphones, colors and mascots were there in great abundance. It could not be told until the very last minute of the game, who would win. The teams were evenly matched, but someone had to win and someone had to lose. At the last the Seniors went from the field victorious with the score 10 to 8.

Y.

W.

C.

A.



G.C. Brinquist.



Redden Photo

MOTTO:

Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Host.—Zech. 4: 6.

Y. M. C. A. Cabinet

MRS. L. J. HERON, Advisory Member.

AMY VIRDEN, President.

MINNIE SWEENEY, Vice-President, Chairman of Membership Committee.

MARY BROWN, Secretary, Chairman of Devotional Committee.

MARY HELEN BARR, Corresponding Secretary.

EDNA HANNA, Treasurer, Chairman of Finance Committee.

JENNIE FOUTE, Chairman of Inter-Collegiate Committee.

AGNES KIRK, Chairman of Social Committee.

PANSY BAILEY, Chairman of Prayer-Meeting Committee.

DELLA CORRIE, Chairman of Missionary Committee.

TONINA CARR, Pianist, Chairman of Music Committee.

History of the Young Women's Christian Association



THE Young Women's Christian Association of Lindenwood College was organized in 1900, with a few earnest members. At first small interest was manifested in this great work, but gradually it increased, until this year the membership enrolls fully two-thirds of the students residing in the college. Frequently even those who are not members attend the Sunday evening prayer-meetings, held in the parlor. The girls gather in groups, sitting on the floor, and presenting very much the appearance of one large family. For this is the spirit that the Y. W. C. A. leaders wish to exist—to make everyone feel at home.

Each year the Association sends one member to the conclave. Three delegates were sent this year, to the state convention at Warrensburg. The reports which they returned were not only interesting, but awakened new zeal in all who were fortunate to hear them, as the local association was thereby brought in touch with the State work. In June, two delegates will be sent to Glen Springs, Colorado, the reports to be heard at the opening of the next school year.

Our Association has a great advantage, in being so near to the city of St. Louis, as it is thus enabled, throughout the year, to obtain some fine missionary speakers, whose words are always a help and source of inspiration. This year we had the good fortune to hear Dr. McClane of St. Louis, and Miss McCaughey, who was for several years a missionary to India. Miss Dabb, the Secretary of the State Association, visits this organization twice a year, bringing new plans and new energy for the work.

The Y. W. C. A. cares for the social as well as spiritual life and a reception is given at the first of each year.



Roasts

Dorothy La Rue. "Wnat is Shakespeare playing in now?"

Gertrude Bogard to Miss Burk. "Isn't it funny my mother never could learn how to play cards but she's a splendid poker player."

A Senior. "What is the Interior?"

Bright Junior: The inside.

According to Miss Buckner Cromwell must have been rather old if he reigned all but five years.

"Miss Babcock, I have so often heard you speak of your 'Indian' may I inquire to what tribe he belongs?"
Helen (after recovering from laughter): "Why he's a Bleeps-aky and is camping on the banks of the Old Duck Pond.

Miss McMullen says there are four things she has no use for, namely: An empty plate, an empty head, an empty pocket book, and an empty overcoat!

Agnes turned over a new leaf in Analytics but it flew back again.

Mr. Quarles (giving a music lesson):
"Ruby, what does f mean?"
"Forte."
"What is ff, then?"
"Why eighty, of course!"

What made Miss Booth make us walk on the plowed ground, that muddy day?

Amy Virden, reciting in psychology: "In winter the wild beasts fly south."

During Mrs. Crandall's duty week: "Mary are the Seniors exempt from all rules?"

Millie (studying harmony): "My head is so full of this stuff I can't get any more in!"

Her Room-mate: "Oh well! You know you can always have "More head!"

Miss Twiford: "Last night I dreamed that all the world was made of mice, and I was the only woman in it!"

Seen on an examination paper: A preposition is a sudden out-burst of emotion. Red handed Battle stamps its iron-clad foot.

There's where you have the "grandest time,"
There's where the "cutest fellows" are.
Where can we go this place to find?
Why, Fort Worth!

Verses

Little lines of Latin,
Little lines to scan,
Make a mighty Virgil,
And a crazy man!

Before Exams—

O crammed knowledge, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget!

After—

That crammed knowledge was with us not,
For we forgot, for we forgot!

“Cast thy crackers on the waters,”
Said the pupil with a frown,
“Add a little meat and onion,
Call it stew and gulp it down.”

Ruby comes from Arkansas,
So does Helen V.,
And when aught else is mentioned,
You've got 'em up a tree!

Mary has a little shadow,
Her name is Francis G.,
And every where that Mary goes,
The shadow is sure to be.

Little Miss Twiford
Sat at her piano
Singing a sweet little song,
Along came a mousie,
And looked up at her,
And frightened Miss Twiford away.

There are some cadets in our town,
And they are wondrous wise,
When they come to serenade us,
We feed them cream and pies.

“I be so tired, I no can stand it,”
Lisped Miss Llewellyn, sweet-teen,
Till the whole school caught the fever;
And now baby talk reigns supreme.

Hark! Hark! the dogs do bark,
The Seniors are coming this way,
Some are wise, and some are guys,
And some are blithe and gay!

Dear little Pearl,
Went down to the kitchen,
To get some sugar for fudge.
When she got to the stair,
Mrs. Heron was there,
And so the poor child had to trudge!

Miss Burk is short and fat,
Miss Irvin tall and lean,
And so betwixt them both, you see,
We strike a golden mean!

“Doctor may I go out to walk?”
O yes! My darling Ruthy,
Go as far as you please, my dear,
But not near S. C. M. C.

He sent his boy to college,
But now he cries, “alack!”
He spent ten thousand dollars,
And got a quarter-back!

E: Say, do you know why Miss Irvin gets milk every evening?

D: No! Why?

E: Oh! to take her beauty bath!

When does Margaret H. make a good quilt? When she is a "cross-patch."

Did you know that Beulah S. was a railroad magnate?"

"No!"

"Why, she owns a switch!"

Miss Irwin (in geometry): "Now, class, lets use our books and avoid time!"

(Teach us how too, Miss Irvin. We know of lots of times we'd like to avoid!)

"Who does she look like?" Oh! I don't know. Ask Francis Goodwin!

Don't say the Specials haven't made a donation to Lindenwood. Look at all the paint on the gym bell.

"Crab-apples" for sale—Gertrude Hawks, Room 14.

In Senior Bible. Dr. Ayres: Georgia, what is a lie?"

G: "An abomination unto the Lord and an ever ready help in time of trouble."

Why doesn't Ruth wear her U. S. buckle any more?

Teddy says: "Silence speaks louder than words!"

Louise F. & Mary S: "Just got a letter from Mr. Scott—not Walter, however."

Louise, with puzzled air: "Walter Scott! Walter Scott! That name sounds familiar. Who is he?"

Teachers' Favorite Songs

Miss Whipple.....Please go way and let me sleep.

Miss Irvin.....Love in contagous.

Miss Booth.....A Heart to Let.

Miss Llewellyn.....Tell me Love's Story Again.

Miss Burnett.....I'm Always Misunderstood.

Miss Burk.....What's the Matter with the Mail?

Miss Twiford.....I Want to Marry a Man; I Do!

Miss Linneman.....Why Don't You Try?

Mrs. Crandall.....It's All in the Book, You Know.

Mrs. Heron.....I'd Rather be on the Outside Looking In, Than on the Inside Looking Out.

Mrs. Kirby.....The Belle of Bald Head Row.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshall.....The Waning Honey Moon.

Dr. Ayres.....I Need the Dough, Indeed I Do!

Mr. Quarels.....You Can't Keep a Good Man Down.

Amy Virden: "O Mary, may I borrow your invisible ink?"

After the Darwin theory had been explained to Miss La Rue: "If the monkey developed into man, is it still developing?"

(Yes, Dorothy, it is pretty well developed in some of us!)

Again: "If the fish was the first form of animal life, I should think it would have developed into man."

(Aren't there some lobsters and suckers?)

O Ted! If Jeanette gets tired won't you Wheeler?

Pupil translating Cicero: "He was fond of fine weapons."

Miss Booth: "Yes, I suppose if he had been a school girl he would have been 'simply crazy, over them.'"

Leon, discussing life of Burns: "Well, I know I've read a couple of his lives — !"

Little Nellie Green, jumping up in peaceable Junior meeting: "O Dr. Ayres! May I be excused? I'm afraid the storm will get me!"

Edna Hanna, in Bible class: "O Dr. Ely, I've left my rings up stairs!"

Dr. E: "Do you think they are not safe?"

E: "I don't know! I left them in Miss Burnett's room!"

Jennie (spying wagon): "Wait a minute! Have you any doughnuts?" But it was only the laundry wagon!

During discussion, at Junior table, of changes caused by boarding school. Miss Burk: "Well, I know one thing. I was lots nicer last year than I am this!"

Asperation of Seniors: "My queendom for a man!"

Mr. Quarels: "Miss LaRue, if you are going up stairs, will you bring me Czerney, opus 740?"

Dorothy, later: "Miss Burnett, Mr. Quarels wants the 'sheeny quartette!' "

Editorial Board

NELLIE GREEN, Editor-in-Chief

ISABELLE ELY, Associate Editor

JENNIE FOUTE, Literary Editor

JEANETTE STEELE, Assistant Literary Editor

EDNA HANNA, Business Manager

Y. W. C. A.
Louise Ferguson

Athletic Association
Aimee Becker

ARTISTS

GUILDA BRINGHURST

LILIAN URBAN

“O would some power
The giftie gie us,
To see this book
As ithers see it.”

Advertisements

The following pages contain the advertisements of our friends who have helped us so much to issue this book. They are as ready to serve you as they have been to help us. Patronize them and oblige

THE EDITORIAL BOARD

Calendar for 1906-7

September

- Wednesday, 19. Beginning of our troubles.
- Thursday, 20. General reunion of "old girls."
- Friday, 21. Y. W. C. A. reception.
- Saturday, 22. Initiation of "new girls" into beauties of
St. Charles.
- Sunday, 23. All go to Presbyterian church.
- Monday, 24. Convocation exercises.
- Tuesday, 25. Teachers meet classes.
- Wednesday, 26. First Squelchings!
- Thursday, 27. Junior class organizes.
- Friday, 28. New girls home sick.
- Saturday, 29. Athletic association reorganized.
- Sunday, 30. Church.

October

- Monday, 1. Miss Llewellyn taken for new girl.
- Tuesday, 2. Basket ball teams organize.
- Wednesday, 3. Senior and Junior teams organize.
- Thursday, 4. Rain.
- Friday, 5. Old girls entertain new girls at Baby Party.
- Saturday, 6. Aimie Becker entertains Juniors.
- Sunday, 7. Methodist girls begin to find church interesting.
- Monday, 8. Lights off for a change.
- Tuesday, 9. Scill dark.
- Wednesday, 10. "And there was light."
- Thursday, 11. Miss Irvin's "cousin" calls.
- Friday, 12. Boys serenade.
- Saturday, 13. Cat concert.

If we please you, tell others'
If not, tell us.

We Want Your Business

The Bruns Mch. Co.

FARM IMPLEMENTS

Vehicles, Hardware, Cement and Sewer Pipe

ST. CHARLES, MO.



Refined Styles

IN

Ladies Oxford-ties

Pumps and Slippers

Rochester Newport
makes in all College
shapes and Leading Styles

Call and be fitted right, at the



Palace Shoe Store

BAMBERGER'S CAFE AND
CREAM PARLOR

TEA, COFFEE AND CHOCOLATE
AT ALL HOUR'S



What these children say about Bamberger's,
you will, after one trial of our Sodas or Cream

(October continued)

- Sunday, 14. Long sermons.
- Monday, 15. Basket ball practice.
- Tuesday, 16. Ditto.
- Wednesday, 17. Girls brushed up in general.
- Thursday, 18. Practice yells.
- Friday, 19. Specials organized.
- Saturday, 20. Board walk put down.
- Sunday, 21. Chicken for dinner, as usual.
- Monday, 22. Senior class dinner.
- Tuesday, 23. Junior team put on diet.
- Wednesday, 24. Final preparations—everyone busy.
- Thursday, 25. Jubilee Day! 3 a. m. Juniors put colors on lightning rods! Multitude arrives—two hundred preachers. Exercises morning, afternoon and evening. Juniors defeated by Seniors at basket ball.
- Friday, 26. Splitting headaches—Junior consolation feast.

- Saturday, 27. Vice-President Fairbanks addresses school.
- Sunday, 28. First muffins for breakfast!
- Monday, 29. Misses Virden and Statler play tennis.
- Tuesday, 30. Toby calls in rain! alas!
- Wednesday, 31. Gammas give Hallowe'en dance in gym.

November

- Thursday, 1. Oh! so tired!
- Friday, 2. Girls at home to cadets.
- Saturday, 3. General fudge making.
- Sunday, 4. Coogle goes to sleep in church.
- Monday, 5. Teachers receive.
- Tuesday, 6. Rooms named.
- Wednesday, 7. T. E. makes first call.
- Thursday, 8. Cats cause consternation in dining room.
- Friday, 9. Marshmallow roast on campus.
- Saturday, 10. Senior's "Basket Ball Tea" for Sophs.
- Sunday, 11. Mr. Marshall preaches.

FOR GIFTS AND HOUSEHOLD DECORATION

BUY THE

ZARK WARE

A Beautiful Moss Green and Soft Blue Pottery Produced at the Ozark Shop, which is located at 1820 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.



L. GLIATTA

PROPRIETOR

Grand Confectionery

Fresh Home Made Candy Every Day
Home Made Ice Cream. Oysters in Season
Cheapest and best on the market
We cater to gentlemen and ladies

H. F. PIEPER, Pres.

H. H. STEED, Vice-Pres.

Union Savings Bank

Of St. Charles, Mo.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS - \$115,000

DEPOSITS - - - 620,000

J. F. RAUCH, Cashier

G. H. WILKE, Asst. Aashier



Monday, 12. Wash day.
Tuesday, 13. Corn-starch pudding.
Wednesday, 14. Miss Irvin forgets to take her little bucket
down stairs.
Thursday, 15. Wendling lecture.
Friday, 16. Danced all evening.
Saturday, 17. S. C. M. C. foot ball game.
Sunday, 18. Church and rest.
Monday, 19. Miss Booth goes on duty!—!
Tuesday, 20. Miss B. makes us walk on "plowed ground."
Wednesday, 21. Only one more month!
Thursday, 22. Ag has a birthday.
Friday, 23. S. C. M. C. reception.
Saturday, 24. Reminiscences!
Sunday, 25. Display of U. S. belt buckles.
Monday, 26. Large amount of mail from S. C. M. C.
Tuesday, 27. Dreams of turkey.
Wednesday, 28. Thanksgiving vacation begins.

December

Monday, 3. Vacation over today.
Tuesday, 4. Girls have no appetites.
Wednesday, 5. Nothing doing.
Thursday, 6. Miss Coogle gives a feast to chosen few.
Friday, 7. "Puritan Party" given by Juniors to Seniors.
Saturday, 8. Serenade by town boys.
Sunday, 9. More church.
Monday, 10. Home talk by Mrs. Heron.
Tuesday, 11. Lights out.
Wednesday, 12. Miss Burnett makes collection of candles
and matches.
Thursday, 13. Junior Candy Co. organized.
Friday, 14. Seniors busy with hammer and nails.
Saturday, 15. Senior bazaar.
Sunday, 16. Much needed rest!
Monday, 17. What's the matter with the lessons?

H. B. Denker Grocer Co.

DEALER IN

Staple and Fancy Groceries
Glass and Queensware

Agent for Chase & Sanborn Coffee and Teas
Morrell's Iowa Pride finest cured Hams and Bacon
Red Band Brand Candies and Peters Chocolate

No. 105 and 107 N. Main Street

St. Charles Steam Laundry

PRONGUE & JACOBS, PROPRIETORS



122 NORTH MAIN STREET

'Phones: Kinloch, 283; Bell, 328



SENIOR CLASS, STAND UP!

We have a few words we wish to say to you before you go out into the world to spring upon an unsuspecting public the many accomplishments you may have learned while a student at dear old Lindenwood.

Have you learned how to cook? Chances are you cannot boil water without scorching it. Can you iron that delicate Shirt Waist without burning, tearing or soiling it? No? It's because you have never tried cooking or ironing by Electricity.

If this hint doesn't have the desired effect, you'd better marry a man so rich he will be able to keep a house full of servants.

ST. CHARLES ELECTRIC LIGHT & POWER CO.

C. Z. PIERSON, Manager.

ST. CHARLES, MO.

Tuesday, 18. Mlle. Burke entertains at French tea.

Wednesday, 19. Colonel S. calls on — .

Thursday, 20. Trunks hauled out.

Friday, 21. Christmas vacation begins.

January

Monday, 7. Sorrowful return.

Tuesday, 8. Oh! so homesick!

Wednesday, 9. Where are the New Year resolutions!

Thursday, 10. Raisin pielets!

Friday, 11. News of Colonel S's. marriage! ! ! !

Saturday, 12. And the next day it snowed.

Sunday, 13. Home letters and beau letters.

Monday, 14. Demonstration of latest styles in hair dressing.

Tuesday, 15. Seniors get other "Senior privileges."

Wednesday, 16. Major M. calls.

Thursday, 17. Miss Babcock delighted to have steak and toast.

Friday, 18. "Tommy you are my Soldier Boy."

Saturday, 19. Saucy wind breaks seven windows.

Sunday, 20. Too slippery for church.

Monday, 21. Organization of Phi Delta Sigma Literary Society.

Tuesday, 22. Miss Whitney's triumphal entry.

Wednesday, 23. Ghost walk.

Thursday, 24. Magazines chained to literary table.

Friday, 25. Informal dance in gym.

Saturday, 26. Shopping day.

Sunday, 27. All go to Presbyterian church by special invitation.

Monday, 28. Day of prayer for colleges.

Tuesday, 29. \$10,000 lunch! ! ! ! Hurrah for Mr. Butler!

Wednesday, 30. Exams!

Thursday, 31. More exams! !

February

Friday, 1. Faculty and student's reception.

St. Charles Military College

ST. CHARLES, MO.

23 miles west of Union Station, St. Louis. 8 blocks East of Lindenwood College. A strictly religious, non-sectarian boarding school for boys and young men. Faculty of 10 experienced men. Extraordinary advantages, in Special, Graduate, and Business courses. Careful moral training. Number limited. Prepares for active life as well as for West Point, Annapolis or any College or University.

COL. GEORGE W. BRUCE, A. M., President



THE

ST. CHARLES MUSIC HOUSE

Pianos, Organs, Etc.,

On Installment or Rented

VICTOR AND EDISON TALKING MACHINES
Tuning and Repairing Promptly Attended To

Musical Instruments, Sheet Music, Stationery and
Novelties, Books and School Supplies

S. E. Cor. Main and Monroe Sts.

Tel. Bell 297m, Kinloch 202



Saturday, 2. General cleaning up.
Sunday, 3. Church.
Monday, 4. New classes for second term.
Tuesday, 5. Election of Annual staff.
Wednesday, 6. Staff gets busy.
Thursday, 7. "The Honor of a Cowboy" given by the
members of the Episcopal church.
Friday, 8. First public recital.
Saturday, 9. First news of mumps at S. C. M. C.
Sunday, 10. Four Specials.
Monday, 11. Meeting of Phi Delta.
Tuesday, 12. Junior table assigned.
Wednesday, 13. Miss Irvin can't find a seat at dinner.
Thursday, 14. Miss Whipple gets a valentine!
Friday, 15. "Deestrick Schule" at opera house.
Saturday, 16. Girl's pay Mike a visit.
Sunday, 17. Caramels and magazines.
Monday, 18. Snowing.

Tuesday, 19. Juniors versus apple butter.
Wednesday, 20. "Restless, don't know what to do."
Thursday, 21. Alumnae luncheon at Hamilton Hotel, St.
Louis.
Friday, 22. Girls strike—Geo. Washington dinner.
Saturday, 23. Wholesale squelchings!
Sunday, 24. Dignified Seniors need no chaperons to church.
Monday, 25. Tilly generous with red pepper.
Tuesday, 26. More pepper.
Wednesday, 27. Prima donna Campbell practices!
Thursday, 28. Miss Burk manipulates foot lights during
chapel services.

March

Friday, 1. Senior vaudeville.
Saturday, 2. Two seniors at breakfast.
Sunday, 3. Church.
Monday, 4. Toby calls in vain.

R E M E M B E R

It is the

Charles E. Meyer Drug Store

That is the reputable Meyer Drug Store of
St. Charles

Every thing of the very best
quality

Bell 126-M

Kinloch 23

JOHN SCHULZE

PLUMBING, GAS FITTING, SEWERING

Hot Water Heating For Dwelling Houses
A Specialty

Estimates Cheerfully Furnished For All New and
Repair Work In Our Line

206 N. Main Street

ST. CHARLES, MO.

IT WILL PAY YOU

To investigate the values this store
is offering in

Dry Goods, Carpets and Shoes

You will find here the most dependable, most trustworthy
merchandise underpriced

Kuhlmann's

J. A. Vinke Drug Co.

Main and Monroe Sts.

St. Charles, Mo.

Sunday, 10. Rainy—homesick.
Monday, 11. Juniors decide to —
Tuesday, 12. Bath tub duel between Mrs. C. & Miss B.
Wednesday, 13. Dr. Ayres begins to hunt for buds.
Thursday, 14. Black Cat and Owl disappear.
Friday, 15. Rev. Boying's lecture—"Thro' Europe on a
wheel."
Saturday, 16. Who got some violets!
Sunday, 17. First comet scare.
Monday, 18. Edna H. only drinks one glass of water at
lunch.
Tuesday, 19. The "Bird Man's" talk.
Wednesday, 20. Sophs take Special pennant.
Thursday, 21. Specials burn Sophs in effigy.
Friday, 22. Lincoln Male Quartet.
Saturday, 23. The "Skidoo" of the Owl.
Sunday, 24. Tonina sees "Him."
Monday, 25. Sophs hang Weather Bird.

Tuesday, 26. Nothing heard but "Specials and Sophs."
Wednesday, 27. One more day!
Thursday, 28. Home for Easter! !

April

Tuesday, 2. School begins—maids leave.
Wednesday, 3. First strawberry shortcake.
Thursday, 4. Pianos tuned and voices tried.
Friday, 5. Faculty recital.
Saturday, 6. S. C. M. C. orchestra serenades in parlor.
Sunday, 7. Services in chapel.
Monday, 8. Board Trustees appoint architect and build-
ing committee; let contract for \$40,000 building.
Tuesday, 9. Joe goes into millinery business.
Wednesday, 10. Arbor day.
Thursday, 11. Junior Dramatic Club organized.
Friday, 12. Junior farce, "Her Teddy Bear."
Saturday, 13. Senior's get "took."

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Sunday, 14. First display of spring suits.
Monday, 15. Orange garterettes in evidence.
Tuesday, 16. Misses McNeal and Johnson copy Bible for
a change.
Wednesday, 17. Miss Baldwin trims hat.
Thursday, 18. Senior invitations out.
Friday, 19. Y. W. C. A. give farce. Cakewalk in gym.
Saturday, 20. Ball game. St. Louis U. & S. C. M. C.
Sunday, 21. Miss McLun lectures on "Condition of Fac-
tory Girls in St. Louis."
Monday, 22. Joe wears her straps!
Tuesday, 23. Mis Catron comes back for little visit.
Wednesday, 24. Seniors' Japanese Tea for Juniors and
Faculty.
Thursday, 25. Reception at Episcopal rectory.
Friday, 26. "Half-back Sandy," presented by S. C. M. C.
Cadets.
Saturday, 27. Rest after so much excitement.

Sunday, 28. Three teachers locked in one room!
Monday 29. Open meeting of Phi Delta Sigmas.
Tuesday, 30. Seniors versus rain.

May

Wednesday, 1. Dr. Ayres and Mrs. Heron take Senior
class to luncheon at Planter's, later to the "Lion and
Mouse."
Thursday, 2. Reformation begins. Object-Arkansas ball
game.
Friday, 3. Junior feast!!!!
Saturday, 4. Y. W. C. A. sell ice-cream.
Sunday, 5. Mr. Lindsey talks to girls.
Monday, 6. Pupils' recital.
Tuesday, 7. Rah for Arkansas! !
Wednesday, 8. April shower in May.
Thursday, 9. Nell reads proof as usual.
Friday, 10. "Who's Who and Why" presented by Shakes-
peare class.

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Friday, 17. First graduating recital.

Friday, 24. Annual Recital.

Saturday, 25. Junior picnic.

Friday, 31. Second Graduating Recital.

June

Saturday, 1. Art Reception.

Sunday, 2. Baccalaureate Sunday.

Monday, 3. Senior Class Day.

Tuesday, 4. Commencement.

Crushes

(Instructions how to carry on a successful crush)

- I. Said crushes should be persons of very different types seemingly opposed to crushdom.
- II. Should begin by loving glances, and carrying water for each other.
- III. Always holding hands.
- IV. Next stage---good-night kisses.
- V. Inseperable---can't be pulled apart!
- VI. Should telegraph immediately when reaching their destinations at vacation time.
- VII. First month of vacation---daily letters.
- VIII. Second month of vacation---once or twice a week.
- IX. Third month of vacation---spasmodically.
- X. Forgotton---

(Authorities: Shakespeare's Unabridged Dictionary.
Laura Jean Libby's Law of Psychic Phenomenon.)

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