

# LINDENWOOD COLLEGE



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No. 6



# LINDENWOOD COLLEGE

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VOL. 93

DECEMBER, 1923

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## CHRISTMAS IN OLD LONESOME

*Helen Kready*

*Editor's Note: The Christmas story contest is an annual contest, open to any girl in the college, who writes a Christmas sketch or narrative. Margaret Ferguson received honorable mention.*

"I wish I could see a *real* doll," said Molly Martin, wistfully.

Miss Bennet smiled back, "I wish you could, too, dearie. I don't know how to make them very well, do I?"

Then she turned to the window of her little cabin which was at once her home and schoolhouse in the lumber camp, and looked over the spreading country, a landscape darkened by the towering pines, which the wind tossed fitfully. Even as she gazed the gloom of coming night settled more densely upon the camp, discouraged and broken by never-ceasing and endless toil. "There's no use letting discouragement get hold of me," she said, still smiling bravely, "even if it does look as if my year here had accomplished nothing except making Molly love me. The men seem as hard and the women as miserable as when I came. Ed Martin told me yesterday I might stop teaching his Molly to pray, for God had forgotten Old Lonesome. But God never forgets and God is all-powerful, and I'm trying to do God's work."

Turning again to Molly, "Run home now and show your mother the rag

baby," she smiled cheerily, and turned back to her work. "I refuse to be discouraged and I won't waste any more time. My one bright spot is the letter from that dear little girl in Swainstown. I'll answer that and tell her about the children here who never saw a real doll and who don't know what Christmas means. God has lots of ways to answer people's prayers, and I'll be grateful for every tiny little rill of good that trickles in, even if it isn't a river."

The letter was written out of a loving heart, and it flew away East in search of hearts as eager and as loving. It was not long before every child in Swainstown knew of the little lumber camp town where the children had never seen a Christmas—and Christmas only a few weeks away. The whole village was in commotion: nickels and dimes poured in; dolls were dressed; books and pictures were given; warm clothing was bought, and soon a big box stood packed full of gifts of love, ready for its long journey West.

On the very day it started, Miss Bennet, in her schoolhouse, was reading the letter which had been sent ahead to an-

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nounce its coming. "My little rill is going to be quite a big brook," she said. "It's one of the streams love is always pouring out and I was beginning to think that every channel this way was blocked."

Then she flew to the door and called in a woman who was passing. "Oh, Mrs. Martin," she cried impetuously, "come in and hear my good news. There's a town out in the East called Swainstown, and they surely have the hearts of angels there, for all the children are giving their Christmas to our poor little mites here who never have any. Just think! your Joe and Molly and little Jim will see a Christmas tree! And Molly will have a real doll that opens and shuts its eyes! All the dolls open and shut their eyes. Tell everyone you see, Mrs. Martin, that Old Lonesome is going to have a Christmas tree, and that everybody is invited. The box will start today and there is enough in it for every man, woman, and child in camp."

But surly Ed Martin openly scoffed.

"Much good it will do us," he grumbled. "They ought to have started it in July. If the trains don't get blocked the box may get through as far as Berkshire, but how is it going to get up the mountain? There's enough snow in the air to keep us covered in till spring. No team will get in or out by a week's time. You mark my words."

Miss Bennet shook her head. "I'd rather not," she said.

Through the next fortnight Miss Bennet had need of all her faith. The predicted storms came, and came in all their fury. Day after day the wind roared and the snow whirled, until earth was blended with sky. When it cleared, every man in camp shook his head. Her only support came from blue-eyed little Molly

Martin. She smiled confidently at "teacher," for she, too, knew that Love is omnipotent. Miss Bennet had taught her that.

"We'll get ready, anyhow, Molly, shan't we?" said Miss Bennet. "We won't keep the box waiting when it comes."

And so the boys cut evergreen boughs until the walls of the schoolroom were quite hidden beneath the decoration.

Molly Martin sat on her father's knee that night, her eyes shining like stars. Hard as he was, Martin loved his wife and children.

"It is so beautiful, father. And don't you think the box will come soon?"

"I guess there won't be any Christmas here. God forgets us off here in the mountains."

"Why, father! God never forgets. He'll surely get the box here. Tomorrow, Joe and the other big boys are going to cut a tree and fasten it to the platform, and then Miss Bennet will put all the things out of the box on the tree and light it up with real candles. Oh, I can't think how beautiful it will be, with my doll, with real brushing hair, sitting on a bough."

Ed Martin put the child down from his knee.

"The box isn't here yet, and it's not likely to be," he said gruffly. "There's nothing that will go in or out for a month through these drifts. Don't set your heart on it."

Molly's blue eyes looked at him pityingly. "You don't know all the ways God has, do you, father?"

The boys cut the big tree the next day and spent all afternoon putting it in place. They went off to their suppers, finally, and Miss Bennet was left alone in the twilight. Even by the light of the open fire the room looked festive and

bright, and the air was full of Christmas odors. The door opened to let in an icy blast. Ed Martin followed it.

"I've left some wood in the hall so you needn't be afraid to keep up a good fire," he said gruffly. "Molly's as set as you are that she'll get some sort of a Christmas, and I suppose a child's prayers get answered if anybody's do."

"I can't think that such a beautiful thought as this Christmas box would be started and then stopped on the way," said Miss Bennet simply, "but we'll get our Christmas in some way, I know that."

"It looks some now as if you might get it out of the box," Martin answered grimly. "The fuses gave out and we've got to go to Berkshire to get more. Six men are going out with a team tomorrow to break through a road and if we get to Berkshire and if the box is there and if we don't get any more snow or wind we may get the box back in time."

Miss Bennet smiled, "It's fuses that will answer Molly's prayers," she said.

The whole camp witnessed the departure the next morning. Six of the strongest men and four of the strongest horses plunged out over the hidden road and disappeared from sight down the mountain side. A hopeful expectancy filled the camp. There were five days 'till Christmas and the best men gone to haul up the box!

"It's sure a long time to wait," said Joe Martin.

"But it'll come," said Molly, dancing in her glee. "Father's gone for the box and it can't miss now."

Monday was the twenty-third. Old Lonesome woke to a gray world. Silently, without wind, the big snowflakes were floating down. Already the broken tracks were covered.

"If we get much of this they'll never get the team back up the mountain," said Joe, gloomily.

"Father'll come," said Molly.

Tuesday morning the whole mountain-side was aglitter under the blue sky, but the beauty of the fresh snow was a barrier, and was seen only through sad eyes. Everyone knew now that the team could not bring the box through in time.

"God has lots of ways," said little Molly.

"Yes," said Miss Bennet, "God has lots of ways. We know, don't we, Molly, that the best part of Christmas is right here in our hearts where snowstorms can never get—unless we let them. We'll have a party here tomorrow, anyhow. Tell Joe to ask everyone to bring their dinners and we'll eat them together, and we'll have a good time."

She sat up later than usual that night planning how to make her party a success even with a bare Christmas tree. Outside the air tingled and the world sparkled under the moon that lit up Christmas eve. Suddenly, out of the stillness, came a fumbling at the outer door. She opened it quickly. In the snow stood six tall figures, each with a bulging sack over his shoulder. She recognized Ed Martin first.

"You're back!" she exclaimed. "Come in quickly out of the cold."

In came six weary lumbermen and set their sacks gently on the floor.

"There's your box," said Martin. "The horses hauled it to the foot of the mountain and then gave clean out, and so we unpacked the box and dumped the things into these sacks and brought 'em along."

Miss Bennet's eyes were shining. "Sit down, every one of you, by the fire, and get rested while I make you some coffee. I won't take ten minutes." And as

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*Editor*

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the kettle boiled, she was singing to herself the words of an old hymn:

"God moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform."

When they had finished they rose awkwardly to depart, but Miss Bennet had a sudden inspiration. "Why don't you stay and help me trim the tree. Think what a surprise we shall give the others in the morning!"

Shamefacedly the men looked at one-another, but Miss Bennet gave them no chance to refuse. Her scissors snipped the cord of the nearest bag, and from its open mouth came a wonderful doll—blue eyes, pink cheeks, golden curls and a white frock. She handed it to Ed Martin, who received it with awe.

"Here's Molly's name," said she. "Pin it to the doll and find her an easy seat on the tree."

The moon, looking down through the clear, frosty night saw a queer sight. It saw rough men, made hard and bitter by ceaseless, dispiriting toil, touched by the love of Christmas time. Their grimy hands lifted reverently the dolls and books and garments, and their rough voices laughed out like school boys. Before they had finished, every little girl in Old Lonesome had her name pinned to a doll, and every boy to a knife or book. The sacks seemed as if they would never empty themselves. There were dresses

for the women and caps for the men, and candy for all. Never had Old Lonesome known such riches. Finally the last string of tinsel was draped over the tree and the last candle fastened on. The glass icicles hung ready to sparkle in the coming glow. From the very tip of the tree hung a Christmas star.

"My kids wouldn't be asleep now if they knew this was here."

"They'll see it tomorrow," said Miss Bennet.

"Yes, ma'am," said another. "We'll all come, and we'll come early—snow or no snow. There'll be no work in Old Lonesome tomorrow. I've got my wedding coat somewheres and a 'biled' shirt. I'll look 'em up for the party. We'll bunk down in the shack by the lumber, so that no one shall know we're here till morning."

The men filed out, but Ed Martin lingered.

"What is it, Mr. Martin?" she asked.

"I don't know," he stammered. "I know I feel as if I'd a hard lump inside me that was melting up. It's many a year since I believed in God, but if there's anybody in the world who cares enough for kids they never saw to send 'em things like this—why, maybe God is Love. And maybe He hears a little girl's prayers."

"I'm sure of it," said Miss Bennet.

Martin turned his cap nervously in his hands. Miss Bennet held out her hand, and he took it awkwardly. Then he opened the door and bolted after his friends.

Miss Bennet stood for a moment breathing the keen, tingling air, touched with the odor of Christmas greens. The moonbeams danced over the white, glistening earth, and as she closed the

door and turned into the room, before her stood the laden tree, the Star of Hope shining from its tip.

"My little rill that swelled into a brook has become a river!"

### PARTY IN HONOR OF MRS. ROEMER

Red roses, interpretative dancing, and an original play marked the festivities at the party given by the freshmen in honor of Mrs. Roemer's birthday, Friday evening, November 9. The custom of celebrating Mrs. Roemer's birthday was originated in 1917 by the freshman class. Since that time it has been the privilege of each entering class to entertain the college on that day.

"Sausages and Songs" was the title of the clever pantomime presented under the direction of Miss Myrrl Rodney, sponsor of the class. Harlequin and Columbine, aided by Pantaloon and a troop of Pierrots and Pierretts featured. Red and white, the class colors, lent themselves to costumes and decorations. The Butler gym was transformed with white cambric carrying Pierrots and Pierretts in silhouette. Every window was curtained in white and crimson. Mrs. Roemer, in a gown of white satin, graced the throne, which was decorated with red roses and ferns.

The favors given to each of the 450 guests were small bottles of French perfume.

The dinner preceding the party was an elaborate one. The color scheme of red and white was carried out here. The meal concluded with the traditional darkening of the dining hall at the bringing in of the candle-lighted birthday cakes. Souvenir programs containing Mrs. Roemer's picture were at every place.

### PURITAN DAY

Bright and early Tuesday morning, November 20, seventy-five little Puritan maids in black dresses and white kerchiefs and aprons appeared mysteriously upon the campus. Later in the day it was discovered that these demure young ladies were the members of the sophomore class.

Between classes they requested (?) the freshmen to entertain them and the rest of the school with short one-act plays of a rather historical nature. Miss Rodney, the freshmen sponsor, was not even spared. In order to make the dignity of the sophomores greater by contrast, the freshmen very kindly consented to dress in knee-length skirts, stocking caps, and carry their little tin spoons with them.

In chapel Miss Hagler, the sophomore president, conducted a meeting at which the freshmen exposed their knowledge. Several members of the freshmen class delivered lectures on very high-brow subjects, sang, and gave dramatic interpretations.

Real Puritan punishments were inflicted on the freshmen who had broken any of the rules of the day.

### EL CIRCULO ESPANOL

The Spanish Club held its first meeting October 29. The officers elected were: Allene Guthrie, president; Mary Sayre, vice-president; Ellen Ruth, secretary-treasurer, and Eleanor Brown was selected to act with the Executive Committee.

Plans for the presentation of a Spanish play were discussed with much enthusiasm.

At the next meeting, the sponsor of the club, Miss Barnett, who has recently returned from Spain where she spent a year in travel and study, will deliver an illustrated lecture.

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### FOOLISH FOLLIES

The Follish Follies, with several acts added since it was given at the Wednesday Club in St. Louis, was presented in Roemer auditorium, Friday night, November 23. The performance was under the direction of the sociology classes.

The Follies are an annual production and are always looked forward to as one of the big events of our theatrical year. This year's presentation was no exception.

The program was as follows:

- (a) The Ambassador ..... Zamecnik  
The Desert Caravan..... Roberts  
Lindenwood Orchestra
- (b) Ivan and Alex—  
Theo Meyer and Jean Johnston
- (c) Dance—Pierrot and Pierrette—  
Mary Sayre and Mildred Read
- (d) Lindenwood Sextette—
  - 1. College Song..... Ailee Norris
  - 2. Jane ..... Velma Pierce
  - 3. Bitterness of Love..... James P. DunnGladys Sullivan, Ruth Alexander, Esther Hund, Carolyn Sheetz, Martha Whaley, Rachel Strong
- (e) Annie Laurie Herself.

#### CAST

Elizabeth Arveson, Gertrude Bird, Lillian Hinkle, Reba Crowe, Naomi Barkley, Roma Key, Ruth Kern, Mildred Carpenter, Helene Millsap, Margaret Boss.

#### CHORUS

Marcella Holbrook, Catherine Yount, Janet Robinson, Martha Whaley, Lucile Killingsworth, Marion Kordsiemon, Alba Chapman, Marion Kaufman, Rose McClelland, Esther Hund, Dorothy Clough.

- (f) Jazz Orchestra—
  - Violin—Harriet Webster and Lillian Hinkle
  - Clarinet—Oda Wentworth and Faye K. Elder
  - Drums—Jessie Schaper
  - Piano—Ruth Alexander
- (g) Melodrama—Gladys Sullivan and Carolyn Sheetz
- (h) Linden Leaves—Gertrude Bird, assisted by Maude Arveson
- (i) A Fantasy—Helen Holmes, Margaret Ferguson Marguerite Mitchener

- (j) A Little Italy—Carolyn Sheetz and Gladys Sullivan
- (k) Down in Dixie—  
Marian Gum, Maude Gardner, Sue Wright, Ruth Laitner, Ellen Boyce
- (l) On Parade..... Zamecnik  
Class Day..... Roberts  
Lindenwood Orchestra

Over \$150.00 was cleared. Part of this sum will go to provide Thanksgiving and Christmas baskets for the inmates of the County Infirmary. The remainder will be added to the Mary Easton Sibley Scholarship Fund.

A great deal of assistance was given to the sociology classes by Miss Templin, Miss Myrrl Rodney, Miss Florence Bartz, Mr. John Thomas, Miss Lucia Hutchins and Miss Agnes Gray.

### CAMPUS NOTES

The International Relations Club announces the following officers: Elinor Grubb, president; Eleanor Moehlenkamp, vice-president; Oreen Ruedi, secretary and treasurer. Miss Weber is the sponsor.

The tennis tournament was won by Marian Gum. Julia Ayers and Janet Robinson played in the finals.

Mrs. J. L. Rodney, Kansas City, Mo., visited her daughter, Miss Myrrl Rodney, head of the expression department.

Lois Luckhardt, '22, spent the weekend at the college with Helen Saunders.

Dr. George W. King of Markham Memorial addressed the student body Thursday morning, November 8. Dr. King told of the interesting work done by his church and asked that the girls repeat their annual gift of dolls and toys at Christmas time.



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Florence Good had as her week-end guest Miss Ethel Gardner of Christian College.

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Mrs. J. F. Tinsman, Denison, Texas, spent the week-end with her daughter, Katharine.

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The Euthenics Club held their initiation service Tuesday afternoon, November 20.

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Rev. Charles Boving, pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Moberly, Mo., addressed the student body at the Thursday assembly, November 15. Dr. Boving spoke of the "new-rich, the too-rich and the few-rich," and summed his talk up by pointing out that we should use our riches for the glorification of ourselves and our Lord.

Rev. Boving was formerly president of Westminster College, Fulton, Mo., and at one time was a member of the Board of Trustees of Lindenwood College.

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The members of the senior class, accompanied by their sponsor, Mrs. J. L. Roemer, visited Markham Memorial, St. Louis, Thursday evening, November 22. After having dinner with the girls of the church, the seniors played basketball with them.

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The World's Week of Prayer, November 11-17, was observed by the Y. W. C. A. of Lindenwood College by having the members of the Y. W. C. A. conduct the daily chapel service. Monday the service was in charge of Elinor Grubb who spoke on "The Realization of the Presence of Christ." "Quietness" was the subject chosen by Harriet Webster

for the Tuesday service. Louise Clough spoke Wednesday morning on "Lowliness of Heart." "The Bearing and the Sharing of the Yoke" was the subject discussed by Sara Shomberg on Thursday morning. Maxine Curreathers on Friday morning talked on "You Shall Find rest."

The Y. W. is at the present time conducting a contest to see which class can present the best program for the Wednesday evening prayer-meeting and have the largest percentage of attendance.

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Rev. James Hardin Smith, pastor of the North Presbyterian Church, spoke to the student body Thursday morning, November 22.

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Armistice Day was observed by a special program at the Sunday evening Vesper service. Dr. Calder delivered the address. Lucile Jordan sang "Christ in Flanders."

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Hamilton Holt, former editor of the New York Independent, and a famous lecturer, delivered an address on the League of Nations at the college Thursday night, November 8. Mr. Holt has traveled much abroad and was an official in Paris at the time the covenant of the League of Nations was drafted. He served as a liason officer between the American delegation and the League of Enforced Peace, having been a founder of the latter organization. He is a strong advocate of the League of Nations. In 1918 he visited all of the battle fronts of the allied armies as an official guest of the various governments, and since the war has received various decorations from the French Republic, the King of Italy and the King of Greece.

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Dr. William R. Dodd, pastor of the Lafayette Park Presbyterian Church, St. Louis, spoke at the Thursday assembly, November 1. His subject was "The Healing of Naaman the Syrian."

The contest for the words to the prize song closed Thursday, November 1. Two songs of equal merit were submitted and the English department decided that the prize should be divided between the two composers. The lucky girls were Jessie Schaper and Virginia Symms. The contest for the music to go with these words will continue until March 1. Dr. Roemer has offered a prize of \$25.00 to the member of the faculty who writes the best prize song before March 1. The song is to be judged by the ease and spirit with which the student body can sing it.

Margaret Ferguson had as her guest Miss Roberta Crozier, Fulton, Mo.

Miss Jane Frances Winn, literary editor of the Globe-Democrat, gave an address on "Book Reviewing" to the students of the newswriting class and the students of English.

### ROSE O' PLYMOUTH TOWN

The Y. W. C. A. of the college presented "Rose o' Plymouth Town," Wednesday night at 8 o'clock in Roemer Auditorium. The characters were:

Rose de la Noi	Sylvia Rubins
Miles Standish	Mary Louise Blocher
Garret Foster	Virginia Symms
John Mageson	Carolyn Sheetz
Philippe de la Noi	Georgia Belle
	Donaldson
Meriam Chilingsly	Pauline Davis

Barbara Standish      Mildred Read  
Resolute Story      Lydell Hahn

The play was a romance comedy of the early settlers, and the sets were in according simplicity. Sylvia Rubins, Virginia Symms, Carolyn Sheetz and Lydel Hahn deserve special note for their splendid work. The play was coached by Miss Hutchins of the oratory department.

### THANKSGIVING DAY

Due to the steady rain, beginning early in the morning and continuing all day, the hockey game between the Missouri girls and the Kansas girls, scheduled for 9 o'clock Thanksgiving morning, was called off. To fill in the day's program, a baseball game was played in Butler gymnasium by the teams picked for the hockey contest.

All the pep and enthusiasm with which the hockey game had been anticipated showed itself at the baseball game. The Jayhawks in blue suits flying red streamers, marched around the gym and then formed a big "K," singing the praises of the Jayhawk State. The supporters of the gold and black followed with yells and songs.

The hours of practice with the hockey sticks did not prove to be very adequate training for handling a baseball bat and the players took their places hardly knowing what was expected of them. It was soon evident that Missouri boasted all the baseball stars and at the end of the fifth inning when the game had to be stopped because of lack of time, the score stood 26-3 for Missouri.

Thanksgiving services were held in Roemer Auditorium at 11 o'clock. The program included the reading of President Coolidge's Proclamation by Virginia Heinrich of West Plains, Mo., and an

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anthem, "Great is the Lord," by the choir, in which Rachel Strong of Hannibal, Mo., and Ruth Alexander of Ardmore, Okla., sang the solo parts.

The prayer of the morning was offered by Dr. John L. Roemer. Dr. William A. Clemmer of Grace Presbyterian Church, St. Louis, delivered the Thanksgiving sermon. He said in part:

"They tell me that our Pilgrim fathers gave us Thanksgiving Day, but God gave to us the Thanksgiving spirit. America is an oasis for it is filled with fountains of blessings for us from God. We should be thankful to Him until the tears come to our eyes. I am thanking God for the privilege of worshiping Him as I please. We must not look at science and invention and pay tribute only to the man who advanced them, but we must look up to God who made it possible for man to achieve success. The Great Father has thrown His arms about us and kissed us with the Thanksgiving spirit; my heart goes out to Him for the great benefactions to men."

At 1 o'clock President and Mrs. John L. Roemer were host and hostess at a Thanksgiving dinner for the Lindenwood students and their guests. Just after the guests had been seated, fifteen "Razzers," followed by the victorious Missouri hockey team, marched into the dining hall and took their places at tables reserved for them. In a few minutes fifteen "Jayhawks" came in, each one escorting a member of the Kansas hockey team. Throughout the dinner the two groups sang songs predicting the outcome of the football game.

The dining hall was divided in half, with black and gold marking the Missouri side, and crimson and blue the Kansas side. The guests were seated according to the side they wished to cheer

for. Narrow streamers of crepe paper coming from the center of each table and extending half way down marked the place of each guest, and at each place there were little yellow nut cups upon which perched a turkey.

The parlors of Butler Hall were the scene of a delightful tea in the afternoon from 3 to 5:30 o'clock. Baskets of chrysanthemums were decorations. Under the softly shaded lights the bright dresses of the girls made an attractive color scheme. The tea was under the direction of State clubs, and the presidents of the clubs poured.

Dr. and Mrs. John L. Roemer and Miss Margaret Johnson received.

A Thanksgiving vaudeville program was presented by girls from all the different States at 7:30 that evening. The first number was a song and dance skit by Helen Smith, accompanied at the piano by Alberta Shell. A talking moving picture show, a startling tragedy featuring Dorothy Gee, Page Wright and Mary Catherine Edmands, followed. The third number was "Fraternity Jean," in which some fraternity brothers sang to the girl of their dreams. Mary Sayre played the role of Jean. A dialogue, "A Pair of Lunatics," was the next number. Two young people in an insane asylum, met, thought the other one an inmate, but finally discovered in the course of the conversation that the girl, played by Betty Carter, was the sister of the boy's roommate. Catherine Yount took the part of the boy. Helen Calder played the role of a pipe dreamer who saw his old sweethearts pass in revue. The last number was "Mystic Mestapha," in which Mestapha, Marguerite Mitchener, told the future of some of the girls in the audience. Mary Hagler directed Mestapha's visions along the right lines.

## CLUB NOTES

## CHICAGO

On Friday, November 9, Mrs. McKane and Mrs. Darmer entertained the Lindenwood College Club of Chicago at the home of Mrs. McKane. Twenty members and two guests sat down at the luncheon tables. The decorations were astors in the Lindenwood colors.

The guests were Mrs. Durham's mother, Mrs. Burke, and Mrs. Bergman, one of our honorary members, now active in the Lindenwood Club of Kansas City.

We are happy to welcome two new members—Mrs. May Beckman Swannstrom, 1916-'18, and Mrs. Martha Scroggin Nemic, 1917-'19.

Mr. and Mrs. Gentry, the latter our corresponding secretary, have sailed for a four months' world cruise, and before their return will have visited all of the principal cities in the Orient.

We are proud of one of our charter members, Mrs. Irene Belden Zaring, who has been made the organist in the new Buena Memorial Presbyterian Church, one of Chicago's largest churches.

Our meeting was enthusiastic and interesting. Several members brought reports from the department meetings of the second district of the Illinois Federation of Women's Clubs.

Our scholarship fund is growing. Members are subscribing, and we have plans started whereby we hope to reach our quota.

AUGUSTA K. JENKINS.

## ST. LOUIS

The November meeting of the St. Louis Lindenwood Club was held at the home of Mrs. Harry Montgomery, 7020 Waterman avenue. Mrs. Leonard Scott assisted. Miss Martha Arend, the St. Louis Good Will Delegate to France, was the speaker of the afternoon. Her talk

was both interesting and educational.

The club is very glad to welcome two new members—Miss Irene McIntyre, St. Louis, and Mrs. George McElhiney, St. Charles.

On the evening of November 16, a group of Lindenwood girls presented a nine-act vaudeville entitled "Foolish Follies," at the Wednesday Club, under the auspices of the St. Louis Lindenwood College Club. The play was an artistic and a financial success, enabling the club to add \$162.88 to the Scholarship Fund. The club still lacks \$158.77 that we must have by January in order to get the \$1000 Dr. Roemer has offered. To meet this deficit, a silver tea or free-will offering will be given at the next meeting, which will be December 11 at the home of Mrs. Elizabeth Christy Loury, 6095 Cabanne avenue.

The patrons and patronesses of the Foolish Follies were:

President and Mrs. John L. Roemer, Dr. and Mrs. John W. MacIvor, Dr. and Mrs. David N. Skilling, Dr. and Mrs. Samuel C. Palmer, Dr. and Mrs. B. P. Fullerton, Mr. and Mrs. George P. Cummings, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Cobb, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Sutherland, Dr. and Mrs. Emmet P. North, Dr. and Mrs. B. Kurt Stumberg, Mr. and Mrs. John T. Garrett, Mrs. Arthur Gale, Miss Agnes Adams, Miss Elizabeth Morse, Mrs. Anna McClain Sankey, Miss Marguerite Ely, Miss Alice Linnemann, Miss Lucinda de L. Templin.

Between acts, home-made candies, donated by members of the club, were sold under the direction of Mrs. Edgar Blankenmeister and Mrs. J. G. Vogt. This sale netted \$15.00.

MRS. ARTHUR KRUEGER, Cor. Sec.