

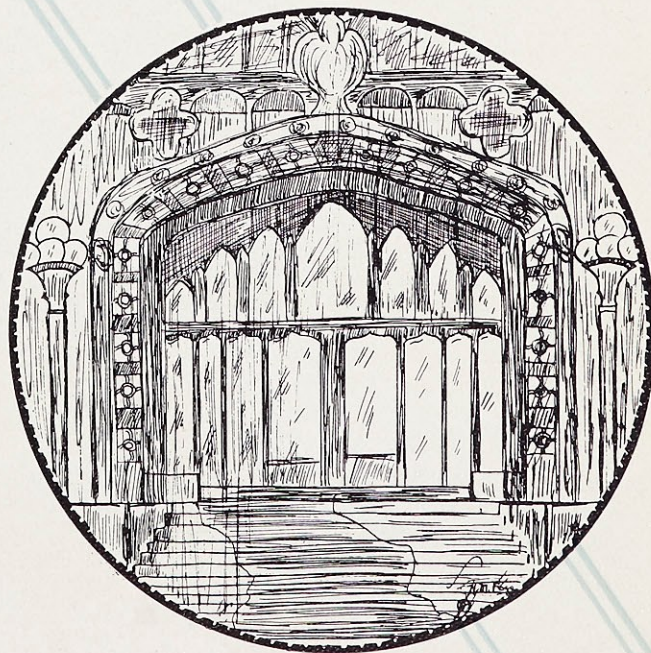
Lauretanum



1927

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Lauretanum



WEBSTER
COLLEGE

WEBSTER GROVES

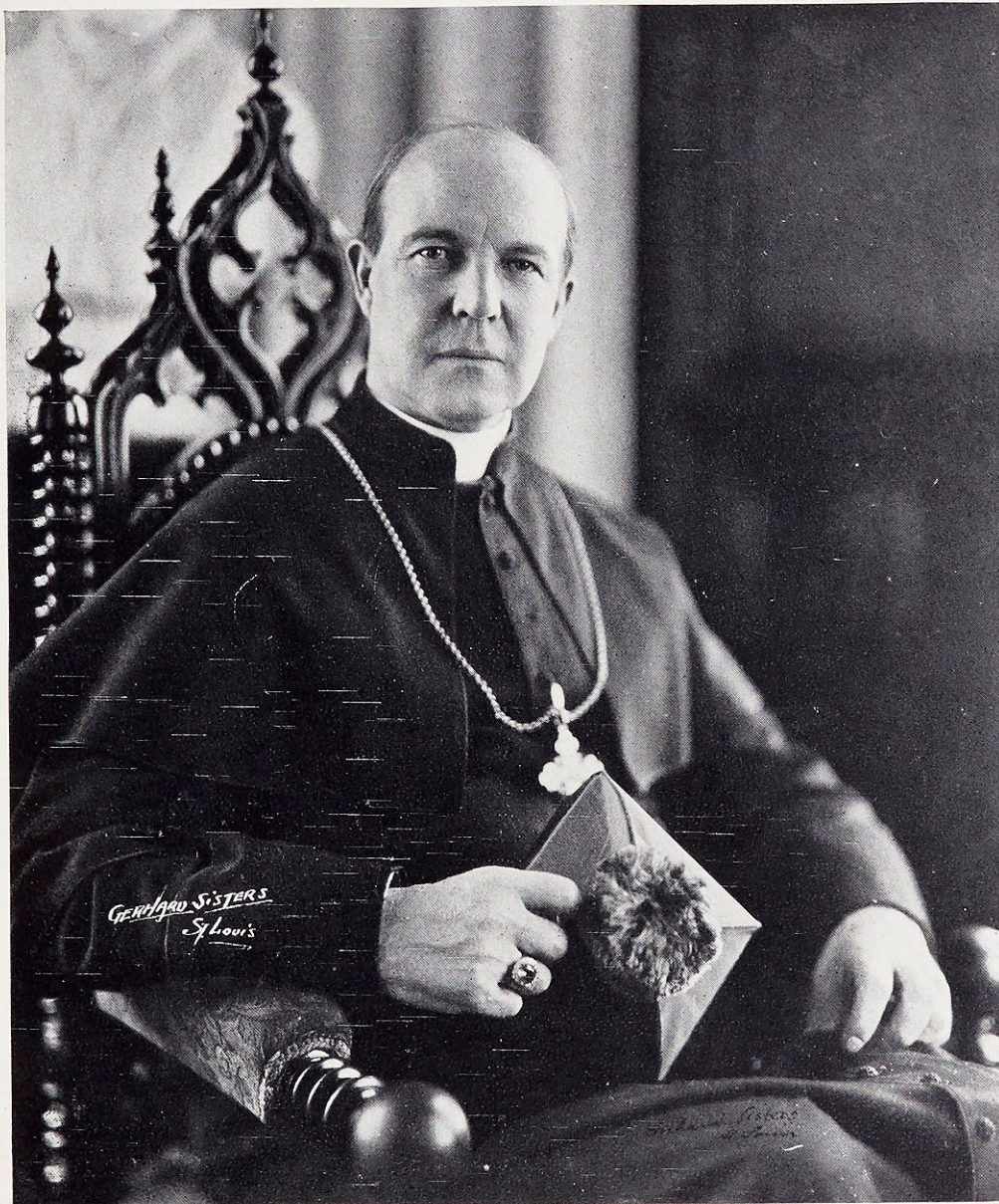
MISSOURI

1927

DEDICATION

To the Sisters of the Faculty, our devoted teachers--our beloved friends, we Dedicate this Annual, grateful for the opportunity of telling them publicly of our esteem and appreciation.





MOST REVEREND JOHN J. GLENNON, D. D.

Archbishop of St. Louis

F O R E W O R D

To add a page to the History of Webster, to offer our last collective tribute to our Alma Mater and to preserve the memory of the Class of 1927 has been the purpose of the staff in compiling this volume.

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Classes

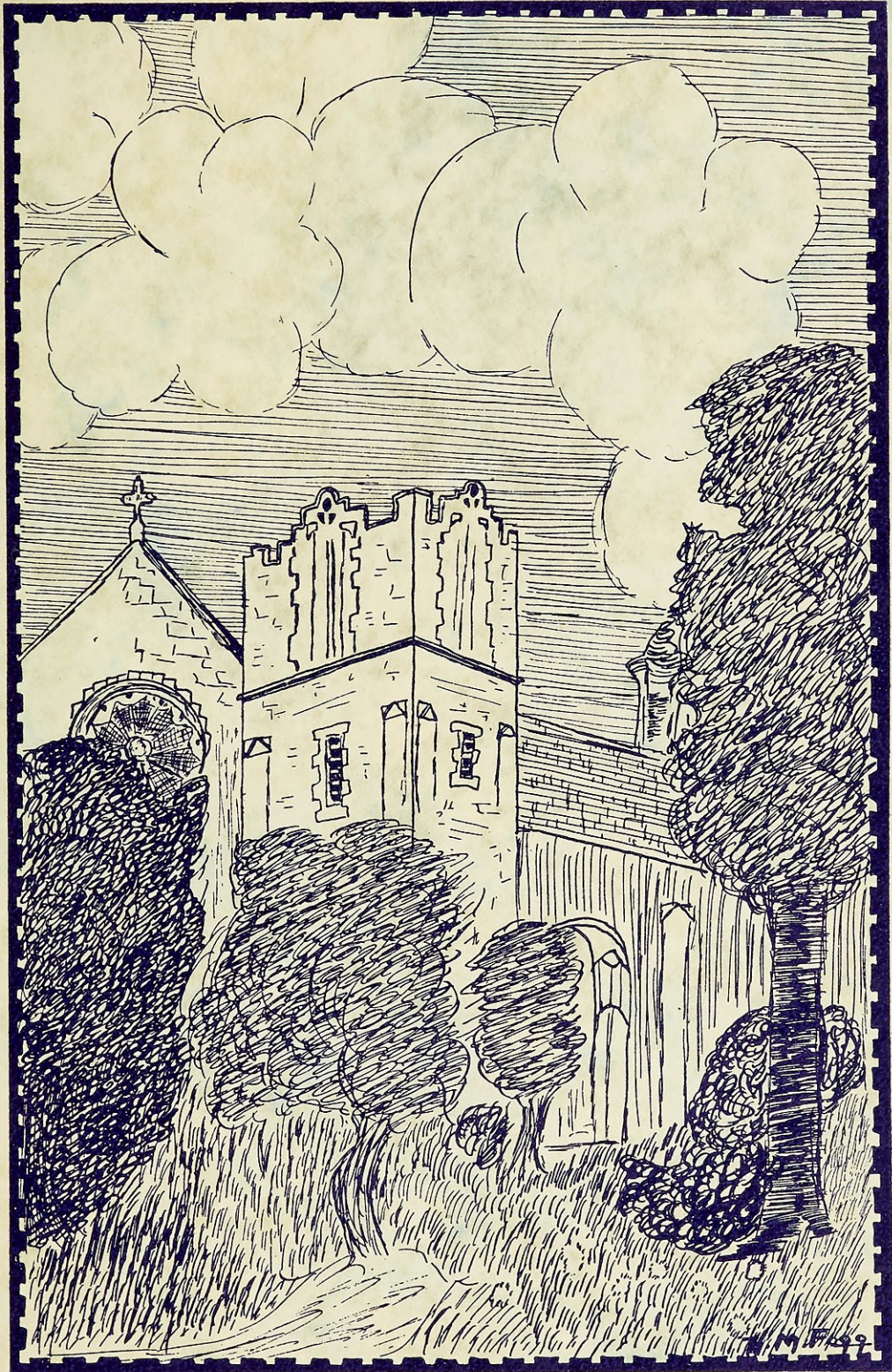
Athletics

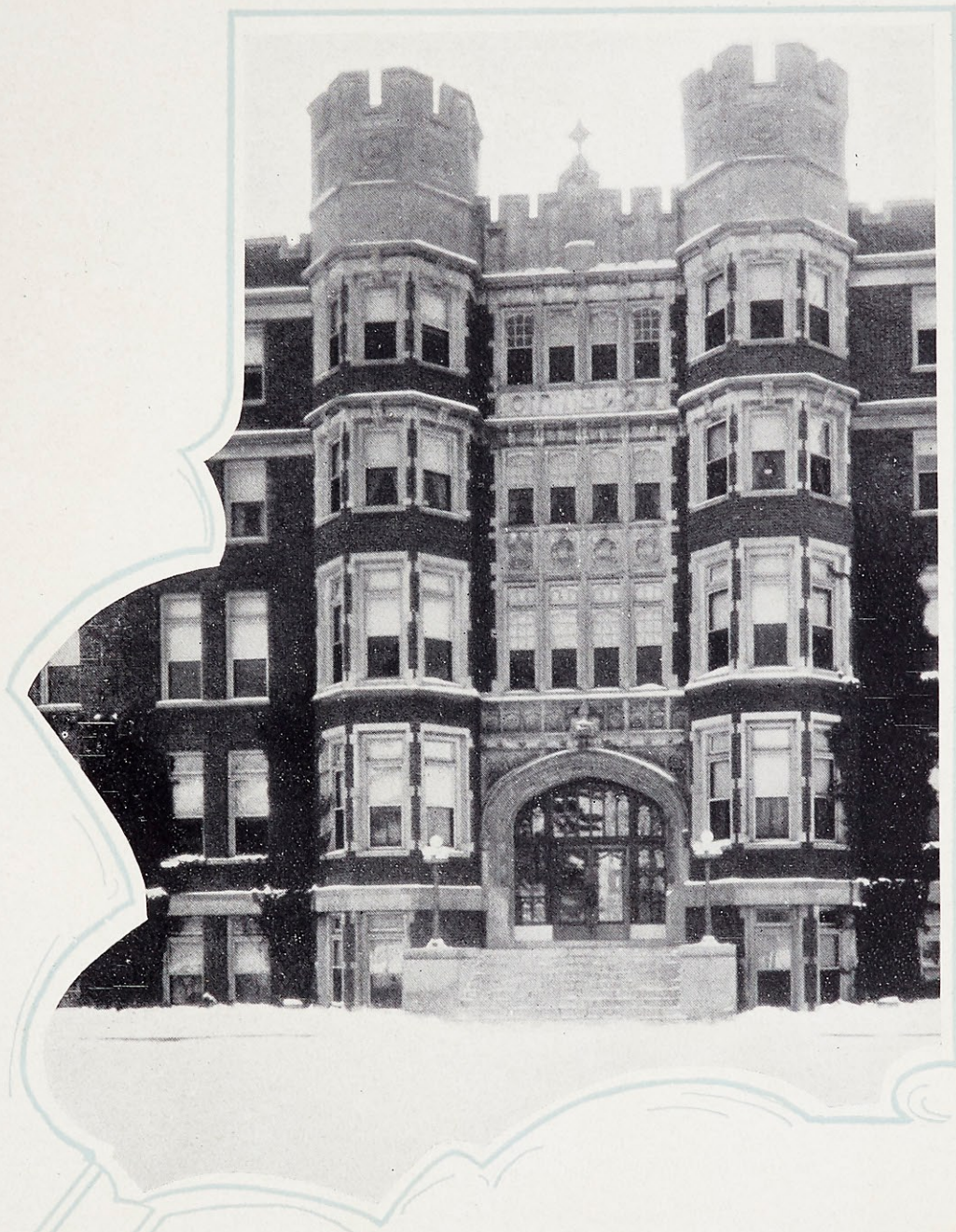
Activities

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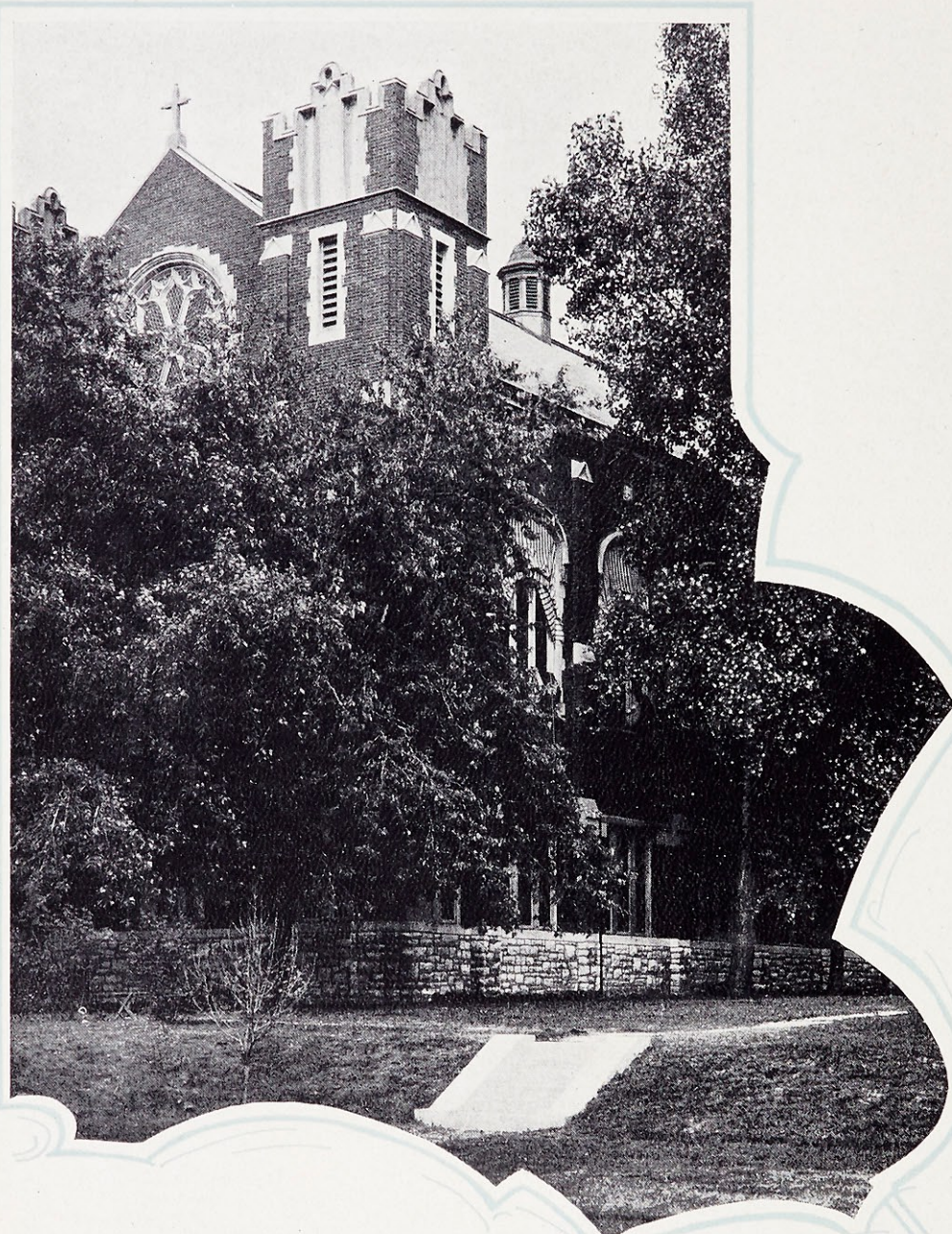
Theresa Shea
Editor

Theo Fehlig
Business Manager





*Twin towers, in splendor tall, hailing us home—
The strength, the beauty, of a song in stone.*



*And over all, the cross, its arms spread wide,
The shield of virtue, and to knowledge the guide.*



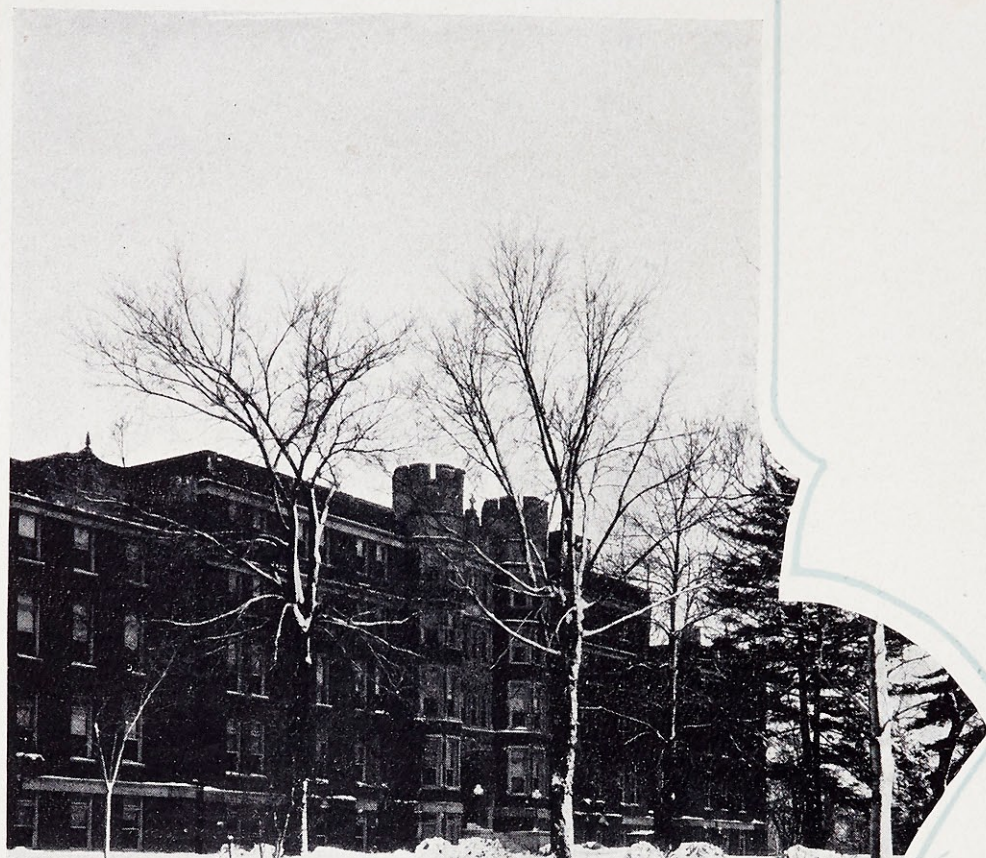
*Through the coolness of trees, past the shrine of knowledge, of art,
Oh, curving road, you wind into my heart.*



*Where leafy branches murmur in the breeze
And shade and quiet reign beneath the trees.*



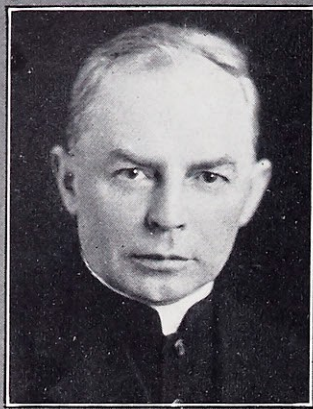
*The turf, the tawny road, the trees against thy walls,
Set off the joy of youth along thy stately halls.*



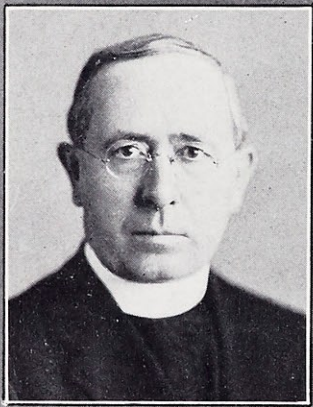
*We woke to find that winter, in the night,
Had wrapped the campus in a mantle white.*

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*Professor and Head of Department of
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PH. D.,

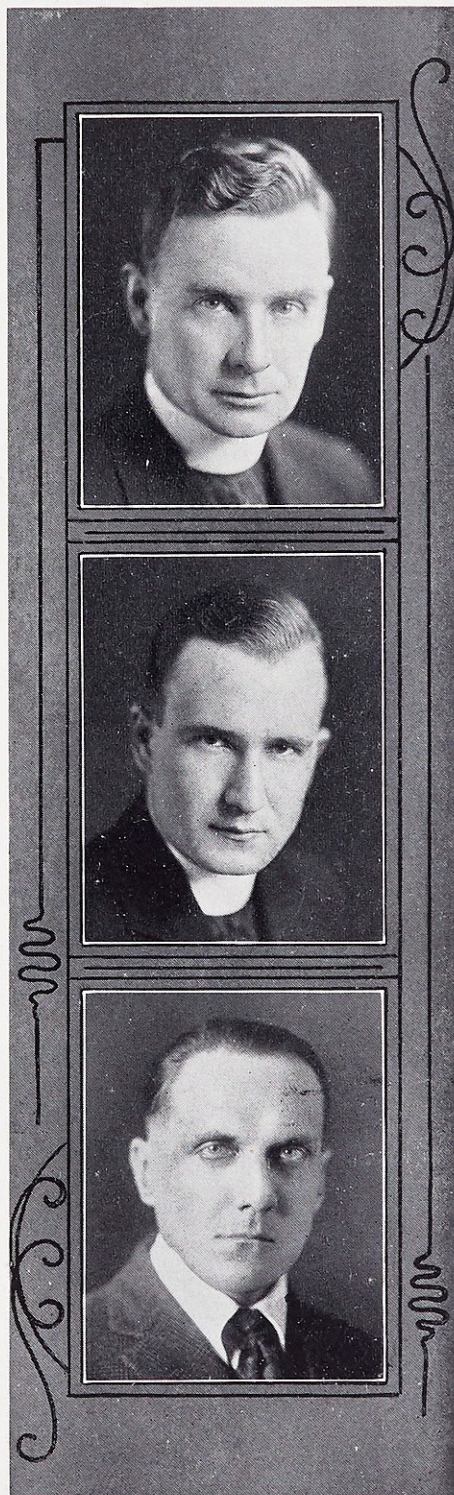
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*Professor and Head of Department in
Expression.*



MRS. FRANCIS T. DOUGLAS, B. J.,
Instructor in Journalistic Writing.



MISS GENEVIEVE BARTHEL, A. B.,
Instructor in Physical Education.





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Theresa Shea, A. B.

"If there were anything else to be done, Theresa could do it . . ." Here, in a few words, a monumental tribute is paid to the President of the Senior class and Editor of this *Lauretanum*. Frankly, a Senior class never had a more talented executive for she took an efficient and capable part in every sort of activity at Webster College.

The autumn of 1923 brought to Webster a lovely girl, demure as befits Freshmen, even those intended for prominent college careers. Theresa had finished her high-school course at Loretto Academy and, with a one-year scholarship, began her pursuit of higher wisdom at Webster. She soon proved that she was a real student and a capable executive, holding the offices of class Treasurer in '23, Vice-President in '24 and '25, Sodality Treasurer in '26, and Associate Editor of the *Lauretanum* as a junior.

However, it is not of her ability in these fields that we first think, when Theresa's name is mentioned. Rather, our imagination points straight to our Junior year, when she took the lead in "The Taming of the Shrew." Who will ever forget the dashing Petruchio with his roars for "Kate"? Somehow, since then, Theresa has seemed to have a dual personality. We see her before us in all her own sweet character; then suddenly the picture of the swash-buckling hero of last year flashes to our minds. No, she can never be just Theresa to us again; the mustached Petruchio walks the earth. This gift of hers to live and be the character she is playing, so that we can never forget her role, reached its climax, perhaps, in Petruchio. During her dramatic career at Webster, however, she has shown hardly less talent in the various other parts which she has played. From the role of a sweet young mother, to that of the tragic and romantic hero of "Romeo and Juliet" was but a step when viewed in the light of her versatility.

Theresa's most winning personality and sweet, gracious manner has won for her love and esteem among her fellow-students. Her poise and charm draw the admiration and respect of all. The truth of these statements became especially evident in her Junior year, when she was chosen Queen of the May Fete. On that occasion she presided over the festivities in regal manner and vindicated the judgment of the many who had cast their ballot for her.

Again Webster showed her preference this year, when the students selected Theresa to represent them at the St. Louis University Prom. And what a charming representative she was! In a soft blue taffeta dress, with her gray eyes, her lovely brown, wavy hair and her dignified carriage she was truly "all my fancy painted her . . . lovely . . . and divine." As ever, she was a credit to Webster who sent her, the gracious embodiment of the best of which college training may boast.

Theresa has gained the affectionate regard of her teachers and classmates; she has faithfully guided her class; she has forgotten self in working for others. Truly she has made a success of her college life. After four auspicious years at Webster, she will soon reap the reward of her quest. Her Alma Mater's loving glance will watch her foot-steps wherever she goes, for her college career has given promise of great things. To us who have been her companions at Webster, Theresa has so endeared herself that it will be difficult to venture into the future without the lovable personality of the friend we have known, Theresa Shea.





Theo Fehlig, A. B.

Of the Lafayette crowd there is a petite, naive miss with raven tresses and provocative smile ever ready to burst out in laughter. A vivacious, wholesome manner, a generous and sympathetic nature are inclosed in this diminutive personality called Theo. Hers is a spirited, energetic disposition with a variety of interests. We see the results of her efforts reflected in her many successful undertakings.

Time can never efface the memory of noble deeds, for such are forever inscribed in the bed rock of human hearts. The wills of the gods with their deadly exaction serve only to enhance the exalted position which only an unselfish spirit can attain. "In the days when knighthood was in flower," chivalry engaged in a noble cause. Such was the spirit of the crusade, with its military clamor and hosts of marching men. Today this spirit of old lives on in the effort of the few who would keep alive that spirit. All this brings to our mind the name of Theo, who is President of the Nancy Havern Unit of the C. S. M. C.; who represented Webster College at the National Convention and Leadership school; who is chairman of the Mission Committee on the Student Spiritual Council; who is the representative of the girls colleges on the Executive Board of the St. Louis Conference; who served on major committees on that state occasion when the assembled units found a public expression in a dramatic entertainment par excellence—"The Giantkiller." It has been said that when Theo goes to Heaven there will be hosts of little brownskinned, soft-eyed angels ready to greet and thank her.

We must also remember Theo as figuring on the various school publications. She was City Editor of the Web, and Associate Editor of the "Near and Far" department of the Loretine in '25. The competency with which she filled these positions is strikingly verified by the fact that she was elected Editor of the latter department for the succeeding term. She is now Business Manager of the Lauretanium. That the class elected its Vice-President to sponsor the business end of its most important publication, is in itself sufficient proof of her ability and efficiency. Each assignment was but the recognition for meritorious accomplishments in previous undertakings. In all we find the complete submergence of self; no striving for plaudits; a capable worker doing much in an orderly unobtrusive manner. This quality of character we find developed to proportions of unusual degree in lovable Theo.

As for dramatics—well, we shall never forget how charmingly Theo played the role of Abbu San in the picturesque "Abbu San of Old Japan." Never was she more winsome; never did she exhibit charm so rare that transported us to the land of the setting sun with its background of quaint oriental splendor, weaving again the gossamer threads of fantastic dreams in the land of make believe. We see her again as the Suffragette doll in the Xmas play, "Dolls," and in the role of the Mother in the comic pantomime, "The Lamp Went Out." We shall have many a laugh when we recall how she "rocked and rocked." In these and other character delineations we see the ways and mannerisms which have endeared her to us.

But the strongest index to the personality of the lovable girl we know as Theo is the never failing subscription which we find in all her correspondence—Just Theo. In knowing Theo we have come to love her and to realize our four years at Webster have been the happier for having known her. Our sincerest wish for her is that she may continue, as she has begun, to practice the art of making others happy. Her cordial smile, dancing eyes, and sunny disposition will be remembered long after she leaves Webster's halls.





Agnes Tuchschildt, A. B.

What a long name for such a little girl! We have always deemed it so. But it took our four years at Lafayette and a year at Webster before we gathered enough courage to place her in the eyes of the world as "Tuchie." Tuchie is a prominent member of the Lafayette crowd. Of the characteristics that will linger in the minds of her friends, her laugh will live the longest. It is one of her Freshman achievements. Yet no likeness of her would be complete without special reference to her eyes. For they are truly the "mirrors of her soul"; sympathetic, cheerful, conscientious, and generous.

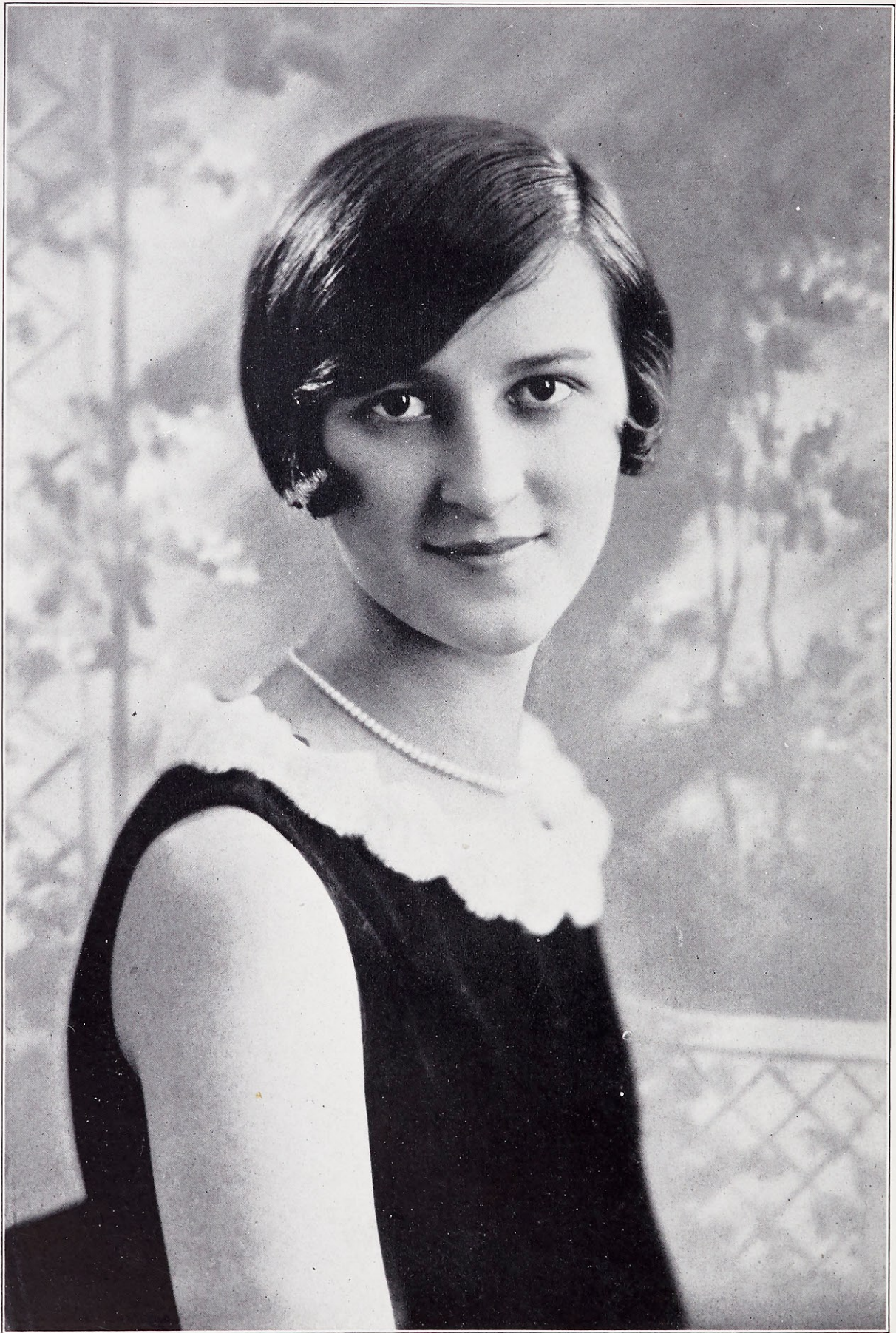
Generous, indeed, is Tuchie. In her Freshman year she gave unsparingly of her recreation time to inculcate in negro children the principles of Christianity. Ever unselfish she always has a moment for the difficulties of others. Perhaps it is due to this that she was our chief Advertising Manager and Secretary. She held the office of Secretary of her class in her Junior and Senior years. Her systematic methods, together with her beautiful script, made her a model which any secretary might envy. Much of the success of our school dances can be attributed to those qualities which made her an outstanding social secretary. For it was always Tuchie who took charge of the invited guests because she knew the gentle art of bringing together eager girls and gallant escorts at our Terpsichorean festivities.

The Editor-in-Chief of the Loretine last year found a wonderful advertising manager in her. But the crowning glory of this particular work is manifested in her part of the year book, this, her senior year.

At the end of her college career, Tuchie will be an experienced teacher. During the last two years she has devoted much of her time to the education of others. She is a well-known mathematician at Webster. But then, distinction in her studies is not surprising if we consider that she won the four-year scholarship to college from Lafayette.

Indeed, collegiate training has done much for her. However, there is no element of ostentation in Tuchie. She is ever increasing in sweetness; ever solicitous of her companions. We never fail to go to her if we have something to relate; if our story is sad, she will respond with tears; if it is of a jovial nature, her characteristic laugh will be audible. Graduation, happy as it may seem, will bring sad thoughts. The class of 1927 will be separated and sent to the four winds, to meet when? No one can tell. For us it is a matter of sincere regret for in our heart of hearts Tuchie has always been considered a "real friend," and the unavoidable parting brings a tinge of sadness.

Tuchie's name will be inscribed in all the records of Webster's activities save Dramatics. We have never been able to induce her to take an interest in this department since that memorable occasion on the final day of her high-school career when, rising to the heights of seemingly unattainable eloquence and declamatory grandeur, she made her first and last Thespian bow with the immortal words, "I closed the key behind me and put the door in my pocket." With the door safely tucked away, we leave Tuchie, happy in the thought that there is one who can meet any situation masterly, and, with dispatch, overcome obstacles certainly not within the capabilities of ordinary mortals.



Margaret Peters, A. B.

There were spectators in the gladiatorial days of old Rome who sat in the arena to watch a performance, and at the end signified their approval or disapproval of the combatant by raising or lowering their thumbs. By no means, now, are we attempting to juggle history. We concede that Webster College is not an arena, and "Petie" is not a gladiator. But although twenty centuries of life have changed the dramatis personae, and Sister Marie Anthony is now indefatigable mistress of stage settings, we conceived the fanciful idea that there is similarity between the ancient gladiator and the modern, insonciant freshman entering Webster. A gladiator demonstrated his skill before the fastidious Romans, and a Webster freshman must prove her merit to the critical upperclassmen and fellow classmates. "Mack" a sturdy herald, in the fall of 1923, called "Petie" for the first time in the corridors of the freshman hall. In this guise a performance was begun four years ago at Webster.

Our inquiry identified "Petie" with Margaret Catherine Peters, from Sterling, Illinois. It soon became apparent, however, that Father Corcoran, and other professors fancied the more dignified sound of "Petie" so Margaret Peters was only technically registered at Webster.

It is now the purpose of the historian to catalogue Petie's activities with their accompanying dates; then, following the recipe in the cook book, add a touch of personality, and chronicle in the pages of our Year Book. Assistant Secretary of Sodality 1925, Assistant Prefect of Sodality '27, Treasurer of Class '26, '27, Treasurer of Year Book '27, Secretary of Mission Unit '26, Secretary of Athletic Association '27, Treasurer of Athletic Association '26, Editor of "Just Among Ourselves," Loretine '26, Associate Editor Laetitanum '25, Associate Editor Loretine '25, Dramatics '24, '25, '26, '27, Field Day '24, Athletics '24, '25, '26, Basket Ball '24, Pageant '23, '26.

Too, there were Petie's birthdays,—splendid occasions and worthy of a memorial inscription. For days before, we knew that there was a bustle and a hustle in the Peters' homestead in Sterling. Dear Mrs. Peters never disappointed us. The birthday box always came and even "Jess" would be jealous when we told him about the cake and chicken. In our sophomore year we dressed very formally for the dinner party and were impressed by the lovely roses which Tom sent for a centerpiece; and then do you remember, Petie, that we formed a candle light procession and duly went to choral practice? "Binks" suggested, as it seems to me, that she was an integral part of the choral club and simply could not miss the practice. Was not that the year, Petie, that "Binks" was known as Schumann-Heink?

Then, in our junior year we gave a surprise birthday party for Petie and served her with slices from her own cake. Oh, there was an elaborate menu besides, but that cake was important because on that same afternoon Petie insisted that it had disappeared from her room.

To be a student is commendable but imagine, if you can, a student who is at the same time a systematic banker. Such a person was Petie. We are not referring merely to her official position as perennial treasurer of her class and a dozen other organizations. That the finances of those privileged corporations prospered is no small tribute to Petie's banking genius. But this was an easy task in comparison with what she accomplished in a private field. She financed many a matinee party, luncheon, and week-end celebration—always loaning at will and collecting at random. Petie's allowance stretched miles!

We are very happy, now, that we brought the Romans into this because it cannot possibly sound like slang, at the end of our four years to say "Thumbs up for Petie!" Emphatically.



Mary Burget, A. B.

Mary was graduated from the Washington, Central High School, June 1923, at Delia, Kansas. The September following her graduation saw her among the thirty timid but eager Freshmen who found their way to Webster, then known as "Loretto College."

Like the rest of her gay classmates, Mary entered this "storehouse of knowledge" ambitious and determined to satisfy her quenchless thirst for intellectual pursuits; but, unlike some of her debonaire companions, she has retained this thirst and determination throughout her college career.

This history of Mary's college life would be incomplete if I did not say a word about the heroism she displayed on the night of initiation. With set teeth and determination written on every feature, she passed through the various tortures inflicted by the upperclassmen. Even these Senior Collegiates floundered in their attempted cruelty when faced by Mary's dignity.

From that memorable night to the present day, she has been a demure and pensive, yet, enthusiastic light in our class. Though she rarely allows us to penetrate into her most secret thoughts we judge from her attitude that some of the Old Masters must have spoken kindly to her. She has never been seen to frown on Horace and Juvenal, nor has she ever scorned Livy or Tacitus. In fact, the Latin historians, poets, and satirists are her constant companions. She never tires of delving into the deeper mysteries of life with the great Cicero. Her love of study is so intense that often she reminds one of Pliny. At the time of the eruption of Mount Vesuvius, when his uncle asked him to go with him to view the scene of destruction, Pliny replied, "studere me malle."

Thus, too, would Mary reply; for she would rather devote most of her time to pursuing the Masters than to allow the social activities and frivolities of the day disturb her. But she has not spent all her leisure hours on the Latinists. With undaunted familiarity she speaks of the Essayists: Spenser, Newman, Belloc, Chesterton, McCauley.

In the athletic field Mary is also somewhat acquainted. Well do I remember in our freshman and sophomore years, the ground she covered in races, the muscles she developed in base-ball and basket-ball throws, and the amount of energy she spent in daily exercises. However, these activities were always the obedient result of stern duty.

When Mary was a Junior she unfolded to us her secret and treasured desire of entering the sanctum of teachers. Since this revelation she has realized her ambition in a small way. For she has won not a little distinction as a teacher of Horace and her pupils claim her a veritable genius.

Although Mary keeps her interests well hidden, there are times when we are rewarded with gay flashes of humor. She meets us always with a smile and a gentle greeting. Though not of a sociable, effulgent nature, she nevertheless wins our warm regard and we instinctively feel that she is one to whom we can go and find sympathy, understanding, kindness. Hers is the rare gift of self-control, of duty before pleasure of self-sacrifice. In her quiet, unobtrusive way, she breathes the most beautiful of human doctrines—Charity. Mary is familiar to none but friend to all. She "grapples to her soul with hoops of steel" those whom she feels need help, not those from whom she needs help.

Without exaggeration, it has been said that Mary has been a joy to her teachers, an inspiration to her classmates, and the pride of her Alma Mater.



Catherine Clark, A. B.

Long, long ago when Catherine was at Lafayette Academy with the rest of the "crowd" it was taken for granted that she was the only one who really could sing. Others tried it, of course, but you know, there is singing and *singing*. And Catherine belonged to the latter class, as we suddenly discovered when, in her freshman year at Webster, she came forth one day with the announcement that she was taking vocal instructions. From then on, until she decided that her voice needed a rest and discontinued these instructions, we considered her as one set apart from the common "herd" and listened to her practice scales and other professional exercises with a rapt expression on our admiring countenances.

Catherine is naturally endowed with an aesthetic sense for which many people sigh in vain. When a traveling opera company comes to town, it is safe to wager that Catherine will have a front row seat for every performance. She is a sincere lover of good music and has at her finger-tips the unpronounceable names of those Metropolitan artists, who, to the unknowing and unappreciative, stand for nothing more than a jumbled and scrambled alphabet, but to Catherine bring forth memories of sudden flights into ecstasy, breath-taking moments of melody poured forth in a golden flood, and exaltation of the soul above the things of this earth.

Second to her love of music, comes her passion for literature, both prose and poetry. She is an emphatic contradiction to the generally accepted opinion that girls of today are "immune" to the germ of forming a taste for reading. In certain classes, where discussions may arise over this character or that theme in Shakespeare, Wordsworth, or Poe, the class of one accord turns toward Catherine. They know that, if anyone can give a definite statement and put an end to the uncertainty, she can.

Given this taste and ability for literary pursuits, it is only logical that the honor of occupying the Editorial chair on the Loretine staff should have fallen to Catherine. The position, however, is fraught with difficulties and requires skill and courage, talent and perseverance. But Catherine has not been found lacking in any of these qualities. Under her able management the Loretine has proved consistently interesting to the students and has attracted a great deal of favorable comment from extra-mural critics. Its success is a tribute to Catherine who has proved herself a most competent editor.

To this musical and literary ability Catherine adds a rare histrionic talent. During her four years at Webster she has been a valuable asset to the Dramatic department. She has taken prominent part in all the plays presented either by that department or by the students. Her impersonations have ranged from Shakespearean characters to less formal figures in occasional one-act plays and student vaudevilles. That she has done credit to herself in each of these roles is a sufficient proof of her ability.

The diversity of pursuits which have held Catherine's interest while in College and the commendable manner in which she has discharged her duties enable her biographer to prophesy safely that in whatever field she chances to enter after she leaves Webster, she will surely find real success. For her gifts of intelligence, of practical, sound sense, are complemented by a perseverance, and most of all a willingness to help, which make of her a most valuable worker. This success we wish her most heartily, for in our four years at Webster we have come to love and appreciate more and more the friend of our high-school days.



Stella Curtis, A. B.

Stella Minerva! What that name implies!! Yes, and she lives up to it, too! Stella, star. Minerva, goddess of wisdom. She started her freshman year at the Central State Teachers' College at Edmond, Oklahoma, by winning a scholarship for the highest scholastic standing in the school. And then that same year she was among the first eight girls to win athletic letters for participation in basket-ball, hockey, golf and hiking. Oh, she is a modern Minerva! She pursueth the golf ball as well as wisdom!

Stella can tell us whether "Congress Should Pass a Ship Subsidy Bill" or not, as that was one of the questions on which she debated. She showed, too, her journalistic ability when made one of the editors of her school paper in her sophomore year.

The fall of 1925 found a vacancy in the Teachers' College ranks, and an addition to the Class of '27 at Webster College, St. Louis, Missouri. She came to us as wide-eyed as any Freshman. The usual comment heard was "Is that little miss in college?" She was so tiny and girlish. She has the kind of brown hair that is invariably wavy. Her eyes of amber are childish, too, in their somber wonder. Stella's room was the rendezvous for "the gang" at midnight feasts. Oh, yes, and Stella was an artist! She painted flowers, ladies, and ships on cushions which were piled in profusion on the bed, chairs and floor. When Stella became a Senior she deserted her playhouse and betook herself to a room where a roommate was superfluous. She tried to make it into a workshop, but the little French doll, Georgette, with her arms tied around her knees looked on from her place on the wardrobe trunk and smiled for she knew that her mistress's artistic temperament would assert itself.

Seniors, of course, are all supposed to major in some subject or other, and Stella is an exception to this rule only in that she is the first one from Webster College to major in Spanish. Stella's favorite expression is, "I declare, I love that Spanish." And she has proved it in many ways; for instance, her excellent translations of some of the Spanish author Becquer's "rimas" into English verse, and her writing of a fifteen-hundred-word Spanish essay to be entered in the contest which is being conducted by the Spanish newspaper "La Prensa."

Little Stella's official positions never come singly—so we find her Assistant Art Editor of the *Lauretanum*, Exchange Editor of the *Loretine*, and in the organization of the Sodality she was selected to be on "Our Lady's Committee."

There are naturally some people who always look as dainty and fresh as a flower, Stella is one of these. She gives every one the impression that she has just stepped out of "a band-box,"—and thereby hangs a tale. When Webster presented, at the Odeon Theater, a tableau of the Christ Child, Blessed Mother, and Saint Theresa as a supplement to the picture, "The Life and Beatification of The Little Flower"—Sister Marie Anthony was frantically looking about, "Who could take the part of the Little Flower? Who looks like her?" Who indeed, but Stella? And Stella it was who took the part so well that she is always having to dress up in her habit for a picture.

Everyone likes Stella but her friends—they love her. She is not only a splendid college student—she is a friend "to whom one may go at all times; . . . before whom one may be herself."





Helen Fogg, Litt. B.

The strong and pungent north wind blowing gaily from the Arctics, putting snap into our blood, whipping us to fresh activities, stimulating us to sport, yet making us light warm fires and set cheerful candles burning in our college—let that be the symbol of Helen.

Wholesome, big of soul, vigorous of body, loyal to a fault, smiling at life with confident and trusting eyes, she woke in us a love of life, stimulated dull minds to keener activities, led us with an explorer's energy into new fields, guided our feet over miles that did not make us weary and our minds into by-paths which we found strangely attractive. And all the time we knew that she was lighting warm fires of friendship, bright candles of affection, that time could not extinguish.

Helen's part in social life has been that of a leader and organizer—we will hardly forget the dinners and dances which she made possible and in which she gracefully effaced herself. On the athletic field she was formidable, yet generous and sportmanly. In her position as Captain of the Freshman basketball team she proved herself the spirited leader of a not less effervescent team. Although the yearlings' quest of the championship trophy was stopped by the wiles of a more matured aggregation, Helen's conquered mates had the consolation of losing the decisive contest by a single point. In subsequent years, Helen's game reached still greater heights, until she dazzled us at times with unaccountable flashes of real basket-ball genius.

Somehow she never seemed to take herself quite seriously. There was a twinkle in her eye that suggested that she was laughing at herself with a happy, amused, secret chuckle. But when we laughed, we laughed with her, for we saw how her fine infectious laughter waked many a dull gathering and her cheerful optimism carried us over many a rough bump.

And her friendship and her sympathy were so fine that we trusted and admired her always. She had the rare gift of friendship, rarer because she hardly knew she exercised it.

Her pencil grew more clever with the years as the Annual and the Web can testify. It took us time to discover that she had an artist's soul. To understand how this revelation came upon us, it is necessary to go back to her Freshman year.

With the influx of the new students in 1923, a most forlorn and friendless Helen arrived at Webster. Her course of studies consisted of Athletics, Music, English and Art. However, Art and Athletics were given by far most of her working hours and consideration. Ever since that time any graphic advertising of our class theatricals was entrusted to her skillful handling. Her posters were perfect in technique and in the fact that they had the appeal so necessary to advertising. Her unquestioned talent and ability to use it for practical work combined to make her Art Editor of this Book. It is our cherished hope that this, the climax of her artistic activities in College, will stand as her greatest achievement and serve to keep alive the memory of Helen, the artist, in the annals of Webster.

But beyond and above all else she was the wholesome northwind of our college days that gave us a keenness for life, a fine sense of comradeship, a freshness of purpose, and a love of activity. The softer south winds are good enough for the sluggish old. We are grateful for the freshness of the breeze that blew over our college days. We are grateful for Helen.





Helen Hadsell, A. B.

A silent corridor,—suddenly, the tap-tap of brisk footsteps breaking in upon the stillness, the swift rush of an opening door, the sliding of feet across polished floors, the bang of the door being closed,—and, there you have Helen Hadsell!

Helen, who claims the distinction of being a representative of our rival city, Kansas City, fairly shouts by her every action, briskness of personality and of character. Hence, if "Haddie" exemplifies the attitude of the remaining inhabitants of Kansas City, it might be well for St. Louis to look to its laurels of being Missouri's most progressive city—because, such people as Haddie mean business, and no foolishness allowed.

We did not have the pleasure of knowing Helen as a Freshie, for she was then going through experiences similar to ours, away out in Salina, Kansas, at Marymount College.

The wind-swept plains of Kansas evidently did not agree with Helen's Missouri temperament, for the very next year found her safely domiciled on the second floor of Webster College—where, aided by Annette Gleason, another Kansas City girl she kept open house for all who cared to come in. From then on, it was widely known that if companionship was desired, it would be found in Helen's room. Someone was always there to help one while away a free period in the pleasant interchange of choice bits of harmless gossip.

At times, it might have been a difficult task for a stranger to ascertain just what girl lived in that particular room. Helen's hospitality made every visitor feel at home, and encouraged them to act accordingly—which, of course, was easily done.

A recent incident occasioned a great deal of laughter among the girls. A visitor being escorted through the building on a sightseeing tour, came to Helen's room—she commented on the general appearance of the room, the wonderful view from the windows—and—so on, as people are wont to do. On leaving the room, she happened to glance at the card on the door and noticed that three names were written thereon. "Gracious! You don't mean to tell me that three girls live in this small room?" The escorting sister was amazed and momentarily dumbfounded.

"Why—no—why—?"

"Well—there are the names, Peggy O'Leary, Jeanne Murphy, and Helen Hadsell, on the card. Where on earth do they sleep?" Taking in at a glance—the single bed—one chair, and small dimensions of the room.

Here, Helen came to the rescue and explained that it was more or less of a joke. The three girls were somewhat of an inseparable triumvirate, and in an idle moment the thought had struck them to write the three names on one card—after Helen had called the other two her "Daytime" roommates.

By all the laws of modern biographies, I suppose, a fad of Helen's should be tracked down and set forth in print. So—let it be known, that Helen's weakness is the collecting of face-powder. A peek into her dressing-table drawer reveals boxes—boxes—boxes, all shapes, sizes, colors, and tastes, of face-powders. A veritable girl's paradise. Indeed, one might say that Helen has a powder to suit each mood, dress, hat, or, even the weather. Nor should our raillery of Helen's fondness for cosmetics be interpreted otherwise than as friendly banter, showing only our affection for the girl with one of the kindest and largest hearts in Webster—Helen Hadsell!





Dorothy Monarch, A. B.

It seems not inevitable that one should pun—Monarch, Queen—the words, in this particular case, go together so naturally.

Dorothy, everybody felt it, had so much of the Queenly about her. She looked the part, not as some queens who wear a crown today and yet are queer and odd and ugly; but the sort of queen as we dream queens should be, graceful, heartiful, kind without condescension, regal, yet democratic.

We think of Dorothy first at the piano. But what a variety the word piano suggests in connection with her. There was Dorothy playing loyally for dance rehearsals and dull gym practices, playing because she was doing a fine service for the school. There was Dorothy pounding out popular jazz until her fingers must have ached and her arms been numb; but she knew we loved it and as long as we would sing or dance she would keep faithfully at her post. There was Dorothy sitting at the Steinway and playing Chopin, Debussy, Liszt, and the Moderns with an appreciation and skill that showed that there she was among the composers that she loved. What she meant to the social life of the school only those know who danced to her music, or sang to it, or listened spellbound while she played what she really loved to play.

And there is Dorothy the scholar. We envied her her quick mind, her frank, and wholesome love of study. She was one of the few students who got a genuine thrill out of the study of the Greek classics. Having successfully fulfilled the requirements for classical language, Dorothy had not satiated her desire for investigation. She pursued each advanced course that was offered her. She may be pointed out in this day of elective-crazed students as one who wanted the cultural if not the less difficult learning.

We envied even the pupils she was tutoring all through her college days, we who must struggle to scrape ourselves through without daring to help others. Her whole-hearted enthusiasm evidently inspired her embryonic Sister Miriam for they have carried on their work in Greek, and with pleasure we are sure having only to build upon the solid foundation acquired in Dorothy's class.

Dorothy the successful society girl always trailed after her the admirers whom she treated as pleasant but rather unessential appendages of her days. No wonder she walked or rather danced well in the lead of our social life. This life at Webster is complex. There are the clubs, the sodality, the mission units, and many other organizations which time and space prohibit of mention here. As a "Chee-Wee," "Witch," "Woodpecker," "Goat," or "June-bug," Dorothy was ever popular. In fact her highly developed "esprit de corps" nearly proved disastrous many an evening on the third floor west. Dorothy is grateful in her heart for the ever present patience of Sister Louise, who understood the irrepressible nature of Dorothy's laughter, thus sparing her many a week-end as a confined guest of the house. However, this gregarious instinct was responsible for Dorothy's success in several fields; for she was a charming girl in the ball room, an intelligent member of each club to which she belonged and a pious sodalist.

But best, of course, was Dorothy the friend of everyone, kind to all and thoughtful of all, regarded by the faculty as eminently trustworthy and by the students as a born leader.

Inevitably we come back to that first line: Monarch, Queen, Queen Dorothy. Perhaps now you see why we began and ended with it.



Jeanne Murphy, Litt. B.

"Jeannie" has a contempt for statistics. They are libelous, she says. So when the news-eager historian sought her with poised pencil and ready notebook, Jeannie was interested but not communicative. Only a brief biography was obtained. "I am a Lafayette graduate, always a fervent sodalist, active in dramatics for four years, well, and then some."

Well, and then some. Jeannie nominated the president of our freshman class, in the fall of 1923. She christened us the class of 1927 with that gesture, hence the importance which Jeannie has assumed among us. For the class of 1927 is a prodigy, having been from the day of its organization an energetic factor in the growth of Webster. It is with discretion that we briefly record our freshman activities, under the caption of "The History of Jeanne Murphy," who was a green freshman, cockey sophomore, gay junior and dignified senior with the rest of us. In courtesy to Jeannie, who marshaled us into action, we want the pageant of our triumphant achievements to pass unendingly before her.

Our organization was never stagnant with the apathy of members in unthinking accord. Nor was our harmony merely the easiest way out. In our meetings there was always a splendid difference of opinion, but an adjournment was never in order until the most intelligent decision and the most practical ideas had been adopted unanimously.

Social prestige in freshmen is a distinctive feature. However, our Hallowe'en masque party was so successful that it had a magical effect on the social register that year. "Even" freshies were occasionally included on the guest lists. We were invited to the Fall Day Picnic on the Meramec River and were even encouraged to swim and go boating with the upper classmen. They thought us very stimulating, and liked us particularly well. At least, they kept telling us so, and said that we might come to the Fall Dance. We did go, and honestly some of us freshmen acted as though we had been at dances all of our lives. When the chaperones told the young men that they could dance with us, and cordially proceeded to introduce them to us, there was not a freshmen there who did not know how and when to say "it was a nice evening." Everyone commented to us about how entertaining we were. And the dance was a beautiful success.

In the meantime, we were industrious about our classes. Anyway, the faculty was always reminding us of an examination or sending us to a lecture or a concert somewhere. We had come to Webster to become "disciplines of culture" and were quite frequently seen reading some of the books in the library, listening to lectures, and working over-time in the science laboratories.

Imagine freshmen establishing a tradition! But we began at this time, to think in terms of dollars. How many dollars we would like to give to the Missions, how neat it would be to make a donation of dollars to the stage, could not dollars make a difference in our entertainment for the seniors. At a class meeting, we asked if there was any talent in the class, and were amazed to find that every single freshman was unusually gifted. So we were all in a vaudeville. It was just a tiny show that year, but our sophomore vaudeville was a thrilling success, and besides, we had an idea growing.

Jeannie's part in the panorama now passing illustriously before her was to work ceaselessly, and plan carefully, along with the rest of us. Her biography we repeated meticulously but in justice to Jeannie, we elaborated a little on the "then some."





Margaret O'Leary, Litt. B.

A demure little miss answered to the name of Margaret O'Leary when the freshman role was called for the first time at Lafayette. She had come to Loretto Academy from Moberly, Missouri. Indeed she was the cynosure of every one's gaze. Her erect carriage, her long braided tresses which gave dignity to her sober countenance, her beautiful true eyes, her pale complexion and her girlish attire made real in her the very word simplicity. For two years the girls tried in vain to bring her out of the realm of solitude where she kept an ever anxious eye on a book. But modern science teaches us that many bright stars appear dim at the primary vision. So it was with Margaret O'Leary. The summer of '21 dispersed for us the clouds that were concealing the character we desired to know. What a change took place in her Junior year! Her countenance became bright; her hair was no longer braided, but softly arranged around her well-shaped head; her eyes were ever laughing; and her complexion was that of an athlete. Margaret had retired and "Our Peggy" has taken her place.

Peggy started and is now completing her college career at Webster. Without a doubt she was one of the most popular freshmen who ever entered the halls of our college. Everybody loved her and sought her company. Her never-failing cheerfulness has imprinted a character that will ever live in our memory. It is a long trail on which we shall travel before we encounter again the mold that made Peggy so lovable a comrade. Her fascinating smile, her congenial nature, her charming personality will always be remembered in the hearts of her companions. Her ability to brighten up our trials and difficulties gives us the right to call her our "Pollyanna."

In reviewing the part that Peggy played in our school activities we cannot help but mention the efficiency and dispatch with which she performed her duties. She was never known to send in an assignment on any other than the appointed day. She has often puzzled her companions. Not one moment has she ever fallen below her high standard of scholastic attainments; and yet she found plenty of time to engage in outside affairs, and to attend various social functions. It must be remembered her social acquaintances are not a limited few and that she is much in demand with "beau" and "belle" alike. We can only surmise that Peggy has learned from the records of history—her major subject—that the outstanding characters of time knew how to play when it was time to play and how to work when it was time to work. She has made this lesson a part of her life. Peggy knows how to play as well as how to work. At all of our college dances she is a winsome hostess.

Of all of her activities, Peggy has devoted most of her time to Dramatics in which she displayed an unusual versatility. Whether her role be a Shakespearean character, as Grumio in "The Taming of the Shrew," or a dashing young man, or perhaps a comic personage, she never failed to impersonate her character with convincing force.

We have said enough to persuade the reader that when Moberly has once more claimed its Irish girl, Webster will treasure for many years to come happy memories of our lovable Peggy.





Marie Powers, Litt. B.

Six pills in a bottle. No, that's not quite an appropriate comparison. Six young buds in a beautiful garden. Ahem! yes, that's a little better. Literally this means just six college girls in one small room. Six girls, figuratively, six sisters—and like the Musketeers of old who were "three for one and one for three," they are six for one, and one for six.

Marie is a member of the Royal Order of the Musketeers. Marie, who makes us think of that old song we often hear our Daddies sing:

"Come to me, sweet Marie,
Sweet Marie, come to me,
Not because your face is fair
Love to see,
But your soul so good and sweet
Makes my happiness complete.
Makes me falter at your feet,
Sweet Marie."

Marie is lovely and Marie's soul thirsts for loveliness. She is the one who from the first was always gently rebuking us for not getting our little "sorority" room dressed up. "Girls," she would plead, "let's fix up our room. We can get some pretty cretonne and make some drapes and pillows and get some lamps—" We would all cheerfully acquiesce and then—would do nothing.

Marie has a sweet disposition, too. And that is paying a world of tribute. She is amiable and generous. Her voice is "ever soft, gentle, and low—an excellent thing in woman." A true friend—always willing to lend a hand. She is more than passing fair. Her cheeks are delicately pink and her blue eyes are soft and dreamy—and beware Mr. Man if Marie decides to turn their light upon you. Not that she is a coquette, no, far from it!—but Marie is Irish and has a bit of blarney lurking in the blue under the long dark lashes.

Marie captured hearts with adroitness last year in the adorable part of Kiku San in "Abbu San of Old Japan" presented by the Dramatic class. She made a perfectly charming Japanese girl from the bottom of her little slippers to the top of her ravishing mums. Marie has been active in Dramatics for three years and has taken many of the leading parts.

But she is mainly interested in her music. She has a lovely Baby Grand all her own which she touches with artistic fingers and changes the ivory keys into silvery notes. Her favorite composition is Sibelius's lovely "Romance." We can picture Marie at her piano under a rose-shaded lamp, dreamily and gracefully playing softly the music that would charm forever.

She is always alive and ready to take part in all the activities of Webster. In Father Lord's wonderful pageant, "The Giantkiller," Marie took the role of a Lady and did her part to insure its grand success.

She is a diligent worker, ready to help at all times but she is most modest and does things, not for the praise that she will receive, but simply out of a beautiful spirit of generosity, and a sincere desire to help.

All through our four years at Webster Marie has taken active part in all the affairs and plays—ever since the day long, long ago when green young Freshies sojourned way out to Webster from "Lafayette." When Marie, with diploma in hand and garbed in cap and gown, is a real graduate in June we may be sure there will be tears in her eyes, and sorrow in her heart for the parting from Webster—and also many tears in the eyes of Webster at losing a true loyal daughter.



Margaret Reddin, A. B.

Some happy souls were made to dance through life, while the rest of us plod along, stumbling often and falling not infrequently; these blessed natures trip lightly, swiftly, serenely, like the breeze over the scarcely bent grain, and we watch them with admiring eyes.

It is hard to think of Margie except as dancing. She came to us a Freshman, already professional in her technique. She danced for us and danced into our hearts and through the college years her feet grew lighter and her steps more gay. From the "Joy Dance" in the "Dreamer Awakes," the 1924 C. S. M. C. pageant, which revealed her talent, to the Russian Trepak which she only yesterday offered at our Alumnae entertainment, a succession of lovely pictures swiftly moves across the screen of our imagination. A Spanish Senorita's red heels click a slow tango to the masterly guidance of Toreador "Binks" Hennage. A wondrous bird flutters around the ironing-board of the visionary laundryman in the "Chinese Nightingale." Raggedy Ann limply submits herself to the awkward but affectionate handling of her young mistress in the Christmas sketch, "Dolls."

Nor was Margie's dancing ability restricted to a few "star" appearances for which the enthusiastic applause of a charmed audience was a quick reward. Those who have witnessed performances of Webster dancing groups in the several pageants, and as a feature of the recent Women's Exposition at the Coliseum, have praised the cleverness of design, the smoothness and almost professional finish of the execution. For these we must thank the unselfish, untiring training of Margie, who has proved herself as invaluable a coach as she has been a brilliant performer.

Margie, the dancer—so we shall always remember her, for we owe her the remembrance of many a moment of rapture into a world of beauty to which the magic of her art gives her entrance.

Strange, that under her gay rhythm she had a quiet reserve that few of us pierced. We felt unplumbed depths, unknown and secret fastnesses, walled gardens where few could enter. She was one of us always. She threw a basket with a sure and certain aim. She was quick to enter into our sports and when she did she was soon way ahead of us. Though she was as graceful on the thin blade of her skates as on the toes of her ballet slippers, Margie's greatest sporting achievement was her horsemanship. She had come to us as the Champion Girl Rider of the West and during our rides we never failed to admire her science in handling her mount and the grace of her postures.

She stood out with quiet ascendancy at parties or dances. In class her knowledge was sure and thorough. Margie had entered Webster under the auspices of a far-famed and popular elder sister. Undoubtedly the esteem in which professors and students alike held Mary would dispose them favorably towards her younger sister. But there was another side to the question. Comparisons were made at the slightest provocation. That Margie lived up to the expectations which she had to meet and bore favorably her end of the comparison is no small credit to her ability.

Yet under the Margie we knew, the Margie of the dancing feet was another Margie, unknown, unexplored, secret, almost remote. The years, we felt, would open up the locked doors and let us see the inner shrine, the untouched depths. In the interval, however, we loved her as the girl who seemed to dance through life, though perhaps her feet were set in paths higher than those we knew, and though she smiled at us with a smile that hid deep and lovely secrets.





Rosalie Siefert, A. B.

Rosalie was graduated from Loretto College Academy in June of 1923. To adopt the superior air of the initiated would have been the obvious pose for Rosalie when she matriculated as a freshman at Webster College the following September. But there was nothing assuming about Rosalie; her dearness and sincerity were the charm in her absolute lack of ostentation.

Even though we live to be old and absent-minded we can never forget the thrill of Field Day in our freshman year. We were feverish with intensity and determination to win honors and the silver trophy from the Sophs. On that day we were victorious too, and Rosalie proudly wore three ribbons, gloriously won. And the pluckiest angle to this bit of biography is that Rosalie's interest in athletics did not flag. In our junior year, she made a conquest of four ribbons on track day; and there was no guile in the winning as our linesman on that day was strictly business-like.

Rosalie has manifested most decided dramatic ability in the various and numerous roles which she has played during her college career. How could we have done without the very necessary little page in the pantomime enacted at the Ozark Theater our freshman year? And the following year Rosalie starred in Stewart Walker's clever little play, "Three Pills in a Bottle," and was no less clever as the Scissor-Grinder Man.

Our heroine again gave proof of ability in a Russian dance of the ballet, "The Enchanted Princess," and, as usual, shone in chorus work as well as in solo part. In "The Comedy of Errors" and "The Taming of the Shrew" Rosalie did good work, and again in our junior year, when we presented the attractive playlet, "Dolls," as part of the entertainment after the Christmas banquet, she was perfect as the Baby Doll with "real buttons and button-holes."

Only once has Rosalie slipped. On one occasion as quiet as a mouse, she was slipping around behind the scenes caring for costumes and properties. She even tried to slip something over on the audience, but the slip of a girl with her dainty slipper, slipped on the slippery slope of the silvery reflector into the shining foot—*but say no more!* It was her only slip.

This was only one time, too, at which Rosalie proved herself someone's right-hand man. Someone has been heard to say, "Rosalie just can not graduate; we can not spare her." She more than proved her worth in this direction during the rehearsals and presentations of Father Lord's pageant, "The Giantkiller," when she was particularly helpful with the small children.

We might note that she appeared at the Prom with "Jack" though we might have expected a "giant"; it has been noticed that our Posie has a failing for people of tall stature, though she is always gracious to everyone.

Rosalie's talents are not restricted to athletics and dramatics. She is an all-around girl in every sense of the word. She has a world of determination and generosity and is accommodating to a fault. Her loyalty to the Sisters and the school are worthy of remark and imitation. Other sides of her character that must not be overlooked are her piety and qualities of leadership. That her schoolmates recognized these qualities and estimated them at their proper worth was demonstrated in this her last year, when she was elected Prefect of the Sodality.

On this note we close the history of Rosalie's college career, and leave her at the top of the ladder firmly believing that if she wishes she can sprout wings and go still higher!





Helen Simon, Litt. B.

"Lovely—sweet—serene
In every sense a Queen."

What could be more fitting and appropriate than to designate thus, in verse, Helen Simon? For Helen is noted for her fondness of poetry and then, she is the reigning Queen of the St. Louis University Conclave. A very queen indeed whose grace and charm enhanced the diadem and sceptre as she mounted the dais of sovereignty at the brilliant function.

Helen, affectionately called "Si" by those who know her best, joined our family circle in her sophomore year. She had, much to our sorrow, deserted us for the Big Place on the Hill—Washington U.—after leaving the beloved and never-to-be-forgotten halls of Loretto Academy in June, 1923. Needless to say, Helen's absence left a gap in the "Lafayette crowd" (as the Freshies from the Academy were called). Fortunately, Helen returned to us in September of 1924. She had learned the lesson that "There is no place like home," and once more became a "Loretto girl" instead of a modern co-ed.

Royally indeed did we welcome her back to the crowd, realizing then how very much we had missed our "champion of cats." Ambiguity is not to be feared here because Helen is more truly the queen in relation to others. The words came with the thought of "Si's" other great passion in life—besides poetry—namely, cats. To call on Helen and be presented to her family of felines is an experience worth having, because, true lover of these animals that she is, Helen shows no favoritism—her choice of pets ranging from a glorious, tawny Persian—a beauty in every sense of the word,—to one that is, well, just a cat.

However, aside from being a source of personal pleasure, Helen's pets have done duty as sources of inspiration for phases of her school work. Whenever an English class would call for a familiar essay or poem, Helen would straightway repair to her kingdom of pets and receive there the inspiration for a paper that invariably would win favorable criticism.

It took but a short while for "Si" to fall into step with the Sophomore class where she has stayed ever since. Not in the Sophomore class, understand, but in the Sophomore class that was, and now the Seniors that are. Never once did she tarry but marched on with determination and sometimes plunged ahead with as many more as her Ford could hold. In all activities of the school, social and otherwise, Helen has taken a prominent part. Never did she miss a school dance, formal or informal, just as she was always "among those present" in any sort of activities, from burning the proverbial midnight oil, studying her French or History, to soliciting "ads" for the Year Book.

Hence, knowing as we all did, that Helen could always be relied upon, was it not in the natural course of events that she found herself entrusted with an office in the Sodality, a position of Editor of "Just-Among-Ourselves" on the Lorette Staff?

But the honors which accompany offices, most of all the prestige radiating from her title of Queen, have failed to swell Helen's pride. It is this, her lovely simplicity, which we value most in her. Though for a night she may have been raised above the common of mortals and crowned with regal honors, it is the sweet smile of our school-days' friend that we wish to treasure in our memory of Helen.





Virginia Walsh, A. B.

"And the sun shines on the Gin-Gin-Ginny!" The song started that way and we all thought the author was writing Ginny's national anthem.

For the sun shines round Ginny all the year through, or rather we can say that wherever Ginny is the sun always shines. She draws to her with a natural attraction all those who love life and fun and a sense of humor and a spirit of— (is anyone listening but ourselves?) mischief. One could hardly deny this should they see her ensconced in the depths of a certain venerable Ford— waiting with a companion "red-head" to fill the "third" with fear and trepidation.

Ginny, the care-free; Ginny, the light-hearted; Ginny, with a glint of fun in her eye; Ginny, concocting a practical joke; Ginny, swinging out south over the hills for a long hike that left the rest of us gasping for breath and longing for a couch (destination always seems to minimize miles); Ginny, the loyal friend and boon companion.

Webster woke one morning to hear a wierd shriek sounding through the corridors. Ginny and two comrades had just established the Chee-Wee. (Of course you have heard of the Chee-Wee, that noble organization of witches which counts as members a few choice souls from freshmen to the College president.) Perhaps they did not know themselves just how much of the witch there was about them, not the frightening, spell-casting witch, but the pink and white, fascinating, attractive witch who cast charms on hearts and made magic potions that brought laughter and joy. No doubt about it, Ginny brought to Webster a vital, alive spirit that was an electrical charge in any sort of gathering.

Studies? Easy for Ginny and almost a matter of unconscious absorption. She was a born ethicist and her mind easily imbibed, revolved and abstracted all the learned teachings of her professors. Not infrequently might we have seen Ginny studiously concentrated on the production of a tremendously philosophical paper for Father Donovan. Sports? She was Captain of the basket-ball team in her Sophomore year and from her Freshman year throughout her course the excellent running center whose swift feet carried her like a charging cloud across the court. Clubs? She was charter member of them all. Dramatics? She opened the curtains on the first mission pageant; she was a Chinese princess, astonishingly demure; she rolled Shakespeare off her tongue or stumbled with amused solemnity and fast-falling tears through that comic travesty, "And the Lamp Went Out."

Ginny, the artist, proved her practical ability as a theatrical manager. When the halls have long since ceased to echo Chee-Wees, witch calls, and wood-pecker songs, every senior will remember with a just pride the Vaudevilles, the annual presentation of glorified class talent. Nor will they soon forget the audiences that never failed to crowd the auditorium and proclaim choruses and dances the "best ever." Behind it all were Ginny and Tanc especially, arranging for costumes and properties, managing ticket sales and expending their best efforts to "put the show over."

Ginny, at heart so much a child—and that is the best compliment we can think of off-hand—yet was to her friends a born leader, and to those who knew her best a serious-minded girl whose unfailing gaiety and irrepressible high spirits were only a gay cloak behind which she lived a deep and fine life, one that made her devoted to Webster, loyal to her friends among the faculty, and the magnet that drew to her confidence and friendship.



Mary Tancred

Mary Tancred (Nearly A. B.) came to us not as a sweet girl graduate of a Catholic Convent whose main characteristic is to take in the entire truth of any given subject as final. Mary had to know why; she was not too timid to raise any or all the objections which occurred to her. I state this here as remarkable for Mary is as yet a Freshman, but an unusual one.

Her difficulties were not identical with her sister classmates; hers were of a far deeper genus. I shall enumerate them here, for, in the overcoming of her tendencies, we find the success of her most too brief Collegiate Career.

Mary had notions, queer things some of them. The first was that study and the attending of classes were the essence of a college education. She, therefore, secluded herself in a peculiar way. Her interests were not the interests of the masses. She delighted to speak of Greek and Psychology at the table to the absolute amazement of some others present. For example "Binks" could not understand that such conversation should be preferred to the recitation of some prank. This tendency which was the cause of her seclusion for the most part of her Freshman year was a sad one for the class. "Tanc" was needed badly. Our class struggling for life in its infancy was looking for a strong leader. The genius of the whole was not to be doubted for a moment but all knew there must be one through which the genius was to be expressed. But Mary chose to take her place in the rear of the assembly and there she stayed until a year later. Sometime during that period of time Mary awoke to the fact that "To give is more blessed than to receive." From the beginning of her sophomore year, she worked unceasingly for the "common good."

The second tendency was a powerful influence on her intellectual life gained from the reading of modern fiction. She came with a philosophy gathered by her own selection. It was odd, her so-called "rights" were foremost. She was individualistic; her personality must be expressed fully. It was for this reason that she took delight in her studies for it was through these means that she would ultimately attain her end—self-expression.

Her friends, from the State University, talked socialism to her. She knew the crying needs of the nation and she knew what the "rule of the proletariat" is. It would be difficult to say how sincere Mary was in some of the views she sponsored and how deeply she had investigated the subject. But giving her the benefit of the doubt, it was not long after the formal opening of Father Donovan's Social Science Class that Mary became less querulous.

Her process of changing was a long, hard, slow one. One by one the strongholds of Mary's notions fell before the fierce onslaught of Father Donovan's teachings, and so, in the June of 1926, Webster College sent to Fort Smith a new Mary Tancred; her college course incomplete, but her mind logically prepared to see truth and to accept it as such. The writer of this article being an intimate friend of Mary's has heard her on more than one occasion expressing her appreciation for the interest and attention of the professors who had helped her through "perilous times."

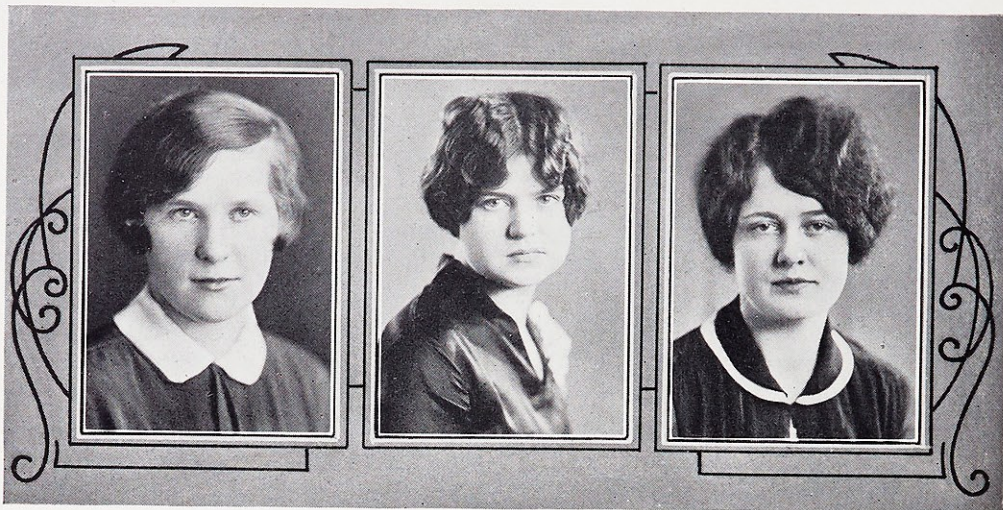
It is generally agreed that Mary's three years at college were successful. Mary Tancred is happy. Her bit of philosophy has served its final purpose.



SENIOR SNAPS

J
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HELEN MCGUIRE
Deer Grove, Ill.

ANNA MARIE
MCDERMOTT
St. Louis, Mo.

PEARL BRODERICK
Sterling, Ill.



HARRIET AVERILL
St. Louis, Mo.

JUANITA ABELL
Wichita, Kansas.

LAURA ARCHER
El Dorado, Miss.

WC



CATHERINE ARRENDALE MARGUERITE BARTHEL
Poplar Bluff, Mo.

St. Louis, Mo.

MARTA BROWN
Fort Madison, Iowa



ANNE CARR
Webster Groves, Mo.

MAYBELLE CHARBONEAU
Hillsboro, Ill.

MARY COOK
St. Louis, Mo.



ELIZABETH CORRIGAN
Poplar Bluff, Mo.

THELMA COYNE
East St. Louis, Ill.

ELLEN DUGGAN
St. Louis, Mo.



PEARL FARRELL
Ponca City, Okla.

EDITH GLOSEMEYER
O'Fallon, Mo.

HELEN MAE HEISSERER
Benton, Mo.

WD



CATHRYN HUMMERT

Breese, Ill.

MAUD JOKERST

St. Louis, Mo.

FRANCES KOHL

Belleville, Ill.



MARGARET LEONARD

Webster Groves, Mo.

LORETTA MALONEY

St. Louis, Mo.

HELEN McANULTY

Webster Groves, Mo.



MARGARET MARY
PARKER
St. Louis, Mo.

MARY POWERS
St. Louis, Mo.

FLORENCE PITT SMITH
Fort Worth, Texas



RCSAMOND SMITH
St. Louis, Mo.

JEANNETTE STIRITZ
Alton, Ill.

HELEN STUCKSTEDE
St. Louis, Mo.



LILLIAN WOLTERING
St. Louis, Mo.

MARGARET WEGMAN
St. Louis, Mo.

Junior Class History

The old adage reads—"People who make history seldom write it"—But we have always liked to consider ourselves as being an exceptional class, so why not abide by this tradition even now? An "exceptional" class—the adjective sounds conceited, but we have used it on the "humility is truth" basis. Perhaps if you follow our story carefully, you will agree that we are superior in many ways.

It was on that memorable date, September 9, 1924, that Webster College suffered her first *severe* attack of "growing pains" (a descriptive word that has been so opportunely applied before), for it was then that fifty-four freshmen, assured by the confidence-winning smile of welcome from dear Sister Louise, took up their abode in the school that was destined to become their Alma Mater. It was this class that swelled the student body to the required attendance for admission to the North Central Association—an event which marks the beginning of Webster's prestige in the educational world.

Only a few days had elapsed when we found the bulletin board filled with notices of meetings of the upperclassmen. "Initiation is brewing" was the thought in every Freshie's mind and we began to prepare ourselves for the event which proved to be less terrible than we had expected, but none the less adequate to admit us formally to the rank of "Webster girls."

The ceremony of cap and gown investiture took place on October 8, with our chaplain, Father Donovan, officiating. We felt such a balloon-like sensation (especially if at all inclined to the horizontal) as we walked down the



Junior Class History—Continued

aisle that day, that it will ever remain a freshman memory. We must admit that we did look collegiate.

During the next several weeks we assumed the daily routine of College life, being careful, out of youthful modesty, to keep below the horizon of College activities. But at last our pent-up enthusiasm would have an outlet so we met the sophomores in a basket-ball game. We considered our team to be one of our finest assets and we are proud of the victorious record we made in the active season which ensued.

Then the Christmas Party! And oh! what a party it was! There was a delicious banquet; a thrilling Christmas program, a visit from Santa Claus, bringing gifts for every freshie—everything that could be desired to make a fitting prelude for our homeward departure.

Scarcely had we returned to school we found ourselves confronted with the awful problem of semester exams. Since then, of course, we have come to regard exams as a matter of course, but it was with fear and trembling that we entered upon them for the first time. We might have saved ourselves many groans by the consoling thought that "it's all in a life time," but it takes a philosopher to find such comfort and we have only recently come to be philosophers.

With almost dramatic accuracy the lighter scenes followed the heavier and we found ourselves enjoying to the utmost the gala event of the Senior Prom held that year at the Woman's Club on the evening of January 23, 1925.

Simultaneously with Lent came the annual retreat with all the beauty and sincerity that only Father Martin O'Malley, C. M. could put into it.

After the Easter Holidays we set about to entertain the Seniors of the College and those of Nerinx Hall with a dance at the Algonquin Country Club. Freshies figured in the cast of the Sophomore Vaudeville, which occurred shortly afterwards. When the College broadcasted a program from station KSD, the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, two of our number were among the soloists and many of us were in the chorus. These and other interesting affairs, like the Shakespearian Plays and a tea for the graduates of Catholic High-Schools in St. Louis, led up to the dignified event of graduation.

In the Fall of 1925 we assembled again to find our class greatly diminished. But the remaining thirty-eight of us kept up courage and determined that since we had fallen down in quantity, we would fulfill the deficit with superior quality.

We began our sophomore endeavors in the field of Mission work, dividing our class into three groups with Edith Glosemeyer, Thelma Coyne, and Kathryn Hummert, respectively, as leaders. With a few peppy raffles and several food sales we were first to realize a hundred dollars for Loretto-in-China. Sophomore representatives attended the Crusade Leadership School in Cincinnati and at the fifth general Convention of the Catholic Students Mission Crusade held at Dayton, Ohio.



Junior Class History—Continued

We acted as hostesses to the faculty and students at the Hallowe'en party, and to the Seniors at a tea given at the Coronado Hotel.

A sophomore, Harriet Averill, was elected by the Student body to represent the College as a maid at the St. Louis University Prom. A sophomore, Kathryn Hummert, was the author of articles relative to Peletiah Webster that appeared in a Spring number of "America." It was also a sophomore, Agnes Griffin, who played a leading role in the "Taming of the Shrew."

In the early part of our Junior year our efforts were concentrated in doing our part to make the Mission Pageant, the "Giantkiller," a great success. "Curly" Coyne figured in the prologue and Juanita Abell, Edith Glosemeyer and Marguerite Barthel were among the Webster girls who had speaking parts in the cast. Others from our ranks were conspicuous for committee work done on the Pageant.

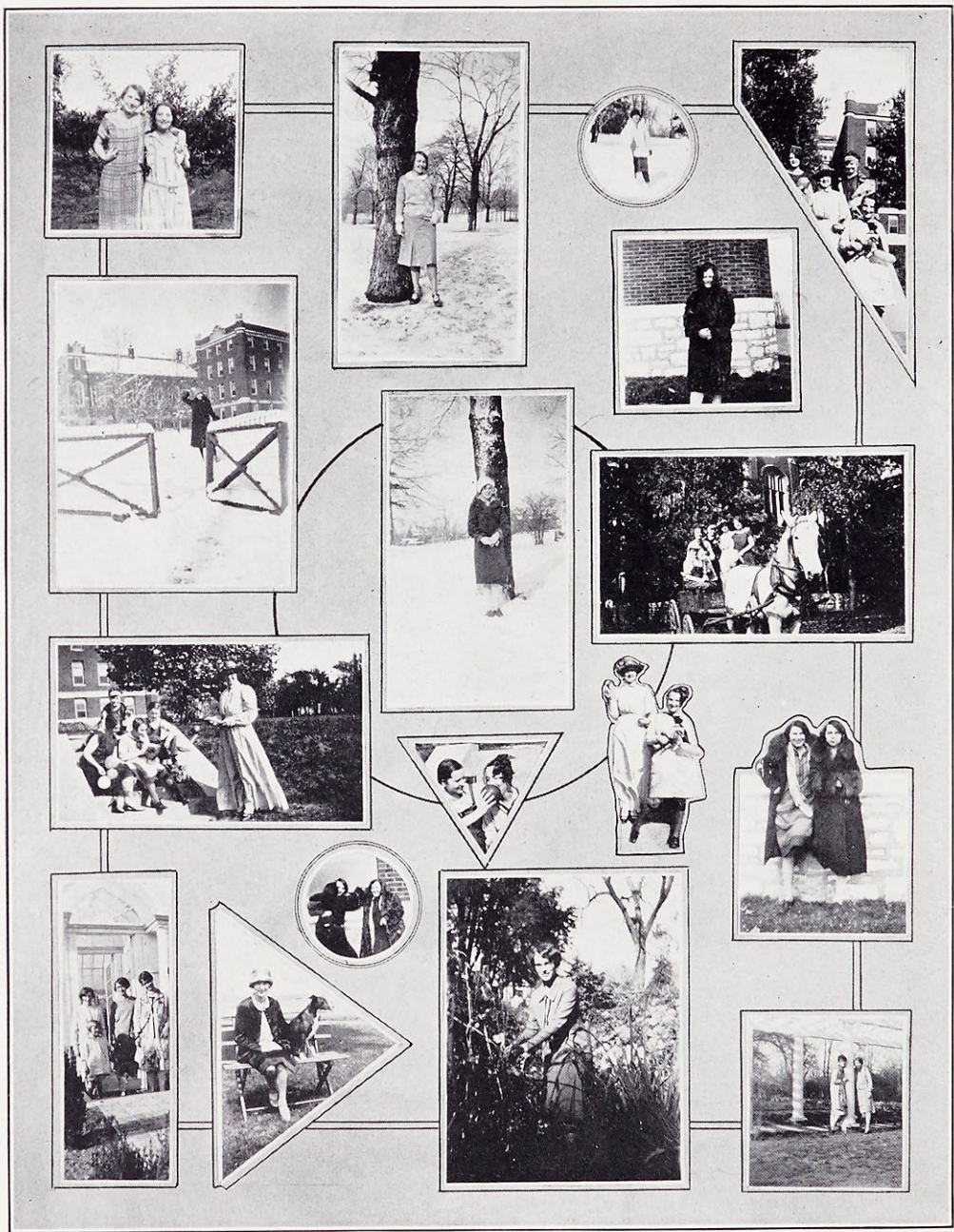
Nor in our efforts to bring fame upon the St. Louis local conference of the C. S. M. C. were we unmindful of Mission work at home. During December we gave a food sale and raffled a gift chest which totalled for us the sum of forty-five dollars.

It was then our turn to take charge of the Christmas party. With our efficient little president, Helen McGuire, assuming the leadership, we put the party over in fine style. With Father Lord's play, "Mistress Castlemaine's Christmas Dinner," interpreted by our members of the dramatic art class why shouldn't the party have been one of superior quality? And Santa Claus, Pearl Broderick, was his same generous, jolly old self and, of course, the chief attraction for the freshies.

Since Christmas we have worked faithfully for the Sodality, recently reorganized according to Father Lord's plan. We hope that great things are to be accomplished in this field of endeavor.

On February 19 we were again hostesses—this time to the class of '27, whom we entertained at the New Congress Hotel with a Bridge Breakfast.

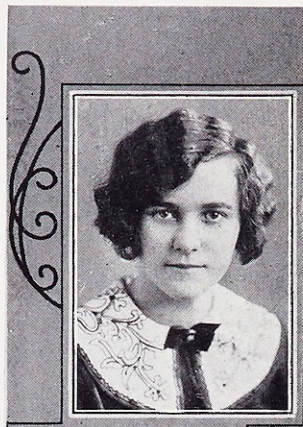
Of the fifty-four freshies who "started out" with us, only one has thus far entered into the bonds of Matrimony, three have gone to the Novitiate, others have left for various reasons until at present we number only thirty. This is, however, the largest Junior class of which the college has been able to boast. We trust that our number will remain stable until graduation and that in going out from Webster we will follow the ideal that she has set before us as we begin "that great romance, the war of truth against error, of right against wrong," which is the cause of Catholic Education.



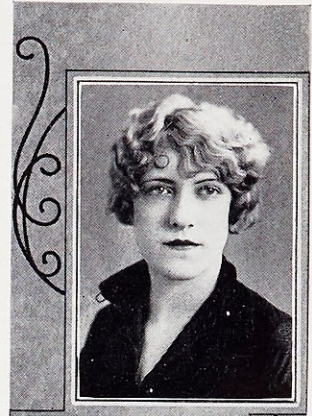
JUNIOR SNAPS

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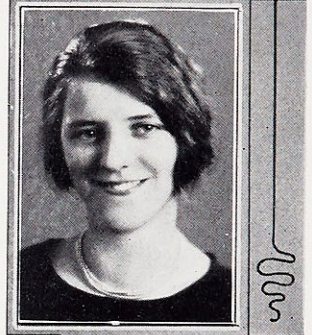
MARIE REYNOLDS
St. Louis,
Mo.



BERNADINE ALGERMISSEN
St. Louis,
Mo.



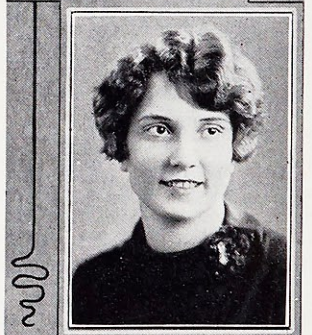
CATHERINE HAZEL
Owensboro,
Ky.



JULIE BOURKE
Kansas City,
Mo.



MARGARET MONARCH
Owensboro,
Ky.



MARGARET MARY BREY
St. Louis,
Mo.



GERTRUDE JOLLEY
St. Louis,
Mo.



LILLIAN CASE
St. Louis,
Mo.



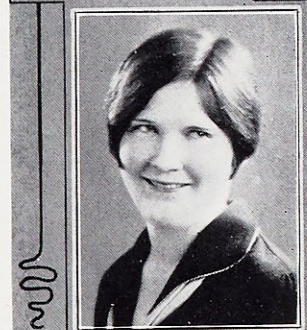
RUTH COSTELLO
Salida,
Colo.

CELESTE FEHLIG
St. Louis,
Mo.



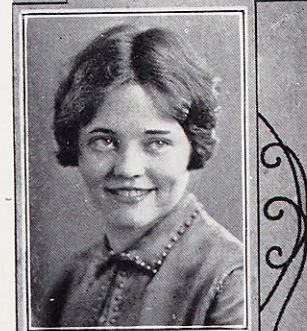
MARIE CREGAN
St. Louis,
Mo.

DOLORES GILLEN
Clinton,
Ill.



ADELE DANIEL
Vicksburg,
Miss.

LOUISE HAYES
Edina,
Mo.



HELEN EAVES
St. Louis,
Mo.

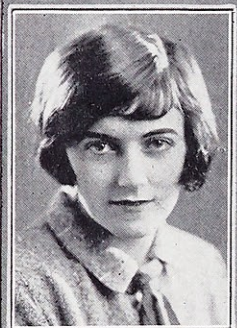
RAMONA JAMIESON
Ponca City,
Okla.





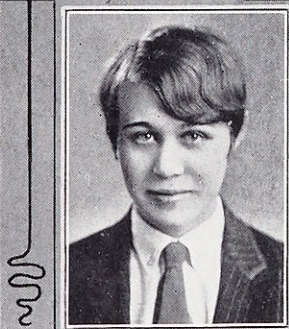
MARY JOHNSON
St. Louis,
Mo.

MARGARET McMEEL
Shreveport,
La.



MARION LANE
Burlington,
Kan.

AGNES O'CONNOR
Dallas,
Texas



ROSE MALON
St. Louis,
Mo.

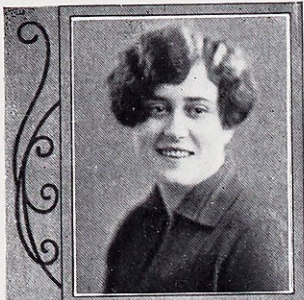
ROSEMARY O'REILLY
St. Louis,
Mo.



BLANCHE MARSHALL
Maplewood,
Mo.

ANNA RAFFERTY
Webster Groves,
Mo.





MARIE RICE
St. Louis,
Mo.

VIOLET SAUER
Winchester,
Ill.



SOPHIA RODRIGUEZ
Las Cruces,
New Mexico

ELIZABETH SWIFT
Osceola,
Ark.



MARGARET ROESCH
Webster Groves,
Mo.

JOSEPHINE THOMPSON
St. Louis,
Mo.



CATHERINE ROHAN
Webster Groves,
Mo.

GRACE WALSH
St. Louis,
Mo.



ELLEN MAE RYAN
Kansas City,
Mo.

EVELYN WARD
Osceola,
Ark.



WD



SOPHOMORE SNAPS

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Freshman Class

OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	ELLEN QUIRK
<i>Vice-President</i>	CATHERINE CODY
<i>Secretary</i>	CARMEN BROWN
<i>Treasurer</i>	GRACE MEYER

MEMBERS

DORRIT BARNICLE	DOROTHY CORLEY
EUGENIA BOCK	OLIVE CRIVELLO
MARY FRANCES BROEKER	KATHERINE CUMMINS
CARMEN BROWN	MARY DAY
GERTRUDE BUCKMAN	NEVA DAILY
ELIZABETH CARTER	MARGARET DICKBRADER
ESTELLA CAVANAUGH	FRANCES ERNST
BEATRICE CHESTNUT	VIRGINIA FRANCIS
MARGARET CLEMENTS	VALERIE GARTHOFFNER
CATHERINE CODY	MIDA HARRIS
ELIZABETH COAKLEY	WARREN HARRIS



Freshman Class

HELEN GRAHAM
 JANE GORMAN
 JOSEPHINE GROPP
 ELLEN HOGAN
 GLADYS HUGER
 EILEEN FLEMING
 WINIFRID KANE
 MELBA KOCH
 EMMA KOHL
 LEONA LASSETER
 NELLIE MAE McDONNELL
 MARIE MARTY
 THERESA MATTHEWS
 MARY MAUTINO
 GRACE MEYER
 MADELINE MILLER
 VIRGINIA MORAN
 SUSIE MAE MOONEY
 GERALDINE MULLANE
 JOSEPHINE O'TOOLE
 EUGENIA O'HALLORAN
 LOUISE PETRITZ

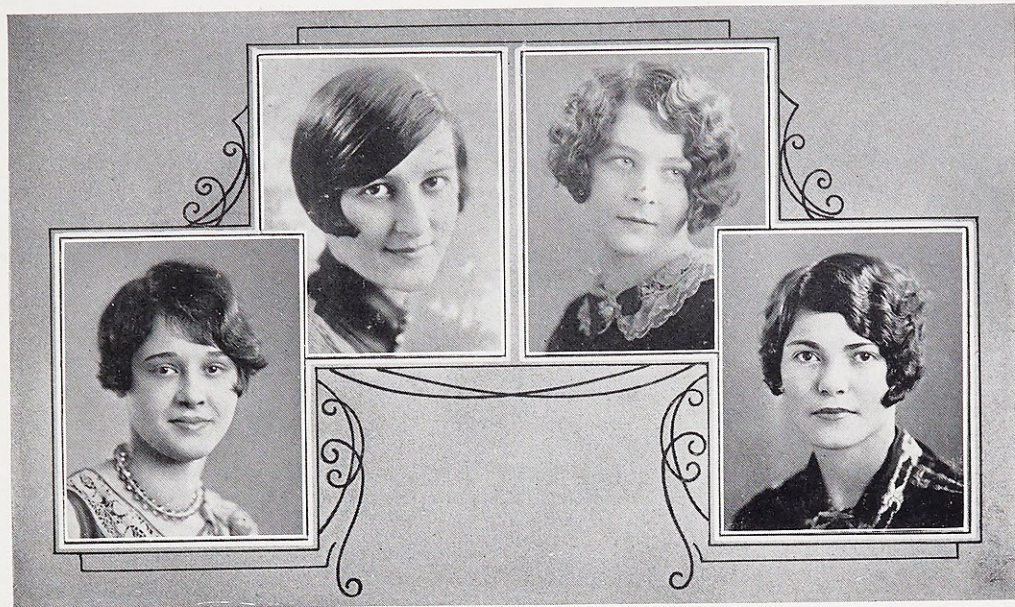
GABRIELLA PFEFFER
 ELLEN QUIRK
 JOSEPHINE RABBITT
 LUCILLE RAPILLARD
 MARGARET REARDON
 MALVINA SAKACH
 LAVINA SCHAEFER
 ANN SCHILLY
 BERNICE SMITH
 BLINCOE SMITH
 ERLINE STROTHKAMP
 MARY JOSEPHINE STRUPPER
 STELLA THORNTON
 CECILIA ULRICH
 MARGARET VOLLETT
 MARY WADE
 VIRGINIA WEILER
 ORIENT WEIS
 ROSEMARY WICKS
 HELEN WISE
 MATILDA WULLER

W.D.



FRESHMEN SNAPS





Athletic Association

OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	HARRIET AVERILL
<i>Vice-President</i>	THELMA COYNE
<i>Secretary</i>	MARGARET PETERS
<i>Treasurer</i>	MARTA BROWN

MEMBERS

The Athletic Association, which was organized in 1920, is made up of students from the physical education classes, and also students of the college who are interested in the development of Webster's athletic activities. This organization offers cups for the various inter-class tournaments and track meet.



Athletics

Athletics! That word brings to the majority of minds the thought of football, track meets, gym classes, and like activities, all of which are seemingly of recent origin, but, although the idea may appear to be original with us, we, of the present age, can not claim it as our own. In Webster's Dictionary we find that the beginning of athletics dates back to classical antiquity, when those possessing great physical agility and strength contended in public games, so it would seem that today we are only copying our Greek and Roman ancestors. Appearances, however, are deceiving, for in olden times athletics were mostly for entertainment, and only the physically fit took part. Today the term athletics covers a greater scope, and its end is to furnish a healthy habitation for a healthy mind. Of course, this need not exclude entertainment for the means taken are in themselves pleasurable. The spirit of the college athlete is the age-old spirit "for the love of the art or game and not for personal gain." If the thought of gain enters it concerns the reputation of one's Alma Mater.

This is all general—now how does it concern us? An identical spirit has pervaded Webster's athletic achievements. How could we survive without physical education as well as mental! Those of studious dispositions would be in danger of excessive sedentary life, while those of less studious inclinations would likely be the prey of too many sundaes, for "the temptations of the idle are many."



Eminent professors have said that the athletic field is the place where students can get rid of a superabundance of youthful enthusiasm. Now, we know why our Deans advocate a rigid physical training course, for without it they probably have a mental picture of the corridors and assemblies being perfect bedlams, since they are aware that young people must rid themselves of superfluous energy. However, we have another picture of ourselves without physical activities. It is a picture of an assembly full of Rip Van Winkles. We have no fear concerning the realization of this picture, for girls will be girls and Webster will never be dull.

September, somehow, always brings its share of joys, and, at the same time, an equal amount of sorrow. However, since "Variety is the spice of life" we console ourselves with the fact that we can equally appreciate both smiles and tears. "Every cloud has a silver lining" is an acknowledged fact at Webster for the same gray cloud that took from us Miss Reynolds, our beloved physical director and coach, brought to us Miss Barthel, our present instructor. Our optimism will not allow us to bemoan our great loss, for our imagination has pictured that in the near future we shall have Miss Reynolds back as director of our dancing classes, while at the same time we shall have the joy of still having Miss Barthel as our physical director.

Field Day

Are first or last impressions more lasting? We shall not undertake to answer directly, but we can say with a great deal of certainty (and not being at all egotistical) that we do not mind if Miss Reynolds retains her last impression of us.



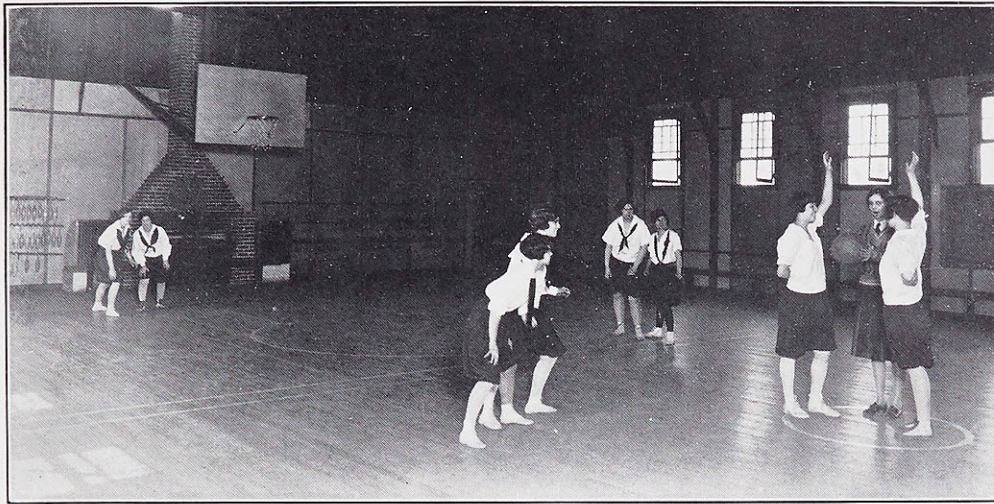
How well we remember Field Day of last year! Although it is an annual occurrence, May 20, 1926, was an exceptionally gala day, for May Day was jointly celebrated.

The track events were held outside Idle Hour. The spectators were seated on the west campus overlooking Plymouth Avenue. From the moment the whistle sounded for the line up for the fifty-yard dash, until Rev. Gerald Donnelly, S. J., presented the cup, all was excitement. Harriet Averill, the winner of the cup, scored 31 points. Honorable mention was given to Maud Jokerst and Lucille Roof, who scored $17\frac{2}{7}$ points and 13 points, respectively.

The various events and the winners were as follows:

	FIRST	SECOND	THIRD
Fifty-yard dash	Averill	Jokerst	Haberl
Standing broad jump	Averill	Block	Jokerst
Running broad jump	Averill	Roof	Seifert
Running high jump	Roof	Averill	Thompson
Baseball throw	Leonard	Seifert	Jokerst
Basketball throw	Jokerst	Block	Seifert

The fun of all this is so vividly before us that we are looking forward with great joy to this year's Field May Day.



Basket Ball

The first sound of the whistle which opened the Sophomore versus Freshman encounter, marked the beginning of a spirited struggle for the inter-class Basketball Championship. The winners are to receive a silver cup, hence, the great enthusiasm aroused. The first game between the Sophomores and Freshmen resulted in a victory for the former who defeated their opponents by a score of 22-17. The Freshies, however, proved themselves good losers and the result of the tournament is still an undecided matter.

LINEUP

SOPHS		FRESHIES
Gertrude Jolley	Guard	Madeline Miller
Josephine Thompson	Guard	Eileen Fleming
Rosemary O'Reilly	Running Center	Orient Weis
Marie Reynolds	Jumping Center	Ellen Quirk
Sophia Rodriguez	Forward	Bernice Smith
Margaret Mary Brey	Forward	Katherine Cummins

Sophs—No substitutes.

Freshies—Nellie Mae McDonnell for Ellen Quirk; Beatrice Chestnut for Katherine Cummins; Mary Frances Broeker for Orient Weis.



Ice Skating

"Now, I'm on my feet! Now I'm not!" Such were the sensations experienced by the devotees of ice skating who spent many enjoyable afternoons at the Winter Garden. However, despite the first sensations, the members of the Skating Club are proofs of the veracity of the old adage, "Practice makes perfect."

Swimming

It is often remarked that a college girl seems to be busy constantly either with work or play, and that the busier they are the happier. Webster girls are no exceptions, for no sooner have the spring months put a stop to the activities of the Skating Club, than a Swimming Club has been organized. Every Saturday morning a party of forty or fifty girls enjoy an hour or so in the pool of St. Louis University's new "gym."

Horse-Back Riding

What is there about spring which puts into one's veins that "up and going" spirit? Spring fever may not suggest this spirit, it is true, but upon critical consideration it would seem that spring fever is really an "up and going" spirit for play and a "down and away" spirit towards work. All humanity is susceptible to it and since spring is here and Webster girls are human, they are the victims of the fever. The trails and country roads have called so strongly to the lovers of horse-back riding that Miss Barthel is now making provisions to reorganize the club of last year.



Tennis and Golf

The courts and links, deserted in winter, are beginning to take on the appearance of great activity. Tennis has been a favorite sport at Webster for many years, so many are relatively proficient in the game. When the season is open for tennis, it is not unusual to see a small white globe bounding through the air when the first streaks of dawn appear and at twilight the same or a similar white sphere is still bouncing to and fro. Such are the working hours of our tennis devotees.

Since our Golf Course is of a more recent origin the number of "professional" players is rather limited. Last year there was some discussion concerning a tournament, but since the amateurs did not care to disclose their ability the tournament was postponed. However, this year we may be able to view the results of long and faithful practise.

Hiking

To the soldier "tramp, tramp, tramp" may recall unpleasant memories of a long day's march, when it was with effort that their tired aching feet kept up with the continual hike. Of course, in the glory of victory hardships are forgotten and only rejoicings remain—thus it is with the soldier.

To the Webster girl "tramp, tramp, tramp" brings up memories similar to those of the warrior for who could consider blistered feet and aching limbs when a juicy steak awaits one at the end of the trail—that is providing one of the party is skilled in lighting fires. Of course, since we have had a com-



prehensive course in training for Girl Scouts, the occasion seldom arises when there is no one present who can build the fire. Sometimes the homeward hike becomes tiresome and the miles seem to multiply. However, when our wandering spirits lead us far from Lockwood and Plymouth, someone has had the foresight to provide some mode of conveyance for the return trip, and soon we are "jogging" merrily homeward. Yes, I said "jogging," and that is exactly what I mean, for you see, our taxi on such occasions is the old gray horse and wagon, Webster's epic conveyance and one of the most beloved attractions of her antique gallery.

With such a variety of athletic pursuits what girl is there who does not find something to suit her taste and her ability? Surely, she is not at Webster! If she does not ride, she dives. If she can't swing a golf club she can use a tennis racket. If she can't high jump she can do her "daily dozen" in physical education class. Take away from us our athletics and think of the pleasures that would be denied us. There would be no exciting basket-ball games, no hard-fought tournaments nor tennis matches, much less track meets and field day—even our glorious May Day would be missing, for it, too, is sponsored by the Athletic Association. We are fully convinced that Webster minus athletics would be far different from what it is at present, but if anyone is inclined to be skeptical regarding the benefits of physical education he has only to look at our Freshmen in September and again in June to be won over to our way of thinking. So "after all is said and done" it matters little whether our modern athletics are an outgrowth of the ancient Greek and Roman games or whether the idea is original with Americans, as long as they make for bodily well-being, thus facilitating the development of higher faculties in our college girls of today.





Loretto Conservatory of Music

"Architecture, sculpture, poetry and painting are old and mature arts; their conceptions established, their objects assured; they have found their way through uncounted centuries and, like the planets, describe their regular orbits," though taste and individuality can and will unceasingly find refreshment and rejuvenation in these arts.

Music is a child that has learned to work, but still must be led. It is unconscious yet of its own privileges, its latent capacities. But it is a "child-marvel" in whom we recognize one radiant attribute which signalizes it beyond its elder sisters. "It is well nigh incorporeal. Its material is transparent. It is almost Nature itself. It is free."

In late years, America's contribution to the self-awakening of this wondrous child has consisted in the vitalizing of the purely musical imagination by contact with the more concrete sides of life—in favor of vigor, vivacity and variety. Tremendous changes have taken place in theory and methods. Forty years ago Americans went to Leipsic; thirty years ago honors were shared between Leipsic and Berlin. But during the last two decades conservatories have arisen in America to compete with those of Europe and although the center of creative activity is still to be found in Europe, as regards *performance*, America has absorbed Europe's finest elements. Young in years but already old in knowledge she accepts or rejects with a rapidity which is a tribute, not only to her discernment, but to the progressive nature and enterprise of her artists.

In consequence, American teachers under American patronage are trained along the best acknowledged lines and the appreciation of what is best in music is recognized and widespread. Religious educators, too, have attended



these schools of music, completed the courses and are now imparting to the students in the conservatories attached to their Catholic colleges the finest of cultured training.

Among such institutions Loretto Conservatory is insured an enviable place. As an orbit of Webster College, it derives the advantages incident to a close interrelation with the other departments of the Liberal Arts Institution. These advantages are necessary to an artistic development since a broad and cultural education is fundamental to a thorough musical training. The reciprocity is equally advantageous from the Collegiate viewpoint for music has always been the art of self expression, the delineation of character and ideals. If such is true there must be something to express. Hence, without education music is impossible. Thus the plea for the co-existence of College and Conservatory and the advantages of this co-operation over more specialized schools of music is tremendously obvious.

The Conservatory is incorporated under the State Laws of Missouri to confer degrees, diplomas, and teacher's certificates in music. The curriculum includes courses in piano, voice, violin, pipe-organ, theory, harmony, counterpoint, ear-training, history and appreciation of music, analysis, sight-singing and ensemble. At the completion of the Collegiate Course, the degree, Bachelor of Music is awarded. Students of the Bachelor of Arts Course, who are sufficiently advanced to do post-graduate work creditably may receive the Special Conservatory Diploma at the close of the senior year.

Elaborate programs are given at stated intervals throughout the year to large audiences. On April 22, 1926, Miss Dorothy Monarch was presented by the Faculty in a piano recital and was awarded the Special Conservatory Diploma. Miss Josephine Brunn, mezzo-contralto, assisted Miss Monarch.



The program follows:

PROGRAMME

Pastorale	Scarlatti	Valse Op. 64, No. 2	Chopin
Toccato and Fugue	Bach-Taussig	Scherzo, B flat minor	Chopin
	Miss Monarch		
Sunlight Waltz Song	Harriet Ware	Joy	Wintter Watts
	Miss Brunn		
Rhapsody F sharp minor	Dohnanyi	March Wind	MacDowell
May Night	Palmgren	Chappelle de Guillaume Tell	Liszt
	Staccato Etude	Rubinstein	
	Miss Monarch		

Students have the privilege of hearing artists in their own auditorium. Willard McGregor, St. Louis pianist, who gave a series of successful concerts last winter while studying on the continent with Philippe, presented the following program in a distinctive morning recital.

Chaconne	Bach-Busoni	Nocturne in D Flat	Chopin
Gavotte	Gluck-Brahms	Waltz (Opus 42)	Chopin
Perpetual Motion	Weber	Jeau d'eau	Ravel
Appassionata Sonata	Beethoven	Fireworks	Debussy
Ballade in A Flat	Chopin	Feux Follets	Phillipp
Three Etudes	Chopin	Fiedermaus	Strauss-Godowsky

The Hilger Trio also gave a most artistic musicale to our Student body this year.

The advantages of Conservatory Students are moreover enriched by the opportunity to hear the world's greatest artists in opera and concert during the winter months in St. Louis such as Paderewski, Rachmaninoff, Hoffman, Schmitz, Ganz, Kreisler, Chaliapin, McCormack.

Most successful are the results of actual contact with genius for we learn from others the happy blending of essential qualities, interpretation and a fine and exquisite appreciation of gradation and tonal effects.



Dramatic Art

"Onward and upward" so goes Webster and so goes our Dramatic Department. Every year our plays seem to be the best ever from the standpoint of acting, producing, and stage setting and then before we know it we have surpassed ourselves! This year has been no exception. Our Dramatic Club with Theresa Shea, president; Margaret Peters, vice-president; Marguerite Barthel, secretary, and Agnes O'Connor, treasurer, as officers and under the direction of Mrs. Anna McClain Sankey has enabled Websterites and their friends to spend some memorable hours in our Little Theatre.

During the past year we had the story of the first Christmas beautifully pantomimed; the modern lighting system lent its tone and color, charming the imagination by vividly portraying the story of Bethlehem.

Our stage proved its democracy judging from the little sketch, "A Born Nurse," by B. W. Chandler, which deals with people in ordinary walks of life. Those starred in the play were well supported by its brilliant dialogue and caustic humor.

Next came the irresistibly amusing comedy, "The Knight's Mare," by B. King, and the Sophs of last year are requested to come forth and receive due congratulations.

The Student Vaudeville given for the past three years under the auspices of the Class of '27 is not precisely the work of the Dramatic Art Class, but it is assuredly a dramatic activity. It is, in a way, a test for what the hours of class have accomplished; it is strictly a student enterprise; they compose, direct, and manage the show and without the dramatic ability gained through class work this would be impossible. The programs are always of a high standard; we are entertained by clever, well-trained choruses, comical skits, and artistic divertissements in beautiful settings.

It was three long years since we last went to the Odeon day after day to practice for the Pageant presented by the C. S. M. C. in St. Louis. Only the "old girls" remembered what fun it was, how exciting and interesting and



thrilling it was to be in the pageant. (For three years will dim one's memories of work and fatigue, and jumpy nerves.) And then, early in September, the good news greeted us that Father Lord was going to write and direct another pageant and Webster was to take part. Enthusiasm spread from the old girls to the new and we were there for whatever work awaited us.

We treasure the following letter as a tribute to our work:

Sister M. Nerinx,
 Directress of Nancy Havern Unit, C. S. M. C.,
 Webster College.

Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul
 January 25, 1927.

Dear Sister Nerinx:

When the pageant ended, I felt that the first thing I should do was to write to each unit a word of appreciation. I began; but before I had gotten a letter to our own Webster girls, interruptions set in. And you see they have continued. I start anew, though, today and am concluding my thanks in climatic order with this letter.

Father Lord, I believe, told the girls by letter on the morrow of the last pageant performance that the work of Webster was consistently fine from prologue to curtain drop. He could have added with the same nicety of facts that the consistent fineness had begun some five weeks before the prologue and continued for the like space of time after the curtain fall. Because the dramatic excellence of Webster girls was only a feature in their general co-operation.

They had a deft hand in the management also. The story of what they did in ticket selling is told in the two prizes won; one for the school group and one for the student contenders. But nothing so tangible declares the soul of their co-operation. That is learned only from such incidental remarks as these: "Unlooked for and trying demands were met without any displays of temper"; "even those taking part in the pageant bought tickets for their own use"; "she (Webster's outstanding contender for the ticket prize) would not consent to make sales that wore even the faintest appearance of unfairness in competition."

Had I calculated beforehand the amount of co-operation the Conference might expect from Webster (and my figuring in such matters is not *ultra* conservative) as first of firsts, my estimate would have fallen about sixty per cent short. I was agreeably disillusioned, as we always are when dealing with human factors who are inspired by divine charity.

As a token, then, of the gratitude of the Local Conference and of my enthusiastic esteem, I wish the conduct of these and all Webster's daughters will in every important occasion of life outrun expectations because ever grounded on Him Who in every order came, not to destroy but to fulfill.

Yours very gratefully,

Joseph J. Jamm BM.



But we cannot leave unmentioned here one whose genius and untiring efforts were Webster's greatest gift to the "Giantkiller." Sister Marie Anthony who has made our own stage a thing of beauty helped with the settings and actually designed a number of the costumes for the 1926 pageant.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

Cast of Characters

Petruchio.....	Theresa Shea	
Baptista.....	Lucinda Clements	Edith Glosemeyer
Lucentio.....	Marguerite Barthel	Margaret Peters
Vincentio.....	Margaret Peters	Marguerite Barthel
Gremio.....	Mary Haberl	Ramona Jamieson

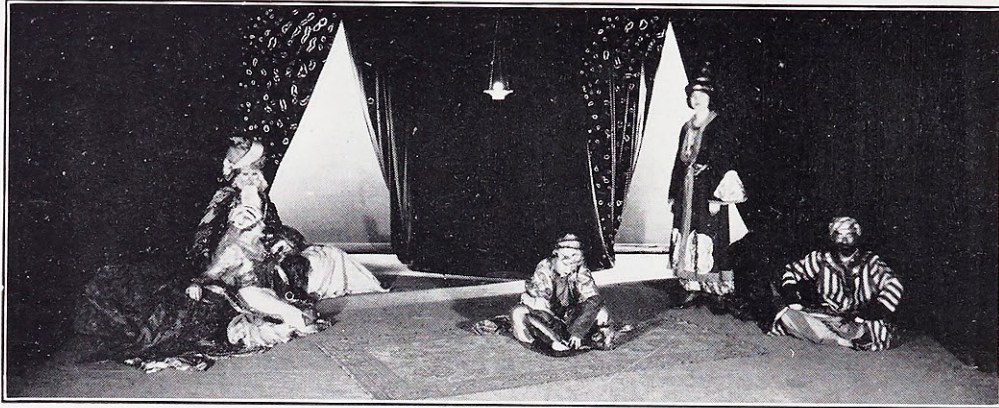




Hortensio.....	Helen Stuckstede.....	Gertrude Jolly
Tranio.....	Margaret McMeel.....	Agnes O'Connor
Biondello.....	Thelma Coyne.....	Dolores Gillen
Grumio.....	Peggy O'Leary.....	Mary Haberl
Curtis.....	Anna Marie McDermott.....	Rosalie Siefert
Katherine.....	Genevieve Barthel.....	Agnes Griffin
Bianca.....	Mary Elizabeth Newell.....	Beatrice Shulte
Widow.....	Beatrice Shulte.....	Anna Marie McDermott
Tailor.....	Ruth Grant	

This our feature play of the year had as usual a double cast, a fact which creates enthusiasm and a spirit of emulation—affording more opportunity for dramatic ability and allowing all to delve into the depths of Shakespeare. Our weeks of rehearsal though strenuous were enjoyed and every part was well cast



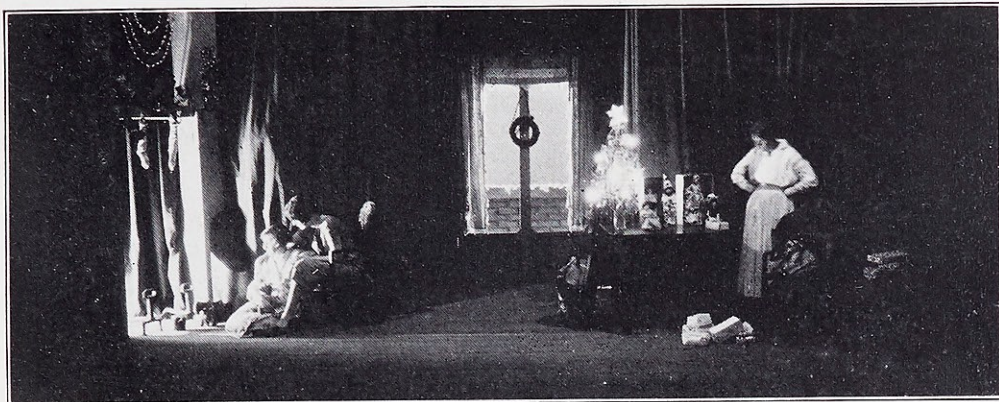


and well played. Special credit is due to Theresa Shea who played Petruchio in both casts and by her splendid interpretation of the part wrote her name in Webster's "Hall of Fame."

On February 11, 1926, the Dramatic Class entertained us very pleasantly with an "oriental evening." They presented two plays, the first of which was Vachel Lindsay's "The Chinese Nightingale," which was cut and arranged for the readers to chant while the dream of the Chinese laundryman was brought before the audience in pantomime. The music selections by Irene Hyman added an ethereal atmosphere to the performance. Margaret Reddin, as the Nightingale, treated us to some fine bits of dancing.

It has always been our object in this department to do different things and great efforts were expended in the Poetasters of Ispahan, an oriental play with an incongruous combination of melodrama and philosophy, dealing with the irresistible urge in every human being to reach out for the things of life regardless of the cost, and the different direction in which that same urge drives various individuals. To preserve the exact locale of the Persian tent it was found necessary to stress the perfection of atmosphere—the lights spelt genius—portraying the oriental texture of the play.

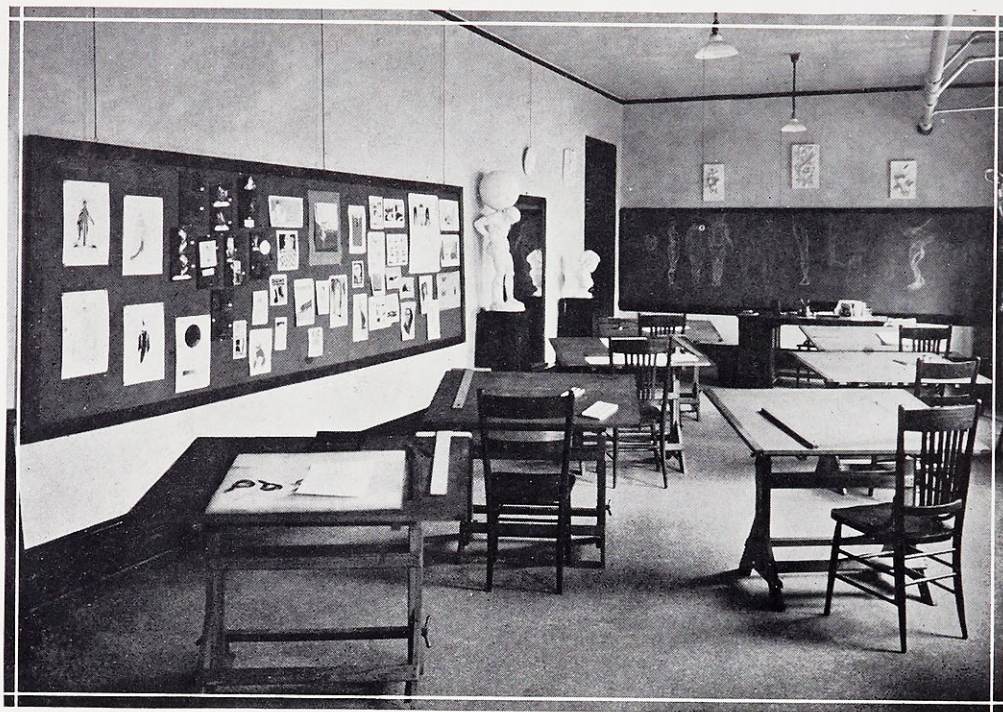




When we were Juniors and had charge of the entertainment at the Christmas banquet we introduced the idea of giving a class play. We found just the thing for the occasion, "Dolls," by Louise Armstrong, a delightful story of the night before Christmas in which the proud new dolls come to life and find "ups and downs" in this world of ours. Dolls are quite like human beings, enjoying pleasures and riches, and being satisfied only when things go their way. So amid shouts of "votes for women" and arguments as to who was to ride with the chauffeur, and who should ride in the pony cart, the merry din was broken by the arrival of the Rag Doll who insisted they would take their respective places and not spoil the little girl's Christmas. But poor old Raggy had her inning on Christmas morn when the little girl picked her out of the waste basket and dressed her in the new Lady Doll's silks and laces.

Virginia Walsh was at her best as the little girl and made the play a lasting memory to all who saw it. Who of us could forget that the Baby Doll had real "buttons and button-holes" in her dainty yellow frock and that Mr. Clown craved the company of the beautiful Marie Antoinette making the timid Peasant Doll jealous of the powdered wig. Little did we think that the Little Tin Soldier could in a year's time become Queen of the Prom—such things can be, and will ever be, at Webster.





Commercial Art

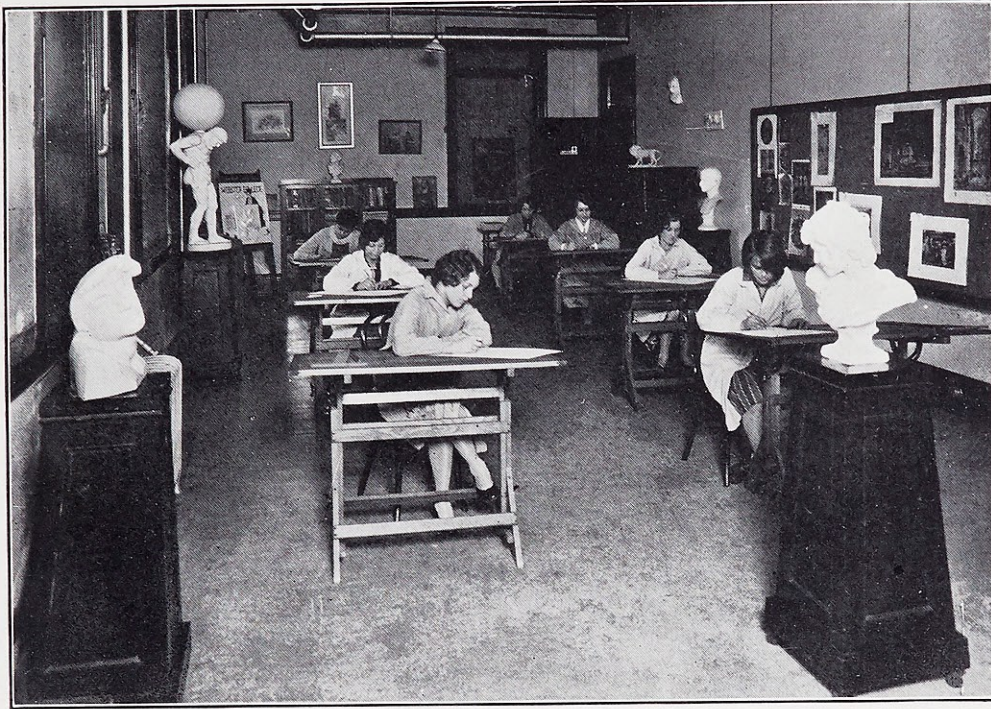
In this day of intensive cultivation in every line of work, of applied psychology in all subjects; of artistic treatment in the most prosaic fields, commercial art has come to have a prominence absolutely unknown a short while ago.

The American business man is a busy man indeed. In fact, the American family as a whole is busy. The members of such an energetic group have no time for more than they can glimpse from a swiftly moving automobile. Advertising must be striking, must make an instant appeal to the eye and to the fancy, must meet people half way before they will give it consideration. And here is the field and the purpose of the commercial artist.

There are various factors to be treated in a discussion of pictorial advertising. Psychology is one of the most important of these. The artist must understand the mind and heart of his public, its tastes, its favorite pastimes, its sorrows, and its joys, in order to register the necessary appeal in his work. People have to be "sold" on an article of merchandise before they will part with their hard-earned dollars, and a skillful touch on the heart-strings frequently has the power to loosen the purse strings.

However, in studying the material side of commercial art, we do not lose sight of the beautiful. Perfection of color, design, and composition is sought and obtained in poster work as in any form of art. It is not true as is so often contended, that there is no real art in this work. The strides made in this field are as great and as important as those in any other art. Many modern advertisements have real artistic worth. The ability of Maxfield Parish may be mentioned as exemplifying this fact.

So we may speak of the general aim of commercial art. At Webster a wide survey is made of the field and particular attention paid to the develop-



Commercial Art

ment of taste, talent, and individuality in the students. Poster painting is studied, and the principles learned are immediately put into practice in placing the collegiate activities before the student eye. In the last few years, extensive work has been done in this direction, notably for the annual Vaudeville, the Shakespearean plays, the mission sales, and even social affairs of the neighboring parish church.

The good work done in the Mission Crusade contest last year should not be left without mention. In that event two prizes were carried away by Webster students. This year some of the girls of the art department competed in a poster contest held in connection with Father Lord's pageant, "The Giantkiller," and captured three more prizes.

Interior decoration and dress designing receive their share of attention in special courses. Here, too, individuality and good taste are encouraged and cultivated in the important studies of home beautifying and discriminating style in dress. It is easy to understand how capable direction in such matters is extremely useful in the education of the average college girl.

The art work for the college year book, and for the quarterly periodical is in the hands of selected students of the art department. The experience and initiative derived from this work are invaluable. This year an effort has been made to improve on the art work of the past annuals, particularly in point of uniformity of style in drawings and lettering.

There is an excellent library, consisting of numerous volumes and current magazines on subjects related to art. Exhibits are frequently held, and some artistic work is constantly on display. It is the intention of the directress of the art work to hold an extensive exhibit at the close of the present scholastic year.



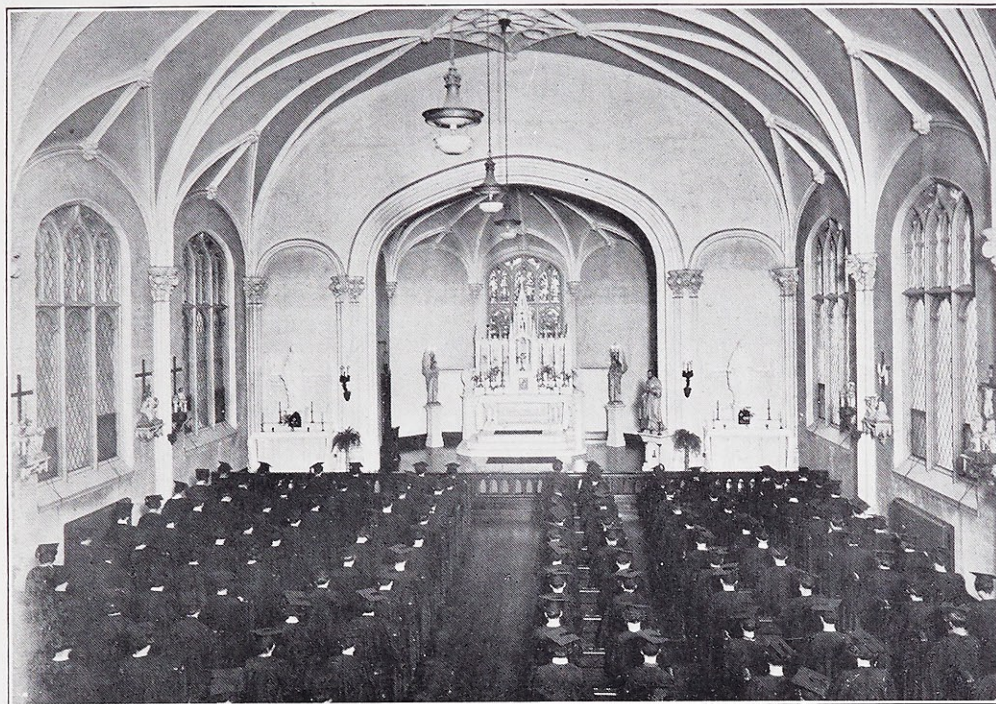
Sodality

Education to be thorough as its name implies, should revolve about the three-fold center of Classroom, Campus and Chapel. If the latter is not included in its scope, if the real purpose of man's existence is given no consideration, education is meaningless and lifeless, it belies its very name, it is unworthy of a place in society.

As a truly educational institution, Webster College glories most in inspiring its students with a real enthusiasm for their religion, thus, fitting them to fill their place in life. Every student deems it an honor to belong to any of the school organizations, but she esteems most highly her membership in the Sodality of our Blessed Lady. As someone has beautifully stated, the scholastic Cap and Gown never looks more distinguished than when ornamented by the silver and blue insignia of the Sodality.

Following the practice of the past year, the entire Sodality receives Holy Communion at a special Mass, said, through the kindness of the Reverend Chaplain at eight o'clock, to accommodate especially the day students.

Ever an active organization, the Sodality this year promised to surpass its accomplishment of previous years. According to the plans outlined by Reverend Father Lord, S. J., the various spiritual activities of the school have been grouped and subordinated to a Students' Spiritual Council. This Council is presided over by the Sodality Prefect, Miss Rosalie Siefert, and is composed of the



Sodality

Sodality officers, class representatives and chairmen of the eight committees: Eucharistic, Our Lady's, Publicity, Literary, Apostolic, Mission, Sacred Heart, Program. Each committee was assigned its definite work, and with the assistance of the Sodality's efficient Moderator, Sister Mary Borgia, the students were left to use their own initiative in carrying out these plans successfully.

At a general meeting called to receive the report of the various committees, those charged with promoting devotion to the Holy Eucharist, outlined a "Guard of Honor," and methods for increasing attendance at daily Mass and Holy Communion. Our Lady's Committee laid the plans for celebrating the feasts of the Blessed Mother. The report of the Publicity Committee told of a Sodality bulletin board to be placed side by side with the college bulletin board. On this bulletin are to be posted notices of special feasts, magazine items, news articles, and other things of general interest to the Sodalists. The Literature Committee has for its object the refutation of newspaper articles attacking or misinterpreting Catholic doctrine. The League of the Sacred Heart Committee proposed a second Guard of Honor for the First Friday of each month, and offered other methods for spreading devotion to the Sacred Heart. The other Committees also submitted encouraging reports, and helped to insure the success of the new and wonderful undertaking. Thus the Students' Spiritual Council has become a permanent factor in the activities of the College. Forty Hours' Devotion furnished an excellent opportunity to observe practical results. After the Solemn High Mass and procession of the Blessed Sacrament, the Guard of Honor began its services and, hour after hour, some sodalist kept vigil before the King of Kings. The realization of the remaining plans lies in the future, but Webster College is justified in pointing with pride to its Students' Spiritual Council.



May Day

*"O, give me their old vigour, and unheard
Save of the quiet Primrose, and this span
Of heaven and few ears.
Rounded by thee, my song should die away
Content as theirs
Rich in the simple worship of a day."*

"Written on May Day"—Keats.

Keats expresses in this poem, that which we felt, but could not express, on the May Day celebration of Webster College, May 20, 1926. The day itself was perfect. The Campus appeared a bower fit only for the highest of creatures, our May Queen. Her throne was placed far away from the crowd; it was covered with delicate blossoms which seemed almost unreal in their loveliness. The Queen was preceded by ten dancing attendants, four maids-of-honor and a tiny flower girl bearing the crown of roses. After circling the campus her Majesty was led to the throne where she was crowned the First May Queen of Webster College. Before receiving this title she had been known as Miss Theresa Shea, a member of the Junior Class.

After this ceremony, ten girls dressed in white organdy danced around the May Pole in honor of the new Queen. The pole itself was wound in yellow





May Day

and white, which contrasted artistically with the costumes of the dancers. It is nearly impossible to paint the loveliness of the picture drawn by the white dancers as they twined intricate steps in the glorious light of the fairest of spring days. The dance finished, the athletes of the school competed in track meet for the loving cup, symbolical of all around sporting prowess.

The Queen presided over these events for a time leaving them to join the Lawn Fete sponsored by the Junior Class. The many booths on the campus yielded proceeds which exceeded five hundred dollars which was given to the College Mission Unit.

It would be practically impossible to enumerate the many events of this May Day. Luncheon and dinner were served on daintily covered tables set under the spreading tree. The fortune wheel was continually in motion, each turn bringing happiness to some one. The fish pond was unusually attractive both in appearance and content; the candy booth was short-lived; however, business continued in most of the booths until quite late. During this time the Queen was everywhere, thus making the day as successful as could be wished. As with Keats we were "rich in the simple worship of a day," so now we are rich in the memory of one of the loveliest moments of our College Life, our May Day.





The Christmas Banquet

Holiday festivities began for Webster girls even before the vacation. On Thursday evening, December the 16th, the entire college and faculty assembled for the annual Christmas Banquet and Play. Six o'clock found the girls, looking their loveliest, assembled in the reception room to meet Mother Linus and the distinguished guests from Kenrick Seminary.

It was a gay column that escorted them downstairs to the refectory, where long tables beautifully decorated with holly and poinsetta were laden with the traditional delicacies that reminded us of Dicken's famous "Christmas Carol." Each table was headed by one of our honored guests. We always welcome an opportunity to meet, thus informally, the professors, when the barrier of classroom discipline may be temporarily laid aside. Perhaps, too, we want to convince them that we really are not as unintelligent as we sometimes appear in said classroom.

When dinner was nearing a close Father Corcoran arose and amid gay applause presented to each Senior her long coveted and well-deserved pin. The pins for 1927 are set in pearls and emeralds, carrying out the class colors.

After dinner the company repaired to the auditorium which was pervaded by an air of great expectancy. Our babies were very excited for tradition at Webster dictates that Santa Claus shall delight each Freshman with a special gift. Soon the rotund old man appeared amid shouts of glee and the tinkling of silver bells. From the Christmas tree he plucked a gift for every professor and each Freshman, the gifts being accompanied by an appropriate verse.

The excitement of Santa's visit having subsided, an expectant hush fell over the auditorium: the curtains of the stage were drawn on a one-act play, "Mistress Castlemaine's Christmas Dinner," by Reverend Daniel A. Lord, S. J. The cast was chosen exclusively from among the Juniors who acquitted themselves most graciously of their duties as hostesses for the evening.



The Senior Prom

On the fourth of February the ballroom of the Missouri Athletic Association was the scene of the social climax of the year—The Senior Prom!

Semester exams having been, more or less, successfully weathered, all attention was turned to lovely gowns, dates and dances. Clever little brown leather card cases, bearing the Webster seal and an impressive "1927" in gold, enclosed the programs—those fateful programs whose contents spelled delight, disappointment or chagrin for our male guests.

The guests danced throughout the evening to the strains of the Varsity Club Orchestra's delightful music. Supper was served after the fourth dance and, although a merely personal observation carries little weight, we must say, however, that we enjoyed it immensely.

We also enjoyed seeing the girls looking their radiant best after having viewed them for a week with hair in battle array, eyes wild, biting pen and pencil as they feverishly fumed over exam papers. Although our appreciation may have been strengthened by the contrast we imagine that the pretty dresses and trim coiffures did not pass unnoted by our "dates."

In our opinion the Prom was a complete success; every detail had been well planned and executed, even to the beautiful corsages which were sent to the chaperones. The Seniors in this, as in all the undertakings which have glorified their four years at Webster, proved that they could be gracious hostesses as well as successful students. Lavish praise from guests and chaperones must have well rewarded their efforts.

The patrons and patronesses were: Mr. and Mrs. James W. Byrnes; Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Cote; Mr. and Mrs. George Francisco; Mrs. George F. McNulty; Mrs. Anna McClain Sankey; Mr. and Mrs. Norman George; Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Tinker; Mr. Harry McClain; Mr. and Mrs. Francis Douglas; Mr. and Mrs. Paul Murphy; Mrs. Ignatius McMenemy; Mr. George Fogg.



Miss Helen Simon
The 1927 Queen of the St. Louis University Prom



MISS THERESA SHEA



MISS LORETTO MALONEY

St. Louis U. Prom.

To Webster the St. Louis University Formal Conclave Dance was more than just another prom; for five of the ten maids, one of whom was to be chosen queen, were Webster girls. Besides Miss Theresa Shea, representing the College, there were the Misses Thelma Coyne from the Medical School, Loretto Maloney from the Commerce and Finance School, Helen McNulty from the Arts and Science School, and Helen Simon from the Day Law School.

The identity of the queen was the subject of much conjecturing until the Procession was announced. The first to appear was Miss Bernice Simpson, the retiring queen. After her came the maids, each upon the arm of a gallant knight of St. Louis. Finally, Miss Helen Simon was announced; a most regal figure was she as she walked the length of the hall.

The coronation which followed had all the lovely dignity of the ceremony in by-gone ages when there still were queens to be honored by devoted and admiring subjects. As Miss Simon rose, the royal crown sparkling on her forehead, the heart of every Webster girl present thrilled with pride and joy. Each felt a reflection of the honor which had come to a most beloved of their schoolmates.



MISS THELMA COYNE



MISS HELEN MCANULTY



Home Coming

Almost everything planned depends upon and is affected by the weather. Wise people look at a weather forecasting calendar or ask advice and clemency of the weather man before making their plans. We didn't. We took the only day that was not filled with commencement and examination excitement and named it "Home Coming Day." It happened to be the 30th of May, 1926.

However, they say the Lord takes care of fools and orphans, and so it happened that the day was beautiful. The sun shone, the birds sang, the breeze blew and, best of all, it was the season when the wardrobe was just being replenished with light and airy things that could be worn to the best advantage on just such a day. We regret that an adverse fate befell the photograph of the gathering, obliging us to illustrate this article with a wintry scene, woefully deficient in numbers and failing to convey the atmosphere of the day.

An invitation was sent to every girl who had ever attended Webster, whether she had graduated or not. It was Home Coming for all the "old" girls and it was delightful to see how many came home.

The invitation read: "Bring husbands, sweethearts, and children." It was pathetic to see what a large number had to bring husbands, which only goes to show what mistakes girls will make in spite of the wonderful training they receive. Webster College bows its head in shame when forced to admit that it has the largest percentage of "sweet-girl-graduates" who have taken that fatal step.

Sweethearts were very much in evidence and conjectures were buzzed as to which of the fair buds would be the next one to approach the sacrificial altar. The question was shelved.

But oh the babies! They were the chief attraction of the day. Babes in arms, bashful babes and babes who were acting pretty for the lady. Unfortunately few of the little darlings are eligible to enter Webster unless Alma Mater should become co-educational. Only two or three young mothers had ruffled instead of rompered infants treading at their heels.

Letters were received from all over the country and even out of the country, bearing regrets from "old" girls unable to attend, and expressing the sentiment for Webster that all felt down deep in their hearts. And of all the sweet letters, perhaps the sweetest were the ones that came from the "old" girls who



Home Coming

are now either Sisters of Loretto or Sisters in the making, for they owe their happiness, peace and high position in life to their Alma Mater.

A big surprise! Mother Edith from Highland Park! The same Mother Edith—which is all that is necessary to say, for everyone knows and appreciates Mother. The same big heart in the same big Mother (for she has gotten no thinner) and trying in the same bluff manner to swallow the lump in her throat which found its duplicate in everyone of her "old" girls' throats, when they realized that never again would they be "her girls" in the dear old way.

Mother Linus was an excellent hostess. She won the hearts of the "old" girls from the first and made Home Coming feel like Home Coming to all. With her warm hospitality, she put everyone at ease and made strangeness a thing unknown on that day.

Moving pictures of the gathering were taken. These will prove invaluable to the "old" girls, especially to those whose youngsters acted before "the birdie." What a joy to the mother and a night-mare to the growing children, those pictures, ten—fifteen years hence!

Sister Louise! What affair would ever be complete without her? For what affair, however small or personal, during the four College years could succeed without her care and enthusiasm? How many love affairs were kept secret from her? None, of course. How many little troubles did she straighten out? Thousands, certainly. It is to her the "old" girls owe all. It was she who made Home Coming possible. She had talked and dreamed of it for years, and then, like everything for the interest and good of her "children," she made it come to pass. Then wasn't it she who made Webster a home to us all in the first place? Weren't her many "children" taken right into the heart that had room for another? But we need say no more. Her place is in the warmest corner of her "children's" heart and no one will ever supplant her.

Perhaps because we are no longer thoughtless school girls, we mention refreshments last. It is probably the fact that sentiment has replaced the mere vulgar sense, that it does not seem to be the first thing in our thoughts now, but we cannot conclude without mentioning the delicious punch and wafers that our hostess served.

Good-byes reluctantly came late in the afternoon, but "good-bye" didn't seem quite so final as it did at graduation for Home Coming is to be a periodical event in the future.

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Editor "Just Among
Ourselves."

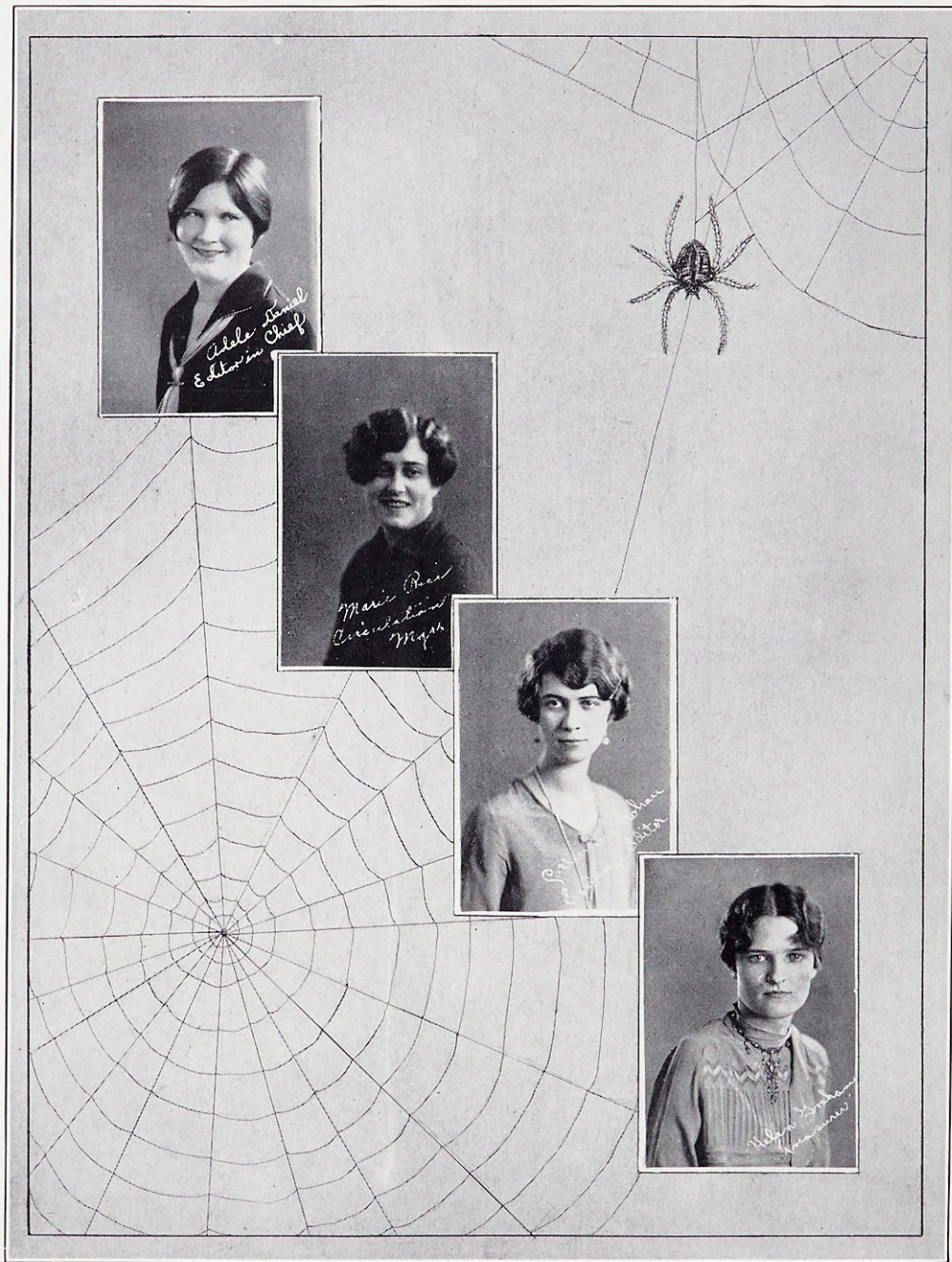
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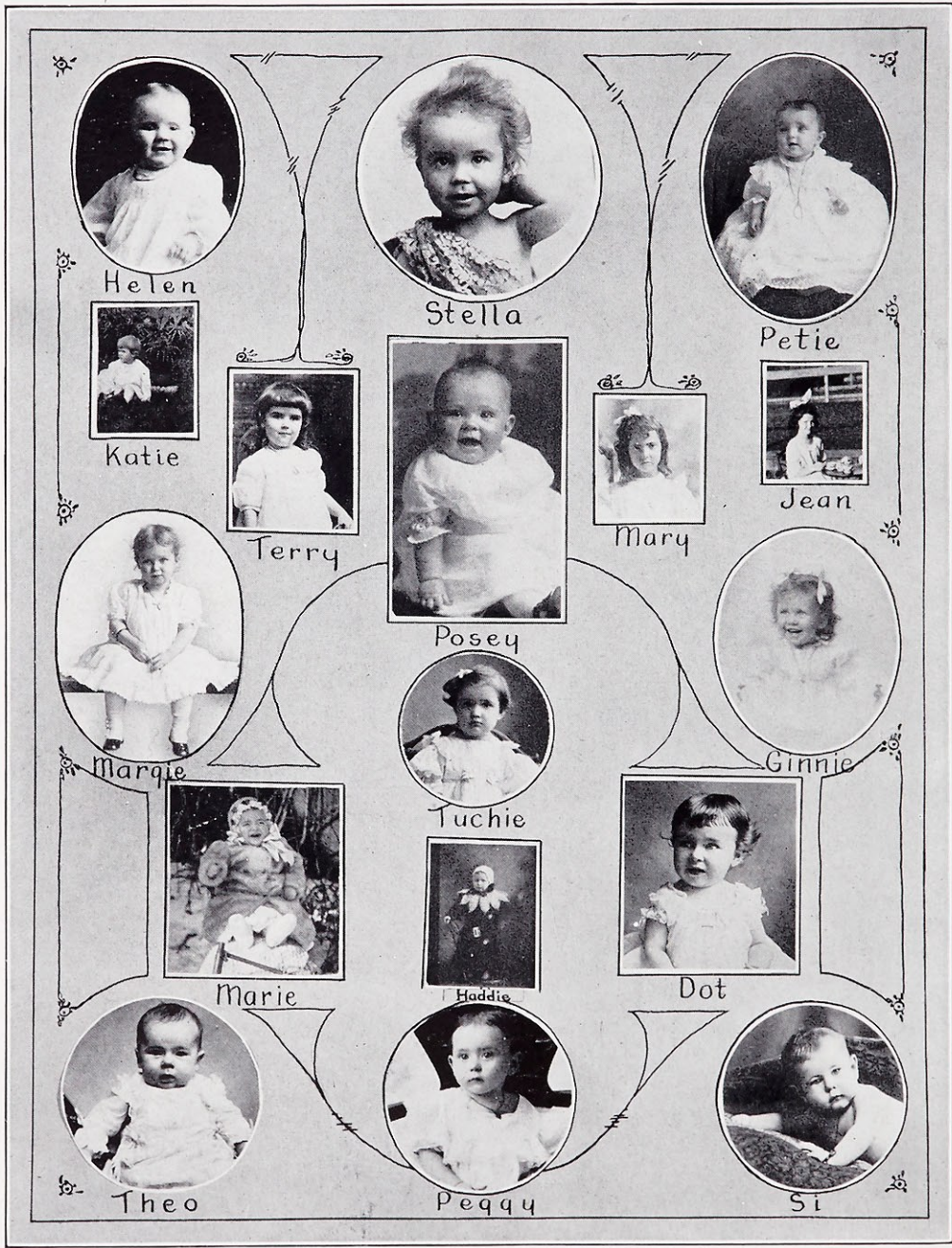
Our Publications

Our Publications! Yes, we have several, and each is worth considerable mention. We are justly proud of them all. For those who have failed to come in contact with anyone of them, we will explain that there are three—each important in itself and each striving for the success of Webster. The merits of the most imposing of our publications, *The Lauretanum*, need no praising as it will stand firmly before you and of itself command your attention. Still young in years, it is fast growing in volume and reputation. Though it may lack the size of some of its contemporaries, it shows the concerted efforts of Webster loyalists and will in a short time, we are sure, acquire the dignified bulk in keeping with its worth. Its short four years have been eventful ones and with due pride we draw attention to the honor of first place, which the 1926 *Lauretanum* received. This year we have tried still more earnestly to improve our biggest publication. We hope our efforts will have brought about the mental as well as the physical development of this annual. It is the school's book, a book of interest to each girl, reflecting her school activities, recalling the sometimes forgotten details of a past semester, aptly showing her school as she wishes to see it—at its concrete best. It is both formal and personal in aspect and has some appeal for other than students at Webster. It displays the spirit of the school and proclaims to the world that our school is one of which we are lovingly proud and for whose welfare we are deeply concerned. Of its artistry—all of the art work has been done by the students of our own art department—its finish, its proportions, and the general result can speak to you itself. Each department of the school is represented and we are hoping that you, the reader, will find some value in the complete content.

A close second to our year book in the interests of the students is our quarterly the "*Loretine*." In some respects it may surpass the "*Lauretanum*," for it has the advantage of many years of existence. Its purpose is to show, in some concrete way, what the students are doing in every line of study. Although it is primarily literary, each subject in the curriculum has an opportunity of being represented. The style and subject matter strive to be attractive and worthwhile to students and outside readers. The *Loretine* clearly shows that a magazine of high standard in school life should be of interest to all and in its essays, short stories, verse and the more intimate departments, *Just Among Ourselves*, and *Near and Far*, this interest is sustained. Former students take an active part in the publication of the magazine by "getting out" the first issue of each year, the *Alumnae Number*. This year we have inaugurated the idea of devoting each of the other three numbers to a particular department, thereby inciting all the students to do something to represent their favorite classes, and thus broadening and increasing the interest in the publication.

The third of our publications, *The Web*, is the newsheet issued bi-monthly by the Journalism Class. The purpose of *The Web* is to keep the students in touch with all the current activities of the College. It is usually light and entertaining in character and its news is always interesting to Websterites. This is only the third year in the existence of *The Web* and we have faith in its growth and development.

Few small colleges have more publications than these. We feel that they are sufficient to represent to the public the intellectual, social and religious activities of our school, that they serve as good means of advertising, and that they make for the general improvement of the students, encouraging competition and combined effort among them. They portray the atmosphere surrounding Webster and the results of education in her loving hands and foster the noble ideals with which she has inspired her students.



WHEN WE "WERE" FRESHIES

W.C.

THE LAURETANUM

is a good example of an annual produced completely under the supervision of the Wiese Printing Company. One contract covering the entire book. We ask that you inspect it thoroughly. The workmanship, the balanced typography, the fine reproduction of the halftones. Compare it with Annuals of a similar kind. Then bear in mind that comparison when contracting for your next book.

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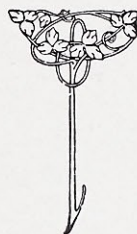
Webster Girls Approve

OF

The DRUG SHOP

ALBERT L. KAEGEL, Manager

Corner Big Bend Road and Old Orchard



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Webster 2733

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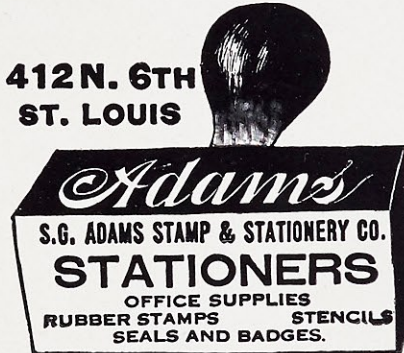
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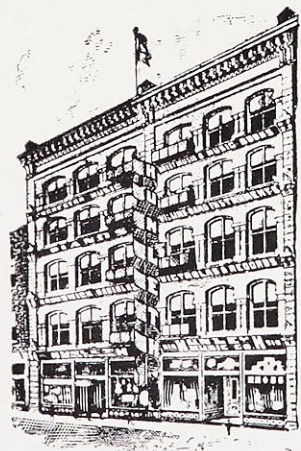
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GRAND AT WASHINGTON
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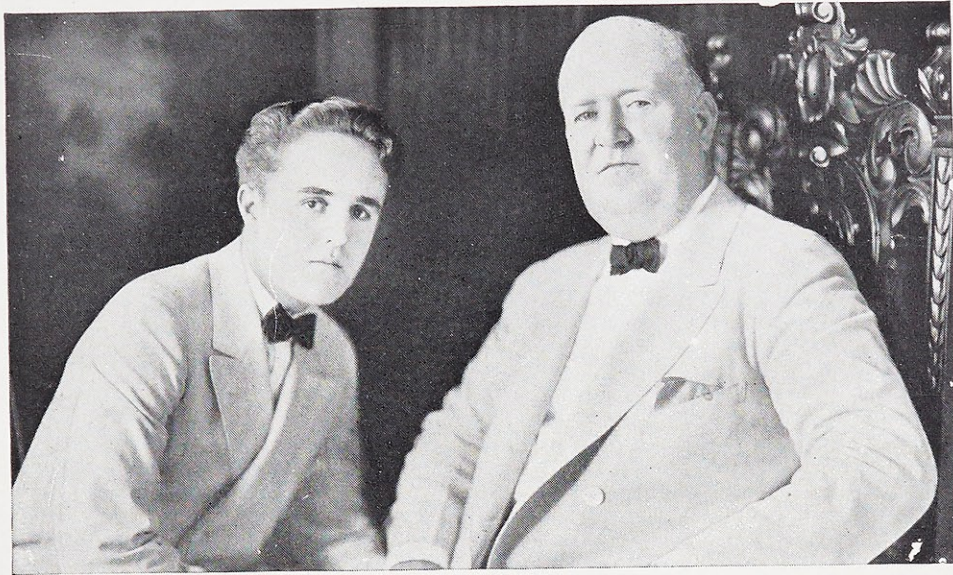
OLIVE AT PENDLETON
Jefferson 7294



Sid Whiting

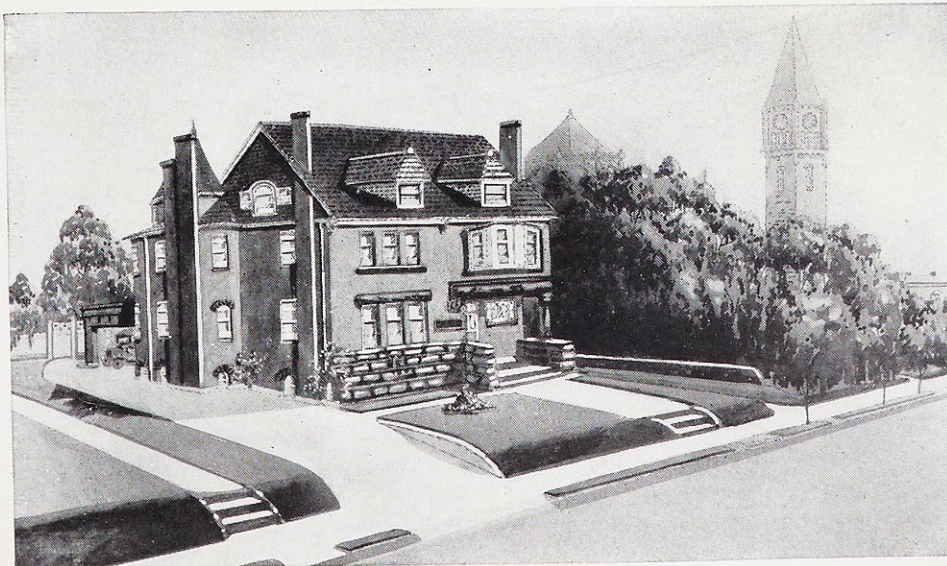
Burrel Rogers

W.D.



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