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LISTEN!!

Vol. I.

April 23, 1920.

No. 1.

Edited by the Juniors.

EDITORIAL

For the first time, we, the students of Loretto College, are making our debut as editors and publishers, if you please, of a weekly periodical. The management of this paper is to be left entirely to the girls, one week the Juniors will be responsible for it, the next week the Sophomores, the next the Freshmen, and then the Academy Grads. This order will not make it difficult for anyone and will foster a universal interest, which is a most important factor in college life.

The purpose of this new paper is manifold. Sometimes the girls feel a certain timidity in writing for the Loretine, our quarterly, because of its dignity, perhaps, and it will be a good opportunity of testing their ability for writing and scouting by their contributions to this new paper. The promotion of school spirit and the formation of a sort of unity among the classes is also to be striven for in LISTEN!! which has been decided upon as the name. How this can be brought about is easily explained, for the paper will be one of common interest and its management such as will excite a general rivalry and competition as to which class can edit the peppiest paper.

We want all the girls to take a special interest in this new endeavor and to give it their best efforts. True we have only six more weeks to prove ourselves, but there is next year ahead of us and the next and the next. Loretto College is still young and who knows but that this little paper we are now launching on the sea of amateur journalism, may figure quite prominently in the history of our Alma Mater, and shall we not in after years be proud to say that we originated and were the first to publish LISTEN!!

There has been some talk that the paper might be confounded with the Loretine. Nothing is further

from our intentions. The Loretine is our literary organ and represents the student work of all Loretto institutions. LISTEN!! makes no attempt to be literary and belongs to us and to us alone.

So let us all work together to make it a "howling" success and start it on its career with the flying colors of enthusiasm.

Two Juniors Shine as Faculty Members.

Misses Ernestine Zavisch and Catherine O'Reilly, members of the class in Education, taught the seventh and eighth grades during the recent illness of Sister Agnesetta. Both give promise of much success as future schoolmams. However, we have a "sneaky hunch" that the youngsters were more than glad to have Sister resume classes.

Soiree de Cartes

College girls were most graciously entertained at a card party given by the Faculty members on Tuesday evening, April 13. The Assembly room was beautifully decorated for the occasion, the gifts being displayed on a table banked with ferns. Among the guests were Fathers Barr, Donovan, and Sheehan, and the Misses Agnes McGeeny and Phronsie Cain of Chicago, who were guests of Sister Borgia. Prizes were won to those having the highest scores, Miss Dorothy Grayson, Miss Jessie Hurley, Miss Madeline McShane, Father Barr and Miss Mary Burks. Emmy Lou, what was your score?? Delightful refreshments were served after which we were most agreeably entertained by a few vocal numbers from Father Sheehan. At a late hour the guests went their several ways, having spent a most enjoyable evening and hoping for another one of its kind in the future.

THE GRADS' PLAY

Was the Grads' a success? We say that it was and the remainder of the Audience agreed with us. Every girl

portrayed her part exceedingly well, and special mention should be given to Miss Helen O'Keefe as Corinna, her talent being most pleasing. We are sorry we will not be able to see this little set of actresses perform for us again this year.

THE PAGEANT

The College girls are taking an active interest in their part in the St. Louis University Pageant. They have worked in earnest and have succeeded beautifully in their dancing, thanks to Mr. Mahler and Mrs. Sankey.

NOTES ABOUT PEOPLE

News from Sister Louise is always most welcome. How delighted we are to hear of her regaining her strength, and to know we shall soon have her in our midst again.

Sister Borgia spent the Easter vacation most pleasantly in Kankakee, Ill.

We discovered the other day that Marie Haenni was seriously considering buying some ice cream for a certain lady. Ah, ah, Marie! What do you want now? A clean bed-spread or another picture?

We are glad to see that Betty Mellon has recovered from the Measles and is back in our midst again. You would think her childhood days were over, but we all go back to them sooner or later.

One of the members of the Junior class stepped out last Thursday night to a dinner dance at the M. A. A. Some class to Catherine. This same fair maid attended a wedding last Monday morning and her class-mates were somewhat worried for fear Katy-Liz would in the excitement take the bride's place at the Altar. "No such luck," Kate said.

The Junior class received invitations to the K of C banquet given here last Sunday evening and enjoyed the affair very much.

NOTICE: On account of the numerous frat-pins that have been floating around since Easter, it has been decided that there will be no more vacations, but continuous school from now on, so that we will be sure to have students in the College departments. Signed--

The Faculty,

There was a young lady named Katy
Slept on wedding cake for a matey,

At present she's a wreck,

Why, almost a speck!

For fear it will turn out old maidy.
LISTEN!! would like to know how the two young Sophomores, who aimlessly wandered off, taking "French Leave", got that way? Is it Spring?

YOU 'D BE SURPRISED!!!

If the West wing of the second floor were ever so quiet.
If Pepp Redd came to breakfast on time.
If Bernice didn't get her noon-day call
If Jessie Hurley failed to win a prize in "500".
If any of Marg Maley's poetry appeared in the Loretto.
If mystery balls were cut from our menu
If Marcelle failed to register thrills when the telephone rings.
If the girls all came back from vacation on time.
If Sister Ann Francis got all her books back.
At what happened last Sunday.
If the "infants" of Webster didn't come to Loretto Alley to exercise their vocal chords.
If Marie Haenni didn't receive a letter from Columbia.
If the tennis court were fixed.
If we got OUR GYM!

Ad Infinitum.

The Social Science Class agree not to agree to walk one of Father Donovan's miles if Wednesday's "walk" was one of his blocks.

We hear that Margaret Maley likes flowers and especially Herb(s). Beware of B(o)oth, Marg!

A shoe tumbler in Webster expressed a desire to adopt some of the fair young collegians. Maybe this would be a good move. We might have our soles saved.

We have been puzzling over the queer facial expressions of the Freshies until today when the following appeared on the Bulletin board:

Lost: Felix O'Day. Please return to Mary Lou. Who'd have thought it? Felix? Where art thou? What would your people say??

Dame Rumor has it that the daughter of an ex-mayor is seriously contemplating elopement with a nickel-plater. New Athens' papers please copy.

Lost!! Strayed!!! or Stolen!!!!
On last Thursday, half of the Sodality. Finder please return to Sister Miriam and receive reward.

The M. L. G. Club must be very successful--organized over a year and hasn't lost a member yet. It's Leap Year, Girls, don't forget your motto!

The Junior class learned with regret of the departure this evening of Miss Catherine O'Reilly for Loretto Kentucky. She will be accompanied by Miss Ernestine Zavisch. Good luck, Catherine, may God Bless You!

'Twas Madeline out to win
Who'd designs on a keen frat pin.

They went to a show

And she got it, you know,
You hardly could call it a sin.

Edited by the Sophomores.

EDITORIAL

Is there anything in the world that Loretto College needs more than a gym? Well, hardly!! But we are all of the same opinion in this, that there is one thing Loretto College needs almost as much as a gym and that is School spirit. The lack of "esprit de corps" is startlingly evident and in its place reigns "esprit de cliques". The students fail to assimilate the fact that development of school spirit will affect not only the college as it is to-day, but the future Loretto. It is up to us, girls, to establish a precedent. School spirit is not a gift of the gods, but something to be zealously and unselfishly striven for and when it is attained the power and initiative of the student body as a whole is increased a hundred-fold, and there is nothing impossible for this body to accomplish. So, girls, let's all get together, and, as the Freshies, so aptly suggested in the end of their recent play, let it be--"All for one and one for all".

LITERARY SECTION

ONLY A DREAM (You Said It!!)

I saw in my dreams last night
A wonder palace bright,
Big and tall with red brick wall
And steps of cement--white.

A man stood near in overalls (not Otto)
"What's that?" I asked of him,
He answered--"I've just finished it
It's Loretto College Gym."

"Oh! sir" I said in ecstasy,
"You're sure there's no mistake?
Mother General said--'Material's high
The risk we must not take!"

But he had no time to answer
And my brooding doubt dispel
--For I was rudely awakened
By Sister's morning bell.

ARTIFICIAL COAGNIRE IN THE ROLE OF HEROINE

The train "siffled" and the conductor had murmured his last "en voiture" (which is Greek for "all aboard") when Artificial Coagnire (her father was a naturalist and insisted upon calling all his children after flowers--hence the name Artificial) puffing like the locomotive itself, shuffled aboard. It was Friday, November 13, 1933 and even tho' she had listened attentively to Dr. Barr's lectures on superstition, Artificial had a sneaky hunch that some

thing awful was going to happen. Before going farther, may I have the reader's permission to give one of Artificial's chief characteristics? It is this--she had just a little bit of hair. This fact is the key-note to this drama which almost ended in a tragedy--but I am anticipating. Well, to continue, her few hairs had grieved her muchly and after ratching these few hairs for ear bobs the past years, she decided to visit that shop on 24th & Chouteau where the proprietor guarantees to grow hair on bald heads (or your money back) but she had to take a quick trip to a dying cousin's brother-in-law from whom as next nearest relative she hoped to inherit a Ford and a mason jar of dill pickles, so her trip to this hair grower was deferred. Well-- she shuffled aboard as I said above, and seated herself--extracted a banana and a copy of the Loretine from her telescope and expected to rest tranquilly until her arrival at Honeysuckle, Ark. But, nay, nay, Pauline, her premonitions (nice word) were correct and as they were crossing Mud Crick on single track, the engineer who had been to a movie the night before (reckless dissipation) and was half asleep, noticed another train coming towards him at the rate of 598 miles per. He jerked the emergency--the passengers nearly broke their necks from the jolt, and Artificial slipped on the banana peel and almost fell into the arms of the frenzie d conductor who yelled--"Collision expected any minute for there is no switch here for us to run on to". Artificial was a quick thinker (she was educated at L. C.) and grasped the situation at once. She quickly unveiled her elaborate coiffure, drew forth a long switch, handed it to the conductor saying: "Let our train run over this, thus giving the other train the single track, and thereby avoiding the collision and the loss of much human freight." The conductor heaved a tremendous sigh of relief and did her bidding. The passengers were saved and all because Artificial Coagnire had the misfortune to be almost bald.

(Dedicated to all those at L. C. who have a like misfortune!!) Moral:
When taking a trip, always carry a switch in case of emergency.

"Tempus fugit"
Says the poet
Fleeing swift with footsteps huge
But when I think of June the 4th
I hoarsely whisper --Let it fuge!

FRIDAY'S CONFERENCE

Monsieur Vicál, our esteemed French Professor, gave a conference last Tuesday on La Fontaine's Fables. He had as his audience not only his usual class but a number of the Academy girls and also a few of the Webster High girls. It was très bon and we enjoyed it beaucoup.

ACADEMY ENJOYS WEEK-END

The Academy pupils enjoyed the past week-end visiting with their parents, relatives or friends in the city and vicinity of St. Louis.

COMING RECITALS

Several recitals, instrumental, vocal and expression, are being planned for the month of May. Special mention should be given to Mary Burks and Elizabeth Duane who, having completed the required course in music, will give their individual recitals on Assension Thursday, May 13. We have had the pleasure of hearing both young ladies perform and are anticipating a rare treat.

PICNIC AT ST. ANGELA'S

Mary Burks, Rosalia Fohlig, and Frances Probst attended a picnic at Kirkwood, Mo., Sunday, April 25. It was given for all those who had at any time been students at St. Angela's Academy. The attendance exceeded the fondest expectations of the entertainers and though the weather was a bit inclement, everyone had a most enjoyable time.

Miss K. Hennessy of Albany, N. Y. entertained us with a most pleasing talk on F. Hopkinson Smith and his works, in the College Aud yesterday afternoon.

A number of the College girls attended the oratorical contest given by the St. Louis University High School Students in their Auditorium on Lindell Boulevard yesterday evening.

There was a girl named Lil,
Who sometimes was called Pill,
She went on a ramble
And met the fair Campbell,
But of Soup she has had her fill.

There was a girl named Jan
Who drove a Ford Sedan,
She had plenty of clothes,
And Odles of beaus,
And keep 'em--she sure can.

It has been the style for quite a while for girls to wear bangs on their forehead, but Jo Beutner has a little style all her own. She wears hers on the top of her head. She says she woke up one morning and found them there. That will do to tell, Jo, nothing like being individual.

WHAT WOULD YOU THINK

If Thel ever studied?
If Teresa ever got peeved?
If Jan Owings came to school more than three days a week?
If Sis Taylor would walk instead of dance?
If Emmy Lou failed to talk about her career?
Of Cassy's history notes?
If Anna May ever appeared at Latin class more than twice a week?
If Pepp Rodd ever said anything sensible?
If anyone would understand anything in French class?
If Thel and Jeanette went to bed without disturbing someone's slumber?
Of Leone's philosophy?
If Madeline were dateless?
If Cass or Thel had their book reports in on time?
If Sis and Mug went to more than one class a day?
If the Social Science class didn't try to find some excuse for not going on their Wednesday trips?
If Dot combed her hair?
If Norino ever practiced?
If the Haonnis, Barnicles and Teresa failed to have an argument every meal--or if Marie's final and climatic point were other than "You're cracked!"

NOTICE: Anyone who is broke may replenish pocket book by writing check on Emmot. Permission of Norino!

We've heard of people changing--some in two or three years or even one, but Marcelle has it over all of us. She curls her hair, buys her complexion, wears hair-nets, and her fondness for studying has somewhat declined. Foss up, Marcelle, who can he be??

There was a young lady, Cassy,
Who was a pretty lassy,
She had never one day,
To lift her veil and say,
Look you, 'tis well done and classy!

"J" has been considering dropping some subject, as her course is too heavy for her, poor Dear!! But she is having difficulty in deciding between her afternoon naps or her morning walks.

NOTICE: Anyone wanting to know the art of dress-making, apply to Marjorie Chapline.

Which is the happiest street in Webster,
Marg Maley? Joy Avenue!! Just why, Marg??

It is whispered that the Subs are going to treat the Grads royally at a dance at Boehmer's in a week or two. Don't we wish we were the Grads?

LISTEN!!

Vol. I.

May, 7, 1920.

No. 3.

Edited by the Freshmen.

The Unhampered Clothes-hamper.

Editorial.

For about a month, we have been among the adorers of Terpsichore who are tripping the light fantastic in a mad endeavor to revive the old-fashioned polka. Is it because the girls of the twentieth century have let the shadows of oblivion creep softly around the girl-hood days of their grand-mothers that our movements are so horribly unselfish? Or is it decreed that grace is no longer to be a quality of our American girls? Whatever the reason our deepest sympathy is unceasingly wafted by the gentle zephyrs to our wronged Muse for--what is so cruel as the abuse of that interpretive art and the ruin of Terpsichore's reputation which is so lovingly entrusted to us. We are now in the valley of imputability and let us uphold the good name of Loretto College. Let us put aside all thoughts that a rush at the last rehearsal will make an exquisite flowerland of our stage with the "8000" prostrate at our feet. After we have depicted our scene of gayety, we may receive applause but who of us can tell if the audience will be laughing with us or at us?

A week ago we were all enthused about tennis, but now we're rather discouraged; who wouldn't be when the Academy shows us what they can do.

5:30 a. m.

Tinkle, tinkle little bell,
Your doleful tale we know too well,
As you pass from door to door,
We bid you ring oh, "never more".

9:00 a. m.

Tinkle, tinkle little bell,
Now lessons start--Gee ain't it awful,
Each class is just an added bore,
And quoth the school girls "never more".

12:00 a. m.

Tinkle, tinkle little bell,
"Beans is served" we hear you tell,
As we pray, we thiry-four,
Beg in prayer "a little more".

10:00 p. m.

Tinkle, tinkle little bell,
Each sleepy head on pillow fell,
After days of College lore,
Oh, let us dream "forever more".

A certain well-known Junior was heard to remark that she couldn't see why people served soup at the beginning of a perfectly good meal. Well, we wouldn't either if we had as much "soup" as she.

It was one of those fair spring nights in December, the snow covered the lilies of the alley. A young maiden of 45 was wandering slowly home on a bicycle; her lover was pursuing on roller-skates, an old gent of 17. The birds sang in harmony with the clicking of her teeth.

Arriving home at the late hour of eight, she hastened to the kitchen to see if her bed was made. Ah me--she cried, as she struck her cedar chest.

Her fond lover requested a drink, and to the sink she went--he thought how like the old bible character she was--"St. Cecelia at the pump". The boa-Constrictor hung from the gas jet and suddenly caught the lovers in a fond embrace. He flapped his broad feet up and down in accordance with his ears.

The maiden's father, enraged at the thought that his baby girl was keeping company with such an elderly man, hurried across the new mown field on ice skates for a tooth pick. The salt cellar was empty and he was forced to return without the letter.

Just then the row-boat came whistling down the railroad track. The traffic cop was busy signaling the auto in mid-ocean. "Fate will out", said the tramp as he sat poking his toes on the mountainous planes of the valley.

"Cheap, cheap", roared the bird from his high nest beneath the waves.

The boy was again growing, not old but thirsty, so he pulled up his mattress and refreshed himself at the spring. Also, 'twas Saturday, and as there was no water, he picked up the vacuum cleaner and submerged as rosy as his father's nose--he was forced to go unmanicured as he couldn't find a crow-bar. As the hero of the story sat reading the dictionary he thought of his little girl sweetheart back home in Africa.

By the way, have any of you seen Norma Talmadge in her latest production?

Who wouldn't want to be a "Grad" especially when there are marvelous "subs" to give a dance 'n everything.

Wanted--new ear-bobs by Frances. They must be large and imposing.

Since knitting is so popular, would some charitable soul knit Betty some eyebrows?

THE STAG LINE.

The stag-line-yes-the stagline, how
I envy you your place,

As you stand there, most important,
critics of the dancers' grace.

Your haven sometimes is the door-way,
however crowded it may be,

You discuss the mannerisms of each one
you chance to see,

You cannot always choose the entrance-
custom often bids you take

The very center of the ballroom still
your tongues are wont to spake;

Fashion's dainty footwear and her plea
for shortened sleeves

Are all too promptly noticed by each
man before he leaves;

A little too much powder or some hair
that's disarranged,

Supplies much subject matter for re-
marks that you have made.

Just a bit of pleading here I bring
this to an end,

Oh! please refrain from your remarks,
your critic ways amend.

Monday evening some of the girls
nearly went to a dance at the Armory,
but there was a slight misunderstanding
and several obstacles arose. The appear-
ance of the Dean at the psychological mo-
ment, must have frightened away the waiting
chaperone. Better marry an army officer,
Madeline, then you can go to all the Armory
dances.

Well Alice, we all want to congrat-
ulate you. How does it feel to be a Val-
edictorian?

A new musician has arisen---Pop, you're
an artist with the music-box.

A ham sandwich disappeared suddenly
Monday night. Well, we have our sus-
picion.

We noticed that Felix O'Day was again
lost. If we got a chance at him we'd never
let him out of our sight. What happened
to you Fernande? Did your vamping powers
fail you?

TRY THIS ON YOUR VICTROLA.

"L" stands for Listen, the best of its sort,
"O" is for Otto, who fixed up our court.
"R" is for Rough, when we're speaking of beds,
"E" stands for Empty--our purses, not heads.
"T" is for Talent, that's where we all shine,
"T" again means all our Teachers so fine.
"O" is for Old Orchard, well you know, the rest,
So go to Loretto, you'll find its the best.

Next to the Catholics, Frances likes
the Holy Rollers. No??????

Why square corners, Norino?

"Stand aloof" means "beat it". Margaret
O'Mara, please copy.

We sure wish we took Domestic Science,
then we'd get to go to Povey Dairy too.

Our idea of a real sport is a certain
Sophomore who knows how to take a joke.
If the entire College enjoyed a rare time
at our sole expense, probably most of us
would not have laughed with the would-be
jokers; so--here's to Madeline!

There was a little girl named Dooly,
Who tho' aged still went to school,
She took English and Type,
Tho' she did neither right,
And spent time breaking the ruley.

Lost.....One perfectly good spring
day. Finder please return to St. Louis
and vicinity and receive reward.

Wanted: A waste-paper basket in
room 239.

What time does Biology begin, Leone?

'J EVER SEE--

"Jo" not talking?
Marg's psychology notes?
"J" at Sacred Scripture?
Winnie at Mass?
Lillian very calm?
Everybody at Sodality?
Betty not primping?
The Oklahoma Birds eat with their
forks?

Four girls played on the tennis court,
They hadn't heard the bell.
When along came Mother Edith,
And away went the girls poll-moll.

Which will it be Earnestino,
old maid, nana(nun) or Joe?

Wanted: Hair-dresser. No exper-
ience necessary. Katy Liz, Room 244.

Mario, don't you just love
Latin????????? Bang!!!!!!!!!!!!

Did Willis give you the kowpie,
Mary?

Many causes make people visit
after school. Is it a crush or
otherwise, Mary Lou?????????

Notice: All information concern-
ing the fire sale in Louisville mil-
will be appreciated.

Why does green ink register
thrills? That's it.

Don't ask foolish questions dur-
ing Seminar Sophy.

A dark haired lass named Maggie,
Has dropped all music that's raggy,
To violin she aspires,
Just what she desires,
Well--we'll have to leave that to
Maggio.

LISTEN!!

Vol. I.

May 14, 1920.

No. 4.

Editorial.

Speaking of shocks, one that would knock Loretto "cold" would be the pleasant news that Holy Mass would again be at the holy hour of 6:15 A. M. Because we are now summoned from our court of sleep at the unholy hour of 5:30, the difficulty of arising to go to Mass proves unsurmountable. Formerly when we were members of the Humane Society, we were awakened at 5:45, allowed to doze until the Angelus from the spire of Holy Redeemer enforced on our semi-comitose minds the fact that we had yet 15 minutes to dress. As it is, we turn over with a perfectly good intention of getting up in a few minutes, but alas, Morpheus woos and we cannot resist. Alas, for us poor mortals!! Why should we be so weak? Where is our will-power? Let us make these fifteen minutes a means of grace; let us drive away the sand-man, and instead of being caressed by slumber, let us prostrate ourselves at the feet of our Blessed Mother and her Divine Son and receive there those numberless blessings without which we cannot journey onward and upward.

Now that the real spring days are here to stay, it is very hard for the students to buckle down to mere mathematics or science when the mind persistently wanders out of the window and strays in vistas, fresh with growing things, or idles away happy moments in under the trees, or by a dancing riverlet, swelled to a sense of its own importance by the spring rains. It is but natural that we should want to be out there, watching God's plans for the glorious summer growing and becoming more complete each day--to run away from the class room for a short time in order to commune silently with the birds and flowers. That is why spring day outings are so much enjoyed. They give a change of scene and condition which is so necessary at times for the continued interest in one's work.

Bugs!! Those vociferous, oderiferous, pestiferous June Bugs! Each day nay each hour they greet you--you awake with them staring you in the face, you are hushed to sleep, on the stair, in the corridor, in the class rooms, even at the front door you are ushered in by myriads of these imps of his Satanic majesty; and think of it--even the sanctum of your own room is not respected. They impudently repose in your bed, your powder-puff, they adorn your curtains, your pillow, your pictures, your pennants, your chandelier, your window-sill, your--- your everything, regardless of quality or quantity. Umbrellas, combs, brushes, tennis rackets, shoes, books--even noise falls

to disturb their serenity. You kill one at your toe only to make a lightning turn and find the grand-father at your heel. They pester you, they bore you, they tease you, they scare you, they make you perspire. Oh!! Where are those screens?

Music, the theme of love waited many a one down to the Auditorium on Sunday last, when the opening chords of "Neveni Venice Suite" greeted our ears. Some of the Academy musicians showed us that they are just as proficient in the art of music as in some of the other fine arts. We feel that a great deal of praise is due to both the teachers and the young performers themselves, and we vote them each and every one a nose-gay of thanks.

"LISTEN" mourns the loss of one of her dear Freshmen, Margaret Hennage. Mug, like all the other Oklahoma Birds, could no longer resist the call of the Western Spring, so she has sped home, but she assures us that the East Wind will blow her back to us in September. In the meantime take good care of "Little Jack" Mug and "bonne fortune".

"CARD OF THANKS"

A vote of appreciation is tendered to the donator of the waste basket in Room 239!!

A La Goldberg.

Ah, Spring has come, 'tis true, 'tis true
The birds do sing, the skies are blue.
Potatoes grow upon the trees,
The onion lends perfume to the breeze.

The skies dear friends, are very blue,
I said that once but I guess it'll do,
Do leave it there, it fills up space,
I've got a freckle on my face.

Oh Spring, e'er makes me think of Cass,
She's such a changeable, bright lass.
She's green and fresh just like it so,
I could dear friends, but I'll tell no more.

But getting back to Spring, dear friends,
The zephyrs each a message sends,
Their sweet voice whispers o'er and o'er,
Discard your heavies and wear them no more.
With apogies to Mr. Goldberg.

We wonder what Mary Pickford of Theda Bara will do now that the Loretto girls have the movie game.

FOUND**a cradle-snatcher. For further information apply to a fair-haired, blue-eyed Grad, Academy.

"AS YOU'LL BE"

Dear inmates of Loretto----
 Come take a look through my telescope.
 You'll see yourself as others do--but
 not so bad I hope.
 Time has flown, and it is now the
 year 19 & 53.
 To the North we look where winds
 blow chill and cool;
 Coasting down a glacier our friends
 Norine and Teresa O'Toole,
 Joe Beutner too has felt the call of
 a cooler life,
 And has gone to be our friend Santa
 Claus' wife.
 Then to the West we take our looks
 Lillian and Marie have become Harvey
 House cooks.
 And Earnestine and Katy-Liz have
 joined a wild west show,
 You can't see 'em they've gone to
 Kentucky, their salaries to blow.
 Now weeing this powerful glass unto
 the East,
 There's Madeliene trying to vamp Leo
 Feist.
 The Dolly twins now the Zeigfield
 Follies pass,
 For in their place we see Marie and
 Cass.
 But just look at the girls in their
 chorus singing gaily,
 There's Frances, Peg, Dot, and Marg
 Maley,
 All dancing to the tune of a sax-
 phone,
 Played by that once obscure, demure
 Leone.
 Now on a race track we gaze,
 And find Emmy Lou and Anna Mae have
 The jockey craze.
 Our interests start anew at the fat-
 lady's race,
 But of course Betty Mellon Won--
 She always set a pace!
 And old Jeanette who was so fine
 and grand,
 Selling pink lemonade to a nigger
 jazz band.
 Rosalia Felig was pinched by a
 police-woman fat and burley--
 But released when twas found to be
 her old friend Jess Hurley.
 Hokus-Pokus our glass we fokus
 away down South to see
 Burr Cannon and Mary Burkes
 lingering where the piano lurks.
 Then to the Animal schools,
 We find Sis and Winnie teaching
 mules.
 And guess who's in a convent to ring
 the rising bell,
 None other than our tom-boy Thel.
 Look up! the acorplane holds a
 mighty crew,
 With Janet-pilot, observer-Mary Lou
 Now your lens we must brighten, to
 look clear into France,
 And behold Marcelle a bare-back rid-
 er our gaze to entrance.
 At the stage entrance a limousine is
 seen to park
 And in it with her fiddle the famous
 artist Mlle. Margue.
 Your life? Did the telescope abuse
 It?
 Don't blame it on the writer,
 She couldn't help but use it!

Any one desiring information about
 Marcelling apply to Bernice.
 Vamping " " Madeliene.
 Primping " " Betty.
 Getting Scared" " Peg.
 Arguing " " Cassie.
 More Arguing " " Marie.
 Directions " " Teresa.
 Sprained Ankels" " Joe.
 Tips on Okla. " " Lillie.
 Henna! " " Marg Maley.
 Secrets of Salt" " K.L. & E.Z.
 How to reduce " " Leone.
 Vocal Lessons " " Thel.
 Dancing " " " Norine & Marcelle.
 Graceful Falls " " Jessie.
 Optimism " " Frances.
 Webster Infants" " Pep and the Music Box.
 Rip Van Winkle " " Mary Lou.
 Old Shoes " " Dot.
 Attendance " " Jay.
 Jitney Starters" " Janet.
 "Slews" " " Winnie.
 Taffeta Dresses" " Marie Mathews.
 Calm & Sedate " " Sis.
 Sweetness " " Emmy Lou.
 Stripping Gears" " Rosalia.
 Honey Bunch " " Anna Mae.
 Painting " " Margaret Roth.
 Strenuous Work " " Helen Cldeg.
 Time of 6:00 A. M. Mass, refrain from
 asking Mary her opinion.

"HOOS HOO".

Hoo's that clever little Loretto-er, who
 said that the reason why chicken coops
 are white washed, is to keep the hens from
 picking the grain out of the wood? Please
 don't everbody look at Betty. She's blush-
 ing!

Hoo's that dainty little Grad who so main-
 tained that "Practice makes the heart
 grow mushy". Miss Duane is really a nice
 youngster though.
 Hoo was detained in Room 337 Manday night
 because the door knob failed to respond
 to her gentle twist? But Katy-Liz should
 worry, she has a strong voice.
 Moral: suggests that the knob be repaired.
 Hoo wouldn't give a fur-lined electric

curler to meet that friend of Peg's who
 is dying of "tubercular consumption".
 Hoo was the strange man who appeared on
 3rd floor Tuesday Night with a "war Whoop"
 of, "On to Berlin or Bust". For all in-
 formation apply to Pep.

Oh where, oh where is our little wash rag
 Oh where can it be?
 You have done good work through most year
 And now list to our plea.

Don't hide yourself from our poor eyes,
 We need you 'deed we do,
 What will the 2nd floor do with themself
 When the fruits of your work is through.

Oh will we e'er pass inspection again,
 Or meet the keen gaze of our Profs,
 Or pass the Dean with our heads erect,
 Or look at the Juniors or Sophs.

Oh please come back to your home
 And away don't e'er again run
 Just think what will happen if this case
 For you are our "B" and "O" one.

LISTEN!!

Vol. I.

May 31, 1920.

No. 5.

Edited by the Academy Seniors.

Editorial.

We are all at some period or other in our lives seized with certain ambitions. The very aspirations to which sometimes tends to change the course of our existence. These desires often lead us to abandon characteristic practices when we realize that they are capable of presenting an obstacle in our path, and they incline us to seek those things which tend toward their accomplishment. Deep in the heart of each and every Academy girl there exists at least this one lofty ambition, namely, to become a "true Loretto girl" in every sense of the term. What a world of meaning is included in these three words. It means that she who bears this title may justly consider herself the proud possessor of the five loftiest virtues; purity, charity, obedience, truthfulness, and last but not least, that one great quality without which school spirit cannot possibly exist, LOYALTY. What a benefit to society would such a character be? Of her it could justly be said that the world is very much better because she lives. What qualities are more lacking in the world, today, than purity, obedience and truthfulness. The morals of every country are becoming more and more lax, the spirit of anarchy prevails everywhere and deceit is used to a great extent these days. How much a Loretto girl could do toward bettering these conditions of humanity if she would stand for all her "Alma Mater" stands for. There is hardly a higher ambition existing, girls, so enter into the spirit of the school and try with all your energy to perfect yourselves in these virtues. We all know how proud each and everyone of us would be if we had earned the title of a "true Loretto girl" and knew in our hearts that we had left no stone unturned to accomplish this really worth while ambition.

THE UNIFORM.

The bells of noon were ringing fast
As to the study hall I passed
And as I reached its opened door
I saw that every girl there wore
A uniform.

Then later in the day I went
Out to the campus my steps bent
And as I cast my glance around
To see the girls attire, I found
The uniform.

Dame fashion seemed to have no place
Not one girl there did her arts grace

Be she tall and thin or fat and short
She must have this to play her part
A uniform.

Tho' oft we tire of it and say
We 'd like to throw the thing away
Still in our hearts I'm sure we see
It for Loretto's unity
This uniform.

The Tragedy of the Omelet.

By Shaken Willspere.

In the kitchen of a drug store down in the mountains a mechanic was washing the windows. He spied a rat sitting on the front door step and rashly threw the chandelier at the book case. Just then the ghost of the murdered bull dog appeared to the cat and said, "Beware of those hot-tomales. Revenge is sweet," and then he gave a roaring bleat. The cat turned cold and tore her hair net madly and swore to revenge her schoolmate's death. It was late in winter, just as the rocks were beginning to bloom, when the "noseros" sailing in an airplane met the wick-ed caterpillar swimming down the sewer pipe. Just as he was about to empty the wash tub, his daughter, June Bug, began to sing "La Paloma" which frightened him so that he fell off the cliff into the dish pan. Then in a voice green with onions he roared, "You're in, Subordinate. He had hardly gotten the words out of his mouth when the wedding march began and the coffin approached on horseback. During the baccalaureate sermon shrieks were heard and the mule came in holding its sides with laughter. The parade winded its way down the ocean and just then the pole-cat turned the corner causing the crowd to disperse.

NEWS.

Does anyone remember Saturday, May 15? "Aye, aye!" say the Grads. We certainly had one grand time. Thanks to Alvera. The afternoon was spent in dancing, singing, playing games, and taking pictures. Clara M. won the prize in a guessing contest. The lunch served by Mrs. Fahlig was delicious.

The College girls displayed much talent at the recital Sunday--- We had a "re-al en-ter-tain-in' time".

We ardaall hoping and praying Al won't flunk her finals. The poor dear has just returned from the hospital.---May your health improve as the days go by, Al.

The Academy was honored last Thursday by night Father Donovan, who spoke

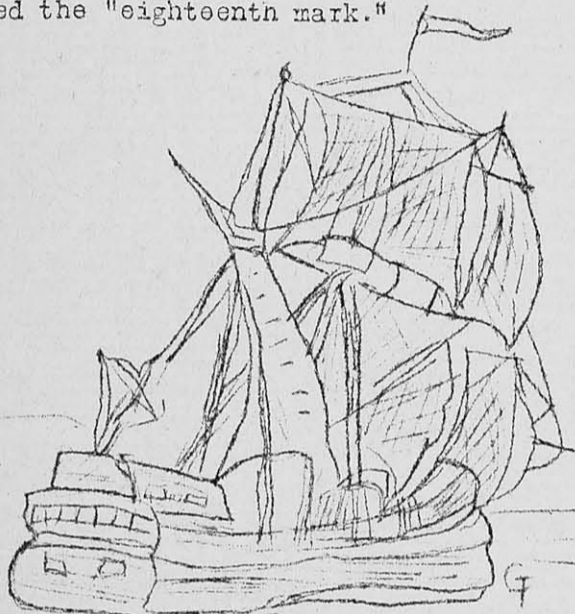
of the Convention at Washington. We wish it were possible, Father, for us all to go.

Two musical stars of Loretto shone brightly, Ascension Thursday. They were much complimented and greatly envied by the audience.

We are glad that tomorrow is only 24 hours off. It surely will be exciting when Loretto makes her "debut" in the Odeon.

A miniature Atlantic board-walk will take place in the Aud. Sunday afternoon. Only the latest in fashions is to be shown.

The "Grads" are becoming deperate. Why??? Because two of them in the last week "rudely" closed the "Gate of Teens" and another, passed the "eighteenth mark."



THE MAYFLOWER.

Wonder who came over on this????
Attend Assembly A.

UNPAINTED PICTURES.

Picture the den spick and span
" the Grads with a dust pan
" Olivia in ranks on time
" Mary Mac declining in rhyme
They are pictures not artist can paint

Picture Caroline on ime for class
" Audrey in her place at Mass
" Alberta calm and sedate
" Gertie on a roller skate
They are pictures no artist can paint.

Picture Harriet without her violin
" Dunn's middy held by a pin
" Maryedith all bubbling with life
" Marjorie with a bread knife
They are pictures no artist can paint.

Picture Jeannie a nun
" Thelma writing a pun
" Silence in the study hall
" Yoch without a tennis ball
They are pictures no artist can paint.

Picture Sally not craning her neck
" Julie a sickly wreck
" Marg Yoch without her smile
" Helen Schaal storming awhile
They are pictures no artist can paint.

Picture Estelle sipping a "coke"
" Archie catching a joke
" Keonie in Gay Paree
" Augusta declining "qui"
They are pictures no artist can paint.

Picture Alice the dunce of the class
" Betty peering into the glass
" Keefie forever sad
" Mots with her "lad"
They are pictures no artist can paint.

WANTED to know by Gert Wahrer--If she had her picture taken, would it do her justice

WANTED---A guide to direct Mother Edith and Sister Borgia around St. Louis and vicinity.

WANTED---A dust rag in Room 106

We are consumed with curiosity to know who is taking the part of "Twelfth Knight."

SOCIAL BLUNDER--At a party,--Mind you, our friend Olivia seemed rather surprised to find that we were going to have three courses; after the second course was served she suddenly bleated out--"Gee, are we going to have some more?" Poor Ollie.

C.M.--Sister, C. T. fell hard at the dance
Sister.--Did she really? How embarassing

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN? IF

Hash hadn't been invented?
"Bold" and "Insubordinate" were not in the dictionary?
The waste-basket in Room 106 had a bottom?
Thelma cultivated a soprano voice?
Jean primped!
"Al" didn't go to the doctor's?
Margaret North didn't ask questions?
We attached our ears to our feet, as commanded?
Helen Laughman practiced?
Mary English were out of style?
Bonnie were stingy?



Latin teacher.--Give endings of Perf. to Pupil--I--is--it.
Teacher.--You are not, sit down.

Sister.--Parse, "tottered" and "his".
Madeline D.--What's that, Sister, the h tottered and hissed?"

The Dent left the Grads, last week. The hospital claimed the Presi-DENT.

LISTEN!!

Vol. II.

May 28, 1920

No. 6.

Edited by the Juniors.

EDITORIAL

We are now in the midst of final examinations and in just one more week the school year of 1919-1920 will be but a memory. But the sadness that separation brings is almost overshadowed by the thoughts of the joys of vacation so fast approaching, and for some the glad thought that they will soon be homeward bound

Although we never realize until later, school days are really the happiest days of our lives, and the lessons we have learned are not along those of the class-room. We can truthfully say this has been a successful year for we have worked faithfully and earnestly and feel that we have earned the rest from study. We have been censored and perhaps justly, for it is natural to make mistakes and one who never makes mistakes never makes anything. It is the striving to do that counts, and it is this spirit as much as the success of their part, that made us so proud of our girls in the Pageant.

Loretto College is young, and has no ancient customs of history, and we have realized that the reputation rests to a great extent with us, for a reputation once made is difficult to alter. But above all, the success of the school year is due to the tireless efforts and painstaking care of our dear teachers to whom we are deeply grateful, and may we always be worthy of the appellation "Our Girls".

Yes, just one more week and all who are gathered here in refectory, assembly or chapel will be scattered from France, mayhap to California. And however great may be our desire to greet every one here again in September, who knows when we may all meet again?

ST. LOUIS U. CENTENNIAL PAGEANT.

To say this wonderful spectacle

was a success is putting it mildly. We have nothing but the most enthusiastic and extravagant praises to offer it. The splendid work of the principals, the beautiful grace of the dancers and the well organized teamwork of the ensemble, all are worthy of comment. Miss Benoist was superb in the principal role, Alma Mater, her beauty and grace making a great appeal to the audience. The difficult role of Belgium as played by Miss Charity Grace was wonderful. Miss Grace's exquisite voice into which she threw such a depth of feeling together with her dramatic ability showed her to be an actress of merit. But it is to the author of the Pageant, Mr. Lord, that we offer our most unstinted praises. Certainly his was a great undertaking, and just as certainly was it a great performance.

SOCIAL TID-BITS

"Listen" welcomes home Miss Florence Waddock, our Alumna, who returned Saturday from Savannah, Mo. where she taught English in the High School for the past semester.

A fashion show given last Sunday by the Domestic Art class under the direction of Sister Eugene was a very delightful exhibition of the splendid work of this department.

Miss Margaret Maley returned Wednesday from Kansas City where she went to attend the wedding of her brother. We wonder how the fortunes of the girls who are sleeping on the wedding cake will turn out?

The ranks of the Freshman class have been depleted by the departure of Miss Fernande Marqye for her home in Paris, France; and the Misses Helen (Sis) Taylor and Mary Jane (Pep) Redd for Sapulpa, Oklahoma. "Bon Voyage" to you Fernande, may we see your smiling face and hear the strains of your charming violin in our College halls next year. To the Oklahomans we wish a safe trip. We always knew the "Call of the Wild" would be too strong for them. But remember girls, we also hope to hear your joyous war whoops at L. C. next September.

VERS LIBRE

Our heads are empty
Exams are approaching
Low hopes
Our "pep" needs rejuvenation
And-
It matters
Not much-
We are all Bolsheviks

WANTED

In room 339 one box large
enough to hold frat. pin, a
ring and a "Ray" of hope. She
done (Dunn) her duty.

FOUND! !

Recently someone discov-
ered an eyebrow on Betty Mellon.
The finder considers the dis-
covery of such perfectly cam-
ouflaged appendages a real tri-
umph.

FOR THE Y'S AND WOULD BE Y'S

Dear Y's: What should I do if
a man falls for me? M. T.
M. T.--Let him lie.

My Dear Y's: I am falling in
love with a man named "Soup".
Shall I fall any further? D. G.
D. G.--Don 't fall any further
you might drown

Dearest Y's: I would like to
know what kind of perfume most
young men prefer? H. P.
H. P.--After an extensive in-
vestigation we find Mary Garden
most favored.

Dear Y's: I am young and in-
experienced but have many
admirers of the opposite sex
and would like to find out
their standing, how to keep them
etc. Gottem.
Gottem--We advise you to apply to
a member of the Junior class for
information.

Dear Y's: Are 'bell' sleeves in
vogue? Dippy
Dippy--Very stylish but dangerous
on soup days.

Dear Y's: Is Ben of the Drug Store
married? B. D. Acad. '20
B. D.--We do not know ask him.

A word to the Y's is sufficient.

In recognition of faithful and
hard work rendered during the past
nine months "Listen" requests that
three grand and glorious months of
vacation be made payable to the
order of each and every student.

Niagara Falls, but Winnie fell.
Who?--Winifred, Agnes, Independence,
Medulla, Oblongata Hurley.
When?--Religion lecture.
Where?--Assembly B.
Why?--Cause she could not keep her
equilibrium.
How?--Ask those who were there.

Marie, Cass and Lillian abide
by the Law. (Students)

J-stands for Juniors, for Jan and
Jess too
U-stands for unique, as a class that
is true
N-stands for nun, which no one will
be
I-stands for ideas which we give out
quite free
A-stands for ornament, which one you
may guess
R-stands for the rest of us, we're
good we'll confess
S-stands for seniors our next year's
address

S-is for Sophs-so clever
O-is for ordinary-never
P-is for Probst- our star
H-is for Hurley- on a par
O-is for order-they keep
M-is for Margaret-who sleeps
O-is for the others-so dear
R-is for rules-they don't fear
E-is for English-they excell
S-is for Something-we'll not tell

F-is for Freshmen a mighty fine
bunch
R-is for rumpus which they make
while at lunch
E-is for everyone and energy too
S-is for their standards loyal and
true
H-is for happiness, hash and hard
knocks
M- is for money for which they's
walk blocks
E-is for eating which they often do
N-is for numbers, they're quite a
few.

GEE AINT IT ANFUL

To take an article belonging to some-
one else to Webster for repairs and
loose it on the way.
To have a date and no place to stay.
To sit here for hours working on
Listen and watch the others go to
Old Orchard for refreshments.

LISTEN!!

Vol. I.

September 24, 1920.

No. 8.

Edited by the Seniors

LOSS AND GAIN

Yes, we were Freshmen once, shrinking, timid, blushing, and possessing all the characteristics attributed to this class. Is it not (we say that because we are Seniors) with great awe and reverence that we gaze at the faculty and the upper classmen? "Wouldn't (dropping into the vernacular) it be a grand and florid feeling" to be allowed to attend College the first day, not in cap and gown, but masked? That one day makes us wish to be an Arabian belle with our physiognomy veiled copiously in serge or whatever else would adequately hide the roseate hues of embarrassed girlhood.

* * * * *

If only we Freshmen could murmur something sensible, rather than muttering "So glad to know you", accompanying the same with a sickly smile and a fishy handshake. We are certain that all the other girls can hear our knees shake as an upper classman calls us Violet when our name is plain, unsophisticated Maud.

However, cheer up! We've all been there and what is left of the Freshman class will have poise and dignity after the ordeal of initiation. Remember, Freshies, the Seniors sympathize with you and realize that a word to the wise is too much. The other classes must speak for themselves. Good luck, Freshmen!

- R.M.L.

Lest you think our words of welcome
Or our greetings cold or weak,
Rise we, Seniors, as a body
Each girl's friendship dear to seek,
To the Freshmen, Sophs, and Juniors,
This advice we kindly give:
Only make the LISTEN!! live.

Carry on this little paper
Only thinking as you write
Lest the others be embarrassed
Left to fathom sayings bright,
Everyone must boost the copy
Giving it her pen and time,
Enough though the lines don't rhyme.

Two, too many words we've written,
One warm welcome will suffice.

- R.M.L.

Indeed every old girl and, perhaps many of our new ones who have heard of our wonderful Doctor Barr, regret very much that he will not be with us this year. It is Loretto's as well as Kenrick's loss, but Denver's gain. Nevertheless, we sincerely welcome Doctor Coyne to our faculty, and trust he is as pleased to be with Loretto as we are to have him with us.

A PLEASANT PROSPECT

The new home of the Webster Groves Council of the Knights of Columbus at Lockwood and Summit Avenues is now having the necessary improvements made. When these are completed, the ball room, swimming pool, and tennis courts will be at the disposal of the College girls at convenient times.

We appreciate this courtesy and the girls give the Knights a rising vote of thanks.

THE SENIORS' DONATION

Yes, indeed, we are starting out rather early with our donations, but the Seniors feel that they cannot wait until the class will be drawn up before giving away some of their much treasured property. So we are going to hand over our share in publishing the LISTEN!! to the Juniors, Sophs, and Freshies.

Since LISTEN!! first made its appearance among the girls, the custom has been that all the classes have a week's care of said paper. At this rate each individual class became intimate with LISTEN!!, even though it was universal property.

But now we are going to turn our week of publication over to you, under classmen. Don't think for a moment that our enthusiasm and interest will waver. Nothing like that, even though we shall be busy pushing other things forward. You may always count on our cooperation.

WELCOME HOME

We do not think any of us can be effusive enough in welcoming Sister Louise back as Dean. To those of us who have known and loved Sister in the years gone by, her return to us is an inexplicable joy, and we know that our new girls will all come to have the same regard for Sister that the old girls have.

THE NEW STAGE

To Mrs. Sankey and the Dramatic Art Class, there is a great joy to be found in the newly designed stage. Mother Edith has been more than generous and we feel that we ought to pledge ourselves to do all we can to further the stage fund.

STUDENT GOVERNMENT.

The inauguration of student government in Loretto College this year is of vital importance to each and every one of us, and we appeal to all the girls to give the matter due consideration before the elections this afternoon.

ABOUT PEOPLE

Miss Florence Waddock, Loretto's first graduate, is now teaching Math and French in the St. Charles High School. Good luck to you, Florence!

Mother Edith and Sister Eustachia attended the Educational Convention in New York, and had the pleasure of visiting different Eastern Colleges and Schools.

Katy Liz and Leone had a lovely trip East this summer. They were Loretto's representatives at the Students' Mission Crusade Convention in Washington.

Marcelle spent the summer out in Denver visiting with Sister Louise at Loretto Heights. The usual way is to "say it with flowers", but someone is "saying it with candy" to Marcelle.

Sister Mary Borgia can now be called "our very own," even though the Academy put up a hard fight.

Alvera Fehlig and Alice Fusz, two of the Academy Twenties, are with us this year. It looks good to see them in the College halls.

In place of a Wednesday Matinee, a couple of fair seniors will spend the P. M. at Ethics Seminar, contrary to plans.

A little birdie tells us that Grace Stinson is contemplating matrimony.

We understand that Mary Redd also is planning on honeymooning in an aeroplane. Loretto girls always did aim high.

From all reports some of the Mu Lambda Gamma's are getting reckless. You fortunate ones, don't forget your suffering Sister members.

The Seniors want to get their class pins early so as to be able to pay their bills at the end of the year.

Girls, don't sit on the beds, because you may be forced to lie.

Margaret Maley has become a "sure nuff" business woman since accepting a position in Dr. Curran's office in Kansas City.

Janet Owings has likewise accepted a business position in the Federal Reserve Bank in St. Louis. Both Janet and Margaret will be greatly missed by all.

Marie and Lillian Mathews will be among the absent this year. Lillian, we will miss our daily diet of "Soup".

Dot Grayson has not yet returned, but we are hoping to see her smiling face soon.

The girls enjoyed the dinner as well as the Social Hour yesterday evening. The program was given by some of the old girls. We shall wait anxiously to see what the new girls can do.

The used-to-be Freshies are back in full swing this year, but of course, as Sophs. They are still the same peppy, enthusiastic bunch of good sports.

Congratulations and a hearty welcome to those who are stepping into the place we held last year!

Congratulations, Jess! Sorry you had to pass your sixteenth birthday September the twenty-third. How long do you expect to hang on to the new number?

INITIATIONS

On Tuesday evening the Freshmen were initiated, and are now full fledged members of Loretto College. All are good sports. These cheers for our Freshmen!

LISTEN!

Vol. I.

October, 1, 1920.

No. 9.

Editorial.

Student Government, which has proved such a success in the principal colleges of this country, will we hope, tend greatly to the advancement and progress of Loretto. Already an improvement has been observed by our faculty. Our silvery voices are less frequently heard floating over bannisters, down stairs and through halls. We really are quieter. We have to be. The eagle eyes of the three officers of the halls are always upon us. And in the evenings our lights vanish at the first tinkle of the ten o'clock bell, which is also under the care of the long suffering officers. To keep up this good work we must all help. As yet there's been not the slightest sign of that friction which would prove the ruin of our Student Government. So let's all get together and keep it so. Students, obey your officers. Officers, do your duty.

M.M.

Fall Day.

Tuesday, the college girls and some of the sisters, enjoyed a Fall Day picnic on the banks of the Merrimac. The day, sunny and warm, was ideal for canoeing and swimming, and the entire afternoon was spent in these pleasing sports. Some of the adventuresome collegians paddled several miles up the river and drifted lazily back, charming the fishes with the sounds of their dulcet ukeleles. A few of the girls who brought their bathing suits along had several glorious hours in the water. A group of Sophomores, always peppy, entertained the sisters with their cleverly original uke songs. Last, but not least, we mention the bountiful picnic lunch served at noon--all kinds of eats which every one enjoyed to the utmost. On the whole, it was a thoroughly delightful day, and one to be long and fondly remembered.

MM.

After doing credit to an elaborate spread in the college dining room Thursday evening, a short but entertaining program was enjoyed by the different classes and Faculty in the Assembly Hall. These amateur performances are doing the girls worlds of good, besides giving pleasure and should be boosted, encouraged and participation therein, cheerfully taken. We thank you.

Who'd ever think that a certain young lady whose name begins with "J" has wicked designs on the office of prefect?

On Tuesday morning at 8:30, Dr. Ryan honored us by saying the opening Mass of the school year. After Mass, we had Benediction and then Dr. Ryan gave us a beautiful talk on opportunity. He exhorted us to grasp eagerly this opportunity of higher education, which is becoming more necessary. It was indeed an appropriate sermon--one by which every girl should profit.

F.M.P.

It's simply impossible for this bunch to lose it's pep. After a whole day swimming, canoeing and eating (mostly eating) we all assembled ourselves and our appetites at a wicker roast and marshmallow toast out on the campus. That sounds like a weird indigestible mixture, but all survived and are just as happy, contented and healthy to-day as if the menu had been tea and toast, instead of dogs and candy. Our constitutions are much like our dispositions (always unruffled-never out of order). You tell 'em harp, I'm a lyre. But speaking of eating, no one approves of eating too much and we know for a fact that when the car was leaving the Highlands, two young ladies (we refrain from giving names), were standing near the Highlands dance hall with fifteen ice-cream cones.

F.M.P.

The Seniors, Juniors and Sophs became suddenly touched Wednesday morning by the sad and forlorn countenance of our Freshies and decided on a the dance in their honor. Tea and dancing does brighten things up delightfully. We know. We were Freshmen once upon a time.

We thought the Seniors were joking about their donation of the "Listen" to us lower classes, but it's not a joke. We feel the burden keenly, but we will strive to keep our little paper alive, despite the fact that we have no peppy Senior weeklies to look forward to.

F. M. P.

Loretto Staff Elections.

No College girls will undoubtedly make good use of woman suffrage judging from the way we clamored for a voice in selecting the editor of the Loretto, the students' quarterly. Ruth Mary Loftus was unanimously elected editor-in-chief. The splendid work she has done for the Loretto in the past, makes us feel confident that she will put the new pep and stimulus into it this coming year. We're with you, Ruth! The editors of other departments are; Marie Maonni, editor of "Just Among Ourselves"; Mad McShane, of "Near and Far with the Girls"; and Frances Probst, exchange editor.

F. M. P.

Of course we know, O Freshies true,
That children need amusements too,
But don't you fret or weep or cry,
For you'll be happy bye and bye.

It won't be long, O Freshies dear,
Until your playthings will be here,
Dolls for all and huge board swings,
Choo, choo trains n' everything.

New aren't you thrilled a single ounce?
Just think ther're rubber balls to bounce,
Ther're lots of trees for hide and seek,
And oh, what won't there be next week?

So keep up courage, don't feel blue,
For everything will be brand new,
You have from now till early spring
To romp and play and jump and swing.
W. H.

Our Freshies feel alone and lost
They think it hard to be bossed,
And like a ship on ocean tossed
They flit about the halls.

But don't you know we Juniors all
Love Freshies small and Freshies tall,
We're glad you're with us here this fall,
And wish to show you'r welcome.

There is Margaret Walsh and Alice Fusz,
(I'm taking them you see by twos)
We're surely glad that they did choose
Lorotto for their college.

Rosati-Kain sent us Miss Cottor,
We thank our friend, Rosati for her,
We thank it too for sweet Ruth Weiler
And Kathryn Mary Skarry.

A kindly wind from south Missouri
With tact and care plus bits of fury,
Sot Marian Welsh --quite demurely
Upon Lorotto's steps.

Norah hails from Arkansas,
She's a quiet lass and small
But with pride doth loudly call
Pocahontas her home town.

Vonico claims our Ila Scott,
She doth reckon miles by knots,
For she swims and rows just lots
On the--Mississippi.

"Denver's koon but, Webster's kooner",
Said M. Reddon, a fair dreamer,
As she munched a roasted wicher,
In the yard last evening.

"Mary's got the right idea",
Said Forest Huber with a cheer.
"I love Perryville with a tear
But now you see I'm smiling".

Marg McDonald and her mail
Make us all with envy pale.
Stationery, Marg, is now on sale
Every day at noon.

Julia Phillips, a tall brunette,
Eyes blue and hair of jet
Now in wide fringe not,
Is a new Freshie.

Through the kind consideration of
Sister Aloysia and college girls, we are
making our first attempt in the liter-
ary world.

We are sure that this column will
create a congenial and jolly spirit
among our girls, and that each and every-
one will help "boost" us along. In this
way we hope that the college will become
better acquainted with the academy and
vice-versa. "Merci beaucoup"!

We give a tardy vote of thanks to
the Sisters for the perfectly "corking"
time we all had at the "get together
party."

Wanted--Some kind old soul to awaken
the dear little grads on the second floor
for Mass.

If left to Virginia Walsh, we would
doubt who would be the prefect of this
sodality.

Lost--A letter from "Powder Point"
school, Mass. If found, or anyone able
to furnish quiet information, please see
Audrey Koons.

You tell 'em Grads, you've Senior
days.

Why the mysterious appearance of
Sister Agnesetta in the refectory at
noon--is it worrying over the food sup-
ply?

Wanted--A padded cell for the violent
leep walker who promenades the corridors.

The second year French class insist
on saying that plusque parfait is
freshment; also it has been rumored that
beef sandwiches have a new name, "Sand-
wich a la vache".

Alvera was willed us by L.C.S.
For this bequest we have to say
That we are thankful for the gift
Which came in our midst.

Now we come to Irene Schmidt
With her class she made a hit
And since election day doth flit
Among us decked with honors.

From Lafayette's halls, we have but
To swill the Freshman mighty throat
To her we sing this little song
Long live our Catherino.

Now, I'll cease these weird rhymes
Of so many different kinds
Let them merely be the chimes
Of our hale and hearty welcome.
F.M.P.

A girl from Lamonte, named "Buckette"
Aspired to a trip to Nantucket.
To the station she ran
And said to the man,
One round-trip ticket to Nantucket.
With a villainous smile, she came--
At the station,
And jumped in a waiting car,
"I fooled him", she cried, "I bought a
round-trip ticket,
And I'm not coming back!"

What is asylogism?
--Why a-something silly--

LISTEN!!

Vol. I.

October 8, 1920.

No. 10.

Edited by the Sophomores.

Let's everybody boost the opera. We all want our "Chimes" to resound clearly, sweetly and harmoniously, far and near, in the suburbs and in the bright lights, but unless we all work, and work together, we cannot hope for a crescendo of applause, rather a diminuendo will be our portion.

So let's make our "Norm" work - work unceasingly, work untiringly and work together.
M.C.B.

Can you imagine anything more restful, more apropos or of more benefit to the Loretto inmates than a tiny green bench down on the west corner of Plymouth and Lockwood? You surely know the spot - right where the Manchester pauses every half hour or so for a belated, footsore, fretful, passenger who has been standing for seconds, nay minutes, even thirty of them - and incidentally straining his optic nerve waiting for the "Yellow Bug" to put in its welcome appearance. Again, have you heard that "A hint to the wise is sufficient"?

M.C.B.

Although we weren't taken for deaf-mutes this year when we went in to the University to see the parade, we did have quite a little excitement. In the first place Arabella Anne would keep falling out of the window much to the discomfiture of the crowd below and of her fond guardian Thel. Mrs. Sankey invited us over to her home and she and Mr. McClain put on a dandy party for us. Three cheers for the best chaperone in the world! We were certainly sorry to have to go back to school even to the cocoa and sandwiches that awaited us.

E. B.

To V. P. Esq.

To thee, who didst select
From Loretto's gardens
The fairest of thy maids
Catherine Elizabeth.

To thee, who didst choose
Within our household
Of thy court of love
The four brightest gems

To thee, Veiled Prophet
We wish to give due praise
As to a creature most rare
A man of sense. M.J.P.

S.M.L.--Use the word decorous in a sentence.
Casoy--Do therous in do Chimes of Normandy is fierce.

Sistor.--Use the word deface in a sentence.

"ju"--That's do face only a mother can love.

Selections from McCarthy's "If I were King", read by Mrs. Haskell, in the Aud were greatly enjoyed by the Faculty, and the Students attending.

WHO'S WHO

Who is it who, after a year's life in the wide world, left Kookuk, Iowa, in the mourning and came to stir up the Junior class with transports of love and ectasy? --Hortense Moore, the much spoken of and long expected wanderer, back at last in the best school in the U. S.

Who is it who, within fifteen minutes, wrecked a dining-room, made thirty-five nice girls run wild, ate a five-course dinner, and put on three different dresses?--You give up, Freshies? Of course, Sis Helen Bernice Taylor, born Sapulpa, Okla., Feb. 30, 19--, and former student at Loretto College, who visited Alma Mater on her way to Washington, D. C. The old girls were glad to see Sis and to find her unchanged by a real Indian Summer".

Who's with us again? Teresa. From the warm welcome she received, you'd think she'd be willing to stay, but it seems not. Our attractive powers have utterly failed. There is nothing to do but congratulate Teresa and--onvy her.

Signed--Emmy Lou

DIRGE OF DEATH

Lives of Freshies all remind us
We have left some days behind,
Hard-pressed days, but happy withal,
Care-free days for which we pine.

For as Sophomores we no longer
Are so free to do to-day
Things we used to do so freely
Lest our teachers chide and say:

"You are Soph'mores, now, remember,
You must to the Freshmen show
Good example! Curb loud laughter,
Make thy footsteps soft and slow.

Put the mute on uke and voices,
See that thou art safe in bed
E'er the bell with music soundeth
In the dark hall overhead."

So our teachers all remind us
We must make our lives sumblimo.
It's sure hard but we all do it!
Freshie days, for you we pine!

E. B.

At last we have an athletic class which, under the direction of Miss Helen Spraul, promises us a tip top sportive season.

"List, my dear Freshies, to what I shall say,
'Twill make you successful in most ev'r way.
Follow my rules evry minute you're here,
To the fond nuns you will always be dear.

If you wish to make a favorable impression on the Faculty and draw to yourself the undivided attention of your future fellow students, an effective beginning is a most important factor in your success. You must hail from your respective villages with great enthusiasm, and with such enthusiasm arrive at the College during the formal ceremony of the Mass of the Holy Ghost. Ring the door bell violently and at the tardy response, show your impatience. The nuns like nothing better than to know they are to have a girl in their College who is subject to spells of impatience or stubbornness. Speak in a loud tone so the entire assembly is disturbed -- nothing is so satisfactory as to know that you are being listened to.

After you are shown to your room and have voiced the opinion of what you have observed, whether it be favorable or otherwise, proceed to the Registrar. Don't bring your credits with you, the Registrar much prefers to write a long dissertation to your Alma Mater thus delaying your resuming your studies for a week or two. Everyone needs a rest, you know.

Always wait ten or fifteen minutes after meals are announced before you proceed to the dining room. By walking in a trifle late your ignorant schoolmates become aware that at least one of their number is fashionable -- besides it keeps you before the public as it were.

After your course has been arranged for you, by all means change it immediately. The nuns like to rearrange class hours; it keeps them from idling their time away. They are charmed at such thoughtfulness, for so few modern girls seem to realize that Satan finds work for idle hands.

During lecture hours would be a good time to fill one's fountain pen, to nap, or to tidy up one's desk. But if you think the Professor fully realizes your ability for managing, why not write letters? These learned men feel highly honored when they know their students are high in the social whirl as well as in the monotonous grind for knowledge.

Should you receive the inspiration of a musician, subdue it, my dear Freshie, till you may withdraw from this world of turmoil to the secluded spheres of your own boudoir, and there, alone with your ukelele commune with your inspiration. I might suggest the hour before midnight. This bewitching hour was meant by the Destinies to be the time of unforgettable things. I might add through personal experience that a uke concert at this suitable hour brings into your life many unlocked for events and people.

I might go on forever and disclose to you the art of being a favorite but if you follow carefully these few suggestions I am sure your school year will prove a success.

M. H.

THE WEST SIDE.

The Sodality of the Blessed Virgin held a meeting to elect officers Wednesday. The lucky officers are: Margaret Yoch, prefect; Julie Hayes, Treasurer; Helen Loughman, Secretary; Ruth Anderson, Sacristan; and Catherine Hummert, Medal-bearer.

OUR FALL DAY

The day couldn't have been better--clear and cool with old Sol's smilekeeping it just warm enough. Ten o'clock found us ready to leave--and--you may be sure we didn't forget the lunch! After a breath-taking ride, we came upon Wabash Club. Tennis and dancing were indeed fascinating enough until lunch time came when everything else faded into insignificance. All we could in abundance--except cake, and the ninth grade sympathetically proved rescuing angels by donating a delicious cake. The afternoon sped by and all too soon we were whisked home again and for once welcomed the sound of the bell saying "Bedtime."

Danger!

Keep away from Sal, the meanness is coming out of her face.

Keep away from-----if you have the kicking fever.

Allow your morning study-hour notes to rest in peace until someone presides who is minus eyes in the back of her head. Beware of a black hand: Easily acquired from playing the basement piano. Don't ever carry a book for---if you don't care about getting pinched.

Lost: A little dog that strayed away from the recreation hall. If found return to Marie Joe. Reward offered.

NOT ALLOWED

No little daubs of powder,
No little bits of paint,
Make a poor Loretto girl
Look like she is going to faint.

Effects of too much eating: A young lady in the tenth grade got slightly mixed in her dreams. She dreamed she saw Lazelle Robbins in a monkey cage. She also saw in her dreams a dog with Sister Marie Anthony's apron wrapped around it. What accounts for these strange dreams?

WANT ADS!

Wanted:

A cage, string, red cap, and organ grinder for Virginia Walsh.

A prescription for playing tennis without getting freckles. Address Audrey Koons.

A knife that was lost yesterday. Not for social purposes!

Some liniment for Harriet Schaaf's poor back after her gallop Wednesday.

Some new excuses for returning late after the week-ends.

An old "nag" wandering about Wabash Club. The owner.

We are looking forward to the arrival of Charles Ray at Loretto.

LISTEN!!

Vol. I.

October 15, 1920.

No. 11.

Edited by the Freshmen.

COLUMBUS DAY

Owing to the fact that Tuesday was Columbus Day, the girls of Loretto College were granted a holiday. Many of them attended the solemn celebration which took place in the Old Cathedral at high noon. The remaining part of the time was so well spent in various kinds of pleasures and amusements that when the day drew to a close we could gaze at the setting sun with its shining rays: and justly say we had come to the end of a perfect day.

J. P.

The Freshies have started this Gym class and every Monday and Thursday rush madly for gym suits as soon as the last class is dismissed. This action on our part seems to amuse the other classes highly. We are glad we can offer them some amusement and wish to say that we enjoy the class very much and our teacher Miss Sproul makes it very interesting. It is needless for me to add that the basket ball team has started practice, for most of us are very "painfully" reminded of the fact that we played yesterday. The teams are well matched and promise some good sport and we are all very much interested in it.

M. R.

FRESHMEN

Of course we're Freshmen and it's true
We're green and don't know what to do.
But, Juniors, Sophs, and Seniors, you
Were once a class of Freshmen too.

We entered--numbering sixteen
And all good sports as you have seen,
As I said before, we may be green,
But you've gotta admit--the Freshies
are keen.

We did not mind initiation
But entered without hesitation,
When our only means of consolation
Was next year's Freshmen and Retaliation.

It must be great, or so we hear,
To be an upper classman peer
To all L. C. But listen dear,
We wouldn't take it all for our
Freshman year.
K. S.

The Freshman class wish to welcome their new member from Iowa who with our classmate from Maplewood promises to make our class a weighty one.

We are very glad to welcome Mr. Lord to the College and we regret that his visits are not more frequent. Yesterday afternoon he began his series of lectures on College journalism and we are all very enthusiastic about it. People may soon expect great things from the Loretto and LISTEN!! Girls, let's all put his advice into practice.

We were all much edified by the election of Sodality officers Thursday. The following officers were chosen; Margaret O'Mara, Prefect; Katy Liz, Secretary; Anna Mae, Treasurer; and Thelma Barnicle, Sacristan. We expect to profit by their holy example this year for Thel especially has always been a shining light. We hope she may make other lights equally brilliant.

A new age is upon us, a new era has begun. The Iron Age in which Freshmen must submit to upper classmen has ceased and the Golden Age has come, in which Freshmen enter into their own and even have upper classmen to make their beds, the above mentioned upper classmen having had nothing to say about it.

A TALE OF WOE.

A little mouse went scampering by,
It caught the old gray pussy's eye.
The mouse looked to right nor left
But hurried on to find what's left
From the King's most gorgeous dinner
Where he had the ballad singer.
There was cheese and cake and pie
For which mousies often die.
There were pears so ripe and yellow,
By some wine which was so mellow.
Calmly mouse put in his paw
Splashed the wine upon the wall.
Pussy looked around at this,
Saw Sir Mouse upon the dish.
Pussy took a step or two
Thought she'd see if it were true
That the mouse was fond of feasting
From the King's most dainty eatings.
She said Mousies good or bad
Eating things just made her mad.
Up she sprang and caught the mouse
Broke his back and left the house.
I. M. S.

Remember your subscriptions to
the Flour de Lis, Girls!!!!

We heard that Hortense was sighing
for an Al--Fine staff.
You tell 'em, bridge, you make 'em
come across.

Some of our fair "buds" stepped out last Saturday evening. They were guests at the dance given at the Statler by the St. Louis U. in honor of the Missouri "Tigers". O Boy!

First Freshie: Did you hear those cats howling again last night?
Second Freshie: Oh, that was one of the Juniors practicing on her violin.

WHO SAYS?

For the luvva John?
Ye gods!!!
It won't be long now!
Holy cock-eyed Maloney!
Who called my mother a name?
Sh--sh--sh--sh--ss!!!!
Mar-ve-lous!!
Where did you get that at from?
Don't get rosy.
Well I don't know.
Like h-e-double q.
I can't be bothered.
Ab-so-lute-ly.

Did any one notice the chimos of Normandy? "floating" through the coridor last Monday night about 7 p. x.?

Were any ghosts seen late Monday night? Mysterious footsteps were heard in Mary Rhodes' hall. Hush money offered by said ghosts.

WANT ADS

WANTED by a Senior girl a fork.

LOST between Loretto and home a cake.

Thelma.

WANTED help to pack a trunk.
Mad.

FOUND a new way to receive full share of the preserves.
Emmy Lou.

PUZZLE: Why the great rush for front desks in the Assembly Hall at 8 p. m. Thursday afternoon--also powder puffs????

How many girls seeking wisdom in our learned halls brought along their dolls for comfort!???

SOMETHING FUNNY

The Freshman class extend their heartiest congratulations to Mary Rodden, Catherine Starry and Marian Welsh on their elegant and excellent English speeches. The Freshman class are proud of them.

If in reading this week's LISTEN!! find things mixed and rather queer, only experience that is missin' get there some day never fear.
K. S.

THE EAST SIDE.

Edited by the Tenth Grade.

Just when our holiday was becoming dull we were sent word to dress for dinner--maybe a dance in the Auditorium or perhaps a picture show--but can you imagine how we felt when, on entering the refectory and seeing a supper that it would be heartless to describe. We were all dumbfounded but too much to do the meal full justice. We can never thank the dear sisters enough for their extreme thoughtfulness. Our dear little Katherine was kind enough to close our perfect day with one by Carrie J. Bond.

SPEAKING OF

Celebrating feasts, a little program was given yesterday evening in honor of Sister Edwarda's feast day. Doris Willmarth, Rosemary O'Reilly and Atalie Davis did solo dances. Margaret Yoch, Irene Kline and Lucille Reid recited. Anita Maguire and Mary McNamara sang. Harriet Schaaf played a violin solo. Sister Edwarda thought she had one over on us but we fooled her, thanks to the graduates.

Losing pockets; ask Sister----and Harriet----they know!!

People who don't eat butter---table four extends to them a cordial invitation.

"Pep", our grads have shown more in the past two days than we suspected was in them. They really have voices!

"Chickens",----we have some real ones (four or five) up every morning at four p. x.

Rumors,---one floated about that there was a burglar under "Jennie's" bed Tuesday night. Every one was more than willing to believe it. Sister Juliene bursted the bubble with a loud clap.

The latest laughs---ask Lazy Robbins. She has one.

Caesar---He should be called Caesar Brain (Seize 'or brain), for he is surely trying to seize the second year Latin's brains.

Physiognomies---Can't Doris keep hers behind the scenes or is it too large, Doris?

Holidays---Let us give three cheers to Columbus for discovering America instead of Egypt or Africa or the Fiji Islands.

Mathematics---Ask Madeleine Dillon what seven times zero is. She knows!

Basket ball---Wonder why Mary "A" Dillon did not play Tuesday night.

"Kitties" ask Kathryn Elliott. What's been spoken of---Ladies, please to not roll their own.

LISTEN!!

Vol.1

Edited by the Juniors

October, 22, 1920.

Editorial.

The College side was the scene of a great deal of excitement when it was learned that before many weeks elapsed they would be the members of "The Idle Hour Club",--the building to be situated west of the College. According to all rumors, it is to be a classy little building, and it's up to the girls to make it as homey and cute as possible by donating pennants, pictures--in fact, anything that would be appropriate for a club-room.

F.M.P.

Basket-ball.

The unbounded enthusiasm that the College girls are showing in basket-ball and tennis is indeed remarkable. Keep it up, girls. The champions of to-day were but amateurs a few years ago. Interest should be taken therein, not only for efficiency to be attained in that particular sport, but physical exercise that we all need so badly. Since we haven't any gym, it's up to us to make advantage of this gorgeous weather and play outdoors. So work hard and become a Johanna Dempsey?????????

F.M.P.

Yes, we're going to give a dance, at last we've got some real pep. And our dance is going to be a success if--a big If--and it stands for co-operation. Everyone must help. The committees will have their hands full managing for the music, invitations, machines, etc., but if everyone enters into the plans with the right spirit, everything will come out lovely, and we may all look forward to a good time.

M.M.

Thursday evening, we enjoyed a most unusual and fascinating movie, entitled "Luring Shadows". It gave an interesting insight into spiritualism as it is being practiced in this day and age, and likewise, showed the attending dangers that run parallel with this practice.

F.M.P.

This evening, Mr. Raines, well-known for his geographical lectures will speak on "Alaska". In order to make the talk more interesting, he will show stereopticon views of that far-off country and its inhabitants.

F.M.P.

Last Thursday, Mr. Daniel Lord, S.J. a general favorite at Loretto, gave us an informal lecture on College Journalism..What makes his talks so delightfully interesting? We don't quite know what it is, but we feel safe in saying that a talk from him every week instead of every four weeks, would be received with the most hilarious enthusiasm. If the "LISTEN" this week lacks pep, blame Mr. Lord. We've been so busy reading the Saturday Evening Post and other current magazines, endeavoring to find out just what a peppy editor must do, that we haven't had time to put our knowledge to practical use as yet. You tell 'em paper--he's just your type.

F.M.P.

Saturday evening, the College boarders who were here for the week-end, got a sudden "faim" (a la Maxime), and decided to have a weiner roast. Everything went off beautifully and all was hushed and tranquil, until Madeleine pulled off a regular Burning Deck stunt by stepping into the very midst of the glowing "pyre". Not much damage was done to--the fire.

F.M.P.

A Freshie's Wish.

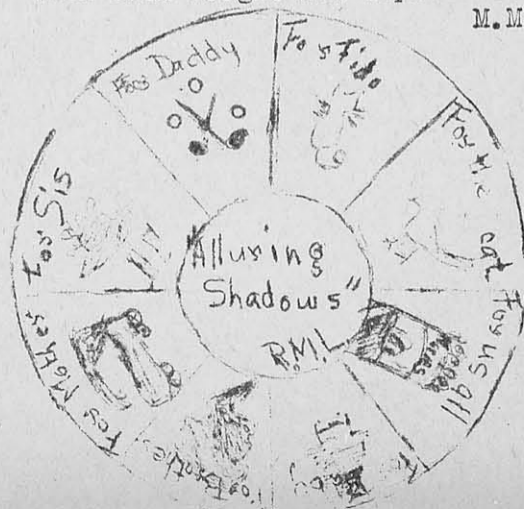
Oh Heavens, I wish that I could be
A Senior with manner sedate,
Like Ruth and Jess and Ernestine
And little Leone and Kate.

To be a Junior I'd adore,
They are such a studious class,
Frances Probst and Madeleine
And the little Hurley lass.

Or I'd love to belong to the Sophomore
class,
Too numerous to mention,
They're musical, clever and full of pep.
And draw such a lot of attention.

Oh well, 'twill do no good to wish
So I'll just cheer up and remember
That I'll be everyone of these
With each bright new September.

M.M.



A girl who was called Ruth Mary,
Chirps merr'ly like a canary.
In the Chimes she's a star
Learns her lines on the car,
And floats through the halls like
a canary.

The Ninth Grade wish to extend to all
the other Grades who have been represented
in the Listen, their appreciation and grat-
itude, for the fiction and fun which has been
furnished for their amusement.

Lost--One ear-bob on basket-ball court.
Return to Peg O'Mara.

Cecilia Smith is going to charge admis-
sion to see the Persian design on her uniform.

Found--Her soul-mate--Hortense.

Wanted--Instructions for keeping collar to-
gether. Apply at Room 104 and receive re-
ward.

Found--One tall blond man a week ago
Tuesday.

The Ninth Grade Algebra Class does not
blame Nellie Walker for fainting. We felt
weak, too, after we finished our Algebra.

Lost--Same. Anyone knowing his where-
abouts, inform Mary Reddin.

A dark, dark night--a cigar suddenly
lighted. Behold a picturesque scene.
So says Marie Haenni. Who lit the ci-
gar, old dear?

We will soon have an "insane asy-
lum", in-
stead of an Academy, if a few girls don't quit
expressing themselves as being "crazy" about
the Sisters.

Wanted by
Thel and "J"--Someone to do their French
lessons.

Sometime the Ninth Grade are going to
take up a collection and buy a lantern for
Mary Mac to keep her from being frightened
and imagining someone coming after her, while
on the third floor, after the lights are out.

Ila Scott--A bed in the auditorium ev-
ery practice night from seven to eight-
thirty.

Marian Welsh--The thrill that comes once
in a life-time.

Wanted--a water bucket for the right hand cor-
ner table of the refectory.

Dreams to come true--Hortense.

Emmy Lou--To learn how to play rag-time.

Now that the gentleman callers respect
the rules of Loretto by not visiting the Aca-
demy students, our girls have changed the dress-
ing of their hair to a very plain fashion.

Forest--The latest style in hair-dress.

Mary Reddin--A keen date.

Margaret Walsh--Squab on toast every
morning for breakfast.

Frances Probst--A big rat.

Norinne--A husband who must own an exten-
sive banana farm.

What mighty sculptor while promenading
the second floor corridor was met and quizzed
by Julia Sterling?

Marg. McDonald--A trip to Dallas. Oh boy.

Katie Liz--An asbestos spit curl.

Irene Schmidt--An alarm clock..

Warning--If you want to keep your tall,
blond, starry-eyed friends, don't let a
certain black-haired, vampy Junior near
him. They all flop sooner or later.

This is a snap
Don't take a nap
Sum up your cents,
Until you have five,
And buy a "Listen".
Two for a dime.

The College and Academy wish to bid
a fond fare-well to two of their for-
mer school-mates, Terese O'Toole and Es-
teele Kenney, who leave to-night for Lo-
rette, Ky. We all send you a big "God
Bless You", and hope that we will see
you in St. Louis in the near future.

Anyone taking Latin and wishing to know
how to decline "Filia" in three declensions,
apply to Room 101.

Query--Find the girl who has attained to so
great an extent the virtue of silence.

Kathryn Jummert ought to have eyes in the
back of her head; also so that when she is
going into the chapel, she will not stum-
ble while gazing around the back of it.

What could be sweeter
Than to never hear the Mass bell.
To sleep as long as you wish.
To have one class a day.
Your very own car or someone else's
at your daily disposal.
Social "Fats" every evening.
And a keen date every night.

We wish to close our bit of gab
No doubt you all will be glad.
But, we have ridiculed enough,
And cannot think of anymore stuff.
We will anxiously wait,
For the turns of our school-mates,
And see if they remember
This class of twenty-eight.

It's nice to be on the Student
Board when you're campussed. What say
you, Madeleine?

Wanted--a private telephone without ex-
tension. Al's voice does carry so. It
won't be long now.

Wanted--a muzzle for Sister Marie Clyde's
dog "Fido".

LISTEN!

Vol. I.

October 29, 1920.

No. 13.

Edited by the Sophomores.

HALLOWEEN PARTY.

Loyalty to school is a big subject, greatly discussed, but consisting of many different phases. The point on which we want to lay stress is; spreading the "Loretto" idea. We think Loretto is the best place in the world; we must convince everyone else that it is too; we must get that thought fixed in their minds; we must be loyal to every part of our school, but, most of all, we must be a living example of the Loretto Ideals. We can talk them, we can write them--anyone could: but living them is a task that proves our loyalty. We know this is the keenest school in the world. Let's make it the biggest by disseminating, through our daily life, the "Loretto" idea. H.R.M.

In view of Leone Garvey's interesting talk on the history and activities of the Student Mission Crusade, it is up to us to do our part. It is true, we are not as old or as large as some of the other colleges and universities represented, and cannot expect to do a great deal for this move when we have so many other claims upon us: but we can all at least become associated members. We can do a great deal spiritually and aid materially by contributing a mite now and then which we won't miss so much, and we can adopt the motto of the convention and "spread" the good work.

R.T.F.

THE K. OF C. DANCE.

Last Saturday evening, a number of the college girls were delightfully surprised by receiving an invitation to attend a dance given by the Knights of Columbus at their new club rooms in Webster.

Mr. and Mrs. Francisco and Mr. W. G. Lowther, Sr. chaperoned the little party.

Despite the inclement weather, gloom was not cast upon the party, and we hope it will be our good fortune to spend just such an enjoyable evening in the near future.

N.B.

The Dramatic Art Class has started work in earnest. Several small plays have been chosen to be given during the year. At present the class is spending many precious hours endeavoring to make "The Chimes of Normandy" a howling success.

Ding dong, ding dong bells.

A.M.B.

The Freshies party on Wednesday night was a sure nuff Halloween party. The decorations of the hall were most unique, and many of us will be pulling the hay out of our hair for many days to come. The three fates who held our destinies in their hands certainly hit upon our most prominent talents. And, last but not least, the refreshments served in a beautifully appointed salle a manger were most delicious. The upper classman as a whole vote the Freshies' party the keenest Halloween party ever given at Loretto.

M.O.M.

GREAT PIANIST COMING TO LORETTO.

On Sunday afternoon, November 7th, at 8:30 o'clock, Rudolph Reuter, a piano recital in Loretto Auditorium. Mr. Reuter is a very renowned pianist, having been with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. He appeared in Chicago in concert five times in the last season. We are delighted to think that we are to have the opportunity of hearing this great musician.

N.B.

Wednesday morning, the first of the meeting of the Nancy Havern Unit C.S.M.C. was held in Assembly B. Leone, the fair president of the unit, gave a most interesting talk on the Board convention of the crusade which she and Katy Liz attended last summer. The girls showed a very keen interest, and it is to be hoped that we will make ours one of the strongest units in the country.

A.M.B.

WEBSTER WEATHER.

Talking about Webster being up to the minute-- Snow in October. And changeable--that's us all over. One minute this picturesque little hamlet is all fluttering snow-flakes and the next instance is shimmies, we mean shimmers, in the golden sunlight under opalescent, azure skies.

No doubt when the bright morn dawns our playful Freshies will be seen in their little pink leggings and stocking-caps making snow mans and snow-balling each other with innocent, childish glee

Play on, children, bless your hearts. "It is not always May."

H.R.M.

THE MOANINGS OF A GERM.
(Dedicated to Sister Mary Zeno)

The second floor has been the scene
Of moanings, night and day;
Don't be alarmed, 'tis not the girls,
Who moan in this queer way.

A sign is tacked upon the wall,
It fairly makes us squirm;
It reads; "A disinfectant here
Has quarreled with a germ."

They fight by night, they fight by day,
They fight continually;
They never cease for rest or sleep,
They struggle onwardly.

The Disinfectant screams with glee;
"I've got you now, you worm;"
He pounds and beats and tries so hard,
To mash the little germ.

But germs, you know, are staunch and brave,
And this one boldly said:
"You shan't get me, you great big thing,
I'll knock you in the head."

And so he did and then he ran
About the floor quite madly,
He dodged us here, he dodged us there,
And then he moaned so sadly.

"Oh, you, who came from distant lands,
And who are far from home;
And you, who broke your family ties,
And were obliged to roam;

All of you have pity, please,
Away from home I ran;
Just set me free; let me return
Back to the garbage can."

H. I. M.

HOBBIES

Leone - raving about airdales.
Katy Liz - talking about dieting.
Ernestine - painging.
R.M.L. - writing editorials.
Jessie - making roses for dresses.
Madeleine - making spit curls.
Frances - Orpheum with --
Winnie - her hair dress.
Emmy Lou - writing short stories.
Margaret Walsh - quieting her temper.
Marcelle - acting as bell hop.
Irene Schmidt - early rising.
Margaret McDonald - shorthand.
Ila Scott - hunting hair pins.
Jeanette Hensgen - posing.
Anna Mae - French breakfast food.
Mary Ann - evening exercising.
Rosalie - chemistry scruples.
Mary Redden - teaching dancing.

WANTED - A logic speedometer for F.V.C.

WANTED - A designer for tacky party
costumes. Apply to Anna Mae.

Who put the cough in cough drops?
Money.

Watch out, Mary, you'll be a Dago yet?

THE EAST SIDE

Last Wednesday night the Grads were
royally entertained with a marshmallow
and weiner roast, by the Subs. Leave
it to them!

We wonder if the bottle outside Julie's
window accounts for the chinese actions
of Marie Hart?

YOU TELL 'EM - Audrey, you're a Koon.
" " " Ella, you're a Hunter.
" " " Dorothy, you're Young.
" " " Gen, you can Reed.
" " " Margaret, you're Wright.
" " " Helen, you're a Laugher.
" " " Lazy, you're a Robbin.
" " " Dot, you hold a Lilly.
" " " Andy, you're handy --

Who said that the Freshies, they
ain't got no pep? When it comes to the
"eats" they sure have the rep. No
foolin'!!!!!!!

We had a perfectly gorgeous time and
are anxiously awaiting the prophecies of
the "three fates."

We are glad to know that "our" Sister
Borgia is still "strong" for us. Believe
us! The feeling is mutual.

Wanted;- A pony for Burke.
Wanted;- Some more news about our
promised Gym!

We lovers of scenery want to sit
in front of the front row at the Reuter
recital. Do you?

What could be sweeter than;
listening to Anita play the piano,
watching Bonnie dance,
admiring Grace with all her charming ways,
Marie Joe's wicked eyes,
Ruth Francisco's fascinating smiles,
hearing Lazelle's melodious voice,
hearing the bell for Mass at 5:30
A. M?
envying Anna Cunningham's perfect
Marvel,
keeping all the money that Sister
Agnosetta does,
Floyd's marvelous pep and cheer-
fulness,
and last of all - being a Grad?

Sister Edwarda - What should you do,
Josephine, when one addresses you?
Jo - Answer them, Sister.

The Ninth Grade gave a clever Hal-
loween party, last night, and all we can
think of are the marvelous times we had.
Talk about good sports, we sure had some
keen ones last night.

The Grads want to add that "an eye
for an eye" and "a tooth for a tooth" is
our policy this year. Watch out, Ninth
Grade! your turn is coming!!!

LISTEN!!

Vol. I.

November 5, 1920.

No. 14.

Edited by the Sophomores.

VOTING

True, it's a big topic for a small paper like ours but, after all, we have five real electors among us, and we'll all be electors some day; besides, we would not leave unmentioned in our archives one of the greatest political events of this century, namely the first presidential election which included participation of Loretto students. The girls had been shown the ethical point of view of voting by Father Donovan's sermon and the practical side by Mrs. Edwards' demonstration at the K of C Hall and Judge Belding's talk at the College. We know what an important duty is voting, we know how to behave at the poll. We know how to vote. Let's hope we know just as well for whom we are voting. Let's hope we are able to discuss with others and above all with ourselves, by giving intelligent and solid arguments, the biggest "for" and "against" of our political opinions. Let's hope the above-mentioned opinions are more than a family heirloom, a matter of sentiment or a set of nice statements adopted because we like their cleverness or real political sound.

However, fortunately for the electors-to-be whom their "electoral" conscience torments on this point, we trust the later part of our history course will supply us with all the political dope expected of a worthy elector and a worthy Loretto girl.

M. J. P.

IDLE HOUR

Who said that the "Idle Hour" would prove only a tidbit for an idle hour chat? Honest to godness, everybody! the contract was let this 3rd day of November, and with the help of nails, mortar, lumber, and carpenters, --not forgetting the weather--in three short weeks--say Thanksgiving--we hope to spend many an idle hour in that cheerful little club over on Plymouth.

Can't you just taste those apples baked over that nice log fire, and weren't those toasted marshmallows d-e-licious? A wee bit hot though, weren't they? Think of that keen dance floor! Won't even need a colored jazz band then! Don't you bet that some of our suburban friends will be green with envy when they see our cozy, comfy, homelike, restful, cheerful, (not bookish or schoolish) little club house?

Oh! hay! don't you wish it were Thanksgiving!

M. C. B.

We wondered whose footsteps we heard at 5 a. m. last Tuesday. But our wonders ceased when we learned that Sister Cornelia was the first nun to vote in Webster.

Nothing like an early bird!!

Tuesday, November 2nd, a requiem High Mass was celebrated at the New Cathedral for Terrence McSwiney. The College girls endeavored to impress the congregation with their dignity and they thought they had succeeded. But with the morning paper came the crushing blow to their pride, for they were referred to as the "youthful charged of the Sisters of St. Joseph."

Wednesday evening Janet Owings fulfilled her promise to visit us and of course was hailed with delight. From the incessant chattering it was quite evident that it was Janet's first visit this year--but we hope it won't be the last.

Letters postmarked "Merinx" are always most welcome at Loretto, and though it was hard to let Teresa go we judge from the aforementioned letters that Kentucky is the place for her. Keep up the good work, Teresa.

Speaking of mushroom cities, one was lately found that beat all records; it's some place on the way to New Athens, Illinois, and there is the puzzling name of Periodicals. Ask Norane for further particulars.

The numerous musicians, artists, and amateurs of Loretto College are delighted with the prospect of hearing Mr. Rudolph Reuter, the noted Chicago pianist, who is to play next Sunday in the College auditorium. Although the program has not been given so far, we are sure that the selections will captivate all music lovers.

Mr. Watkins' recital the next afternoon promises as attractive an entertainment, especially to the dramatic art class.

Our stage is being considerably enlarged and improved in every way. Let's hope our dramatic talents will keep up with the stage!

Who said the College girls are not holy? Most of them heard three masses on All Souls' Day and some of them four. Can you believe it?

Dooley, you've soared to the skies with
much fame
With the must of piano, whatever's his
name,
But now you are wooing another we hear,
The muse of the vi'lin, you're fickle,
my dear.
Are you gain' to leave one poor fellow
to die
The while with the other you soar to
the sky

SUGGESTIONS FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

EAST SIDE

A pair of spectacles to the biped who adorned us with the poetical epithet, "Youthful charges".

Notice--Kreislner will be unable to fulfill his engagement with the Symphony so Miss Dooly Independence Hurley will substitute.

Lost--One clean sheet of paper and one pen point. Finder please return to Thel and Cassie. No reward.

The Sophomores have been asked to see that the Freshmen attend their study hour regularly. So many holidays are inconducive to study, but the Freshies have only to read the glorious record of last year's class whose example is most worthy to be followed.

We have heard that a great deal of vamping was done at the Halloween party Saturday night. The full particulars we have not received but we hope to give them in detail in next week's edition.

Of the twenty-five hours of "J's" school week she spends three at expression, four walking, nine eating, six on the street car between Kenwood and Webster, two at French, and one at English.

Notice--Would some generous student donate some stationery to the second floor so the Barnicles and Haennis can catch up in their correspondence?

The words of the English language are continually changing in meaning--the latest change may be associated with "impromptu" or is it "spontaneous". Probably Katy Liz can enlighten us on such a profound subject.

What do we care if we do have school next Thursday? Can't we look forward to Mr. Lord's lecture? Can we--well, if you know what we meant!

What We'd Like to Know!

If a special meeting of the Advisory Board is to be called. Why so interested, Peg?

Whose ancestors came over in the Mayflower?

Why Buck exchanges so many pair of shoes?

Why rules are made?

Who bet on Cox?

In the Middle-West there was a schooly
And in this school a happy young lady,
Her Irish name we shall not say
Lest she kill us this very day.
She was black-haired, two-legged, Jewish

One day the sun rose on a catastrophe
A students' government was born in the school

The day forever be cursed!

Now the fear of being compassed
Drives the poor child pretty nearly crazy.

Dear girls -- did
You hear the latest? Hard-
Ing is elected president Are-
N't you disappointed
That it wasn't Debbs?
Too bad some people
Had to waste their
Perfectly good votes
Did you know
We had our week-end? And that
Father Coyne came
Yesterday
And that the
Tenth Grade didn't have
English yesterday? And that
Two things of great coincidence
Happened at 8:10 yesterday: viz:
The Eleventh Grade
Practiced and our dear
Grads had logic.
And Sister Agnesetta
Did all the dismissing
In the study hall
And
Sister Edwarda took
The girls to supper
And
We were pleasantly surprised
By H A S H
Our favorite delicacy
Sister Juliene and Sister Ann K. ita
Surprised the girls
By
Coming down at 7:40 to take
Us to night prayers
And
Much to our surprise a new
Organ greeted us
And
There is a new rule:
Talking is forbidden
In ranks
And
Study hour starts at 8:00
Class continues
Through 'till noon
Resumed again
At 1:00 until 2:50
Then
Recreation till 4:30 Study Hour
Till supper one may go to li-
brary then if desiring
To do so
You're to blame
For
Spending a nickel
For this
Just think! 'till night
Have been munching
On a
Piece of
Sister Marie Anthony's
Peppermint sticks
We thank you
Sincerely
The Subs.

LISTEN!!

Vol. I.

November 12, 1920.

No. 15.

Edited by the Freshmen

Are we glad that peace was declared? Aye, Aye say the fair Collegiates of Loretto. Just think, if the world war had not been drawn to an end we would have had to sit through the long and wearisome classes of Thursday afternoon. Instead of this we had a general all around treat. The reception of the senior pins, the lecture by Mr. Lord and the tea by the Sophomores were only some of the many pleasing features of Armistice Day.

A. F.

MR. REUTER'S PROGRAM

All music-lovers among us were delighted to hear that Mr. Rudolph Reuter was to favor us with a program, but I don't believe we knew what a treat was in store for us until we had heard the artist play. He is surely a master of his art, and plays with a very brilliant style, though at the same time calmly and composedly. One thing we notice in particular about his playing is absence of all exaggeration, which is found so often in the playing of great musicians. We certainly enjoyed his program very much, and while it may discourage us a little in our own playing to hear the finished artist, still it gives us an example of what can be accomplished and encourages us to keep on trying. We hope we may have the pleasure of hearing Mr. Reuter play again sometime.

M. R.

Monday afternoon at four o'clock we were delightfully entertained by Mr. Vivian S. Watkins, the distinguished interpreter who read for us "Turn to the Right". The play itself was very entertaining, but was made all the more so by the charming personality and wonderful talent of the reader.

The Loretto girls are all looking forward to the concert to be given by the Symphony Orchestra accompanied by the noted violinist Kreisler, Friday, November 12. This is the first number of the twelve concerts to be given and will take place at the Odeon.

Thursday afternoon at one o'clock the girls met in the Assembly Hall for the purpose of again choosing officers for Sodality. The following girls were elected:

Jessie Hurley	Prefect
Marcelle Prevost	Asst. Prefect
Katy Liz	Secretary
Ernestine Zavisch	Treasurer
Frances Probst	Sacristan.

On the whole, Armistice Day was a perfect day. I still use one of the old hackneyed phrases in spite of the lecture given by Mr. Lord on that very subject, "the using of worn out phrases". This was not, however, the subject of the lecture which he gave yesterday. His first talk was on The Appearance of the College Magazine. This one, which was the second of the series, was on The Material That goes into the Magazine. The main point which he wished to impress upon us was to write about things which we know thoroughly and not to write tragedies. The College will be greatly disappointed if at least one of our number does not write a successful story depicting College life. Warning--don't use the encyclopedias as references for writing essays and woe be unto those who, in their poetic efforts, speak of, "Modest violets", "Babbling brooks", "Crystal springs", the "Rosy dawn", etc.

After the lecture a program was given by the Sophomores to honor Mr. Lord. Upon the completion of this, chocolate and cakes were served. Mr. Lord then entertained the College girls with various musical selections and accounts of his dramatic experiences.

At the regular Thursday social dinner, Mother Edith presided and gave to the Seniors their pins with appropriate words to each. Will we Freshmen ever have such thrills!

Girls!!!---we are at a loss!!! We live to confess it!! But behind it all there is a reason, which is this;--some of our talented members had written paragraphs for English class--said paragraphs, in spite of this fact, being of universal interest which is "one of the requirements for true literature". We had intended to enlighten your darkened minds--dare we say it!--to cheer your sad hearts with these most interesting literary productions, but the "best laid plans of rats and girls are foiled". Sister Ann Francis did not approve of our bright thought, but said in severe tones, "Let their minds remain in darkness, whatdowecare?" Consequently we are forced to fill this reserved space with these wild ravings. We see the space is not yet filled so we are compelled to go on. We will tell you a secret. We have heard wild tales of the actions of some of the Sophomores. This is the end of our reserved space. We thank you.

Thursday afternoon at one o'clock we were all startled by the persistent clanging of the gong and we learned on inquiry that we were supposed to spend two minutes in prayer for the soldiers who died "over there". Marcelle, one of our pious members, was kneeling in prayer, when she was interrupted by a gentle tap on the shoulder and Sister A. F. said; "Marcelle, dear, are you ill?" Her answer was; "I am praying". Sister more startled than ever, looked around helplessly. "So we are not the only ones."

Final Decision!
MacSwiney won 8--0.

"By the by" speaking of black hand letters
-----ask Nora Martin.

The faculty and pupils are more than glad to have the Mathews sisters with them again. Girls, we believe it's impossible to find a place equal or superior to dear old Loretto. "It can't be did!"

J. O.

Who was the brilliant one that asked:
"Did the Chimes break when you dropped them?"

Sister A. F.: "What is a dangling participle?"

Marion: "Why--a participle that dangles, Sister."

Girls, have you all made your appointments at the "Senior Beauty Parlor" for the night of the dance? You better hurry, or all the hours will be taken. You surely can't resist when you see the "finished product" that is hanging down in the hall. But cheer up, even if you do look like that when they are through with you the money is for a good cause. Three cheers for our "Idle Hour" Club!

To have rulers that one of our fair classmates has more numbers of the opposite sex at her beck and call than she knows what to do with. First come three, then five; soon there'll be seven--"come eleven"! If they ever get too numerous, you can always count on us, Margaret.

Even Sister Mary Zeno has to admit that you have to hand it to the occupants of the "Lacy Havern Hall" when it comes to having clean rooms--and bedspreads! We thank Sister Zeno for her timely interference, as the third floor "victims of inertia" threatened to earn this reputation of ours by lazily lounging on our "nice" beds. To whom it may concern: please read and observe Rule 3. of "Regulations for Rooms".

We wish to express our sorrow at losing Mary Burks, and we hope that her illness will be of short duration. During her absence, Hortense will take charge of her music pupils. That makes it nice for you, old dear, but rather hard on the poor little "Dagoes".

J. P.

THE EAST SIDE

Edited by the Tenth Grade.

Did you know that Webster Groves had severed all relations with Missouri and all the United States--or else they did not hear that November the second and November the eleventh were legal holidays.

When you come to the end of a perfect quarter and the "Exams" come jazzing around.
Curtain!!!! --tears!!!!

ST. LOUIS STREET CAR EPISODE

The other day I got on the street car, all the seats were taken----so was my watch. -- Just then a woman got on the car and asked the quickest way to get to St. John's Hospital. The conductor said; "Fall off the car and break your leg." She also asked where she could find an empty seat--the conductor said; "In the park"--Just then a man--a little more gentlemanly than the other said--"Lady, you may have my seat -- -- -- when I get off--"

ON WOMAN SUFFRAGE

We are not altogether against woman suffrage--we think that on election day all women should be at the polls--north and south-- -- -- -- Once a woman who was arguing in favor of woman suffrage said; If a bar tender has a vote, I think all women should have one. We have just this much to say in favor of the bar tender-- at least they shut up on Sundays.

MODERN BARBARISM

A man went into a barber shop the other day.

Barber: "Have I ever shaved you before?"

I don't recognize your face".

Man: "Oh, it is all healed up now".

Barber: "Did I cut you, sir"?

Man: "Where do you mean"?

Barber: "Under the nose.

Man: "Oh, no, that is my mouth".

Barber: "Will I go over the chin again"?

Man: "No, thanks, I understood every word".

When the barber had finished shaving the man, he said; "What will you have on your face, witch hazel or bay rum?
Man, (graciously, "Ether".

That's All.

Irene; "I made zero in my English test, to-day."

Gertie; "Oh, that's nothing."

Kathryne Skarry; Dreamed the other night that her watch was gone. She got up and found it going.

D. G. !!!!!

LISTEN!!

Vol. I

November 19, 1920.

No. 16.

Edited by the Freshmen

We are all unanimously agreed on the question of our rapidity. No, there is nothing slow about Loretto. For convincing evidence of this statement just glance across the way at the amazing progress being made by our "Idle Hour". True, it is only in the primitive stages of construction, but up until a very days ago it wasn't there at all. We can foresee only one catastrophe as a result of such marked progress which is, that upon the completion of the "Idle Hour", the city of Webster will be so struck by its beauty and efficiency, that it will proceed to erect a similar building for the general advancement of its illustrious citizens, and if these future buildings show signs of such rapid growth the day pupils will be unable to recognize the neighborhood.

E. C.

It won't be long now! The dance is only three days more away. We watch in eager expectancy the steady lengthening of the list of acceptances, and from the smiling faces of those who scan the list, we can see that there is nothing else but a pleasant evening in store for us. Furthermore, everyone will be properly "taken care of".

C. B.

Into each life some rain must fall, some days must be dark and dreary--to say we, all of us--Little did we think that St. Stanislaus in the guise of Sister Marie Anthony would come among us so soon and reveal the vocations of some of our dear companions. It grieves us very much to part with you, dear friends, but we know it is for the best. All we ask of you, Anna Mae, Peg, Marcelle and Katy Liz, is that you will not be too hard on those fortunate (or should we say unfortunate) people whom it will be your lot to govern. Good luck to all of you.

M. W.

Who says the basket ball team has no pep? Did she not witness the throng that sallied forth last Monday in answer to the call of "basketball"? She certainly surprises me if she thinks that the Herculean voice at 4:00 P. M. proceeded from a few throats. Does she not behold the light fantastic step which is being displayed by said members due to the fact that the step was practiced in the tennis court so that more efficiency in jumping for the ball might be attained.

M. W.

It pays to advertise!! Dame Runcer says that all appointments at the Beauty Parlor have been filled so the artistic model of the "finished produce" proved an irresistible attraction in soliciting the patronage of ambitious youth. If the efficient conductors of said Beauty Parlor hold good their guarantee we have reason to believe that the Loretto "beauties" will be a drug on the market.

E. C.

How many young hearts went up to the skies when the first flakes of snow fell the other day? How many? Well I should say somewhere in the billions. Many were the boys who rushed to the shed to see if their pet sled was still there. Many were the girls who ran upstairs and pulled out their wollens so as to be ready when "the bunch" came. Happy were they as they pictured the long white hill with a roaring fire at the top. How they laughed as they planned the feast to be given at someones home after their snowy revelry. But alas when they awoke the next morning

down

down

down

came their

hearts for the sun shone brightly on a half green earth and not a snowflake was in sight.

I. M. S.

The Dramatic Art Class should be congratulated on its progress. The Class started out pantomiming, which proved very pleasing to its teacher although at first the pupils showed their inexperience. The class under the supervision of Mrs. Sankey has planned many interesting plays. The one which will be given before Christmas is "Betty's Ancesters". This little play will be a laugh from beginning to end. The Class hopes that everyone will be able to attend.

M. M. W.

We were delightfully entertained last evening by the play given by our three dramatic "stars", assisted by seven of our graceful willowy school mates who posed in classic pictures (especially one fair classmate who posed as Psyche at the Cistern). The new lighting system proves to be a tremendous success, for which we are indebted to Mr. French. We hope to enjoy many more of these delightful entertainments.

Motors to the right of her,
People to the left of her
Coaxing and pleading;
Hers not to rave or cry,
Hers but to go--or die,
Noble Rosalia.

R. M. L.

As the time draws so near and all that we
 hear
 Is the dance coming next Monday night,
 And in order to save you a sigh or a tear
 In getting acquainted--I write.

For unfortunate ones who have not had the
 pleasure
 Of meeting Loretto's fair sprites
 I am sure this small poem will prove quite a
 treasure
 In choosing their partners that night.

Not to start with the Seniors would be rather mean,
 So first we have little Leone,
 Then there's Ruth and there's Jess and our
 fair Ernestine,
 And last but not least Katy Liz.

Yes, our Juniors are few but cannot be ignored,
 'Cause Madeleine's always right there.
 And there's Winnie whose numerous talents
 have sored
 To heights only equalled by *Jan*

Well, our Sophs are as peppy a bunch as can be
 There's Cass and Marie, our keen twins,
 Emmy Lou, J and Thel, all good friends don't
 you see,
 You'll like them, take this tip from me.

Mary Ann is a darling and Anna Mae's cute,
 And Peg's ten times twelve pounds of pep.
 Don't you think one of these even your taste
 will suit?
 If not we have others--don't fret.

Now, the Mathews are here from some place
 in the West,
 Oh, no they're not wild but just right.
 Mary Lou and Rosalia are at their best
 When acting, as you saw Thursday night.

'Tho there's lots we can say of our little
 French maid,
 Marcelle cannot quite be described.
 And so Mary, Hortense and Norine, I'm afraid,
 Completes my long list of fair maids.

I have saved you the best until last, as you
 see,
 And all shall be taken as one
 Keep your eyes on the Freshmen, you'll find
 them to be
 As keen as was ever a class at L. C.

K. S.

CAN YOU IMAGINE

Katy Liz--Off her "best"?
 Ernesting--Submissive?
 Jessy--Without something to knit?
 Madeleine--"Manless"?
 Frances--Without a Saturday date?
 Winnie--Not studying?
 Lillian--Keeping quiet?
 Marie-M.--Crabby?
 Cassie--In a convent?
 Marie--Not arguing?
 Buck--Tripping the light fantastic?
 Hortense--Not raving?
 Thel--Without something to say?
 Emmy Lou--Missing Mass?
 Jay--Dignified?
 Anna Mae--With long flowing locks?
 Peg--A Latin student?
 Rosalia--Taking things easy?

THE EAST SIDE

THE STUDY HALL CLOCK

I glanced up at the study hall clock
 It said five minutes to nine
 So I hastened off to English
 Thinking all was fine
 But alas! that erratic clock was slow
 The class was over and all in line.
 The next morning I thought
 I'd beat that clock
 So I left at ten after eight
 Thinking I was ten minutes late
 But alas! the hands of fate governed
 that clock for this morning I
 was early
 Not ten minutes late!
 Catherine Thomas.

JUST WISHES

I've often wished 'twere my fate
 To be a grad, dignified and sedate
 To sit up in the den 'till late
 Talking over some new fad.

Subs, too, have their charm for me
 With their wondrous wit and brilliancy
 If I had my choice I fain would be
 A partaker in their buoyancy.

Alas! how I long to step
 Into the Tenth Grade's bubbling pep
 Where naught is naught
 But their excellent "rep".

Still to the Ninth Grade I am won't to
 cleave
 For youth and innocence I hate to leave
 Those other grades fascinating may be
 Yet the Ninth Grade is the grade for me.

Dear "Virginia Reel"

While buddy is "Walking the Dog"
 and sis intensely interested in a "Jelly
 Roll" I will take advantage of this opportunity to write.

You say you sprained your ankle in
 a "Waltz" and have not been able to take
 "One Step"; that is too bad, but I am
 sure you will soon be able to "jazz"
 around.

Oh my! Jack is poking a stick at a
 "Hop turtle". I must hasten to stop
 such cruelty.

Yours dancing,

"Highland Fling".

Anyone desiring information about
 Nicolas Pat Weessmann Bishop of Westminster who died in Pencil-Green please ask
 Alma Fullonmaster.

Why the horrible face on Sophie
 while looking up the word "narration"???
 in a Latin dictionary!!!

Who says the Ninth Grade isn't
 bright? Just look at our Algebra per-
 cents!!!

I've heard of cuckoo clocks and al-
 so of clocks that were "ackoo".
 I think the "Study Hall Clock" must belong
 to the latter class. All those in favor
 or say "aye"!

LISTEN!!

Vol. 1

December 3, 1920.

No. 17

Edited by the Juniors

Queer, isn't it how enthusiasm in most everything so quickly wanes! And when it comes to girls and athletics this is usually the case. The first few weeks of school we could scarcely wait until the time to slip into our gym suits,--now we have to be hauled out to the court by main force. What's the use of putting up baskets in the new club house and marking up a perfectly good hard wood floor, if we don't intend to play ball? And how do we ever expect to play match games without practice? It's impossible! Let's revive the spirit of the past fall and play as often as possible. It is no use for three or four to take an interest--everyone must enthuse or we might as well give up athletics entirely. We certainly can't blame the weather. It has been unusually good for weeks. A little pep and we'll have some real teams for we've just gobs of good material!

Monday evening Mr. Leake & Company most delightfully entertained everyone with a musical program. Their repertoire was both varied and extensive and the skillful blending of the popular music with the classical rendered it doubly enjoyable. The talents of the company were indeed manifold, each member playing with ease three and even four different instruments.

F. M. P.

It is rather late to rave about the dance, but as the memory of it is still fresh in our minds, we beg your permission to give an account of it for the benefit of those "Listen" readers who did not have the good fortune to be present last Monday evening at the Kirkwood Country Club. It was our first big social event of the season, and as such, we were a limit as to its success. But everything went off beautifully and everyone had a keen time. In vain would one attempt to describe the music. Mere words could not express how perfectly gorgeous it really was. We sincerely hope that the big success of this dance will encourage the girls to give another in the very near future. Everyone in favor say aye!--The ayes have it! I thank you!

F. M. P.

No individual reports have been handed in, regarding the Thanksgiving holidays, just past, but judging from the length of time it has taken the majority of the girls to settle down again to the monotonous routine of boarding school life, they must all have had a hilarious time. Cheer up! only two weeks until the Xmas holidays!

F. M. P.

Well, after praying and raging and raving and stewing for ages, it's here and almost finished. What's here and almost finished? Why, our club house, of course! Funny how just a bunch of lumber can make you thrill, isn't it? With a little exertion on the part of the builder, and also on our part, it will be ready for the second big social event--our Xmas party. Three cheers for Mother General! With a little more praying and raging and raving and stewing we'll have a Gym!! How true the little proverb--"slow but sure".

F. M. P.

It is hard to tell whether sadness or joy was in predominance as we greeted Mr. Lord Thursday afternoon--joy at having him with us for another delightful lecture on "College Journalism"--regret because it was to be his last talk this year. We offered to him in appreciation a little program and a gift. We hope he will never be too far removed to pay Loretto at least occasional visits in the years to come.

F. M. P.

NOTICE TO BASKET-BALL PLAYERS

1. Never be on time for practice. It only takes the coach an hour to get out here and an hour to get back, so, you see, she has all the time in the world, and she really doesn't mind waiting in the least. You know, it's out of vogue to be on time.
2. When you get there, insist on playing something different than the day before. In that way, we're bound to have the keen work.
3. After you start playing don't hold the ball more than ten minutes, or run with it more than a yard, or you will be fouled. We would hate to think any one on our team would make such a social blunder.
4. And, above all, someone please learn to count. They can't keep score after it reaches a hundred.

Just think the Mathews came back only two days late this time. Hurrah for them.

Don't make any dates for a week from Monday night. A little bird told us that the peppy little Sophs are going to present a snappy little sketch for us. We're all looking forward to it, so don't disappoint us. Sorbs!

THE EAST SIDE

Characteristics	Pastime	Ambition
Katie Liz--Her size	Giving people chills	To hide behind a tooth-pick
Madeleine--Baby stare	Keeping the children amused	Making them stick
Casey--Playing big sister	Being sweet	Attaining her ideal
Leone--Impressiveness	Staying home	To go East to school
Frances--Bored look	Thinking of him	To receive lots of letters
Lillian--That Oklahoma breeze	Being original	Keeping things going
Thel--Cheerfulness	Playing with Sister Zeno	To elude "Hickey"
Ernestine--Southern drawl	Presiding at meetings	To find "Him"
Ruth W.--Precision of speech	Raving	To get by as easily as possible
Nordis--Living down her alfalfa	Playing French maid for Third Floor	To knock 'em cold

W. H.

WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND

"When you're absolutely dead broke and have to chip in for wedding gifts and things."

"When an exam is sprung on you and your mind is a blank."

"When week-ends come and there's no excitement."

"When social dinners come around and you've got indigestion."

"When you're expecting a call--the phone rings and it's for Harry."

"When you step into a room (not your own) to borrow soap or something and get compassed."

"When you're trying to form a club of the 'Four-thousand' and no one is interested."

"When you meet a particular friend and your nose is shiny."

"When the man you trust rushes girls with squirrel fur coats."

"When an inconsiderate brother has to have his tonsils removed and the crops fail."

"When the 'Listen' censor is away and you can't think of anything real wild to put in it."

"

A certain lass in Ethics class,
Sat down on a chair, instead hit the air
And down she went alas!

Lil--Did you see Gene Hall last night?
Blondy--No, but I saw dance hall.
(Register a chuckle.)

Edited by "The Grads"

I

To work or not to work: that is the question.
Whether 'tis nobler in the minds of the teachers to suffer the grades and disappointments of the Senior Year, or to take up knowledge as a Freshman by studying, end them.
To work; to study; no more, and by that to say we end the zeros and the thousand natural shocks that students are heir to.
'Tis a new thing devoutly to be wished.
To work, to study?--If not perchance to flunk!
Aye, there is the rub!
For in that Senior Year, what exams may come when we have played through all the years to make us pause.

II

Mary Rose sat on a pin--Mary rose.

III

The carnival! Oh, Boy!! How we are looking forward to "Hot Dogs" and winning a kewpie.

IV

Monday evening, November 22, the College girls gave a dance at the Kirkwood Country Club and the Grads were the honored guests. There is absolutely no use of our trying to explain what a grand and glorious time we had--it just can't be did!! Believe us, we are rooters and boosters for you!!

V

Sat! Did you ever look for a "her" in a Hymn book?--!!

VI

BOOKOLOGY

B
"Freckles" Mary Dillon
"In search of a husband"--Zella Bowles
"Black-eyed Susan"--Susan Boone
"A Mid-summer Night's Dream"--"No exams"
"The Baby"--"A Freshman"
"Romeo and Juliet"--"Harry and Julie" (?)
"Love me not my comely grace"--Lazelle
"Old Curiosity Shop"--"Chemistry-room"
"The man-hater"--"Orra V. Waters!"
"House of Mirth"--L.C. Study hall "
"The Man thou gavest me"--Bill Hart"
"Vanity Fair"--"Marie Jo"
"Room of Sighs"--"Second Floor"
"The Well, Beloved"--"General Assembly"
"The Ne'er do well"--"Margaret Yoch "
"To have and to hold"--"Bonnie"

VII

Silently one by one in the note-books of the Sisters, blossom forth the little zeros--the for-get-me-nots of the students.
Evangeline

LISTEN!!

Edited by the Sophomores

Many's the time an editorial on school spirit has graced our cherished LISTEN!! There's no reason why we should ever write on such a subject again. Haven't we-- school pins--school sweaters--school athletics--Idle Hour.

M. H.

The introduction of Journalish into our college curriculum has had a considerable effect on our ideals. No doubt our idea of a real paper has been lifted way above the heavens; No doubt visions of a day when we wake up great writers has haunted our dreams. Some have considered whether it would be nice to keep their own name or to choose some pen name suited to their type. The actual college paper is the only individual who was not affected by this idealistic and journalistic movement. In fact the practical effects of this movement have been scarce. The learned professor who lectured us on the above mentioned subject has ceased to receive the weekly college paper. Apart from this, we hardly notice a change between present conditions and those previous to the first Thursday when Journalism dawned upon us. Did the girls become disgusted with the matter-of-fact, uninspiring, and unsentimental reality, when the ideal was revealed to them? Or are dreams of perfect literature sufficient to feed their ambition? It may be. But it is not sufficient to LISTEN!! We want real honest to goodness stuff. It becomes more difficult every week to get the girls to write for their paper. Where is the enthusiasm which greeted the first issue? Where is your pep, Loretto girls, and you Sophomores, the peppiest class of the school? It is up to you to answer by making each number an improvement on its predecessor.

We are supposed to write something sensible ~~so~~ here goes. This is a very difficult undertaking as so little material for the development of this subject is in evidence at L. C.

We might write about Logic, History or Ethics, but we're not supposed to get profane, even in a peppy paper, at a convent school. Then there's lots to say about the study of language but as M. Virgil isn't here, we must defer that till another time as he's the only one who knows anything about that stuff.

Now English is a sensible subject. Practical, useful and devoid of trimmings. Anyone who has any knowledge of English kindly step forward and hand it over. Well, mob, don't push the back wall in.

You see, gentle reader, there remains only to write of the sensible girls and as

All the college girls join in extending to Sister Aloysia Marie their sincere sympathies upon the loss of her dear mother. We certainly missed Sister; our beloved censor, and are more than glad to have her with us again.

The College wore a festive air
'Twas graduation day
Two girls received degrees alike
But oh how different they.

One girl with honors great was crowned
The other just got by
The first girl smiled a patron's smile
The other heaved a sigh.

For what had she to brag about
Full many a class she'd cut
To make the ball team girls shipshape
And keep the school pep up.

Nights when her classmate studied hard
She sat up late and planned
Just how to make her own dear school
The best that's in the land.

When I am rich, and I'm going to be,
I'm going to build a college
Where loyalty gets highest praise
And after that comes knowledge.

"Some are born great,
Some achieve greatness,
Others have greatness thrust upon them"

In all maidenly modesty we admit that we have been presumptive enough to think that "Maybe, perhaps, sometime" we would change our name to Sister "What You Will" or Mrs. "As You Like It", but never did our Frances suggest that we would boast a Mary Pickford. But truly spoke the poet, "Others have greatness thrust upon them".

(Pathe Weekly please copy.)

M. T. H.

Did any of you hear of the new fad at Loretto? No? Well, it's horseback riding. You are all invited to join our merry gallop to Nancy Havern Hall at 2:30 each morning. Applicants please be prompt!!!

Listen is our College paper
The kind that tells of every caper
Life without it would be bare
So Friday morning finds it there.

we are not in the habit of putting ourselves in them lime-light or rather I should say in the lamp light we'll leave it to the Juniors to write us up in the next issue. Don't give us any more than three columns, girls. You know how we feel about it.

Remember, fellow sufferers, whatever you think now, we started out to make this sensible.

"I guess I'll take a day off," said the student as he tore a sheet off the calendar.

Record.

SHE

Her eyes are deep intangible,
With mystery engrossed
But she's not for me.

Alas,
Her eyes are crossed.
Cornell Widow.

TRUE LOVE

A glance
A dance
Entrance
Advance
Romance
Finance.

N. D. Juggler.

AT THE WEDDING

He--Have you kissed the bride?

Him--Well, not lately.
Mich. Gargoyle.

Cannibal Prince, rushing in--"Am I too late for dinner?"
Cannibal King--"Yep, Everyboyd's eaten."
Purple Cow.

Prof: Oliv Br, use "centimeter" in a sentence.
Oliver: "She came on the 8:45 train and I was sent-to-meet-her."
St. John's Record.

FAIR EXCHANGE.

Cashier: This money is no good.
Customer: That's all right; keep it, the eggs weren't either.
N. D. Juggler.

Who is that terrible woman?
That's my sister.
Oh, that's all right: you ought to see mine.
Yale Record.

Can you imagine L. C. without LISTEN!!
And all the floors without their usual gl
glisten?

Could you imagine our teachers away,
Our Thel working the livelong day?
Now could you imagine M. Haney not a leader
Or Cassie just a wee bit sweeter?
Could you imagine Emmy Lou not entrancing,
Or dear old J not always dancing?
Now could you imagine Madeleine datless,
Or Frances going through this life mateless?
Could you imagine little Marie crabby
Or Dooley always carrying a tabby?
Could you imagine Leone without her glasses
Or Ernestine addressing a speech to the masses?

Could you imagine Katy Liz with less
avoidrupois
Or Jessie not telling us to make less noise?
Could you imagine Ruth Mary dense,
Or Loretto College now without Hortense?

(To be continued)

A new thrill for Loretto! Everyone turned out to have her beautiful (or otherwise) faces snapped by the camera. Why t he very sudden rush for the front row when the camera was in action? We really didn't know there was such talent for folk dancing in our academy; in spite of the fact some turned the wrong way, were out of step, forgot their dance, or lost their balance. Nevertheless here goes--Our heartiest congratulations and cheers are yours.

Thirteen fair maids are our grads,
But they are not unlucky,
Lending charm to our dear school,
A bunch so gay and plucky.

To Webster, twice a week,
To parties and dances galore.
O! fun they have, we say:
What could they wish for more?

We subs like other subs before us
Have dreams of better days to come
When we shall lead Loretto's ranks
Before our school girl days are done.

Of course we're not prejudiced or anything like that, but, do you know girls we just can't see:

Marie, for her "Heart"
Lazelle, for the Robbins
Audrey, for the Koons
Alma, for those full and wider
Anna, for the Carr
Orra V, for the Water
Freda, for the Smith
Julie, for the Hay (as)
Marjorie, for the Chapline
Mary, for the Man's Heart (reversed)
Nadine, for the Hunter
Dorothy, for the Young
Genevieve, for the Reed (must be thin)
Margaret, for the Right
Dorothy, for the Lilly

Henceforth now and forever you will be our enemies?--just because we told you the truth???

THE IDLE HOUR

We are anxiously awaiting the completion of the new Club House; simply tingling with a desire to try Basket Ball there----then----we'll see who's going to win the "Big Game"! The sooner it's opened the better it will suit us.

As usual we sat dreaming during our Sunday stury hour, We thought we were surely victims of sleep when we looked up and beheld five Indians from Oklahoma gazing very unaimably at us. Perhaps we were in the early stages of America? Well after pinching ourselves (beware of cancers) a few times we discovered that we were gazing at the real thing and not at characters which had stepped from the pages of American history instead of coming to scalp us all. We learned that they were only peaceable looking at the college.

We wish to extend a hearty "Thank You" to the Grads for the much appreciated party of December 1st.

Sincerely
The Subs

LISTEN!!

Vol. I

December 17, 1920

No. 19

Edited by the Sophomores

Merry Christmas

everybody? That is the least we have to offer and the most because it is the heart-song of every one of us to each other during this happy season. Though we shall not spend our Christmas at Loretto but at different firesides throughout the country our hearts will ever be with the dear faculty until we see them again on January 10.

THE EIGHT O'CLOCK BELL

To a person interested in short story writing and looking for material, Mary Rhodes Hall on any evening at 8 o'clock will be an admirable place to hit upon a novel plot.

A bell is rung which apparently has no meaning, or rather, it is a signal for everyone to get up, leave her own room and go to somebody else's. Sister Louise is never around at this hour and most of the girls feel gloriously free to go about and visit. Sister, knowing full well the wiles of human nature, sometimes gets the idea into her head that she will visit us. She noiselessly descends from the fourth floor and gives her characteristic rap upon the first door. She usually finds Peg O'Mara in that room. You know, Peg is one of those persons who have never been known to stay home nights, and on being confronted by Sister, she invariably assumes a baby stare and asks innocently: "Sister, is it eight o'clock?" Of course, she doesn't care whether it's eight or twelve. Hours mean nothing to Peg's life.

On calm, ordinary nights when Sister comes down at the proper moment and everyone should have taken the necessary precaution to glance at wrist watches--suddenly, someone is missing. Sister always "feels" this. She's the greatest person in the world for "hunches" and what gets us, she always picks on the right one. Generally, it's Katy Liz. Sister calls out: "Katy Liz". No answer. She calls a second time, but again, no response. Then begins a search through every room which causes a mad scurry among the occupants to hide their visitors in various trunks, wardrobes, etc., and finally results in finding dainty Katy Liz under a bed somewhere.

And you should see Marcelle--her face all gobbled up with the kind of grease that takes away freckles and leaves roses instead. She's the funniest thing ever. They all are. We could go on down the list forever and display the "curios" but we have stop now and wait until you can see for yourself some night when you visit Mary Rhodes Hall and hear the eight o'clock bell.

H. R. M.

On Sunday evening, December 12, the Faculty and Students were most delightfully entertained by a musical presented by the piano and vocal pupils of the College. An excellent program was given which reflected a wise selection of numbers and contained pieces suitable to the individual ability of each of the participants. This evening spent in the far off realms of music was most enjoyable to us and it was with great reluctance that we were brought back to earth at the close of the program.

SOPHOMORE PLAY

Monday evening the Sophomore and Freshmen entertained us with a delightful one act play entitled "Betty's Ancestors". The character "Betty" as interpreted by Anna Mae was most charming. We make bold to offer the one who gave her such a gorgeous marcelle a permanent ^{position} in the College beauty parlor. Gertrude, Margaret, Catherine, Katy Liz and the "five, peppy Spades" proved to be interesting visitors. Mary Ann too deserves special mention. The scene between Marie, Peg and Mary Reddin was perfectly adorable. The beautiful Colonial costumes showed off to special advantage under the "new" lights.

We are hoping for another similar production soon.

W. B.

Tuesday of this week, the Idle Hour Club House was finished and declared ready for use, much to the joy of all the College students. We had been looking forward to this ever since September and it was with our fondest expectations realized, that we rushed madly to our new hall to watch our first, real basket-ball game. We know that this club house will bring us all sorts of happy hours and pleasant times and we give a hearty and unanimous vote of thanks to Mother Edith, as the originator of all our future joy in the Idle Hour.

H. R. M.

The annual Christmas dinner was given last evening by the Faculty for the Professors and Students. After this elaborate and most delicious repast, all were ushered up to the Assembly Hall which was beautifully decorated in Christmas colors. A brightly illuminated Christmas tree graced one corner of the room and held a gift for each one and after the enjoyable and clever minstrel was brought to a conclusion, Old Santa tied his reindeers outside, and paid a little visit, giving to each one a package off the tree, and wishing everyone a Merry Xmas. This Xmas party was one of the Keenest Loretto has ever given and we hope next year will bring one just as enjoyable.

M. O'M.

CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS

Wednesday afternoon the Faculty and Students were delightfully entertained and instructed by the representation of Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice" by Mr. Griffith followed by some excerpts from "A Midsummer's Dream".

Mr. Griffith has been with us several times the past years and on every occasion has proven very interesting. To-day he upheld as usual his standard, and the lecture was very instructive to all of us. We anticipate his coming next year.

SUGGESTIONS FOR XMAS GIFTS

- Mary Reddin--a suitcase
- Norine--collar and cuff set
- M. Walsh--something to curb her curiosity
- Hortense--a copy of "Tell me little Gypsy."
- Forest--a box of hairpins
- L. Walsh--a place in "Who's Who"
- Brene--dose of morphine when she sings
- Jeannette--a place in the Art Museum
- Leone--a pussy
- Ernestine--a valet
- Anna Mae--a baby rattle
- Mary Ann--a "hoopie"
- Thelma--the faculty for writing poetry
- Lucretia--a little height
- M. McDonald--a week-end at Loretto
- Peg--a bar of soap
- Winnie--a banjo uke
- Marcelle--Marie Haenni--a megaphone
- Frances--an electric heater
- Geert Wahrer--an appetite.

"SOME CHRISTMAS DON'TS"

- Don't tell people that you are not expecting to receive any presents. You know you do.
- Don't fail to remove the price tag, if the present you are sending away was cheap.
- Don't let yourself suppose, when you crowd into a place where Christmas shopping is being done, that you are the only one who is in a hurry.
- Don't hunt for price marks on the presents you receive.
- Don't give away all the gifts you got last Christmas. Save some for next year.

H. R. M.

The halls of old L. C. were both surprised and shocked at the scene which they beheld Tuesday morning.

Lillian flitted gaily around with long hair streaming down her back and, on her head, a "tinsy", dainty bit of pink satin and lace. The Freshmen gasped. A Junior attired in such fashion. A noble Junior! Ah! to think that one of Loretto's highly cultured and refined students should be so lowered as to seek a position as maid. Classes were dismissed, while awestruck groups of girls clung to the walls and radiators, and eyed her askance.

For once in her young life, Lillian was the center of a mob until Sister Louise, cruel, we admit--heartlessly cruel--came along and took away all the glamor of the incident by pulling off the satin and lace from Lillian's head--and there remained, standing straight up in a row-----
five kid curlers.

H. R. M.

- A "Kiddie Kar" for Marjorie Chapline
- A governess for Margaret Yoch
- A "Keen" date for Ora V. Waters
- A pocket edition Catechism for Julie Hayes
- Ear Puffs for Mildred Phillips
- A hair net for Louise McCabe
- A "new" style hair dress for Marie Jo Averill
- A "new" pair of rubber heels for Mary Dillon
- A dictionary for Catherine Mount Joy
- A "new" pair of brown shoes for Bonnie McKee
- A box of hair pins for Audrey
- A voice tuner for Lazelle Robbins
- More practice hours for Harriet Schaaf
- A good joke book for Kathryn Elliot and Marie Jo
- A mimeograph for copying Religion Notes for Elizabeth Meaney
- Another bottle of shoe blackening for Catherine Hummert (one for Bill two for the school)
- A box of henna for Virginia Flynn
- A curling iron for Thelma Coyne
- A bunch of milk cows for Helen Rial
- A Pony for Mary Crean
- A sheet of music for Anita Maguire
- A clock that doesn't stop for the Study Hall.
- White washing powder for the laundry.

* * * * *
Christmas is here! Or rather will be here in just one, seemingly everlasting week, and then-----Home! We do not know how each one individually will spend her holidays, but we know that all will spend them happily, trying to prolong them, enjoying to the utmost every moment of them. The exceptionally long holidays will be filled with such a continuous round of pleasure that no one will be sorry to return to Loretto and basket-ball at the "Idle Hour". Therefore we desire to wish everyone a merry, merry Christmas and happy New Year. But in your happiness do not forget to make many good resolutions for the coming year.

LISTEN!!

Vol I.

January 14, 1921

No. 20

Edited by the Freshmen

THE COMING EXAMS.

Girls, rush up, brush up, only two more weeks until exams! We know it is most cruel to remind you of the nerve-racking, heart-breaking, pulsating shock, but never-the-less everyone has to endure this hardship in some part of their career as a student. Judging from the manner in which the collegates are working and studying, we are assured that their average will far surpass both those acquired by former students. Although they may not get A and A+ they will at least have the satisfaction of knowing that their low marks are not due to lack of preparation. Therefore girls, "Take it slow and easy, if you want to get along with the Profs."

J. P.

Everybody reports having had a wonderful time at the housewarming which was given over at the Idle Hour last night. The college girls were hostesses to the academy girls and to the Sisters. Most of the evening was spent in dancing, the music being furnished by some of the talented young ladies of Loretto. Delicious punch was served and the evening was enjoyed by all.

N. M.

Basket Ball has been taken up again with unusual enthusiasm after the holidays. Keep it up, girls and practice all you can, for it is rumored that Lennox Hall has challenged us to a game in the near future. We want to show them what we can do and give them few, if any, points. Now that we have our wonderful court, there is no reason why we can't get some good team work and with a few weeks of hard coaching the team ought to be in tip-top shape.

M. R.

It was a shame that Peg was too ill to go to the Logic lecture last Thursday. We hope you are feeling better, Peg.

Everyone registered thrills and raptures last week. The stationery and sweaters for the college finally arrived. The days when the college girls appeared unrecognized in public are past. Never again will the newspapers refer to us as "Charges of St. Joseph". Now since we have our sweaters, not one of our number should think of going out without wearing them. This is pneumonia weather and without the warmth of white wool around our shoulders, we are in great danger. Besides, isn't there a feeling of pride in wearing a gold L. C. on the white back-ground of our sweaters and have a secure feeling that all cast their eyes our way will know just where we came from? It is horrible not to be recognized

R. W.

At the meeting Wednesday the girls voted in favor of a dance to be given at the Alogoquin Club in the first week of February. Everyone is terribly anxious for that night. We know all will have just lots of fun because how else could it be if we make up our minds to have it and just say it will be a success? The committees will be very busy in the future engaging the club, music, and the invitations. So lets all go to-gether with the right spirit and pep and the morning after the dance all of us will be r-a-v-i-n-g about the wonderful time they had.

F. H.

A meeting was held on Friday at the college. The girls discussed the matter of a dance to be given at the Alogoquin Club in the first week of February. Everyone is terribly anxious for that night. We know all will have just lots of fun because how else could it be if we make up our minds to have it and just say it will be a success? The committees will be very busy in the future engaging the club, music, and the invitations. So lets all go to-gether with the right spirit and pep and the morning after the dance all of us will be r-a-v-i-n-g about the wonderful time they had.

The holidays are over, but the memory of them still lingers. On all sides are heard stories of the dances, parties, etc., which took place during the past three weeks. Everyone reports a good time which will furnish material for many a future "gab-fest".

Of course our truants from Oklahoma haven't returned yet, but everyone else was back on time--or nearly on time--and has pitched into work in earnest. Most anyone would, when exams are looming up in the near future. We are delighted to have Mary Burkes with us again and Al Fusz even for a minute. We hope Alice will soon return for "keeps".

M. R.

Most anyone would like to have a birthday when a dozen roses greet them at the dinner table. Although late, congratulations, Hortense.

There was ten dollars left from the Christmas fund. Most of this will be used to pay on the Christmas party. The remaining few dollars are to be used in buying a pair of shoes for J. Too bad that we didn't have enough to buy Cassy a new dress for the Idle Hour dance. It was a shame that the poor dear had nothing to wear.

We were peacefully playing basketball last Wednesday when someone shrieked, "There is a rat"!! All the girls tore for the benches leaving in the middle of the gym floor a small, calm-looking black rat that Catherine Scarry claimed. How strange, we were always under the impression that Catherine was Scarry of rats.

Saturday morning a third floor lass, in a beauty parlor some hours will pass. No more will we see her ear bobs there. For when she comes back she will have bobbed her hair.

A certain senior on Wednesday night stopped out to seduce in the city. We are glad there is a popular one in our midst, But still we say, "What a pity".

Hickory, dickory, dock, tick, tock.
The damned old Lorette Hall clock.
The clock strikes eight
We run or are late
Hickory, dickory, dock, tick, tock.

Buck: "I've eaten five bananas to-day and I can't say any more; I am busted".
(Pause) "Busted financially, of course."

If a red-headed father had a red-headed son would it be a hair-reddity?"

There was a young lady named J
We thought she had come here to stay
But with her 'tis a rule
Only four days of school.
So most of the week she's away.

Conductor on Manchester Car: "Your fare, Miss".

Catherine Barthel: (absently) "Really, do you think so?"

Diary of an L. C. Girl.
1921

- Jan. 10. Got back to-day, changed rugs and dresser with a girl next door. She wasn't there so don't suppose she will mind a rug with a hole in it.
- Jan. 11. I'm so sleepy. Took a nice nap in Latin class to-day, and dreamed of our coming dance. It was wonderful! I had most every dance and met an awfully cute fellow.
- Jan. 12. Made fudge to-day. The cocoa had moth balls in it. It wasn't so very good, but we all ate it.
- Jan. 13. Thursday noon and not a thought for the LISTEN!!

THE EAST SIDE

We wish to announce with the greatest delight that our study hall will be chosen to bear upon its wall the crucifix. We are sure it will inspire the assembled students.

We were glad to welcome Sister Agnesotta back to her classes, of course, not that we were unfavorably inclined towards her substitutes, but just that we feel more at home with those we were "borned and rissed" with.

Since the Academy girls cannot have beaux at school, they have decided to wear them (With a slight change in spelling).

Although it is winter, "falish" are in style (ask the Ninth grade about it).

The "Idle Hour" is certainly "our Idol".

Mystery--Suspense--Thrills, darkness reigns supreme. The dim evening shadows fall upon the assembled students, the button pressed--but alas no light! Had the ghost of Caesar been at play? Or was it that there was to be no Study Hour? but oh! Too sweet dreams for just then the lights went on.

Now that we have the snow we want gloves, rubbers, mufflers, caps, furs, coats, but most of all permission to go out, the other things aren't so absolutely necessary.

Straining necks, eager eyes, active steps all bent towards one direction, it is hard to think that intellectual people can be influenced by such a mere, commonplace thing as "cats" and yet it seems that they are all bent towards the refectory. But oh! What a change is wrought! Can those same down-turned mouths and sorrowful eyes be the same that only a moment before were so alit with eagerness. Alas! too true, they are the same (we wish to add: "It isn't always what you want that makes you fat but what you get").

LISTEN!!

Vol. I

January, 28, 1920.1

No. 22

Edited by the Juniors.

Resolutions.

Anyone wishing to play "Hamlet", and acquire temporary insanity, need only to take examinations at Loretto College. However, most of them are over, and we are all breathing more freely again. We would suggest to anyone who desires to take up a life of work which will make him loved by the youth in subsequent generations, to abolish examinations in all schools throughout the world. Now a new semester is at hand, we ought to make our resolutions. Cramming is often useful, but decidedly nerve wracking, so the very best way to avoid it, is to study every day, and store up knowledge for use in June.

F.M.P.

Owing to examinations, social affairs have not been in evidence the past week. As the result this week's editors are tearing each other's hair, and acting primitive in other similar ways. These barbarous outburst, however, were not met with an overwhelming sympathy by Sister Mary Zeno. Her affection for the third floor bunch is proverbial. According to her, the second floor ought to be referred to with as much awe as "Portland Place" or "Washington Terrace", while the third floor is likened to 2nd and Walnut or 10th and Biddle. Sister Claudietta is our only champion. Three cheers for her.

F.M.P.

Mrs. Sankey's special pupils, Rosalia Mary Lou and "J", are going to give a recital Sunday afternoon. We all appreciate their talent, and are looking forward to an entertaining afternoon.
(January, 30)

F.M.P.

Just a few more days, girls, until "the" game. Everyone is looking forward to it with eagerness. Of course, we admit we're the best, but the Academy team doesn't seem to agree with us. It's up to the big team and the subs, to come out for practice every day, so when Wednesday comes, we can show them just what we can do.

W. A. H.

Anyone aspiring to a professorship of any kind, see Sister Ann Francis for full particulars and encouragement.

F.M.P.

Judging from the bursts of applause every now and then on the second floor last Sunday evening, the informal musical of the Academy must have been a huge success. Those informal musicals ought to be encouraged. They certainly do help in drowning out the College chorus which has an endearing mania of breaking loose every night at 8:01.

F.M.P.

Friday night the College girls, sad and disheartened, for no reason in particular, received the only thrill of the week namely, that we could go to a K. of C. dance. We were unusually lucky in getting a chaperone. Thanks to Mrs. O'Donnell. And did we have a good time? Just ask those present. Do I hear a unanimous "Yes"?

W.A.H.

This to certify that the "Ruths" are not crowded. Their room will be open for inspection any time before 8 p.m. They also wish to state that they are not the first two girls to room together.

The loud bell tolls the knell of gentle sleep,
And all the drowsy maids go down to Mass;
Pray do not ask us why this myst'ry deep,
For all are praying hard Exams to pass.

Apologies to Gray.

Dissappointments are many, but the greatest one was Wednesday morning upon awakening to find the ground covered with a white fluffy substance, commonly known as snow. Everyone was bubbling over with anticipation of the afternoon's enjoyment, when, lo and behold, not another flake fell, and the ones that had fallen during the night were melted by noon, caused by the burning heat of Mr. Sun. We wouldn't mind just because we can't see anything, but to hid us that way is too much.

WE've heard of an eye for an eye, an a tooth for a tooth, but Thursday that went out of style. Now it is an earbob for an earbob. A la Madeline.

Our female vulcan.

THE EAST SIDE.

I now will sing a tale of woe,
Concerning Katie Lizzio's toe;
For Ruth has crushed it to a jell,
And Katie swears it hurts like---;

Then Dr. North said do not wait,
Now let us quickly amputate.
E'en yet she'll limp and wildly clutch
A bannister, why not a crutch?

The irregularity of the meter is due
to the limp.

Winnie was hiding behind the broom,
When Jessie came pecking in the room;
A ukelole lost its poise,
Jess said "Stop that unnecessary noise."

Lillian:-People that eat pickles are said
to be in love.

Ruth Weiler:-I guess I'll take one.

Anna Mae:-Say, do you know Gert, Wahrer
says she's a figure in Geometry?

Peg:-How's that?

Anna Mae:-She's a 360 degree angle.

"J", when practicing your expression efforts
to restrain from dancing, the auditorium,
I think it would be advisable to leave
out the gestures, or else you might lead
someone astray.

Hel-----d", shouted someone playing basket
ball the other day.

Be sure and pronounce the last letter", a
dignified member answered.

Why is it when you try your best
to think of something to fill up space,
every thought you ever had deserts you?
Such is the case with us. Just pretend
that this is something worth while, in-
stead of nothing at all.

One of our Freshmen wishes to study
Greek or some other "lost" language. We
always thought Greek was a dead language,
but we learn more day by day.

We never noticed study coming
before pleasure, yet to-night the major-
ity voted not to have social evening.
Examinations surely do create havoc.

Well, mid-year's are almost over and
none of us are sorry. We crammed during
study hours and spent our evening in the
Library, but from what we've seen of the
marks it was worth it. We offer our con-
gratulations for all the 100 per-cents and
our condolence if there happened to be any-
one who flunked.

Lazelle surely can make wonderful min-
ute speeches in the study hall, especially
when her English teacher presides.

A basket-ball game was played by the A-
cademy teams over at "Idle" Hour yester-
day afternoon. Father Mulally refereed.
From all we heard, the game must have been
interesting.

Speaking of Ghosts, What would happen
if "Old man Shuffle" would reappear some
day at recreation?

Hurrah, hurrah, here comes the week-end
Are we glad? Well----- We deserve a ri-
otously good time after all our scholarly
struggles for mid-years, and "heroic" ef-
orts to restrain from dancing.

Suppose:

Marjorie wore her hair like Cecilia Smith.
Bill had red hair.
Bonnie had a wooden leg.
Julie had a new uniform.
Frieda wore short dresses.
Gin never laughed.
Audrey never fought.
Anita never wrote notes.
Louise didn't wear her locker key.
Athilie never wore her brown sweater.
Grace came to school on time.
Maggie died? ? ?
Margaret Yock "rolled her own".
Mildred didn't wash her ears.
Floyd didn't get a letter on blue station-
ery.
Marie Jo was "skinny"?
Then what would we do?

Passing the Infirmary any night one
may hear the chorus of "Hail, hail, the
Gang's all here", being wildly rendered
by the Old Reliables.

Marie Jo has found a new hat for her
week-end.

Dillon-"Do you like mystery balls"?
Yock-"I don't know, I've never attended
one".

LISTEN!!

Vol. I

February 4, 1921

No. 23

Edited by the Sophomores

An invaluable asset in the life of every College girl and in fact, to everyone is the "Courage of Conviction". This quality is nothing else than standing up for the Right in the face of any opposition whatsoever. Many are of the opinion that they are preeminently loyal when they acquiesce to whatever their "political bosses" advocate. Mob psychology is seldom to be praised and often results in lynching. Why let a few lynch our opinion?

One who denies himself something for a principle is to be commended not scoffed at by the majority. Steadfastness implies strength of character and above all an open declaration of what you think is right and a firm adhesion to it. Such is what education should bring forth. Now let's all strive at all times to be honest with ourselves and Say, Do, and Abide by, what we know is right no matter what the other fellow thinks or says!!

Miss Hypatia II

The dance at the Webster Council, Wednesday night, was enjoyed by most of the College girls. Floor, music, decorations, punch, feminine and masculine attendance were unanimously declared the best of their kind. We are grateful to the Webster Knights for their generous hospitality and are looking forward for other affairs, just as successful as this to take place after Lent.

POST MORTEM

Logic, Ethics
English and Math
These are all fine subjects
To drive one to wrath
But into sweet dreams
Comes a nightmare so wild
Where Latin, Greek, French
In procession are filed.

Exams are all over
Agreed if you will
That the memory of them
Has remained with us still
Cold shivers are curs
When of blunders we think
And naturally
Our poor hearts lower sink.

When people inquire
I state as before
I've had nine fierce exams
And I hope there's no more
If I pass just one half
It will be 'bout my best
I'll be a happy Soph
And be darned with the rest.

Emmy Lou.

The Reformers' Slogan seems to be
"Many are cold 'cause few are clothed".

Last Wednesday was the day set for the great game between the Academy and College--but various were the reasons for its being postponed. We are all anxious for the great day when our team will show us it is the best in the land.

Last week-end reminded the Sophomore Literature class of the Restoration Period, and the wild outbreak of immorality which followed the unnatural restrictions of the Puritan Age. A mind of frenzy blew on the College, following the unnatural restrictions of the Examination Period. Hardly a soul was seen on Mary Rhodes and Nancy Havorn and the lower Halls--we mean a soul in civilian clothes--excepting occasionally Shuffle's shadow haunting the den and Virgil's, roaring into Anna Mae's room. Exams reacted on the college girls' gray matter in a wild rush to St. Louis and its numerous attractions.

Loretto College is proud of Marie, Louise Bulto, Rosalia Fehlig and Jeanette Hensgen, its dramatic stars who shone with particular brightness in last Sunday's recital. Marie Lou's dialect sketch, Rosalia's Pat O'Connor, "J" Sunday School here particularly appreciated by the audience, made up of the Sisters, families and friends of the day's heroines and the girls. Congratulations, O ye our future Marlowes and Sarah Bernhardts--and keep up the good work.

As we go to press we are looking forward to a movie--the second one since September. And such a movie! How could "Little Miss Sunshine" be other than full of life, happiness, and sunshine? And is there one among us who would not be urged upward and onward by brief glimpses into the sublime life of Jeanne D'Arc? But why don't these treats come oftener?

CRAMMING

Logic my friends is a science quite clear
Which treats of the noble emotions so dear
While History teaches of passing of bills
Of Washington, Lincoln and cracked Stuart
Mills

And Spanish has mostly to do with the heart
The brain comes in too but it plays a minor
part

The study of English is one cuckooed mess
I've studied it thirty odd years, more or
less.

Now Poetry deals with some rules and co-
signs,

And Ethics is naught but the making of
rhymes

Education is what in our school we acquire
There's a sample of it in the few verses
prior.

Emmy Lou.

By Sunday the Senior Dramatic Class will have lines on their faces, when they would that they were in their heads.

In "Overtones" Katie Liz is said to represent a starving woman. We think this remark should be made in an undertone.

Definition--Education is the control of a less mature mind by a more mature. The Seniors fear that this definition will be reversed when they begin to teach.

After what Sister Louise said we wonder if the word dressing-room is archaic.

Headlines--Rome toddled before it fell-- We know people who fall before they toddle. What about Cleopatra, Lancelot, and the shades of night?

Do we need a Retreat after our Religion grades? Let's wait till we hear about History and then Retreat.

It was all the College girls could do not to answer Here sister, when the litany of the Saints was chanted--Avant vile slave!--

Was it the thrill of a birthday that drove Marcelle from her bocksto a dance?

Wanted a pair of knee protectors! We know some this doesn't affect. Father Conroy told us "Taxation without representation is tyranny"--We believe it!

Bring your broken hearts sore heads and smashed reputations to the St. Louis Rescue Mission (234) We can match them, old dear!

Where was Sr. Cornelia when the lights went out?
Oh! I say, I say.

Katie Liz seems to make an impression, especially on the sky of San Francisco!

We heard that F. Probst is so fond of amber lights she secretes them in strange places.

Literally speaking the Owls heard Jessie had a preference for Milton and can't wait a moment to get her writings.

Well Freshies you've almost made the first hole, put on a little more effort and you'll drive straight ahead.

There is a young lady named Ruth
What I say we know is the truth
For in English class
Into dreams did she pass
But rudely awakened was Ruth.

THE EAST SIDE

Heard

Marjorie; Julie are you coming here next year?

Julie; No, I want to wear my own clothes.

Kathryn; May I borrow your blue dress?

Bonnie; Yes, but why all the formality?

Kathryn; I couldn't find it.

Doris; I'm bothered terribly by rats.

Marg. W.; Why don't you buy some rat biscuits?

Doris; Well, if the beasts can't eat what I do, they can go hungry.

We are just thinking that the College need not be too sure of winning the "big game" as the academy still return their childish habits regarding surprises.

Sister M. Clyde: Ann Carr Whats Positive Criteria?

Ann--I don't know Sister!

Mary Katherine--Could it be that Ann has no friends in this class?

Floyd--Say Susan when are you going to pay me that money?

Susan--I pay by the Kathleen Mavourneen plan.

Floyd--How's that?

Susan--"It may be for years and it may be forever".

Sr. Edwards--Say Virginia why don't you shine your shoes?

Virginia--All the girls around here use brown shoe polish.

Boy: Father what does heirloom mean?

Father: Something that is handed down from father to son.

Boy: That's a funny name to call my pants.

LISTEN!!

Vol. I

February 25, 1921

No. 25

Edited by the Freshmen

THE RETREAT

We have always been told that a religious retreat once in a year is the best thing possible in the way of straightening out our consciences or, as it were, to take an invoice of our deeds and misdeeds. At Loretto College this holy work was accomplished during the latter part of last week and extended from Feb. 16 to Feb. 19. Our retreat master, Rev. Fr. Romler C. M., delivered most interesting and instructive talks during the successive conferences. He gave a learned discourse on what is expected of us and as Catholic young women we should perform these duties and shine as lights of the world. This time of grace was well employed by everyone and it was splendid to see how zealously the girls labored in these trying circumstances. For instance, during the meal hours how very difficult it was for us to keep perfect silence. Yet, in spite of it, we bit out tongues and ate in profound meditation. It cannot be said that this retreat was fruitless for the resolutions which were made have not been recklessly broken but on the contrary they are being carried out with fervor and zeal.

Two more days before the game. They surely are needed, for every little bit helps. Make the best of the time given you, girls, for altho the team has only had two weeks practice, we want to see what you can do. Don't be over-confident. You know from experience what that causes, but be determined to win. Rush in and scare 'em the first play and hold your own.

We hope that Monday night we may record our first victory. But if we are defeated, don't forget to be good losers.

We wish to extend to Ruth Loftus our most sincere sympathy and to assure her that her brother will often be remembered in our prayers.

Have you purchased a Lorettime? If you haven't get one this minute. Support your school journal. This greatest of all advertisers. After you have devoured every syllable contained within the two covers pass it to your friends and enemies. Keep it going.

This number is not as "fat" as it should be or could be. Girls don't let it starve to death now. Fill it with short stories peppy and interesting. Fill it with poetry rhythmic and beautiful. Fill it with essays lengthy and dignified. Start your "rep" going. Make yourself famous through your school magazine.

We cannot bestow sufficient thanks on those whose names appear in this issue. Keep up the good work. Don't weaken!

A. F. F.

Wednesday our "social workers" made their trip to St. Joseph's Settlement to work among the youngsters there. This is a very worthy work, and the girls have entered into it with great zeal. The children are taught dancing, sewing, Catechism, and games, and in between times are told stories by the imaginative members among the workers. They take a great interest in their new instructors and are also very solicitous for them. It was reported that one youngster inquired with great concern if Madeline's veil did not hurt her head, and being assured that it did not, seemed greatly relieved. This work should be continued, for the interest in it today is universal, and besides the good it does, it gives the girls experience and an understanding of existing conditions in the slums.

M. R.

The most exciting event of the week was the fire in the back yard of Loretto College. About four o'clock Wednesday afternoon voices were heard in the corridors shouting fire, fire. Every body made a mad rush for the place of excitement. The fence had caught fire and was being devoured by flames when the fire engine appeared on the scene. After a long and strenuous fight the flames were extinguished.

Owing to the fact that Tuesday was Washington's birthday the girls of Loretto were granted a half-holiday. The annual retreat having been given the latter part of last week and having three days of no school then, we were prevented from having all day Tuesday to ourselves.

In the afternoon Miss Nielson the well known impersonator gave a reading entitled "Abraham Lincoln". Lincoln was one of the greatest statesmen America has produced, and all were anxious to attend and hear it. It was enjoyed by all present, and in the near future, we hope to have Miss Nielson with us again.

That evening Sister Hillary had a surprise for the college girls. It was announced that she had placed a cherry in a biscuit and the one getting that biscuit was to be married within a year. The one who was very lucky in picking the biscuit was Irene.

Round the halls of Loretto girls wandered
Heads bent while deeply they pondered.

'Twas time of Retreat

And was certainly meet

That they think on the graces they'd
squandered.

LOST, FOUND AND WANTED

Found--A source of t. l.'s
--Madelaine.

Wanted--Ideas for short stories
Freshman Class.

Wanted--A heart for Sr. Ann Frances.
Freshmen.

Wanted--A cane--or a pair of roller
skates
Gertie.

Found--A third eyebrow
Ben

Lost--All knowledge of 9th grade al-
gebra.
Math Class.

Finder please return to same and
receive the everlasting gratitude
of S. M. B.

Found--A sudden interest in eye-diseases
Francis.

Found--Signs of coming wisdom by Anna Mae.
Let us hope it reaches the gray
matter supposed to exist in Anna
Mae's head.

Lost--All hope of free days for all time
to come.
Entire College.

In illustration of the existing state
of charity and kindness, etc. resulting from
the retreat, we wish to write here a re-
mark which we overheard, and which is to
be admired for its tact as well as its
charitableness. II

Mary Lou--addressing herself to some
companions: "Girls, I have determined to
be especially nice to those persons whom
I dislike"--turning to Margaret Walsh who
stood near, "It's a lovely day today,
isn't it Margaret?"

The fire engine rang its bell madly
We tore to the street very gladly
"It's only the fence, your excitement
quench."
So we went in the house rather sadly.

Congratulations, Hortense, on your
5th anniversary! We promise to give you
a crocheted dish-pan on your 10th.

There was a young lady whose mania
To play basket-ball drove her insania
She played very well
But alas! she fell
Since then her foot's been in painia.

Hortense, "I am ashamed of you, Madeline.
Do you know that you have not
kept one single resolution that
you made during retreat?"

Madeline, "Now what have I done?"

Hortense, "Why you have already begun
"company keeping."

Basket Ball's sure a fine game
Especially for a fat dame
She was such a goose
She tried to reduce
And so she finds herself lame.

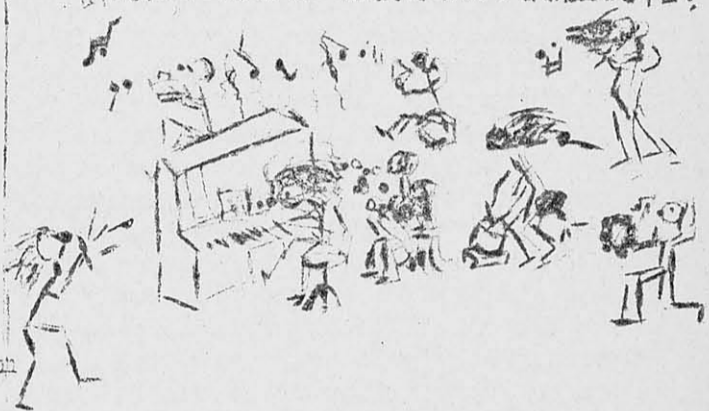
THE EAST SIDE
(Edited by the Grads)

The wonderful "Retreat" given by
Father Remler was unanimously declared by
the Academy girls, to be a great success.
Each and every girl tried to do her "bit"
by keeping a most rigid silence, which
was declared by the Nuns to be most edify-
ing. The fruits of this Retreat let us
hope, were many indeed, but girls! be sure
not to let it be a case of "In one ear and
out the other!"

EXACTLY!

"See the dancing snowflakes"
"Practicing for the snow-ball, I guess!"

Idle Hour Jazz Orchestra--Who'd a knowed it?



Simple Sayings of the Seniors

Helen's definition of wind--"Wind is air
in a hurry."
Marjorie explains:
Gender show's whether a man is mas-
culine feminine or neuter".
Genevieve declares:
"The imperfect tense in French is
used to express a future action in
past time which does not take place at all."
Julie asserts:
Louis XVI was gelatined during the
French Revolution."
Oleta vows:
The people who came to America found
Indian's, but no people."

I shot a note into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where
Alas! I was not long in doubt,
For Sister helped me find out!

Bonnie after receiving a letter, one
day at noon, sat gazing into space.
Audrey, after regarding Bonnie said
"Don't look so serious Bon; it will never
come true. I had such thoughts as that
when I was young."

HOW ROMANTIC:

A time can be remembered when in love
stories, the hero whispered his tale of
love into the heroine's shell-like ear.
Now, while the present style of hair-
dressing is prevalent, this must be
changed. It is more appropriate now to
record thus: "He whispered his secret
into her ear-muff, trusting that at length
it found its way into her ear," or, better
yet: "He murmured sweet words into the
haystack before him."

LISTEN!!

Vol. I

March, 11, 1921.

No. 27.

Edited by the Juniors.

What's the matter with "Listen?"

Recently on Friday morning at breakfast, someone or other remarked--"What's the matter with "Listen?" We do not wonder at the questioners, and with them we ask--"What is the matter with "Listen?" Something is undoubtedly wrong, for it lacks its primitive "pep". It is now a mere mechanical, matter-of-course, weekly edition--a veritable waste of time and energy. At the last moment the editors dash wildly about for four or five lines to fill our three tiny columns. What on earth would we do if the Academy had not so kindly offered to finish our last page for us every week? At first we were swamped with material and had a different task, attempting to select the best articles and funniest jokes. Now we have an equally different task, trying to scrape together any available articles or bromidic flashes of wit. It is impossible to account for the degeneration of our little paper when one stops to consider the literary talents floating around these halls. The weekly editing is no longer a pleasure as it used to be--it is now a mere duty. We print it for the simple reason that everyone expects it, and when our weekly editing is over, we breathe a sigh of relief, and say thankfully--"Well, that's over for a while at least." Editors are reputed to be the "poppiest" bunch of people in any community. That wouldn't say much for the College. We wanted the "Listen", and now it's up to us to make it a real paper--one which we can really look forward to each week with lively interest. After this outburst we will expect great things next Friday morning.

F.M.P.

Owing to the recent wonderful success of our presentations of Shakespeare's dramas a great deal of enthusiasm is being shown in "The Merchant of Venice", which is to be given early in May. There will be two casts, and this competition will aid very much in bringing forward special efforts. It's up to the players to come up to the standard already set, and make these two renditions of "Merchant of Venice" even more spectacular than last year's "Twelfth Night."

Settlement Work.

The College girls engaged in social work have been very faithful in their weekly pilgrimages down to 11th and Cass Aves., and the interest evinced is equally distributed between the "teachers", and their "pupils."

F.M.P.

To quote one member of the faculty--"There are two things which greatly aid in putting a new college 'on the map'; one is athletic success, and the other is social activities. We have the one--our team is making a name for itself--now let's procure the

other by giving a Senior Prom. Every College of any standing, whatsoever, has its annual Senior Prom. One of the main objections which is causing a great deal of agitation is the question of expense. It will, of course, be an expense to give a formal Prom, but every school the end of the term, is always a time of expense. It is one of the things to be expected. And by saving a small sum from allowances each month, I'm sure the financial strain will not be too heavy on anyone. So show your school spirit girls, and let's all pull together in making our first Prom a glorious success. This, the first big Senior class of the College, has shown its loyalty in every turn. Let us show them our admiration and appreciation by whole-heartedly co-operating in this, their Senior Prom. There are, of course, as in any argument, pros and cons, but if considered from an unselfish viewpoint, and with loyalty to Corette uppermost in our minds I am sure the pros will become more evident, and the cons fade from view. Could there be any better argument for the Prom than the fact that the faculty are for it--particularly Mother Edith and Sister Louise.

M.M.

The Academy-Hosmer game was indeed a great success. The team displayed its usual amount of "pep", making a score of 32, Hosmer making but 20 points. We are proud of our Academy. There is none better.

If the Student Board campuses many more students, quite likely the grounds will have to be enlarged.

We've heard of people having "Staf(f)s" in their old age, but never in their youth.

To other they went, they were but five,
(Terysichere, etc.), down the stony drive.
T-tripping along, made a high leap,
Dragged her companion, down in a heap.

Note--This same Terysichere will give dancing lessons to anyone wishing to take, any Thursday between 12:30 and 1. --out on the drive.

The L.W.R. is an excellent example of "It pays to advertise."

If we still continue to contract debts, "The Merchant of Venice" will have to lend money otherwise than in the play.

E.Z.--"Since Solomon called his wife a rose among thorns, and she called him an apple-tree among the trees of the forest, and also a satchet, would it be proper for a young lady to tell her "boy friend", that he is a Marmen among Fards, or her little box of talcum powder?"

Sister Zeno:--"Don't you ever sweep under your bed?"

Ruth Weiler:--"Yes, Sister. It's so much easier than to borrow Jessie's dust-pan."

The height of some people's ambition.

Ernostine-A bridal bouquet.
Katie Liz-To be an animated tooth-pick.
Leone-To compile her own Ethics.
Lillian-To slay about ten people.
Marcelle-To be a basket-ball champion.
Anna Mae-To attract the squirrels.
Thel-To remain sweet and unspoiled.
The second floor-To mob Jessie.

Catherine Skarry said if she ever has a house built, it will be of "red 'Brick.'"

Since Prince had to be muzzled, we think it would be advisable for everyone to arm herself with--a"canoe."

The Continental Congress must have been something like our Student Government--five Federalists and thirty-five Anti's.

Suggestions for Themes.
The House of Intrigue.
My years under the tyrants.
A Justification of secret plotting.
The gentle art of disappearing quickly.
The Control of the Emotions.

?????What is the mystery of the 2nd floor?

It is prophesied that the week preceding the Senior Prom, "Morgan Street" will be thronged with young men, prospective guests.

When the basket-ball girls array themselves in their gaudy yellow middies, and stockings, they will look like "Overgrown Sunflowers" or "Little Mary Sunshines."

"J":*"Thel, can you change a live?"
Thel:--"No, but thank for the compliment."

Anna Mae (in a literary mood) "Don't you just adore Ibsen's stuff Morine?"
Morine--No I much prefer Busy Bee's

Sunday evening Rev. Burke entertained the sisters and girls with an excellent lecture on missionary work in Africa, accompanied by stereoptican views of that country, it's natives and the missionaries who are doing such noble work saving many souls in that wilderness of ignorance and superstition. We all enjoyed Fr. Burke's talk and hope he will visit Loretto soon again.

M. M.

Edited by the Ninth
Grade.

It might be even harder to keep our retreat resolutions, if it were not for the crucifix hanging in our study hall. It is a constant inspiration.

The Ball.

Tuesday, the eighth, we witnessed a hair-raising game of basket-ball between the Yellow and White, and the Green and White. The end of every quarter found Loretto on top, due to the wonderful players, encouraging yells, and above all to the help of the Little Flower. Our cup of joy overflowed when we found the score 32 to 20. We vit you a vote of thanks plus Irene and Ill for your great big "bit" in his 32.

Was the debate on the insanity of the tenth grade or the insanity of Hamlet? If the former we don't see how the negative could possibly have won.

Save your pennies, until you have seven on,
Give a little negro lad a free ride to Heaven.

'Twiixt now and Easter, stop lively Crusaders! let's add two to the two "white boxes" we filled since Ash Wednesday dawned.

Ivanhoe is so full of descriptions that it is beyond us to describe it.

WHO CAN GUESS US?

A car came down the block, bumped into Tom as he was coming out of "K. C." and all that was left was coin, bones and frightened janes.

(Address all answers to Editor)

Modern Interpretations of "Old Proverbs"
They say follow your nose and you'll get there. Procs that apply to persons whose noses turn downward.

They say "A mirror is your flatterer" I wonder what some of us really look like.

Beware!!! of the prison on the third floor, behind the door of the large alcove room.

You could easily tell Marjorie's enemies by the way she acted when the visitor entered the refectory Tuesday.

We are very sorry "Coss" has missed her vocation as we have heard carpenters get good salaries.

Questioner: "Why are the Ninth Grade girls looking well?"

Suggestor: Since they have done away with Julius Caesar, he stopped haunting them during their peaceful slumber.

LISTEN!!

Vol. I

March 18, 1921

No. 28

Edited by the Sophomores

EPIC

To-day is the "Feast of the Seven Dolours", the special feast-day of the Lorettes. Although the day belongs to the Loretto Order we, as Loretto girls, claim a share in its honor. We may not be quite justified in claiming the joy the celebration brings to us. For twelve years some of us have been present at this yearly feast and for all the years to come the hearts of your Loretto girls will be with you on your Feast-Day.

Where there are so many, many girls, it would be impossible to all be O'reillys, O'Mara, or McDonald but yesterday we found that every girl had some "Mac" or "O" in their family tree.

Last Thursday night the Academy expression students gave a delightful recital. The numbers were decidedly well chosen and charmingly rendered. We would like to have another such treat real soon.

Was Hamlet truly mad or not?
Three cheers for those who convinced their opponents that he was not!!!

Yesterday afternoon Mr. White took some group pictures. From the dignified position as real collegians to the ever enthusiastic athletic girls. Indeed we know the middle course must never be overlooked so our cosy corner at Idle Hour will be long remembered through the medium a "marshmallow-roast".

To-morrow the return game will be played at Lenox. Our girls will be at a disadvantage because of the small court and the different rules to be observed. But they've gone in to win so it's up to the rest of us to do our share by cheering.

Monday night Miss Garasche gave the first of the two lectures on "How to Judge a Picture". Miss Garasche treated of the technique of art and the fundamental principles of every good composition. Her second lecture will be devoted to the appreciation of a picture in regard to tone of color and the inspiration of the artist.

We have just found that there is no National Epic for United States of North America. Loretto could not bear that the best country in all the world should be thus slighted, so she seeks to fill the deficiency. It will appear in book form about the fourth of Autumn.

EPIC

or

THE ADVENTURES OF VASCO DE GAMMA

Of Vasco de Gamma oh man of great renown
Who founded Webster Groves and all the
country round
Sing oh peppy Muse for we must give him
praise
And in glad song our College-cultured
voices raise.

Was't not he who begged of haughty
George III
The mighty sum of fifty cents and thus
incurred
A lofty debt. Because he wished to find
new land
And see the Fount of Youth in Webster
Groves so grand

He sailed at two o'clock in Spring of 23
He sighted Webster Groves an island on
the sea
But Georgie thought the beauteous new
land alack
Was only two by four and wished his money
back.

Envoi

He brought the noble Vasco back in iron
chain
It took a heap of research work for this
refrain

Some go to mass for piety
Some for empty praise
Some go to ease their consciences
And some to mend their ways
But we know of a lassie dear
Whose motive is not fair
Cause her sleeping sister cannot claim
Her hairpins for her hair.

Oh what relief our teachers had
When Father Coyne came back
We bordered on the pagan lot
Religion we did sadly lack.

There must be a deep dark secret
A divorce, that no one espied,
For Father at hist'ry ne'er places
Fond uncles by dear "Anti's side".

There is a young lady named "J"
Who hurt her small foot, so they say
It affected her queerly
She thinks she's not merely
A student, but owner-possessor "J".

Students and fellow criminals,
the rules of Loretta have been broken
an awful lot of late. We are sure that
these offenses are not done deliberately.
Either the girls do not think
or they don't know the rules. But they
do think (why the idea) therefore they
must not know the rules. For their advantage
we are publishing a few things
that they are very likely to get can-
passed for and also their penalties.

For killing one teacher there is
confinement for three days on the cam-
pus; for two teachers six days and so
on. For singing after 12:00 P. M. you
get expelled. Three times expelled you
go down on the black book. Three times
on the black book you go home for the
week-end.

For bobbing your hair you lose your
desert every morning at breakfast.

For getting a 'phone call after
eight o'clock you must slide down the
banister four times.

For ditching the lecture, there is
a penalty of a date with your "Nicky"
at Old Orchard.

Emmy Lou

Are marshmallows candy or are they
not? If they are, I will not eat them,
as I eat no candy during Lent. But I will
eat them therefore Marshmallows are not
candy.

We noticed the other day that Peg
O'Mara had lost the Merchant of Venice.
It was awfully careless of Peg and we
hope she is praying to St. Anthony so
he will return in time for the presen-
tation of the play.

"J"--We're looking up jokes.
Marie H.--Well why look so hard at me.

Welcome, sweet spring, we welcome you
back
Of all the blest seasons we think
you 're the quack
You could be some better if you had
in a run
A couple more free days to get shop-
ping done.

We wonder if Ernestine will follow
the example of President Wilson and take
up her future abode close to the one
she inhabited during her term. We'd
suggest some improvements in your con-
duct before you make your final decision,
young lady.

THE EAST SIDE

(Edited by the Tenth Grade.)

The Academy wish Mother, and all the
Sisters, the happiest of feasts!

There is one day in the year, when
everyone is willing to lock their greenest,
and that was yesterday--Erin (and St. Pat-
rick) Go Bragh!

We are anxiously looking forward to
the continuation of Miss Garascho's lec-
ture on art.

Congratulations to Mrs. Sankey on the
success of her pupils. We enjoyed the re-
cital immensely! We were a little sur-
prised Mildred. Margaret, do be careful
with those mustard plasters!

But Freda where is the check!?

We hope the next time Thelma is stung
that everyone will not laugh.

We are glad Ola B's doll got home
safe.

Florence, all information concerning
Aunt Tapitha will be appreciated.

We agree with Alma on her sentiments
towards dear ol' America.

We thank Irene for the lesson, and
consider ourselves well versed in the art
of using a fan.

"The Last of the Light Brigade" have
our sympathy, and might have our contribu-
tion if the "Nigger Babies" did not hold
first place.

Lucille, your piece made us lonesome
for our little brothers.

It is the same old story isn't it
Jean--always "asking Dad"!

M. Dillon--Which end of the street car do
you get off of?

C. Yoch--It does not make any difference,
both ends stop.

Keep smiling, when it is hardest!

Even if you get a box of candy and are
not eating candy--just keep smiling.

Even if you have no Easter bonnet, keep
smiling.

Perhaps the bell in the morning wakes
you rather early, just keep smiling.

Should you not like your long lessons,
keep smiling.

Maybe you are tired these last days of
lent but just keep smiling.

Instead of eating ice-cream, remember
the "Nigger Babies", and keep smiling

Leave your neighbor's character alone,
and just keep smiling.

In temptations to talk in rank, conquer,
and keep smiling.

Never whatever you do excuse your self
for it, admit it, and just keep
smiling

God in the end will reward you if you--
keep smiling.

The sap may rise, and the bird may sing,
And the call of the garden may come in
the spring,

But when our uniforms are rusty,
And our winter coats are bum

That is when we school girls want
spring to come.

English teacher--What outside reading
shall I get you girls first?

Julie--I wish you would get "Kidnap

LISTEN!!

Vol. I

April 8, 1921

No. 29

Edited by the Sophomores

It has been three weeks since the LISTEN!! last made its appearance. During Holy Week we had no school and last Friday, everyone came down to breakfast, with nickel in hand, to be met by the cry of "April Fool". That was, indeed, a practical "April Fool Joke" but we were all disappointed at the non-appearance of our favorite "weekly".

The editors of this issue have racked their brains and torn their hair trying to find suitable material. There doesn't seem to be anything at all doing around here. We are too busy with Shakespeare, French plays and music recitals to think of Society--and besides, we had such a good time Easter, we can afford to rest a bit now. Almost everyone spent the vacation at home--or 'twould be better to say we spent it at Church. But this made us enter with more zest into the merrymaking of the remainder of the holidays until finally, we had to pack up our belongings with regret, and come again to seek for education. We are all looking forward to June and then--three months of glorious freedom.

I believe there has been an editorial written about every topic considered worth while at Loretto but the dramatic department. Why should this particular department be so slighted since it does nearly all the advertising and is the greatest educator in self expression? Every girl needs the self confidence and poise that Mrs. Sankey's course offers. And to those who are interested particularly in "The Merchant of Venice" to be given before the close of school, let's all pull together and put our whole soul into our work so that we'll give a better performance than ever and have another delightful write up in the Theater Magazine.

None of us are troubled by fears of giants any more since receiving the wonderful gift of the magic bean from Dugald Stewart Walker, who delighted the sisters and girls with one of his charming programs of fairy stories Tuesday afternoon March 29. His pleasing personality and youthfulness of spirit made him many admirers at the College. We are all very grateful to Mrs. Sankey who was instrumental in bringing Mr. Walker to Loretto.

On Monday night March 21 Dr. Souvay gave a very interesting lecture on "Palestine". The stereopticon views were very fine and gave us a clear insight into the lives and customs of the times and an appreciation of the architecture not only of the present but also of the past. A vote of thanks is extended to Dr. Souvay with the hope that he will give us a like treat in the near future.

We wish to extend to Father Donovan our most sincere sympathy in the loss of his nephew, whose funeral he attended in Chicago this week.

Monday evening Miss Garascho' entertained the sisters and girls with an excellent lecture on the "Inspiration of the Artist", accompanied by stereopticon views. We all enjoyed it very much, and hope she will visit Loretto soon again.

PERSONALS

Holy Saturday brought with it Miss Margaret Maloy of Kansas City, a former College pupil. Needless to say her many friends were most happy to see her and regretted that her stay with us could not be longer.

Mr. John H. Reddin of Denver paid a visit to the College Wednesday on his way home from Washington, D. C.

Mr. John J. Matthews of Pawhuska, Okla. was here Wednesday--stopping off on his way to Oxford University to see Lillian and Marie. We are very glad that the Matthews family can boast of one studious member.

Mrs. P. E. McShane of Ft. Smith, Ark. spent the week-end with Madeline. They stayed at the Statler and Mad hasn't gotten over it yet.

Mrs. McShane came out to school Tuesday and met the Sisters and the girls--we can't say how very much we enjoyed her visit for we could fill this entire page telling what a perfect darling she is. We all wish that Mad's mother would visit us often.

(Reading the above column, makes us think of the news items in a country paper, such as "Mrs. Hopzibah Turnip-seed came to town yesterday to spend the afternoon with County "Constabulo" Spivins and family.")

!!W PAYS TO ADVERTISE!!

"LISTEN"
Published weekly
5¢ the copy

Girls, don't forget our ad program!!! Boost it all your can and get your ads handed in by Monday morning.

Did you all know that Irene was so proud of being Captain of the Basket-Ball Team that she sent notice of her election to the Ft. Smith "Times"? I guess she expected it to be copied by every paper in the world.

Miss Rosalia Fehlig will give her expression recital on the evening of April 17th. We are all looking forward to it with much pleasure.

THREE GUESSES--WHO IS IT?

She was a little girl about to graduate, handsomely dressed, haughty in manner and possessed a small oval face, of a uniform transparent whiteness, a full but firm mouth, delicate nostrils, and a high brow, surmounted by a rising arch of parting, between smooth locks of silver blond.

The hair was carefully drawn over the ears so that just the tips were exposed. The eyebrows, of the same color as the hair, were perfectly horizontal and firmly penciled; the eyelashes, a bit darker, were long and abundant, nothing was left unfinished.

The eyes have a peculiar beauty beyond that of expression, they look so candid, so gravely loving, save when that accusing scowl, that light sneer passes over them everyone seems to melt away before their glance.

"Were you trying to catch that train, sir?" he asked pompously.

The panting would-be passenger eyed him hatefully for a second before he hissed in reply: "Oh, no, I merely wanted to chase it out of the station."

John asked Frances to buy a turban because the brim of her hat gets in his way--when he tries to look at her.

Borine--"What is the hardest thing about skating when you're learning?"

Mary Reddin--"The ice."

(Mary learned by sad experience.)

We have something worse than small-pox on the second floor:--Gert Wahrer is learning to play the uae. Her playing is bad enough but what makes the matter worse is that she has never learned how to sing.

Bugs, bugs everywhere,
And not a screen in sight
Is the sweet little sentence
Uttered each and every night.

First to enter on the list
Is the Mosquito in its bliss
For when it sings its little song
You'll make an aim 'to hit or miss'.

But when the wapp in all its glory
Sits on your window sill,
'Tis time to stop all work and study,
To perform a 'task to Bill

Then the gnat and moth do laugh
For to get me you'll have to climb
But just you wait you will get your turn
If it will take one hours time.

And as the Rilling goes along
The minutes speedily go by,
Until we hear the fateful bell,
Alas--why this fretful sigh?

As a remembrance to our all day friends
Let us say a word to the fly
The few at first who moant it well
Have multiplied and died.

THE BACK SIDE

All week we have been completely submerged by examinations and we sincerely hope to come up for a breath of air soon.

We were all only to glad to pretend to be "twelve going on thirteen" once more and we enjoyed Mr. Walker's stories very much.

We are to see two dramatic performances this month one at Lorette Academy in St. Louis and one at the Odeon. We are anxiously looking forward to both. We've heard so much about Lafayette's expression class tyat we expect much from "Fads and Fancies" next Saturday.

"Miami"

"Down Amid the Sheltering Palms"

"Irene," "Dear old Pal O' Mine,"

"Marjie", "That old Sweetheart of Mine" of whom you used to say, "I'm not Jealous, I just don't like it thats all," had a "Tumbledown Shack in Athlone" and asked us to visit her "Peggy" and "Avalon" were there too. About one o'clock "The Japanese Sandman" came stealing around, and we all said, "I'd like to go to sleep and wake up in my Mamma's arms". "Irene," When the preacher takes you Mine" "Some pretty Day" we'll have a sweet little nest, somewhere in the west and "Let the Rest of the World Go By".

"Till we meet again" "I'll miss that Mississippi Kiss that Misses me" "Just like a gypsy"

Your Own,

"Sweet Daddy."

Lazelle: Listen to the moaning of the trees

Mildred: Oh! That's only the Juniors coming out of the History Exam.

Bonnie: I wrote Sister a note at the end of my exam saying how much I liked the course.

Virginia: What did she say?

Bonnie: She said I could take it over next year.

Freda: Why have words roots?

Marie K.: Why, to make the language grow of course.

Sister: Where is the highest Cannon Divisor?

Anita: Why, is that thing gone again?

Freda: Did you hear about the explosion at the Webster Post Office yesterday?

Sophomore: No--why--what happened?

Freshman: Two whole sacks of letters went off.

J is for the merry, happy Juniors,

U is for the unity we hold,

N is for the noble things we've done,

I is for the ills that can't be told,

O is for the only group existing,

R is for the righteous girls we are

Put them all together they spell

Junior A word that means the world to

LISTEN!!

Vol. I

April 15, 1921

No. 30

Edited by the Freshmen

ENTERTAINMENT BY THE "UKE CLUB"

IRELAND'S RIGHT TO FREEDOM

In the beginning of the European War the Allies said they were fighting against "the militaristic and tyrannical Central Powers who intended to dominate the world", while England held for her purpose the defense of weak Belgium. England said she could not remain neutral while Germany was breaking an old compact with Belgium but she claimed the right to break her agreement to give Home Rule to Ireland. If England can hold Ireland down and get the protection of France and America for the next thirty years she will be the greatest empire that exists, or ever has existed.

During the past 150 years the commerce and manufacturers of Ireland have been crippled by cruel laws. From 1843 to 1880 millions of people migrated from Ireland owing to the terrible conditions in which they were forced to live. Ireland is the only civilized nation in the world who has not increased her population during the past century.

Now when Ireland is trying to assert her rights she is accused of resorting to violence but did not our forefathers do the same in 1776 when the British Government raised the revenue without America's consent in order to assert her power over the colonies? The "Sinn Feiners" of Ireland's today are the "Sons of Liberty" of America's yesterday!

THE AD PROGRAM

Girls do try and boost the "Ad. Program!" You all know how desirous Sr. Louise is to have Loretto do its share in contributing to the St. Louis U. Campaign. The college has never been a slacker in any of its undertakings so do not let it lose its good reputation now. Dig up your Loretto loyalty and scour the country for the business man's dollars and cents. Insist that "it pays to advertise" in this charming program. Every ad you procure will be a step towards the success of the "St. Louis U. Endowment Fund".

MR. FLEMING'S LECTURE

Not only the Irish, but all of us enjoyed Mr. Fleming last Monday. Mr. Fleming has taken an active part in the disturbances in Ireland, and therefore his knowledge of the situation is perfect. He gave us examples of the heroism of the Irish girls, and also pictured some of the suffering of the country. Although Mr. Fleming was very unassuming and modest, we feel sure that he was an important factor in the arrangement of the escape from Mt. Joy Prison. We hope we may be fortunate enough to have Mr. Fleming with us soon again.

Some of the girls provided an entertainment for the children at the settlement house Wednesday. The main features of the afternoon were Uke songs given by the peppy crowd of Sophomores, who are quiet distinguished in that line. Several Solos and Readings were also given by different girls. We know that the children enjoyed the afternoon to the fullest extent. The girls must have had quiet a bit of fun themselves for they returned very enthusiastic over the youngsters and the work with them.

OUR JAZZ ORCHESTRA

The material in our Jazz Band is most remarkable. Gert Wahrer is the drummer, and she hits that instrument with great vigor regardless of sounds produced. Although our drumming equipment is rather limited, still with the assistance of an aluminum fudge pan, a tin talcum-powder can and an iron radiator, Gertie is able to produce the general effect made by a jazz drummer, namely, noise. A close competitor with Jerry Simon in the line of syncopation is Irene, who is the "thumper" of that noble instrument, the piano. When Irene begins to interpret the latest jazz productions, it takes at least twelve girls to hold down the piano. Added to these we have the famous uke-players, Winnie and Hortense, who play every piece in the same key, regardless of the way it is being played on the piano. From the above description, you can picture, or, we should say, hear very clearly the complete orchestra. The effects produced are remarkable, nay, startling, and, with a little more practice in the manner already hinted at, the orchestra can surely win for itself, if not a world-wide, at least a Webster-wide reputation and become notorious, if not famous.

THE LAMENT OF A STRUGGLING UKE-PLAYER

The authors of the "LISTEN!!" are most heartless to discourage a budding genius. Many insinuating remarks have been made to me about the strains of the uke, but this morning's was the "most unkindest cut of all". It took a great deal of nerve to let my fingers fall over the inviting strings for the first time last Saturday, but by Sunday I became hardened to the black looks I got from--well, from different people. Last Wednesday I thought that a little singing couldn't make it much worse, so I began to chant softly to my accompaniment on the strings. No one said anything, so I thought it was pretty good, and that I had the makings of a wonderful singer and uke-player. So on Friday morning, when I purchased that--paper, I had the expectation of finding an article on my remarkable progress, including a bit of encouragement. But in-

stead I found that heartless statement which has set me back to timidity and cut my very heart. I'll never touch the uke again, even to dust it, and I won't even join in the "Star-Spangled Banner" any more.

A SHAKESPEAREAN ROMANCE

The lovers were "Romeo & Juliet". They first met on "Twelfth Night", and their courtship was like A "Midsummer Night's Dream". When their engagement was announced, "The Tempest" arose, for the bride's father said it was "Much Ado About Nothing". But the mother thought that "All's Well That Ends Well", so the marriage was celebrated. The attendants at the wedding were "Anthony & Cleopatra", and the "Two Gentlemen of Verona" came a long distance to be present. That old bachelor, "The Merchant of Venice", was in the congregation, and when the bride fainted he cried: "Julius, Caesar!" Years afterwards when the bride and groom told the story, they called it "A Comedy of Errors".

Although bread is commonly believed to be "the staff of life", we are afraid it is not the "Staff" of Mad's life.

I noted from the Globe's "Aunt Sarah's Column":
"Arkansas. The man is usually married at the home town of the bride, although it is not illegal to be married some place else. If you get a marriage license in St. Louis and the marriage follows, it is the duty of the officiating minister to see that the license is duly recorded."

Why didn't you tell us, Madeleine?
We knew it was serious, but we didn't think things had gone that far.

WHEN THE DEAD SEA COMES TO LIFE:

Sister Ann Francis will not make the Freshmen write short stories.

Peg O'Mara won't wear red hair nets.
Margaret McDonald will cease to say

"I'm hungry!"

Buck will not lock her door
Irene will attend study-hour.
Marie Haenni's hair will be

dishevelled.

Everista will have long braids.
Marcelle will "flunk".

Madeleine's room will be cleaned before 9 a. m.

Catherine Barthel was heard to put in her application for "The Average Man". You're not alone, Catherine we're all looking for one!

Everista was displaying her knowledge of the Sacred Scripture lectures. She said the part she remembered best was the "Chronicle of Chronicles."

THE EAST SIDE

Thrills! of the season! Gen is going to entertain the Grads with a dance May 28th at the Ferguson Country Club. We're for you strong Gen!!

Please meet our "Valedictorian" Miss Oleta Corley!! Congratulations to you Oleta!

The play Fads and Fancies given by the Seniors of Lafayette, was unanimously declared by "Our girls", to be a most delightful little play indeed. The afternoon proved to be a very enjoyable one, and was certainly appreciated after our hard seige of studying for the exams.

A great change, it seems, has come over the Academy within less than two days. Silence has reigned supreme in all the ranks, and the usual hubub, which accompanies classes through the halls, has ceased entirely. Oh! what can it be? It must be "Our Colleen Club", originated by Sister Agnesetta. It is no wonder that silence is kept in the ranks, for that is one of the rules of the club. The other rule, last but not least, is to arise in the morning for mass. We all know it is hard to stick to these rules to which we solemnly pledged ourselves, but is not the cause a holy and great one. Keep up the good spirit girls, and remember that every little prayer said, does not go unrewarded, and when Ireland comes into her own, we can justly feel that we had a hand in her freedom. May the day soon dawn!

POETIC BITS FROM OUR GENIUS WHO?

She jumps and chirps the live long day,
As happy as a cricket gay,
Her ringing laugh is ever heard,
As tuneful as a singing bird.
Her antique shoes of number two,
Are sulphur color in their hue,
Her hair is colored like golden grain,
Its length she never lets remain.
One day its up in coiffure--great
The next its bobbed--(sh-h-h-h-she has
a dato)

She reaches nearly to my chin,
She is not fat, but very thin.
Her eyes are of a velvet brown,
To match her hair, a golden crown,
She's generous to the very core,
And always gives what you ask her for.
And when you want "a friend in need",
Now guess her one, now guess her all,
She's neither fat nor very tall.

LISTEN!!

Vol. I

April 22, 1920

No. 31

Edited by the Freshmen

PEER GYNT

MISSION FINES

Girls, the mite boxes must be filled!!! Help along the good work by paying the fines. When you break the silence of the halls with your stentorian voice, don't grumble about a little nickle, but pay it.

If your other duties are so pressing that you cannot make your bed just pay your dime with a cheerful face don't pout. If you are not accustomed to misbehave sidestep the rule for once and let the fine collector find you in another's room after eight.

The poor Chinese will certainly appreciate your donations no matter how small they are. Nickles increase to quarters and quarters to dollars, one thousand of which will educate a priest to enlighten the poor Chinese. Many thousand of them are still in darkness as regards the truth and only through the zeal of priests may they reach the true faith. Churches must be built in order that the holy sacrifice of Mass may be celebrated for the new Christians. Five hundred dollars will erect a church where in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass may be celebrated for these new found souls.

Girls awaken your missionary zeal and contribute all you can for this most worthy cause. When you buy a soda put a nickle in the box for the Chinese starving for grace. Don't let Loretto College fall behind in this great movement for uniting souls to the Catholic Church.

THE AD PROGRAM

Girls!! The success of the Merchant of Venice is very important. It means much to the school and it ought to be our pride to make it as successful as possible. Too we want to give St. L. U. a big donation for the Endowment fund. Lafayette has given \$500. We must not fall by the way-side.

The ad program should be the chief source of our financial success; but it isn't going to be unless every girl works for it. The enthusiasm over it so far hasn't been remarkable. In fact very few "ads" have been turned in. We have never made a failure of any thing we have undertaken so far so don't let this be the first. Then our play will be the best thing we have done yet if everybody cooperates. So let's everybody work.

TICKET SALE

Now that the tickets have been issued for "Merchant of Venice" we are expecting great results from their sale. Each girl be generous and dispose of as many as possible. All we need is cooperation and enthusiasm with a little effort on the part of each girl.

You all have studied the literature of other days and other countries; now you have a chance to get a side-light on the music of some of these countries. Peer Gynt, which will be staged Friday afternoon and again Sunday night offers a splendid opportunity for studying the music and pastimes of the Scandinavian people. The dances, the music, the story, the costumes all represent the best that the Scandinavian Countries have produced. Girls, don't miss this chance. Come and bring your friends.

RECITAL A BIG SUCCESS

On Sunday evening April 17th, an appreciative audience of nearly four hundred people heard a recital given by one of the Sophomores. Rosalia displayed extraordinary talent in the presentation of her selection, "Mr. Antonio" by Booth Tarkington.

The College, one and all, extend their congratulations to Rosalia, upon the wonderful success of the evening.

C. Barthel.

A is for Ad--are you doing your best?
D on't be a slacker--keep up with the rest
F at aside every thought but that of success,
R ound up several ads for twelve dollars or less.
O ld friends or new friends, of course they will be
G lad to help us in our work, don't you see.
R arely you'll find such a hard-hearted man
A s will not help Loretto as much as he can.
M ust we read and hear what other schools do,
M eanwhile doing nothing for St. Louis "U."
E very girl must be loyal--it's up to you.

Two motorists en route to Webster Groves rattled their teeth and limbs over the Laclade road which their car navigated at a break-neck four miles an hour. The car swayed drunkenly and creaked and groaned. "Don't they ever get their caves filled?" gasped one of the men as he pulled his ear out of the wind-shield.
"No", grunted the other, "they don't fill anything but the caves in their teeth around here."

Mary R (doubtfully)--"Norine said that her father made his living by his pen."

Madeleine--"That's true--he raises pigs."

Eat nothing but stewed parsnips.
 Drink nothing but cold water.
 Go to bed at 8 every night.
 Get up at 5:30 every morning.
 Don't smoke, drink, shoot "craps".
 Go to Church every morning.
 Read 3 pages of Latin every day.
 Walk 19 miles before breakfast (be sure
 it's not after supper).
 Ride to the end of the Manchester car line
 (both ends) every afternoon, and play ten-
 nis the rest of the P. M.
 Shun public drinking cups (i. e. in the
 lavatory on 2nd floor) and keep out of
 crowded class rooms.
 Now comes the most important instruction
 If you want to live forever DON'T DIE!!

SUPPOSE

We saw Leone shirmying.
 Mad didn't receive a letter from Ray
 Katy Liz acted dignified.
 Evarista was as tall as Mary Lou.
 Buck didn't lock her door every night.
 Gert didn't take a day off every week.
 Marcelle quit studying.
 Pog was bashful.
 Hortense didn't write a letter to the
 "baby".
 All the "Freshies" were on time for study
 hour.
 Ila came to class with an Opera Swirl.
 Mary Reddin didn't know her lessons.
 Ruth Loftus quit sewing.
 Mary Ann quit knitting.
 Rosalia didn't ask questions.
 Mary Burks was crabby.

There is such a thing as School Spirit
 Tho' it seems we can never come near it
 If we try to agree
 There's a fight--so you see
 We must wait, longer still, for School
 Spirit.

SOUND WAVES

The best way "to get" these waves is
 the following: Be very quiet, make your
 mind a perfect blank, (it generally is any
 way). Read on. Suddenly the wave will
 strike you gently on the ear drum and the
 wave is yours.

Congratulations Peg, old dear, you
 must be the closest reproduction of the
 "Colleen" he could find over here.

Maybe we never knew what a pair of
 eyes and a mop of blond waves could do, but
 one of our "Sophs" seems to. Quick work, An-
 na Mae, but don't vamp too many. Just
 leave us one to go 'round--that's all we ask.

'Tis whispered that the first bood re-
 hearsal of the Merchant of Venice came off
 last Tuesday night.

Why didn't the Haennis have enough
 carfare to go home on last week?

Madeleine, when will the orphans' home
 be completed?

Why do we notice so many new dorines?
 They all have a certain frat's emblem on
 them, so we suppose a number of our young
 Collegians "stepped out" to the fraternity
 dance.

LOST: One glass used for the purpose of
 quenching thirst. Return to Gertrude Wahrer
 and receive reward.

THE EAST SIDE

THAT MORNING BELL

If you've ever been a. boarding,
 In a school away from home,
 You've probably heard that dreadful noise,
 Which calls from us a groan.

In the morning when we're sleeping,
 And our minds are free from care,
 This deafening roar comes charging down,
 On us a dreaming there.

No there's really nothing like it,
 With its harsh and clanging knoll,
 Its horrid, rasping, grating, shriek
 That awful morning bell.

When its evil missions finished,
 And all sleep from us is dead,
 Then starts that croaking, squoaking,
 From sixty different beds.

Soon the covers start a rolling,
 To the base-board of the cot,
 And three score girls come creeping out,
 In space--ah! far from hot.

There are groans of pain and anguish,
 As their slippers they pull on.
 The room abounds in mournful sighs,
 As they their wrappers don.

But the time is fast approaching,
 When that bell we'll hear no more,
 With sad regret we'll all look back,
 To school days dear, of yore.

And that morning bell so hated,
 By its victims three full score,
 Shall ring with sobbing, silver, tones
 On hearts with memory tore.

Genevieve Reid.

LISTEN!!

Vol. 1

April, 29, 1920

No. 32.

1921

Edited by the Juniors.

Dear Dramatic Art Class:

We have exactly six more rehearsals until we'll be flitting around the stage before either a delighted or bored audience. It's up to us to positively saturate the audience with delight. And as we've only six more rehearsals, we've got to get busy. After the performances we gave last year, the public will expect something extraordinary. Mrs. Sankey and Mr. McClain are working lots harder than we are. It ought really be the opposite. Mr. Dugald Walker is designing the scenery. That ought to be another incentive. Now that we have the scenery, and the lights, all we need, is to become actors and to do that in a hurry. As Shakespeare says, "The Play's the Thing." Right now the Play ought to be the thing to really absorb our spare time. This sounds unreasonable, but we'll be repaid for our labor in the end. A little more pep and we'll pull through victors.

Two creditable performances were staged by the College musicians last Friday afternoon and Sunday evenings. The costumes added much to the general effect. Because of the novelty of the recital, it proved unusually interesting. The story of Peer Gynt as told so charmingly by Mary Ann Anderson was beautiful and pathetic. The musical and vocal numbers deserve unlimited praise and the orchestra--well it both surprised and delighted everyone.

Rev. C.J. Pernin gave a very instructive and interesting talk on 'Enoch Arden' Thursday afternoon. Enoch Arden, one of Tennyson's best known poems, was analyzed and read by one, who judging from his reading is a poet himself, or at least highly appreciative of poets in general. We extend our gratitude to Father Pernin. We hope he will come soon again.

The Academy Students Recital, Wednesday afternoon, was enjoyed by everyone present. The young ladies who performed, are as we understand, working for diplomas. Their efforts, if they continue will reap for them a harvest on graduation day.

Leave it to the Freshmen--they certainly aren't the "lets sit back and take notice kind." After a quiet little meeting or two, they decided to honor the years Seniors with a dance at Baehmers. The date is set and everything. Yes, leave it to the Freshmen.

A number of the Sophs went down to the Reconstruction Hospital. Thursday afternoon

to entertain invalid soldiers. The same afternoon the rest of the Sophs and Juniors went down to wrestle with the tribe at the settlement house. It is a noble war, but anyone subject to nervous collapses need not volunteer for service. We don't wonder that the foreign nations are forever at war.

Anyone in this building knowing any news (no matter how little) of girls who have attended Loretto schools throughout the year, kindly submit same, as soon as possible to the editor of "Near and Far" with the "Old Girls" department of the Loretto.

Last Monday night, we all got a shock. No, we didn't have squab and champagne for supper, or Jack Picford didn't call Mairan Welsh for a date. Guess Again. The word shock here is used not figuratively, but literally. The shock came out of the sky in the form of lightning, and knocked off a big piece of cement from the corner of the building. Irene, was having her nightly chat over the phone with --was it Tom or Jerry, Irene? and narrowly escaped being burnt alive as a huge blaze of fire shot out of the phone--reminding one of the pre-historic dragons one reads about in the Western Watchman. Oh, it was hectic.

Buck's Busy Days.

There isn't a busier lassie anywhere than little Norinne Buckley. Papa Buckley is trying to benefit his daughter's mind, and has promised her a bright shiny quarter on Xmas morn if she reads two good books before then. When little Norinne isn't training her spicurl or eating bananas, she has her pugnose deep in Aesop's Tales or Alice in Wonderland.

How many adds did you get? How nabt tuejets gave ty sikdM Got to work, girls, the time is getting short.

Madeleine has discovered a "Ray" of light, and no loner needs her "Staf".

Girls, this is the last Junior number of "Listen." Why do all of you look so pleased? We expected weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. So several articles appeared in the same number of papers in the building.

There little Freshie, don't you weep,
Knowledge seen through your brain will creep.

There little Sophomore, don't you cry,
You'll be a Junior by and by.

There little Junior, dry that tear,
You'll get your degree in another year.

Now little Senior, almost through,
Oh, how we wish that we were you.
(Sung to the tune of "Oh, dry those tears.

As we looked through the crystal ball,
We saw our Seniors, one and all.

Katie Liz, when we first spied her,
Was in a circus as a bare-back rider.
Leone, we see in distant France,
Teaching the demoiselles how to dance.
Jessie, always dignified, you know,
Is now training the chorus in a minstrel show.

Ruth Mary Loftus in a uniform fine,
Is now a motorman on the Manchester line.
Ernestine, an ardent member of the Mission
Crusade,

Has gone to Africa to lend her aid.
The crystal is broken, it can't be right,
We'll try another, for this one night.
Yes, there's Ruth in a bungalow,
Who is that with her? Why it must be Joe.
Jessie, with a social service degree,
With her husband is living in Washington D.C.
Ernestine is out in Webster park,
Married and happy as a meadow lark.
Little Leone, demeure and pretty,
Is in the convent--What a pity.
Katie Liz, when I've just spied,
Is a lawyer's? blooming, blushing bride.

Aunt Sarah's Column.

Dear Aunt Sarah:

I am a Junior in College, and am not permitted to leave here on Sundays. My fiance cannot see me at any other time, and as a result, there is nothing to do, but to entertain him in the parlor from one to six. What would you do in a case like that?

A Junior.

Dear Junior:

As you are not permitted to leave on Sundays, I can only say "Let your conscience be your guide."

Dear Aunt Sarah:

I am also a Junior in College, and have been receiving attentions from a certain young man for sometime. Among other gifts he has given me a very beautiful mesh-bag. Do you think that I should keep it?

A Junior.

Dear Junior:

I certainly see no harm in keeping it. If you won't accept it, someone else will.

Aunt Sarah.

The College Baby.

We're sorry for you Ila, our condolence please accept,

You've lost your place among us, a usurper has bereft.

You of your throne and kingdom, Docly Hurley is her name,
She's now the College baby, since she has cut her mane.

No Ila, you may try hard, and use your pret-wiles,

Sleep with your teddy nightly, distribute baby smiles.

But Docley's got you beaten, she's qualified much more,

While you are barely sixteen, she isn't over four.

Edited by the Ninth Grade.

The Ninth Grade wishes to extend hearty congratulations to the members of the Diploma class of '21-'22.

"Who said Loretto didn't have keen talented musicians?" "Keep it up, Mack, we're proud of our young "Prima Donna. We only wish there were more violin solos.

Questioner-"Why did they choose the "Nightingale's Song" for the chorus?"

Ans-"Just look who sang it."

Irene-"Catherine, do you think my voice will fill this hall?"

Cath-"Hum. I think it will empty it."

Just Among The Grads.

Evidently Marg. Yoch must have known two Washingtons-She's getting their "dates mixed."

Could anyone inform Helen Langhmann as to the whereabouts of the last three days of May--I hope they're not wandering around unchaperoned.

Gen. Reid must be practicing new hair adornment for her dance. She has added a new comb to the collection.

Bill-"That 's alright if Latin is the language of heaven, I'll decline "puella" backwards and forwards for St. Peter.

Cess-Goodness sakes, don't talk girls to him, he's got one wife already."

Talk about fickleness--why every time we come to a Latin verb, its in a different mood.

It's easy to laugh at the Listen,
When it tells of the pranks of your class,

It's easy to laugh at the Listen,
When witty remarks it does pass.

But the girl worth while,

Is the girl who will smile,

Even when the Listen isn't funny.

(Now all laugh.)

The party was wonderful the other night, but it would have been still, if only Gin Walsh could have finished her romance.

If lemons go up, there will be no more blonds in the Academy.

The Study Hall will be thronged with girls this afternoon---three guesses why??? We resolve never to talk on the "third floor" again.

Alma entertained a few of her friends Sunday afternoon with a box of various goodies, which were sent to her by her mother, and which were enjoyed greatly by each individual. After the feast the little party went to Kathryn's room, where they had a make-up drama, followed by a comedy. The afternoon was indeed spent delightfully.

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No Ila, you're a gemmer, your death knell gently peal,

And as you're not the baby, don't

LISTEN!!

Vol. I

May 6, 1921

No. 33.

Edited by the Sophomores

As we find ourselves for the last time editors of a Sophomore paper, it seems most opportune to go over our files, sum up a year's journalistic work. We hardly feel safe in stating thus openly our candid opinion, for the editorials published in "Listen" are usually read. This may seem slightly Chestertonian, but one must keep in mind the fact of the compared lengths of "Listen" and a Friday morning breakfast at Lorette. The whole paper, from the first wave of the Collegian rumor to the last breath of the East Side, even the editorial, is read and reread by the time a few of our schoolmates are sending for some more bread. Despite the danger of which we are conscious, and covered with the anonymity of editors we shall speak bravely.

We have written this year quite a few so-called editorials, i. e. dignified articles in which some girl adorned with the title and lofty moral standards of the editor gets up and tells other girls to do something, not to do it, to boast something or not to stand for it. We wrote about school spirit. Were there ever more "friendly" fights than in the past two weeks? May be at the time of the Civil War. We wrote about dramatic art. Never before did we see a play in which some of the actresses' minds were in a state of doubt with regard to Shakespearean lines two weeks before the play. We wrote about "Listen". Well, "Listen" is still alive, but quite a few of our fair school mates could hardly be held responsible for this fact.

These are but a few instances. Hence, given the fact that editing is a job that does not pay any more in nature than it does in cash, we conclude that the death knell of editorial has tolled. This is our latest resolution to be kept as all resolutions usually are.

Looks like the entertainments given by us lower classmen are insufficient to quench the social thirst of our Seniors. They are now entertaining themselves.

A luncheon at the Statler and theater party given by Misses Zavisch and Hurley to compliment the Senior Class was among last week's fashionable events. Tea at the Jefferson and theater party given by Miss Loftus to compliment the Senior Class will be remembered as one of the most delightful affairs of Ascension Thursday.

Takes lots more than you'd think to exert a Senior. After all, you'd do the same, if it were your last chance.

The girls have begun to realize that ten days only separate us from the presentation of "The Merchant of Venice". Everyone is working hard to keep up Lorette dramatic standards. Thanks to Mrs. Sankoy's energetic direction, we have no doubt that the Shakespearean play this year will equal, if not surpass

Twelfth Night, if we only keep up the good work.

The members of the "Listen" staff take pleasure in notifying their readers of the latest improvement made in our collegiate traditions. Our readers will recall Armistice Day as the Senior Pin Day at the College. We are glad to announce that May Day has been chosen as the Senior Ring Day. The ceremony of the bestowing of the rings is performed privately, individually and secretly. It becomes public the following morning when the Seniors adorned with the above mentioned rings come to reap the harvest of congratulations of their lower classmen. The symbolic meaning of the rings is said to vary according to individuals. For further particulars, refer to the poem "In the Usual Way".

One will notice in this paper much talk about the Senior Class--talk not always full of the consideration and respect expected from children when talking to or about their ancestors. But we want to assure them that in the bottom of our hearts there is not hard feeling, not even when the S. A. B. and its arbitrary decisions--campusing and the like--are mentioned. On the contrary, we take the opportunity of our last issue of the "Listen" to tell them how much we will miss them and extend them our wishes for a very very happy after-life.

ADIEU

I don't like so soon to hang up crops
But girls do you realize it's late
'Tis the last chance we'll get to bid
adieu
In "Listen" to our seniors true.

"True" says the censor, "is a hackneyed word"

"Quite so" say we, "but it's absurd
To use another in its place
It's the only fitting word in the case."

For four long years they stuck it out
Lorette's own, they are no doubt,
We love 'em one we love 'em all
We love 'em fat, and short, and tall.

We hope some day, so far away
That when our books aside we lay
We'll be half as missed as they're going
to be

And half as sweet n'everything goo.
Emmy Lou.

Have you heard of that girl Emmy Lou
Have you heard of the things she does do
When she's out with the men
She ne'er thinks of her "pen"
My! Where will you end Emmy Lou?
"j"

We're strong for Perryville
Are we Sophs?
You bet. To it
Our hats we deff.
For look at what
It gave us here
Two keen young things
Each one a dear
They are but only Freshies
It is true
But they are sports
Yoss--through and through.
E. L. B.

J'S JOY RIDE

"We'll enjoy ourselves tonight", said J,
"With two in a coupe, I like it that way,
Plenty of room, n'everything."
So happy was she she began to sing.

But woo! they pass the orphant's home
And seventeen Barnicles out they come
They bring all the neighbors for a ride
And joyfully they climb inside.

Erny Lou

SORTO SEEM FIBBY'S ADVICE TO LOVERS

Dear Miss Fibby

My Nicky wrote me a letter yesterday
and said he was offended because I broke
twenty-five dates with him. Does that
mean anything?

Anxious Marie.

Anxious Marie

Have nothing to do with the young
man, my dear. One so sensitive I fear is
inclined to be jealous. A union with a
man like that will, no doubt end with the
death of one of you as all out-of-date
marriages do.

Dear Miss Sorto

In case you pull a cracked bone be-
fore a bunch, what should you do?

J.

My dear, if they are real sports they will
they will change the dice and let you roll
'em again.

My dear Miss Fibby

P. V. Hawkins, my boy friend, won't
take me to the boat trip, 'cause he has to
attend a frat meeting. Do you think he
loves me?

Peevish Thel.

Undoubtedly, my dear, Remember the immor-
tal words of Horatic Algiers

"I could not love the half so well
Love I not my frat meeting better."

Dearest Fibby

Mac is my ideal. I just adore Mac.
Do you think I would wear out my welcome
if I visited Mac all next summer?

Cassy.

Go ahead, ol' dear, you can stay
at a summer resort as long as you pay
your Hotel Bill.

E. L. B.

Buck--Wouldn't you like to take a nice
long walk?

Marcello--Why I'd love to!

Buck--Well, den't let me detain you.

THE EAST SIDE

Edited by the Tenth Grade

TEMPUS FIGUR

Only four more weeks and the glo-
rious end will be here. It is up to us
to use the remaining time to the very
best of our advantage and success will
have to come to each and everyone of us
in our examinations. We can not disap-
point our teachers, who have worked so
untiringly with us. To work, girls, for
all the pleasures that will come into
our vacation will be appreciated accord-
ing to our efforts. Now! Let "work" be
our motto for the remaining days so the
school will be absolutely void of all
"flunkers".

Looks are often deceiving--Katio-Liz--
although we do not like pumping people,
we are for you hard and long.

Can you imagine anything more ludi-
crous than Margaret Yoch taking the part
of L'Allegro or Bonnie McKee taking the
part of Il Penseroso?

Scene--Refectory. Lorotto Collogo.

Grad's table.

Time--6:30 P. M.

Julie--Somehow this hash reminds me of
love

Helen--How's that?

Julie--One must have confidence to enjoy it

Poor Susan is in love. The two
o'clock period is the only bright spot in
the day for her. Never mind Sue, Marcella
is a mighty sweet girl.

Now that the eighth grade girls are
stepping out to dances, we begin to feel
like we ought to be Seniors in Collogo
or something older.

Marjorie you should take Sister's
etiquette instructions to heart "Never
refuse soup".

Marie, with the smile that wins,
told Ruth the girl, with the looks of
the class, that Freda the girl of great
height said that Gen the class poetess
is to give a dance and that f llows could
come and wear straw hats and also that
the Knights of Columbus were not to play
here on the 7th. We thank you!

Why did Lillian register ~~thrilled~~
and raptures yesterday at noon upon re-
ceiving a telegram? The telegram was not
from Webster, either, you got to guess
again. It was all the way from Pawhuska,
Okla., and announced the arrival of a
baby neph w. Now wouldn't you be thrilled
too?

Catherine--Ermostino, do you snore in
your sleep?

Ermostino--I never snore at any other
time.

Edited by the Sophomores

"SOPHOMORE WILL"

In another week exams will be with us--just seven more days of grace and think of all the work that has to be crowded into them. We have been reflecting on the ways of human nature when tried by examinations--frenzied days and nights of incessant efforts to cram a year's work into a few hours. And oh! the good resolutions we make then and the laments that we had not been studying faithfully. We think: "next year I will devote all my time to my lessons" but next year comes and we go about idling our time and the end of the term finds us in the same plight. Let us hope that this year we have, at least, done our best and that when week after next comes, we can meet our examinations bravely and get thru everyone of them with howling success.

June is near at hand and means to us the closing of school and departure for home to spend the summer. We may think we are carefree with no more studies or duties to occupy our minds but there is a task to which each and everyone of us must apply ourselves with unceasing zeal--that is: advertising "Loretto". We all know what a wonderful place our school is, how happy we have been this year, how much we have improved mentally, physically and morally. Then, why not give others the advantages that we have? Let them know what a fine school Loretto is and how we all love it. There are surely "prospectives" in your hometown and all they need is a little talking to, some pictures painted in glowing words, and the assurance that they'll never get homesick here. Are any of us ever lonesome? Why, no, the crowd is too congenial. Tell everybody that and let's all try to bring back at least one girl in September. If we will band ourselves together in this movement, we will please the Sisters, make a name for our school and spread the "Loretto" idea over all the world. Now, don't forget: this summer means a campaign for the largest Freshman class we've ever had.

The Freshmen entertained in honor of the Seniors last Monday night with an informal dance at Boehmer's. The affair was keen, from all accounts; and the "necessary element" was there in great numbers. Much of it was vamped by our demure little Freshmen; Ila has already started a correspondence; Nora seems to be talking incessantly about "Henry" and Kathryn Skarxy--well, we couldn't print her romance of Monday night--we know it would be censored.

All things have their day and cease to be--thus, wisely reason we Sophs (after a year's logic course)--and accordingly, let us draw up our last will and testament, being careful to follow the dictates of legal proceedings.

Our estate is neither large nor wealthy; rather is it little and loud, but the possession of said estate is hereby given with all due gravity, sanity, sovereignty and harmony.

To the coming President, we will the dignity of bearing and the sarcasm of speech which our President possesses.

To the Vice-President, who will come next September, we will the dangerous position of correcting the President hoping that she will fill the office as ably as did our Vice-President.

To the future Secretary, we will the ability of our talented Secretary who has now to be ex-ed and who was always overworked. To the coming Treasurer, we will the uncollected dues which our most capable Treasurer failed to turn into the class coffers.

To the next Historian we will all the unpublished deeds of our wicked past, which our present Historian thought unfit to divulge to the public.

To the "Class Ensemble" we will all the honors of Sophomoreship; likewise, the many privileges (???) attached thereto, trusting that we shall have a greater share of said privileges when we have attained Junior heights.

Lastly, we will the happy memories of all our good times, hoping that the Sophs of '22 will enjoy even more of such memories and that next September there will be found on the College threshold, a great big four-leaf clover for the Class of '22.

This will, on the thirteenth day of May, 1921, is duly drawn up, sealed and witnessed.

(Signed) Sophomores of '21.

We, The Sophomore Class, wish to say a word of farewell to the Seniors and ask them never to forget the many happy hours we have all spent at Loretto. We wish also, to thank the Seniors for their kind interest in us and for the many things they have done for us this year. They will be sincerely missed by all of us for they have been, indeed, true and loyal friends of Loretto. We hope that, by their many accomplishments, they will fulfill the fondest hopes of our esteemed Faculty. Here's every good wish for the happiness and success of our dear Seniors

in whatever field their future endeavors may be.

To-day we're making lots of noise,
And no one seems to scold,
'Cause this is someone's birthday--whose?
Why, "Listen's" two years old.

"THE ROMANCE OF AN AUTOMOBILE"

A tiny, little--you know--
"Nif-naw"--I think she's called--
Went out to take a "bees wings",
A tree before her falled,

I seen her grab her "doo-flop"
And rush to "fore and aft"
Oh, "thig-a-ma-jig" please help me
This "twa-twa" 'll drive me daft.

Grabbing her "what-you-may-call-it"
I fell on the "thig-a-ma-jig"
She thanked me most pronouncly,
Then danced a little jig.

The moral of this poem
I think I made quite clear:
"Never accept water
"When near a glass of beer."

HINTS FOR THOSE CONTEMPLATING HOUSE-KEEPING

1. There are several ways of using baked ham. One of the best is to eat it.
2. Honey may be used for sweetening almost anything but a traffic cop.
3. Macaroni should not be cooked too long. About ten inches is right.
4. Never put poison in your husband's soup. Let him have a good dinner, first, then dope the dessert.

Harry came into the office to-day,
said his dog was lost and asked us to run
an ad in the "Listen". When he got back
home, he found the dog already returned,
and tied up. The dog probably heard that
the ad would run in "Listen" and knew he
might as well surrender, one time as
another.

Norine just "can't wait" to get back
to her "dear, little Red-Neck Sweetheart"
in La Monte. She was so thrilled when
Father Conroy mentioned him in history the
other day.

Mrs. Newlywed (to the butcher over the
phone)--"Send me a pound of porterhouse
steak".
Butcher--"And what else, please?"
Mrs. N.--"~~And~~ some gravy, too."

Why has Ernestine taken such a sudden
interest in Spanish? We heard he doesn't
speak English at all.

This issue is the last public appear-
ance this year for the Sophomores. (Every-
one register "sorrow"). We admit that the
"Listen" for our week has not always been
a shining light and a source of inspira-
tion and learning. But we hope that you
have all derived some little good from it.
So Good-bye until September, 1921!!!!

THE EAST SIDE

A big black cat's morose meow
For months disturbed my rest;
Each night at twelve a song she'd sing--
My lonely midnight guest.

But one bright night I missed her wail,
Her plaintive wail was still;
I could not sleep for no black cat
Sat on my window sill.

But back she came next night to sing
As loud as e'er before,
And then again she failed to come--
In turn I failed to snore.

And now she's here, and now she's gone,
Again she'll reappear
And when she's gone I lie awake
The same as when she's here.

I wish she'd go away for good,
Or else decide to stay
But not go on uncertainly
And turn my locks to gray.

Suppose you would chance to meet a
poor young country girl with: Freda's
height, Audrey's pluto look, Blanche
Murphy's hair, Marcelle's figure, Bonnie's
legs, Marjorie's feet and Louise's winter
uniform?!! What am it?

Marjorie and Bonnie walking down the street.
Sign: "Manchester 10 miles".
Bon: "I hope he caught her!"

Bells are the unmitigating enemies
of sleep.

Spring fever is the student's syn-
onym for laziness.

Lazelle at the Ten Cent Store: Please give
me one of those mouse traps, and hurry be-
cause I have to catch a car."

Singing Teacher: "Will you please sing
this in the Key of C?"
Grade: "We are sea sick."

Lost: One sunny spring day, somewhere out
doors, my energy and ambition, an effervescing
mixture labeled "Pep". Reward for
their speedy return: Phone: A desperate
student.

Floyd (starting to city): Well, I must be
off.
Catherine: I always thought that.

Marjorie: "Oh Ruth, don't sit on that
chair behind you because I took it away."

Everybody be good and don't make any
slips for a few weeks, because everybody
wants that dance over at Idle Hour, don't
they? There's going to be a "peppy" jazz
orchestra, too.

LISTEN!!

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THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

"The Merchant of Venice" by William Shakespeare was enacted by the pupils of Loretto College dramatic art class on the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth days of May in the auditorium of the college.

Indeed this production was worthy of all the praise and glory it received. Not a trace of amateur work could be found. It raised still higher the standard of Loretto College dramatics.

The play was a credit to those who made it possible. Nothing was overlooked or delayed; nothing from the shifting of the scenes to the orchestral accompaniment.

I will take this opportunity to express the gratitude felt by all, to our stately Portia and noble Bassanio, to our miserly Shylock, our bashful Gobbo and all of the others about whom I could write volumes. Most of our gratitude should go to those behind the scenes, to those without whose aid "The Merchant of Venice" would never have made its public appearance at Loretto. Those deserving special mention are Mrs. Sankey, under whose direction the play was produced, Sister Marie Anthony, the famous hair-dresser and general assistant, Messrs. McClain, Walker and French, who turned our bare stage into a moonlit garden where roses grew in abundance and the trees cast gentle shadows.

But I cannot go on forever so I beg the pardon of anyone who has seemingly been slighted and hope that next year's production will not fall below the standard.

MAY DAY

As yesterday was May Day at Loretto, the academy girls entertained with figure marching and dancing. The most beautiful number on the program was the May-pole dance, in which the school colors, gold and white, were displayed. After the performance delicious refreshments of ice cream and strawberries were sold to the visitors.

EXAMS!

"Let well enough alone", so say all of us about exams. The topics for the lecture examinations have been assigned by the professors and as we are all satisfied as to their "easiness" we will let you finish this paragraph.

For the proper way to track down and give gifts apply to the Seniors.

The Seniors are of the opinion that arbitration and compromise are wonderful things.

TO THE SENIORS

O, Seniors dear, whom we have learned to love,

Can it be true that soon you'll part from here?

Or has some dreadful fancy from above Possessed us with this ever increasing fear?

It cannot be that you who have made bright

Loretto's halls with laughter and with smiles,

Will say good-bye within a scarce fortnight,

To enter the great school of Life-- whose trials

Are hard and many--but whate'er may be The lot predestined for you--no one knows,

We feel that in Life's Harvest you will see

The best; because one reapeth as he sows

The president of our College, Rev. Mother Edith, was absent for a few days on a visit to Kansas City. We are glad she returned to us, for it doesn't seem "like home" without her here.

Catherine O'Reilly and Leone Garvey will entertain the Seniors with a luncheon at Hotel Jefferson followed by a box party at the Orpheum on Saturday, May 21st. The Seniors are looking forward to a very enjoyable time.

Jeannette Hensgen is to give her recital on Sunday May 22nd. She has chosen as her subject "How Could You Jean", written especially for Mary Pickford by Elenor Hoyt Brainard. Long before Jeannette came to Saint Louis, Loretto College had heard of her dramatic ability, and we are looking forward with pleasure to her recital.

Mary Louise Bulte will give her recital next Wednesday evening. Mary Louise, who is very talented in dramatics, has selected "The Fortune Hunter" as the instrument through which her dramatic talent will be displayed.

The girls are all delighted to hear that Sister Decorose will be the guest of the College within the next week.

Irene Cahill, one of our former students, has returned to Saint Louis after a protracted stay in Denver.

Catherine McCabe and Katherine McLane will arrive at the College sometime within the next week to help their former classmates graduate.

1. Have you ever been guilty of initiating the Freshmen; making them sing, do the elephant's walk, and in many other ways making fools of themselves?
2. Did you ever destroy the Freshmen's first awed reverence for the regulations by visiting their rooms after eight o'clock?
3. Did you ever demand obedience from a Freshman, and take away her last vestige of dignity by making her clean your room, mend your clothes, shine your shoes, etc.?
4. Have you ever led a trusting Freshman up to the fourth floor, and left her there?
5. Have you ever told a very young Freshman to put her clothes out in the hall for inspection, and laughed at her when she did it?
6. Have you ever deliberately and with malicious intent disturbed the orderly arrangement of a Freshman's boudoir?
7. Did you ever go to a dance and leave the little Freshmen home alone?
8. Did you ever purposely disarrange the den, so the Freshmen would have to clean it?
9. Did you ever have a feed in a Freshman's room, and leave the mess for her to clean up?
10. Did you ever borrow a Freshie's veil, so she couldn't go to church in the morning?
11. Did you ever practice your uke until a late hour, and keep the little Freshmen awake?
12. Did you ever borrow a Freshman's soap and keep on borrowing it until in self-protection she was forced to stop buying any?
13. Did you ever laugh at a Freshman's execution of the "Highland Fling", just because you didn't have to take "gym"?
14. Did you ever disturb the Freshman's study-hour?
15. Did you ever put corn in a Freshman's bed?
16. Did you ever tell the Freshmen that the Archbishop would quiz them in Logic?
17. Did you ever tell a Freshman that she had to wear a white dress with a blue sash when she was received into the Sodality?
18. Did you ever grow tired of going to 12th & Cass, and shove off this duty on a Freshman?
19. Did you ever blame the Freshmen for everything that happens?

You should now be fully prepared to give an account of your sins, and ask forgiveness, which the Freshmen freely bestow upon

Fellow students, the end is nigh, and it is now our duty to bid farewell to our kind teachers and tender to them our heartfelt thanks. When we think of how earnestly they have striven to lead us onward toward the flowery paths of virtue and knowledge, we realize that words are weak and fruitless and therefore we will simply say "God bless them". And for each and every one of you, we hope this will be "Au Revoir" but not "Adieu".

A RECKONING OF THE FUTURE

I had a little dream last night
'Twas a dream so fair
I was living in the future
And all the grads were there.

The first I spy is Marg. Yoch
But alas! what a shock!
A singing, dancing mimicing light
She is a Chorus girl, blithe.

But, who is this, a milk-maid shy,
Methinks would claim my eye
Surely, this must be a fake
But no, 'tis Gen Reid--no mistake.

Lo! the noise draws near
'Tis the Salvation Army I fear
And in their ranks I, plainly, see
Helen and Julie waving to me.

Marjorie so gay and free
An undertaker's wife is she
Who sits in the parlor all day, long
To the corpse she sings her song.

Freda, is this you I see
Oh! how I grieve for thee!
For you were never made to be
An'orgen-grinder's monkey.

O Ruth, so gifted!
You, from off your perch are lifted
Into the wash-tub your dreams have faded
Alas! fate has you ill-mated.

Oleta, so bright
Who e'er in knowledge was a shining
light,
Alas! how my heart aches for you
As so dexterously, you shine my shoe.

Marie, with your pleasant smile
So, really worth your while
I never thought, you I'd meet
Selling bananas on the street.

The "M of V" certainly was good.
Two evening performances, and a matinee
surely do sound like the real thing.
But then the acting was like the real
thing too. There was nothing amateur
about it.

With gas and tears,
I'll say "Adieu" to the "Liston,"
Our dear old friend
Upon which we spent
Many hours of toil and ambition
The year of nine-teen, twenty-one
Was made that east-side full of fun,
But now, this joy is ended.
Adieu, dear Liston, Adieu,
Next year we'll wait for you,
With fondest welcome, due.