Education, the Modern Miracle

Mom and Pop have great faith in education; they put their shackleS together, buy Sis some striped luggage, a sweater and skirt, anklets and send her off to college. Sis is going to be educated, what's more she's going to be refined.—You know; learn a poem or two, play the scales, maybe read a book (although we mustn't put our aim too high), and learn to give Grandma her chair when the room is full of Sis' friends and Granny starts to collapse. Education, the modern miracle.

Just before the train is ready to take Sis on her crusade for culture, Mom, Pop, and Sis have a few parting sentiments.

"Going to miss us, Sis?" asks Pop with a sort of choking sound in his voice.
"Yeah, I sort of hate to blow the old firetrap, Pop," breathes Sis tenderly.
"Remember, darling, to take advantage of your opportunities. This is the best time of your life," says Mom in a motherly tone.
"I know, Mom. That noise is old stuff."
"All aboard!" shouts the conductor.
"Guess I gotta scram," says Sis. She kisses Mom, then Pop and rushes onto the train. Two old women are knocked off the platform, a white-bearded man from the train-steps, then Sis is on the train. And Sis is on her way. She's going to be educated!

Along about Thanksgiving time Mom and Pop begin to get nervous; a new Sis is coming home, a refined and cultured Sis: Mom cleans the house; Pop dusts off the family buggy.
"Remember, dear, to leave your coat on at meals now that Sis is coming home," says Mom to Pop.
"Yes, our daughter is returning from college for the holidays," says Mom in a sophisticated manner to Mrs. Worth Knotting, president of the Elevated Snoots Club. Mom is really inwardly quaking at the idea of entertaining a newly refined Sis.

Finally the day of Sis's homecoming arrives. By this time Mom and Pop both have a good case of jitters. Will she approve of them, now that she's been educated? Leaning on each other for support, they await the train.
"O-O-O-O-O-O-O", shouts the train, (this is a stream-lined train) and Sis's train has arrived.

On tip-toe Mom and Pop strain to see their little cultured angel.

Continued on page 170.
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(continued from page 165)

"Mom! Pop!" comes a shout from the train. An old man falls off the train steps. Two old women are knocked from the platform. It's Sis.
Sis, striped bags in hand, wearing a sweater and skirt, anklets, and saddle shoes, with the same unsharpened pencil, has arrived!
"It's good to see you again, dear," says Pop in a trembling tone.
"That mug of yours isn't so hard on my eyes either, chum," says Sis.
"I'm so glad you're home for a while, darling," says Mom.
"Yeah, the old firetrap's going to look O. K. Come on, let's blow; I smell smoke. Take my bags Pop, and we'll scurry for the shanty," shouts Sis to anyone in Union Station who wants to listen.

Pop looks at Mom with a strange expression. Mom is too bewildered to speak; then she assumes all her matronly dignity.
"Don't you understand, darling? Take Sis' bags. Let's blow." And blithely she smiles.

After all, education is a wonderful thing, the modern miracle.

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