etailed statement of tuition paid by her father, the late Mr. W. P. Gibbs, dated September 7, 1857, which Miss Gibbs has preserved. This was signed by Rev. A. V. C. Schenck as President of "Lindenwood Female College." Sibley Hall had been built by means of $8,000 which Mrs. Sibley had collected in a tour through the East among friends of herself and her husband, and when this new hall was completed, Rev. Mr. Schenck was elected President. Long before that, Mrs. Sibley had built what they called the "long hall," a curious frame structure of winding passages, and steps down and up.

"They always declared it was haunted," said Miss Gibbs, "and none of us liked to go through those corridors in the dark." It has since been torn down.

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STUDIES TAUGHT IN 1857

The received document spoken of is in finely printed Spencerian script on the elegant watered linen stationery of that day. "Miss Delia Anna Gibbs," as she is recorded at the tender age of 8, was credited with tuition for "the first half of the first year, preparatory department," and also with fees for "tuition on piano and use of instrument." Only the piano practice (besides her regular studies) was asked of the little girl, but a finely fashioned list of studies on this blank form gave, among other possible accomplishments at Lindenwood, the "guitar," "drawing," "painting in water colors," "painting in oil colors," "embroidery," "ancient languages," and "modern languages." All of these were over and above the regular course of studies.

Miss Gibbs continued until January, 1854, Dr. J. R. Barbour being then President, when Lindenwood had to close its doors because of the war. She was a sophomore then, with eight in her class.

The college closing meant the end of her school days.

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REMEMBERS MRS. SIBLEY

Miss Gibbs' recollections of Mrs. Sibley are piquant and entertaining. She regarded Mrs. Sibley as a woman of a very fine mind, devoted to her duty. For twenty years or more, Maj. Sibley was an invalid, and although he was constantly attended by his manservant, Mrs. Sibley was invariably punctilious in caring for every detail that might bring him comfort. During all those long years, he was obliged to take only liquid food, and that through a silver tube. His wife was always at hand to see that this silver tube was perfectly sanitary, and that his food was just right.

Like most people of that day, Mrs. Sibley loved a good table. There was a delightful custom in St. Charles of "elders' dinners"—that is, the Presbyterian elders each, from time to time, gave a dinner in his own home, to which the pastor and the elders were invited. Mrs. Sibley, with all her attention to the college and to outdoor affairs, was never lacking in her role as hostess. When the "elders' dinner" came to the Sibley home she used a very large dining room, at one end of which was Maj. Sibley's bed, curtained all around with fresh white hangings. The Major was usually able to come to the table and talk to the guests, although he could not share in the substantial viands. Mrs. Sibley would carve the turkey, or direct its carving, and she and her husband would carry out their generous hospitality, although he had to be satisfied with his silver tube and the soup or gruel prescribed for him.

"She was one of the most generous women I've ever known," said Miss Gibbs.

(To be continued in the Bulletin)
Missouri Apples and Beaten Biscuit

MEMORIES OF MARY EASTON SIBLEY'S WORDS AND WAYS

(Continued from November Bulletin)

Miss Delia Gibbs of 5259 Northland avenue, St. Louis, was interviewed concerning Maj. and Mrs. George C. Sibley for the November number of the Bulletin. The conclusion of her reminiscences was held until the present number. Miss Gibbs had much to say of the generosity of Mrs. Sibley in "big things," concerning which she "never seemed to count money at all. She poured out all she had for the church and the college benevolences."

HER SIXTIETH BIRTHDAY

Mrs. Sibley and the Major lived about a mile and a half from St. Charles. Travel was no inconvenience to her, however, as she loved a good horse, and Miss Gibbs remembers the stories of how Mrs. Sibley as a bride rode on horseback from Washington, D. C., to St. Louis, under military escort. When Maj. Sibley was ill, he would urge her to drive out and enjoy herself, even though he could not accompany her. This he did, on her sixtieth birthday.

"My mother and I had gone out calling," said Miss Gibbs, telling the story, "as it was a warm, pleasant afternoon. Returning, we found our cook fluttering around for a great dinner. She had killed and dressed several young chickens, and was pounding away at her 'beaten biscuit,' which the excellent negro cooks of that day usually began to 'beat' at 3 o'clock in the afternoon if they wanted a 6 or 7 o'clock dinner.

"'Why such excitement' asked my mother. The cook explained that in our absence Mrs. Sibley had called. The cook had told her that we were out calling and would soon return, and had asked her to stay, but Mrs. Sibley replied: 'No, I won't stop now, but I'll come back. This is my sixtieth birthday, and I'm out having a good time. I'll come back for dinner. Tell your mistress, and I want you to be sure to have broiled chicken and beaten biscuit.'

"'So I just natchelly has to have 'em,' commented the cook, to which my mother heartily agreed. I'll never forget how Mrs. Sibley was dressed on that day. She was always original in her ideas of costuming. She wore a satin-striped white dimity, cut low to the shoulders, and with sleeves short above the elbow. Over this was a long blue cape.

THE MISSOURI APPLE

"Mrs. Sibley was proud of our Missouri apples. One time when my father,
who was a woolen manufacturer, was going on a trip East, Mrs. Sibley entrusted him with a package for her sister, Mrs. Barclay, who lived in New York. In the center was a very large Missouri apple, the motive of the package. Of course Mrs. Barclay was abundantly able to buy anything she needed, but the thrifty Mrs. Sibley had wrapped the apple round with large pieces of silk, ripped and pressed from an old dress, so that her sister might use the silk for a ‘quilt,’ such as ladies made in those days.”

Miss Gibbs has preserved from her first year in school a poem written out by hand “For Delia,” by her Lindenwood teacher, Miss Anna Bailey. The little girl recited it at an exhibition. The old Methodist Church was used for such affairs, and the students marched to the platform by means of a stage plank stretched from the window of Mr. Tom Cunningham’s house to a window of the church. Thus a dramatic entrance was achieved. This was little Delia’s poem:

We are the flowers, the fair human flowers,
Blooming in beauty everywhere.
Bright as the rainbow after showers,
And as free from sorrow and care.

We are the flowers that gladden the earth,
That bloom in cottage and hall,
The garlands that deck the social hearth,
The jewels most precious of all.

The flowers that ope to the morning’s ray,
And gladden the shades of even,
That bless the homes of the pilgrims of earth,
And “of such is the kingdom of Heaven.”

The frosts of unkindness should never descend,
And blight the rich fragrance of love,
But gentleness ever our steps should attend,
Till we bloom in the Garden above.

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Lindenwood’s International Relations Club has received a challenge to debate with Washington University. This Club takes the chapel services on Mondays at the college.

Dinner to Faculty

Home Economics students, under their teachers’ direction, went through with the most ambitious undertaking they have yet attempted, in preparing and serving a dinner for 100, Tuesday evening, December 16, just before the Christmas vacation, at which President and Mrs. John Lincoln Roemer were hosts. The guests were members of the faculty and others affiliated with the college.

The Christmas decorations were no less attractive than the food, greens and crimson candles bestowing the merry spirit of the hour. Calories were perfectly accounted for, and a finely balanced menu was presented, consisting of roast chicken, sweet potatoes, cranberries, asparagus, hot rolls, condiments, a “Christmas Frost” salad, holly pudding and coffee. Just “how they did it,” so that all the hundred were served at once, and everything was hot that should be hot, and cold that should be cold, was one of the mysteries known only to Miss Stewart and Miss Meacham.

With President Roemer presiding, there were toasts: “The Fireplace,” by Miss Mary C. Olson; “The Yule Log,” Dr. R. S. Calder; “Holly Berries,” Mr. C. A. Blocher, and “Mistletoe,” Miss Floy Winks. Miss Cora Edwards gave music numbers.

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Miss Irene Friedman, 1917-19, has entered the theatrical world. She writes from New York City, where she and her mother are making their home, that “last season she was in John Barrymore’s Company of Hamlet, and the season before with The Theatre Guild, and now will be in Henry Miller’s new play, which opened early in December.” Her professional name is “Irene Freeman.”