

The STEPHENS STANDARD

Volume
One

The Easter Number

Number
Four

Easter Song of Mary Magdalene*

By WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

*My heart is a-throb with a song for you,
Out here where the skies are wide.
For oh! now I know that you live anew
For oh! that your promise is true. is true.
My charnelled soul has arisen, too—
My soul that I thought had died.*

*For you who uncovered my leaden heart,
Fining its dross and alloy,
For you who smiled at my shameless art,
For you who bade all my devils depart—
Oh, you—you are here and my pulses start,
Dancing in new-found joy!*

*I met you. I hear you with mine own ears,
Whom mine own eyes could see;
Then what do I care now for death or years
And why should I reckon with dread or fears—
But oh, that my soul could melt in tears,
For you have come back to me!*

*To me—even me—first of all you came!
(And ah, but the earth is fair!)
And oh, but there burneth a sheer white flame,
Cleansing my heart's red chalice of shame!—
My heart that shall shrine ever one hear name,
For you—you—you are there!*

*So let me sing where the skies are blue,
Here where the white petals fall.
Oh, let me dance all my joy for you!
For you have arisen—my dream is true,
And Master, my soul has arisen, too,
Out of its hateful thrall.*

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REORGANIZATION OF THE STAFF

THIS SEMESTER the detailed work involved in the publication of *The Standard* will be done by those members of the Advanced Composition Class who are interested in journalism. They will constitute the Central Board of Editors. Those who were on the staff the first semester and who are not enrolled in Advanced Composition will continue in their positions as associate editors. Ruth Ohmer, who resigned as editor of *The Standard* on account of her duties as editor-in-chief of the annual, has been requested by unanimous vote of the staff to act as advisory editor for the remainder of the year.

The Stephens Standard

Stephens Faculty Votes to Eliminate Grades

Under new system credit will be awarded on basis of work actually accomplished. Consistent daily preparation is emphasized. No "cuts" are allowed and no failures are possible.

THE Faculty of Stephens College has decided to abolish grades. This apparently revolutionary movement is wholly in keeping with the generally accepted fact that grades create a wrong attitude of minds on the part of students and keep the attention focused on artificial rather than real values of education.

President Wood, in cooperation with the Faculty, has developed a technique whereby grades may be totally dispensed with and credit awarded on the basis of work actually accomplished.

HOW IT WORKS.

In operation the system permits no class "cuts" without an official excuse. Since a student must attend class once a week for eighteen weeks to receive one hour's college credit, each recitation period should be equivalent to one-eighteenth of an hour's credit. For every unexcused "cut," therefore, a student loses one-eighteenth of an hour. The teacher may also award a "cut" for non-preparation, but in such cases the student may make her work up without loss of credit if she has a valid excuse. The decision as to whether or not the excuse is satisfactory is left to the teacher as well as the method by which the make-up work is to be done. A Faculty regulation will determine the length of time which students will be allowed for such make-up work.

Pertinent Points

"Knowledge for the sake of knowledge—not for the sake of grades."

"Every lesson every day—not a panic twice a year."

"Grades are artificial—knowledge is real."

"Very few people will know what grades you made in school; but you can't conceal your education—or your lack of it."

"Knowledge is power—a grade is an opinion."

In practice the new system is causing the importance of consistent daily preparation to loom much larger in the minds of the students and it almost entirely eliminates the "cutting" of classes just for the fun of it. One girl said, "I study more in a week now than I used to study in a month." Another remarked, "No more cutting for me—I need that credit." If these attitudes are fairly representative, they furnish sufficient evidence

of the wholesome influence of the new system.

"The fact that there will be no failure does not mean that the standards will be lowered," said President Wood. "While it is impossible for a girl to *fail* under the new plan, it is also impossible for her to get *full credit* without doing *all* the work in a *satisfactory* manner. The system is built upon the principle of proportionate recompense. If a student does half the work of a prescribed course, she will receive one half the normal credit, whereas under the conventional grading system she would receive no reward for what she had accomplished—and an 'F' would be placed opposite her name on the records."

While a great deal is left to the judgment of the teacher under the new plan, the same objection applies to the practice of giving grades. As one teacher pointed out in discussing the subject, "It has been proved that different teachers will give

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New Sorority Policy Is Adopted

Opportunity of membership to be extended to greater number of girls. High standards of school citizenship to be required.

New plan affords more democratic privileges.

THE question of sororities in a junior college has for many years been the source of much discussion. Many schools have enacted anti-sorority ruling and abolished the sororities rather than face the problem of necessary regulation. Because of the unusual growth of Stephens in the last few years, sororities have become a big problem to those who direct the policy of the college. That there was good in the purely social organization was plain to those who studied the question.

The Faculty committee, which President Wood appointed to consider the question, recognized the benefits that come from a distinctively social group such as the sorority and desired to extend those benefits to as many students as wished to take advantage of them. It was quite evident that, with the enrollment of the College over 500, not all those qualified for membership in a fraternal organization could have the opportunity of belonging, since there were only three such organizations in school. The committee, working with representatives from the existing sororities

and with Mrs. Wood, who has studied various phases of the problem in Eastern colleges for women, devised the new plan.

Under this plan any girl in Stephens College who so desires may become a member of some sorority provided she measures up to the standard in scholarship and school citizenship. Each sorority must have not fewer than thirty active members in the chapter. New groups, having Greek letter names, will be formed as the need for them develops.

A new system of bidding has been worked out whereby every girl who is eligible and who wishes to belong to a sorority will have an opportunity. Membership, however, is always contingent upon certain requirements in scholarship and school citizenship.

Advocates of the new system do not claim perfection for it, but it certainly does eliminate some of the more offensive evils of the question and it affords a more democratic distribution of privileges.

The Three-fold Aim

By Jessie L. Burrall

THE aim of religious education in Stephens is three-fold. First, we hope to provide such an atmosphere in the college that the religious life of each student may develop normally and easily, that the spiritual qualities of life may shine out in each character, bringing to the individual joy, peace, and happiness which will react in intelligent, loving service to the world.

The second aim is to provide such courses in Bible, Teacher Training, and other kindred subjects as will give to each student the practical knowledge and experience which she will need and use in her own home church. That is, we want to give back to each community girls trained in Christian leadership who will be efficient Sunday School teachers, organizers of study classes, and leaders in young people's work.

In the third place, we want to give those girls who have definitely decided upon a special line of Christian service the training and inspiration that will set them free to be the best possible workers in their chosen fields.

As "workers together with Him," let us gladly take up the great task, knowing that the joy of the Lord is our strength.

Well, Well, Well!---And Keep Well!

The Y. W. C. A. urges greater attention to health. "Girls are so abundantly blessed with good health that they do not realize the danger of losing it."

Inventory of individual health habits will be made.

"GOOD HEALTH" is the Y. W. slogan for March.

In launching its health campaign the Y. W. hopes to arouse a greater interest in the subject of health and to encourage the kind of activities that lead to a vigorous physical development.

"Every girl in college has at least a passive interest in good health, but she is so abundantly blessed with it that she does not realize the danger of losing it," said Rhea Statton, president of the Association. "We hope to change that passive interest into an active observance of health rules and to engage the co-operation of every girl in school in the promotion of the physical welfare of the students—both individually and collectively."

The school will be divided into groups, each group competing against the others. At the close of the campaign the group maintaining the highest record will receive a prize. The girls

will make an inventory of their individual health habits, including bathing, diet, sleep, exercise, etc.

Here is the health card that will be given to each girl:

Believing that health is of vital importance as a means of making life rich and joyous to the individual and valuable constructively to society, I hereby affirm my purpose:

1. *To acquaint myself with the facts which are necessary to healthful living.*
2. *To carry out in diet, dress, and exercise, the fundamental principles of health.*
3. *To help set standards for my community in the things that make for health.*
4. *To take part in community movements which aim to provide and secure the full use of opportunities for healthful living, such as gymnasium, swimming pools, outdoor sports, athletic clubs, playgrounds, recreation fields, better food, etc.*

A Quiet Campaign Against Noise

Plans for crusade are made at student conference. Voice modulation to be stressed as an element of refinement. "Noise is misdirected energy," say student officers. Faculty co-operation is expected.

"OLD MAN NOISE has outstayed his welcome in Stephens College."

That was the decision reached at a recent conference of some of the student officers and leaders. As a result of the conference, plans are being made to ostracize O. M. N. The plans will take the form of an organized campaign—or *crusade*—with manager, assistant manager, and all the machinery necessary to the success of the campaign.

It has been suggested that the proper presentation of the subject of voice modulation as an element of refinement would be valuable if it could be given before the whole student body in mass meeting. "A loud and raucous voice," said Dr. Charters in discussing the subject of voice-training for Stephens students, "never adds to the charm of personality—but it is a quality which is usually subject to correction."

Posters will "scream" from the bulletin boards (but that is a kind of noise which does not offend the ear) urging Quiet—with emphasis on the Q.T.

"Noise at the wrong time is misdirected energy," said one of the student officers. "If that energy could be used in athletics and other student activities, the problem would be solved and each student would experience a finer and more thorough development."

The Faculty is expected to lend active support to the campaign. Many of the members have already stated their desire to help.

"Most girls in Missouri," said Louise Dudley, "are born with beautiful voices; but some 'achieve' bad voices at school; others have bad voices 'thrust upon them' by trying to compete with five hundred other girls in conversational fortissimo."

The Hi Beta Steppo Pledge Night

Pledges are pestered by pine paddles and pearly pills. Spooks pursue the would-be pills and produce peculiar perpendicular palpitations in the proximity of the spine.

IF you were in the crowd waiting outside the doors at the rear of the gymnasium on that weird night of February 7, you, too, felt that spirit of unrest and foreboding that belongs to a would-be Pill. Every few minutes those mystic doors were opened and four of your companions were admitted to you knew not what. Finally, your turn came. Trembling, you stepped forward—and heard the door to the mortal world closed softly but firmly behind you.

Then you faced your doom. A host of white-robed figures rushed at you with paddles and persuaded you to quicken your pace not a little until you reached that leather-covered box which the agile ones vault over in gym. Over this you were encouraged to bend double after the fashion of a sheet on the clothes line. Before you, on her elevated throne, sat the Most High Pill in her dignity and pomp. She read to you a long list of directions to do direful things, such as “to lay your finger on the naked eye of a dying

guinea-pig.” The cold shivers which naturally accompanied such an idea were accelerated in their race over your spinal column by light touches of cold, clammy things which were carried by the ghostly beings behind you.

But all things must eventually come to an end—and the Ordeal of Shivers was no exception. You straightened up from your jack-knife position with a sigh of relief—only to face another horror! On one side of you a box of little pink pills was held out by a long white arm, and on the other side a second ghostly arm offered you a glass of water. Obediently, but with a weak feeling inside, you took a pill or two from the box and a gulp from the glass and found (the Lord strengthen your bodily control) that the water was lukewarm! Then, at the last, you signed your name in the big book alongside the names of your comrades and breathed a sigh of satisfaction. And why not?—for you were a sure-enough Hi Beta pledge.

“All About Tractors”

A Story by Ruth Clapper

WITH my whole body and soul, I had always wanted a tractor. Poor deluded creature! I made the mistake of thinking that a tractor was made to help the farmer with his plowing, his sowing, and his harvesting. That is what the young man, who sold the tractor to me, said. He showed me a big book of pictures of his tractors. There was one picture of a very happy man upon his tractor. He was just starting to the fields. His wife was standing in the doorway watching him off, and he was waving a cheering farewell to her. I could not keep from picturing myself upon that tractor, and Marjorie standing in the doorway, watching me with pride, as I drove off to the fields. That picture did the business. The more I thought about it, the more I wished to be the man upon that tractor, waving goodbye to my wife. So I ordered a tractor, and in a few days the young man brought it out from town to me. He showed me exactly how it was worked. It really looked to be very easy and

simple, for that tractor ran along just like an obedient child.

The following day dawned clear and bright, and I was up before dawn studying a little book called “All About Tractors,” which the young man had thoughtfully left for me.

At last the time came to begin work. I strode out where the harmless looking thing was standing. Trying to assume an air of knowing all about such a piece of machinery, I examined the gasoline tank to see if it was filled—needless thing to do, for the young man had filled it just before he left. I looked toward the house. Yes, there was Marjorie standing in the doorway, Just as I had anticipated! Now to start out! I set the gas lever just where the young man told me to, pulled down the spark a little bit and went around to the side and cranked. It did not start. I cranked some more. Still it remained impassive. I remembered that the little book said,

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The Stephens Standard

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Address all communications to *The Stephens Standard*, Stephens Junior College, Columbia, Missouri.

Mountain Tops

NOTE: The editors are substituting the following impromptu exercise submitted in an English composition class for the usual Easter editorial. When the significance of Easter is properly understood, it becomes one of the spiritual peaks, or mountain tops, of our religious life.

DID you ever stand on the summit of a mountain and feel your shoulders straighten and your head lift involuntarily, as your whole being thrills to the view that is presented? At our feet lie the pearl gray and rose-tinted chifons of the diaphanous cloud-scarfs. All the bristling pines are changed into charming bits of chiaroscuro by the magical caresses of the gray mists. Those elusive and ever-changing clouds are our magic carpets on whose billowy surfaces we journey into all the strange places of our dreams.

Then a sudden rift in the mist reveals the valley at our feet. Like children startled from their fairy-dreams, we rub our eyes and wonder how we could have forgotten the valley; of course there *must* be a valley, a valley whose very shadows insistently lure us back to service. So, carrying with us new ideals and inspiration, we descend the mountain trail that leads into the old familiar paths of duty—for, after all, the road to the land "where dreams come true" lies through the valley.

An Appreciation

AS leader of vespers Miss Dudley has tried to teach several hundred girls that a few minutes of worship is a small tithe for the joy of living. Last year the thought "I have to go to vespers" was not always pleasant. But it is significant that the senior of to-day thinks of the vespers of yesterday as of something sacred. They think of the sweet hush, the joyous song, the common prayer, and more than all—their leader; her patience, inspiration, and sincerity. The warm welcome and reception which we give our new leader, Miss Burrall, is no less cordial because of the deep devotion and gratitude, which we feel for our friend, teacher, and former vesper-leader, Miss Dudley.

A Syllogism

A quiet, well-modulated voice is one of the charms of a real lady.

Stephens College girls are real ladies.

Therefore, they have quiet, well-modulated voices.

If this is true, how shall we classify Susan and Mary?

Mary is in her room on the *third* floor near the *south* end of Main Hall. Susan is in her room near the *center* stairway on *second*. The following conversation is distinctly heard in the parlors on *first*, in spite of the general noises incident to normal dormitory life.

MARY—*Susan!* Su-u s a an!! O Su-u-u-u-ue!

SUSAN—Wha-a-at!

MARY—Are you goin' to town with me? We can go to the sho-o-ow!

SUSAN—Naw! I have to practice ba-asket ba-all!

MARY—Lord-ee! You don't! C'mon an' go-o-o!

Who, is going to cure us of this loud-talking malady? No one person can do it. It is a co-operative task. Each girl must be responsible for her own voice—she must use it in a quiet, ladylike way.

Don't be one end of a Mary-Susan combination.

A quiet, well-modulated voice is one of the charms of a real lady.

Stephens College girls are real ladies.

Therefore, the noise crusade is bound to succeed.

NOISE does not rhyme with GIRLS. Think what it DOES rhyme with—and then DON'T!

Anent the Grading System

WHY don't we sweep under our beds? We have often pondered long and seriously over that seemingly shallow question as we coaxingly urged along her morning course, our friend the mop. The reason must be that "it doesn't show." Perhaps this is the explanation for the fact that there are so many rooms immaculately tidy and spotlessly clean—from the viewpoint of the door. We college girls are forced to admit that one of our failings is to do only those duties which bring the approval of others.

Years ago when we started with our little primers along that long, difficult road in pursuit of knowledge, we worked a bit harder or strove to travel a mile further to win a headmark from teacher or to carry home to mother an arithmetic paper marked 100. During those years of grade school life, we worked courageously to "get out" of our examinations; in high school we spent every effort in competition for the coveted E's and S's.

We smile now as we think over our school days and wonder if we were really working for the knowledge or if we were merely striving for empty rewards. We were children then, but now we are college girls. Can we not now do our duties just for the pleasure and satisfaction that comes from work well done and not for the praise of others? Can we not read good books for the joy of reading and not for the points they count in English? Can we not do deeds of kindness for the happiness they bring our own hearts and not for the commendation of others? Can we not pursue knowledge for the sake of knowledge and not for the sake of grades?

"Yes," we concluded, as we pushed our mop into the furthest recess under the bed, "whether any one else be aware of it or not, we shall have the satisfaction of knowing that we have swept under our bed."

Meetings Worth While

STEPHENS College has one organization which tries to be a real Big Sister to every girl. This organization is the Y. W. C. A. The cabinet is trying in every way to make the work which it undertakes meet the need of the Stephens girl.

The devotional meeting of the Y. W. C. A. is held on Thursday evening. Each topic for discussion which is brought before the girls contains something which will make the daily life of a girl mean more to herself, her school, and

her friends. We want the standards on this campus to be high, not only to win for Stephens a high reputation, but also to insure the mental, social, physical, and spiritual development of each girl. Our Y. W. C. A. is striving to aid every student to build four-square. The devotional meetings are to make us stronger spiritually. Girls who are missing the meetings are missing something very much worth while in their college life.

Stephens, a College

MANY universities in various parts of the country are advising students to take the first two years of their college work in a good junior college. Stephens College, standing almost in the shadow of the University of Missouri, offers to young women the opportunity of two years of college work on a par with that offered by any university in the country. But there are some people, who have not had the opportunity of viewing the work at Stephens at close range, who persist in believing that the word "college" is a modern euphemism for the old-fashioned "female seminary." They are not aware of the fact that fewer than five per cent of the students at Stephens are subcollegiates.

As President Wood has repeatedly said, "Stephens is a Junior College for young women—not a female seminary." There is a difference. And the students of Stephens desire to be known as college students—not as "boarding school girls."

Let's Have Action

"DO noble things—not dream them all day long" was the advice of Kingsley to his young friend.

For a long time we have been dreaming—and talking in our sleep about what we are going to do about this, that, or the other problem in connection with student life and activities. Dreams are wonderful things—but if they are to come true we must do more than simply tell them before breakfast.

Let's put quiet into quiet hour; let's put "pep" into athletics; let's put honor into the honor system; let's put life into school organizations; let's put general assemblies on the school calendar. We have all had a good time talking about these things. NOW LET'S DO THEM!

Is it going to be necessary to apply the selective draft law to seniors in order to get a basket ball team?

Student Viewpoints

There are so many really wonderful things that happen in the spring! All life yawns out of its winter nap. Spring is indeed a resurrection time. And yet we sometimes spoil the spirit of this wonderful season by jealousy of our neighbor's new hat. Why can't we forget all our petty prejudices and dislikes and revel in the joy of "just being alive?" Every new spring flower should be to us a revelation of God and a symbol of His everlasting love.

—Floy Klein.

Courtesy is so valuable an asset that no one should lightly neglect it. It is so precious a possession that the rich eagerly seek to acquire it; and it is so easily possessed that the poorest can obtain it.

Courtesy is love for others expressed in little deeds of kindness. It is that magic possession which makes us pleasant companions and agreeable neighbors. It is a small and unobtrusive thing—yet it will lighten labor, cheer a tired heart, and brighten a dull day. What is this magic courtesy? It is reverence for age graciously expressed; it is respect for others adequately shown; it is deference for friends unobtrusively made known. True, innate courtesy comes from the ability to appreciate the best in character. "Courtesy is the eye which overlooks a friend's broken gateway and sees the rose that blossoms in his garden."

—Effie Ferril.

Do you think the new bakery is a success? If you are in doubt please step into the dining room about 1:00 p. m., almost any day. You will see the girls' eyes grow bright with a happier smile when they walk into the dining room,—for there on the table is a plate of hot rolls, cream puffs, or cinnamon rolls. Especially are these appreciated by the girls at lunch time. But who wouldn't appreciate such hot dainties after spending five long hours in the class room?

Then for dinner come those delicious pies all brown and crisp, just out of the oven. Or perhaps it is only small cakes—but they make the fruit just about fifty percent better.

We wonder who ever first thought of Stephens having a bakery all its own. Whoever you may be let us all thank you heartily and may you have the privilege of enjoying the "goodies" from this new bakery of ours.

—Blanche McComas.

The subject "Opportunities for Girls" has been talked on, lectured on, until we sigh at the very mention of it. But in spite of this fact I am going to venture one more word about the appreciation of our opportunities. Often parents make great sacrifices to send their children to school and in many instances instead of appreciating this, and doing all they can to make themselves worthy of the sacrifices, girls accept them as a matter of course and waste their time instead of trying to improve it. Do you ever think of the many girls the country over that long for the same opportunities you have? Let us think not only of getting fun out of life but also of getting something bigger and deeper.

—Nadine Pace.

Our study hours are a small part of the day. Yet we could more often call them the visiting hours rather than study hours. How much more we could accomplish if we would really concentrate upon our work at the time set apart for it! As we study the lives of men who have done great things, we learn that they used not only their hours but their minutes as well. Too, we have noticed people who seem to have time for all phases of school life. They not only know their daily lessons but they take active part in athletics and all good social amusements. It is because they have a time for study and a time for recreation and they make their time count by using every moment.

—Viola Talbot.

A University man said several weeks ago that Stephens College was known by its noise and that if one lost his way he could always be guided by the noise from our campus and halls. In the future I think it would be wise to compel travelers and University men to carry a compass to find their way rather than guide them by "Stephens noise."

—Helen Dillenbeck.

It is true that some of us have been Methodists and Presbyterians ever since we have been old enough to go to Sunday School, but why not go and hear Miss Burrall teach a regular Sunday School lesson in Stephens College Auditorium Sunday morning at 9:30?

Although Miss Burrall has not been with us long, there isn't one of us who does not love her and who isn't interested in the religious work she is doing and is going to continue to do for Stephens College.

—Evelyn Burke.

To think of an evening study hour seems simple enough. One may imagine a quiet room with everything in place and two girls seated by the table quietly studying—so interested in their lessons that they do not talk about the phone call which they just received or their Saturday night date. But all this imagination is a mere waste of mental energy, for in a very few rooms is the evening spent in quiet study. In the first place, a girl's room is usually crowded with visitors—especially if she lives on a main hall. They all come in to talk things over. And the girls who pass down the halls on their way to the library laugh and talk without the least suspicion that anyone could think of study.

—Margaret Bigelow.

Did you ever go to class without preparation? Then you know the utter misery of such an hour. Every time a question was asked, you trembled for fear your ignorance would be revealed—and your reputation was saved only by chance.

To-day I came to school with all my assignments prepared to the best of my ability. And I have such an easy feeling!—such a confident and carefree attitude. Really, this is the worth-while method. One or two days like this will convince you—if you are one of those who are tempted to “let things slide.”

—Mary Alice Westcott.

The author of the song

*In those dear old college days,
In those happy, carefree days*

did not attend Stephens College. Or if she did, it was in those long, long ago days before the Faculty decided that the students either passed or flunked.

Since the beginning of the new semester, some of the girls have been heard to remark, “I’ve studied more this one week than I did all last semester.” That statement certainly ought to be encouraging to the Faculty. “Work before play” is the lesson the new system teaches.

—Ruth Sanders.

There isn’t a girl in Stephens at the present time who wouldn’t like to be a duck. Of course we know that it would take considerable practice to learn to swim and dive well enough to make the Duck Club. But now is the best chance to get in. There are only three regular Ducks in school and they want company in the pool.

—Marjorie Hostetter.

Students think they are too busy studying to engage in student activities—but they are really too busy thinking about studying. If all the idle minutes spent in talking about how much one has to do were spent in learning a new school song or practicing a part for an entertainment at assembly, Stephens would have all the “pep” that anybody could desire.

—Ruth Forster.

Sometimes it is hard to go to our rooms after vesper services and study when it would be so much nicer to go visiting. By why should we not learn to play at play time and forget our work, and work at work time and forget our play? If we make good use of the study hour, we shall soon lose all fear of going to class without our lessons, and we can jump into bed when the light bell rings pleased with our success of the evening.

Then, as an afterthought: “I wonder if ——” —But perhaps it isn’t fair to reveal the things about which we wonder—after the lights go out.

—Mildred Shingledecker.

The lack of enthusiasm for athletics is not due to lack of effort on the part of the school. It is up to the girls to make athletics a vital part of their school life. You girls that talk about the lack of interest in athletics, get out and start something! If you are not athletic, take your place with the rooters and support your team. Get the “go-to-it” spirit!

—Floy Terry.

Faculty Eliminates Grades

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widely different grades to the same paper. Why? Because different teachers set different standards—and because the awarding of a grade is so often influenced by indigestion and bad weather.”

AN EDUCATIONAL EXPERIMENT.

President Wood explained that the Faculty had adopted the plan as an educational experiment and that it reserved the right to discontinue the new system at any time if the best interests of the college seemed to demand it.

Everybody will want

A STEPHENSOPHIA

Start saving for your 1921 Annual

Folk Music

By Olivia Noel

DID you ever notice a tiny pink wild rose climbing along the banks and over the fences of a country roadside? How lovely is this little uncivilized child of mother nature, how sweet in its simplicity, how pure in its freedom from the touch of human hands!

No one has planted this dainty rose or knows whence it comes. No one sees that its seed are preserved for time hereafter or cares whether it lives or perishes. Placed side by side with its civilized sister, the handsome hot-house rose, the wild rose seems very small and frail. Yet who can say which is the more beautiful, the one in its sincerity and spontaneity or the other in its acquired perfection and grandeur?

Long ago, there grew up among mankind a song. It was a song that came from no one knew where,—a song that seemed to spring out of the very heart of humanity as the wild rose springs from the heart of mother nature. It was a song written by no composer. Indeed, it might be called the product of a race rather than of an individual. It was a song as uninfluenced by conscious art as are the songs of birds. Preserved in no written form, it lived from generation to generation as does the wild rose which blossoms each summer along the country lanes. Beside its more artistic and more perfectly developed sister, art-music, this song seems unpretentious and crude. Yet it contains the spirit of humanity; it is the sincere, deep, and elemental expression of a people, perhaps not as finished as the art-song, but it is even more truly the living voice of the race. This song is the folk-song.

Folk-songs are the true expression of nationality. A nation's music is bound up, heart and soul, with its racial characteristics. The songs of different peoples are as varied as are customs, dress, and languages. Produced spontaneously by the common masses they are the unconscious, unstudied expression of the ideals and emotions of the race.

How fascinating and individual are the songs of the Scandinavians! As we hear a Norwegian folk-song we seem to breathe the invigorating air of high mountains and rugged northern coasts; we feel the gloom of deep, sombre forests, the severity of long winters, the wildness of fjords. We are carried back in the realm of fancy to the days when the old Norse Scalds used to sing their mythical stories and epic legends to the accompaniment of the harp.

Even more beautiful are the folk-songs of the

Slavs. Listen to the minor strains of a Russian melody. Though it is sometimes energetic and boisterous, reflecting the wild freedom of the Slavonic race, yet it has always an underlying theme of sadness, expressing the sentiment of an oppressed, long-suffering peasant people longing for freedom. The songs of the Bohemians and Hungarians are of a weird, minor, and sometimes oriental strain, portraying all the picturesqueness of a gypsy race.

America has as yet produced no national music. The only American folk-songs are those of the negro and the Indian. We are quite familiar with the songs of the negro which express all the loves, joys, and sorrows peculiar to that race. The old plantation melodies with their wealth of simple sentiment and their plaintive minor effects are of enduring beauty. The still primitive folk-songs of the Indians embody all the savage wildness of our early American natives and offer a world of suggestion for composers.

It is quite natural that our cosmopolitan country with its peoples from every race should have no definite type of folk-song. We are still too young a nation and too varied in population to produce music typically American. Yet we believe that some day our great mother country may give birth to a true folk-song which shall embody all the best emotions and ideals of its many peoples. The melting pot of humanity may become the melting pot of music, resulting in the production of an American folk-song more beautiful than that of any other country, because it shall be dominated by American ideals and shall contain the strength, beauty, and culture of its component nationalities.

It is upon the individual folk music of each country that art-music has been built. Wherever there are beautiful folk-melodies, composers have arisen who have made these simple, unstudied expressions of a race into the wonderful productions of art-music. Real art-music cannot exist unless it contains the spirit of folk-music.

The gorgeous hot-house flower, evolved through domestic culture into various exquisite forms, must possess all the natural delicacy of color and sweetness of odor of its wild-flower sister—the secret of its real beauty.

"All About Tractors"

(continued from page 50)

"If it doesn't start immediately, give it more gasoline." So I did, and cranked some more. It still remained perfectly quiet. I looked around cautiously. Yes, there was Marjorie still watching me from the doorway. Did I imagine I

saw a smile flicker across her face?

I viciously jerked on more gas, and cranked again. Glory! The thing began to roar and tremble like some huge monster, which was impatient to be upon its way. I cast a triumphant glance at Marjorie, and joyfully climbed to my seat. I lifted my hand to wave a gallant farewell, and just as I did so, the engine began to choke. I jerked on the lever that was handiest, but evidently that wasn't what was needed. The choking changed to sputtering, the sputtering died away with long drawn out sighs, and all was silent again.

I climbed down and walked slowly around my new tractor. It looked exactly as it did when the young man ran it. What could be the matter?

Suddenly, I thought of "All About Tractors." That ought to help me. As I went into the house to get it, Marjorie remarked dryly, "You had better go harness the horses if you want to finish that plowing to-day."

"Just like a woman!" I thought, as I bit my lip harder than necessary.

"Oh, it is just a little cold," I remarked, striving to sound calm. I remembered having heard the young man say that it would be hard to start on chilly mornings. But suddenly, I recalled that it was at least 86 degrees above, in the shade, that morning.

"Oh, what difference would it make to a woman anyway!" I muttered angrily, as I fished out "All About Tractors."

The first thing that attracted my attention in the book, was the following: "Always keep the radiator filled with clear, cold water."

Thrusting "All About Tractors" into my pocket, I hastened back and, breathlessly unscrewing the radiator cap, I peered anxiously into the big empty mouth. Just as I had expected! It was as dry as the Sahara desert. I journeyed back to the house, grabbed a bucket, and turned my footsteps toward the well.

After I had filled the radiator to overflowing, and had spent fifteen minutes searching for the cap, I screwed the cap carefully on and grabbed the crank. I cranked until I was tired; I cranked until I sweated; I cranked until I swore.

Finally, just as I was ready to give up in despair, the monster woke up. How it did roar! My spirits were revived instantly, and I joyfully climbed up to my seat once more. I regulated the levers as the young man had told me and firmly grasped the wheel.

What happened? I suddenly began to move at a great rate of speed—but backward! I hastily

grabbed the brake, but before I could stop the thing, I heard a terrible noise in the rear. It sounded as if the entire machine were being torn asunder. I finally stopped the "obedient child" and gingerly climbed down. I looked all around it, but could find nothing outwardly wrong. I descended to my hands and knees, and peered underneath. With a sinking heart, I saw what had happened. There lay the remains of Marjorie's new wash tub. I glanced toward the house, but Marjorie was nowhere in sight. With much labor and a little talking, I managed to extricate the remains, and sneaked behind the wellhouse with them.

But to return to my tractor. Luck was with me this time, for the thing was still roaring and throbbing. Profiting by my last experience, I did not rely upon the young man's word, but took out "All About Tractors." I was beginning to feel attached to "All About Tractors" and relied upon it really more than I did upon the young man. I set the gears just the way they were in the pictures and the tractor moved forward.

Suddenly, the wellhouse loomed like a great mountain before me. I yelled out "Whoa!" in a commanding voice, but the tractor heeded not. I remember thinking in that brief space of time that if I had the carpenter that built that wellhouse right on the inevitable spot, I would do something terrible to him. Probably run over him with my tractor!

Crash!! It had happened. I suddenly found myself sprawling on the ground. Collecting my scattered thoughts, I painfully climbed to my feet and surveyed the damage.

I looked at it all sadly, resignedly, and slowly limped toward the house—and Marjorie. And as I went I thought many things about the young man and his book of pictures.

A Valentine-Birthday Party

TO the second birthday party of the year, which was given by the Y. W. C. A. in the west dining room on the evening of February 14, were invited all Stephens girls whose birthdays fall in the months of January, February, March, and April. The dining room was beautifully decorated with hearts, and the thought of St. Valentine's day was symbolized in many other ways—not only in the decorations but also in the menu.

Marion Reed gave the "Toast of Welcome;" Virginia Loper toasted St. Valentine, and Leota Kessler gave the toast "To the Y. W." The toasts were followed by a musical program which

consisted of a whistling solo by Rose Mae McGilvray, a violin solo by Helen Richards, and vocal solos by Velma Meredith and Hallie Redman.

It is to be regretted that the orchestra, whose work is always so much appreciated on such occasions, was crowded into the hall by lack of space in the dining room. Perhaps the committee did not expect so many girls to *admit* that they had birthdays to celebrate.

The Rush Hour at Stephens

ELEVEN a.m.—and all the Stephens College girls are bound for the same place! Their goal is the school post-office, for it is there that those coveted things—letters—are being put into the boxes. A letter—especially one from mother—can do much toward turning the clouds wrong side out and showing their silver linings.

If one can imagine about fifty girls trying to squeeze into the post-office door at the same time and fifty others trying to squeeze out, one may get some faint idea of the mob in the vicinity of the post-office. This condition, however, will not continue long, for the south half of the basement of Columbia Hall, now under construction, is to be given over to the college post office and bookstore.

Five or six hundred letters are brought in every morning at eleven, and about fifty in the afternoon at four. The parcels are delivered only once a day. There is usually a truck load of packages, a large number of which are laundry cases. The mail which goes out is not much less than that which comes in. Last month Miss Kyd, who is in charge of the post-office, sold three hundred and sixty-eight dollars worth of stamps, even though many of the girls have their stamps sent to them from home. Even Sunday finds Miss Kyd busy, for special delivery letters from parents—and devoted admirers—constitute a large part of Sunday's mail.

The best cure in the world for homesickness is a letter from home. A person never really appreciates letters until he leaves home. An empty

letter box will lengthen a girl's face, but a letter or a little green card which says "Please call at the window" will always make her smile.

Additions to Faculty

THE Stephens Faculty is changing—and growing. There are several new teachers this semester. Jesse L. Burrall takes charge of the newly established department of religious education. Ann Douglass, resident nurse, returns to Stephens from New York, where she has been taking special training in preparation for her position here. Laura M. Searcy is instructor in English composition. Mrs. Ivah Orton now has charge of the secretarial department. Rose Mae McGilvray is a new instructor in voice. Helen Richards is the new teacher of violin. L. E. Atherton is now directing the orchestra. Thirza Mossman is taking Mrs. Calloway's place as teacher of mathematics during the present semester. Patience Haggard is the new Faculty head of Wood Hall. Also, several new clerks and part-time assistants have been added.

The coming of Miss Haggard is especially significant. It marks the beginning of a new social policy in the school. Miss Haggard will assist the dean of women by giving her attention exclusively to the social interests of the girls and to extra-curricular activities in general.

Dr. Foster Speaks to Students

Dr. A. K. Foster, of Brooklyn, was the guest of Stephens College the week of February 13. He spoke several times to the students of the College. He brought real inspiration to everyone who heard him. Dr. Foster has had twenty-two months experience in the army service of the Y. M. C. A. He spent eighteen months overseas. Dr. Foster's ideas of religion are eminently practical. He says that a preacher should be not only pastor of his church but pastor of the community as well. The Board of Education of the Northern Baptist Convention is sending him with his message into the college towns throughout the county.

HAPPINESS is the Christian's heritage. That is Dr. Foster's doctrine. He radiates joy in his own life and that keeps his heart young. And because of that fact he makes a strong appeal to students wherever he goes. "I try to make spiritual things natural. I seek to build up from the class room studies a rational interpretation of religion. Every department of knowledge is an open door to the spiritual world," said Dr. Foster in explaining his purpose in talking to college students.

DAISY IRWIN

Age 19,

Died at her home
in Lamar, Colorado

February 18

Alumnae Notes

Jessie Adams is teaching home economics in the high school at Odessa, Missouri. She had been attending school at Missouri and Chicago Universities during the summer and has received her 90-hour diploma from the State Teachers College.

Mrs. J. Buester, formerly Estalyn Durand, is living at 897 Fifteenth Street, Boulder, Colorado. She has been playing the pipe organ in a large church there. Mrs. Buester spent Christmas vacation with her parents in Green Ridge, Missouri.

Lillian Mayo, '20, was married August 14, 1920, and is living at Clifton Hill, Missouri. She is now Mrs. W. H. Hurt.

Celeste Corder, '19, is teaching history in the high school at Walongo, Oklahoma.

Jewell Moody is attending Teachers College in Springfield, Missouri. She was a nurse at Camp Sheridan, Alabama. After her discharge, she did some juvenile club work.

Carrie Belle Eddlemon, '19, is teaching the third grade at Eureka, Kansas, this year.

Frances Nelson, '19, is teaching in the grades at Bedford, Iowa.

Louwilla Hall, '19, is teaching English and music in the high school at La Belle, Missouri.

Gladys E. Strong, 1919, is teaching Home Economics in Excelsior Springs, Mo.

Flossie Flatner, '19, is working in a doctor's office in Marshall, Mo.

Frances Killion, '19, is teaching in Malta Bend, Mo.

Blanche Reifschneider, '20, is teaching Latin and French in Weatherford, Texas.

Lorene Jones, '19, is attending the New England Conservatory.

Mrs. Harry Wammack, formerly Hildred Williams, is living in Vinita, Oklahoma. She is the county superintendent of Craig County, Oklahoma.

Elsie Lueking, '19, is attending Business College in Miami, Florida.

Mrs. George Daugherty, formerly Grace Moody, is living at Macon, Missouri.

Eula May Bathgate, '19, is studying in the New England Conservatory of Music. She is taking a post graduate course in voice and concert pianist work under Mr. De Voto, the head instructor in the Conservatory.

Helen Scrutchfield, '20, is teaching in the high school at Tipton, Missouri.

Floy Miles, '20, was married December 2, 1920 to Mr. Harold Kenton.

Edna Jo Harmon, '19, is teaching English and French in the high school at Green City, Missouri.

Mrs. James M. Wilcoxson, formerly Elizabeth Ann McQueen, is living at Carrollton, Missouri.

Sue Antoine, '20, is taking a course in public school music in the Conservatory at Oberlin, Ohio.

Frances Lovelace, '20, has taken the civil service examination and is now a substitute clerk in the post office at Charleston, Missouri.

Marykate Boyd is teaching history and political science in the high school at Augusta, Missouri. In the summer, she does Chautauqua work in the South and West.

Fay Crooks is teaching the fifth grade at Unionville, Missouri.

Mrs. M. T. Keeire, formerly Gladys Hubbard, '19, is living at Syracuse, Missouri.

Verna Groom, '19, is teaching in the high school at Bates City, Missouri.

Stella Brooke Willett, '19, is at her home in Harrisonville, Missouri.

Julia Marie Piper was married to Mr. Verne Hatfield on November 3, 1920. She is living at Trenton, Missouri.

Ardenia Chapman is the associate professor of textiles and clothing in the College of Industrial Arts at Denton, Texas.

Mrs. C. McDavitt, (Agnes Smith, '19), is supervisor of public school music at Aurora, Missouri.

Mrs. Archer L. Bartlett, formerly Pansy Kenower, is teaching in the city schools of Florence, Arizona. This is her fifth year in this kind of work.

Laura M. Foster is a stenographer for the Title Division of the Legal Department of the Empire Gas and Fuel Company in Bartlesville, Oklahoma.

Mrs. Carl R. Vaughn, formerly Viola McFadden, '19, is living at 1041 West Twenty-second Street, Des Moines, Iowa.

Blanche Reifschneider, '20, is teaching Latin and French in the high school at Weatherford, Oklahoma.

Corrine Sutton, '20, is teaching English in the high school at Seneca, Missouri.

Blanche Hudson is teaching Latin and mathematics in the high school at Caledonia, Missouri.

Gertrude Eichelberger, '19, was married April 10, 1920, to Mr. McCubbin. They are living at Van Buren, Arkansas.

Grace Hendon, '19, is teaching in the high school at Verona, Missouri. She was sent to the Y. W. C. A. conference at Estes Park, Colorado, last summer by the Y. W. at Springfield, Missouri.

Ellen Meador is attending the University of Chicago.

Mabel Faddis, '20, is teaching history and Latin in the high school at Bloomfield, Missouri.

Ethlyn Wisegarver, '19, is at her home in Mansfield, Illinois.

Kathryn Whitenack was married July 4, 1919, to Mr. Russell Wheeler. They have a baby boy, Samuel Ralf, born May 6, 1920.

Mrs. J. D. Meade (Pauline Linton, '19) is living in Kansas City, Missouri.

Ruth Graham is at her home in Fredericktown, Missouri.

Mrs. H. L. Randel (Alma Kirchner, '19) is living on a farm near Osage City, Kansas. Phillip Marshall, her son, was born July 30, 1920.

Laverne Foulds, '20, is at her home in Higginsville, Missouri.

Bernice Elmore, '20, is teaching mathematics in the high school at Warrensburg, Missouri.

Theodosia Prichard is principal of the high school at Augusta, Missouri.

Juliet Ahrens is teaching mathematics in the high school at Sand Springs, Oklahoma. She graduated from the University of Michigan in '19.

Mildred Hall, '19, is attending Indiana University.

Beatrice Burton, '18, was married September 15, 1920, to Mr. Willard Middleton, and is living at Bowling Green, Missouri.

Velma Calvert, '19, is the principal of the junior high school at Leets, Iowa.

Mrs. J. H. Middleton (Mary Jane Whiteside, '18), of Bowling Green, Missouri announces the birth of a daughter, Virginia Lou on December 23.

Facts About Folks

Mrs. S. C. James, Treasurer of the Kansas City club of alumnae devoted to the interests of Stephens College, writes: "We are in receipt of the *Standard* and each member of the club expressed great pleasure in it." She reports the enrollment of Mrs. Frances Conkling Ronayne as a new member of the club. The president of the Kansas City Stephens club is Mrs. John Franklin, 215 West Armour.

Mrs. Fred H. Kemper, formerly Helen D. Norvall, is living near Graham, Missouri.

Maud Norvall is teaching Latin and English in the high school at Rosendale, Missouri.

The new and semi-new members of the faculty enjoyed themselves in a joint jollification, Saturday night, February 12. They went to see a picture show which had been censored by Miss Green and Miss Burrall. (There is now some talk of discharging the censors.) Afterwards, they went to the Home Economics rooms and had ice cream and cake and everything. Dean J. J. Oppenheimer was on the program for a vocal solo—but he refused to respond.

Mother Holt has received her second degree in grandmotherhood. Her daughter, Althea Holt Weaver, is the mother of a second daughter, born February 13. Mrs. Weaver was formerly dean at Stephens and head of the home economics department.

Guests at the Birthday Dinner, February 14, were: Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Taylor; Mr. and Mrs. Joe Thornton; Mr. and Mrs. Tod Gentry; Agnes Husband, formerly of the voice department of Stephens; Elizabeth Lawson, field student secretary of the Y. W. C. A.; Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Hatcher; Pearl Mitchell; Mrs. H. S. Walter; Jessie L. Burrall; Lena Plummer; Marian Babb; Mr. and Mrs. R. I. Simpson; Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Hogan; Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Oppenheimer; and Mr. and Mrs. Roy Ivan Johnson.

There are a great many new girls at Stephens this semester. Among them are Agnes Govreau of Rocky Ford, Colorado; Sallie Parker of Warrensburg, Missouri; Margaret Giessecke of Jefferson City, Missouri; Mary Ann Russell of Sedalia, Missouri; Bonnie Plunkett of Coffeyville, Kansas; and Mary Plummer of St. Louis, Missouri.

Carolyn Cobb will spend this semester at her home in Wagoner, Oklahoma.

Hilda Millsbaugh went to her home in Okmulgee at the beginning of the second semester.

Medrith Droll is with her sister in Ft. Collins, Colorado. She is attending the Colorado Agriculture College.

Dorothy Ann Long of Fredonia, Kansas, visited at the Sigma house the past week. Dorothy Ann was a student of Stephens last year.

Mr. and Mrs. Byard of Sedalia visited their daughter, Loreta, February 4, 5, and 6.

Mrs. Ohmer of Wichita, Kansas, spent the first week of February with her daughter, Ruth.

Dorothy Motley, accompanied by Elizabeth Franklin and Verla Patton, visited her home in Bowling Green the first of February.

Virginia Callison returned to her home at Windsor at the beginning of the new semester.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy T. Davis went to Jefferson City, February 15, to attend the funeral of Mrs. Davis's father, Dr. I. N. Enloe. Dr. Enloe was sixty years old and had been ill for two years. His decline in health dates from the death of one of his twin sons in France.

Rowene Hogue, of Christian College, was a guest of Marjorie Hostetter, Sunday, February 6.

Alice Mace and Frances Harper made a short visit to their homes in East St. Louis.

Myrtle Grotjan visited at her home for a few days in February.

Mrs. S. B. Faulkner, formerly Inez Frank, lives in Wirt, Oklahoma.

Lida Smith and Gladys Hensell, from Central College at Fayette, visited here during the Student Volunteer Convention. Miss Smith was a Stephens student last year.

Agnes Husband, formerly an instructor in voice in Stephens, is now visiting Miss LeCompte.

Lucille Rosebrough and Evelyn Burke visited in Boonville, Missouri for a few days.

Stella Osgood and Mary Conley Hunt spent Sunday, February 6, at Hiss Hunt's home in Huntsdale.

Ellen Love, Julia Bondurant, and Dorothy Heggie visited in Montgonery City for a few days.

Virginia Shinn spent a few days at her home in Carrollton, Missouri.

Iona May Liller, of Central College, Lexington, Missouri, visited Winifred Amery during the Student Volunteer Convention.

The Club Notes

Baron Korff, of Russia, addressed the students in mass meeting Wednesday evening, February 9. The Baron is an exceptionally brilliant and polished man, with a pleasing, direct manner of speech. He is sent out over the United States, by the Carnegie Institute to put before the American public the problem of Russia's need. He discussed the internal conditions of Russia and spoke of the revolutions as a quite natural outcome of the social conditions.

When the Baron was asked to state the Russian's attitude toward American government, his answer was, "It is regarded as a complete failure."

Baron Korff was the guest of the Social Democracy Club, of which Lodema Wiley is president. The club held a special meeting in his honor, February 9. The meeting was largely attended and the club won the compliments of the Baron upon its enthusiasm and activity.

In honor of Mrs. T. T. Calloway, head of the mathematics department at Stephens, the Hypatia Club gave a program and a dinner last month. The dinner was in the nature of an "Au revoir," as Mrs. Calloway goes to New York this semester on leave of absence, to study in Columbia University.

Floy Rhodes, a Stephens alumna now attending the University of Missouri, spoke on "Taking Mathematics in the University." The "Cultural Value of Mathematics" was also a subject of discussion.

The program was followed by a formal dinner. The table was decorated with smilax and daffodils. Very attractive place cards cut in the shape of mathematical figures with the emblem of the club on them marked the places of the members and guests of the club.

The guests of the club were Miss LeCompte and Mr. and Mrs. Oppenheimer. Miss Mossman, the new mathematics teacher, will probably take Mrs. Calloway's place as the sponsor of the Hypatia Club.

"The Community Play was the subject of discussion by the Dramatic Club at its meeting February 16. Talks were made by Stella Osgood, Ruth Shaback, and Anna Belle Bates, members of the coaching and directing group.

Burrowings and Borrowings

One of our correspondents writes to ask us if this is the humorous column. Thank the Lord for the suspicion! What do *you* think? A key to the interpretation of the column will be issued to all subscribers, over eighteen years of age, who will make application in writing.

A Case of Shear Folly.



This poster, when placed in the corridors of Stephens, accumulated the following specimens of local wit:

"Tears, idle tears."

"Brevity is the soul of—grief."

"A fool and her hair are soon parted."

"We look before and after—and pine for what is not."

"Look not mournfully into the past. It comes not back again."

"Nor all our piety or wit can call it back."

Don't You Sea?

WINNIE—What's the matter with Jack?

FRED—He has water on the brain.

W—Oh! I see! A notion came into his head.

—Widow.

A Midsummer Night's Dream.

HARRY—I dreamed I died last night.

LARRY—What woke you up?

HARRY—The heat.

—Virginia Reel.

A Melon-choly Romance.

"Dearest, let's elope."

"No, I can't elope."

"Oh, Honey! Do."

—Voodoo.

Even To-day.

S. Y. T.—Oh, let me try that one on!

DESIGNER—Excuse me, but that's the night fringe for the parrot cage.

I Beg Your Pardon.

MR. QUICKTEMPER—Why don't you put your foot where it belongs?

MR. PLAINSPEAKER—If I did, you wouldn't sit down for a week.

Inci-dental-ly.

"What is the best thing out?"

"An aching tooth, by gum!"

AGENT—I'd like to sell you a combination carpet sweeper, letter opener, cash receiver, and talking machine.

PROSPECT—Nothin' doin'—I'm married already.
—Orange Peel.

Danger in Using Big Words.

SHE (politically speaking)—I'm in favor of total disarmament.

HE (removing the embracing member)—Well, yes, it's hot tonight, anyway.

At Breakfast.

ONE GIRL—Years ago, little George cut down the cherry tree.

OTHER GIRL (shuffling a prune)—And left the plum sprouts.

A Bare Story.

X—Mary dressed in a rush!

ITED—Nothing else?

"Girls favor the daisy for the Missouri state flower."

"Hum, daisies won't tell."

HEADLINE: Love Affair Stirs Japan.

And again, it is a little spoon that does the stirring.

"The greatest comeback of my life!" sobbed the damsel as her freckles returned in the spring.

"The styles of woman's clothes are a joke," shouted the reformer.

"Another proof that brevity is the soul of wit," observed the irrepressible Cornelius Feather-top.

One More Point.

"Can't you stretch a point?"

"Sure," said the period.

And so the comma was born.

—Life.