



The STEPHENS STANDARD

MERRY
CHRISTMAS

DECEMBER



UP TO THE MINUTE!

Drawn for the Up-to-Date Number of the *Stephens Standard* by Dorothy Keens, Sedalia, Mo.

The Stephens Standard

VOLUME II

NUMBER III

"Greater Stephens" Is on Its Way

Curators announce plans for two new buildings this year--Science Hall and another new dormitory. New class rooms and laboratories to be provided. President Wood outlines plans for further development.

WHEN E. W. STEPHENS, PRESIDENT OF THE Board of Curators of Stephens College, introduced Dr. Mullins and Mrs. Montgomery to a large Columbia audience on the occasion of their recent visit to Stephens College, he made a most important announcement.

Stephens College is to have a Science Hall and another new dormitory! The "Stephens Quadrangle" is to be completed. The authorities of the College have voted to spend \$150,000 for the erection of the Science Hall and they expect to start work on it this year.

It is to be a building of surpassing architectural beauty. According to plans which are now being worked out, it will consist of two main rectangular buildings connected by an archway of beautiful design. The Science Hall will contain large, well equipped reading rooms, the administrative offices, class rooms, and laboratories.

A south view of the Hall will present the effect of an amphitheatre where outdoor entertainment of all kinds may be staged.

Other new buildings are in prospect and in time the "back quadrangle" will be completed. "In two

years," says Mr. Stephens, "I expect to see five hundred girls in the *Stephens dormitories.*" Stephens now has over five hundred students but only about three hundred and sixty of them are in the dormitories.

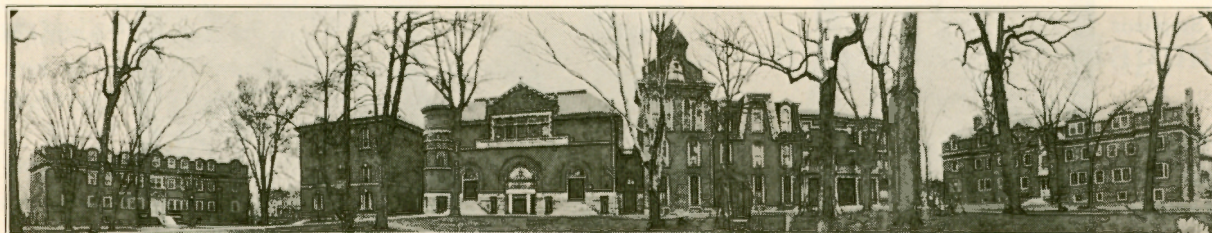
The following extract from an article in a recent issue of the *Columbia Evening Missourian* portrays some of the plans for expansion during the next decade. "Greater Stephens" is on its way:

STEPHENS IS EXPANDING

"The curriculum," says President Wood, "will have discarded elements in the present course of study that cannot be made to function in the lives of women after they leave college."

Science Hall is soon to be erected at a cost of \$150,000. It will form the fourth dimension of the Stephens quadrangle. Work upon a \$100,000 dormitory will begin this winter. The building is to be placed in the southwest corner of the main campus.

In ten years there will have been built a second quadrangle behind the present campus. A dining hall will probably be built in two years, said Mr. Wood, which will accommodate 600 students and which will have a kitchen and storage plant in connection therewith. Dormitories will form the remaining three sides of the square. If the college develops as its mentors plan, Stephens will in ten years offer a four year college course on a functional basis.



Panorama of Stephens College Buildings

Looking Back on Thanksgiving

A box from home---a happy holiday---special vesper services---Y. W. song service---breakfast at nine---dinner at five---a musical program and a play---
That was Thanksgiving Day at Stephens College

A SPIRIT OF REAL THANKFULNESS—a glorious holiday—an honest-to-goodness turkey dinner—a box from home; these were the elements which made up the Stephens girl's Thanksgiving.

Long before the anxiously-looked-forward-to holiday, long before the bell which closed the final class on Wednesday evening, the Thanksgiving atmosphere was permeating the vicinity of Stephens College and little sprites of joyous thankfulness were dancing out of the Stephens girl's heart and finding a way into all that took place on the campus.

At the vesper service on Tuesday night Stephens was forcefully reminded of the real significance of Thanksgiving by two contrasting talks,—one, a unique discourse on "Ungratefulness" by Viola Talbot, and the other, the old yet always appealing story of the Thanksgiving of the Pilgrims, by Helen May.

On Thursday morning the unusualness of the day manifested itself from the start, when many an energetic student enjoyed an extra hour of unmolested and entirely "clear-conscienced" sleep.

At eight-thirty, the Y. W. C. A. held a beautiful prayer and song service. Every girl present was glad to have a part in the sincere expression of prayerful thanksgiving.

Breakfast was served at nine, after which the day was a continual round of feasting from boxes from home, with all the traditional Thanksgiving "goodies."

The dinner, which was served at five, was one which Mrs. Newton herself had a just right to be proud of. Turkey and all the customary embellishments of a real Thanksgiving dinner—from cranberry sauce to plum pudding and ice cream—were heaped upon the tables in such vast quantities as to suggest even those Thanksgiving dinners down at Grandmother's. The dining hall was decorated with clever combinations of orange and black and with richly colored autumn leaves, while a bountiful bowl of fruit in the center of each table symbolized the harvest of plenty in thankfulness for which the first Thanksgiving Day was observed. The decorating was planned and carried out by the Wood Hall girls, while the Columbia Hall girls served.

The day closed with a musical program by the students and a play by the Curtain Raisers. But for every student it closed with perhaps a feeling of fatigue, (and possibly a sad realization of having overeaten) but certainly with a glorious spirit of thankfulness for Stephens College and all for which it stands.

Such, in reminiscence, was the Stephens College Thanksgiving.—O. N.

NIRA HENCH was elected Harvest Queen at Stephens



See the story of "The Barnwarming" on page 43.

The STEPHENS STANDARD

VOLUME TWO ONE DOLLAR A YEAR NUMBER TWO

Entered as second-class matter June 14, 1915, at the Post Office, Columbia, Missouri, under the Act of August 24, 1912.

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The *Stephens Standard* is issued monthly by the students of Stephens College. It is strictly an educational enterprise and is maintained as a part of the laboratory equipment of the department of English composition under the direction of Professor Roy Ivan Johnson. Students are on their honor to submit for publication only original material. All manuscripts are subject to the censorship of the class in Advanced Composition. Occasional contributions by the alumnae and faculty of the college are requested by the editors.

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

The Season's Greetings

THE WORLD IS FULL of insignificant carriers laden with all-important freight. One of the paradoxes of life is the bigness of little things. Did you ever marvel at the power of a small microbe when at last you caught a glimpse of it beneath a powerful magnifying glass? And again, we see little yellows slips of paper bearing messages of life and death, of love and loyalty. Perhaps at no other time does the mail service carry such a precious freight of love and thanksgiving as it does at the great holiday seasons of Thanksgiving and Christmas.

Since we Stephens girls can send no telegrams to Stephens College, we want to express in the columns of the *Stephens Standard* some of the thanksgiving we feel in our hearts for our college home. Mingling with thoughts of our real home and our gratitude for our beautiful memories of it, is a realization of new blessings enjoyed and new debts to be paid. We thank you, Stephens, for this new sense of kinship and "at-homeness" which has linked new experiences into the old with

the steadfastness of molten metal.

In this short editorial, we wish to convey the spirit of devotion and loyalty which our college home has inspired in us—a small thank-offering for a very great gift—and to say Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to Stephens College—curators, faculty, and students.

The New Woman

By Helen May

"NEXT TO BABIES, girls are the most influential citizens in the United States," said Helen Barrett Montgomery. Women have an enormous responsibility. Since men have come to see the inevitable value of democracy women have been uplifted and lifted up to an amazingly and unmistakably powerful position."

When we think of the new woman we immediately associate her with that field which she has so recently entered—politics. Woman holds a singular place in the political world. Her chief concern will not be, I think, in making and passing big laws, but, as Dr. Mullins has said, in "putting spiritual value in all life" and in "displacing overfrivolity." Many have said that woman's interest and participation in politics will lower her standards and ideals, but every girl has age-old instincts and traditions which she must not and will not violate. We have heard so much about woman's place in the home, and, true enough, there lies her *greatest contribution to society*. Alice M. Robertson has said, "The most wonderful place in the world is a home, but it should be a home in which all doors and windows are open, not shut." Woman's interests should be encompassed by a wide horizon—not stifled and suppressed.

I think it has been very wisely said that in politics, as well as in the home, the new woman must have the pioneer virtues: "Courage, industry, self-forgetfulness, loyalty, honesty, strength, housewifeliness, neighborliness, love of country, love of children, and love of God." This is the New Woman—just the woman of yesterday enjoying the fuller opportunities of service and self-development which the world to-day affords.

Dwelling Place of Happiness

By Grace Eckelberry

THE GREATEST MIRAGE along the desert trail is that of happiness. Like the beacon light of a great camp-fire it sends its flame of promise over the great pink-gray expanse of desert sand. Miles become yards under its transforming glow

(Continued page 42, Col. 2)

The Jolly Promoters Club

See page 55

THIS SPACE

is reserved for the names of those friends of the *Stephens Standard* who have contributed or who have promised to contribute five dollars or more to "keep the *Standard* up to standard." The list has just been started.

Shall we add your name in the next issue?

(Any person who sends four subscriptions besides his own will become a Jolly Promoter.)

MARGUERITE ALLEN
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ROY T. DAVIS

and the irksome, heart-wearying trudging over level plains of shifting sands becomes a triumphal march towards a splendid goal. Then the elusive beacon shifts and out beyond the horizon it thrusts up its mocking light against the deep blue of the desert night. Then it is that men lose hope, lose their buoyancy, only to have it replaced by the canker of despair.

Folk-lore is full of legends which have crystallized around men's most natural desire, a longing for happiness. Van Dyke has typified in his "Blue Flower" the eternal quest. The greatest discovery a man or woman can make is that happiness is a concomitant. The little blue flower springs beneath our feet when they are bent on errands of love for another or when they are smoothing the path for another's stumbling feet.

And out on the desert-trail, men turn aside to lift a canteen to the mouth of some unknown traveler. Then it is, within their own hearts, they feel the steady, pulsing warmth of that flame which has lured them and baffled them through all their conscious moments and which they had thought to be the source of that mocking light beyond the horizon.

So, after all happiness is not a mirage—it is a reality.

CALENDAR.

- November 1.—Miss Burrall gave a tea in Columbia Hall for the chaperones of all fraternity and sorority houses in town and chaperones and deans of Christian and Stephens College.
- November 3.—"French Maid and Phonograph" presented by Ourtain Kaisers in Auditorium.
- November 5—Nothing much.
- November 6-7-8—Dr. E. Y. Mullins and Mrs. Helen Barrett Montgomery were our visitors and delivered some wonderful messages.
- November 11—Armistice Day. Stephens Girls complied with President Harding's request for silent prayer at 11 o'clock. Oklahoma girls exhibited pep—took things over at dinner—while Missouri girls winked an eye—"Just wait, Oklahoma!"
- November 12—More fun—a holiday—parade and game and a wonderful time.
Missouri: "We told you so." Score 24-14.
- November 13—Stephens raised \$435 to help the crippled charity baby.
- November 14—Fire—Delta Rhos have a little fire—all their own.—No damage.
Kappa Delta Phis give a barnwarming.
- November 17—Dramatic Club presents "Maker of Dreams." Peppy mass meeting with Mr. Oppenheimer and Mr. Gauntlett participating.
- November 18—Quaker dinner.
- November 19—Assembly at 10 o'clock—H. Augustine Smith showed us how to sing the songs in our hymn book.
- November 21—Hi Beta Steppo pledge—more pigtail's and backward aprons.
- November 22—Kansas Club celebrates.
- November 23—Missouri girls celebrate. Razzers lead the yells.
- November 24—Thanksgiving Day.—Such food! Formal dinner at 5 o'clock.

NOTE: If the Jolly Promoter wishes it, the *Standard* will be sent, as a gift, to any five persons whom the Jolly Promoter may name.

Write the five names on a slip of paper and mail it with the triangle.

Clip off this triangle and mail it to the *Stephens Standard*
To the editor of the *Stephens Standard*, Columbia, Mo.
KEEP THE STANDARD UP TO STANDARD
Here's five dollars to help you do it.

Name

Address

The New Minister to Guatemala



"**WHO IS THAT LITTLE PAGE!**" inquired one rather portly gentleman of another as they stood on the steps of the Missouri State Capitol Building, in the year 1905.

"I've noticed him, too," replied the other. "They call him and another little chap the 'Gold Dust Twins.' I think his name is Davis."

"He's a hustler, anyway. We'll hear from him some day," wheezed the other a trifle asthmatically, and the two pompous old legislators made their way at a more decorous pace in the wake of the vanishing page.

That "some day" has come. Mr. Roy T. Davis is going to Guatemala, a page no longer, but bearing now the dignified title of Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States to Guatemala.

When Mr. Davis graduated from La Grange College he won a year's scholarship in Brown University where he went the following year. Here he displayed an active interest in consular work and Pan-American affairs.

He acted as assistant secretary to the State Capitol Commission which erected the present Capitol building at Jefferson City. From there he came to Stephens College as secretary and general publicity manager. Not a little of the phenomenal growth of Stephens during the past few years may be ascribed to the effort of Mr. Davis.

Mr. Davis was appointed as minister to Guatemala by President Harding, October 4, and the appointment was confirmed by the Senate, October 21. He is the first citizen of Columbia to attain such a position, and Columbia is justly proud of him. A banquet was given in his honor at the Boone Tavern by prominent men of both Republican and Democratic parties.

Mr. Davis spent the month of November in Washington where he attended a conference of Central American representatives. He will leave in the near future for Guatemala. Stephens heartily joins with his other friends in wishing him all success.

Quaker Dinner

It is quite surprising to note from the proceeds of the Quaker dinner, that very few Stephens girls can eat one dinner without a smile, laugh, or word. As a result of every

penny smile and nickle laugh, we, the Y. W., have increased \$11.88 in wealth. We are human and can see a reason why one might have to smile at some of the "funny costumes," for they were worn to create laughs.

The Barnwarming

*"Come along and let's make merry,
Down at the Huskin' Bee"*

THOUGH IT WASN'T ADVERTISED as such, the Kappa Delta Phi's had a party in the gym which turned out to be quite true to the rhyme.

A week or so before, every girl in school received an invitation, of a rustic design, to come to the "Barnwarming." So, on the night of November 14, "Overalls" and "Aprons" assembled in the gym and frolicked about as is quite proper on such occasions.

During a lull in the entertainment, it was announced that the Queen of the Harvest was to be chosen. Amid much pomp and ceremony, the candidates (previously chosen by the student body) were marshalled to the front to take their tests—(more cuts!) What mattered it if most of them were garbed as men! Such things never bother true queens.

Each girl was given an ear of corn and at a given signal, each girl began furiously to shell. The girl first ridding the red cob of the tiny yellow grains was crowned Queen of the Harvest.

After the solemn and impressive coronation, the Queen and the courtier lead the grand march—straight to the cider pail! There the party again became one mass of mirth and hilarity—all of which might be expected of the daughters of Eve—for Eve behaved very well, they say, until the apple was in cider.

Note: The Harvest Queen's picture appears on p. 40.

"Neighbors"

How anxious everyone of us is to be in on the helping side! Even Grandma, who, perhaps, is feeble and decrepit, is anxious to have a hand on the wheel. This was the central idea of "Neighbors," which was the Thanksgiving play presented by the Curtain Raisers. Neighbors—another thing to add to our list of blessings—another thing to be thankful for! Neighbors—the very word calls to mind the friendliness and eagerness to help one another that characterize neighbors all over the world.

The characters of the play were as follows:

<i>Mis' Able</i>	Mary Lee Simpson
<i>Mis' Moran</i>	Viola Talbot
<i>Mis' Trot</i>	Elizabeth Reeves
<i>Mis' Ellsworth</i>	Gladys Hendricks
<i>Ezra Williams</i>	Marjorie Weasmer
<i>Inez</i>	Agnes Barrett
<i>Peter</i>	Helen Lambe
<i>Grandma</i>	Mary Alice Wescott

The four Missouri Clubs of Stephens College have united into one big club. The following are the officers of the Missouri Club:

President	Pauline Allen
Vice president	Ruth Hammond
Secretary-treasurer	Grace Thomlinson
Reporter	Mary Akes

The Hexagon

D ID YOUR MOTHER or your friends ever try to catch you in the following rhyme: "As I was going to Saint Ives . . . etc?" Where do you suppose Mother got it? If you'd ask her, she would probably tell you her mother told her, and so on back, generation by generation.

How this catch problem was developed was told by Mrs. Callaway in her talk on "Old Problems in New Dresses" at a recent meeting of the Hypatia Hexagon.

In 1202 Leonardo De Pisa wrote "Liber Abaci," a book, containing problems. Among them was: Seven old women go to Rome, each woman has seven mules, each mule carries seven sacks, each sack contains seven loaves, for each loaf there are seven knives, and each knife has seven sheathes, how many sheathes, knives loaves, sacks, mules, and women were going to Rome? What is thought to be a variation of this problem appears in the Ahmes papyrus written before 1700 B. C.

One of the other problems which has been used for centuries has been stated in different terms for the different ages it has passed through, is the one we now have stated as follows: "A cistern is filled by three pipes . . . etc." The best example we have of this problem is an inscription on a Roman fountain dating from about 100 A. D. A bronze lion was used for this fountain. The inscription reads: "I can throw water from the eyes, from the mouth, and from the right foot. Throwing it from the right eye I can fill the basin in two days, from the left eye in three days, from the foot in four days, and from the mouth in six hours. How long will it take if I throw it from the eyes, foot and the mouth at the same time?" The problem occurs in various forms during the succeeding centuries.

In the same program Helen Dillenbeck recounted all the variations of the brain-racking problem: "If a man had a bag of corn, a fox, and a goose to take across the river and only two things could be taken at a time, how would he get the three across?" The hexagon is an interesting organization from any angle—or side.

How Does A Ghost Shake Hands?

"SHAKE HANDS with death as you enter the halls of eternity." Fierce and formidable is the voice of the white-clad figure, like the weather-cock of human life, pointing to the dark and sinister door.

We pass grim death and ascend to higher realms of eternity. We are met by the ill-omened skull and cross-bones directing us to shake hands with the skeleton of a former terrestrial dweller. Terrified, we lose confidence in our upward struggle and are very rapidly carried downward into the kingdom of the underworld. We are lured on by black-garbed apparitions through thickets, shrubberies, and coves, farther and farther into the fateful realms. Cries of anguish and distress are distinguished on all sides.

Only one more hazardous ascent until we were "initiated into Paradise" of a very merry and delightful Hallowe'en party given by the B. Y. P. U. to Stephens girls.

But we still dream about holding hands with a ghost.

Bill—When I read about these wonderful inventions in electricity, it makes me think a little.

Carl—Wonderful thing—electricity.

—Tiger

I. R. C.

Were the Greeks fighting for the radiant Helen or Constantinople in the Trojan War? Although it is cruel that the evil eye of suspicion should look askance at our most sacred illusions, the prosaic modern desire for fact is no respecter of legends. Historians are now inclined to believe that the Greeks were not inspired to fight for the fickle wife but for the control of a city situated near the present sight of Constantinople.

The International Relations Club, in their study of the near East, have taken up this question. In an open meeting of the club Dr. Wrench, of the University, lectured on the History of Constantinople and Dr. Gromer, also of the University, dealt with the questions which are before the present Disarmament Conference. Tea was served in the College Parlors in their honor.

The OK Girls

The Oklahoma Club of Stephens held "open house" for the Oklahoma Club of the University of Missouri, November 9. About forty visitors were present.

Saturday morning, November 11, the Oklahoma girls were honored by being placed first in the Homecoming Parade with their beautiful red-and-white float.

The officers of the club are:

Dorothy Lee Brown	President
Amy Hinson	Vice-president
Helen Jones	Secretary
Hilda Milspaugh	Treasurer

"Parlez-Vous Francais?"

On November 18, an exceptionally interesting program was presented by the French club. Basil Dean Gauntlett played some music written for the French ballet of long ago, and Madame Hudson sang in French, music of the same type. The program was followed by a social hour.



This is a belated Hallowe'en ghost. The picture was taken by Esther Hibbs after the third cup of cider.

The Four-Holder

—The Life Spiritual, Mental, Moral, and Physical—

EDITORS: Esther Hibbs, Laura Haid, Helen Proctor, Reva Parkin, Dorothy Alexander, Elizabeth Reeves, Eva Lee, Mora Cunningham, Christine Houghton, Mary Margaret Walter, Letha Dix, Angie Ward, Judith Wilkinson



DR. E. Y. MULLINS AND MRS. HELEN BARRETT MONTGOMERY

"We kept them talking morning, noon, and night, the whole three days they were here. Their talks were not only a never-ending inspiration to us—but a challenge, a challenge that every Stephens girl must answer with the best that is in her."—*Esther Hibbs.*

The Practical Idealist

Written for the *Stephens Standard* by PRESIDENT E. Y. MULLINS, Louisville, Kentucky.

THE GREAT NEED in the modern world is for men and women who are idealists, but who are also practical in their outlook upon the world. An idealist is one who is fascinated by ideals. A practical person is one who is able to handle practical situations. There are many idealists in the world, and there are many practical people in the world; but there is a lack of people who combine the practical and the ideal in their characters.

It is the absence of ideals in the life of the practical man or woman which lowers the moral and spiritual level, and it is the absence of the practical element in the life of the idealist which leads to failure. But where the two elements are combined in proper proportions, there is the highest type of character and life.

My hope and belief is that women, in the new age into which they have come, are going to embody these two vital elements in a new way in human society. From what I observed and learned on my recent visit to Stephens College in Columbia, Missouri, I was profoundly impressed with the fact that it is a college which inculcates these two ideals in the lives of its students. In so doing it is preparing them for the highest and finest career.

A life without ideals can never command the highest admiration of men; a life without practicality can never achieve much. When the two are properly combined, all things are possible.

An Interview with Mrs. Montgomery

By *Esther Hibbs*

"NEXT TO BABIES, we are the most important citizens in the United States." That is the conviction which Mrs. Montgomery, president of the Northern Baptist Convention, would place in the hearts of the young women of to-day.

"There, have never been greater opportunities for girls than there are to-day. But there are also greater responsibilities," said Mrs. Montgomery. "And we must not forget that the girls of yesterday helped to accomplish the miracles which have taken place in the woman's world of to-day.

Mrs. Montgomery was one of those trail-blazers. She was the first woman to be elected on a school board of five in New York. She says, "We were put off after ten years of work but not before we had initiated reform in the school system."

There are so many opportunities for Stephens girls not only in citizenship but in religion (which, after all, cannot be entirely separated from citizenship)! In the church women have always held the supremacy. Mrs. Montgomery certainly believes firmly in the work which Stephens College is doing. She spoke of her visit to Stephens nine years ago. She commented upon our improvement since then and she paid our president and our school a very high compliment when she said, "Nine years ago your president said he was going to build the college around the faculty. He has done so and I believe that in a very short time Stephens College will be known from one end of this country to the other."

Making People *Want* to Sing

H. AUGUSTINE SMITH is so extremely interested in leading songs that he makes everyone in the audience want to sing. That's what he did to the Stephens girls—made them want to sing, for two hours on Saturday morning.

Mr. Smith was in charge of the music at the World's Sunday School Convention in Tokyo. He is now a member of the faculty of Boston University. He believes strongly in the importance of art, music, and pageantry in the religious life of a community. On Saturday evening, he illustrated his theory by showing art and music working in concert. Masterpieces in painting were flashed upon the screen while the song leader sang softly of scenes in the life of Christ. And then the audience responded with old well-known songs.

On Sunday morning Mr. Smith lead Miss Burrall's great Sunday School class as if it were one of his trained choruses. It was inspiring to watch those hundreds of people sing as one person. All Columbia enjoyed H. Augustine Smith and caught a new vision of the possibilities of a song service.

On Sunday afternoon the Stephens girls had him again to themselves for one hour and would have kept him longer—but trains won't wait. The girls sang as they never sang before and probably will never sing again—until H. Augustine Smith comes back to Stephens.

"To Serve Greatly"

THE STUDENT BODY of Stephens College will long remember Dr. Mullins's address of November 7. He pointed out many of the qualifications which we must have if we are to lead the most useful lives, and he created in the heart of every girl a desire to obtain those necessary qualifications. He said, "Try to get an accurate view of the world itself. Try to think of humanity in a way that is worthy. It is better to die for an ideal and live forever than to live for self and die."

The girls came away from that meeting convinced that the "Highest ideal is to be fitted to serve in great places." And, of course, to serve *greatly* is to serve in *great places*. Many prayed that God would make them worthy of their opportunities.

—L. H.

Waltergraphs

An idle dollar is a buried talent. God expects you to use it for Him.

The *faithful* servants in the Parable of the Talents brought their earnings to the Lord.

*Take my life and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.*

What a wonderful old hymn! But we so often omit the stanza which begins:

*Take my silver and my gold;
Not a mite would I withhold.*

One way to live eternally in the hearts of people is to erect a great memorial of SERVICE.

The Recording Angel is a wonderful bookkeeper. He knows how much you *give* as well as how often you go to church.

The Big Idea

By Vera Taylor

"THE BEST WAY to keep Christmas from being over too soon is to begin it early," says Miss Burrall. She not only believes this but is also going to prove that it is true.

Sunday, December the fourth, in her Sunday School message she brought to us the beautiful story of the birth of Christ. The following Sunday the trombone choir played from the Auditorium windows during the thirty minutes before Miss Burrall's class at nine-twenty-nine. That afternoon at four-thirty Christmas tableaux were given.

Now we come to the Big Idea. We had on the Stephens College Campus the tallest Christmas tree we could find. At dusk for five or six days before we left for home, we saw a large electric star at the top of the tree signaling for all persons, whether they were Stephens girls, University students, or Columbians to gather around it for a jolly time. The program was full of the Christmas spirit—and the Christmas spirit is always a happy spirit. The four groups on Stephens College Campus; namely, Student Government, Pan-Hellenic, Young Women's Christian Association, and Student Activity Division took their turns in preparing the programs. One evening was also given over to the University students for serenading.

The lighting of the Yule-Log, an annual Stephens Custom, which was observed on our last evening together at the College before going home for our Christmas holidays, was followed by singing "Silent Night" around the Big Tree.

Giving At Thanksgiving

By Reva Parkin

NOTE: This article was inspired by the generous gifts of Miss Burrall's Sunday School class on the Sunday morning before Thanksgiving.

After all, it is the giver who best knows how much pleasure a gift can bring, for he is the one who derives the most from it. Over 700 students were happier on Thanksgiving Day, theirs were lighter hearts and freer consciences, because they were aware of the fact that somewhere in Columbia a smile lightened the face of a tired mother who saw her Thanksgiving dinner, which had existed only in dreams, materializing under her very eyes; somewhere children's hearts were filled with delight by the little gifts which they—the students in Miss Burrall's class—had contributed in such quantities on that Sunday morning before Thanksgiving.

It is said that a modern "faith-healer" desired to demonstrate his miraculous power before the members of a church in a Missouri community. So he found a man who was bed-ridden with rheumatism and brought him into the church on a cot. He said prayers over him and sang hymns over him—but still the man was unable to rise. Finally, the faith-healer seized the collection basket and started toward the cot. But before the basket reached him, the man "picked up his bed and walked."

"Unto The Least"

By Floy Klein

"WILL YOU PLEASE bring the baby forward?"

Yes,—a real live baby in the Stephens College Auditorium, Sunday, November 12.

Miss Bryant the resident nurse carried the little curly-headed, blue-eyed boy to the platform, and there, with him in her arms she related to us the story of his short life. She told us how six weeks ago the baby's mother had died, after a long illness, how the father had been burdened by heavy expenses and how Sonny Blue-Eyes, his little feet twisted and deformed beyond description, was looking to us for aid.

With earnest tenderness she explained that an operation now would mean that the little chap would in a short time be able to run about like other lads, but that a few years' delay would probably mean that he would never walk.

Someway or other, something (like a lump) kept rising up and sticking on top of my windpipe, while a queer mist dimmed my eyes—Just s'pose no one helped that little fellow—S'pose he were my little brother!

I wiped one eye, and cast a glance at the girl next to me, wondering if anyone would see what my left hand was doing. Well, will you believe me? She (my next-door neighbor) was doing the same thing.

But tears and sympathy alone never did help anyone, and besides, that isn't the Stephens way!

When the pledges came in and were totaled, it was found that practically every girl had pledged herself to sacrifice some unneeded thing in order to do her bit for "Our Baby." The \$450.00 raised will not only provide for the necessary operation but will also pay for baby's care until he is well.

We may be only a lot of thoughtless girls, vain, selfish, overconfident,—but we have discovered that we are unable to resist the appeal for aid carried in a pair of baby's eyes.

So girls, here's three cheers for the baby—"Our Baby"—and may he be the best "Better Baby" that ever lived!

Burrall Bits

When you are mad, bad, sad or glad — Pray!

Learn to laugh *with*, not *at* humanity.

Remember what you inherit from your Heavenly Father. Faith without works is dead." Now just what do you honestly think of prayer without works?

Let us learn to make more forgiving and comfortable excuses for the faults of our friends than we unconsciously make for our own shortcomings.

"Every way of a man seemeth right in his own eyes." How about Stephens College girls?

I thank my Heavenly Father for the beautiful loving prayerful spirit of you girls, working together with him!

Are you blue? Run around the campus with a friend or two, fill your lungs with fresh air, see who can laugh the loudest and longest. Repeat till cured.

We hate to admit it but there seems to be some deep dark connection between physical inactivity and blues!

"The biggest mistake a man can make is to say circumstances made it so."

"The only way to go through misery is to walk through it."

Stephens College Purchases a Chapel

The Baptist church, adjoining the Stephens Campus, is no longer adequate to the needs of the church. As soon as a new church can be built, the present building will be remodeled for use as a chapel.

A SCHOOL CONSISTS of a log with a student on one end and Mark Hopkins on the other. At least that is what someone has said. But of late we have begun to think that the function of the log is more than merely to furnish a support for the student and Mark.

On this theory a beautiful, ivy-clad, modified, Gothic structure, which will go down in the memories of future generations of Stephens girl as "the chapel" has been added to the Stephens College log. For some time the need of a chapel has been felt and to meet this need the board of curators of Stephens College have purchased the Baptist Church, which will be used both as a church and as a chapel until the new church is completed.

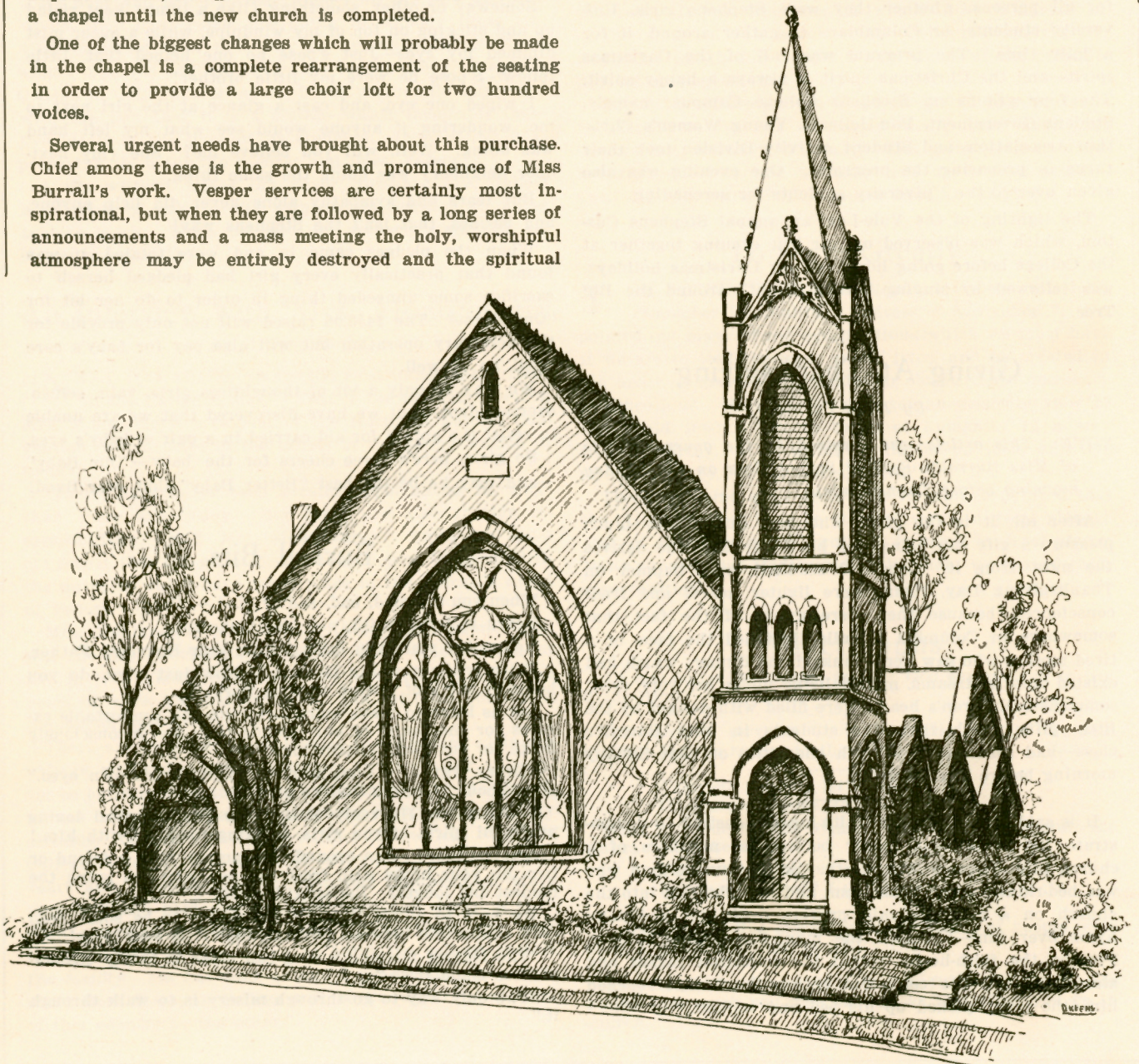
One of the biggest changes which will probably be made in the chapel is a complete rearrangement of the seating in order to provide a large choir loft for two hundred voices.

Several urgent needs have brought about this purchase. Chief among these is the growth and prominence of Miss Burrall's work. Vesper services are certainly most inspirational, but when they are followed by a long series of announcements and a mass meeting the holy, worshipful atmosphere may be entirely destroyed and the spiritual

benefit is likely to be lost. And those few moments of rest and worship, snatched at the end of a busy day, are among the things that no girl in Stephens should be asked to give up.

The smaller rooms in the new chapel will be used for Bible classes and student committees working out religious programs, thus partially relieving the great need for more class rooms until the new science hall can be completed.

Mr. Wood has said, "It is our aim to make Stephens in every way the greatest Junior College in the United States. But only through the loyal and liberal aid of the friends and patrons of the college shall we be able to do this."



The Loving Law of Loving

By Nira Hench

Characters.

Evelyn, a very human little girl.

Evelyn's Mother

Titania, Queen of the Fairies

Attendant Fairies:

Butterfly
Lily
Water Lily
White Rose
Daisy
Rose Bud
Poppy
Hollyhock
Violet

Attendant Elves:

Pip
Nip
Snip
Tip
Rip

Scene:—On the greensward with background of bushes and flowers. Titania surrounded by attendant bands of Fairies and Elves.

TITANIA

My dearest little band of Fairies and Elves, we have come to earth to show mankind how to live cheerfully—

FAIRIES AND ELVES (*In unison, with gestures—and given as an echo*)

Cheerfully!

TITANIA

Joyfully—

ECHO (*As before*)

Joyfully!

TITANIA

Happily, gay—

ECHO

Happily! Gay!

TITANIA

Lovingly, helpfully,
Everyday.

ECHO

Lovingly, helpfully,
Everyday.

TITANIA

In short, to teach mankind how to be good. I have selected this lovely garden for our home and my throne must be erected here.

Many mortals pass this way,
And we may help them, every day.

FAIRIES AND ELVES (*In chorus*)—

We will help them, every way,
We will help them, every day,
Help poor mortals, all we may.

TITANIA

On this spit to be our home,
By your magic build my throne.

RIP

How do we build, on earth, my Queen?

TITANIA

As always, sir, in fairyland (*More sternly*)
Nothing but lovely, nothing but good,
Keeping the honor of fairyhood,
Keep ye this law of the Fairy Band.

PIP (*Bowing*)

We obey.

RIP (*Saluting*)

Dearest Queen, pray where shall we find material for building the throne?

TITANIA

Since we are on earth, we must build of earth matter. Look around you, my little band; seek—find all things useful, and remember, always—beautiful. (*Fairies and Elves scatter in the search*)

ROSE BUD

Here, Queen, are flowers with which to bedeck thy throne. (*Offering flowers.*)

SKIP (*Peering behind bush*)

I wonder what is here. May be if I could—

PIP (*Running up*)

The very things for the throne! (*Turning to Queen*)
Skip and I have found a chair which we shall cover with fairy magic, making it indeed a fit thing for thy loveliness to recline upon.

ROSE BUD

Oh, but my flowers will make it beautiful!

WATER LILY

A pillow of down from the sea gull's wing

Tender and soft will it make the earth

For the feet of a Queen of fairy birth;

This, my Queen, is what I bring.

(*The Fairies all bring something to contribute to the building on the throne, but they glance about discouraged, as though the task of building of earth material were too heavy.*)

TITANIA

My Little Band, I—I, your Queen, have forgotten the law of fairy-building. Where is my little Violet? Come, sweet; come, shy Violet—and let you song be the magic to which my throne shall be built.

(*Violet sings. The workers deftly arrange the throne, their movements keeping time to the music. When the throne is finished, the Fairies and Elves gather and prostrate themselves before the Queen, signifying the completion of their work and indicating that she may mount the throne. As the Queen ascends the throne, the Fairies and Elves arise, dance joyfully, and sing.*)

SONG BY THE FAIRIES

Work well begun

Is work half done.

SONG BY THE ELVES

Work is done, done, done;

Our work is done, done—done.

TITANIA (*Extending her arms while speaking slowly and softly*)—

Each of you sleep, sleep—sleep;

Deep—deep—deep.

(*Fairies and Elves quietly recline on the greensward; then, with sleepy voices, sing softly, in unison.*)

FAIRIES AND ELVES (*Singing*)

Oh search we, search we, far and wide,

O'er valleys, cities, foaming tide,

For some one, faintest Queen, to-day,

To make happy, loving, cheerful, gay.

TITANIA (*With finger on her lips*)

Softly, softly, Fairies all,

Mortal ears have heard our call;

In the honey-bee's soft humming

Is the message: "Some one's coming."

(*Enter Evelyn, carrying a big doil and wheeling a doll*)

buggy filled with dolls, a book of fairy tales lying conspicuously on top of them. Evelyn sits down and begins playing with her doll family. She tries to make the biggest doll sit up on the grass in front of her. Doll falls over at every attempt.)

EVELYN (*Crossly*)

Oh, you Old Doll, I hate you! I'm going to read my story book and not play with you any more. (*Opens the book—angrily turns the pages. Reads a moment here and there, then impatiently drops the book.*)

Oh, I hate you, you Old Ugly Book! Fairy stories aren't true, any way. I don't want you! (*Throws book down. Yawns.*) I am going to take a nap. (*Reclines and goes to sleep.*)

TITANIA (*Tenderly*)

Oh, the pity of it! Such a lovely little girl face, too! (*Goes closer, leans over and gazes at the sleeping child whose face is drawn with frowns and anger. Titania slowly turns toward her band of Fairies and Elves.*)

TITANIA

What do you think, my Fairy Band?

FAIRIES (*Springing up*)

We'll help her, of course; what else could we do!

TITANIA (*Graciously*)

Indeed, I well knew
I could trust her to you.
(*Turning toward elves*)
And you, my wee men?

ELVES (*Mischievously*)

Ahem!.....Ah-h, Ahem!

TITANIA

Remember, no jokes,
No prankish hoax
To spoil the spoiled child.
We shall make her loving, kind, and mild.
(*As the Queen turns away to talk with the Fairies the Elves slip up and pull the curls of the sleeping child. She strikes out crossly. When the Queen glances around, the Elves are innocently standing in a row.*)

ROSE BUD (*Who has seen the Elves' prank. Sings, as though to herself, and without looking at the Elves.*)

Oh, the loving law of loving,
It's the fairy law of living;
It's the law to man we're giving,
Our own loving law of loving.
(*The Elves look startled, then sorry, and turn to the Queen, eagerly anxious to help. The Queen looks at them reproachfully. They see that they have not deceived her and they hang their heads ashamed, then kneel around as though asking forgiveness. The Queen's manner shows that she will trust them again.*)

PIP

May we go tell the earth-flowers to sing to her?

RIP

Tell the nymphs in the trees,
And the birds on the wing
That the Queen of the Fairies
Bids each of them sing.

TITANIA (*Laughingly but correctively*)

That the Queen of the Fairies requests them to sing. Remember—to command is to kill the very heart of loving service. Go, I beg of you, and ask every bird and every bee and every blossom, every wood-nymph and water-sprite, to sing her sweetest song and softest lullaby to this little human, sleeping child. (*The Elves*

scatter and whisper the message to the trees and plants and birds and bushes. In the meantime the Queen signals the Fairies to draw closer and give each her gift to the child. Each Fairy waves her wand over the child—Evelyn—and utters a wish.)

WHITE ROSE

I give you the sweet of a soft, gentle voice.

POPPY

The sweet manner I give you will make hearts rejoice.

LILY

Courage and calm are the gifts that I give.

HOLLYHOOK

I, the power of loving, as long as you live.

BUTTERFLY

I give you pure gladness, to brighten your eyes.

DAISY

And I give you Hope, to banish all signs.

VIOLET

Whatever your years, in your heart shall be youth.

WATER LILY

In all life's temptations, your lips shall know Truth.

TITANIA

I take from you anger—
The power to frown;
Impatience and pettiness
In life's up and down;
And give you of sunshine
A radiant crown.

PIP

We've brought you a gift that is better than gold:
The thing that's most needed by young and by old.

NIP

It's the power of laughter, whatever the pain;

TIP

It's Mirth's umbrella, whatever the rain.

RIP

The spirit of joking, where joking's intended—
And smiling, whenever a thing can't be mended.

SKIP

In short, we give all that's the farthest from "yellow"
And make you hereafter a truly "Good Fellow."

TITANIA (*Softly*)

Trust the heart of mischief for a heart of real gold,
I'm proud of you, proud of you, my wee subjects bold.
But—soft again, soft again—in the honey-bee's humming,
Comes the warning to each of us: "Someone is coming."
(*They all drop gently into the background concealing themselves behind the flowers and bushes. Evelyn's mother enters.*)

MOTHER (*Calling*)

Evelyn, Evelyn! Where are you?

EVELYN (*Waking and rubbing her eyes*)

Here, Mother dear! Here I am!
(*Runs and takes her Mother's hand.*)

Come, Mother, and sit down with me, I have had the most wonderful dream.

MOTHER (*In surprise*)

A dream, dear—?

EVELYN

Wait, Mother—wait just a moment, please, Mother dear! (*Evelyn arranges her dolls in order, then takes her book and sits down beside her mother, her manner gentle and loving, full of interest for her mother's comfort and her face beaming with happiness.*)

(THE END)

The Conflagration

By Florence Warren

A tragedy in four actions—each containing several movements.

CAST

FAITH M. Ansley
HOPE R. Dever
CHARITY V. Taylor
ERNEST A photograph
EXPERIENCE J. Oppenheimer
FIRE CAPTAIN Three guesses.

ACT I. Scene: *The castle of the Deltas—in the Chamber of Chills. Hope frozen in a rocking chair—weaving an excuse to ensnare her instructor. Enter Faith—through the door.*

FAITH—Why do you remain in this place?

HOPE (*brushing the icicles from her thoughts*)—Yes, I should go into Charity's room. There is said to be heat there. (*Exit both.*)

ACT II. Scene: *The Stephens campus. Faith perengrinating classward stops to look back upon her past history. She perceives flames mounting on the ramparts of the castle. She takes the wings of the morning and sifts into the room containing Hope and the warm radiator.*

FAITH—The castle burns! Hither!

HOPE—Whither?

FAITH—Thither!

(*They ooze through the door,—in their wake and upon it float three shoes white, black, brown—a soap box and a box of crackers.*)

HOPE—We have saved all. Let the conflagration mount.

FAITH—Hold! My new suit! It will perish in the flames. Oh! Oh! Who will save it?

Enter Experience.

EXPERIENCE—Stay! I—none other—will rescue your treasure.

CHARITY—(*appearing from behind a veil of tears*)—Oh, my Ernest, My Ernest! Save him. He stands upon my burning desk beside a sack of peanuts.

EXPERIENCE (*evaporating in the smoke*)—Those peanuts shall not burn.

CHARITY—But Ernest?

ACT III. Scene: *Interior of the castle. The footprints of the gallant firemen can be heard on the roof. Experience searches for Ernest. His eyes fall upon a cut slip. He moves Ernest and the peanuts out in the hall to roast, and returns to read the slip and to check up on Charity's scholastic reputation.*

The excitement of the moment upsets the equilibrium of the chafing dish filled with water. The water descends to the floor.

EXPERIENCE (*stepping over a dresser*)—Out with the females! The water is coming through the roof.

ACT IV. Scene: *Outside the castle. The flames have been subdued by chemical baths. The refugees shout: "Experience—Experience, where art thou?"*

Experience appears within the portals. From the folds of his fond embrace he brings a swimming suit, the yellow cut slip—and Ernest, which their respective owners seize, leaving Experience with only his better nature to protect him from the chilling monsoons which he is sure to meet as he drives along life's pathway.

FIRE CAPTAIN—Fire's out—no damage done, except to a few shingles. We're leaving Good bye.

(*Charity presses Ernest to her heart and gazes soulfully at Experience.*)

On My Dresser Drawer

By Vivilee Proffitt

IT'S SHAMEFUL, it's tragic; in fact, it is often a disgrace to the world I live in, yet it's comfortable and sociable and I like it. I'm sorry, but I can't be ashamed of it although I would like to be to appease some conscientious friends of mine. You see these articles in my dresser drawer form a very intimate part of my toilet,—I live with them, so to speak, and I think I should not be brought to task for ruling the subjects in my own domain.

It is my theory that wide experience broadens the mind and tends to make people—and things—more interesting companions. Now I am glad that my handkerchiefs know my cold cream and that my curlers and hairnets are old friends. It is an education in itself for hairnets to get together and discuss their inalienable rights. I believe the conclusion of one of these discussions was that all hairnets are created free and equal; that they are entitled to immediate relief in case of a nervous breakdown; and that no hairnet should be required to work more than two weeks; but if an especially healthy hairnet should stand the strain of the strenuous life for a month, he should then be given an honorable discharge, a pension, and be decorated for bravery. So far, the government has not been over burdened with pensions.

It does no end of good for the wire and bone hairpins to meet in conventions and debate the question: "Resolved, That the right puff is harder to hold in place than the left one," and many more topics suggested by experience in their daily life.

Several times in my life I have tried to keep my dresser drawer straight for a certain length of time because some one told me it would bring a satisfaction to my soul just to see it straight, but the promised satisfaction failed to arrive. The articles arranged in neat piles soon wore on my nerves like an unnaturally prim child. I grew "fed up" on the very neatness of it and longed to throw things about easily and haphazardly again—so I did. Now I never hamper my spirit by trying to keep my dresser-drawer straight and I have the most comfortable moments of enjoyment as I rummage through for a hairpin, which I may find in the handkerchief box or anywhere. I am in favor of neatness along most lines, but my disorderly dresser drawer is my pet sin, for I am very jealous of the wild liberty I take with it, and who shall say I have not a perfect right to maintain such an absolutely untrammelled institution?

Pujab—The jokes I handed in were not published.

Joke Editor—I know it. After this write them on tissue paper so I can see through them.— Science and Inventions

The editor in question, like most others, was obliged to refuse a great many stories. A lady once wrote him:

"Sir: You sent back last week a story of mine. I know that you did not read the story, for as a test I had pasted together pages 18, 19 and 20, and the story came back with these pages still pasted; and so I know you are a fraud and turn down stories without reading same."?

The editor wrote back: "Madam! At breakfast when I open an egg I don't have to eat the whole egg to discover it is bad."
—Writer's Monthly

Old Lady—"Oh, conductor, please stop the train. I dropped my wig out the window."

Conductor—"Never mind, Madam, there is a switch just this side of the next station."—Octopus.

Mary Decides to Be Merry

By Effie Ferril

THE POTATOES BEGAN IT. Mary watched them wrathfully as they bumped sullenly down the cellar steps and rolled discontentedly across the floor. She turned to the author of the mischief, who stood on the top of the steps, her youthful nephew who had been bound cellarward in search of an apple when he collided with Mary, upsetting her balance and the pan of potatoes. The provoking nephew grinned ingratiatingly, showing vacant spaces around two teeth that were ambitiously pushing through the gums, and offered to repair the mischief. When the potatoes were safe in the pan, Mary again ascended the steps followed by the contented nephew eagerly devouring a toothsome apple which had been the object of his search.

Mary walked stiffly toward the house. How typical was this incident of the events of her whole life! Always ludicrous things were happening to her. On this Christmas Eve when she and her mother were preparing for a reunion of Mary's brothers and sisters and their families, the comical humiliating things were more manifold, especially since three of the nephews arrived before their parents.

Mary had not been keenly aware of the trend of things until she had met Mr. Clifford a week ago. When Mary looked at him and saw that he was dark, stern, and dignified, and knew that he was a *novelist* visiting at the next farm, she began to see the truth of things. She knew at once that her whole life was wrong. She was acutely dissatisfied with her old careless, happy humdrum way of living. Her soul began to expand with "infinite yearning." She longed to be gracious, noble, and sweetly charitable, a woman with worthy ambitions, lofty aspirations, and aesthetic desires. She had decided then to change her life, to "cast off her old existence." But now she decided that she would prove to her family that she had undergone a spiritual readjustment.

By the time Mary had reached this decision, she was at the kitchen door. She entered with as much dignity as is compatible with potatoes and gave them to her mother. Mary looked at her mother (who was kindly, flushed, and a little tired) and thought she was a dear but wholly incapable of understanding the workings of a sensitive soul. When one is seventeen the growth of a soul is more painful than a wisdom tooth. With a sigh, Mary turned to prepare the celery, when from a distant part of the house came a long drawn dismal wail, the cry of a distressed creature. Mary, feeling that some tragedy was being enacted upon one of the nephews, hurried to rescue him, only to find him weeping copiously over an engine, which was guaranteed to run but which persisted in standing still. When Mary had exerted all her mechanical powers and had finally teased the engine into action and wiped the tears from the round little face, she sighed. She so longed for noble service and *this* was what she was compelled to do. Although it may be a distinct service to wipe a youthful citizen's little nose, it is distinctly *not* noble.

The rest of the day was trying. She rushed to and fro, up and down, in and out, on innumerable errands that must be done on Christmas Eve. She polished the silver, washed the best china, repaired Christmas decorations that persisted in coming down, smuggled belated presents to the Christmas tree, kept the lively curiosity of the nephews from turning to the mysterious living room, and lightened the various tribulations with which they were afflicted. But through it all Mary was spiritually aloft, far away and coldly disapproving. These commonplace family reunions were hopelessly old-

fashioned. Mary's picture of a correct Christmas party was that of herself coming forward under soft drawing-room lights, clad in a trailing gown and with a slim white hand extended graciously to guests who were very intellectual—but interesting in spite of it. Mary nursed her dignity throughout the day, greeting her brothers and sisters when they arrived with a graciousness that astonished them and appearing at dinner in her most grownup gown.

The dinner was a unique success. The table sparkled with silver and china and radiated the savory odor of the bounties of nature. Mary's father wore the look of unparalleled happiness which belongs alone to the benevolent host. Everyone was hilarious and everyone talked at once—except Mary. She was silent but was faintly happy in spite of the encumbrance of the new-born dignity. The young nieces and nephews squirmed about in their chairs in the exquisite agony of prolonging the present joys afforded their appetite and hastening the future unknown happiness yet to be revealed in the mysterious living-room. When justice had been done to the dinner and the various branches of the family tree had pushed eagerly into the living room, Mary slipped away to her own room to have a few minutes of quiet and to read Tolstoy. (Mary did not understand Tolstoy but she felt that he was good for her soul.) After a few pages Mary became restless, tossed the philosopher aside, and went down to the living-room. The merriment was at its ecstatic height when she entered. The children were shrieking with laughter over the stories and antics of a venerable Santa Claus. The angle of Mary's nose changed a little. She watched until she heard Santa's voice above the din. She subsided weakly in the nearest chair. She felt that all the moral props in her life had given away. Her ideals had fallen. Her dreams of gracious service and womanly charity came clattering to earth. How cruel is life that one should be disillusioned so young! The man was Mr. Clifford. How could a man of his station act in such a manner! He behaved absurdly, even childishly. Mary continued to watch with moody young eyes gradually growing less disapproving. Something stirred in her heart that she thought was entirely dead. Her eyes were no longer offended by the boisterous scene, her ears were not outraged by the joyous din. Her feet moved a little in unison with the music. The old Mary turned the new Mary out of her soul and entered the fun with the zest of a child.

When, wearily but happily, Mary mounted the stairs that night, she sagely reflected that human nature could not be changed in a day.

"After all," she apologized as she fumbled with the knob, "Christmas should be *Merry*."

And it is quite possible that the spirit of Merry Christmas so thoroughly permeated her being that she—dreamed of Santa Claus.

A Hike Out—A Hayride In

They said it was only five miles to Natural Bridge! The aggregation of "hep-hep-heppers" left Stephens at three-thirty. They were on their way to roast weiners over a roaring campfire. That isn't the full menu—but you know the "dishes" that go with weiners and a campfire.

Some say bright moonlight is intoxicating but we think cider plus hayrack jiggling is more effective.

Miss Johnson, Miss Dudley, and Miss Garrett were the hikers from the faculty.

It's a wise child that resembles its rich relations.

—Toronto Telegram.

Echoes From Old-Fashioned Number

By Olivia Noel

A DREAM OF THE PAST as fresh as though of yesterday, a picture of sixty years ago as vivid as though of to-day, is this story of a Stephens graduate of 1860. Mrs. Virginia Hockensmith, in response to the "Old-Fashioned Number" of the Stephens Standard, brings us this delightful glimpse into long ago.

"There were six in my class and we all sat on the stage with the faculty. Each girl was compelled to read and essay: my subject was 'Blessings Brighten As They Take Their Flight.' As we read, bouquets were thrown from friends in the audience and the ushers would distribute them."



MRS. VIRGINIA WATSON HOCKENSMITH
who graduated at Stephens College in 1860

The graduation gown of this eighteen-year-old college graduate of sixty years ago was made by the mother of the late William Woods who gave the endowment for William Woods College of Fulton, Missouri. We see it, as charming as its wearer, in the following picture.

"My costume for the occasion was white silk tissue with low neck and short puffed sleeves. The skirt was of three ruffles and very full with a tightly-fitting bodice on a girdle of white satin, pointed in front and laced with a cord.

"My hair was bobbed and curled, something like the fashions of to-day."

Then with unaffected modesty the writer of the letter tells of her honors:

"Besides the regular college course, I made a specialty of music. On the evening of my graduation, I played *Dixie* and *Yankee Doodle* with variations, and *The Hazel Dell*, a piece which was dedicated to me for receiving the highest grade in music . . . by Professor C. L. Doll, head of the music department . . ."

A spicy morsel of college secrets, seasoned with the flavors of yesterday, is this naïve confession:

"In those days, all the athletics we had were calisthenics and the playing of base—the girls were not allowed to run beyond two large cedar trees, ten feet from the gate, but often they could not stop—and would run further to have a chat with the university students. The day pupils often carried their correspondence to university boys at the peril of being expelled at once.—But no one was expelled who was able to pay tuition and board."

The editors of the *Standard* are grateful to Mrs. Hockensmith, who is one of the oldest living Stephens graduates, for her interesting account of the college as she knew it. They extend her the sincerest thanks of the staff as well as the readers of the *Standard*.

The Gossip Column

Katherine Thoroton of Warrensburg visited Dorothy Motley at Sigma House.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Wolff visited their daughter Myrtle.

Harold Huber, John Whiteside and Finley Hostetter were dinner guests at Stephens.

Mrs. Higdon of Sedalia visited her daughter Lucilla.

Mrs. Stumpf of Oklahoma City was the guest of her daughter Jewell for several days.

Mary Phillips of Okmulgee, Oklahoma, visited Mildred Phillips last month.

Blanche D. Motley of Bowling Green and Virginia Burk of Moberly were guests of their sisters Thanksgiving.

Mrs. Howard Smith of Everett, Washington, visited her sister-in-law, Jeanette Smith, November 18.

Virginia Reno, accompanied by Katherine and Francis Jolly, spent Thanksgiving at her home in Fulton, Missouri.

Maurine Willys, Mary K. Warren, Flora Sweet, and Sallie Parker spent Thanksgiving in Kansas City.

Rhea Statton, Ruth Schaback, and Bonnie Plunkett visited here Thanksgiving.

Opal Simmons was called home by the illness of her father.

Avis Howard, of Fairbury, Nebraska, was a guest at the Gamma House Thanksgiving.

Lela Carroll had, as her guest, Lewis Carter from Vinita, Oklahoma, Thanksgiving Day.

Dr. Leonard Koos, Professor of Secondary Education at the University of Minnesota, was a guest at Stephens College. He is a special investigator of Junior Colleges and is carrying on a movement for the Commonwealth Foundation. He was very much interested in our extra-circular activities.

The Stephens girls witnessed an enthusiastic "Homecoming" this year. Alumnae came into Columbia by the dozens. The alumnae editor attempted get a complete list of the old girls who "came home" this year—but there were so many of them that we cannot crowd the list into this issue.

Our space is so greatly limited that we are postponing the usual page of Alumnae Notes until January.

Subscriptions for the *Standard* are still coming in. If you know a Stephensite who has not subscribed, tell her to DO IT NOW. Your heart instructs you.

Smile Awhile

The essence of the following jokes has been extracted from "our esteemed contemporaries" and compounded with a few grains of local wit. Please inject hypodermically into the humorous vein:

MISS JOHNSON—I wouldn't marry him if he were the last man on earth!

MISS PENNINGTON—Of course you wouldn't! Nobody would marry the last man on earth! Why, that wouldn't leave anybody to flirt with.

MISS BURRALL (on trip from Kansas City back to Stephens College)—Is this a fast train?

CONDUCTOR—Of course it is.

MISS BURRALL—I thought it was. Would you mind my getting out to see what it is fast to?

RUTH MARSHALL—What shall we do, Opal?

OPAL SIMMONS—I'll spin a coin. It it's head we'll go to the movies; tails we go to the tea; and if it stands on edge we'll study.

MARGIE WEASMER (in a tantrum because her week end privileges were taken)—Absolutely! Isn't it awful! I'm going away to die. Give me my toothbrush and my powder puff.

MISS STOCKTON—She has a masculine mouth, don't you think?

MISS HAGGARD—Very! I fancy she couldn't hold more than a dozen hairpins in it to save her life.

DOROTHY LEE BROWN—Did you ever go before an audience?

AMELIA FOSTER—No, I spoke before an audience once, but most of it went before I did.

HELEN DILLENBECK—What beautiful flowers! Why, isn't there still a little dew on them?

HE (in confusion)—Yes, but I'll pay it before long.

MOTHER—This letter from Hazel is mighty short.

FATHER—Yes, so is Hazel or she wouldn't have written.

MISS OAKES—Where do jelly fish get their jelly?

RACHAEL—From the ocean currents.

Stepping Heavenward

On grading the papers in a Bible class, this sentence was found: "And she was **HEELED** upon her faith."

"In the Spring a young man's fancy, lightly turns to thoughts of love."

In youth spring is eternal.

Why did Margaret Engle claim to be from Kansas, when she lives in Trenton—just *yet*, anyway?

Have you noticed the number of girls staying around the campus every week end? Lovers of home-life I guess.

TEACHER—What is the plural of forget-me-not?

DAWN—Why, forget-us-not, of course.

HE—I dreamed last night that I proposed to you. Wonder what that's a sign of?

HILDA—Sign you've got more sense asleep than when you're awake.

"Isn't it perfect weather for a nice long walk?" she asked.

"How, I'd love to take one," he replied.

"Well, don't let me detain you," she sweetly said.

VELMA—Interested in Edison's questionnaire?

VERA—No, any girl can get a life job by just saying, "Yes" to one question.

"What you say goes!" he sadly said,

With eyes and heart aflame

She glanced at the clock and turned her head

And softly murmured his name.

ELINOR KELLY—So you think a girl should learn to love before twenty-one?

ESTHER HIBBS—No, indeed, that's too big an audience.

MADemoiselle—Did you have any trouble with your French, while in Paris?

MISS DUDLEY—No, but the Parisians did.

VERNIE—Rah! I've lost half a pound this week.

MISS FLINT—Wish I'd found it.

MARGARET—Can I have that dollar you borrowed?

MARY RUTH—Yeh, tomorrow.

MARGARET—You told me that yesterday.

MARY RUTH—Yeh, do you think I'm a person to say one thing one day and another the next?

LOANS FROM LIFE

Thomas L. Masson, editor of *Life*, has kindly accorded full permission to use any of the material in *Life*, which we think might check the threatening yawns of ennui. With the proper abdominal flexion, we thank *Life*, and we reciprocate by extending to Mr. Masson and his associates full reprint privileges from the *Standard*—yawn-stuff and all.

Those ungrammatical ouija messages are evidently English as she is spook.

Some confusion is arising on the part of persons who think the Sexcentenary of Dante is only a new novel by Elinor Glyn.

Undoubtedly the Alabama man who was killed by a bolt of lightning while harnessing a mule still blames the mule.

In Warsaw a shoe shine costs 2,000 rubles. That is what they must mean by the Polish problem.

The Japanese idea seems to be that we must acknowledge their equality or they'll proceed to demonstrate their superiority.

The girl that poses for the lingerie ads doesn't have to get dressed to go to work.

Congressmen make speeches as if they got twenty cents a mile for space in the *Congressional Record*.

Propaganda seems to be best defined as arguments advanced by some one else.

Corporation counsels are usually true to their trust.

The Kaiser's aim really must have been good, judging from the way he shattered the *mark*.

Jazz lyrics are written in the Anglo-Saxophone language.

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"I have never been to Stephens but I read the **Standard** from cover to cover."—Mrs. H. P. Stephens, Chefoo, China.

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Or, best of all, find some progressive-minded person, who wants to do good with his money and who believes that the **Standard** is a sound educational project, and get an endowment for a department of journalism in Stephens College.

Let Us Keep

The STEPHENS
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Up to Standard

CHRISTIAN EDUCATION

By **ROGER W. BABSON**

Roger W. Babson is a well known author and statistician whose opinions are considered authoritative.

THE need of the hour is not more factories or materials, not more railroads or steamships, not more armies or more navies, but rather more education based on the plain teachings of Jesus. The prosperity of our country depends on the motives and purposes of the people. These motives and purposes are directed in the right course only through religion. Legislation, bounties, or force are of no avail in determining man's attitude toward life. Harmony at home and peace with the world will only be determined in the same way.

Religion, like everything else of value, must be taught. It is possible to get more religion in industry and business only through the development of Christian education and leadership. **With the forces of evil backed by men and money, systematically organized to destroy, we must back with men and money all campaigns for Christian education.**

We are willing to give our property and even our lives when our country calls in time of war. Yet the call of Christian education is to-day of even greater importance than was ever the call of the army or the navy. I say this because we shall probably never live to see America attacked from without, but we may at any time see our best institutions attacked from within.

I am offering Christian education as a protector of property because nearly all the great progressive and liberal movements of history have been born in the hearts of Christian educators. I do, however, insist that the safety of our sons and daughters, as they go out on the streets this very night, is due to the influence of the preachers rather than to the influence of the policemen and law makers. Yes, the safety of our nation, including all groups, depends on Christian education. Furthermore, at no time in our history has it been more greatly needed.

We insure our houses and factories, our automobiles and our business through mutual and stock insurance companies, but the same amount of money invested in Christian education would give far greater results. Besides, Christian education can insure what no corporation can insure—namely, prosperity.

As the great life insurance companies are spending huge sums on doctors, scientific investigations and district nurses to improve the health of the nation, so we business men should spend huge sums to develop those fundamental religious qualities of integrity, industry, faith and service, which make for true prosperity. I repeat, the need of the hour is—not more factories or materials, not more railroads or steamships, not more armies or navies—but rather more Christian education.

***You will be backing Christian education by buying Stephens College
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