

# The Stephens Standard



Commencement Number 1921

## The Stephens Standard

Columbia, Missouri

June 8, 1921

Dear Friend:

You have been so generous in your appreciation of the STEPHENS STANDARD that we are going to put both your appreciation and your generosity to the test.

The subscription price is going to be increased from NOTHING to ONE DOLLAR A YEAR. The College has maintained the paper as a regular part of the work of the department of English composition--and it is going to continue to maintain it. But if you want to receive the STANDARD every month during the school year, you must become a SUBSCRIBER. Sample copies, however, will be sent to any address upon request.

We want you to consider the following facts about the STANDARD:

It carries no advertising; it is ALL reading matter.

It is almost wholly STUDENT composition. (Occasional contributions are received from other sources, but the paper is largely the result of student effort.)

It is a LINK between you and the school in which you are interested. It gives you information about the rapid progress of Stephens and familiarizes you with the various incidents of school life throughout the year.

The total number of pages in the STANDARD for a year will be approximately two hundred.

Read this issue--and mail us your subscription card.

Sincerely yours,

THE STEPHENS STANDARD.

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# The Stephens Standard

## The Sixty-fourth Annual Commencement

Largest Stephens class is graduated. Dr. W. W. Charters delivers commencement address. Baccalaureate is preached by Dr. E. Y. Mullins. Week's program is filled with interesting events. Crowning of the Ivy Queen is a pleasing and impressive pageant.

YES, it rained on Commencement Day—but no one could find fault with the weather man on the three days preceding.

The sixty-fourth annual commencement was in every way a success. It set a new mark of educational achievement, for diplomas were issued (on June 7) to the largest class which Stephens has ever graduated.

### THE COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS.

"Knowledge should be the servant of character." That was the theme of the address delivered by Dr. W. W. Charters to the graduating class on commencement morning. Dr. Charters is the director of research at Stephens College and he pointed out very clearly what his ideals are in attempting to modify the college curriculum for women as it exists to-day.

He showed that a college training must be practical—not necessarily vocational, but practical in the sense that it will render the student more capable of meeting and solving the actual problems of present-day life. Women have been admitted to the full privileges of citizenship. Therefore, their educational training should familiarize them with the obligations of a citizen.

Dr. Charters also stressed the community service ideal. Students, in a college like Stephens, should learn to "fit in" to the co-operative life of a community. In doing this they often have to learn the lesson of "everyday duties" and of responsibility in little things. It is here also that the Christian art of living together in friendly co-operation with our neighbors plays a part.

In discussing college training which functions in home service, Dr. Charters took up the subject of art and showed how it satisfied his definition of the "practical" by making the individual homes

in a community more beautiful and attractive.

In concluding, Dr. Charters stated that an ideal college training was one which subordinated knowledge to character and which resulted in increased "health, happiness, and efficiency."

### THE BACCALAUREATE SERMON

In introducing Dr. E. Y. Mullins, who preached the baccalaureate sermon for the class, E. W. Stephens, president of the Board of Trustees of Stephens College, referred to him as one of the foremost educators and religious thinkers of the country. Dr. Mullins is president of the Southern Baptist Convention (an honor which was bestowed upon Mr. Stephens himself for three consecutive years) and also president of the Louisville Baptist Theological Seminary.

The Stephens students filled almost the entire church so that there was not sufficient room for the visitors who desired to attend the baccalaureate services.

Dr. Mullins took his text from Revelations 1:6. His theme was: Life is not complete without the kingly element of *power* and the priestly element of *love*.

### CLASS DAY

Monday, June 6, was Class Day. The day's program was full of interesting events:

Phi Theta Kappa Breakfast.....	8:30 a. m.
Phi Theta Kappa Program.....	10:30 a. m.
Buffet Luncheon for alumnae, guests, and students.....	Noon
Meeting of the Alumnae Association....	2:30 p. m.
Class Day Exercises.....	4:30 p. m.
Senior Dinner.....	6:00 p. m.
Crowning of the Ivy Queen.....	7:00 p. m.
Senior Step Singing.....	9:00 p. m.

The crowning of the Ivy Queen was one of the most beautiful and impressive exercise of commencement week. It was in the nature of a pageant based on the story of Comus. It was directed by Mrs. R. I. Simpson and was pronounced a most delightful success. Helen Brunk, of Nowata, Oklahoma, was the Ivy Queen; Ruth Ohmer, of Wichita, Kansas, was the Queen of "1920." The queen's throne was in the center of the front campus and the woodland effect was entirely in keeping with the idea of the pageant.

Other events on the commencement program were: the track meet, Saturday morning, June 4, which was won by the Theta Taus; the Art and Home Economics Reception, Saturday afternoon; the piano recital, Sunday afternoon; and "The Enchanted Fountain."

#### THE WATER PLAY

"The Enchanted Fountain," a water play given under the auspices of the Duck Club, was pre-

sented in the natatorium of Stephens College Friday and Saturday evenings, June 3 and 4. The play was written by Ola V. Powell. It is the story of Sawanah, an Indian princess, who lives in the heart of a forest by the side of a pool of magic water.

The natatorium was effectively decorated to represent a forest scene. In the center of the pool was the magic fountain. Colored lights played over the fountain during the entire performance.

The water play is an annual event on the commencement program at Stephens. It is a dash of the unusual in the ritual of graduation. It is also a means of exhibiting the ability and skill of the members of the Duck Club of Stephens College, which is a unique and interesting organization. Any Stephens girl is eligible for membership in the Duck Club, the requirement for membership being the ability to qualify in the arts of swimming and diving.

### The Old Maroon and Gold

BY GRACE ECKELBERRY

*Oh, to Stephens, dearest Stephens,  
Our thoughts will ever turn:  
On thy altars, Alma Mater,  
The fires shall ever burn.  
And all thy dearest memories  
Our hearts will sacred hold:  
We pledge our true allegiance  
To the old maroon and gold.*

*Through the busy days of striving,  
Midst the laughter and the tears,  
Day by day our hearts are learning  
To conquer all their fears.  
And when the tasks are ended,  
And when our lives grow old,  
More fondly shall we love the—  
Love the old maroon and gold.*

*To achievement, joy, and conquest  
Our steps we onward bend,  
But our gayest, greatest moments  
Fond thoughts to thee will lend:  
We'll never cease to love thee.  
And, as thy fame is told,  
We'll stand steadfast and loyal  
To the old maroon and gold.*

This song won the twenty dollar gold award offered by the Board of Trustees for the best Stephens song written during the year.



SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

VIRGINIA LOPER—President

LILIAN HARVEY—Secretary

## Traditions at Stephens College

*NOTE:---This article, written by Mercedes Sherman, shows the increasing importance of College traditions in the life of a Stephens girl. The ideals of the majority mold traditions, and traditions, in turn, help to mold the ideals of the individual.*

**JUNE AND GRADUATION!** They had come at last and the "sweet girl graduates" were again the center of all attention.

Out on the shady green campus three girls were pledging eternal friendship to one another and to the school they were about to leave. "Did you ever dream it would be so hard?" asked one.

"We never can be just the same again. Haven't these two years been happy ones? Just suppose we had all gone to different schools and hadn't known each other at all?" offered another.

"Do you remember the first time—"

Then followed a series of memories that made almost a complete picture of two years at Stephens.

Other girls were doing the same thing in other parts of the campus. Every one was saying good-byes. Graduation isn't such a happy time after all! There is such a complexity of emotions! Every hall and room, every nook on the campus, every student activity has contributed its part to that legacy of emotion which is called "school tradition."

From the day a girl arrives at Stephens until she leaves, she is continually coming face to face with these institutions and customs which have become so stabilized as to be known as traditions of the school. There is a certain dignity, an inexpressible feeling of reverence for these traditions, that causes every girl to regard them as the corner stone of her school life. Often I am inclined to believe that these traditions, these ideals and customs are the Stephens stamp and seal which will leave the most indelible mark on the Stephens girl when she leaves her alma mater and takes her place in the world.

Intangible things often are the most compelling factors in life, and so at school the greatest tradition is the tradition of ideals—that which we often call Stephens standards of honor.

Perhaps the first time the girl entering Stephens becomes conscious of a tradition is when the entire student body, each girl dressed in white, marches from the campus to church on the first Sunday morning after her arrival. If inclination leads her elsewhere and she wonders aloud whether she *must* go to the church or not, some upper

classman will inform her that it is the custom of the college, and, for some strange psychological reason, just the word "custom" destroys all doubt or dissension that might have been in her mind.

A few days later the new girl begins to hear vague whisperings of a barbecue. Nothing is definite but every one agrees that it should be "soon." And when she asks what they mean by the barbecue some one will probably answer, "It is an annual event of the fall. Every year since—well I guess since the school was established, the college has given a barbecue at the lake. An old darkey barbecues the meat—and there is a huge bonfire. After we eat, every one sits around the fire and we have stunts and songs in the moonlight. It's great fun and you really begin to know the girls at the barbecue." And then the "new girl" registers an active mental impression of "an annual event of the fall."

This is only the beginning. All through the year these traditions or customs are constantly brought to her mind. They are the axis upon which her school life turns.

There is another side to this subject of school traditions which is worthy of special mention. The fact that these traditions are the gift which girls who went to Stephens long ago have given us and that we are adding to its beauty and dignity or detracting from its value by the standards we adopt gives just the needed touch of responsibility to make these traditions valuable. They have been given to us but we cannot keep them except through honest effort to increase them.

Traditions do not spring forth Minerva-like from the brain of even the greatest. They are the fruit of careful construction. Every year new foundations are laid and every year new plans are begun. Even now we are engaged in establishing new customs and traditions. Step-singing, which seems to have been left out in the original plan of things, is a contribution we are trying to make to this fund of tradition. The new Civic Association, with its increase in student responsibility and in the efficiency of student government, will add much to the school traditions.

And so the year passes—separate events woven together with the thread of custom and precedent—and June and graduation come again.

If the Stephens girl meets tradition all along the path of the school year, she meets it much more forcefully during commencement week, for each event of that week is a tradition sacred to the senior class and the entire college. The water play, the class day exercises, crowning of the Ivy Queen and then at last graduation itself,—all are a part of our commencement traditions.

Traditions are lovely, valuable things like a carefully woven tapestry of skilled workmanship;

they present the picture of school life and, more than that, of the girls who have made the school. The tapestry color scheme is perfect. It has been tested by the weather of time and only those colors which blend beautifully have stood the test.

To the girls who are leaving Stephens, its traditions mean the back ground for their entire life. To the ones who are coming back, they are a glorious inheritance from a long line of former students. Let us guard and cherish them that they may be given beautified and perfected to those who come after us.



The crowning of the IVY QUEEN is one of the traditions of Stephens College life, and a regular part of commencement week.

These are pictures of the 1920 ceremony. This year the program was given in the evening. It was impossible to get satisfactory pictures.





STUDENT OFFICERS FOR 1921-22

- |  |   |  |
|--|---|--|
| 1. AMELIA FOSTER, <i>Shreveport, Louisiana</i><br>President of the Civic Association         | 5. MARY RUTH CRAVEN, <i>Salisbury, Missouri</i><br>President of the Self-Government Division      | 9. HELEN DILLENBECK, <i>El Dorado, Kansas</i><br>Vice-President of the Y. W. C. A. |
| 2. HELEN STUFFELBRAN, <i>Brookfield, Missouri</i><br>Vice-President of the Civic Association | 6. JULIA BONDURANT, <i>Charleston, Missouri</i><br>Vice-President of the Self-Government Division | 10. RUTH MARSHALL, <i>Holcomb, Missouri</i><br>Secretary of the Y. W. C. A.        |
| 3. MINNIE MEANS, <i>Pierce City, Missouri</i><br>Secretary of the Civic Association          | 7. MARY KATE MILES, <i>Norborne, Missouri</i><br>Secretary of the Self-Government Division        | 11. HAZEL MARVIN, <i>Kingman, Kansas</i><br>Treasurer of the Y. W. C. A.           |
| 4. OPAL SIMMONS, <i>Macon, Missouri</i><br>Treasurer of the Civic Association                | 8. AMBIE MOSELEY, <i>Kansas City, Missouri</i><br>President of the Y. W. C. A.                    |  |

# The Stephens Standard

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ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

VOLUME ONE

NUMBER SEVEN

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

## CENTRAL BOARD OF EDITORS

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## ASSOCIATE EDITORS

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ADVISORY EDITOR: Ruth Ohmer.

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.

## A Dollar a Year

THE OTHER DAY a man in Los Angeles talked to a man in Cuba *by telephone*.

Stephens College doesn't maintain a system of long-distance telephones enabling you—all the alumnae and the parents of students and every other friend of the college—to "listen in." But you have the *Stephens Standard*. This year the *Standard* has given you *free service*. But it has passed the experimental stage. With the beginning of the next school year, the paper goes upon a *subscription basis*.

The *Standard* will continue to give service—and increasingly better service. It will be "the long-distance wire" into the homes of all the friends who wish to "listen in" and who are willing to help pay the "toll charges." In this issue you will find a return postal card. Indicate on the card your willingness to subscribe to the *Standard* for the school year 1921-22 and mail it to the college.

And the dollar? Well, any time before next June—but the *best* time is always *now*.

## A Christian Memorial

EVERY CENT invested in the education of women is a memorial to womanhood. Are not our mothers who dreamed dreams of college days that never were—are they not appropriately remembered in the fostering of greater educational opportunities for the generations of daughters and grand-daughters that follow them?

Every dollar which goes to upbuild the educational facilities of Stephens College augments the influence of Christian womanhood in our civilization. It has been said that women are the most potent force in the world. If this is true, how guilty is the world in circumscribing the educational possibilities and opportunities of women! For, the greater the force, the greater the influence, the more important is the matter of its wise direction. Hence, the program of Stephens College is a recognition of the power of woman and a tribute to her as the spiritual arbiter of society.

No greater memorial to a mother, a wife, or a daughter could be established than a splendid and beautiful building dedicated to the service of humanity through the education of the daughters of mothers to become the Christian mothers of daughters and sons.

## Reckless Teaching

IF YOU HAVE DOUBTS about the attitude which thinking people are assuming toward religious educational guidance, read page 125 of this issue of the *Standard*. The Literary Digest in an article entitled "The Danger of Reckless Teaching" has voiced a wide spread criticism of education. The destruction of a traditional religious faith seems to be the peculiar joy of certain teachers of ethics and philosophy who have not the patience to wait for the safe and gradual readjustment of religious attitudes which comes with the unfolding of intellectual experience under sympathetic instruction.

The face of the morning sunflower will turn to the west under the warm influence of the day, but the gardener who ruthlessly bends and breaks the stem of the plant in order to force it to conform to his own peculiar "westward" trend of thought will stunt the development of the flower, distort its symmetry, and mar its beauty!

Reckless teaching means danger to the learners. But careful teaching means spiritual as well as intellectual progress. It means the growth and gradual modification of ideals of living—ideals whose roots lie in the natural soil of service, the fundamental altruistic emotions.

## Commencement

TO the majority of graduates Commencement Day means the end of preparation and the beginning of participation. Too often, this supposed distinction separates the old from the new with a false finality and leaves the graduate aghast at the long stretch of highway which the bend in the road has disclosed to him. But in reality there is no dividing line—but simply a continuous carrying-forward, a cumulative progress. Commencement is linked to other experiences by firm bonds. There really is no beginning nor end—only a shifting to new and more beautiful scenes—only a turn in the road.

## Speaking the Truth

MOST of us remember the story of the three blind men who went to see the elephant. The one man who touched his tail described him as resembling a rope, the one who touched his body describing him as resembling a whale. The one who felt his trunk described him as a tree. Each told the truth—but only partially. Too many of us today are as blind men seeing elephants when we speak or write—especially so when we seek to help Madam Rumor.

## “For---Not Against”

AS student government president for next year, I expect to urge the granting of every privilege which is consistent with the good reputation of the school and the safety of the students. But, in return, I want the sympathetic co-operation of every student in preventing the *abuse* of privileges.

Be straightforward and honest in every matter of conduct. Never stoop to deception. Be a good citizen. Remember that rules exist *for your good*. And learning to obey them is part of your education.

If you are coming to Stephens with the expectation of getting your “thrills” by smashing your way through every rule which the student council desires to enforce, don’t come. You are not up-to-date. You belong in a female seminary that is fifty years behind the times. There’s lots of fun to be had at Stephens—and it can be had “within the law.”

In trying to do my duty as one of the elected student officers, I am going to act FOR you—not AGAINST you.

—Mary Ruth Craven, president, Self-Government Council.

“What is meant by the ‘acid test’?”

“Going on living after your best girl hands you a lemon.”

—Ex.

“When rain falls, does it ever rise again?”

“Yes sir.”

“When?”

“Oh, in dew time.”

—Burr

“Rather thin, that recruit.”

“M’yes. Matter of fact, when he stands sideways on parade, he’s absent.”

—Ex.



## CHAMPIONS

The Main Dormitory Basketball Team won the silver loving cup in the basketball tournament. On account of the postponement of games, the result could not be announced in the *May Standard*.

## Intellectually Speaking

THE studious countenances of twenty-four girls were transformed into continuous smiles, May the seventeenth. After weeks of expectation they had at last been initiated into Phi Theta Kappa, the honorary sorority.

The Phi Theta Kappa pledge pin which nestled among the folds of a pretty dress may have suggested quiet and rest but the owner had to hustle from morning until night living up to the standards set for her by the active members. However, that was not the only task which her honors imposed upon her. Her neighbor who was not included in the twenty-four came to her when she found something extremely difficult and said, "You made Phi Theta Kappa. You should know how to do this."

The fact that the pledge is supposed to belong to the "top ten percent" does not mean that she knows it all—intellectually speaking. But the incessant calls for help from the other 90 percent are a part of the unwritten ritual of initiation.

A special Phi Theta dinner was given on the evening of the actual initiation. After the dinner the members of the sorority appeared on the stage at vespers while President Wood, in a short address, emphasized the fact that membership in Phi Theta Kappa would be no guarantee of success unless the student had learned the vital lesson of making practical application of her training in real life.

## Cabinet Council Conference

DID you know that Stephens Y. W. C. A. stands at the top of the list of Junior College Y. W. C. A.'s? This fact was brought out very clearly by the conference of Y. W. cabinet members which was held at Friloha camp near St. Louis the first of May.

Stephens proved to have the best organized Y. W. C. A. She was the only college to have a Health Campaign and a Community Training class. This year's budget amounted to \$1600.00. The number of points sent in to get on the "white list" was 175. This list is a means by which college Y. W. C. A.'s are rated. Only 100 points are required while 150 points put an association on the distinguished list.

The following Stephens girls attended the conference: Ambie Moseley, Rhea Statton, Ruth Marshall, Charlotte Rainey, Vera Taylor, and Viola Talbot.

The inspiration received at such a conference will give all those students who attended a greater vision of the possibilities of Christian work. And through them and their inspirations the Y. W. C. A. at Stephens should be even more efficient next year.

The Y. W. C. A. girl stands for the following things:

1. *She does not gossip.*
2. *She stands for purity of speech.*
3. *She has a high sense of honor in regard to school work and school regulations.*
4. *She stands for modest dress.*
5. *She stands against all "questionable" social conduct.*
6. *She puts her relationship with young men on the basis of comradeship rather than familiarity.*
7. *She has a Quiet Hour or time of devotion each day.*

## A Modern "Much Ado"

Miss Dudley's Shakespeare class proved that the seventeenth century can be changed into the twentieth century. The modern Beatrice and the modern Benedick appeared on the stage in the Stephens auditorium, April 20, and there was "Much Ado About Nothing." No one had realized how much charm and interest were contained in the scenes of "Much Ado" until the members of the Shakespeare class put the 1921 idea into the play.

Mary Geraldine Holmes, as Beatrice, deserves special mention for the excellent interpretation of her part. Dorothy McCutcheon and Lorena Fahrney, as Claudio and Benedict, were handsome young men. The entire cast, in fact, must be complimented for the excellent dramatic ability which was displayed.

Beatrice .....	Mary Geraldine Holmes
Benedick .....	Lorena Fahrney
Claudio .....	Dorothy McCutcheon
Hero .....	Irene Goodrum
Don Pedro .....	Mary Staley
Leonato .....	Ruth Sanders
Antonio .....	Ruth Vandiver
Margaret .....	Ruth Welty
Ursula .....	Cecil Kellett
Balthasar .....	Elizabeth Boucher
Friar .....	Pauline Jones
Messenger .....	Myrtle Williams
A Boy .....	Edith Kite
Stage Manager .....	Ruth Schaback

## The Senior Faculty Burlesque

THE AUDITORIUM was well filled with spectators. Finally the curtain arose on a courtroom, into which walked Judge Wood, followed by the sheriff, Mother Holt. Then came the jury, made up of various other faculty members, each with characteristic dress and walk. The witnesses likewise filed in; and last came the defendant, J. J. Oppenheimer. Attorneys L. Dudley and W. E. Crow supported the defendant, while Sir Walter Scott prosecuted.

The facts brought to light in the trial were astounding! Since we, his own pupils, had never heard Oppie sing, we felt rather shocked at the idea of his serenading a Christian College girl, and although we believed in being loyal to our faculty we cannot understand why he chose a night when Mrs. Oppenheimer was away for this escapade. The facts were manifestly against our dean, and he was declared guilty by Vippie, foreman of the jury, and was condemned to be supervisor of laundry and assistant to George.

Those of our faculty who acted as witnesses showed their true little eccentric movements and favorite expressions even in the dignity of court procedure. Miss Green gave the prosecutor a fair measurement of how much "any intelligent person" should be expected to answer; Miss Burrall talked at her usual rate of speed and did not fail to mention Washington; Mademoiselle used an abundance of gestures; and so each of the others showed his or her personal peculiarity. Mr. Davis put the fitting and usual end to the occasion with his words: "Just a minute! We want a picture of this."

The seniors owe much to Mr. V. P. Crow for his assistance in the preparation and production of the burlesque.

## Swimming Meet

Ruth Ohmer was the individual winner of the swimming contest which was held in the Stephens College pool Tuesday night, May 10. The meet was open to individual entrants with events consisting of side, breast, back, crawl, and miscellaneous strokes and plunge for distance.

Miss Ohmer won with 25½ points, Francis Harper took second place with 10½ points, and Mary Young Moore was third with 7 points. The meet was scored only for speed, no attention being given to form. The winners are to receive 10, 8, and 5 points respectively toward an "S" sweater.

## "Keepn' It Dark"

They kept it dark all right. Not only the girls were wondering what was being practiced, but also the faculty, for both knew that the Kappa Delta Phis were planning something—something to increase the fund for a new velvet curtain for the auditorium stage.

At seven o'clock, on Wednesday night, the twenty-seventh of April, up went the old curtain and light was thrown on some very dark subjects. The girls had staged a minstrel show, based on a very clever sketch written by Opal Simmons.

The first scene was a "Blue Monday Setting with Action at the Tubs." Two colored washerwomen were discussing the laundry they had received from the Stephens College faculty.

The minstrel was the old fashioned kind with vaudeville singing and dancing spasms between acts while the audience augmented their enjoyment of the occasion by buying and masticating pop-corn.

## China, as Seen from Seat 61

Wouldn't you like to view Shanghai, become an individual part of Chinese life, and observe its customs and holidays, without moving from your own particular seat in the auditorium?

That is what the Stephens students did imaginatively when Miss Louise Tucker, dressed in a beautifully embroidered Chinese costume, lived over with us her experiences in China so vividly that the jinrikisha, queue, and that mysterious criss-cross language of theirs have a new meaning for all who saw and heard.

Miss Tucker has been teaching in Shanghai several years and is now lecturing to American college audiences to show the need for more teachers in China.

### THE HOUSE OF MEMORY.

Beautiful houses our memories are;  
We are building them day after day;  
Every word, every deed, every smile or tear,  
Is a part of the structure we lay.

There are stones we procure with the effort of years  
To be of our houses a part;  
Though their lifting may try all our sinew and will,  
With their placing comes joy in the heart.

The portals are always open wide;  
We may enter them when we will,  
And find all our greatly-loved treasure inside,  
For though lost, they abide with us still.

—Stella Osgood.

## Search---and Research

*By Grace Eckelberry*

ISN'T IT FUN to search for something? Can't you remember how the thrills crept up your spine and your very toes turned up with delight and excitement when you turned pirate and commenced to seek that buried treasure? And, of course, the fun in playing "Hide and Seek" lies in the joy of the search.

I have often wondered if Heaven will be the place of bliss which we imagine if all our desires and wishes are completely satisfied there, if there is nothing left to strive for. Would life not grow monotonous with no "unfathomed ocean caves" and "secret desert places"?

The modern library seems to be a very prosaic place, with its catalogued shelves and neatly arranged files,—not at all similar to those mysteriously shadowed, stalactite-lined labyrinths of grottos and caves, where one usually expects to find great treasures hidden beneath the damp, oozy boulders at one's feet. However, I have noticed that no place furnishes a better field for search than those same well-ordered stacks of printed knowledge.

A library always brings to me thoughts of bottled sunshine, mounted butterflies, or "player-pianos." All the vari-colored brightness, the flights and soarings, and the musical imagery of men's thoughts have been caught, as it were, and imprisoned between the drab-colored lids of books, from whose printed pages, black-faced characters stare up at us with that all-wise air that blank faces sometimes assume. How foolish and conceited of those little black marks with their lofty airs, to try to convey that elusive beauty of the intellect's creations!

I have sat in the midst of this store of knowledge and watched people who come to the shelves and scan the titles arrayed there, crying forth their wares from their narrow little spaces with as bold a display as a shopkeeper in his little nook in the crowded streets of a big city

The most frequent visitor to those shelves is, so I have found, the old, stooped man with his pile of books under his arm, hugging them against his shiny coat as if they might slip from his grasp. With shuffling, uncertain step he makes his way about the shelves, sometimes slipping a book from out of its place and scanning it eagerly. Once in a while he hastens, as best he can, to some secluded corner and buries his nose in the musty depths of some old thumb-worn volume. Often he sits entranced for hours, oblivious to all about

him. But as the twilight creeps on and the pages grow dim, he always closes his book with a sigh and returns it to its place with that same old hungry, half-wistful, half-baffled look in his eyes. Surely he is searching for something, but it doesn't seem to be much fun. Can it be happiness? is it true knowledge? or, is it the fulfillment of boyhood dreams? All these thoughts flit through my mind, but none brings me nearer the solution. For him old age must mean a sorrowful quest of deluded hopes and thwarted ambitions.

Another visitor to this store-house of knowledge is that human fossil, the classical scholar—he who lives in the past and delves down into the tombs of the dead generations of man. With that dreamy, far-removed expression on his face, he inquires at the desk for reference books on "the price of oil in Demosthenes' time." I imagine myself shriveling like a dried mummy when that absent gaze turns upon me. Suddenly, I feel ashamed that I am living, that I have red blood in my veins and can sniff the odors of budding spring as they drift in through the open window. I should be dead, mouldering in the dark chambers of some Egyptian pyramid with all the treasures and creations of a young civilization lying about me. Then, and then only, should I see a light of recognition dawn in those faded blue eyes of my friend, the archeologist.

How many there are in the world of students who look upon knowledge as the mastery of dead languages, dead arts, and dead philosophies! They think in the past, they live in the past. Like afterthoughts of the dead ages, they walk with unseeing eyes through the invigorating present, oblivious to the blue of the sky, the breezes that blow like the breath of God upon the cheek, and the laughter of children at play; happy only when another skeleton is dug up from its mouldy grave or when a new treatise is written on Plato's "world of ideas."

In contrast with this scholarly figure, comes milady, the "modern woman." I have learned to allot her a little table in the corner near the shelves marked "Political Sciences." There she sits with her leatherbound pad and freshly sharpened pencil with the most voluminous book upon the shelves spread before her. Her hair is hidden beneath the democratic looking little black sailor and her small, alert eyes are hiding behind a pair of tortoise-rimmed spectacles. I have always had a sneaking fancy that those spectacles are the only vanity the dear lady has ever allowed herself to indulge in. But the most fascinating thing about milady's appearance, the thing which holds my attention and makes me marvel, is her mouth.

I have sat for long stretches of time, watching the machinations of that fascinating vise, her mouth. I think I can almost hear a faint little click as those thin lips meet. Could you imagine anything more incongruous than those same thin lips pressed against the satiny smoothness of a baby's cheek?

\* \* \* \*

And so I see life come and go as I sit at my desk in the library, watching until the twilight steals over the room, and the figures recede quietly into the dusk, like phantoms from another world.

In my fancy, they seem to be always searching, searching for something they call knowledge. Each has his own interpretation of that so-called knowledge, but all continue their search. For some it is a pleasure, for others it is a dreaded fate imposed upon them by an uncharitable destiny. Some have partially finished the quest, while others are just beginning their journey upon that eventful road. And I, who have just begun *my* search, feel again the old joy racing through my veins as in the days of "Hide and Seek."

## Once Upon a Sunday Morning

*By Mary Ruth Craven*

AS USUAL that Sunday morning a little bird just outside of my window awakened me from my pleasant sleep, and just as usual, he found me in a very indignant mood. I wish that the little warbler would reserve his concerts for a more suitable hour.

I ate an early breakfast and then faced the problem of finding something to do until time to start to church. I took a certain malicious delight in rearranging certain shelves and odd corners which had defied me for months. Here a sudden avalanche of unclaimed seconds and minutes had descended upon me and I was not going to let any of them escape. It is singular how closely related are the conditions of our environment and our mental state. With these odd jobs accomplished, I felt at peace with the whole world and calmly proceeded to don my Sunday best. Clothes also have a marked influence upon our feelings. An apron always renews my lagging energies and inspires me to some housewifely deed, while the party begins the minute the last hook on my evening dress has been fastened. And when I am arrayed in my church clothes a certain pious, religious feeling steals over me like a cool sea breeze.

I started forth that Sunday morning feeling very much like a crusader. Upon reaching the church, I found the sole occupant to be the janitor. I chose a seat from which I had a good view of the door and could watch the people come in. That day there was one person in the congregation who heard none of the sermon—and I must confess that I was that person. I was observing human nature at first hand while all the others were letting some one else tell them about it. It is queer how we like to get our opinions ready-made and don't even go to the trouble of altering them to fit. Now, of course it would have been a great spiritual tragedy if everyone of those churchgoers had been like me that morning, for everyone would have been looking at everyone else and, of course, the sermon would have been entirely superfluous.

Take it for granted that many people came there to worship. There were some, however, who came with different motives. Mrs. Up-to-date, who fully understood the efficacy of the church as a place to display the latest fashions, came fluttering in and took a seat well forward. Then proceeded a volley of wireless messages between different members of the congregation. One wife of the "Maggie Jiggs" type, flashed an "I-told-you-so" look at her husband, which told me plainly how well they agreed upon the subject of finances. Next came the pious politician. He is the "bargain-counter" Christian who wants to be called religious for merely attending church. Next came a bunch of those sweet, silly, young things. Just what was their motive in attending church was hard to determine, for I don't think they ever used their little minds long enough to formulate anything so serious as a motive. Then came a string of Romeos and occupied the pew immediately back of those picture hats. Then the show began, for the poor minister had to operate in opposition to those little pagans whose idols were each other. In the middle of the sermon, Mrs. Patience' baby began to cry and then a virtue became a sin. But that good lady possessed more patience than her fellow-hearers, for everybody's nerves were on edge by the time she slowly arose and carried noisy young America out.

Finally the minister closed his sermon and the congregation sang the closing hymn. I then forgot my speculation on human nature and began to wonder what I should have for dinner.

### *Fair Warning*

HE—And you'll be true to me while I'm away?  
SHE—Yes, but don't be away too long.

—Jester

## Hearts and Science

By Lenore Lamson

“CONNIE, Conni-e-e-e-e, are you ready?” A man of about twenty-five years stood impatiently at the foot of the broad old stairway in the magnificent home of the Drews. His name was Philip Gray and the object of his impatience was Constance Drew—palely sweet and with a bevy of inherited airs.

Now to understand Constance Drew you must know that she was one of those girls whose environment may be described as the setting for a pretty picture. A tone of peace and plenty shading the girl in the foreground, with a background of aristocratic fore-fathers who never found fault with the women in their families. They never married women who were not perfect in form and beauty; nor would one of the women marry a man physically imperfect. Constance had inherited the beauty of all her grandmothers and the haughtiness of all of her grandfathers. As she came down the stairs Philip thought he had never seen her look quite so queenly.

“Connie, I thought you were never coming. I don’t see why you want to go out to see Grandma Bee. The day is too wonderful for that. Let’s hike down to Mossy Rock and watch the sun set. Please!”

“Philip, we simply have to go to Grandma Bee’s this very day. I promised Daddy this noon that I’d go. It isn’t far. We’ll come back early and have Susan make some shrimp salad. I just love salad.”

Constance spoke with the firm assurance that it was understood that her will was Philip’s. Philip saw this and, suddenly, dropping the pleasant smile, he looked sullenly stern.

“Well, I abominate salad and I won’t walk anywhere.”

He jerked a cigarette from his pocket, viciously struck a match which immediately went out. He struck another, lit his cigarette, snatched a magazine from the hall table, walked out on the porch and dropped heavily into the hammock. The screen door banged after him and all was quiet. A dangerous light shone in Constance Drew’s eyes. (The very same light, by the way, which had shone in Lady Mary Marie Drew’s eyes a century before—and Lady Mary Marie was never married.) Quietly but firmly Constance put on her hat, and walked defiantly out the door and down the graveled path, alone. Philip looked longingly after her and hesitatingly called.

“Connie, Con—!”

But Constance walked sedately on. He settled himself more comfortably in the hammock, and with a glint of a smile on his face he said, half to himself and half to the lazy bumble bee buzzing around the clematis vine: “It will do her good. I’m afraid I’ll never break that iron will of hers.”

Constance was angry. She could very seldom get angry with Philip even if she really wished to, but this was different. All the way to Grandma Bee’s she bit her lips, winked back tears, choked back sobs until, when she finally reached the house, she was ready to tell all her troubles to the dear old lady and be the true Connie instead of the proud Constance of 1852. As she walked up the little path she saw, rather blurred, Grandma sitting on the porch of the little vine-clad cottage.

Such a darling little old lady she was! All white and lavender, like a piece of frail Dresden China—and her little home just matched, somehow, for Grandma Bee was old fashioned and couldn’t really understand *vogues* and *a la modes* at all! She saw Constance coming slowly up the path and made the mental surmise that “those children have been fussing again.”

“Constance, dearie, what is the trouble?”

Did you ever have sympathy given you when you wanted it but knew you shouldn’t have it? And did you ever tease your imagination into making yourself think you were the most abused, mistreated person on earth? And when you got that sympathy don’t you remember how you cried and cried until your head ached and your eyes swelled nearly shut and your nose was so red that it took it a whole hour to make it look natural again? Well, that’s just what happened to Constance Drew—except she wasn’t Constance then, she was Connie. She told Grandma Bee she knew “Philip couldn’t love me and treat me as he did this afternoon.”

When Connie left Grandma Bee, the kind little lady walked as far as her garden and picked a few sprays of bleeding hearts and, handing them to the girl, she said, “Child, when you’ve lived as long as I have you’ll find you have as many little hearts to bleed and break as you now have in your hand, and you’ll find that it is for your good that they do break and bleed. If any great unhappiness ever comes into your life, all your little hearts may break at once—and all will apparently be dark. I am afraid you will cherish those little broken hearts and preserve them in sorrow and tears until they will be transformed and you will become so sensitive in regard to them that they will be as tiny marble hearts, losing even the pink tinge

of the ones you hold in your hand—for they are alive. No one will be able to come in contact with you without feeling their chilling presence. Be careful, dear, not to let that happen. Remember what Grandma Bee has told you—and come back in a few days.”

So Constance went home and she decided to tell Philip that she had as many hearts to be broken as there were tiny flowers in her hand, and the little one he might break didn't count for much! Of course, it ended by Philip's learning the whole truth of Grandma Bee's story.

After lunch (and they did *not* have shrimp salad) Connie and Philip sat on the veranda until the moon was just beginning to rise. They were talking of their future and of Philip's great ambitions in science.

“Please don't try to explain them, Philip. Those horrid technical terms sound just like Greek to me. Of course, I'm interested in what you are doing, dear, but—well, let's not talk about it this evening.”

Connie looked bored. She always did when Philip talked about his work and he simply could not understand it. And as it usually happened when they talked of these things, he felt a vague stir in his heart that Connie wasn't—but he must not find fault with her, for the man who married a Drew must find her perfect. He was ashamed of himself for even thinking such a thing.

“Well, Connie, I'll run along. I'm going down by the office and see how that experiment——”

“Very well, you are always leaving early to see about something.”

With that she flounced out of her chair and into the house. Philip looked blankly after her for a second or two, then walked down the steps feeling somewhat perplexed. Isn't it a peculiarity to be pondered that a woman will always distrust the well-meaning self-sacrificing lover, who is so willing to share his confidence with her?

Philip walked slowly toward Main Street in the direction of his office. As he went he thought of many things—certainly they were things which concerned Connie and himself, but they appeared in a different light tonight. Connie seemed so irritable and dissatisfied. He wondered if she wished to be married sooner. Arriving at the office, he lighted a cigarette and, fumbling in his pockets for the keys, he made his way up the dark steps to the office door.

\* \* \*

The telephone rang sharply through the dead silence of the Drew home. Twice it rang causing only a restless toss and a shifted position from

the two occupants of the house—Connie and her father. The next morning the news came and was almost too horrible to repeat. Connie had never quite understood the whole thing. The fact was that she didn't want to. As she understood it, Philip had gone to the office to see about the experiment and for some explained, but (to her) meaningless, reason the apparatus exploded.

Philip was in New York. Distinguished surgeons were working day and night helping him to regain his sight. Connie heard from him almost every day through his nurse. The last few letters had been rather discouraging, and she wondered—well, she wondered a good many things.

\* \* \*

It was late summer. Connie was thinking about those same things of which she wondered on that fatal night ten years before. Many of them had come to pass. The dear old lady, Grandma Bee, had passed quietly to that starry land beyond, and Connie with her father was living in the little vine covered cottage. The little sweet scented garden still surrounded the house. Somehow, the general appearance of the place had never been changed.

One thing, however, was different. *Connie had removed the bleeding hearts from the garden.* As fate had sarcastically laughed at her, the gardener had planted heartsease in their place and she always felt a pang of painful remorse when she glanced at the garden—but she had a cold indifferent regard for romantic sentiments. So, of course, bleeding hearts were out of the question. Only once a year did she see them. Every year, on the fateful night when Philip lost his sight working upon the experiment in the office, Connie received a box of pale pink flowers—bleeding hearts—and she believed they were becoming more pale and odorless each year. She felt now that she had made a great mistake, a horrible, selfish mistake, when she refused Philip ten years before because he was blind. But at the time she felt strongly the traditional aversion for physically imperfect men. Now, it didn't matter so much.

On this sultry August afternoon, Constance Drew was sitting on the porch of her little home. She was in a highly reminiscent mood as she sat there in the wicker porch chair rocking slowly back and forth. She hadn't heard from Philip except through the annual box of flowers for eight years and now she didn't even know where he was—or even if he “was” at all.

Her eyes wandered idly to the top of the old pine tree across the valley and on up to a huge buzzard that was making slow circles in the thin blue atmosphere. She heard a fly buzzing lazily

at the door, and dropping her eyes back to earth she saw the afternoon mail wagon slowly creeping up the hot dusty road. With no more energy than was necessary she arose and went to the gate to see if the mail was for her.

"It's a mighty lazy day, ain't it?" offered the mail man without stopping.

Connie smiled and nodded, reaching eagerly for the mail. It was only a paper from Russelville, a few miles distant. She walked out to the little summer house to read it. Glancing idly over the pages, her eye caught a certain heading. Down in the left hand corner on the fourth page was a little article that read like this:

### Young Scientist Dead

Sinbad, O.—Philip Gray, the young scientist who lost his sight several years ago working upon an experiment in his laboratory, died here last night about nine. Since the loss of his sight he has spent much of his time experimenting with flowers. He leaves to his credit the art of producing our common garden flowers without color or odor. Dr. Gray was about thirty-five years of age. He leaves no relatives and will be buried tomorrow from the Bigham Morgue.

Constance Drew—proud, resolute and undaunted—walked with swift, sure steps to the kitchen range and deliberately burned the paper. When her father came home that evening she was sitting quietly on the front porch.

"Did the paper come this afternoon?"

"The mail man didn't stop, she answered.

## An Old Man and His House

By Jeanne Brown

THE ominous growl of the thunder, the sharp crack of the lightning, the shrieking and moaning of the wind unmistakably announced the immediate approach of a storm. With more and more insistence Miss Susan urged her unwilling old horse into the face of the tempest.

"Mary," she said to the child at her side as she peered anxiously into the night, "is that the crossroads there? I wish I'd stayed in town tonight," she muttered as the first raindrops splashed down upon them.

"Don't you see a light anywhere?" she shouted above the tumult of the storm a moment later. Her face gleamed white as the lightning played about them, and her apprehensiveness increased as the storm showed symptoms of becoming a torrential cloud-burst.

"There's a light now, Aunt Sue," cried Mary suddenly, pointing to a dim little light that flickered weakly through the rain.

An enormous, dark, shapeless something loomed before them. As they approached, they were able to distinguish the vague outlines of a tall, gloomy, forbidding old house, that frowned down upon the road below. A shutter which was hanging by one hinge swung back and forth in the wind, creaking, protesting, while the branches of the old elm which stood, sentinel-like, before the door beat on the roof with a doleful, scratching sound as if begging for shelter from the storm. There was nothing to indicate the presence of human beings in this mysterious old structure except a dim little ray of light that was visible through one of the shutters. There was something weird and ghostly about the ancient, weather-beaten, old house that was almost as fearful as the wild night. Miss Susan hesitated, but, driven by the increasing fury of the storm, she shudderingly drew nearer. Drenched and miserable she stood shivering before the barred door. Mary crept close by her side like a timid little shadow.

After a seemingly interminable wait the door was cautiously opened and a tall old man peered through the crack. He was unmistakably the master of the house: no one else would have lived there. He was old, very old, even older than his ramshackle old house, with the same unfriendly habit of frowning and the same atmosphere of mistrust and neglect. In fact he *was* the house in human form. There could be no doubt that the two had been companions and kindred spirits for many years. Miss Susan quailed a little under the long silent stare from his sharp piercing eyes.

"What do you want?" he demanded gruffly. Miss Susan's plump, pudgy little figure seemed to wilt visibly at this inhospitable reception and her voice quavered a little uncertainly as she begged for a night's lodging.

"You want to stay all night, do you?" the old man repeated.

"Let 'em stay till the storm's over, William," shrilled a feminine voice from within. At these words the old man reluctantly opened the door to admit his two unwelcome guests.

The interior of the house was as bleak and cheerless as the outside. Three rude handmade chairs were the only articles of furniture. There had been no attempt to decorate the room unless the old-fashioned shot-gun in the corner might be called ornamental. A tiny, wizened old woman was hunched up before the fireplace where a discouraged little fire was burning half-heartedly in

a vain attempt to heat the great barnlike room. As the strangers entered, the old woman moved her chair to make room for them around the fireplace and under cover of the confusion she managed to whisper to Susan, with a nervous glance toward her husband, "Don't get him started about the house and don't go near that door!" She jerked her thumb expressively over her shoulder, indicating a door at the side of the room.

Miss Susan stared about her in bewilderment. This uncanny mysteriousness was wearing on her nerves. For a moment it flashed into her overwrought brain that this was no human habitation; this fearful old couple could not be flesh and blood. The next instant she laughed at her foolish fancy, but her uneasy feeling did not diminish. What could be behind that door? What terrible secret did this old Bluebeard seek to conceal?

The silence had become so unbearable she felt that in another moment she would certainly scream; so in desperation she gasped, "The storm is unusually fierce tonight, isn't it?" The old man looked at her curiously a moment, then he curtly replied, "It can't hurt when you've got a stout roof above your head." The unexpectedness of the reply so astonished Miss Susan that she involuntarily looked about her at the dilapidated old house, whose very walls seemed to shudder visibly with every gust of wind. When she glanced back at the old couple she found they were both staring at her. She was alarmed and frightened by the fierce gleam in the old man's eye, and the old woman's warning headshake puzzled her, until she remembered she must not mention the house.

"William, there's a sight of wind," chattered the old woman pushing her chair nearer the fire. Perhaps she wished to prevent Susan's next remark.

"The door must have blown open," said the man as he rose. "You know there's never no drafts in this house!" The old woman solemnly nodded her assent. He slammed the door shut and took his place again in silence.

As the fury of the storm increased Miss Susan heard a faint gurgling sound from the direction of the closed door, and her blood ran cold with horror. The tension of the silence could not be borne. She had to say something. Her mind searched for a thought and seized upon the very thing which she had been warned not to utter.

"Your house is very old, isn't it?" she asked. The old woman threw her a reproachful glance as the man sprang up, trembling with rage.

"Old?" he shrieked. "It's the best house in these parts! I built it myself—put every stone and board in place. It's something any man might be proud of—not a leak, not a—" His speech was cut short by a terrific gust of wind which flung the mysterious door wide open. The old man rushed toward the door, but it was too late, for Miss Susan had seen. She gave a relieved, half-hysterical little laugh, for there in the middle of the floor stood a tub into which water was pouring in a continual stream from a great leak in the roof.

## The Pottery Maker

*By Nelle Williams*

**I**N a brown adobe village in the New Mexico desert country lives a young Indian known as Marie, the pottery maker. Marie's beautiful bowls and vases decorate many a white woman's library, carrying with them a hint of desert warmth and color and an expression of beauty as seen by this dark-skinned artist.

Marie's pottery is a great joy to her. If you speak a word of understanding praise, her eyes shine up at you as she sits shaping a mass of clay with strong deft fingers, and her brown face breaks into a shy smile. No two pieces of her pottery are ever alike. Each one "says something" original and individual, something of the poetry which the potter feels in her simple native response to the life about her.

Marie learned her craft from her mother who in turn had it from a long line of pottery making ancestors. Many modern Indians are neglecting their primitive crafts, or, if they still model, they allow their imitations to be governed by the white man's ideas. Marie is keeping her pottery strictly Indian in form and decoration, and is perpetuating the true art of her inheritance.

She carries her finished wares to Santa Fe in a huge white basket which is as artistic as the pottery. There is a little bowl decorated in pale tans and orange which the museum librarian tells her is exquisite. "I must have that for my nas-turtiums, Marie," says the lady with many exclamations about the perfection of the piece.

Marie smiles proudly. She never gathers flowers to put in a bowl. It seems better to her that they go on living as they blossomed, but she is glad that the white lady likes the bowl. Many things about the white people she finds difficult to understand. But it is surely a joy when some of them feel that an Indian's dream in clay is worth while.

## In Which I Talk a Lot

By Marie Smith

THE NEIGHBOR'S CHICKENS, rainy weather, and poor business all work together to make my life miserable. In fact, I am very much disgusted with my home town. Ever since I "stopped college" and became owner of a lumber company, I have been living in this same little town seeing the same people and doing the same things. I no sooner plant grass seed each spring than my neighbor's fine Plymouth Rocks scratch it up. I plan to take my family on a picnic and it rains. And business—always poor! I am tired of it all. I am looking for an ideal place to live. I am sure there must be such a place because I have often heard people tell about it.

I decided upon an excellent play not so long ago. I decided to write to some of my old school friends and ask their advice. I have a letter in my pocket now from one of them. It is from Ed, who is down in Texas. Here's what he has to say.

"Dear Bob, I see you are the same old restless fellow that you always were." Strange how he never forgets anything. "I can sympathize with you because I was never satisfied with any place until I came here." He has the proper spirit. "You couldn't help being contented and happy out on my ranch or on a ranch of your own. Just imagine being able to ride for hours in the great out-of-doors, looking over scores and scores of cattle that belong to you. The round-ups and broncho-riding are only a part of the sport." My, that must be a great life! "Why don't you take a little time off and come down and see for yourself?" That is an excellent idea. Wonder why I hadn't thought of that?

Hello, here's the postman. I wonder what mail I have this morning. More bills, I suppose. Why, here are letters from three other fellows. I didn't expect to hear from them all on the same day. This is unusual. This letter is from Harry Brown from California. I believe he has an orange grove now and has made a great success of it.

"Dear Bob, I knew you would finally turn to California. Everybody does. Do you think I would ever dream of living any other place? I can look out at my beautiful orange grove and see just beyond it the snow-capped mountains. I never have to worry about bad weather. This is indeed a land of sunshine and flowers. One never has time to be discontented. Nature is wonderful." I have read about such places. I suppose Harry must write the truth, but to me it seems almost too good

to be true.

I'll see what John Hughes has to say. He and I were great friends. He is now a successful lawyer in Chicago.

"Dear old Bob"—that sounds just like John—"I have often wondered why you stuck to the small town so long. At last you seem to be waking up. The city is the place to do big things. Here people make money by using their brains, not by hard labor. Everyone is busy and in a hurry to do things. The great factories, the skyscrapers, all the traffic, and the busy crowds of people all make you want to push forward and accomplish something."

John is certainly a busy man. But it must be hard on one's nerves to have to live in such a place as that all the year around. It has an appeal, but I'm sure I could never be a success there. I wonder where I would find a place to put my lumber yard. I should have to have a lumber yard. I couldn't practice law.

I'll read the paper for a change. "BIG EARTHQUAKE IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA. WHOLE TOWN DESTROYED. MANY LIVES LOST. DAMAGE IS BEYOND ESTIMATION." Terrible! It must be very dangerous to live out there. What is this? "FROST KILLS ENTIRE ORANGE CROP. FRUIT GROWERS SUFFER TREMENDOUS LOSS." Just think, I might have been in the same "fix." One never can tell what will happen. I wonder what will become of Harry Brown. He had his last cent invested in that orange grove. "DISEASE IS KILLING GREAT HERDS OF CATTLE. RANCHMEN LOSE THE BEST PART OF THEIR STOCK. ALL SHIPMENTS HELD UP." I never dreamed that there were so many disadvantages to cattle raising. Ed never mentioned anything about that in his letter.

Here's something that sounds more encouraging: "EXTENSIVE BUILDING PROGRAM IS PLANNED THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY. LUMBER IS IN GREAT DEMAND." Come to think about it, business has picked up during the last month, and it is likely to be much better next month.

As I live, there is Mr. Jones, my neighbor, putting a fence around his yard. Will wonders never cease? Now I shall not be bothered with his chickens any more and I shall be able to raise a garden. This is certainly my "lucky day." This place has its good points after all. We have a new court house and good schools and fresh air. We have a nice little home and my wife is quite satisfied (and that's a thing to be thankful for). In fact I don't think I could be satisfied in any other place myself. This is a lovely spring day. What a day for a picnic! Wonder why I didn't think of that before?

## A Test of Grief

*A true story by Marian Hemmings*

I WAS THINKING of my resolution never to cry again. Whether this resolve was caused by the memory of headaches (which crying induced) or by the stories of the Spartan women which I had recently read, I cannot say. But I would never shed another tear—that much I knew. I told this resolve only to my favorite doll. She must know everything—but my family might not understand. Besides, it would be more heroic by far to let them discover my bravery for themselves.

How I wished for some great tragedy to happen to prove me! Just what it was to be was unimportant. But it must be a tragedy whose effects would last a long time—perhaps a life-time. Since I was only eight and expected to live several years yet, this would be a test. And through it all I would never betray my sorrow by crying. Not only my family but the whole neighborhood should admire my endurance.

At that moment, father's appearance put an end to my dreams. He had just come from town and had brought a box of crayons for my brother. The box contained twelve colors instead of the usual eight. Will's joy was boundless and my tragedies were forgotten.

For half an hour drawing and coloring absorbed all our attention. Then father called Will to the barn to help him. I took the crayons and went along.

I never knew how it happened but somehow or other I turned the box upside down and the crayons were scattered in the hay. For a moment I stood aghast. Then I began searching for them but it was almost dark and not a crayon could I find.

Well, I had done my best to undo the mischief—and I had failed. I was sorry, very sorry, but I was afraid that that would not comfort Will. Sympathy so seldom helps in times of serious trouble and this would be serious to my brother.

Should I cry? No, I had longed for a tragedy to prove me and one had come. I must not fail. Still it seemed cruel not to cry when Will would be so badly hurt—and I was the cause of it. Well, I would fail this once. Nothing could ever happen that would make me any sorrier. So I buried my head in my arms with the intention to weep. But the *habit of an hour and a half* was too strong—and I could not. Regret was swept out of my mind, for I had conquered. Now that

I was safe and could enjoy my victory I felt as if courage brings its own reward, for surely this happy feeling of exultation was better than the headaches which are the result of tears.

"Where are my crayons?" asked Will as he came into the barn.

"I am sorry, but I have dropped them in the hay," I answered.

Will was not as brave as I—for he cried. I was lenient, however, since I remembered that my resolution and courageous nature kept me from doing the same. Also, if everyone were brave, my fortitude would not be noticed.

Finally I tried to comfort Will. "Don't cry any more; it doesn't help at all," I said.

"You are not sorry. You didn't even cry," retorted my brother.

My dreams were being shattered. It was very well to be noble but to be so misunderstood was hard indeed.

"I did try to cry but I couldn't," I patiently explained. "I think it is because I have been practicing bravery for sometime"—It was unnecessary to say how long—"and that is the reason I cannot cry." I thought that even Will would be impressed, but he wasn't.

"You don't care," he accused.

His complaint was natural. Few people can appreciate the motives and actions of those who differ with them.

"Aren't you ever going to cry?" asked Will, as he bathed his fist in his tears.

"No, nothing can ever make me feel worse than I felt about losing the crayons and I didn't cry then," I replied.

"I guess I shall go and drop your doll into the cistern," was Will's unexpected remark.

"No, you won't!" I gasped.

He did not waste words but started toward the house. I knew that it would be useless to follow him, as he could run faster than I. And then I forgot my resolution, my courageous nature, my habits of an hour and a half—everything but the fact that Polly Ann, my heart's treasure, was going to be drowned. I did not stop to reason: I flung myself on the barn floor and burst into tears. As soon as he heard my wails, Will turned and came back to me. "I thought you would cry if you were really sorry," he said.

Mother went to the barn the next morning and found all the crayons.

Polly Ann is still one of my treasured possessions,—and I still cry—when I feel like it.

## Eloise Decides to Go Back

By *Mary Virginia Hughes*

ELOISE TUCKER has decided to go back to college, she and her mother Mrs. F. C. Tucker, of 1021 East Main, Holden City, told me a few days ago.

Miss Tucker attended Stephens College last term and when the term was over she told me very emphatically that there was no more boarding school life for her.

I remember very distinctly watching her pack her clothes preparatory to leaving college and as each dress was put away she gave out joyous exclamations—"Thank goodness when I get home I won't have to eat hash! And to think that I can sleep as late as I want to and I won't have any bell to tell me when I have to go to bed!"

I had gone through the same experience the year before, so I tried to tell her very knowingly how she would feel before vacation was over.

"I think too much of my personal liberty," she said, "to spend another nine months in the dormitory of a boarding school. I hate to have to ask permission when I want to go places."

We had a very pleasant trip home together and at every station she seemed happier than at the last. She did show a little regret at leaving when she told a number of the girls goodbye, but that regret was always quickly eclipsed by the happy thoughts of vacation.

Practically the entire trip was spent in making plans for good times during vacation. She planned the teas she would give and the lawn party that she made me promise to give. And with each plan she exulted, "We won't have to consult the dean of women about it either!"

When Miss Tucker arrived at the station of her home town in Oklahoma there was a host of her friends to meet her. But she scarcely had time to greet all of them before she was switched away in her father's car and taken home.

That was indeed a glorious home coming and I think it made Eloise more determined than ever to remain there at home and renounce boarding school altogether.

A week later in the midst of her successful tea (her teas were always a success) she said to me: "How could I ever have left these dear people and gone to school? I don't see how I endured it for nine whole months."

I was gone from town for a month and did not see Eloise. As soon as I returned she called on me. She had found that vacation was dragging a little. Her friends whom she had idealized were becoming mere, ordinary people, who were a little hard to get along with.

"The big trouble," she confessed to me, "is that I don't like the parties and entertainments we have here. I tried to start something new like our Junior party that we had back at school and they just made fun of me. Oh! it made me furious!"

I suggested then that Eloise would want to go back to college in September but she wasn't ready to admit it. She insisted that she would show the bunch how to have a really worth while good time and then everything would be lovely once more.

There was another hint of the longing for college life when she called me a few days later and begged me to spend the afternoon with her. "I am so lonesome," she said. "It seems that I never see anyone."

Only six weeks of vacation had been enough to convince Eloise that she really wanted to go back to college. And so she and her mother began making plans to that end.

When I spoke to her yesterday about it she said, "Now don't laugh at me. I was just as sincere in saying that I would not go back to school as I am now in saying that I am going back—and going gladly."

"But, what has changed your mind?" I asked.

"Well," she said, "you see I pictured the whole vacation time as being one eternal season of bliss. I thought the whole year would be a bed of roses just as the first two weeks really were. But after I got settled I found things rather monotonous here. Now don't misunderstand me. I love my home and I love all my friends here but I do get lonesome. I miss the girls coming in to see me every day. Yes, and I believe I could really enjoy having beans once or twice a day. It makes no difference to me whether they are navy beans, butter beans, or red beans."

TAR—Why can't an Indian shimmy?

HIEL—I don't know. Why?

TAR—His quiver is in the wrong place.

—Tar Baby

JUDGE—Tell the jury how you came to be intoxicated.

PRISONER—I was putting some hair tonic on my mustache and—hic—missed it.

—Ex.

## Sitters in Good Standing

By Frances Williams

THE YELLOW PAPER, that was once a respectable crisp sack, proclaiming in a shrewd linotype the excellencies of the "Ideal Bakery," meandered down the scorching pavement, besmudging itself in the dust of the street, and lodged with a final rustle in the gutter.

Oh, the utter desolateness of that little street, where papered gutters were a matter of course!

The silent-looking man on the tremulous bench squinted in the morning sun. He regarded gravely the misguided "Ideal" and immediately added to its degraded appearance by the simple removal of the impediments of his speech from his left cheek. A wizened sort of man who never used his lips when he talked leaned against the red, white, and blue post and said with effort, "Mornin' Pike." Pike, at loss as to what to do with the vacated space, sought to create volume with words. The conversation was weighty, no doubt, judging from the profound and concentrated expressions, but suffice it to state that the theme was the pro and con of an anticipated "dry spell."

(Bored, gentle reader?—but wait! for lo, our hero will soon come. Meanwhile, these are not to be disdained—the background,—charter members of the "Spit and Whittle,"—"The Sunday Sitters Club.")

The demure blonde across the way with her most engaging pout openly manifest, typed away, faster, faster.

Was life just one long disappointment? No! it couldn't be! Beyond this there *must* be something.

So with piqued head bent and fingers flying she was away in that land of next month, next year . . . Suddenly it happened!

Ah! the sun shone right in the blonde's world now, for alighting from the rickety bus was a man—oh! not just any man, but the man of that next-month-next-year world she had dreamed of.

Well dressed? Yes.

Good-looking enough for a hero? Yes.

Breathlessly, she sought the last requirement.

Cynical? YES.

Hilda who worked at the hotel said they must be cynical.

The fingers no longer flew, for opportunity

knocks but once and typewriters will type almost any time. Pike, at the unusual phenomenon of a passenger in the bus, sat up straighter on his bench.

Like the interested blonde, he dropped everyday routine for something different. The weather is always with us; traveling salesmen are not.

The wizened man, awed by this superior incarnation of cynicism stood upright for a moment and, after an almost imperceptible hesitation, found his way into the store in the wake of unusualness. Pike followed.

The bench gained its equilibrium with a sickening jiggle, and the red, white, and blue post looked lonesome.

The blonde girl snatched the hat with the roses, for Hilda must know this delicious bit. Lincolnville Tavern didn't boast of fresh drummers every day—and Hilda might ask her to stay to lunch.

She walked out into the oblique sunlight and, as she gained the other side of the street, met, face to face, the cynical one!

There was only a passing glance but, she thought, an appraising glance, and there is no telling what it might have grown into but for the wizened man, who appeared just then.

For once his lips moved.

"Rosie! it's time to go to dinner; anyhow, you know what your mother said!" What mother had said, it is assumed, had to do with appraising glances.

The appraising glance was a frank, amused smile now.

Rosie, went, and Romance dared not tarry.

Worse than that, the parental guidance led straight past the hotel, where Hilda, crisp, cool, and confident, was proclaiming the attractiveness of the menu in such a compelling manner that Prospero would have melted.

Pike watched Rosy and her father out of sight. A sudden wistfulness came over the kindly, irregular features.

At home, the cool, neat rooms soothed the wrath of Rosie—or rather transformed it into a species of self-pity. It now took on that injured aloofness of not being understood.

The matronly figure in the next room, viewed the desolateness of the limp figure in the big chair and smiled.

White dotted lawn, white voluminous apron, motherly arms, kind face, braided hair in tight coil, that was Mother!

Surveying the cool dainties at Rosie's place, she called cheerily, "Daughter, come and sit."

Daughter! there it was again. What was the use of having the alluring name of Rosamund, Rosamund eyes, Rosamund lips,—if nobody cared? And Rosie! Anybody could be Rosie.

Rosamund, usually intent on some joyful afternoon excursion, astonished Benton and Son by appearing at two to finish her work. They couldn't understand—but she seemed to, so she stayed.

Now, even Benton and Son, had disillusioned her. She had wondered all sorts of things about them—and him—the "and" part. But the son proved to be almost as bald and quite as hopelessly settled as the father. So again romance flitted elsewhere.

The sun shone sickeningly on the narrow little street.

At intervals, Rosamund looked up to find Pike the only surviving object on the deserted, mid-afternoon street, solemnly watching her.

She fell to wondering about him. Before today, he had been only a typical Lincolnville citizen—more kindly and whimsical than most, perhaps. Vaguely she remembered hearing something of an invalid sister somewhere and wondered suddenly if he might not be very lonely and miserable sometimes. Rosamund became more skeptical than ever about the happy state of single-blessedness.

Again she reached for the rose creation and gave Pike the surprise of two-thirds of his life by seating herself beside him on the overworked bench.

Now Pike could remember when the girl who could never walk again had rosy cheeks and hats and, though Rose had never guessed it, he loved to watch her behind Benton and Son's glass front and think of what the other girl might have been.

Once there, words failed Rosamund. Pike, through the glass, was more engaging than Pike by one's side.

(Please have patience, the hero is coming this very minute!)

He came—oh, the despair of it!—out of Benton and Son's office (Utopia, dear, crushed, little Rosamund, is always on your own doorstep), paused in the center of the outer office, contemplated the empty chair by the window and the paper-strewn desk; then abruptly he came out, crossed the street, passed so close the roses shivered, and entered the "general store."

Rosamund suddenly had an attack of rapid calculation. Just how soon could she with maidenly reserve and discretion enter Hobbes General Store and buy five—no three—two and a fourth—yards of narrow, pale, pink ribbon, at the notion counter a casual distance of a few feet beyond the cookie stand where Hobbes alternately mopped his brow and debated with the disturber of Lincolnville's placidness?

Her hand on the knob, she was just assuming her best manner when she saw Hilda airily advancing in cool ruffles. Rosamund turned desperate eyes on Pike, who slowly let his left eyelid droop. She jerked open the door with more than necessary rigor and made such a rapid advance to the ribbon counter that Hobbes' attention was arrested. His adversary followed his gaze and became aware of a much ruffled pink cloud of femininity.

Hilda's sophisticated eye had seen and disdained the hasty entrance of Rosamund.

Her hand also sought the screen knob—only to find Pike's pudgy one there. She drew back an instant; then Pike moved a little, shifted the afore-said speech impediments from the left cheek to right and said, "Excuse me, Miss Hildy, but didn't you drop a letter or something as you turned the corner?"

Hilda regarded him with new interest. She had rather supposed that this man and the bench were a part of the store front. Vaguely she remembered Rosamund's having sat there.

But had she dropped that letter? Did she start out with it? She glanced in the store where Rosamund was asking in rather high pitched voice for "broad, bright, light,—er—fine—oh, *any* pink ribbon!"

Romance, for so had Rosamund christened him, seemed tolerantly amused. Hobbes having seen, heard, and puzzled over it, came back with a shrug to something understandable.

No chance could be taken. Hilda started back hastily.

Pike, exhausted with the exertion of thinking and acting at the same time drew a long breath.

Furtively he looked in. Rosamund, eyes on door, parcel tightly clutched, was coming towards him. Pike dared not fail in this new role! He started to open the door, then suddenly uttered a breathless "Thank Heaven!" for the door was being opened by a well-kept (Pike thought a too white) hand.

Rosamund managed a most wonderful smile,

and Pike was about ready to smile back when he learned something about physiognomy and flirting. It takes both eyes and lips, Pike, to make a smile—and her eyes weren't looking at you!

Suddenly remembering his deeply laid plot, he looked in Hilda's direction. Flushed and letterless, she was standing in the sun watching Rosamund and Romance intent on going as slowly as possible down the street.

On the crossing they met the wizened man. (Hilda, on the point of going, wavered—and Pike dared not look). Slowly he surveyed them; then just as he gathered up his fatherly dignity he saw Rosamund's radiant face, and his parental fury melted into a meek shrug as he stepped off to let them pass.

Pike gave a reverent "Whew!" and mopped his face.

The wizened man sought the familiar post and surveyed Pike in this new pose, for his hat was on the back of his head and he looked very much like an overgrown boy caught in the pantry.

The cynical lips formed themselves into an unaccustomed smile. Pike looked up sheepishly. Then he spied the "Ideal" still in the dust. But something had happened to it. It had turned over and, ignoring its worse half, was proclaiming as loudly as ever the excellencies of this world's goods.

He looked up and down the street. Hilda was gone. Rosamund and Romance were gone.

Slowly he turned toward the wizened man, whose face by this time was growing more accustomed to its smile. Shrewdly he measured the distance and this time the impediments landed *beyond* the "Ideal."

"Guess I'll be gittin' on home—think its going to rain."

The wizened man nodded tolerant acquiescence.

So, lofty souls that "sitters" know,

Beware of harsh injunctions,

For even they, in their own crude way,

Have a heart's compunctions.

## Mr. Lake Talks

By Ruth Clapper

MR. LAKE was asked by one of the girls to tell the story of himself and Gyp.

"Why, child," he said slowly, there is nothing to tell. We're just here, that's all."

"But, Mr. Lake," she added, "how did you have the courage to take the job of watching over three hundred and fifty girls?"

"It does look like an impossibility, doesn't it?" he asked. "But," he added softly, "I like it. I love to watch them work and play. They do both so energetically. They are real girls, and I often think how much I would like to see some of them ten years from now. Fine girls!

"Gyp? Oh yes, I think a lot of Gyp. Why, he is my pal. He understands me better than anyone I know. And I think he shares my affection for the girls. In the evening, after light bell has rung, and the lights have been turned out lingeringly one by one, he understands our work. He has better eyes and ears than I have and can discover intruders the minute they set foot upon the campus. Yes, they are all afraid of Gyp. We have the reputation of being very ferocious—Gyp and I.

"We shall be lonesome in a few weeks after all the life and happiness have gone from Stephens. Funny, isn't it, how we miss you all so? We are both so glad when the College opens in the fall. But I always feel so bad when I see some of the girls homesick and lonesome the first few days that they are here. But they never stay that way very long. They just can't stay homesick with so much life and happiness around them. And did you ever notice how some girls blossom out while they are here? Oh, it's fine for them!

"When my little granddaughter was visiting me this spring, she said 'Grandfather, how would you feel if these girls were all your children?' Well, as I see them all before me from day to day I almost feel as if they were."

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A lumnae on page 127, and then  
E vince your enthusiasm

### Drama Class Gives Plays

On the evening of May 25, Suderman's "Far Away Princess" was given by Miss Dudley's Drama class. The proceeds of the play went into the curtain fund.

#### Cast of Characters:

Strubel .....	Mary Lee Simpson
Baroness Von Brook .....	Georgia Cox
Princess Louise .....	Helen May
Frau Halldorf .....	Jean Conrad
Milly } .....	{ Ruth McCoy
Liddy } .....	{ Evelyn Burke
A. Lackey .....	Ruth Welty
Frau Lindeman .....	Wilma Russell
Rosa, a waitress .....	Jessie Gum

On the same evening the Drama class presented an original play, "The Gypsy Love Song." The authors of the play were Amelia Foster, Phyllis Lacy, and Elizabeth Layton.

### Stephens College Curtain Fund

The curtain fund is getting to be large enough for us to begin talking about the color of the curtain. We can already feel the velvet. That doesn't mean that there's any "graft" in it either. A glance at the following figures will reveal the status of the curtain fund:

#### Sums received in 1919-1920.

Dramatic Club .....	\$ 30.25
Faculty Basketball Team .....	11.26
Faculty Stunt .....	38.35
Peanut Alley Stunt .....	12.00
Senior Class Stunt .....	34.17
Junior Class Gift .....	21.60
Academic Class Gift .....	8.00
Duck Club Gift .....	100.00
Stephensophia for 1920 .....	78.22
Total	333.85

#### Sums received in 1920-21.

Interest on money loaned for the summer	1.50
Junior Jollies .....	125.41
Plantation Melodies—Recital given by pupils of Miss Woodbridge .....	35.71
Sums from defunct Stephens organizations .....	32.04
Kappa Delta Phi Minstrel .....	50.00
Faculty Stunt .....	75.00
Tickets for Devereux Players .....	5.50
Drama Class Plays .....	6.50
Home Economics Club .....	26.52
Ola V. Powell, Prize for Duck Play .....	5.00
A. Morris, Library Fines .....	5.51
Total	374.69

Total June 7, 1921. .... 708.54.

### A Successful Year in Music

This has been a most successful year in Music at Stephens College, as the excellency of the public recitals which have been given by students and faculty proves. Recitals have been extremely interesting. Miss Woodbridge's pupils have given several voice recitals in costume, one of the most enjoyable being, "Down on the Plantation," a recital of negro folk-songs. Mr. Scott's advanced piano students have also appeared a number of times. Not only have there been student recitals, but the faculty has given several programs which were much enjoyed and appreciated by students and townspeople.

The study of the pipe organ has become much more popular and those girls who are fortunate enough to be in the organ class say that the pipe organ is the most interesting of all the musical instruments.

Following is the program of the commencement recital:

1. *Haydn* Variations in F minor  
MISS RHEA STRATTON
2. *Beethoven* Sonata op. 31, No. 2 (1st movement)  
MISS BERNICE HAWKINS
3. *Chopin* Fantasy  
MISS GLENNA BELLE LAIN
4. *Chopin* Etude op. 52, No. 19  
MISS DOROTHY DUNLAP
5. *Chopin* Nocturne op. 62, No. 2  
MISS CHRISTINE STOUT
6. *Chopin* Ballade in A flat, op. 44, No. 3  
MISS FRANCIS MARTIN
7. *Schumann* Fantasy (Finale)  
MISS MARY STALEY
8. *Liszt* Dance of the Gnomes  
MISS EULA MAE LESLIE
9. *Liszt* Liebestraum in A flat  
MISS ELIZABETH BOUCHER
10. *Liszt* Rhapsody No. 6  
MISS OLA V. POWELL

**WRITE** for information about the Stephens College Conservatory of Music.

## Reckless Teaching

*The Literary Digest for May 7 quotes the following:*

“In presence of some problems of education the safeguards have to be furnished from the teacher’s desk, not from the schoolroom floor. In ethics and philosophy and economics, students do not come to a teacher with well-balanced minds; he must furnish the balance instead. And if he is loose-minded, scatter-brained, wild-eyed, he can hardly fail to leave them disorganized in their own thinking and often in their personal conduct. If he dashes about, joyously exulting over the sound of breaking china and falling idols, and expecting young minds to make their own reconstruction, he is merely playing the fool. In the moral court of the world he would be convicted as guilty of the ruin that follows.

“The application of the warning in the matter of teaching religious truth is almost too obvious for comment. There seems to

be a peculiar satisfaction among some teachers in pulpits and Sunday-schools and institutions in destroying the accepted opinions of their students, with the specious plea that destruction must occur before constructive ideas can get room to grow. The plea is plausible, but it overlooks the fact that the soul must dwell somewhere during reconstruction and that these disinherited souls are not hardened to the exposure forced on them. No man has any right to try to rebuild faith unless he knows how to maintain the values of the old in the production of the new. Hardened souls may induce the tearing down of their assumed shelter, but the man who will tear down an orphan asylum without making provision for the protection of childhood, though too foolish to be called a murderer, has much to answer for.”

## Stephens College Believes in SAFEGUARDS

**Reckless Teaching Doesn't Pay**

# Syntax for Cynics

## A Grammar of the Feminine Language

From MINCE PIE by Christopher Morley

Copyright 1919, George H. Doran Company, Publishers

The feminine language consists of words placed one after another with extreme rapidity, with intervals for matinees. The purpose of this language is (1) to conceal, and (2) to induce, thought. Very often, after the use of a deal of language, a thought will appear in the speaker's mind. This, while desirable, is by no means necessary.

THOUGHT cannot be defined, but it is instinctively recognized even by those unaccustomed to it.

PARTS OF SPEECH: There are five parts of feminine speech—noun, pronoun, adjective, verb and interjection.

THE NOUN is the name of something to wear, or somebody who furnishes something to wear, or a place where something is to be worn; e. g., *hat, husband, opera*. Feminine nouns are always singular.

THE PRONOUN is *I*.

ADJECTIVES: There are only four feminine adjectives—*adorable, cute, sweet, horrid*. These are all modified on occasion by the adverb *perfectly*.

THE VERBS are of two kinds—active and passive. Active verbs express action; passive verbs express passion. All feminine verbs are irregular and imperative.

INTERJECTIONS: There are two interjections—*Heavens!* and *Gracious!* The masculine language is much richer in interjections.

DECLENSION: There are three ways of feminine declining, (1) to say No; (2) to say Yes and mean No; (3) to say nothing.

CONJUGATION: This is what happens to a verb in the course of conversation or shopping. A verb begins the day quite innocently, as the verb *go* in the phrase *to go to town*. When it gets to the city this verb becomes *look*, as, for instance, *to look at the shop windows*. Thereafter its descent is rapid into the form *purchase* or *charge*. This conjugation is often assisted by the auxiliary expression *a bargain*. About the first of the following month the verb reappears in the masculine

vocabulary in a parallel or perverted form, modified by an interjection.

CONVERSATION in the feminine language consists of language rapidly vibrating or oscillating between two persons. The object of any conversation is always accusative; e. g., "*Mrs. Edwards has no taste in hats.*" Most conversations consist of an indeterminate number of sentences, but sometimes it is difficult to tell where one sentence ends and the next begins. It is even possible for two sentences to overlap. When this occurs the conversation is known as a dialogue. A sentence may be of any length, and is concluded only by the physiological necessity of taking breath.

SENTENCES: A sentence may be defined as a group of words, uttered in sequence, but without logical connection, to express an opinion or an emotion. A number of sentences if emitted without interruption becomes a conversation. A conversation prolonged over an hour or more becomes gossip. A gossip, when shared by several persons, is known as a secret. A secret is anything known by a large and constantly increasing number of persons.

LETTERS: The feminine language, when committed to paper, with a stub pen and back-handed chirography, is known as a letter. A letter should, if possible, be written on rose or lemon colored paper of a rough and flannelly texture, with scalloped edges and initials embossed in gilt. It should be written with great rapidity, containing not less than ten exclamation points per page and three underlined adjectives per paragraph. The verb may be reserved until the postscript.

Generally speaking, students of the feminine language are agreed that rules of grammar and syntax are subject to individual caprice and whim, and it is very difficult to lay down fixed canons. The extreme rapidity with which the language is used and the charm and personal magnetism of its users have disconcerted even the most careful and scientific observers. A glossary of technical terms and idioms in the feminine language would be a work of great value to the whole husband world, but it is doubtful if any such volume will ever be published.

## TO THE ALUMNAE:

**W**HY not make the *Stephens Standard* your means of communication with one another? Every reader of the *Standard* will be interested in knowing what *your* alumnae organization is doing. Ask your club secretary to send reports of meetings and plans. Also send individual news items about any of the ex-Stephensites. The next issue of the *Standard* will appear about the first of October. Let us have a big and snappy alumnae section.

### Keep a Warm Spot in Your Heart

for

### Stephens College

1. Keep in touch with your class mates.
2. Keep in touch with the College.
3. Keep in touch with girls who ought to come to Stephens College.
4. Write President Wood or the Secretary of the College a "newsy" letter. The College doesn't change its address.
5. Be a member of a Stephens Club.
6. If there is no Stephens Club in your part of the country, take steps to organize one.
7. Remember the needs of your alma mater.
8. Remember the loan funds for worthy students who need help.
9. Mention Stephens College Life Annuity Bonds to people who should invest money in Christian education for women.
10. Read the suggestions for Stephens College Memorials on the back cover.
11. Read the letter on page 101 and subscribe for the *Standard*.
12. Read these suggestions over, raise your right hand, and repeat solemnly, "I will."

## Commencement Guests

Among the Commencement guests whose names have been reported to the personal news department of the *Standard* are the following:

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Leslie  
 Mrs. L. M. Saltsman  
 Mrs. J. Herni  
 E. F. Herni  
 B. F. Payne  
 Mrs. J. T. Wilson  
 Mrs. J. N. Hutchinson  
 Mrs. R. L. Gaines  
 Mrs. Frank Statton  
 Nelle Lewis  
 Mrs. A. W. Cies  
 Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Lamson  
 Eunice Lamson  
 Mrs. Stone McClure

Mrs. T. J. Pace  
 Mrs. S. M. Smith  
 Mrs. Aaron Linville  
 Mrs. C. H. Jackson  
 Mrs. A. C. Bust  
 Mrs. Mayfield  
 Miss Hetzel  
 Mrs. W. I. Sidwell  
 Mrs. J. O. Sutherland  
 Mrs. J. D. Moore  
 H. C. Young  
 Margaret Woodson  
 Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Brunson  
 Mrs. W. O. Gallatin

Mrs. L. B. Adams  
 Mr. and Mrs. Sam Mohler  
 Lois Whitman  
 Mrs. A. Loper  
 Mrs. Arthur Pixlee  
 Mrs. J. W. Youle  
 Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Lacy  
 Virginia Callison  
 Ruth Callison  
 Meirene Litman  
 Mrs. C. C. Birney  
 Mrs. Chas. Dorsey  
 Mrs. E. L. Mace  
 Mrs. W. L. Milam  
 Willie Milam  
 Mr. and Mrs. Patton  
 D. S. Fahrney  
 Myer Rolnick  
 Mrs. T. R. Sanders  
 Mrs. John F. Cockey  
 Mrs. C. P. Forshey  
 Mrs. E. E. Barton  
 Mrs. J. A. Morrow  
 Bess Harrison

Mrs. S. D. Burnett  
 Mr. and Mrs. James B. McGuire  
 Louella McGuire  
 Eunice Biggs  
 Mrs. J. R. Jones  
 Josephine Bennett  
 Mr. and Mrs. Sanford Bennett  
 Ruth Lynn  
 Mrs. H. W. Osgood  
 Mrs. N. A. Franklin  
 Mrs. Wm. Layton  
 Mrs. Chas. C. Birney  
 Mrs. J. A. Kite  
 Chas. T. Yadon  
 Mrs. E. J. Ohmer  
 Mrs. T. E. Vandiver  
 Margaret Vandiver  
 Virginia Smith  
 Martha Jane Stokes  
 Eula Carrington  
 Vera Copper  
 Mrs. Pixlee  
 Mrs. L. L. Hunt



Up  
 The  
 Snake  
 Walk

## Facts About Folks

Mrs. Howard P. Stephens of Chefoo, China, has written to one of the editors of the *Standard* complimenting the paper upon its style, originality, and general interest. "I don't want to miss a single copy," she writes. We are glad that our oriental readers are so favorably impressed with our efforts in journalism.

On Monday evening, May 2, the Stephens College alumnae of Columbia entertained at a silver tea for the benefit of the loan fund. A short program was given by several girls and members of the faculty.

On the evening of May 9, Mrs. Wood entertained with an informal party, in honor of her guests, Mrs. Crafts and her daughter, Miss Crafts, from Rochester, New York.

On the night of the faculty stunt Mr. Scott revealed his marvelous originality, while certain other members of the faculty revealed other charms.

Delta Rho Alpha entertained with a tea in the parlors of Wood Hall, May 7.

Marguerite Coyle of Kansas City was the guest of Phyllis Lacy at the Beta Sig house, April 28.

Norine Radle, Mercedes Sherman, and Kathleen Handy visited in Fulton, Missouri, May 14-16.

Eta Upsilon Gamma entertained, May 16, with a tea at the chapter house.

Frances Allen was married, April 11, to James A. Stewart, Jr. They have recently returned to Kansas City where they will make their home.

Kappa Delta Phi entertained with a tea, May 20 at their new home, 201 College Avenue.

Theta Tau Epsilon entertained with a tea in the parlors of Columbia Hall, May 9.

Mary Ruth Lake of Hannibal, Missouri, visited her grandfather, Mr. Lake, at Stephens College, May 14-18.

A new custom was initiated at Stephens College when the members of Kappa Delta Phi planted a tree on Arbor Day this spring. The chapter intends to establish the custom as an annual event.

The rhythm class entertained the student body with a short program Wednesday evening, May 18.

Beta Sigma Omicron entertained with a tea at the chapter house, May 23.

The new members of Eta Upsilon Gamma were entertained at a luncheon at the Tavern on May 21.

The Social Democracy Club had the privilege of hearing Mr. Frank King tell of his recent trip around the world. His lecture, which was given at a regular meeting of the club on May 18, was a great treat to all the members.

The success of the Juniorette in the May number of the *Standard* is evidenced by a letter from Amarillo, Texas. Excerpts from the letter are herewith offered to our readers:

"I am an ardent admirer of your most interesting publication. I wish to apply for membership in the 'I Mada Flunka' club. My qualifications are my report card and chemistry notebook———Does the Juniorette need a mascot? I can furnish a most useful and decorative one—a little kitten.

I have all shapes, sizes, and colors. My family objects violently to my feeding them, and it takes not only a great deal of my valuable time but also no small amount of pocket money to persuade the cook that her duty is to keep silent on dangerous subjects. Therefore I am willing to let these pets go at a great sacrifice. Could I possibly trade one in for a membership? I have a darling one named Dernye which I would be glad to contribute to the cause.

Yours in hope,

Louise Harris."

Unfortunately the "I Made Flunka" club has already adopted the campus squirrel as a mascot and is therefore compelled to reject the offer of Dernye. The club, however, desires to accept Miss Harris as a member in full standing. When the proper number of applications have been received initiation ceremonies will be devised.

The *Standard* feels honored at being able to announce formally the organization of the first Faculty Sorority at Stephens under the name of Tetra Sigma. The founders are: Helen Green, Molly White, and Myrtle LeCompte. Therefore the colors are green and white, myrtle being their flower.

The movement that was "on foot" to start step singing was taken over by the senior class. After vesper services, members of the class gathered on the steps of the auditorium on a number of evenings to sing college songs, and thus to give an expression of class spirit.

The entire student body wishes to express a deep sorrow and feeling of remorse because Miss LeCompte, Mr. Oppenheimer, Mr. Davis and Miss Drinkwater were not at the faculty take-off. Could they only have seen themselves as others see them!

Madaline Smith (now Mrs. Millard H. McDonald) is the mother of a fine boy, Arthur Smith McDonald, born May 18. Mr. and Mrs. McDonald live at 916 McCann Street, Springfield.

Joseph J. Shy, Jr., arrived April 26. Mrs. Shy (formerly Pauline Kenower) was a member of the music faculty of Stephens College.

Mrs. Ralph Weaver, formerly Grace Gordon, is the mother of a daughter, Mary Edith, born May 9. Mr. and Mrs. Weaver live in King City.

The editors are in receipt of a very encouraging and appreciative letter from Mrs. J. H. Middleton, formerly Mary Jane Whiteside, of Bowling Green. Mrs. Middleton has a little daughter six months old who is a member of the "Wise Virgins Club." That means that some day she is coming to Stephens College.

The University of Missouri scholarship which is awarded each year to the senior student at Stephens College graduating with the best record has been won by Ruth Ohmer, of Wichita, Kansas. Miss Ohmer made an average percentage of 96 2/10 during her course.

The Missouri Store blanket which is awarded to the best "all-round" athlete in Stephens College each year was won by Mary Young Moore.

A twenty-dollar prize in gold has been offered by the Board of Trustees of Stephens College to the girl who writes the best Stephens song during the year. Grace Eckelberry's song, "The Old Maroon and Gold," which appeared on the cover of the the April *Standard* and which is reprinted in this issue on page 104, won the prize this year.

The members of the class of '15 announce the establishment of the Louise Gilbert Memorial Loan Fund. The amount of the fund is at present approximately \$100. It will be increased from year to year.

## Burrowings and Borrowings

Delete the first two words of this heading.

“Most college humor is a joke,” said the cynical one.

What do *you* think?

“Dad, what are the silent watches of the night?”

“The ones which their owners forget to wind, my son.”

—Ex.

“What keeps us from falling off the earth when we are upside down?”

“Why, the law of gravity, of course.”

“Well, how did folks stay on before the law was passed?”

—Ex.

ALGERNON—see here, old deah, some day I’ll give you a piece of my mind.

NONREGLA—How foolish to divide a little thing like that!

—Virginia Reel

### *Clean Joke*

“May I hold your Palm Olive?”

“Not on your Life Buoy!”

—Ex.

### *In the Hay*

SAMBO—Say, Rastus, somethin’ funny happened to me las’ night.

RASTUS—Dat so?

SAMBO—Yeh. Las’ night ah dreamed ah was eatin’ shredded wheat an’ when ah woke up half my mattress was gone.

—Burr

“Shay, offisher, wheresh the corner?”

“You’re standing on it.”

“Sno wonder I couldn’t find it.”

—Puppet

DRUG CLERK—What kind of tooth brush do you want?

CUSTOMER—Gib me a big one, boss. Dare’s ten in my fambly.

—Ex.

“Gee, pipe that husky guy’s chest.”

“Uh huh, got that working as an oarsman.”

“Robust, huh?”

—J

HE—One of my ancestors was an officer on the Mayflower but I can’t remember what his position was.

SHE—Sails manager, perhaps.

—Wag Jag

### *Good Bizzness*

“I vish I vas as religious as Abie. He clasps his hands so tight in prayer, he can’t get ’em open ven der collection box comes aroundt.”

—Voo Doo

“These are truly my home ties,” said the tramp as he walked along the railroad track.

—Jester

### *The Fare Was a Nickel*

SHE—Penny for your thoughts.

HE—Sold! I was just wondering how I was going to ride home on four cents.

—Jester

“This ought to be a good time to break out,” said the convict after the prison physician informed him that he had the measles.

—Jester

TENNESSEE—May ah see you all home?

NEW JERSEY—You’re drunk man, there’s only one of me.

—Punch Bowl

The height of ignorance is to copy the name of the fellow sitting next to one in a written quiz.

—Ex.

### *A Hot One*

HE: Do you care if I smoke?

SHE: I don’t care if you burn.

—Octopus

SHE—I’m so nervous. Tell me how I can cut my finger nails without cutting my fingers.

HE—Hold the scissors with both hands.

—Chaparral

### *Somme Yarn*

PROF—What do you know of the horrors of war?

MR. SMITH—Sir, I’m still wearing some of the socks that were knitted for me when I was overseas.

—Gargoyle

DUM—What makes petrified trees?

BUM—’Tis said the wind makes them rock.

—Purple Cow

## *To the Girl Graduate:*

### You are planning to go to College

It is important to make a right decision and it is also important to make an early decision. Do not wait until the last minute. On commencement day, June 7, the enrollment in Stephens College for next year was *100% in excess of the enrollment at the same period last year.* The preliminary enrollment of this year's juniors showed that a larger number of former students are

planning to return than ever before in the history of the school. You will find it to your advantage to enroll early. Don't wait. If you are in doubt about any point, write for further information. Use the yellow card in this issue of the *Standard*. It will bring you the new attractive view book and the college catalogue.

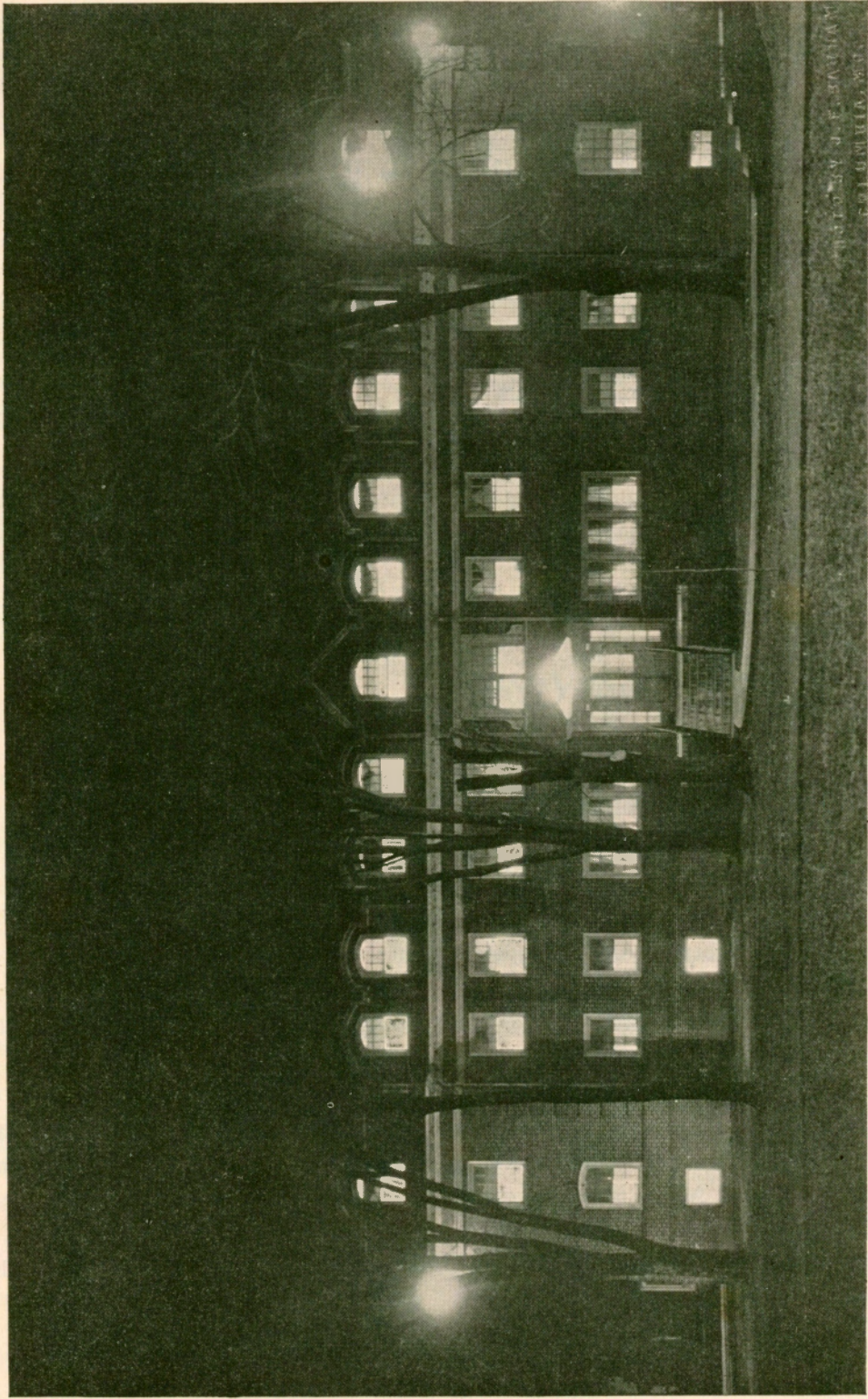
## *To the Stephens Girl:*

### You know girls who are planning to go to College

Did you ever introduce two people to each other who later became the truest of friends? It made you feel that you deserved a commission on that friendship, didn't it? Well, you can help introduce Stephens College to some of the girls who are planning to go to college but who have not fully decided where they are going. Send their names to the secretary of the College and they will receive the catalogue, the new view book, and other college litera-

ture. And you yourself can testify that such an introduction will result in the formation of a true friendship for Stephens College and of hundreds of lasting and loyal friendships among the Stephens College girls. *Don't* forget to send the names.

NOTE: You may be interested in knowing that the College is still maintaining its reputation as the "twin school." The secretary reports that two more "pairs" have recently signed up.



WOOD HALL AT NIGHT

Have you ever thought about establish-  
ing an enduring memorial?

Read the following

SUGGESTIONS FOR MEMORIALS

AT

STEPHENS COLLEGE

An administration or classroom building.

A library building.

Endowment for chair of Religious Education.

A small hospital.

Equipment for a hospital.

Special rooms in dormitories.

Scholarships for worthy girls of limited means.

Loan funds for worthy girls of limited means.

Complete equipment for Domestic Art.

Complete Conservatory Equipment.



Visit Stephens College and find out for yourself  
what is being done.

*Investments in religion and education are the most perma-  
nent and useful memorials that can be devised.*