

*Journal of Intercourse*

# *The* STEPHENS STANDARD

Volume One

*April*

Number Five



## The Old Maroon and Gold

*Oh, to Stephens, dearest Stephens,  
Our thoughts will e'er turn:  
On thy alters, Alma Mater,  
The fires shall e'er 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 thee--  
Love the old maroon and gold.*

*To achievement, joy, and conquest  
Our steps we onward bend,  
But our gayest, gravest 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.*

*--Grace Eckelberry.*

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# The Stephens Standard

## A Growing Interest in Annuity Bonds

Field Secretary, H. S. Walter, reports the purchase of a number of Bonds. "I want my money to go on working in a good cause after I am through with it," says one annuitant. Annuities will prove to be a popular and practical method of financing Christian education, Mr. Walter believes.

MR. H. S. WALTER, the field secretary of Stephens College, reports a marked interest in Annuity Bonds. Some of the friends of the College, according to Mr. Walter's report, have already arranged for substantial investments in the education of Christian womanhood.

"The constructive Stephens College program," says Mr. Walter, "appeals to the imagination of all who are looking forward to the development of an institution that will train young women physically, intellectually, socially, and spiritually for leadership—for Christian leadership is the great need of the world to-day."

People who are investing in the Stephens annuities experience a personal satisfaction in having found a practical means by which the proper

### Here Are Some "Waltergraphs" on Annuities

"Be your own administrator."

"Make money your servant; it will work for you forever."

"An investment for Good is an investment for God."

"Christian education is not a state function; it must be financed by individuals who *believe* in it."

"The rich young ruler missed Heaven by the thickness of a green-back."

use of their money can be guaranteed when they themselves are no longer here. One annuitant strikes at the center of the whole matter when he says, "I want my money to go on working in a good cause after I am through with it."

Says another annuitant: "My investment in annuity bonds is making me happy here, and I know it will make me happier in the next world."

The report of the field secretary indicates the beginning of a more liberal response to Stephens College needs. "The people *believe* in what the president

and the board of trustees and the faculty of Stephens College are attempting to accomplish and they are going to back the program by buying bonds. The Annuity Bond plan is practical and it is going to prove popular" is Mr. Walter's statement.

If you are interested in Stephens College Life Annuity Bonds---or if any of your friends are interested---write to Mr. Harvey S. Walter, field secretary of Stephens College, Columbia, Missouri.

## Form Religious Education Extension Clubs

Fifteen extension clubs are already organized. They will contribute to support of religious education program and will have general charge of extension work.

THE campus of Stephens College does not mark the limits of the influence of the Religious Education Department of the College. Women all over the state are seeing the possibilities of the work here. They believe that the state of Missouri should be Jessie Burrall's field of influence—not merely Stephens College.

Already Religious Education Extension Clubs have been formed at St. Louis, Kansas City, Aurora, Carthage, Clinton, Fulton, Jefferson City, Mountain Grove, Neosho, Osceola, Pierce City, Springfield, St. Joseph, West Plains, and Windsor—fifteen in all. Their purpose is twofold. They hope to enrich the religious life of their own communities by utilizing the services of

Miss Burrall in organizing extension work and they expect to reciprocate by contributing to the support of the Stephens College department of religious education. The clubs will have general charge of the extension work which Miss Burrall plans.

"These organizations," said President Wood, "do not replace any church organization and they must not duplicate the work of any other organization. They are composed of women who believe profoundly in the good that can be accomplished by establishing and maintaining an intimate connection between *religious education* in the College and *religious living* in the community."

## House Deans for Dormitories

Patience Haggard and Elizabeth Stockton will direct social life in the dormitories. House deans will work in co-operation with dean of women. Plans only partly complete.

WOOD Hall and Columbia Hall will have a house dean, or a social directress. Her purpose will be not merely to handle disciplinary matters but to insure the proper kind of social entertainment for the girls.

Miss Le Compte, dean of women, says of the plan, "We hope that the house deans will make the work more systematic. While their work is a unit in itself, still all the plans and problems are under one central head and the house deans are always responsible to the dean of women. It is expected that their work will be of great benefit to the students and to the faculty."

The plans of the house deans are as yet incomplete. But some results of their work are already evident. Patience Haggard, directress of Wood Hall, planned a very successful "open house" evening for the girls in that dormitory last month. Miss Haggard will stay in Wood Hall through out the semester, while her present assistant, Elizabeth Stockton, will move to Columbia Hall and take up her duties there.

Miss Haggard outlines her plans for this semester as follows:

### My aim: To Become Superfluous

#### WHAT I EXPECT OF WOOD HALL GIRLS:

- I *The expression of the Wood Hall spirit in an atmosphere of courtesy, gracious hospitality and good taste in everything.*
- II *The development of capable, dependable leadership, administrative and social.*
- III *The strongest support of student government and all other college activities.*
- IV *That "She's a Wood Hall girl" shall become a by-word in explanation of an exceptionally fine college citizen.*

She says, "The things we plan to do as deans are tasks which cannot be accomplished in one year. Some of our plans will extend into next year and into the year following. However, we have certain plans for the immediate future as well."

## New Members of Phi Theta Kappa

Here are their names: Olivia Noel, Grace Eckelberry, Bessie Gibson, Marguerite Allen, Jeanette Smith, Jeanne Brown, Frances Brown, Judith Culbertson, Frances Jackson, Hazel McClure, Kathryn Young, Jewell Triplett, Helen Stufflebean, Julia Whiteside, Gladys Fife, Mary Staley, Vera Taylor, Ola V. Powell, Marian Hemmings, Pauline Alexander, Ruby Klingner, Pauline Bryan, Emma Smith, Mary Ruth Craven.

Pictures of the "First Five" appear on page 76

SEVERAL years ago, the faculty of Stephens College decided that some recognition should be given to superior students. This superiority was to be determined principally by scholarship, but not by scholarship alone. The girl's moral fitness and her interest in the activities of the college, should be considered also; she should show in all ways that she has the best interests of her college at heart. And so the honorary sorority, then called Kappa Phi Omicron, came into existence at Stephens College.

In the spring of 1918 all the accredited Junior Colleges of Missouri decided to make the honorary sorority a state organization. The new name given to it was Phi Theta Kappa, of which Stephens has the Beta chapter.

To be eligible to membership in Phi Theta Kappa, a girl must attend the college for a full semester and prove herself a good citizen in it. She must, first, have recorded in the dean's

office at least fifteen units of high school credit and must be carrying fifteen hours' work of which twelve are required to be literary. She must be in the upper third of her class, with no grade below M and must maintain this standard during the remainder of her residence at the college. Only ten percent of the college students may belong at one time.

Lucinda Templin, of Lindenwood, at the last meeting of the Grand Council, said, "Membership in Phi Theta Kappa is the greatest honor that your college can bestow upon you." In recognition of this fact, let us extend heartiest congratulations to the girls who have been chosen as the new members of our chapter.

Five students were already members of Phi Theta Kappa, having won the honor last year. They are: Ruth Ohmer, Frances Martin, Louise Guinn, Rhea Statton, and Stella Osgood.

## Classes Do Community Club Work

English composition classes turn into community clubs once every two weeks for discussions of community problems. Clubs give practical training in thinking, saying, and doing.

"IT'S high time we were put on the map; so I'll make it my business to help put us there," said a student in *English I* as she handed the following story for the *Standard* to a member of the staff:

Each of the English composition classes has organized itself into a community club. The club has officers and committees just as any other club, but new officers are elected at each meeting, so that all the members may gain experience in the various offices.

The clubs were formed for the purpose of adding another practical touch to our semester's

work. The aim of the whole year's English work has been to prepare girls really to serve the towns or localities from which they come. This simple club work is a very appropriate way in which to help each girl acquire some of the qualities of leadership.

The programs presented at the meetings furnish the students with a store of ideas to be used in the home organizations. Of course the topics are necessarily those which are of interest to a college student, but they are handled just as any community club problems or programs may well be handled.

*Continued on page 68*

## If Mary Should Marry a Millionaire---

*EDITORS' NOTE: Mary's experiences at Stephens give her some ideas about "what ought to be done next." We believe she is right. What do YOU think?*

AT fifteen minutes till eight Mary was hastening across the campus toward the library, for there were only two more study hours—and the program for the next day was full. This was not the first time she had been to the library that day, for Mary was not a "last nighter," but there was only one copy of the book which she needed and *must* have,—and it had been in use all day.

She walked up to the steps and inside the building. Every chair was in use and there wasn't any room around any table. She went over to the shelf looking in vain for the book, but she soon learned that it had been signed up for until closing time. Well, perhaps she could find some information somewhere else; so two hours were spent not very profitably in reading other references that "might do just as well."

When she did find a book that she thought would help out a little, she looked around for a place to read. There was no room down stairs and one glance at the stairway told her that there was none on the second floor, for about twelve girls were trying to study sitting on the steps. Mary also sat down on the steps to study—but she had to get up several times to let some one pass. The library was unusually noisy. Footsteps seemed heavier than usual and there was the constant stir of students looking for books.

It was a rather discouraged Mary who walked back to the dormitory that night and she thought of the next day with some misgiving, for she was unprepared and that gave a good chance for one of those dreaded "cuts." And yet it doesn't seem that it was altogether Mary's fault that she was not prepared, does it?

Mary's first class next morning was English. There were twenty-five girls crowded in this tiny room which was surrounded on all sides by practice rooms. Overhead a dramatic soprano was practicing scales; in an adjoining practice room some one was practicing on a slide trombone; from the other side could be heard the monotonous thumping of a piano; and from other sources came the strains of melodies of amateur violinists. The room was dark and close, two small windows being the only means

of lighting and ventilating. The class was restless and it was difficult for the teacher to conduct his class in competition with the many noises that offered distraction.

Before the hour was over Mary had developed a headache, and was in a rather unhappy frame of mind, which wasn't relieved next hour when she got a "cut" in sociology because she hadn't read the reference that had been assigned—the one that she had spent two hours the night before trying to find.

Have you ever been in Mary's place?

Every Stephens girl takes a special pride in the things that Stephens stands for. We are proud of our school. We are proud of the ideals and the standards that are a part of Stephens, proud of the position Stephens holds in the educational world.

No other college stands for higher ideals of education. Stephens has all that can be desired in "atmosphere," the intangible things that make a school really big and worth while, but our growth is hampered by lack of equipment. And the fact that recent growth has been so pronounced renders the need of increased equipment more acute.

So many Marys have thought "How much easier it would be to study effectively in a commodious library where the spirit of quiet and orderliness reigned! What a joy it would be to work in a real library with all its comforts and modern equipment—with large, light, airy reading rooms, with sound proof floors!"

President Wood has a vision of a Greater Stephens and foremost in this vision is a Science Hall where there will be enough classrooms to go round—classrooms that will be the "last word" in recitation facilities. Another part of that vision is a real library to help all the Marys at Stephens to derive from their college education all the benefits which they should derive.

Before the vision of Greater Stephens can be realized, before the dream of achievement can come true, the best of material equipment must be provided. The friends of Stephens College should realize this fact. *The College has no building fund.* And if these urgent needs are to

*Continued on page 73.*

# The Stephens Standard

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## CENTRAL BOARD OF 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.

Read the statement of the editorial policy of the *Standard* on page 80.

## Helping Listen

THE other day we read somewhere the story of the man who had just obtained a new position with the railroad company. "It's a fine job," he said. "You know the fellow that goes alongside the train and taps the axles to see if everything's all right? "Well, I *help him listen.*"

The man who "helps listen" sometimes renders a real service by pointing out defects which otherwise might be too long ignored. The engineer and the stockholders are probably so busy running the train and figuring up the company's deficit that they have little time for discovering broken axles. The *Standard*, in pointing out the needs of Stephens College which demand immediate attention, is merely "helping listen." People who are interested in the College see the splendid results it is achieving. They approve the progressive policy of the school. But they are often so busy extending their enthusiastic congratulations on the College's accomplishments and prospects that they fail to mend the broken axles, repair the machinery, or replace the antiquated equipment.

Finding fault is the work of a cynic but pointing out needs is a constructive job.

A growing institution must keep pace with itself. It must not allow its equipment to lag. Many of the students who come to Stephens College are disappointed in not finding classrooms superior to those in the larger high schools of the West. People who are familiar with the material equipment of the College are practically unanimous in their verdict that the imperative need is a new classroom building. Brick and mortar do not make a college, but it is natural to expect a good deal of it about the place.

Is not this continual reversion to the classroom situation—this insistent "tap, tap," as it were—an indication of a condition *that must be remedied* in order to guarantee the continuation of Stephens prestige? We are merely "helping to listen."

## Applied Stephens

HAPPINESS finds its expression in smiles. All the thousand little gestures and expressions of a day's living are only the outer symbols of an inner life. Just as the light in the window suggests the warmth and glow within, so our deeds reflect the hopes and dreams that tinge our inner life with thought-color.

More sacred than all other thoughts and dreams are those beautiful conceptions, our ideals. Like precious treasures, they lie in the innermost recesses of our souls. In their veiled beauty they become the priestesses of those inner shrines.

"Only by the functioning of ideals," said an old Greek philosopher, "can virtue be accomplished." In other words, we must put into practice those principles of right living, those ideals, which we entertain in our minds. The true test of an ideal comes when we subject it to the light of daily practice. If it stands the test, and if, by the constant practice of its virtues, we approach the complete realization of the entire conception, we may know that we have found the foundations of character.

Surely no ideals can stand the test of action better than the ideals of the Stephens College girl. But unless that test is rigorously applied, the ideals become meaningless. The most beautiful conception that ever dwelt in an artist's fancy, the loveliest tone-poem that was ever heard by a musician in his dreams, is impotent in its influence upon the lives of other men, until it is

expressed in vivid colors upon canvas or in the exquisite tones of a human voice. The ideal of the Stephens girl becomes a dynamic power only when it is constantly applied.

Stephens ideals are things to be *lived*—not merely *talked about*.

## Real Scholarship

SCHOLARSHIP is often confused in people's minds with the mental contortions of anemic genius. But, as a matter of fact, a real scholar is not a human bookworm squinting through a pair of double convex lenses at the lore of massive volumes. The newspaper caricatures of scholars and professors are traditionally inaccurate. The person who is simply abnormally and inhumanly intellectual is not a scholar—but a phenomenon.

The highest scholarship rests upon a foundation of common sense. The "all-round" girl should be the best scholar. It is a noteworthy fact that in nearly every instance the girls who stand high in their classes are also among the best citizens of the school. Real scholarship involves much more than booklearning.

All the girls who have recently been elected to Phi Theta Kappa are to be congratulated. They have won an enviable honor. There is nothing about it to be "lived down." They are not sallow-cheeked enthusiasts who converse in Latin or recite poetry by the hour. They are all "good fellows" and they have reason to feel proud of their accomplishment.

## Spring---and Wanderlust

*EDITORS' NOTE: We were in the act of writing an editorial on the weather, or spring, or April showers, or violets, or something when this article, "Spring—and Wanderlust," by Jeanne Brown, was handed to us. We take pleasure in offering Miss Brown's reaction on spring instead of our own contemplated effusion on "Planting Onions" or "The Dying of the Furnace Fires."*

IN the spring, the lure, the CALL, becomes almost irresistible. Every little puff of wind, every bird-note, every blade of growing grass beckons enticingly. Oh, to escape the dreary round of petty duties, to forget all the meaningless drudgery of our shackled existence, to wander on and on in the open sunlight, to drink in the joyous beauty of the spring world! These are the tempting whispers that Spring breathes constantly in our ear. What do our small fears

and ambitions, our pitifully selfish little interests matter, when the first violets are peeping shyly up, and the merry twitter of the birds tells us that homemaking has begun? We all feel it, this primitive stirring, and even the most staid and sober among us have moments when we almost yield to the mad impulse.

Because we know the subtle magic of Nature's call, we feel a twang of envy at the sight of those carefree nomads—the gypsies. Their crude, creaking wagons, in which they wander aimlessly wherever their fancy leads them; their gaudy, simple clothes; and their childish gayety proclaim them Nature's own children. There is a healthy, wholesome flavor of the earth about them. These vagrant strollers have little of the knowledge we so feverishly seek, but they know the beauty of the setting sun, the lure of the unexplored road, the mystery of the starry night. They embody the spirit of the spring day, and for a mad, brief instant we long to share their life!

It must have been springtime when Walt Whitman wrote:

"Smile, O voluptuous cool-breath'd earth!

Earth of the slumbering and liquid trees!

Earth of departed sunset—earth of the mountains misty-topt!

Earth of the vitreous pour of the full moon just tinged with blue!

Earth of shine and dark mottling the tide of the river!

Earth of the limpid gray of clouds brighter and clearer for my sake!

Far-swooping elbow'd earth—rich apple-blossom'd earth!

Smile, for your lover comes."

## Classes Do Community Club Work

*Continued from page 65.*

The community clubs meet once in two weeks during the class period; thus the club meeting counts simply as one recitation.

The clubs are very interesting, and already many very profitable programs have been given in the various classes. They give practical training in thinking, saying, and doing. Perhaps there are several future club presidents among us (who can tell?) No one knows when she will suddenly be required to make use of her experience gained in these informal club meetings.

## Student Viewpoints

### Must Have More Classrooms--and Better Ones

*Editors' Note: When "Stephens Needs" was suggested as a subject for "viewpoints," it brought a great number of responses. The unanimity with which a "new classroom building" is mentioned is evidence of the reality of the need.*

People outside of school who are interested enough to encourage and finance the building and equipping of new class rooms should understand thoroughly the great need at Stephens. The best results can not be obtained when twenty-five or thirty students are crowded into a very small room. Many students object to the one-armed class rooms chairs. It is hard to concentrate when one always thinks of the inconveniences. If the friends of Stephens College knew of the need of study rooms and class rooms, I am sure we would have a new administration building and a new class room building separate from the conservatory.

—Marie Smith.

Stephens, with a student body which is growing larger each year, should have a large class room building. We need more and larger rooms which are properly ventilated. Up-to-date laboratories with more complete equipment would be a big addition to Stephens.

—Ambie Moseley.

If Stephens College is going to meet the requirement necessary to take care of the large number of students who are coming each year, it must have more new buildings.

The one building which is needed most is a new library. It should be a large, beautiful building, containing many small rooms where the girls may study, and one large reading room where they could spend a few hours reading for pleasure. This room should be well lighted and have all the necessary equipment. It should look home-like and attractive. I think it is necessary to have such a room where the student may spend a few pleasant hours without being interrupted and disturbed.

Stephens should also have an Arts and Science building with about twenty modern up-to-date class rooms, because the rooms which we have now are very crowded and inconvenient.

—Lillian Sasse.

Let us pull for a new class room building at Stephens College. We are proud of our college's wide reputation as a school of learning and we are proud of our able faculty. But we are disappointed in our class rooms. They are too small; they are poorly ventilated, and many of them are in the midst of distracting noises, (for that is what musical practice is when it interferes with class recitation).

—Viola Talbot.

### Going to Sunday School in the Rain

What is more depressing than a rainy day? And Sunday on top of the rain! Gone is the joy of a pleasant world, and the very thought of collecting rubbers, raincoats, and umbrellas fills our hearts with dismay!

Last Sunday when I awoke, the first sound I heard was the patter of the rain drops; a stretch of angry gray sky, and dripping trees composed the view. And a poor little robin, feathers ruffled and wet, chirped, "cheer up—cheer up" on the grass under my window.

Then I happened to think, "Why, Miss Burrall promised to talk about 'Forty-seven Varieties of Love' today," and so I hurried up and dressed for breakfast and was in my place in Sunday School at "nine-twenty-nine."

Stephens certainly can be proud of Miss Burrall's Sunday School class. It has grown from one hundred and fifty to six hundred and six. Some how I have a feeling that by June we shall have one thousand!

There! Did you notice that "we"? But team work is what she wants; so let's get the spirit.

I have never cared for Sunday School but I'll admit that my interest is being aroused and I find that I enjoy Miss Burrall's class immensely.

The next rainy Sunday Miss Burrall will speak on "How to Be Happy, Though Engaged."

—Floy Klein.

### Number? Too-Too Green

Things can be too perfect to be beautiful. There are compositions, pictures, statues, and even faces, which, had they some tiny flaw or mistake, would be much more attractive. We are thankful that our school has not yet attained this state of perfection where all is perfect harmony and there is no opportunity for further improvement, where every wheel turns with absolute

smoothness without a single clog. However, these same discords and clogs are the source of great discomfort and annoyance and probably account for more than one shattered nervous system and not a few gray hairs.

Have you ever attempted to use that most time-saving convenience of modern times, the telephone, at Stephens College? Have you ever watched the hands of the hall clock move steadily on past the time for your next class, while you just as steadily wore out your shoes and your disposition in pacing up and down in front of the telephone booth while one of your perfectly innocent and unsuspecting class mates still more steadily raved and giggled to some foolish date at the other end of the line? And when you did finally secure the coveted treasure, did you ever waste away in an exhausting effort to converse by overstraining both your vocal and your auditory organs? Alas, were it only possible to shut yourself up in some haven such as a stuffy telephone booth where the only necessity is to drop a nickel in the slot!

But, as we said before, things can be too perfect to be attractive.

—Olivia Noel.

What is the most popular name in Stephens? If one should judge by the number of people who have the same name, "Mary" would be the most popular name. Do you realize how many girls here are called "Mary" or "Mary Something"? There is a surprising number. Think of all the Marys you can. There is just plain Mary, Mary Alice, Mary Lee, Mary Kathleen, Mary V., Mary Ruth, and a dozen other combinations. I just wonder how so many could have been collected in one place!

—Agnes Govreau.

Boost for "The Stephensophia." What part have you taken in making our annual successful? The staff cannot do all the work. The staff was elected only to put your material together and to arrange it in publishable form. What material have you handed in for the staff to work with? Each one must make herself responsible for the success of "The Stephensophia." If you cannot hand in material, you can boost for the annual and arouse an interest in it.

—Jeanette Smith.

What is altruism anyway? My idea of altruism is respect, thoughtfulness, and a fair deal for the other person. Then, is the girl who goes to the library and causes continuous confusion and distraction from study being altruistic? Is she respecting or treating fairly the girl who is endeavoring to master some difficult lesson, but who is constantly annoyed by the babbling and giggling of this thoughtless sister student?

Is not such an action abusing our student honor? Surely each student may be placed on her honor to regard the library as a place for study and respect it as such. We sincerely hope that a police force will not need to be organized in order to make study at the library possible.

—Maud Coburn.

Did you ever have that dreadful disease? I mean that of springfever! This is just the time of the year that it is most prominent. It seems to be catching, too, for the majority of Stephens girls have had a slight attack. The nurse says she is kept rather busy these days trying to prevent its spread. What's the real cure for it anyway? As yet, I've never been able to find out.

Perhaps a little will power would be a good antidote for this spring-fever bug.

—Ethel Green.

## Faculty Drops Its Dignity

A GREAT SECRET was disclosed at Stephens last month. One night the students came out from dinner, and as they passed in front of the Art Room, they heard a great noise from within. Immediately they peeped in through the cracks of the window blinds (awful thing to do, wasn't it?) and what do you suppose they saw? Horrors! and several different kinds of shocks! Surely that wasn't the great Dean Oppenheimer in there. Yes it was, but he looked like Simple Simon taking a gym lesson. Something had happened to him. On the other side of the room was a man who resembled Mr. Scott—but it couldn't be he, for the man was giving a spring dance and was behaving like a very agile zephyr. However, Mr. Scott it was, as was later discovered. Upon looking around the room we saw the entire faculty, but they were not the faculty whom we see every day. They were transformed into the beings whom they had always wished to be. Their inner selves were outwardly manifest.

## Ellen Said

By *Nira Hench*

ALLAN descended from the Pullman and wended his way through the crowds that thronged the station to welcome home the returned heroes. He was a young man, tall and straight, with that military air about him which one acquires only through years of training.

Allan put his suit case down for a moment and gazed around him. As he did so, a pretty young woman came forward. Holding out her hand, she exclaimed "Oh, there you are! I've been so worried for fear I'd missed you."

She took him by the arm and led him to a red roadster. Before he had time to protest, they were off.

"Do you know," she confided, "I didn't have the least idea how you looked, except what Ellen said? But I knew you were Jimmy Hayworth the minute I saw you. I am so glad I found you all right. Wouldn't it have been awful to have got the wrong man!"

Allan admitted, with a sinking heart, that it would, indeed, have been a great tragedy.

So this was the case! The Girl was to meet a Jimmy Hayworth. But who was she, and who was he, and who was Ellen? And where were they going, and what was he to do! But he had no time to meditate. The Girl was stopping before a tea room and before long they were cozily chatting over tea and warm buttered toast.

"Now, tell me all about you," she said, "Ellen just told me a wee bit about you." She laughed, as she added, "And Ellen said, 'For Goodness sakes, Annabelle, don't get the wrong man! Now what do you think of that?'"

There! at last he knew her name. Annabelle. But Annabelle who? Ellen who? Hang it all, he must tell her of her mistake, tell her that she had not heeded Ellen's warning; but he just couldn't. He probably would never see her again, anyway; so what was the harm in pretending just for that one night that he was Jimmy Hayworth?

So he told her tales of his experiences abroad, in the great world war. He told her a few of its horrors—and at her repeated request, told her how he had been wounded in the Argonne Forest and had just been released from the hospital.

"That is all past, and we are in the present, so let us make the best of life. What shall we do this evening? I'd like to celebrate my return to civilization and lose all thoughts of the battle fields of France!"

They decided to attend the theater that night, and plans were made accordingly. Tea was finished, and they climbed into the red roadster and drove around the city, through the residence district, past her home. She pointed it out to him, saying, "In case you have forgotten where to come."

"It's a pretty good thing for me that she did," he thought to himself.

"Ellen said you were stopping at the Stanley, so I'll just drive you down."

Ellen, Ellen, the inevitable Ellen! One thing certain, he'd tell her of her mistake that night.

"And so, I'll see you about eight o'clock. Don't forget, again, where I live. Goodbye."

He awoke from his meditations as Annabelle was speaking, but before he had time to reply, she was gone.

That evening passed quickly and pleasantly—but there was no time for Allan to reveal his identity to the girl. He made up his mind that he must not see her again. Affairs could not go on like this forever. However, before he knew it, he was promising to take an early morning ride with her, through the park. Oh, well, why not let good enough alone? She simply would not give him the chance to explain. It was as much her fault as his; still——

Before the sun was very high in the sky the next morning, Annabelle and Allan were cantering down the bridle path in the park, stopping now and then to watch some bird in its flight, or just to enjoy the fresh morning air.

It was during one of these stops that Allan finally decided to take the plunge and to ruin their make-believe. How was he to address her? Annabelle who?

"Miss Annabelle," he began, "I have something to tell you. I have been wanting to tell you for a long time."

He had taken the plunge. Now, it was up to him to swim back.

"I know," she answered, "Ellen said you would tell me all about it. And now is such a lovely time, too. But, no! wait till this evening. You are to take dinner at our house to-night. Really it is getting late, and I must hurry back."

What was a fellow to do? He certainly would tell her tonight. If only he knew who the real Jimmy was! What did Annabelle mean by "it"? Annabelle. His mind lingered over that word. Would she think him a cad when she knew.

That evening he spent a longer time than usual in improving his general personal appearance, with the excuse to himself that it had been such

a long time since he had appeared in civilian clothes that he had almost forgotten how to dress in them.

Eight o'clock found him lifting the knocker at Annabelle's front door. He was let in by a very correct English butler from New Hampshire, and shown into the big cheery living room. Soon Annabelle entered. With her was a gentleman in the uniform of a Captain of the United States Army.

"Captain Cadwell!" he gasped. His hand went up in salute, as he looked from one to the other.

Annabelle smiled at his bewilderment, and went over to him.

"Mr. Allan," she said, "I have an apology to make to you. My father and I had a discussion some time ago and I have been proving to him that, as usual, I am in the right. First, let me introduce you to my father, whom you already know, I perceive."

The captain laughed, a big, hearty laugh and extended his hand.

"The joke is on us, this time, my boy," he said as he motioned him to a big easy chair.

"Let's be seated and listen to Annabelle's tale."

"You see," she began, "It was like this. I told Daddy that I could make anyone believe I knew him. Dad said I couldn't. The other afternoon when I saw you in the station, the idea popped into my head to try my theory. So I did, and I guess I had better beg your pardon!"

"Then there isn't any Jimmy Hayworth?" he asked.

"No, that was just to help me out. You know you had to have a name," she told him, "So I used that until I found out your real name. And it fitted you so well, I kept on using it."

"Tell me, who is Ellen? Was she just a fictitious person, too?" he asked.

"Oh, not at all!" she replied. "Come here to the window, if you want to see her."

Allan crossed the room and looked out the window. Not a soul was in sight. The only object that arrested his attention was the red-roadster.

"Of course I may be blind," he admitted, "But I fail to see anybody at all."

"I knew it," she assured him. "Ellen is my red-roadster."

Allan gazed around the room. The Captain had quietly disappeared.

"Annabelle," he said softly, "Annabelle, come here."

Annabelle obeyed.

Most stories end in the same old way: What *he* does, and *she* does, and what *they* do. Of course, this one cannot be contrary, so Ellen said, "Just let 'em marry."

## The Last Pill-ory

THE young, sweet, and innocent would-be-pills have at last had their fondest dreams realized and are now enjoying the glories of pill-dom. On the night of March 14, shrieks, moans, and groans filled the gymnasium. Many paddles were forcefully swung producing screeching and painful sounds. The new pills endured all the fears and hardships which become a noble pill. Through love for their sister pills they showered them with candy, soap, and iodine and gave them the privilege of cutting their throats. Blind-folded, they crawled on blistered knees over the gymnasium floor on which were arranged, in a pippen fashion, dumb-bells and Indian clubs. Then they went to the gallows and wrote their names in blood.

After the main initiation ceremony, the new pills gave extemporaneous stunts including somersaults and dances of Cleopatra. They learned to scramble like an egg, ring like a bell, sit on the floor with their feet hanging over, sweep the floor with their eyebrows, and wrestle with temptation. Through honor and respect for their elder sisters they cleaned the syrup, the macaroni, the castor oil, and the iodine from the gymnasium floor—and thus their pledge duties ended. They had reveled in a riotous exposure to public scorn. It was both a pill-ory and a pill-orgy.

## An Inauguration Scandal--- While Taking Oath of Office The President Laughs.

*See the official inauguration pictures on page 81.*

Taking the oath of office as President of the United States of America is a very serious occasion except when the inauguration takes place in Stephens College with Virginia Loper as President Harding, Margaret Walter as Vice-President Coolidge, and Mary Ruth Craven as ex-President Wilson. A laughing crowd of Stephens girls followed the parade (which included Mr. Crow as band-master, Mr. Davis as Uncle Joe Cannon, the officers' wives, and a group of soldiers) down Pennsylvania Avenue, alias Snake Walk, to the

Capitol, alias Stephens Library. After the oath of office and the short inaugural address, the "Star-Spangled Banner" was sung and the inauguration ceremony was complete.

### "The Fighting Parson" Speaks

Dr. W. H. Williams, of Chicago, spoke to Stephens College students at vesper service, Wednesday evening, March 9.

Dr. Williams, who is called the "fighting parson," lived up to that appellation in his emphatic and convincing denunciation of the liquor traffic. His rich and varied experience in connection with the broken-hearted people who have suffered personally as a result of this traffic, enabled Dr. Williams to give some impressive realistic pictures.

He appealed to the students as "moulders of to-morrow" to use the full extent of their power and influence to wipe out the remembrance and prevent the recurrence of such a destructive traffic.

### Special Assembly for Dr. Vines

A special assembly of Stephens College students was called Saturday morning, March 5. Dr. W. M. Vines, of Norfolk, Virginia, who was then conducting revival services at the First Baptist Church of Columbia gave an inspirational and appealing talk on the subject: "The Three S's—Sympathy, Sincerity, and Self-control." He asked for the support of the Stephens College girls in making the series of services a success and welcomed the opportunity of coming in touch with so many young people in the colleges at Columbia.

### Long Beach Welcomes Miss Watts

Arretta Watts, teacher of journalism in the Polytechnic High School, Long Beach, California, writes that she likes the *Standard*. We were glad to note that Miss Watts's fellow-teachers staged a grand celebration for her when she returned to them this year—a kind of "prodigal-welcome home" affair. We miss Miss Watts, but we'll try to "keep in touch"—even though California is a long way away.

### Victory For The "Blacks"

It turned out to be a "colored" tournament after all. The "blacks" won. They probably practiced the black arts in goal shooting—or employed other dark and shady methods. The final standing of the basketball color teams was: Black, 1000 per cent; yellow, 750 per cent; green, 250 per cent; red, 250 per cent; purple, 250 per cent. The members of the winning team were: Bessie Gibson, Mary Ruth Smith, Minnie Means, Price Rowland, Winifred Amery, and Elinor Kelly.

#### A Class Game--or a Game Class

The juniors won the first basketball game from the seniors 53 to 11, and the second, by default, 2 to 0.

### If Mary Should Marry a Millionaire---

*Continued from page 66.*

be met, they must be met from the *outside*. Immediate attention to such needs will permit the free and unhampered development of the Stephens program. Their neglect will endanger the success of that program.

Stephens has an excellent student body and a splendid faculty, but unless she can boast of equipment of an equally high order, she will soon find herself leaning on a crutch—or, to change the figure, wearing a top hat but running out at the heel.

I, who write this, am a student in Stephens College. I am Mary—and I love old Stephens and am proud of her record. But she can't keep on growing forever without more new buildings. Stephens is like a rapidly increasing family with all the cousins and second cousins moving under the same roof—it means an "addition" to the house. Some day when I "strike oil" or marry a rich man, I am going to build a great Science Hall which will be the "last word" in modern educational equipment for Stephens College.\*

But the College can't wait. Somebody else must build the class room building. I can think of something else—when the time comes.\*\*

\*Let us all pray for a millionaire.

\*\*Read the student viewpoints for other comments on Stephens needs.

## The Apology

By Nelle Williams

WHAT is a fellow going to do when his best and only girl tells him flatly that he is the meanest boy in town, 'specially after a fellow has gone and invested his hard-earned savings in a Christmas present suitable only for Her? True, Marjorie had upon several occasions before told Bobbie flatly that he was the meanest boy in town. Things had righted themselves before between Marjorie and himself; in fact, they were forgotten now. But here it was only two weeks before Christmas, and with Marjorie's Christmas present already bought she had gone and got mad at him when Bobbie had thoughtlessly but none the less earnestly denounced Marjorie's cousin, Harold, as a teacher's pet. Bobbie reflected that Harold *was* really a teacher's pet, and that Marjorie knew it. But that was neither here nor there. The fact remained that Marjorie was mad and Bobbie was puzzled over the question of re-establishing relations with her.

Bobbie's mother called him to dinner. Bobbie responded indifferently. He ate very little and he left the dessert absolutely untouched. Mother noticed this. She engaged her son in conversation after dinner in an effort to find what troubled him, but despite her effort to be casual she obtained little from Bobbie.

At length Bobbie asked her, "How do you get a girl to quit being mad at you before she wants to?"

"Well, Bobbie," Mother asked, "why did she become angry with you?"

"I forget just what did make her mad." Bobbie was really trying to forget for he was able to foresee what difficulties lay ahead if Mother knew that he had blackened Harold's character.

"The only thing you can do, Bobbie, is to apologize, I believe," Mother finally told him.

This sounded somewhat involved to Bobbie but as a last resort he agreed mentally with Mother. Things might go on, Bobbie thought, and he wouldn't get to give her that box of stationery for Christmas. Bobbie then asked Mother how to apologize to a girl and the technique of an apology was forthwith explained to him.

Saturday morning Bobbie went down to the candy kitchen early. He knew Marjorie would appear sometime during the day. He was not sure whether she would come in the morning or in the afternoon but he wanted to take no chances on missing her. Long hours wore away into mid-

day as Bobbie watched from in front of the store. At noon he ran home, ate lunch, and hurried back to take up his watch.

At two o'clock he saw Marjorie approaching from a distance of two blocks. And she was alone! He dodged behind the corner of the store while Marjorie went inside for candy. Presently she walked out, skillfully manipulating an all-day sucker, and turned slowly toward her home.

The psychological moment had arrived for Bobbie. She had not gone more than thirty yards when she heard a loud whistling calculated to represent the utmost indifference and at the same time a compendium of throaty songs of several kinds of birds. Glancing behind her she saw Bobbie walking down the street in her direction, but with his eye to the other side of the street, and apparently unaware of the existence of Marjorie or anyone else.

Marjorie, remembering that she was mad at Bobbie, raised her head haughtily and, with eyes to the front, walked on. She did not quicken her step, however.

When he was within ten feet of her, Bobbie slowed up and somewhat guardedly called, "Marjorie!"

Marjorie did not answer, but kept her eyes straight to the front.

Bobbie walked on until he was even with her, but watched the other side of the street as if he feared eavesdroppers. Then he began abruptly, "Marjorie, do you want me to apologize?"

Bobbie lacked tact. Certainly that was not the way to begin with a woman.

"Bobbie Jones, you are the meanest boy in town," Marjorie stated at once. Bobbie's heart chilled. He did not want to be reminded of that again.

"But Marjorie, I'm gonna 'pologize!"

"Bobbie Jones, I will not listen to a word you say, so it's no use for you to say a word," stated the logical Marjorie.

That did complicate matters, Bobbie thought. They walked on slowly, with each attempt on Bobbie's part to apologize greeted only with silence from Marjorie. Bobbie became crest-fallen. How could he apologize to a girl who wouldn't listen to him apologize. He was moved to his strongest profanity.

"Darn it," he thought, half aloud, half to himself, "and here I went and bought her a Christmas present." So absorbed was Bobbie that he scarcely noticed that he spoke half aloud and that Marjorie had caught the magic words

“Christmas present.” They walked on in silence, but Marjorie’s mind was active in the ancient process of putting two and two together. At last Marjorie broke the silence.

“Well, Bobbie Jones, what in the world do you want to apologize to me for?”

Bobbie looked at her with new interest.

“For saying that Harold was a teacher’s pet.”

“Why, Bobbie Jones, you knew all the time I thought he was a teacher’s pet, didn’t you?” And Marjorie broke out into a laughter which bore evidences of having been calculated to represent a person laughing at some very humorous joke.

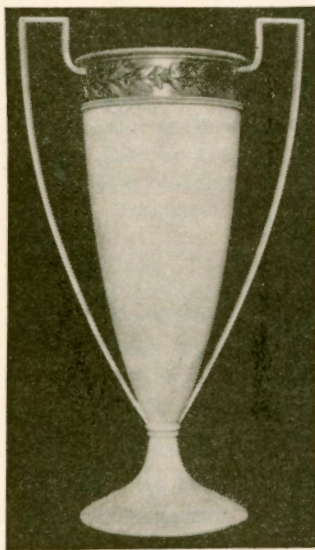
Bobbie was greatly puzzled for he knew that Marjorie had told him upon a previous occasion that that was exactly why she was absolutely mad at him.

“Aint I the meanest boy in town, then?” Bobbie asked hopefully.

“Why of course not,” Marjorie said as she put her arm in his, smiled her prettiest, and walked on with Bobbie.

And Bobbie smiled too; in fact he felt like laughing outright for pure joy, for now he knew he wouldn’t have to apologize to Marjorie and he knew that he could give her that Christmas present for which he had saved so long. And in all justice to Marjorie it must be said that she wasn’t really angry with Bobbie anyway, was she?

### Who Will Win the Cup?



With the installation of new sororities in Stephens College came a spirit of competition. The sororities, the off-campus houses, and the dormitories arranged a basketball tournament. The Athletic Association has provided a silver cup to be presented to the champion team of the tournament.

The games are now being played; each of the nine teams plays every other team. At the end of the tournament, the team holding the highest percentage of games won will be awarded the cups.

The following table shows the present standing of the teams:

Name	Won	Lost	Percent
Main Dorm.	4	0	1000
Gamma	2	0	1000

Sigma	3	1	750
Theta Tau	2	1	666
Wood Hall	1	1	500
Off Campus	1	2	333
Kappa Delta	0	2	000
Beta Sig	0	3	000
Delta Rho	0	3	000

### Compliments the *Standard*

The Editors of the *Standard* have received a most appreciative communication from Mr. R. P. Rider, president of the Missouri Baptist Historical Society. We welcome his words of compliment and encouragement and are glad to print the following excerpt from his letter:

“It was left to the dawn of the twentieth century fully to realize the spirit of Wordsworth’s prophetic characterization, and assign woman to a more exalted mission than that of a variable, though sympathetic nurse for feeble man:

A perfect woman, nobly planned,  
To warn, to comfort, to command!

Realizing something of the influence that Stephens College has exerted in the endeavor to fulfill this prophecy, I ascribe to her faithful alumnae, the following sonnet:

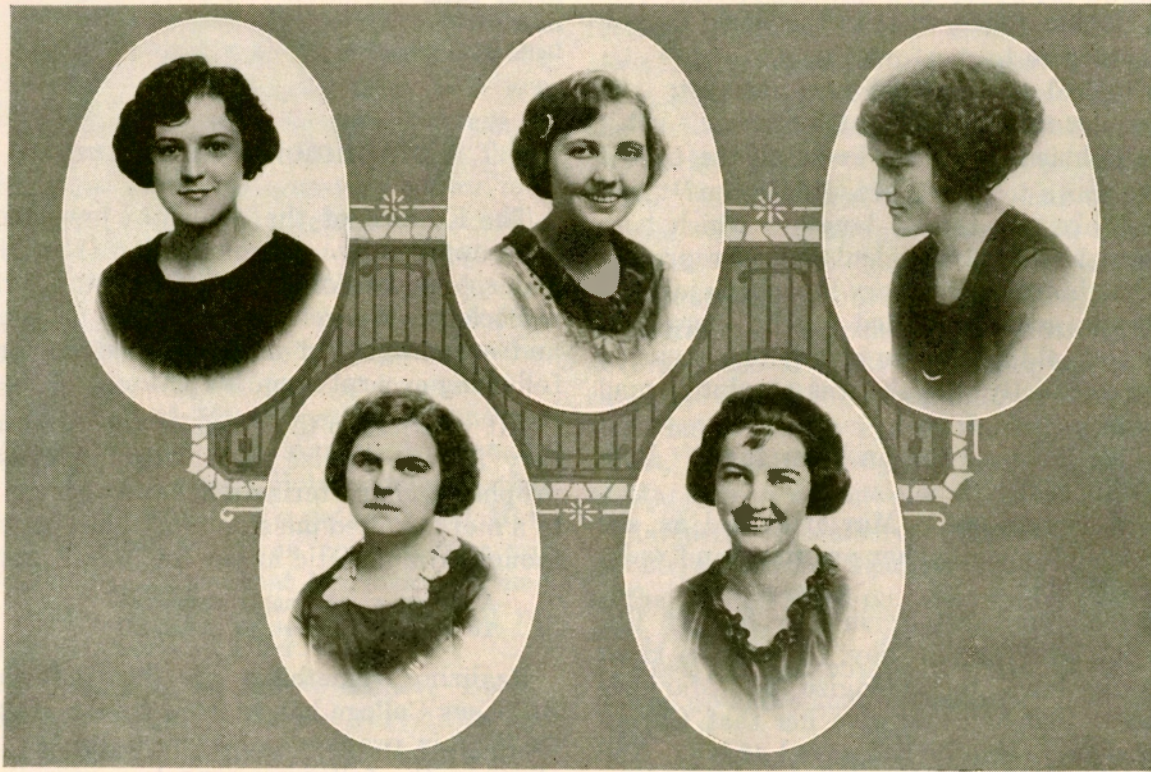
#### TWENTIETH CENTURY WOMANHOOD

’Tis said by those who know the subject well,  
That they must rule within this sphere of ours,  
Who play a greater role than that of flowers  
That please our fancy for a while, and quell  
E’en with their tender charm, our anxious fears.  
They must have power to issue their command  
And guide poor erring man with steady hand  
To triumphs gained, tho’ sought thro’ weary years.

And so, we, once the stronger, falsely deemed,  
Now clasp the hand of Woman, our true Queen,  
And walk beside her through what once-time seemed  
Our special realm, and fondly, gladly glean  
From her firm lips, as words of wisdom fall,  
The strength, the will to do our best in all.”

### The St. Patrick’s Birthday Party

Irish green—that was the color which was dominant in the decorations of the dining room, Thursday evening, March 17. The Y. W. C. A. had chosen St. Patrick’s Day as the date of the last of the year’s series of birthday dinners—and it was a happy choice. Bessie Gibson was toastmistress. Others on the program were Opal Simmons, Katherine Guest, and Opal Proctor. Miss Proctor’s song, “Irish Eyes of Blue,” was the evening’s only variation from Irish green.



### THE FIRST FIVE

OLIVIA NOEL

GRACE ECKELBERRY

BESSIE GIBSON

MARGUERITE ALLEN

JEANETTE SMITH

Twenty-four girls received the honor of Phi Theta Kappa this year. These girls are the "first five" of the twenty-four. Read the story of Phi Theta Kappa and what it stands for on page 65 of this issue.

### Sociology Classes to Jefferson City

The general exodus of Stephens girls to the penitentiary at Jefferson City on Saturday, March 19, was not an indication of the spread of the "crime wave" to the College.

Dean Oppenheimer's classes in sociology made the trip to Jefferson City on a special train with the criminology classes of the University of Missouri to study prison conditions in Missouri and incidentally to visit the new Capitol building.

The "Criminology Special" left Columbia at 8:00 a. m. Of the four hundred and twenty-five

who made the trip, sixty-five were Stephens girls. Arriving at North Jefferson about 9:15, the party was moved by special cars directly to the prison where the entire morning was spent in observing the conditions of prison life.

In the afternoon the party visited the Capitol. The House of Representatives, which was clearing its calendar on Saturday afternoon in order to adjourn, was visited first. Then the party was conducted by special guides through each department of the building. The Missouri Capitol is said to be one of the finest state buildings in the United States.

## Mr. Lake---and Gyp

If this school were to indulge in a popularity contest there would have to be two first prizes, one for Mr. Lake and one for Gyp. There is no one in this school who does not love them both—Mr. Lake, who is our ever watchful, loving guardian, and his staunch companion, a little sleepy eyed, fuzzy airdale, but the terror of all other dogs and trespassers at the least word from his master. What would we do without Mr. Lake? He takes us down to meet late trains, he watches carefully over our journeys to the library on those nights when there is no moon, and even when we are asleep we know that he and the stars are always on guard.



## Alumnae Notes

Esther Sanders is holding a position in Kansas City at the present time.

Veta Caine, '19, is at her home in New Madrid, Missouri, this year.

Mrs. P. W. Hummell (Annetta Vernon) is living in Charleston, Missouri.

Mrs. Charles R. Wilson, formerly Alva Marie Clay, is living at 3441 Agnes, Kansas City, Missouri.

Mrs. G. H. Bushey (Marie Lake) is living near Mission, Texas, farming in the Magic Valley.

Vera Cropper, '19, is teaching history and English in the high school at Bowling Green, Missouri.

Mrs. Hartley Estill (Helen Williams) is living at 707 Gilman Road, Moberly, Missouri.

Lena Tomlinson, '19, is teaching school at Bosworth, Missouri.

Alice Creek, '20, is teaching English and Latin in the high school at Dearborn, Missouri.

Mary Brown, '20, is at her home in Richmond, Missouri.

Clara Belle Cain, '20, is teaching music and English in the high school at Weston, Missouri.

Grace Bailey is at her home in Oregon, Missouri.

Mabel Ringer is teaching in the city schools in Roswell, New Mexico.

Emma Dee Proctor, '20, is teaching history and English in the high school at Knob Noster, Missouri.

Frances Hotaling, '20, is teaching the second grade in Mount Ayre, Iowa.

Mildred Hannah, '20, is attending Kansas University in Lawrence, Kansas.

Blanche Hudson is at her home in Caledonia, Missouri.

Mrs. Julia H. Goodan (Julia Hulett) is living in Pueblo, Colorado. She is teaching in the foreign schools there and is coach of the Y. W. C. A. girls' basket ball team.

Mildred Forbes is at her home in Armstrong, Missouri.

Ruth E. Kidd, '18, is teaching the fifth grade in Hayward, California. Last year, she attended the University of Southern California, where she was pledged Alpha Chi Omega.

Mrs. George T. Murphy (Etta Kindrick) is living in Kansas City, Missouri.

Rena Naron is teaching the third grade in Checotah, Missouri.

Lena Plummer is attending the University of Missouri this year.

Mrs. J. H. Raker (Nellie Blanch Jett) is living in Magnolia, Missouri.

Mary Gillman is at her home in Lockwood, Missouri.

Esther Arnand, '19, is teaching in her home town, Monett, Missouri, this year.

Mabel Joyce, '20, is teaching the fourth grade at Independence, Missouri.

Doris Swink, having finished the University of Missouri, is teaching home economics in the high school at Esther, Missouri.

Mrs. Lyle Sullivan (Leta Altman) is living at Ottawa, Kansas.

Lillian M. Clay has returned to her home in Lupus, Missouri, after having spent two years in Washington, D. C., working in War Risk Insurance Department.

Elverene Chitwork, '19, is teaching in the consolidated high school near Blairstown, Missouri.

Mrs. Basil E. Newton, Jr., formerly Annie Forney Duckett, is living in Hope, Arkansas.

Mrs. Pierpont A. Mack, formerly Cornelia Hoelzel, has a baby daughter, Gwendolyn Elise Mack. Mrs. Mack lives at 12 Bond St., Jersey City, New Jersey.

Elizabeth Kerr is teaching in Kansas.

Mrs. T. E. Blackburn (Winifred White) lives at 1330 East 36th St., Kansas City, Missouri.

Mrs. H. R. Hubbard, formerly Ina Estes, lives in Dexter, Missouri. She is principal of the grade school. She taught for two years in the state of Nevada.

Mrs. Dan S. Atkinson (Lotta Hope Hammer) has a daughter, Doris Gayle, born October 19, 1920.

Mrs. B. I. Burns (Hallie Hendrick) is living in Iowa City, where her husband is teaching in the Department of Anatomy in the University of Iowa.

Mrs. George H. Routszong (Virginia Newkirk) is living at Tipton, Missouri.

Mrs. Reginald A. Beezley (Ruth Wade Crockett) is living at 52 N. Belvedere Boulevard, Memphis, Tennessee.

Mrs. A. Roswell Beach, formerly Maybelle Calvert, is living in Sedalia, Missouri.

Mrs. G. W. Buford (Esther Shibley) is living in Canton, Missouri.

Ruth Ralls, '14, is now Mrs. A. K. Tillottson. She is living in Jones, Oklahoma.

Mrs. H. T. Bailey, formerly Ida Fitzgerald, has moved from Parsons, Kansas, to 949 N. Court Street, Ottumwa, Iowa.

Alice Dunn is in Holdenville, Oklahoma, at present.

Katherine Bowden, '20, is teaching physical education in the high school at Glenpool, Oklahoma.

Elsie Kirkpatrick, '20, is at her home in Charleston, Missouri.

Mrs. Charles Beach (Cecil Caldwell) is living on a farm near Green Ridge, Missouri. She has a son, Elmo Elsworth, six months old.

Florence Wurmser is supervisor of grade school music at Blackwell, Oklahoma.

Mrs. E. C. Freiling (Nellie Cash) is living at 383 Court Street, Rochester, New York.

Mrs. Oscar L. Jones, formerly Norvill Radcliff, is living in Vinita, Oklahoma.

Mrs. Hal H. Stephens (Manila McKinney) is living in Springfield, Missouri.

Mrs. A. C. Botts (Pauline Rives) has two sons, Anthony and Robert. She is living in East St. Louis, Illinois.

Mrs. D. S. Monneyham (Regina Poncot) is living in Thurlock, California.

Mrs. George H. Robinson (Sarah Anderson) is living in Berkeley, California.

Estelle Davis is in Joplin, Missouri, teaching music.

Lee Fewell is attending the State Teachers' College in Warrensburg this year. She will receive her ninety-hour diploma at the end of this term.

Viola Hilsabeck, '20, is teaching school in her home town, Mountain Grove, Missouri.

Mrs. W. P. Jacobs (Irma Hoffmeister) is living at Jackson, Missouri.

Lou-Eva Walker Longan is in Sedalia, Missouri.

Mrs. Henry Schwaner (Almeda Blanton) is living at Fredricktown, Missouri. She is continuing her work in art.

Mrs. Fred S. Milam (Nell Graves, '06) is living in Oklahoma City.

Mrs. James Danforth (Lillian Stapleton) is living in Stamp, Arkansas.

Mrs. T. W. Hume (Margaret Henry) is living on a ranch at Gooding, Idaho.

Catherine Bush is teaching English and mathematics in the high school at Ironton, Missouri.

Helen Vaughan, '19, is teaching home economics in the

high school at Eldon, Missouri.

Velva Thompson is teaching in the high school at La Belle, Missouri.

Ruth Mayo is at her home in Mendon, Missouri.

Mrs. O. P. Taylor, formerly Ivadena Bryan, is living in Hastings, Nebraska.

Mrs. Charles L. Gillilan (Malinda Jane Callison) is living in Warrensburg, Missouri.

Zelma Jagers is working in the National Bank in Madill, Oklahoma.

Ruby Sasse, '19, is teaching in the public school at Brunswick, Missouri.

Helen Zillman, '19, is now Mrs. H. S. Elliott and is living in Keytesville, Missouri.

Mrs. Fred D. Bellons (Helen Cotton) is living in Maryville, Missouri.

Laura Woodard is at her home in Windsor, Missouri. She has a small class for beginners in piano. She is also teaching a Sunday School class.

Jimmie Murray is at her home in Warrensburg, Missouri.

Elizabeth Early Reed (Elizabeth Early) is living in Marcellin, Missouri. She is a bank teller there. She takes voice lessons in Kansas City every two weeks.

Mrs. James M. Field, Jr. (Jewell Morlan) is living in Kansas City, Missouri. She is studying voice and expression at the Cranston Studio.

Berenice Swinney, '19, was married to Clyde Burnette, February 16, 1921. They will live in Macon, Missouri.

Ruth Robinson, '20, is teaching home economics at Pleasant Hill, Missouri.

## Reminiscences of an "Old Girl"

*The editors are glad to receive news articles, stories, letters, and communications of any sort from the Stephens alumnae. They do not, however, guarantee the publication of all articles received. They hope that every alumna will take an active interest in the Standard. Let the editors know if you enjoy Patsy's "Reminiscences"—or if you are pleased with any particular department of the paper.*

Once in the dear dead days beyond recall, a maiden fresh and verdant just like spring, tripped into the halls of Stephens, armed with a broad grin, a tennis racquet and an acquired college swagger. Surely no one would fail to recognize that this was the original "Patty at College." But soon girls, girls, girls began to arrive—fat ones, thin ones, tall, short, strong, and weak ones, "all with attitudes"—and the wouldbe-Patty began to weaken. The grin faded and the most painful of expressions rested upon the tomato red countenance of now just plain Patsy.

To remain in "No Man's Land" or to hit the trail for home sweet home—that was the question. The future was black. Then the poor unsophisticated new comer went into her closet and wept. Briny tears rolled down her chubby cheeks, and, as is often the case, there was a calm after the storm.

I will now take this opportunity of introducing myself, I, Kathleen Nannye Teague, class of 1917-1918 resolved to grin and bear it, and very soon Stephens was all and more than I had ever pictured it.

Then I began to make a few friends—Bill among the first. In the beginning Bill was the life of third floor. With a voice like a volcano, Bill had a word for every one—Figuratively speaking she was a 'ray of sunlight'—Yea Bill!

Playing show was the best fun for a while but later came long hikes. Usually our steps turned to the little soda pop store, where we invested in chums. No one but Stephens girls knows of the glorious times at a girls' college. Then came commencement, teas, receptions, campus fetes, class day and graduation. I vividly remember class day—for on that day I very nearly lost all the poise and grace I ever possessed—and physically speaking, my equilibrium, for Most Hi Pill Danbury dubbed me as Hi Pill for the coming year. I can imagine what a pretty picture I made in my dainty white dress and pink and white crepe bonnet with streamers tied picturesquely under by dimpled chin, (no one, except those who know me, can appreciate my classic beauty) when my fertile brain grasped the situation.

Then came the parting of the way and thus ended the first year of my college life.

Not to have been an "Old Girl" at S. C. is to have missed one of the best and biggest things in a girls' school. For the old girl possesses confidence—feels that she is indispensable. The first day of the second year is a real joy to her, while to the new girl, it is—well, sometimes a little tearful. Then the second year began.

I can remember Ruth and Lise (like Mike and Ike, they

looked alike) and little Irish Pewee sitting upon the campus, telling every little thing that had happened during the summer. Then I met Glad, all togged up to go to Harris's. Upon a bench at the edge of the campus sat curly headed Helen, trying to soothe home sick girls. Down the winding walk came Oleta the fawn footed and Rena the strong girl. How good it was to see all my pals and friends of the past year! Then I met, Lucille, Genie, Betty, and, last but not least, Addie Florence.

As it happened, I was a good girl but not "very tidy," as my room-mate expressed it. So while she caught me unawares, she faded out of my peaceful abode and left me room mateless. Addie Florence was the home sickest girl in the world,—but not the tidiest, so we shook hands and called ourselves, pardners. For several months I enjoyed vocal music at all hours, including midnight. The feature number being, 'Just a Baby's Prayer at Twilight'—and to return as much or more than A. F. gave, I practiced my public speaking in her presence. I'm a firm believer of "Survival of the Fittest." We both proved our endurance and we both survived.

So the room mate question was settled, but Bill Ina Lilly Boone had not yet arrived. I knew the old school would never be the same without Bill and just as I had given her up for good, a dashing figure in a saucy red hat and mannish suit lunged into my apartment, crying "Hello.. Nannye, Ba.. Ba!"—. The prodigal had returned.

Then began my work in earnest. My time which was not devoted to campus-try, hiking, movies, Harris's, church, stunts, and sleeping was devoted to literary work, particularly Spanish. At the end of the semester I had conversed so much in El Español that my hair and eyes were beginning to take on a raven hue (I am naturally a ruddy blonde).

Winter came. For a long time nothing eventful had happened—then one dreary morning Pewee rushed down the hall waving frantically, in her hands, a parcel. The suspense was great—but soon with trembling fingers the package was unwrapped and dozens of packages of spearmint and double-mint rolled out. For weeks we chewed. The more we chewed the more fatigued we became, and as our strength was ebbing low, we took a solemn vow to forsake all chewing gum in the future.

As the butter cups peeped from the broad campus—some sage wagged her knowing head and muttered "Spring has come" and verily it had.

And as spring came in all her glory, Addie Florence left me—and there I sat blooming all alone. On the way home, Dan Cupid shot her with one of his fatal darts and ere long she had plunged into the sea of matrimony. Then J. L. ("he was old but he had young ideas") came into my life and "Lightning Bug" fitted out of Bill's. Then came J. T.'s pictures—that was the grand finale.

To the girls of 1921 these memories will mean nothing—but the old girls that I knew will understand and when the girls of '20 and '21 don caps and gowns, receive their diplomas, and launch out into the wide, wide world, then they, too, will understand.

With very best wishes to Stephens College and *Stephens Standard*, I am,

An Old Girl,

Kathleen Nannye Teague.  
"Patsy."

## Facts About Folks

Helen Thompson is in Fairbury, Nebraska, working in her father's land office.

Mrs. Lawrence B. Beach, formerly Edna Rayburn, an academ in '19, is living in Green Ridge, Missouri.

Hazel Petty is in Mountain Grove, Missouri, this year.

Mrs. Allen Mattingly, formerly Helen Houx, is living in Bertrand, Missouri.

Hazel Black is teaching domestic science in the high school at Hennessey, Oklahoma.

Lillian Clark, an academ in '19, is living at the Goldman Hotel in Fork Smith, Arkansas.

Velma Jo Hylton is in Burlington, Washington caring for her invalid grandmother. Before Thanksgiving she taught in the high school at Denton, Montana.

Lucile Suter is at her home in Palmyra, Missouri.

Lavon Timbrook is at her home, 204 Polk St., Chillicothe, Missouri, this year.

Virginia Smith, an academ last year, is at her home in Kansas City, Missouri, this year. Her address is 4900 College Avenue.

Patti Dean Berry, an academ last year, is at her home in East St. Louis, Illinois. She is attending business school this term.

Daisy Martin is teaching home economics in the high school in her home town, Ava, Missouri.

Irene Bradley, an academ last year, is a student in the General Science Division at the Kansas State Agriculture College in Manhattan, Kansas.

Irene Kemper is at her home in Hamilton, Missouri.

Lila Mitchell is employed as a reporter for the Anthony Republican in Anthony, Kansas.

Gladys Parham is a substitute teacher in the junior high school at Hannibal, Missouri.

Genevieve MacGregor, an academ in '19, is now in Potosi, Missouri.

Dr. and Mrs. W. A. Howell live in Collinsville, Oklahoma. Mrs. Howell was formerly Martha Dunn.

Mary Florence O'Toole is in Gallatin, Missouri. She is physical director in the public school. She writes that she enjoys the *Standard*.

Ruth L. Sizer is in Monett, Missouri, this year. She has been studying in the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music.

Mrs. Charles G. Swan, formerly Etta Bailey, writes her appreciation of the *Standard*. She lives in Lawton, Oklahoma.

Rollin H. Smith, of Ulrich, Missouri, visited her sister, Mary Ruth, for a few days.

Helen Eisleben was a guest of Marjorie Mynatt, Sunday, March 6.

Lodema Wiley has been ill for a few days.

Marjorie Hostetter spent the week end at her home in Wellsville, Kansas, a few weeks ago.

Mrs. Horace McKim, of La Belle, Missouri, and her sister, Sabra Niedemeyer, of Columbia, were guests of Elizabeth Layton at dinner, Thursday, March 10.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Noel, of Paris, Missouri, visited their daughter, Olivia, March 12.

Mrs. J. Baird of Coffeyville, Kansas, was with her daughter, Byrle, from February 26 to March 4. Byrle was ill at that time but she is almost recovered now.

Mrs. F. M. Wiley of Fredonia, Kansas, visited her daughter, Lodema, March 5.

Mrs. G. G. Sanders of Shelbina, Missouri, was here visiting

## The Editorial Policy of The *Standard*

### GOOD ENGLISH---

The aim of the *Stephens Standard*, as an organ of the department of English Composition in Stephens College, is to encourage the highest standards of English expression among the students. The right use of words is one of the surest marks of good educational training.

### ACTIVE SCHOOL ORGANIZATIONS---

The editors stand for *live* school organizations--organizations that do more than hold once-a-year meetings to elect a sergeant-at-arms. They want the athletic association to be an **Athletic** Association and the dramatic club to be a **Dramatic** Club.

### INFORMATION---

The *Standard* desires to become a medium of information (and also inspiration) to all the friends of Stephens College. That it has succeeded, to some extent, in realizing this aim is evident by the many words of appreciation that have been received.

### COLLEGE NEEDS---

In the pages of the *Standard*, the editors expect to point out from time to time the needs of Stephens College, as the students see them, with the intention of keeping clearly before the minds of patrons and friends actual conditions at the school.

her daughter, Irene, from March 4 to March 7.

Romaine Dever was called to her home in Moulton, Iowa, on account of the death of her grandmother.

Mrs. Rowland, of Bevier, Missouri is visiting her daughter, Price.

Mr. Modaff, of Hannibal, Missouri, visited his daughter, Lucille, March 14.

Mrs. Handy, of Rocky Ford, Colorado, is visiting her daughter, Kathleen. She delighted Kathleen and her friends with a big feast on Saturday night, March 12.

Reve Mohler has been ill for a few days.

Mr. Franklin of Unionville, Missouri, arrived Tuesday, March 15, to visit his daughter, Betty.

What little junior was it who went out on the campus on the first of March and waited and waited and waited to hear the ducks pass? She'll be hunting for a ball of skirmish line next.

Genevieve Pogue, Eglantine Thompson, Thelma Neal, Lulu Smith, Maurine Birney, Gene Conrad, and Fannie Ellis Cocke went to St. Louis, March 6. They attended the opening night of the Follies. Maurine and Fannie Ellis were met by their parents in St. Louis.

Gwendolyn Robertshaw is staying at her home in Erie, Kansas, this semester.

Mrs. Tyson visited her daughter, Hazel, the first of last month.

Mrs. Harley spent the week-end of February 28, with her daughter, Winifred.

Mrs. Wood and Miss Flint spent a week in St. Louis buying furnishings for Columbia Hall.

Miriam Levy and Frances Branam were in the hospital several days last month. They underwent operations for appendicitis.

The Eta Upsilon Gamma Sorority of Stephens College gave a St. Patrick's Tea, Monday, March 14, for their chaperone, Mrs. L. L. Cravens, and their sponsor, Miss Elizabeth Stockton. The house was decorated with shamrocks and ferns. The guests were the patronesses of the sorority, the Faculty Committee on Sororities, and those members of the faculty whose work began the second semester. Other guests were: Mrs. George Tatum, Miss Eva Johnston, Mrs. Rube Lucus, and Mrs. O. M. Barnett.

Mrs. Youse (Gladys Robinson, '20) visited Virginia Loper at the Beta Sig house for a week. Mrs. Youse is living in Baxter Springs, Kansas.

The members of the French club enjoyed an unusual treat at their last meeting, on Tuesday afternoon, March 15. Mr. Miller of the University spoke to them in French upon "La difference entre la musique ancienne et la musique moderne de France." He illustrated his talk by playing selections of the old and new style, pointing out the striking contrasts of the two epochs.

In addition to this attraction, a very interesting program was given by members of the club. Those taking part were: Hallie Redman, Ruth Ohmer, Helen Brunk, Olivia Noel, Marguerite Allen, Judith Culbertson, and Grace Eckelberry.

French games were played during the few minutes of social intercourse which followed.

This Is an  
Advance Page  
of Snapshots  
from the  
Stephensophia

Students have  
prepared  
an attractive  
year book

Subscriptions  
should  
be made  
at once



The 1921 "Stephensophia" will contain (as an outstanding feature) a collection of interesting pictures of college scenes, of school activities, and of organizations. It will contain a calendar, written in interesting diary form, of all the events of the school year. It will include a humorous section designated "Smiling Through" and numerous groups of clever snapshots.

This annual will be on sale after the Easter vacation. The price per copy will be \$3.50. Books may be secured from Anne Johnson, business manager of the "Stephensophia." *Sub-*

*scriptions should be made at once.*

We believe our "Stephensophia" for this year to be the best annual the college has ever issued. To those for whom Stephens means a yet unfinished task, to those for whom, perhaps, it means only a memory, and to all those who are interested in any way in the policies and growth of our college, the "Stephensophia" will be both valuable and enjoyable.

All mail orders for this year's annual should be addressed to "The 1921 Stephensophia," Stephens College.

## THE FACULTY ROASTER

Here's to our Faculty. Long may they live—  
Even as long as the lessons they give.

—Exchange.



OPPIE (recovering from a week's illness)—  
Where's my razor?

NURSE DOUGLAS—Hum! It couldn't stand any  
more cuts, so I sent it to the office for an excuse.

—Adapted.

### *In the Office.*

MRS. COURTNEY—Say, when's your birthday?

MR. DAVIS—April 2nd.

MRS. C.—Hum! Late again!

### *Perhaps It Was a Charge Account.*

MISS MOSSMAN (explaining a problem in Arith-  
metic)—Now you look at the board and I'll  
run through it.

### *Can You Picture It?*

MISS GREEN—Now this talking has to stop!  
I'm going to sit right down on it.

### *A Case of Paw and Maw.*

MISS FORBES—Get more action. Emphasize  
your speech with gestures. Open your mouth and  
throw yourself into it!

MR. JOHNSON—When people disagree with me,  
I know there's something wrong with their logic;  
but I can't always tell what it is.

### *Mr. Scott—in a Modest Mood.*

MISS FLINT (discussing the need of repair on  
some of the statues)—Why, I mended the Prodi-  
gal Son's shirt and cleaned his ears for him.

MR. SCOTT—Do tell now! I have the tulle for  
Venus.

MISS GREEN (enthusiastic)—He offered me the  
devotion of a life time.

A KIND FRIEND—Too bad you couldn't do as  
much for him.

“Have Patience,” said Miss Haggard to an  
insistent youth—and the advice was almost fatal  
—for the youth was willing.

### *Kyd'er About It.*

MRS. BEAUCHAMP—You know I always speak  
as I think.

MISS KYD—Yes—only oftener.

### *The Age of Innocence—and Delusion.*

MR. SCOTT—I realize that I am losing the at-  
tractiveness of youth and gaining the charm of  
intellectuality.

### *Each in Her Own Tongue.*

The immortal trio were taking a walk along  
the river bank.

MISS BRADFORD (teacher of Botany)—There's  
a barberry—An admirable home for puccinia-  
graminis.

MISS FRENCH (teacher of Music)—There's har-  
mony in the ripple of the waters.

MISS GILBERT (teacher of Gymnasium)—Fall in!

MISS BURRALL: If you will please remove your  
hats, I will point out some concrete examples.

### *Maybe He Had a Date.*

FIRST VIOLINIST—Aren't we going to finish  
this piece?

ATHERTON—Nope, it says “Refrain” here—  
and I always follow the music.

### *There's Many a Slip—*

S. Y. T.—May I have a date?

MISS LE COMPTE—Yes, but you must have your  
date-slip in.

S. Y. T.—Oh, it won't hurt if the girls do see  
him.

MISS GREEN (coming in when seven young men  
are seated in the parlors)—Well, well! So this is  
Greater Stephens.

MADEMOISELLE—Oh, that flippety, floppety, Madam! She have the pep to charge me \$30 for one room.

*Doesn't This Make You Tired?*

MISS SCHARFENSTEIN (seeing doughnuts on table)—Umm! Good rich—

MISS STOCKTON (interrupting. She has just taken a bite)—Pshaw! Kelly-Springfields.

MR. ???—May I have the pleasure?

MISS WOODBRIDGE—Oui, Oui.

MR. ???—What does "we" mean?

MISS WOODBRIDGE—O, U, and I.

STUDENT IN MILLINERY—Miss Drinkwater had a beautiful hat. It drooped down over her face, and—

MISS SCHARFENSTEIN—My, how perfectly lovely!

*Even So!—Or Is It Odd?*

"I'm going with you," quoth Mr. Wood to the traveling bag.

ROBERT I—I can't find the lunch basket.

MRS. SIMPSON—Pivot, man, pivot.

Whenever Miss Dudley orders a taxi, she always asks for a sober driver. The other kind, she says, gives her a "sudden turn."

MR. V. P. CROWE (who has his brother's habit of "dating" at Stephens) says, "I'm afraid you aren't interested in law."

What do you mean—in-law?

Harvey S. Walter has a wide knowledge of human nature, but sometimes he gets "caught up." The other day when Mr. Walter called at a certain house a small boy was scrubbing the front porch.

"Is your mother in?" asked Mr. Walter.

"Do you think I'd be scrubbin' the porch if she wasn't?" was the reply.

"I consider myself bald out," said Harvey as he removed his hat.

MISS G.—Did you know Dr. Charters swallowed his teaspoon?

MISS W.—No! What did he do about it?

MISS G.—Nothing much, only he swallows his coffee now before he stirs it. It was only a question of adaptation.

How do you account for the fact that Mrs. Cravens introduced the young man to the dean as Mr. Sweetpatootie, unless she overheard L— talking about him?

*Chemical Animalism.*

SMART SUSAN—Miss White what is H<sub>2</sub>O K<sub>9</sub>?

MISS WHITE—Waterdog.

*Why Should There Be Doubt?*

As Mr. Oppenheimer was looking through the paper, he was astounded to find an announcement of his own death. He went to the telephone and called up Mr. Wood.

"Have you seen the announcement of my death in this morning's paper?" he asked.

"Yes," Mr. Wood replied; "where are you speaking from?"

—Adapted.

MISS DRINKWATER—History never repeats itself at examination time. You have to study it.

"I go to bed so late," says Mr. Crowe, "that I meet myself getting up."

Why not wait a few minutes longer and avoid the collision?

"He is frequently drunk even in these days of probation."

Yes, it is Mr. Oppenheimer speaking—not Mrs. Malaprop.

When they give out the "hymns" at church they apparently overlook some of our faculty members.

They say that Miss Stockton was a regular moving picture—one real comedy—when she discovered mice in her desk drawer.

You tell'em, Woodbridge—I'm iron-ical.

If your name you do not see,  
Dear members of our Faculty,

Don't feel so sad—

You should feel glad.

The biggest jokes—we'll drop the hint—

ARE JOKES WE'RE NOT ALLOWED TO PRINT.

## Burrowings and Borrowings

—Mostly borrowings this time.

*Cackle over This One.*

CUSTOMER—Chicken croquettes for two.

WAITER—Two foul balls!

—Ex.

“How do you want your hair cut?”

“In silence.”

—Showme.

FIRST NIMROD—Don't shoot! The gun isn't loaded.

SECOND—Can't help it. The bird won't wait!  
—Voodoo.

KNOTTONYER—Are you going to class to-morrow?

TINTYPE—Do you think I'd be a nut and bolt?  
—Gargoyle.

*A Flea-ting Thought.*

“There's millions in it,” said the inventor, as he scratched his head.

—Puppet.

“My last straw!” he shouted as he fished last summer's panama down from the top shelf.

TEACHER—For your next assignment take the second series of “Student in Arms.”

STUDENT—Who was the chaperone for the first series?

*It Changes with Time*

“Got a new face on my watch.”

“Who's the unlucky dame this time?”

“You wept while the picture was being shown?”

“Yes, it was a moving picture.”

—Ex.

XAN—You have a marvelous sense of touch.

TIPPE—Dearest, I am blind with love.

WAITER—Milk or water?

CUSTOMER—Don't tell me, please. Let me guess.  
—Gargoyle.

HE—Like dates with nuts?

SHE—Perhaps; what do you want to do?

—Widow.

*Why the Editor Left.*

EXTRACT: Miss Duvall rendered very touchingly “Just as I am without one flea....”

—Ex.

YOUTH—Just made \$5,000 in cash by my own pluck and perseverance.

YOUTHFUL—What's your occupation?

YOUTH—I'm a son-in-law.

—Ex.

*Aw! Rubbish!*

SOCRA—That was an awful bare plot that man exposed.

TEASY—Where? When?

S—When he raked the weeds off the garden.

WOOD B. WITT—Jehovah gave Moses two tablets.

KLEV R. KITT—They didn't know the formula for magnesium sulphate solution then!

Who's going to write a love poem to that miss in the engine?

“Why didn't you feel safe in that tree when the dog was after you?”

“I was too close to the bark to be comfortable.”

DOITT—I laugh because of my keen sense of humor.

AGINN—And do you gossip because of your keen sense of rumor?

*Score one for the Defense.*

“Shoot, man, shoot!” cried the spectators as the forward held the ball.

“I can't,” he answered, “there's a guard in the road.”

*A Subject for an English Thesis.*

DUBBS—Why isn't the colon used more in punctuation?

DUBLETT—Because colons are twin periods—and twins are rare.

MARY—What made General Pershing so sick?

ANN—Oh, things in general.

—Purple Cow.

HE—I fell for you the first time I saw you

S. Y. T.—And you are still lying.

—Record.