

# The STEPHENS STANDARD

NOVEMBER.

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will be furnished to regular subscribers at one-half the  
usual rate*

THE OLD-FASHIONED NUMBER



## THE GRADUATING CLASS OF STEPHENS COLLEGE IN 1875

Seated: (Center) ALICE KINNEY, (Left to right) JANIE E. BREAKER, MAY HENRY, ANNA B. FORCE, EMELIE E. FILLMORE, KATE BALDWIN, ADELIA BONIFANT

Standing: (Left to right) SARAH MATTHEWS, MARY F. BOWMEN, ELLA M. PEARSON, ELLA S. BALDWIN, DORA B. MILLER

This issue of the *Standard* is the editors' tribute to the thousands of girls who have thronged the Stephens campus in the years past. The Stephens girl of 1921 knows personally only a very few of her predecessors, but she is living constantly under the influence of college traditions—those invisible ties that bind the hearts of college alumnae to one another and to Alma Mater. The Stephens of to-day numbers among her daughters the twelve members of the 1875 class and names their names with the same pride and affection with which, next June, she will graduate a class twelve times as large.



## Now---and Then

*By Judith Wilkinson*

Shades of our grandmother's old croquet mallets! How shocked and horrified would our grandmothers have been if some ultra-modern girl of 1875 had dashed down the steps arrayed in bloomers and middie, dropped her tennis racquet, and proceeded to turn hand springs right across their beloved croquet court. They would probably have caught up their voluptuous skirts and scurried off, or they might have clasped their soft white hands and fainted dead away (if that was still being done in the best society). Or if this same girl had dared to appear in their midst dressed as our girls of 1921 are dressed for their swimming lessons, or even for a Broadway promenade, I fear that few of them would have survived the shock.

Oh, yes, on the outside they were very, very different. But when in the wee small hours our grandmother was awakened by a voice of some brave Lochinvar chanting "tenorly," "*Come, my love, the stars are shining,*" do you suppose she pulled her hand-made quilt up over her head and returned to dreamland? No, she stole to the window with her little heart going pitty-pat, and sat there and listened and listened—even as you and I.

In the midst of our modernism we pause to turn our thoughts backward and dedicate this, our "Old-Fashioned" number of the *Stephens Standard*, to those other days when old-fashioned flowers bloomed in old-fashioned gardens and old-fashioned girls dreamed old-fashioned dreams.

# The Stephens Standard

## The Birthday of the College Paper Is Discovered

March 10th, 1865

"Gentle Reader—grant us your attention for a brief season to listen to words which flow from a devoted pen. Seven years have elapsed since this paper came into existence and was each month welcomed by the lovers of wisdom.....Before us we see the great and boundless field—where science and learning are exhaustless. What eye can gaze without admiration; what heart can beat untouched with the beauty and wisdom of the surrounding."

—From the *Shower of Pearls*

LONG AGO, when our grandmothers were in boarding school, and when the bustling energetic Stephens College of to-day was "The Baptist Female College" for about one hundred young ladies, some school manuscripts were laid away by one of the students in a scrap book of memories. More than half a century passed, yet no Gabriel appeared to rouse these old mementos from their resting place until a short while ago when a representative of the College discovered them and called them again to life to be used in editing our "Looking Backward" number of the *Standard*.

Until that time, no clue had been found as to the original Stephens College newspaper. But now, no clouds of mystery shadow the year of its birth. Those who believe the *Stephens Standard* and its immediate predecessors to have founded a new order in the college will be surprised to learn that the first Stephens newspaper was published in 1858 and that the editors of the *Standard* have now in their possession an edition of the "Shower of Pearls" (as the paper was, with sentiment appropriate to its age, designated) which appeared in 1865—the year in which the Civil War was ended.

All its contributions to the enlightenment of mankind (at least to the "womankind" who constituted its "subscription list") were written with the quill in script as finely beautiful as the old memories around which it is woven and as quaint

as the old-fashioned "editresses" who wrote it. Though copies were few, its list of subscribers included all those students of the college who were sufficiently interested in literature to be members of the Literary Society. And the terms per single copy were (in the words of the "editresses"), "an impartial hearing by the club and kind attention during the reading."

Let those of the modern journalistic world who consider themselves original but glance over the editorials, news articles, feature stories, and bits of humor which make up this pioneer school paper. Human nature, though often disguised in new costumes is at heart forever the same, and the topics discussed in "The Shower of Pearls" are the very ones we write about in the *Standard* today.

An 1865 edition of "The Shower of Pearls" has for its opening article "A Peep at my Classmates in 1869," the time-old, yet forever enchanting, "dip into the future"—a future full of eager expectancy which is now an almost forgotten past. With sweet old-fashioned sentiment, the writer tells of the many changes that have been wrought in the three years that have "rolled around quickly on the rapid wheels of time." We follow the author in our imagination along the "sunhidden path through the grand old forest to the rustic woodbine school-house" where the future has led one classmate; we picture another who "disgusted

with the heartlessness and frivolities of the world, 'seeks solace' within the gloomy walls of a convent;" we see a third, as she "crosses the billowy ocean to give a new and blessed light to the destitute heathen." Then we smile sympathetically as we wonder how many of these youthful aircastles of fifty years ago (at heart, much like those of the college girl of to-day) were fulfilled.

Our grandmothers were not without humor. Indeed we almost blush with shame when we see how much of our wit of to-day has been borrowed from that of a half century ago.

As to the "date" question, this unique viewpoint is quite puzzling:

Tell me, ye winged winds,  
That round my pathway soar,  
Do ye not know some spot  
Where dandies come no more?

Tell me thou mighty deep,  
Where billows round me roll,  
Knowest thou some favored nook,  
Beyond a man's control?

And thou, O gentle moon,  
Some place doest thou not know,

Where whiskers are not found  
And mustaches do not grow?

Is there no resting place,  
A happy quiet home,  
To eat and drink in peace  
When boys shall never come?

Faith, Hope and Love,  
Best boons to girls ere given—  
Make earth resound with joyful shout,  
"Oh! yes, in Heaven."

We laugh here, and sigh there, yet all of it is as dearly to be cherished as grandmother's old wedding veil or grandfather's old uniform.

*Shower of Pearls*

*Published monthly by the members of Stephens College*  
VOL 8 NO 6

The heading of the *Shower of Pearls* (reduced) used  
in the issue of March 10, 1865

## Keeping Tab on Father Time

Birthdays are still the fashion at Stephens College. The first Y. W. dinner, with cake and candles--an' ever'thing, was one of the delightful events of the month.

A HOST OF STEPHENS GIRLS were taken back to their childhood days on the night of October 11, when the Y. W. C. A. gave a bounteous dinner for all girls and faculty members having birthdays in the months of September, October, November, and December.

Some of us, especially some of our faculty, had decided not to have any more birthdays but the attractive signs and posters and the enthusiasm of the rest of the girls were too much to resist.

The dinner was given in the small dining room which was decorated in blue and white—with a pretty bouquet for each table.

Each girl's thought went back to the time when she was a tiny tot and Mother said, "Mary, you may do just what you like today, because it is your birthday." And the birthday cake! Surely we would have to forego the pleasure of counting the candles this time. But in came the cake with

a candle on every piece. There are never too many birthdays for the Y. W. supply of candles.

Not only was it a real dinner but a real entertainment as well. Music was furnished by a four piece orchestra under the direction of Lorraine Brunson. Special numbers were vocal solos by Hilda Millspaugh and Lou Gene Evans, and a violin solo by Alta Nelson.

Editor's Note: And there was a candle for you, dear ex-Stephensite. There is always a candle for you at the Y. W. birthday dinners. If you were here in person, you would be gathered about the dinner tables with the rest of us laughing happily in the face of flying years. But you are here in spirit anyway—and here's a toast to you:

Happiness—which is your due—  
Happiness and fortune, too,  
And long, long years of service true—  
That's our loving toast to you.



## Columbus in Spain and in Stephens

*By Effie Ferrel*

“ON this day, August the ninth, 1492, one Christopher Columbus did come to the court of our gracious sovereigns, Ferdinand and Isabella. He was ushered into the royal presence by the pages and was followed by wise men with divers maps and charts. This strange man did entertain curious ideas concerning the earth's shape. He did not believe that it was flat, as it is very well known, but round, and he thought he could reach the East by sailing West! These fantastic ideas did greatly astonish our court; there was much shrugging of shoulders and lifting of eyebrows.

“This bold man not only held these strange beliefs but prayed that the king fit him with ships to find a new trade route to India. King Ferdinand was very wroth and left the court with his following but our queen was curiously interested. After considering long and seriously, she called her page Alphonso and bade him bring her box of jewels, from which store she did take enough to fit out the expedition. Such is the generosity of our most gracious queen.”

\* \* \* \* \*

“The man Columbus has returned. He recounts many

and strange stories of his voyage. He sailed westward many days until he reached land, which is the coast of India. There he found curious men, with bodies the color of copper. They greatly feared this explorer, until he made them realize his good intentions by giving them many trinkets. There is much rejoicing on this day.”

—A Fifteenth Century Chronicle

The history students produced a pageant on Columbus day enacting the events recorded in the chronicle. Columbus was seen at the court begging for ships and in America making friendly advances toward the Indians. The pageant seen by the students in the Auditorium was a gorgeous array of feathers, silks, velvets, brocades, ermines, ruffs, crowns, and swords. If one might have had the privilege of creeping closer until he reached the wings the splendor would have melted into crepe paper, cambrics, muslin, cotton, cheesecloth, tin foil, and gold colored paper. Curiously, too, the most maculine of the gallant knights of the court, and the Indian braves, were strangely feminine. Such is the disillusion caused when drama is dissected.



# The STEPHENS STANDARD

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

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

## "The Shower of Pearls"

A TALL LAMP ILLUMINATED the scarred surface of a miniature study table, casting a pale yellow arc around its dignified pedestal, and glowing benevolently upon two studious heads bent in deep thought above a finely-penned manuscript.

The silence was expectant and in the shadows there lurked the spirit of a beneficent inspiration. Then with the instant reaction of spiritual telepathy, the inspiration manifested itself and one of the satellites about that planet of light burst into life.

"Let's call it something poetic, like *vernal showers*, or *pearly thoughts*."

Across the intervening space of odorous gases flashed the message and immediately came the response:

"Why not the *Shower of Pearls*? That suggests innocence and priceless thoughts."

"You are quite right. 'Shower of Pearls' it shall be."

A deeply-felt sigh of relief widened the arc into uneasy, flickering waves of light and the tense shadows settled back comfortably into their dark corners.

Thus in a small, badly-ventilated room in the one dormitory of a female seminary in the year of 1858, there came into existence the first newspaper of Stephens College. As the title "The Shower of Pearls" was inscribed with many artistic flourishes and refined hieroglyphics, the pre-journalistic department of to-day was created.

To-day, in the post office box of every Stephens girl there appears monthly an issue of the *Stephens Standard*, fresh from the printing office, with the odor of printer's ink still upon its typed pages. With the same avidity with which that exclusive group of girls in the sixties devoured the small manuscript with its fine penmanship, the product of cramped fingers and finely-pointed pens, the girl of today eagerly scans those typed columns. Perhaps she, too, recognized a printed sentence as one evolved out of the chaos of her own brain and shaped into coherency under her own scratchy pen.

The girl of to-day has also striven to find a phrase to express the sentiment of her efforts. In the light of modified ideals, in the process of change from fine sentiment to rational action, the "Shower of Pearls" has been transformed into the *Stephens Standard*. There still remains as the primary impulse the desire for self-expression, and the printed pages of to-day have been molded and re-shaped out of the floating mass of public opinion and have been crystallized into definite expression beneath the glowing light of a study lamp, a lamp whose circle of radiance is the halo of inspiration.

## A Big Factor in Happiness

"THESE STUDENTS seem able to adapt themselves well to their new surroundings," a visitor at Stephens remarked the other day. If this is true—as we sincerely hope it is—no greater compliment could be paid to this college and its standards and to the students of 1921-22. Adaptability is one of the sure signs of culture, refinement, and other admirable qualities. Persons who can conform easily, gracefully, quietly, and quickly to the conditions that surround them are likable and happy. They realize that they can be happy without always being comfortable. *These* are the truly cultivated people,

who overlook trivialities and enjoy what comforts and pleasures are provided for them.

We Stephens College girls can make this invaluable quality of adaptibility a big factor in our happiness.

## Family Traditions

A LITTLE CLUSTER of red brick buildings in the midst of a great green campus, winding walks, and neat little croquet grounds where gentle-voiced and sedate-figured girls stoop over their little wooden mallets and send the wooden balls rolling over the green turf—this is the picture on an old faded print of the recreation hour at a Baptist Female Seminary. Then the picture is replaced by another and we see the same quaint figures in a different setting. They are dancing minuets and stately dance patterns upon the floor of an old log building from whose bare rafters and broad beams are hung long strings of drying fruit and popcorn ears. It is their gymnasium, their "party" rendezvous. Once again we see them seated in the corners of a cozy parlor, talking shyly and very primly to young gentlemen friends at their sides. In a very prominent place in a rocking chair with a little old-fashioned doily against the high back for a head rest, sits a sweet-faced, white-haired chaperone, sewing rather intermittently as she solicitously regards her young protégés scattered about the room.

Then comes the final glimpse and we see the gracefully-curving walks lined with black-gowned figures. The campus is just breaking into life again and behind the small group in black rises the old tower of the seminary, the nucleus of the college life. Like the dominant note of a hidden harmony, its silhouette in the back-ground dominates the entire picture and the small group of seniors becomes a setting for the highest point in the sky-line.

Like chromos from the old blue-velvet family album, these figures represent to us a past in which strange people lived and thought and dreamed just as we do. Gradually, we come to a consciousness that those girls with the long voluminous skirts and the slender waists were interested in the identical affairs with which our days are filled to overflowing. Like us, they eagerly played away their surplus energy, dreamed over their little romances, expressed their love of sentiment in a "Shower of Pearls," poured out their longings to a listening night sky when their world was dark, and then, in the spring, walked thoughtfully in their caps and gowns down the old campus for the last time, with the old tower silhouetted on the

fresh sky behind them. It is then that our dawning love for them and for those towers blossoms into a full sense of kinship.

To-day, as in those other years, the tower of ideals dominates the Stephens girl's thoughts. Regardless of diverse view-points, inharmonious social customs, the girl in the Baptist Female Seminary of 1865 and the girl of the Stephens Junior College of 1921 find common ground in their goal of achievement. Like the radii of a generation-wide circle, they find the center of all diversities in their oneness of ideals. This centripetal force which has bound and will bind all issues and activities of Stephens College to a compass point is the dynamic power which unites generations of Stephens girls.

## Apron Strings

*By Maxine McMahon*

APRON STRINGS, where art thou? Distinctly I remember! Your tails were white as snow, and every where that mother went you were sure to go. Oh, how I miss you! I started to blame you for fleeing from me but—you're right, I did the running. Now I musn't be sorry, for its high time I was hunting threads with which to weave my own apron strings. Dear old tie-backs, perhaps I wore you limp and ragged, but take starch once more! I'm a long distance from you but I think of you so often!—usually when I find a small or great hole (mending), have to plan a meeting, or get ideas for a speech! I feel so wobbly—just as though I were walking for the first time after a long illness. If experience and exercise in doing things is a correct cure for me, I'm going to get well! for every Stephens girl has the prescription: "Responsibility," as the cure for her short-comings. Perhaps when I return to you from Stephens and its opportunities I'll not wrap myself completely in your long white strings but only grasp for one now and again for "auld times' sake."

## Getting Things Done

*Are you the text for this sermonette?*

THE FIRST IMPRESSION of Stephens suggests a "mad rush." The girls are seen scurrying from class to class, from the campus to the library, from dinner to vespers, and from committee meeting to committee meeting. However, before long one discovers several "reactionaries" in their midst, each one of whom is whimpering: "Don't see how on earth they expect so much of a mere human being—if the school encourages us

to take active part in the various organizations, why does it allow the teachers to assign such fierce lessons—I just can't keep up this strain much longer—why, in our high-school we didn't have to do this, we ——." It's the same old story over and over. And yet, dear reader, if you happen to notice just who these aforementioned "reactionaries" are, you will learn the well known truth that they represent the persons who carry the minority, not the majority, of the student responsibility. The girls you see working quietly and without a grumble are the *real* supports of the school. They do not flinch at any added burdens but rather gladly assume the work in order to be more experienced and more accomplished upon their graduation. You marvel at their courage and ability. Perhaps what carries them through is the belief that:

'There are thousands to tell you it cannot be done;  
There are thousands to prophesy failure;  
There are thousands to point out to you, one by one,  
The dangers that wait to assail you.

But just buckle in with a bit of a grin,  
Then take off you coat and go to it;  
Just start in to sing as you tackle the thing  
'That cannot be done' —AND YOU'LL DO IT."

## An Ideal Prescription for Ideals

(This editorial, written by Helen May, is based on a discussion by Dean J. J. Oppenheimer in his class in Sociology.)

An idea—an impulse—an act. Take one or more ideas; an impulse, a feeling, or desire; together with action,—and the result will be an ideal.

The fundamental aim of Stephens College is to produce great and lasting ideals among the members of its student body. The accomplishment of these ideals, however, involves the co operation of students and faculty. Stephens may give us ideas, but it cannot give us the impulse. That is something within ourselves. Feeling cannot be imposed upon us as a rule or regulation, neither can it be presented to us as a gracious gift, but it is the subjective or individual contribution toward ideals.

In using this ideal prescription we must first reflect upon just what our ideals are. "Study your good intentions as carefully as your bad ones," keeping in mind the precaution that your ideals must be rational. But this is only the first requirement of the prescription. After we have determined what our ideas are, we have taken only the first step toward the ideal. We must next have the impulse—the overwhelming and all-ab-

sorbing desire to accomplish our ideals—to make it really worth while—a part of our lives.

It is said that "everyman's home is his castle, but too often his air castle." So it is with our ideas. They may be lofty, admirable ideas; but they can avail nothing unless they are accompanied by action. One of Bernard Shaw's heroines has said "The only really simple thing is to go straight toward what you want and grab it." When we have done this an ideal has been made and realized.

The word "ideal" must no longer connote shadowy realms of thought, but must involve and be comprised of the three great elements—an idea—an impulse—an act.

### New Rules

(Printed by request)

Please write your name on the wall paper so we will know you have been here.—Mrs. Holt.

If you get hungry in the night, take a roll in bed.—Mrs. Newton.

If you want me, wring the towel.—A. Douglass.

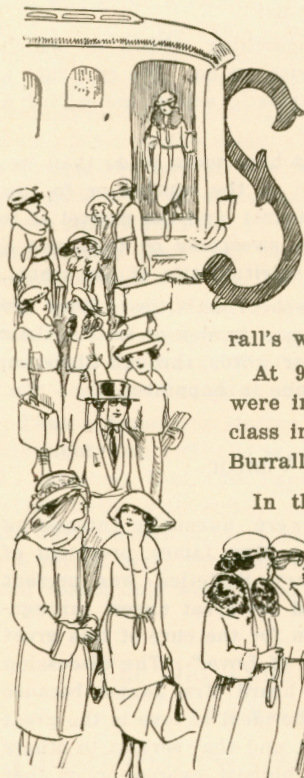
### CALENDAR OF EVENTS.

- October 3—A mixup over a dresser (there usually is quite a mess).
- October 6—Y. W. initiation service.
- October 8—Two men (it was an unreasonable hour for them to be on or near the campus)—Two men walked bravely up to side door. Dixie Dunham's brother and his (?) friend. Oh, I wish I was in Dixie's place.
- October 10—Mr. Gauntlett's recital.
- October 11—Y. W. Birthday dinner. Psychological Tests—Moral. Don't think you know more than you really do. Try these tests.
- October 12—Columbus Day—special program at vespers. History class presented pantomime "Discovery of America."
- October 13—Barbecue—fun—food—and—frolic—also a fine bonfire.
- October 16—Visitors from Kansas City and St. Louis to hear Miss Burrall. Everybody on good behavior—as always.
- October 18—Beta Sigma Omicron lead vespers.
- October 20—Hullo, ever'body!
- October 22—Car'otta Burk, Genevieve Brown, Veronica Flynn, Dorothy Motley, Lelia Sheppard, Lila K. Graham, Lucille Higdon, Jewell Stumpf, Ethel Allen, Price Kbland, and Merwyn Misbeth "week-ended" at home.
- October 23—Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Stephens were guests of the College, Sunday, for dinner and at vespers. Mrs. Stephens and Mrs. Woods were presented with corsage bouquets as small tokens of our appreciation and affection.
- October 24—Miss Black's recital. Later in the night—serenade—cellophone, piano, drums, and voices—sleep inducing!
- October 25—Mrs. George Chapman and little daughter were the guests of Mrs. A. B. Chapman at the Sigma house.
- October 26—Dramatic Club gives tea at Sigma house.
- October 27—Junior—Senior volley ball game. Hurrah for Seniors.
- October 29—Ghost walk. Spooks! everywhere—and other places.
- October 31—Hallowe'en masquerade party in gymnasium.

# The Four-Folder

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

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



**S**PECIAL PULLMAN COACHES from St. Louis, Kansas City, and other parts of the state brought fifty of the leading women of Missouri to Stephens College, Saturday, October 15. These women represented the Burrall clubs organized throughout the state to promote Miss Burrall's work in Missouri.

At 9:29 on Sunday morning they were in Miss Burrall's Sunday school class in the College Auditorium. Miss Burrall talked on "Prayer."

In the afternoon a tea was given in the parlors of Columbia Hall by the faculty, after which the guests met as a committee and listened to a talk by President Wood on "Making the Bible the Center of Higher Education." A state-wide organization was per-

fectured and the following officers were elected.

- Mrs. W. L. Byars, Kansas City.....President
- Mrs. A. L. Reeves, Jefferson City.....Vice-president
- Mrs. E. M. McCarthy, St. Louis.....Secretary
- Mrs. J. G. Babb, Columbia.....Treasurer

THE FOLLOWING CONSTITUTION WAS ADOPTED

1. The name of this organization shall be the Woman's Extension Board of the Religious Education Department of Stephens College.
2. The purpose of this organization shall be to foster the interests of the Religious Education Department of Stephens College in the Baptist Churches of the State, and to plan for the financial support of that department.
3. Membership of this organization shall include all women who shall be members of the religious extension clubs of Stephens College to be formed throughout the State.
4. The officers of this organization shall be President, Vice President, Secretary, Treasurer, and Corresponding Secretary. These shall be elected annually at the time and place of the General Association, with the exception of the Corresponding Secretary, who shall be appointed by the President.
5. This organization shall hold an annual meeting at the time and place of the General Association of this State, at an hour designated by the Executive Committee.
6. There shall be an Executive Committee consisting of the officers and a representative from each religious extension club of Stephens College in the State.
7. The Executive Committee shall hold two meetings each year, one at the time of the annual meeting and one at Stephens College in the Spring. The President shall have power to call additional meetings of the Executive Committee at her discretion.

## Burrall Bits

- "Physical stature accounts for little."
- "Man isn't created yet."
- "The Bible does not say, 'Be ye dignified.'"
- "Are you a sponge or a bit of radium?"
- "Do not limit God to the capacity of your own brain or heart."
- "You did the best you could *under the circumstances*, did you? For pity's sake, get out from under the circumstances."
- "Use what you inherit from your heavenly father."
- "It's one thing to love your neighbor theoretically—to love the girl who interrupts your study, talks loudly, and borrows your clothes, is a different proposition."
- "There is too much time spent in ordinary conversation, not enough in the discussion of things we care about."



## Favors Annuity Bond Plan

"I HOPE TO LIVE to see a thousand girls on the Stephens campus," says Dr. G. W. Hatcher, vice-president of the Board of Curators of Stephens College. It is the unconquerable confidence in the future of the college together with a profound belief in the educational and religious ideals of the school which has inspired Dr. and Mrs. Hatcher to become liberal investors in Stephens College Life Annuity Bonds.

When asked "Why do you believe in annuity bonds?" Dr. Hatcher made the following statement—a statement which is worth the careful consideration of every person who desires to have any part of his material possessions used wisely in a great cause: "In regard to helping the College financially, I am partial to the *annuity plan*. This plan gives the college the use of the money now and at the same time is a source of income to the donor. It does good in two directions and the donor can see the fruits of his planting. In proof of my interest in the College and in this plan of building it up, I am the holder of two annuity bonds."

H. S. Walter, the financial secretary, reports a continued and increasing interest in the annuity bond plan and he invites inquiries from any person, old or young, who is interested in putting his money to work for God—either in small amounts or in large amounts.



DR. AND MRS. G. W. HATCHER

## Christian Service in Stephens College

By Hilda Millspaugh

"TO SERVE" is an instinctive desire in every girl's heart. Some of us discovered this when we were in high school, some of us when we came to college, and some of us are still groping blindly for happiness in physical comfort. Letters, rich foods, the movies and a thousand other trivialities do not satisfy us!

Yet we humor that little something within us which rebels against every bit of service we do. We cultivate a wilful indisposition toward altruistic action instead of a wilfulness to serve.

There are girls in school that have more to do than we, girls who have less time to sit on the campus or to run downtown upon the slightest excuse; and the marvel of it is—their happy spirit lends a sweetness of tone and a warmth of color to the whole spiritual life of the school.

These girls are back of all school activities. They are going to vespers with their faces a garden of smiles, their feet on cushions of joy. In other words, through Christian service, they are getting par vau in happiness.

## A Vesper Visitor

OUR VESPER SERVICES were unusually interesting Friday evening, October 21. Mrs. James, president of the Southern Baptist Missionary Societies, was present and spoke to us. She discussed the great unrest throughout the world. Her prescription for the cure of this great world disease is "The Religion of Love." The discussion was an inspiration to all who heard Mrs. James, because she makes each girl feel that the ideal of love is the great thing in life worth striving for, and that service to others in the name of Christ is the highest expression of that ideal.

We shall remember each vesper service as a time of quiet and worship but this one will stand out in our memories because through it we became acquainted with Mrs. James, whose lovely Christian character exemplifies that "Religion of Love" about which she spoke.

## A Case of Energy

DO YOU KNOW what energy means? If you don't, meet Miss Jessie Energy Burrall—concentrated vim, enthusiasm and vigor. The things she manages to accomplish in her twenty-four hour day and seven-day week seem almost miraculous.

In one ten-day period she spoke to high schools in Minnesota, addressed clubs in Texas, attended banquets in Kansas City, and rode in Fords over Missouri roads, with little flying trips to Cleveland and Chicago in her spare moments. And with all this she takes a deep personal interest in each Stephens girl and keeps the love of all of them. No matter where she is she comes home to teach her Sunday School class every Sunday morning, and she is learning to know every member of her class personally.

Impossible, you say? Well, the impossible is Miss Burrall's speciality.

## The Flame

By Vera Taylor

A HUGE CANDLE flame caught the hearts of one hundred and eighty-two Stephens girls on the evening of October the thirteenth.

As both new and old girls passed into the auditorium for the Y. W. C. A. Recognition Service, that evening, each was given a candle. The old members of Y. W. met in the back of the room where their candles were lighted. Opening services were conducted by the vice-president, Helen Dillenbeck. Then the old girls marched in a semi-circle around the auditorium—the cabinet members taking their places on the stage. The president, Ambie Moseley, welcomed the new girls with a short talk after which the new girls were asked to march to the stage in single file. There they signed the Y. W. C. A. pledge of membership and lighted their tiny candles at the flame of the large candle, symbolic of the light of Christ. Elizabeth Reeves, who brought up the rear of the long line responded to the welcoming address and expressed the appreciation of the new girls for the Y. W. C. A. in Stephens and signified their desire to live up to its standards.

Thus a flame was started in the hearts of one hundred and eighty-two girls and it is the hope of the old Y. W. C. A. members that this flame will be cherished and protected until, with steady glow, it sends its radiance into the dark corners of every heart and beautifully illuminates the life of every Stephens College girl grown into mature and responsible womanhood.

## The Old Time Religion Returns

By Marguerite Riley

THE PEOPLE who have been praying for the revival of the old time religion certainly have had their prayers answered. Judging from the crowd that gathers on Stephens College campus every Sunday morning one would think a circus had erected its tents and a performance was in progress. But it is something better than that: it is Miss Jessie Burrall's Sunday School Class which is attracting the attention. If one is a student—and in Columbia—she (or he) will have to go sooner or later. Simply being told about it does not satisfy. But after you go, you KNOW—for seeing is believing.

No more empty church pews! The old habit of going to Sunday School and not going to church has almost disappeared in Columbia. It is impossible to keep the religious zeal obtained in Miss Burrall's class concealed. Going to church is simply one manifestation of that zeal.

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The STEPHENS  
STANDARD

One Dollar A Year

## "A Journey We All Must Go"

IF YOU were going to spend the winter in California, or to start on a trip to France, Egypt, or Asia you would make preparation for the trip by putting your own affairs in shape. Would you not give very definite directions as to the conducting of your business during your absence? Would you not be exceedingly careful about selecting the person or persons left in charge?

Some day you are going on a long, long journey and all you have accumulated during your lifetime must pass under the control of others. Are you planning as carefully and wisely for this last journey as you have for temporary absence?

You have been a valiant soldier of the Cross for many years fighting for humanity, the church, and God. When you are mustered out of the service and pass to your reward, do you not want to know that others will take your place on the battle line? I know you do.

The same old battle between right and wrong will be waged after you are gone. Why not leave some of your substance to strengthen the forces for right?

—Harvey S. Walter

## The Doctor Cures Them All

ONE OF THE CLEVEREST ENTERTAINMENTS of the season was presented by the Y. W. C. A. at a meeting held in the auditorium Thursday night. Seated on the stage were a doctor and a nurse with all necessary medicines and prescriptions to cure every kind of disease or malady prevalent in Stephens.

The first patient who arrived at the doctor's office was Miss Discontent. After the doctor had questioned her he was able to diagnose her ailment. He prescribed, as a cure, an appropriate Bible quotation. The next patient was Miss Shirk, who complained that she just couldn't find time to take part in Y. W. meetings, help in club work, and engage in other activities of the school. She, too, was painstakingly questioned by the doctor, and was advised to apply a little scriptural truth daily. And so on, one by one, came the different complainers, Miss Eat-all-the-time, Miss Rule-breaker, Miss Book-worm, Miss Gad-about, and Miss Primp, all of whom were badly in need of a doctor's care. Each wanted to be cured but her "god" was so dear to her, that the poor doctor nearly exhausted his persuasive power in trying to induce her to accept his prescription.

The interest of each spectator was held to the end. The doctor handled each complicated case with the tact and competency of a true physician. And each girl fittingly played the part of the type-person whom she was representing.

Every Stephens girl must have seen her weakness in one of the patients. And I know that from now on there won't be nearly so many incurable dispositions among the students.

This little entertainment is only one illustration of the fact that the Bible is being made a practical thing in Stephens College—not a basis for theological dispute, but a guide to practical living.

## Dr. E. Y. Mullins and Mrs. Helen Barrett Montgomery Are the Guests of Stephens College

**T**HE PRESIDENT of the Southern Baptist Convention and the president of the Northern Baptist Convention were guests of Stephens College November 6—9. During the three-day conference the students of the College had the privilege of hearing inspirational addresses by Mrs. Montgomery and Dr. Mullins.

Mrs. Montgomery had already endeared herself to the hearts of all Stephens College students through the "discovery" of Miss Burrall. But her visit to the College and her enthusiastic talks on Christian living and on the spirit of missions together with her own gracious personality converted admiration and esteem into cordial Christian affection.

Dr. Mullins, who has been characterized as "one of the foremost educators and religious thinkers of the day" is well known as an author, a minister, and an educator. He is president of the largest theological seminary in the world and the largest denominational religious convention

in the world. Dr. Mullins preached the baccalaureate sermon at the College last June, but his presence with us for three days this month brought him immeasurably nearer to us in spirit. We esteem him now not only as a great author, a great minister, and a great educator, but also as a great man. His apt illustrations and practical applications of Christian truth made a lasting impression upon the minds of every Stephens College student.

For the first time in the history of American Baptists the presidents of the two great conventions appeared upon the same platform at the same time for the same purpose—and were introduced by the only person who can claim the honor of having presided over the deliberations of both the Northern and the Southern Baptist conventions. That person is E. W. Stephens, president of the Board of Curators of Stephens College.

In the December issue will appear a more detailed account of the conference and of the splendid addresses of both Mrs. Montgomery and Dr. Mullins.

### Have you ever thought about establishing an enduring memorial?

Read the following

#### SUGGESTIONS FOR MEMORIALS

AT

#### STEPHENS COLLEGE

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| An administration or classroom building.    | Scholarships for worthy girls of limited means. |
| A library building.                         | Loan funds for worthy girls of limited means.   |
| Library equipment.                          | Complete equipment for Domestic Art.            |
| Endowment for chair of Religious Education. | Complete Conservatory Equipment.                |
| Endowment for Research Work.                | Stephens College Farm.                          |
| A small hospital.                           | Pictures.                                       |
| Equipment for a hospital.                   | Statues.  |
| Special rooms in dormitories.               | Fountain for Campus.                            |

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

Investments in religion and education are the most permanent and useful memorials  
that can be devised.

## An Old-Fashioned Standard

By Helen Powell

YES, IT DOES look quaint now—that girlish portrait in the massive gilt frame. The buckled slippers, the wide ruffled skirt, the pantalets peeping timidly forth, the shaker bonnet resting on the sunshiny curls and nearly hiding the eager face! For that was the day that Grandmother boarded the rumbling old coach that carried her to the "Ladies Seminary."

Grandmother wasn't going to carry a course in home economics or bookkeeping—no indeed. She was planning to study Arts, Table Manners, and Propriety in the "Department of Ornamentation." And when she had acquired her cloak of culture and attained the highest degree of polish, then she would return to the home of her youth, fold her shapely hands, and wait for her knight gallant.

Today, Grandmother's grand-daughters board the puffing results of progress and are whirled away to the "College for Women." They, too, it seems, walk the path Grandmother trod. Only they find many fascinating by-paths which were barred to Grandmother by the sign-post: "Unlady like"—interesting paths that lead to public service and self-expression, wondrous green road-ways that lead by tennis courts, and golf links, and end in a plunge in lake waters. The grand-daughter of to-day adopts a fifty-fifty basis for friendship, which Grandmother's training would have termed immodest.

But one thing has remained unchanged—handed down from Grandmother to us, and by us passed on to the girls who will some day be ours. That is the old-fashioned standard that is nobody knows how old—and yet ever new—the standard of real womanhood,—the womanhood whose foundation is love—spiritually—God. Ideals of service may change, but the womanly *instinct to serve* is rooted deep in the heart of every generation.

## Blue Coats and Gray Matter

By Jeanne Evelyn Brown

"THE FUTURE indeed looks black for the republic, yet I have half a mind to cast my lot with the rebels and join General Washington's army."

This announcement, coming from a tall, be-spectacled young man in a light blue waistcoat and amazingly red breeches, was greeted with silence by the little group of students assembled in the classic halls of William and Mary College, in the early part of December, 1776.

At last the silence was broken by a pale young student standing near the center of the group. "There are many others to fight, Richard," he gravely remarked. "We may render the republic a much greater service in a few years as men of training. I, for one, shall stay in college, at least until the need seems greater."

"I hear that General Washington is much interested in the promotion of our literature, and fears lest our colleges should be forced to close," interrupted another student who had been nervously fingering the small black ribbon which bound his powdered curls.

"Let us organize a society for the promotion of literature among the scholars here," suggested another. "If we cannot fight we should at least devote our energy and attention to acquiring all the knowledge we can."

And so, perhaps in this or some similar manner, the first Greek letter fraternity, Phi Beta Kappa, was organized December 5, 1776. Later its secret character was abandoned and it became a national honorary society. At the present time, active membership is usually limited to a small per cent of the seniors with highest standing studying for an arts and science degree. Honorary members are elected from those who have achieved eminence in some branch of learning. Our early literature was greatly influenced by the poems and orations delivered in the name of Phi Beta Kappa.

Women were not admitted to membership in Phi Beta Kappa until 1875. Today they not only occupy an important position in Phi Beta Kappa but every accredited Junior College for women in Missouri has a chapter of Phi Theta Kappa, which is the honorary society in Junior Colleges just as Phi Beta Kappa in Senior Colleges.

Membership in Phi Theta Kappa is restricted to ten per cent of the students, who are selected by the faculty from the upper one third of the Junior and Senior classes.

The Phi Theta chapter of Stephens is a live organization which hopes, before the year is over, to number you, if you are a Stephens student, among its members.

## Peeping into Yesterday

By Lolita Withelongname

WE DREW STRAWS to decide who should be the groom and who should be the bride. I became Velma's bride. It would have been bad enough to find my way into one of grandfather's suits, but oh, that grandmother's wedding gown! Love stitches certainly were abundant in all those seams, puffs, frills, laces and tucks. She must have been in earnest too, as everything was so securely sewed. After much jerking and tugging I succeeded in squeezing myself into the little basque. The waist and sleeves were so tight I scarcely dared to breathe, and the long, extravagantly ruffled skirt tripped me at every step. Velma slipped into the "conventional black" and after a great deal of pulling and pinning we felt thoroughly "dressed up."

We slowly and solemnly descended the stairs and entered the dining room with as much of the dignity and grace of the past generation as we could conveniently assume. But how could we feel at ease when the seams of my waist were stretched alarmingly with every motion, and Velma's coat sleeves were constantly slipping down into her plate. Suddenly a pin loosened and jabbed Velma viciously in the side. She, being only a girl instead of a stalwart young groom, screamed while the rest of us laughed at her "weakness." Poor Velma—she blushed, tried to change the course of that pin, then decided to "grin and bear it." But this resolution did not last long. She nudged me, and we excused ourselves from the table. Just as we started up the stairs Velma stepped on the hem of my dress, and I stretched over as many steps as I could reach. Well, . . . I gathered up the trousseau gown and flew to the attic. There we pulled off our costumes as quickly as possible and became our true selves once more.

Mother's parents must have been very patient to wear such styles, but when I put on my comfortable short skirt again, I wondered just what they would think about their granddaughter's clothes. So here is a long life to that old heirloom—my grandparent's trunk—and may it open shining vistas into a lovely past for my children's children just it has given an interesting glimpse of yesterday to me.

## The Unveiling of the Bathtub

By Florence Warren

NEVER, SINCE THE DAYS WHEN HIAWATHA gathered together his braves for council meeting, has there been a pow wow more fraught with weighty meaning than on that occasion when, under the auspices of second floor Wood Hall, the unveiling of the bathtub took place.

Many days had there been without one drop of warm water—all because that infamous thing known as the gas company had not deigned to put in one gas main through which the heating gas might come.

One by one the spectators entered upon the scene and took their places in awed silence before the veiled marble.

Then arrived the master of ceremonies,—the thinker—Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from Washington to Gottenhaltered—Roy T. Davis. Scare did that sage realize his position, so intent were his meditations on why Stephens girls have roomatism. But suddenly he roused apparently, and in sonorous tones came the unveiling oration.

"When our forefathers gathered together for washup their melody was something as follows:

*"Will the waters be chilly, will the waters be cold,  
When we cross o'er life's river to the land of our goal?"*

"But why should the denizens of Wood Hall worry? The chilling waters of Life's river will be as warm as the handshake of a canvasser for a college, compared with what they have endured in the last month.

"These many weeks our bathtubs have been presided over by that god of the frozen regions, that ruler of the windswept plains of the frozen North, that bringer of chillblains, that lifter of goose flesh, that painter of red noses—Jack Frost. But the day of emancipation has come—be ye gone, Jack Frost, to the hindermost parts of the earth!"

And the demon Jack Frost, who until this moment had hovered over the bathtub, turned purple with fear and embarrassment and fled.

The sage's face was overcast with joy—he plucked a laurel wreath blooming on a nearby mahogany table and when he had seized his cupid's bow, a dance of spring ensued. A subtle change had come over the master of ceremonies: his face glistened with the shining warmth of a Spanish onion, his voice vied in softness with the April breezes, and his words were like the sirup on the Stephens College table.

"Oh hear the song of the birds as Jack Frost goes. Hear the balmy breezes, from the south, bringing light and heat and joy. I summon thee, mermaids of the coral isles, who dabble your dainty dimpled feet in the pellucid gulf stream, come forward, wafted on waves of heat, to unveil our bathtub. Come, and 'trip it as ye go, on the light fantastic toe.'"

And at his summons, three mermaids wrapped in swimming suits glided forth to lift the veil. A sigh of pent up emotions arose at the sight of the marble bathtub filled with steaming hot water. Those who were most deeply affected searched blindly for their wash cloths, while the voice of the sage continued:

"In the name of the ruler of the water, Neptune; in the name of the goddess of fire, Phoenix; in the name of the maker of gases that smell and burn, Mollie White; in the name of the twin gods of cleanliness, the Gold Dust Twins,—we unveil thee on this, the last day of the week—*bath day*. In the words of the late lamented Shakespeare,—'Out damned spot, out!' So may it be, Selah."

There was soft music and several feminine voices chanted the doxology:

*'How glad I am, how glad I am,  
That I can take my bath again.' Amen.*

Just as the last quaver of the "amen" melted into the shadows, a thunder cloud was seen resting on the brow of the thinker. The tone of his voice was fringed with icicles as he announced: "The ceremonies are now over with the exception of the hanging of the gas company."

And as a fitting end to its career of cold hearted duplicity the gas company, personified in the form of a rag doll, was hung by the neck until no sign of life remained.

## The Barbecue

By Goldie Stayton

*"In those dear old college days,  
In those happy carefree days,  
Free from sorrow and care and strife,  
The happiest moments of my life," etc.*

Sang about five hundred girls as they went walking, skipping, and running out East Broadway a few days ago. Indeed, from the joyous look on their faces and their happy laughter one realized that the words of the song

*"Free from sorrow, and care, and strife,  
The happiest moments of my life,"*

could be truly applied to every girl.

Why should we not be happy? For many days we had been spending long hours in weary work and now we were winding through the meadows and among trees decked in golden, red, brown, and green leaves to a spot that would forever be hallowed in our memories. This is one of the events in the life of the Stephens girls that have become real traditions—it is the annual barbecue.

As we neared the place, it was not so much the beauty of the small lake with its jagged seats of rock on the bank or the little hill on one side that impressed us. It was the thoughts of what had happened at this very place for so many years. For years the Stephens girls have been coming to this same spot for their annual barbecue. If only those rocks and the hill could speak, they would tell us of hundreds and hundreds of happy girls who have been there before we were. When we think of all those girls, many of whom are scattered even to the distant parts of the earth, the spot seems almost sacred to us.

And the good times that have been had there—the lake and the little hill should be very proud of the fact that it has cheered many heavy hearts and brightened the lives of the most light-hearted girls. It would be impossible for any girl to go there and after entering into the fun of the evening, the stunts around the camp-fire, and after eating all the good things that are provided for the entertainment and pleasure of the girls to be otherwise than happy.

## VELVET CLAWS

Eleanor—Days on which I have a date I eat scarcely a thing."  
Rachel—How well you're looking!

—Ex.

Caller—Please don't bother to see me to the door.  
Callee—Really it's no bother at all.

—Ex.

## A Story With a Dark Meaning

By Dorothy Keens

IT WAS NIGHT in the jungle. Not a sound broke the breathless stillness but the occasional cry of some far-off night bird. The pale, silvery moonlight made the small clearings in the dense growth of the forest, brilliant patches of light. In one of these a small negro crouched, trembling with fear. The moonlight glistened from the brass ring in his nose, and in his bulging white eyeballs deathly fear shone. The object of his fascinated gaze slowly disentangled itself from the bushes and, gloating with triumph, paused before his victim. The newcomer, a huge burly black fellow, was enjoying the sensation that a cat enjoys as it plays with a mouse.

Lifting his long, wicked-looking spear in his upraised arm, the big black taunted: "Mbring xyl bano oop!" to which the trembling little fellow replied: "Mwrimp boro, bwana," in accents of the utmost entreaty.

It seemed that he was to receive his deathblow in spite of his plea, when the gaze of his conquerer fell to a fluttering white object on the grass at his feet. It was a copy of the Stephens College *Standard*. Dropping his spear, the big black eagerly stooped and scanned the pages of paper.

"Is you ever been to *Columbia*?" he asked.

"Why, Ah used to peel potatoes in the kitchen of Stephens College fo' leben yeahs!" stated the little fellow, forgetting his fear.

The big negro thrust his spear aside, with his foot, and advanced with his hand outstretched.

"Shake, brothah!" he said. "I's George."

Then the one that was dreaming this tale woke up.

Page Mr. Freud!

MORAL: Subscribe for the *Standard*: it may save your life.

## A Bedtime Story

By Florence Warren

Place: *Guesswhere*.

Time: 10:02 p. m. after light bell, as it were.

Stage setting: *Two beds stand with their heads affectionately together. A trunk rests about a yard away from the foot of one. The street light casts a romantic gleam through the window—which is unbarred.*

*A soft bump is heard across the room from the twin beds.*

JEFFETTE—Say—didya hear that?

MUTTINE—Uh huh, what was it?

JEFFETTE—Don't know,—listens as if something's in here besides us.

MUTTINE—Calm yourself; it's probably the mirror slipping—you know we propped it back just a little so we could see the bottom of our skirts.

JEFFETTE—Just as you say, lady.....z-z-z-z-z

(*Another bump, nearer the beds.*)

MUTTINE—Say, didya hear that?

JEFFETTE—Uh—no..z-z-z-z-z-z

(*Another bump, this time very near the bed. Muttime casts a fishy stare hincingegenunter, so to speak. Nothing on the floor or ceiling. Suddenly the covers seem to "take on" a tremor. Muttime figures she's having a nervous chill without knowing it, when a dark figure looms upon a hill in the covers. Spontaneous combustion,—covers fly one way—*

*Muttine the other. Muttime and Jeffette perch on the head of the bed and jabber.*)

JEFFETTE—(trying to be calm) Say, you must be in a delirium tremens. You surely didn't see anything.

MUTTINE—Didn't I!

JEFFETTE—(getting excited) Well! (*Dismounts from head of bed and seizes her trusty broom. Muttime volplanes from top of bed to top of trunk, clutching a glass vase as she makes the landing. The lights flash on. The "creature" spurts out from under the radiator and ripples across the floor, into the closet. It emits a terrified squeak as it goes, showing that it is not a boa constrictor.*)

MUTTINE—What ye doin' with that broom? Ye look like a witch.

JEFFETTE—What ye doin' on that trunk with a glass vase in yer hand? Think ye're the goddess of spring?

## The 1866 Catalogue

Tenth  
Annual Catalogue  
of the  
Baptist  
Female College  
  
at Columbia,  
Boone Co., Mo.  
1866

DEAR GIRLS OF 1866—Nannie, Addie, Carrie, Fannie, Bettie, Maggie, Cannie, and all the rest of you—I have just met you as you filed past my eye in stately procession between the pages of a rare old copy of the Baptist Female College Catalogue. How many of you, I wonder, were enrolled in the department which the catalogue designates as "Ornamental?"

And the expense! O parents of 1866, did you complain about the high cost of education? Board and room for twenty weeks cost \$80.00. Tuition was \$25.00. And "washing" was \$1.00 a month! (and in those days there was more to wash).

The girl of to-day reads with a pardonable smile the catalogue statement: "Parents should send for their daughters but seldom, and never before four o'clock on Friday, and should return them Saturday evening or Monday morning—not on the Sabbath."

*Send and return!* That was the blessed age of parental authority. Now they send us cakes—and we return the box for re-filling.

On the last page I find a paragraph entitled "Uniform." *What in the world!*

"In winter, blue merino or delane dresses and mode sunbonnets with blue ribbon trimming. In summer, blue gingham, calico, or muslin dresses and white sunbonnets trimmed with blue ribbons."

Those sunbonnets, somehow, add the luster of sunshine to the picture. We wonder if they tied the ribbons in large bows under their chins like our Mother Goose pictures of Bo-peep. If they did, we venture to guess that the Young Man Blue did not linger nappingly under the haycocks.

—Floy Klein

A jungle of words suggestive of the riotous romplings of pill night when the Hi Betas took off their dignity and put on pilluption stunts.

WITH THE ASSISTANCE of his trombone pill case, a shoe-tree heart tester, and various sweeping gesticulations of force, the new Doctor Pill proved the rejuvenation of the lost as he pulled forth from the anatomy of his dreamless patient, two syrup cans.

After the recovery of the weeping audience, the curtain rolled back again and this time, the Smith-Wilson sextette of two, with a "bow-wow here and a bow-wow there," "jack-rabbit" to the platform. After the pursuit of two famous ditties, the sextette absolved themselves into the familiar "Father!"—"Son!" embrace as the faithful dog with "his tale cut short" recognized his master's distinguished whistle.

As the dog and master fell from behind the footlights, Professoreess Scoopemup assembled her assortment of promising Podunk elements found among the swatters of gum and the mixers of snickers. Roll call was answered by all—present as well as absent—and much to the surprise of the audience, Pedro Piecrust answered, "All Here."

Such was the nature of the spontaneous combustions which ruffled the school room atmosphere, that the professoreess was immediately assailed with the perplexing problem of how to attack a weather-cock on the windmill.

After the firing of the usual Friday afternoon explosion of pent-up speeches spouted in unison with the crackling of gum, the curtain was rolled down.

The Stephens Humaniform, performed by another assortment of "I-desire-to-be-worthy-of-the-pill-women," was found to be noteworthy out of tune—perhaps financially embarrassed on the "do" as the music master ran down the scale.

As the air trembled with music from the humaniform, "Sister's First Beau" was tragically dramatized with all the atmosphere usually "incumbent" upon such rare occasions. With the breath of the silent melo-drama more melo than silent and more silent than melo (*now*, where is it?) the painful experiences of the "first Beau" under the engulfing eyes of mother, father, and auntie, were rehearsed.

Again the curtain fell and again it went up as forth from the dark halls of restricted giggles and wasted time there blew with a mad explosion of pent-up energy, 500 Stephens girls scrambling for the "Wood Hall Special." The special, its human passenger cars bedecked for the "home Xmas" trip, puffed, crept, and waded over the platform with its passengers and their attached freight dangling dangerously.

The "Romance of the Cannibal Isles" was a "sight for weak hearts." The foot lights (two redclad pills) went on and the curtains parted—thereby hangs the parting of two strips of cretonne effectively draped on and moved by two more pills. The scenery of Shakespeare's day shifted—from foot to foot—and the King and Queen of the Cannibal Isles were introduced. As the dashing daughter darted in and sensed the unpromising atmosphere, the villian hurdled in, sensed the prospects, engulfed the fickle princess with a black and wicked glance and demanded a wife. And then—to please the King, the villian passed out, the curtains met, footlights went off, and Time passed across the stage.

Again the curtains opened and once again the villian engulfed his prey and spouted, "Gimme a wife." There was a well-planted "No," and then—"silently, one by one," at the

point of a hungry sword, there passed the lives of all the Romancers of the Cannibal Isles.

After a most passive rendition of "How you Gonna Keep 'em," Mme. Nosnort, introduced Mme. Nufish. With the gesticulations of a butterfly *chaser*, Nosnort prepared the way for her acrobatic accomplice Mme. Nufish who could "kiss the soul of innocence," and "unlock a faculty heart."

And now, since the remainder of the "Promising Pill" stunts must be seen to be appreciated, space and propriety forbid any further comment. The reader will be asked to imagine the Grecian Dancer whose lover had to be reminded to send the flowers across the footlights; to imagine "Walkin' the dog," "When Fools go to Masquerade" and "Before and After."

## Goobers

By Mary Morelock

IN THE DARKNESS of the theater while everyone was tense with the thrill of a stupendous drama, and while the heroine was running madly to the hero's embrace, I heard a low sound grow louder,—and then the crack of a goober. I turned my attention again to the picture. The heroine was dying. Every throat in the house had that queer sore feeling of pain, and eyes were so dimmed they could hardly see the picture as it went on and on to the bitter end. Women were crying and men were sitting with quivering lips—but still continued the crackling of the goobers—all reaching the same destination, the floor. At the very end—where producer, decorator, scenario-writer and players had all combined to make the strongest, most breath-taking, terrible climax that a picture had ever had in history,—a small boy started crying with remarkable loudness. He got down on the floor and felt blindly under the seats—he had lost his goobers!

Just after the orchestra had assembled, and everything was quiet, the leader raised his baton—and someone cracked a goober. In the descriptive parts of the selection and in the rests one could hear the regular thud of falling goobers.

As I made my way out of the theater I saw little piles of goobers located at different intervals over the floor—where folks had carelessly left them to suffer their fates, and eventually be destroyed.

Goobers have always been popular in America. Hardly a boy or girl, man or woman, goes to the picture show without them. Our grandparents took great delight in having goobers in the house. Possibly the girls whose pictures one sees on the front of this issue of the *Standard* have goobers tucked away in their pockets.

Goobers have been known for centuries. They are very useful. At the present time they are made into peanut butter. The name of goobers was given them from the very first; later they acquired a more dignified name—peanuts. It has been decided that they contain much more food value than meat, eggs, or bread. Their cultivation is urged by agriculturists.

So we shall go on buying peanuts and taking them to the picture shows and football games and getting untold delight and satisfaction out of them. In fact, we shall get the same comfort and pleasure as our grandparents of old got out of goobers—even though we punctuate the most tragic moments of the photo drama with cracking pistol shots from our goober shells and accompany the orchestra with the unwritten but rhythmical music of greedy goober-eaters.

### The New Student Officers

THE CIVIC ASSOCIATION is now in perfect running condition, for every wheel is in place—every office is filled. Hilda Millsbaugh is the new secretary and very well fitted is she for the office. Ruth Hammond is the treasurer—and every one may be certain that there will be no embezzlement of funds. The loyal school boosters may be assured that pep and cheers will be forthcoming, because Lila K. Graham is our new cheer leader. She is a regular pepper-box—red pepper.

On the Student Government Council two new officials have been elected. Julia Bondurant, who has been acting as temporary president, was elected permanent president and she knows just what her office calls for. Margaret Engle is the new secretary of the S. G. D., and she is certainly a capable one.

With a full force of officers and with the loyal co-operation of the members of the Association, this year can be and *will* be the "best year yet."

The Academ officers are: Tilburn Johnson, president; Louise Liddle, vice-president; Bertha Brown, treasurer; Doris Cox, secretary.

### Hikes, the Stephens Girls' Delight

"Hep! Hep! heppity-hep" is heard along the road which leads to Lover's Leap. No! they are not desperate lovers on the road to self-destruction—at least they do not appear to be. They are Stephens girls who are taking one of their many hikes: hikes for pleasure, when food is an important factor at the climax of the journey; hikes for speed, with five miles per hour the highest record reported; hikes for athletic points to the girls who expect soon to be wearing the coveted S-sweaters; hikes of gym classes out Fraternity Row; and various other hikes.

The pleasant autumn days call the girls to the country where nature can be seen and enjoyed at its true worth (look up the poetical authorities on the subject), where the artificiality of civilization has not intruded, and where lies that golden treasure which everyone desires to possess—health.

### Another Student Wins Honor

"JOHN, WHERE ARE WE?"

"Hanged if I knew, Mary. The country looks familiar, but I certainly never saw this road before. But that's Jones's farm over there. Why, I do believe they have made this road over."

This summer, Catherine Bullard, a student at Stephens College entered an essay contest on "Good Roads and Highway Transportation." The best essay from each state was entered. Miss Bullard's essay, having won first place in Missouri, was entered in the national contest and ranked fifth in the list of national winners—a Miss Johnson of West Virginia being first. The prize in this contest is the Firestone Scholarship of four thousand dollars—four years in any university or college—given by Harvey S. Firestone.

Stephens College is very proud that it has such an energetic booster for such a good cause—and is justly boastful about the fact that so much *real* ability is to be found among its students.

### Our Likeness

"Step lively, ladies. That's it, right this way. Move on up close. Don't leave that vacant place there. Room for one more—going—going—gone—one good piece of standing room."

"O say, does my hair look all right? I just know I'll look awful. Is my nose shiny? Oh gracious, hand me your powder puff—quick!"

Yes, you are right, we of Stephens were to have our pictures taken, and so thrilled were we that hardly could we wait to see the "birdie come out."

The picture man strutted up and down and "hollered" stage directions much as a stage manager would do. "Now, now, here we are—*still* over there—*STILL*. That little girl, *chin* up, please. There, *that's* better. *STILL*, on that end over there. Here *goes*. Now ladies, don't move a bit until the kodak goes *past* you. Now, one, two—th-rrree—we're off."

"It's over!"

Such sighs of relief as ascended!—for who ever saw girls what could keep quiet for more than a minute and a half at one time?



LORRAINE BRUNSON (left)  
Nevada, Missouri  
*President of the Senior Class*



DOROTHY LEE BROWN (right)  
Oklohoma City  
*President of the Junior Class*

## Mainly About Ex-Stephensites

*NOTICE: The editors of the Standard hope to get out a Grand-daughter number in the spring. Any former Stephens girl, who has a daughter, six years of age, or under, can do much to make this number a success, by sending in a picture of her baby girl. Send it as soon as possible.*

Mrs. G. H. Statten, formerly Norma Holmes, will teach in Cardin, Oklahoma, this winter. She writes appreciatively of the *Standard*.

Betty Martin is in Wichita. She is another one of the *Standard's* enthusiastic friends. She signs herself "an old Stephens booster."

Mrs. T. W. Hume, formerly Margaret Henry, will be in Gooding, Idaho, this winter.

Mrs. Blanche Williams Friedmeyer and her husband are living in New Haven, Missouri. They were married June 6, in California, Missouri.

Katherine Bowden, of Purcell, Oklahoma, spent the summer in Chicago. She is teaching again this winter at a very "substantial" increase in salary. Katherine is another one of the many Stephens girls who are "living up to their training." She is certainly making good.

Lillian Charles, a former student of Stephens College, is attending the University of Missouri.

Ruth Berry has been studying violin in New York City for the past year.

Mrs. D. E. Alexander, formerly Margaret Smith, "Pat," a graduate of Stephens in 1918, is now living in Santa Fe Springs, California.

Eva M. Gilbert, a student in 1914-15 is at her home in Wagoner, Oklahoma. She says that the *Stephens Standard* brings back "Fond Memories" of her school days.

Beulah May is teaching Latin and English in the high school in Mountain View, Missouri.

Mary Geraldine Holmes and Ola V. Powell have been pledged Phi Mu at the University of Missouri.

Fannie Ellis Cocke is teaching English and Latin in the high school at Holcomb, Missouri.

Alice Sanders is teaching at Carbondale, Kansas.

Evangeline Gillaspay is attending the University of Missouri.

Ruth Ohmer is attending Kansas University. She was a member of Sigma Iota Chi and has pledged Pi Beta Phi at K. U.

Frances Martin and Verla Patton are attending Kansas University. They pledged Gamma Phi Beta.

Betty Franklin, '21, is attending Missouri University. She pledged Delta Delta Delta.

Lorena Fahrney is attending the University of California.

Bert Dorsey is teaching at Carrollton, Missouri.

Rhea Statton is teaching at King City, Missouri.

Lillian Harvey is teaching at Kennett, Missouri.

Laura Milford is spending the winter at her home in Vinita, Oklahoma.

Mildred French, a former piano instructor at Stephens, is pursuing her work this year in Chicago.

Francis Shale is attending the State Teachers' College at Kirksville, Missouri.

Genevieve Gilbert, one of the physical education directors at Stephens last year, is teaching at Rockford Women's College, Rockford, Illinois.

Arvilla Ginsburg is now the wife of Dr. George Franklin Desher, president of Desher College, Russellville, Kentucky. The newspaper reports of the marriage described it as the result of a "whirlwind courtship," the engagement resulting two days after the "introduction." Dr. Ginsburg, the bride's father, is a pioneer Baptist missionary in Brazil.

Ola V. Powell is attending Missouri University. Ola V. set a good example to other Stephens graduates in the University by being the first one to subscribe for the *Standard*.

Dorothy Dunlap is attending the University of Iowa.

Mercedes Sherman is now Mrs. Charles Harrison Moureau. She was married October 12 in St. Paul's Cathedral, Oklahoma City. While Mercedes was at Stephens she had the misfortune to lose three roommates by marriage. Apparently it was contagious. *Bon voyage*, Mrs. Moureau, and much happiness!

"Can't get along without the *Standard*" writes Ethel Cabell from Butler, Missouri. And neither can *you*—if the Stephens Spirit is in your heart.

Doris Margaret Darrach, '17 was married to Dr. Arthur David Juenger, October 1, in Los Angeles. They will live at 4435 Wesley Avenue.

Sansa Vera Carey and John B. O'Connor were married in Kansas City, September 24.

Pauline Jones, president of the student council last year, is teaching in Harrison, Nebraska.

Gladys Frazier is teaching Home Economics in Leadwood, Missouri. Gladys is an enthusiastic Stephensite—and one way she shows it is by subscribing for the *Standard*.

### A Word from Soonerland

At least nine former Stephens College girls have enrolled in the University of Oklahoma for the 1921-22 term.

Ina Boone, '18, a Pi Beta Phi pledge, is a senior in the college of arts and science; Maude Carroll, '18, is a senior in the school of fine arts, Maude is teaching piano in the university this winter too; Lois Poole, '18, a member of Chi Omega, is a senior in the school of journalism, Lois is woman's editor of the *Oklahoma Daily* this year. Izetta Cole, who enrolled last year but was forced to leave school on account of her health has returned to resume her work. She is a Delta Gamma pledge.

Five girls who were in Stephens last year have joined the four older girls in Soonerland this year; they are: Lula Smith, Thelma Neal, and Katherine Ballain, Gamma Phi Beta pledges; and Evelyn Burke and Glenna Belle Lain, Alpha Chi Omega pledges.

The word "Stephens" seems to be sufficient introduction, for the girls are soon chatting over Stephens days altho they probably never were in school together, but it seems that we all have something in common. It is rumored that a Stephens College club is to be organized sometime in the near future.

### Honor Student at Minnesota

Lenore M. Long of Beaver, Oklahoma, who graduated from Stephens College in 1920, is a senior in the University of Minnesota. Miss Long made the highest grades in her class during her junior year. She is a member of Phi Theta Kappa. That Miss Long has a continuing interest in Stephens College is shown by the fact that she has influenced one of her friends to enroll here for the school year beginning September 1922. The enthusiastic interest of former Stephens students is largely responsible for the growth of the school.

## The Gossip Column

**Found:** By girls of Main Dormitory the latest indoor sport—serenading the dates lingering in the swings.

Mrs. S. M. Tryer, of Okmulgee, Oklahoma, visited her daughters at the college.

Miss Carpenter, assisting dean, has been very sick but is again at her work.

The new telephone system is working splendidly—incessantly—although girls cannot yet conform their conversation to "three minutes."

Dorothy Heggie, Ellen Love, Julia Bondurant, and Hallie Redman attended a house party at Montgomery City.

Ruth Taylor of William Woods College visited Anna Case for several days.

Pauline Allen had as her guests a few Sundays ago, her mother and brother.

Columbia Hall girls were delightfully annoyed Sunday night by a serenade from the fair musicians of third floor—Dip, Dot, Price, and Babe. Their becoming Egyptian costumes of pastel (?) shades and witty songs were deeply appreciated.

Dr. and Mrs. Nowlin and daughter, of Montgomery City, drove down to spend Sunday with Fanny Nowlin.

Mary Young Moore, a Stephens student last year, visited her sister at the college.

Loreta Byard and Berta Lee Dorsey visited at the Sigma House for several days.

"I'd like to be a friend of yours,—m-m-m—and a little bit more." Yes, you are right. It's the Main Dorm girls serenading Mother Holt.

Catherine Bullard was the cause of much excitement when she hypnotized Winifred Harley so thoroughly that Winifred believed she was an orchestra leader.

Helen Powell spent the week end in Warrensburg the latter part of October.

Basil Dean Gauntlett, director of the Conservatory of Music, presented the first piano recital of the year, October 10, in the College auditorium. A large audience welcomed Professor Gauntlett's return from his leave of absence and showed a most responsive appreciation of the evening performance.

Miss Oakes, director of the Curtain Raisers, together with the executive board, has planned a series of plays for the coming months. It is hoped that a play may be presented by the Curtain Raisers every three weeks.

The regular meetings of the Curtain Raisers are to be very informal and will be for the purpose of discussing and studying new plays.

## Chips from the "Wood" Pile

The piano is very popular and is often assisted by a saxophone, at the parlor parties in Wood Hall between vespers and study hour, but Miss Haggard is the real center of attraction for she very successfully plays the part of a big sister to the girls every evening.

Janet Sweet has brought her harp to Columbia. Great was the disappointment of the girls when they learned that the beautiful harp was not to be kept in their parlors. But, of course, they are heavenly enough without the addition of harps.

## All Ye Home Ec. Girls Who Could be—But Are Not—Members Of Home Ec. Club! Attention!

Gather ye here and listen while I tell the tale of the wonderful Home Ec. Club that was and still is.

Ye club has met twice: The first time all ye girls enjoyed a dainty little tea; and officers for the year 1921-22 were nominated. During ye second meeting the members wisely chose Hazel McClure to occupy the presidential chair, Nadine Dome ably seconds as vice-president; and Ethel McMaster acts as treasurer and secretary.

Our meetings are a combination of social good times and discussions of various problems of the day. We are planning to have well-known women from various centers of Home Ec. Training come and lecture to us. This gives us opportunity to become acquainted with people of note.

One of our ways of getting acquainted socially, as well as of satisfying our clamorous appetites is to have Home Ec. Luncheons.

The Food Class prepares the luncheons. Various members of the Household Problem Class take care of the cleaning of the laboratory afterward, and all ye Home Ec. Club Members get to eat!

If you are for us and with us, just drop in at our next meeting and see what Ye Home Ec. Club is doing.

—Floy Klein

## The Hexagon

In 1556, a hundred years before Hudson discovered the river that now bears his name, the first "American" book on Mathematics was printed in Mexico City. Why was it needed in that day and time? Well, that's one of the many things to be found out at the Hypatia Hexagon. The Hexagon is one of the unique organizations of Stephens College. We are curious about the *why* of its name and we are going to ask one of the Hypatian devotees to give us a fuller account of this very interesting geometrical figure with its mystic symbolisms.

## "S"

There is a chance for every girl to earn a Stephens sweater with a letter in "Maroon and Gold." There are sweater points given for hiking, tennis, swimming, basketball, volleyball, baseball, and track.

The A. A. is noted for its "sociality" as well as for athletics; a few evenings ago the members of the Association took a hike to "Lover's Leap" and toasted weiners over the red hot coals and returned to school by the light of a full moon. They are planning a number of other enjoyable events.

Miss \_\_\_\_\_ reproved one of her students for coming late to class.

"This is a class in \_\_\_\_\_," she said, "and not an afternoon tea."

Two days later this same girl came late. The teacher waited until she had traversed the length of the room and found her set, then bitingly remarked:

"How will you have your tea, Miss \_\_\_\_\_?"

"Without the lemon, if you please," she gently answered.

## Burrowings and Borrowings

### The Honor System

"Aren't you going to study for that exam tomorrow? You know genius *sometimes* wins but work *always* does."

"That's all right, I'll take a chance on genius.—She sits next to me."

—Ex.

Vernal—"Mrs. Calloway doesn't know good English."

Doris—"How so?"

Vernal—"Why she says, 'pie are square,' when it should be, 'pie is round.'"

—Ex.

### Touching

At first she touches up her hair  
To see if it's in place,  
And then, with manner debonair,  
She touches up her face.  
A touch of curls behind her ear,  
A touch of cuffs and collars,  
And then she's off to Daddy dear,  
To touch him for ten dollars.

—Punch Bowl

### Well?

The ostrich is a silly animal. It sticks its head into the ground, and thinks that people can't see it.

Girls often say, "Don't you dare kiss me!"

—Tiger

He—"Have you had any experience in gym works?"

She—"Well, I've danced with lots of dumb bells."

—Tiger

"From what does the funny bone receive its nourishment?"

"From the humorous vein, I suppose."

—Lemon Punch

### Advice

Senior—"This cold weather chills me to the bone."

Soph.—"You should wear a hat."

—Octopus

Clothes signify personality—but not always your own.

### Confessions of a Roommate

It has been my misfortune to have been endowed with a peculiarly contrary roommate.

She professes a great liking for my powder and perfume and consequently helps herself whenever she feels so inclined.

She is absolutely conscienceless, when it comes to borrowing my stationery.

She has the peculiarly irritating habit of contradicting every statement that I make.

She has a way of borrowing small sums at regular intervals.

But for all of that I absolutely could not do without her. She wears the same size clothes that I wear.

### Home Spun Proverbs

A rolling stone wins many a love.

An apple a day costs money.

He who laughs first sees the point.

A bird in a bush can't be very large.

A stitch in time saves thread.

—Lehigh Burr

A man never notices a girl until he thinks someone else wants her and then the law of demand begins to operate.

—Ohio Sun Dial

### Courtesy

"I beg your pardon," said the convict, as the governor passed his cell.

—Virginia Reel

### Sharp Eyes

Frat—We have a new dish-washer at the house.

Frater—How so?

I noticed the difference in the finger prints on my plate.

—Penn State Froth

### It is a Wise Landlady

Visitor—Does Mr. Crawford, a student, live here?

Landlady—Well, Mr. Crawford lives here, but I thought he was a night watchman.

—Toronto Goblin

### Hear Ye—English Students!

A man once went up the steps to the Lamb's Club, in New York City, and inquired of a man just leaving "Pardon me sir, but is there a man in this club, with one leg named Walker?"

"I'll see," answered the other, obligingly, "What's the name of his other leg?"

### A Safe Bet

In Massachusetts a man who speaks ten tongues has just married a woman who speaks seven. We are betting on the lady.

—Philadelphia Public Ledger

### A Knowing Child

"Mamma, what are twins?" asked Bobby.

"Oh, I know," chimed in Marjorie, with all the superiority of an elder sister. "Twins is two babies just the same age; three is triplets, four is quadrupeds, and five is centipedes."

—Boston Transcript

### Love Insurance

"Can you give me any assurance that you can support my daughter—etc?"

"Our love will insure our happiness."

"Old line stuff," whispered Cupid, "with no accident clause attached."

"Now I shall come to my close," said Eve as she munched her apple.