

The Stephens Standard



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VOLUME ONE

FEBRUARY, 1921.

NUMBER THREE

*Read
the
Story of
Miss
Burrall
and her
Bible
Class
on
Page 33.*

*The
Article
is
Reprinted
from
the
Washington
Times*



JESSIE L. BURRALL
*Head of the Department of Religious Education
Stephens College*

*Jessie
Burrall
says:
"There
is an
Undreamed
of
Power
in our
Girls
Throughout
the
Country—
All
They
Ask
is
Leadership"*

Contents for February

FOR original contributions and for assistance in preparation of material for the February issue of the *Standard* the editor acknowledges her obligation to Amelia Foster, Bessie Gibson, Mary Ruth Craven, Jeanette Smith, Floy Klein, Opal Moore, B. Chambers, Floy Terry, Lolita Schaeperkoetter, Vernal Venter, Helen May, Mary Virginia Hughes, Carolyn Cobb, Ruth Clapper, Hazel Marvin, Thelma Rhinehart, Olivia Noel, and all of the associate members of the regular staff.

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Lolita Schaeperkoetter.			

YOUR HEART

Instructs You to write for sample copies of the *Stephens Standard*. The editors wish to send the paper to you **if you want it**. If you are a Stephens girl you probably have received a communication from the Secretary of the College in regard to the *Standard*. **Have you answered it?**

The Stephens Standard

Biggest Year for the Conservatory

Walter Scott, director of the Conservatory, tells of improved equipment and outlines prospects for future development. All departments show growth

THIS is the banner year for the Conservatory so far as numbers are concerned: the registration is the heaviest in the history of the school.

The growth, however, cannot be measured by numbers solely. Under the able management of Walter Scott, director of the Conservatory, a record of achievement has been set in both the amount and the quality of work accomplished.

In regard to the matter of equipment, Mr. Scott said, "The administration had had its attention focused on this particularly important branch of the music department for some time, and Stephens College has now an equipment that is superior to that of most music departments to be found in the Eastern colleges. In this respect, as in others, no stone will be left unturned until Stephens College possesses an absolutely first class equipment ranking with the best to be found in the country."

The practice pianos have been overhauled so that they are now in excellent shape. A new Chickering concert grand piano has been purchased for the director's studio.

A second concert grand piano has been repaired and regulated giving us now three fine concert grand pianos and making it possible to have a series of concerts featuring two-pianoforte music.

The Conservatory orchestra under the leadership of Mr. Ziegler has grown tremendously both in numbers and in spirit.

The chorus is the largest ever—comprising eighty girls, and the quality of the voices is good. Miss Woodbridge is planning, in conjunction with the University Glee Club, to give Gaul's "Holy City" sometime in March.

"The course in Public School Music is very much appreciated by the students," said Mr. Scott. "A large number of our graduates are now holding responsible positions as heads of Public School Music in the high schools throughout the state, and are doing real work in developing the highest standards of appreciation in their schools and communities, and with their help in putting into operation the Seashore tests, I feel that Stephens College girls will be instrumental in doing one of the biggest things musically that has ever been attempted in the state."

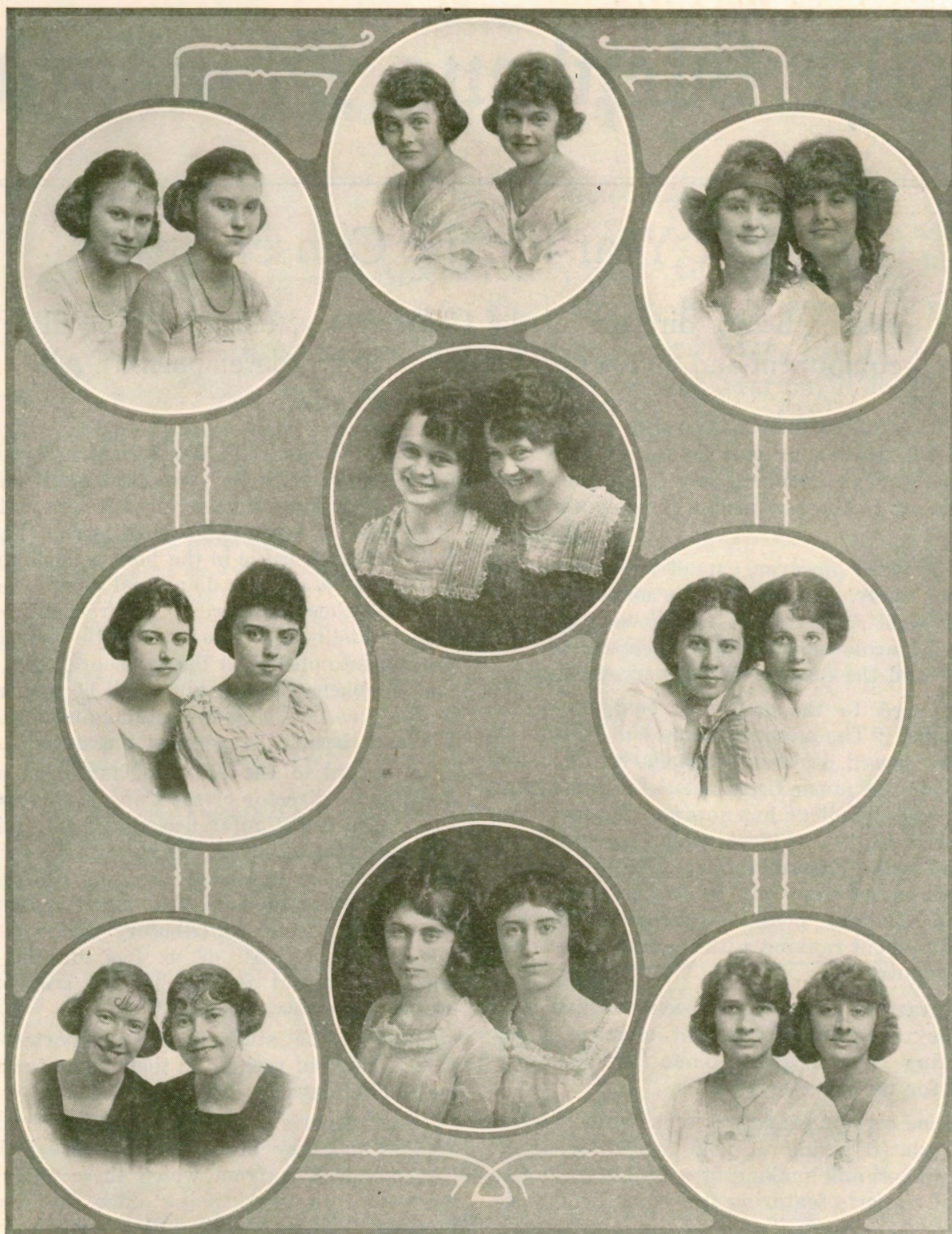
In regard to the effect of music on student morale, the director of the Conservatory said: "I have often heard reference made, and this year especially, to the peculiarly happy and optimistic state of mind possessed by Stephens College girls, and I venture to think that music perhaps has been an important contributory factor in bringing this about. All of us feel grateful to the vocal department for having the students sing on every possible occasion."

Many of the students have reported taking part in musical recitals in their home towns during the holidays.

"Such reports are very gratifying," said Mr. Scott, "and they prove to me conclusively that the communities from which these girls come appreciate the work being done for music at Stephens. These recitals are a further practical demonstration of that increased activity along all lines which has manifested itself so clearly among the student body this year.

"The faculty recitals have been meeting with general approval and are an added incentive to the faculty members to maintain the highest standards in their own work.

Continued on page 34



JEWELL AND JEWETT TRIPLETT
Claremore, Oklahoma

CAROLYN AND ANNABELLE STIPE
Plattsburg, Missouri

MAURINE AND PAULINE RILEY
Columbia, Missouri

VELMA AND ZELMA BISHOP
Peculiar, Missouri

GERTRUDE AND LUCILE SUTER
Palmyra, Missouri

HETTIE AND NETTIE CLEMENS
Columbia, Missouri

EMILY AND FRANCES MCGUIRE
Hardin, Missouri

ZOLA AND ZONA YOUNKIN
Jennings, Oklahoma

THELMA AND VELMA MEREDITH
Carthage, Missouri

"The Official College for Twins"

NOTE: It is possible that you will see the following story in your home paper, as it has been accepted for publication by a newspaper syndicate

TEACHERS and students at Stephens College, Columbia, Missouri, thought they were "seeing double" last September when the College opened. An investigation of this optical illusion, however, developed the fact that there were nine pairs of twins enrolled at the College. While the faculty and students have become reconciled to seeing the same girl in two places at the same time, very few have learned "Who's who" in the respective pairs.

A number of interesting psychological facts have been noted in observing the twins in their college work. In one case a faculty member complained because twin sisters handed in written work that was very much alike. The twins, however, stated that they prepared their work independently and did not consult each other in preparing their written lesson. In order to try them out the teachers seated the twin sisters on opposite sides of the room and gave a written test on subject-matter that was practically new to the class. When the papers were handed in it was found that the twin sisters had handed in papers that were practically identical in subject-matter, spelling, and punctuation.

The story is told that the father of one of the pairs could tell his daughters apart because one was a few pounds heavier than the other. When they came to college, however, the thin twin gained in weight, and when the father came to visit them he could not tell which was which, until he recalled that one of his daughters had a mole on the back of her left ear, and by this means he was at last able to unscramble them.

It is also rumored (on the quiet where the faculty won't hear) that one of the twins wanted to go to a football game at the University one afternoon, but could not get excused from a class scheduled at that hour. This difficulty was easily overcome by sending her sister as substitute to the conflicting class. The football fanette not only got to see the game, but she also got an 'E' in her classroom recitation because of the very efficient work of her substitute.

Stephens College made its start as the "official college for twins" last year when three pairs were enrolled. It is hardly possible that any other college in the country can beat this year's

record of nine pairs. The Stephens College twins have organized a "Duplex Club" for the purpose of interesting other twins in this institution and for the purpose of entertaining twins that visit the College. A great many inquiries have been received from twin sisters who are interested in the College. These inquiries have been turned over to the "Duplex Club," and the indications are that there will be an increased enrollment of twins at Stephens next year.

Washington Loses Jessie Burrall

JESSIE Burrall, organizer and leader of the Burrall Sunday School Class of the Calvary Baptist Church, the largest Sunday School class in the world, is leaving Washington.

On February 1, Miss Burrall becomes director of religious education in the Stephens College, Columbia, Missouri. She has resigned her post here as director of school service work of the National Geographic Society.

With more than 1,500 girls present, Miss Burrall led one of her last services to-day [January 2]. The girls gathered in the Rialto Theater at 9:40 a. m., and for one hour sang hymns and listened to Bible lessons.

The Sunday school class, which Miss Burrall organized with six girls in November, 1917, now has grown in size to 1,600 and includes girls from seven denominations. The classes became so large in the spring of 1919 that it was necessary to change the meeting place from the church to the Rialto Theater.

Beginning with the motto "We specialize on the wholly impossible," Miss Burrall aimed to organize a class of 100. This number was soon obtained and the class set out for another hundred, and this continued Sunday after Sunday until the class now has enrolled 1,600 members.

—The Washington Times.

Continued from page 31

"Regarding the future of the Conservatory at Stephens, or ambition is to expand, but to expand on the *basis of efficiency and of service*. Columbia already enjoys unusual advantages, because of its being almost exclusively a school town, and with the University band, Glee Club, Phi Mu Alpha Concerts, faculty and student recitals, etc., it is possible to satisfy to a considerable extent one's musical demands.

"But more than this is necessary and at the same time possible. A greater interest in music can be developed. More individuals can be induced to take an active part in some form of music, and the general welfare of the community can be promoted and the desirability of the town of Columbia as a place of residence increased thereby.

"It is the earnest hope and desire of the Music department at Stephens College to contribute to that end.

"The rapid growth of the Conservatory, and the increased appreciation of music is due, in no small part to the keen interest evidenced by our educational leaders, Dr. W. W. Charters and President J. M. Wood, also to the sympathetic and hearty co-operation of Dean J. J. Oppenheimer and the faculty as a whole.

"The Phi Mu Alpha series was the best ever given to music lovers in Columbia, and it is interesting to note that with the exception of Mr. Schmitz, the French pianist, the artists were one hundred percent American.

"I should like to express my hearty appreciation of the splendid missionary work performed by such men as Calhoun in Carthage, Goetze in Moberly, and Pommer at the University, as well as others too numerous to mention—all of whom are most directly concerned with the exceptionally high standard of musical appreciation which is developing in the Middle West."

Studying the Problem of How to Study

Importance of right methods and right environment is stressed. Conservatory halls are to be furnished with new reading tables and lights for study during day periods

"**W**HEN you sit down to study, do you study or do you just sit?" asked a faculty advisor in a conference with some of her students.

"I study all right—but it doesn't do any good," said one.

"I can't concentrate," said another: "There are too many distractions."

Such answers reveal the two essentials of effective study—right methods and an environment conducive to concentration.

"I have no doubt that there is a great deal of wasted energy in study," said Mr. Oppenheimer, dean of the faculty. "We hope to conserve some of this energy by helping the students to discover and adopt more economical methods of study. Each faculty member acts as advisor of a certain number of students and keeps in close personal touch with them, attempting to analyze their difficulties and give sympathetic advice and suggestions. In order to insure the soundness of

such advice, the faculty is taking up the discussion of the educational literature which treats of the best approved methods of study."

A more strict observance of the evening study hour has been urged in order to minimize the distractions which are naturally present among congenial groups of college students.

New study tables and desk reading lights are to be installed in the first and second corridors of the conservatory for use during the day periods. More tables may be added as there is a demand for them.

"These expedients are only temporary, we hope," said President Wood. "The larger policy of the college demands a more commodious library with a beautiful, well-equipped reading room where students may go in large numbers to study or read, in the morning, afternoon, or evening, and with smaller departmental reading rooms where individual assistance may be given in problems of study."

Your Heart Instructs You—See Page 30—Your Heart Instructs You

The Stephens Standard

VOLUME ONE

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RUTH OHMER, *Editor.*

Associate editors

GRACE ECKELBERRY	Editorial
MEDRITH DROLL	News
MERCEDES SHERMAN	Special Features
RACHEL SIEFKIN	Personal News
OLA V. POWELL	Alumnae
OPAL SIMMONS	Exchange
VERA TAYLOR	Art

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 composition.

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Religious Education

“A NATION never rises above the ideals of its womahood,” said J. A. Cooper, in his address to the Stephens girls at a recent Sunday evening vesper service. We are realizing that our College life is a complex of the varying standards and ideals of six hundred girls. Out of the processes of fusion and elimination, shall come new criteria of judgment—new measuring-rods of character.

Stephens stands for perfect womanhood. In the development of individual capacities—in the process of education—true soul-culture comes as the crowning achievement. The problem of spiritual self realization demands the fostering and strengthening of a confident and practical religious idealism. Thus religious education becomes a vital phase of college life.

Up to the present time, the Y. W. C. A. has been the most tangible and concrete expression of individual efforts toward religious education. This organization has done incalculable good in calling forth and directing into useful channels of expression each girl's devotional nature. But now the importance of religious training has received official recognition through the establish-

ment of a special department under the direction of Jessie L. Burrall of Washington, D. C.

Just as the gymnasium is the work-room of physical education, and the recitation room the center of mental exercise, so there must be a laboratory for spiritual endeavors. Stephens girls need to have more individual and group work giving practical expression to their inner life. Spiritual development must not be wholly subjective. Someone has said that the externalization of emotions is the basis of self-expression. If so, we need laboratory work with tabulated results and conclusions—objective criteria—as truly in religious work as we do in scientific study.

And out of college we shall go into the laboratory of life. If we succeed in making our religious life here worth while and helpful, we shall go back to our communities not to become misfits and drawbacks to the once congenial church activities, but to form the intelligent, sympathetic heart of the religious life there.

If, then, the ideals of womanhood set the goals of the world's accomplishment, we shall have succeeded in making a definite contribution to the spiritual progress of humanity through the religious education work of Stephens College.

A Life Four-Square

*“All are architects of fate
Working in these walls of time”*

THE square represents the best balanced, the most symmetrical and the most solid of foundations. So the four-square type stands as the ideal of life-architecture—a life with four sides, or walls: physical, mental, moral, and religious, each wall lending its solid support and strength to the other three. Any imperfection in the construction of one of the walls breaks the symmetry of the whole and renders the structure susceptible to the trying tempests of life.

Four-square! Study your physical needs—and build a strong body. Study your mental needs—and build an efficient mind. Study your moral needs—and build a clean character. Study your spiritual needs—and build an abiding religious faith. Build—and build four-square!

If you like the *Stephens Standard*, and want to keep your name on the mailing list, write to the Secretary of the College.—**Your Heart Instructs You.**

All for the Interests of All

MORE books have been added to the library this year than have been added for several years, and the reading lists afford a wide range of choice. But the recognition of *rights* in the use of these books deserves some attention. The honor system in connection with the use of the library is not quite perfect. Often a girl will thoughtlessly monopolize a book for a week, not realizing that there are no duplicate copies on the shelves. Also some girls carelessly misplace books and magazines, inconveniencing the next girl who happens to need them.

In college we must unlearn some of our selfish ways. College is a little society in which all must co-operate in the interest of all. The consideration of other people's rights is a fundamental ethical principle. And in the library is a good place to apply it.

Studying at Stephens

PEOPLE are always trying to find a quicker way of doing things. And now we are trying to find a quicker and a better way of studying. Educators have spent a great deal of time in planning the model class room. From the very beginning they have realized the value of the recitation but only recently have they waked up to the importance of the proper use of the study period.

The attempt to remove all distractions during the evening study periods and the requests for reading tables in the corridors are merely indications of the need that is felt for new library study rooms and reading facilities. If the training the students are receiving in "How to Study" is to function properly, every caution must be taken to make the college environment conducive to mental work and every aid to effective study must be supplied.

We Respectfully Submit---

"STUDENT assemblies could be made one of the most interesting parts of school life." This statement is taken from a "student viewpoint" in the January issue of the *Stephens Standard*. It expresses the feeling of the officers in the different organizations of Stephens if not the feeling of the whole student body.

Student assemblies would furnish the much-needed opportunity for co-operation and closer relationship among the various school organizations. An assembly once every two weeks at which one of the clubs would give a special program would tend greatly to unify the interests of the entire student body and would certainly be of great educational benefit to the organization giving the program.

The suggestion is respectfully submitted by the editors of the *Standard*.

Student Viewpoints

In Appreciation of the Bakery

THE greatest improvement made in the material equipment of Stephens College during the past year is the establishment of the new bakery.

Dear to the appetites of the four hundred and fifty boarding girls are all the dainties which, until a few weeks ago, were lacking in the menu. Now we are served those delicacies which we crave and for which we used to make a daily trip to Jimmie's. Now we are saving our allowances and spending a great deal less money foolishly.

Not only does it add to our pleasures but it also affords a much more balanced diet. I'm sure it is much easier for Mrs. Newton to plan our meals now, since it is possible to have pastry instead of the customary pudding or ice.

So here's three cheers for the real honest-to-goodness bakery! May we never cease to appreciate it, and let's not forget that our "daily bread" is not always "beans and bacon" but quite often cake and chocolate pie!

—Floy Klein.

We have always been taught to "play square." What does this mean? Of course, it means to play fair with the other fellow but most of all it means to play fair with ourselves. We are at school for an education, and we should work our hardest to get the most out of our time. A thing half done or half learned isn't going to help us any in the long run. It seems to me that there is always a feeling of dissatisfaction when we haven't done our best. There is always a little twinge from our conscience. Something tells us that we haven't "played square."

—Floy Terry.

NOTE: Rising bell is now rung at seven o'clock.

"Oh, how I hate to get up in the morning!" I think that is a very suitable song for the majority of Stephens girls as well as for myself.

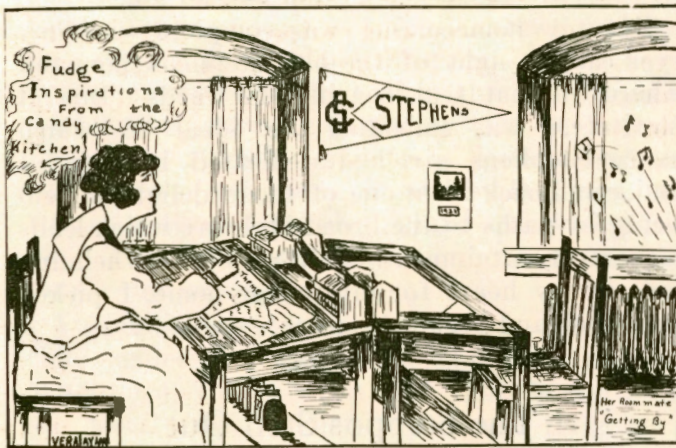
When rising bell used to ring at six-thirty in the morning, it was with a great deal of effort that most of us pulled ourselves out of bed. But when Sunday morning came we had the joyful sensation of sleeping until seven o'clock, and there was a great temptation to sleep a while longer when we remembered that there were no eight o'clock classes on Sunday. But when we realized that there was to be grape fruit and steak for breakfast most of us managed to get into the dining room by the time the tardy bell rang.

Just to think that we now have the privilege of sleeping *every* morning until seven o'clock! It seems almost too good to be true.

—Opal Moore.

A large reading room, having sound proof floors, plenty of light and all necessary equipment would prove beneficial to Stephens College. In fact, it is coming to be almost imperative that we have such a place where girls may go and study without disturbance and interruption. The study atmosphere of such a room would make it much easier for a student to get interested in her work. The quiet would induce really worthwhile studying. Here is a real need which must very soon be met. And it will have to be met by those who have faith in the Stephens program.

—Lolita Schaeperkoetter.



To study effectively it is necessary to eliminate distraction.
—From a textbook in psychology.

If Stephens College is going to meet the requirement necessary to take care of the ever increasing number of students who come to the

institution each year, it must have more new buildings.

The two that are needed most are a library and an Arts and Science building. The new library should be a large building, beautiful in design, and it should contain many small rooms for the girls to study in and a large reading room where the girls could spend a few hours in reading for pleasure as well as in studying.

The Arts and Science building should be furnished with all modern up-to-date equipment and should contain at least twenty new, commodious class rooms. The classroom capacity of the college is already severely overtaxed.

—B. Chambers.

Isn't a girl that can play tennis, swim a half-mile, and "do" all sorts of athletics, more popular than the one who can't? So it seems to me more girls would take part in athletics, for every girl in Stephens College wants to be as popular as it is possible to be.

Almost every girl has wished, some time in her life, that she could play tennis or swim (especially when she has read a love story in which the heroine was athletic). Stephens College is a good place to learn such things as swimming, tennis, volley ball, and almost any other game that is played.

—Vernal Venter.

The college girl, in general, is the "early-to-bed-and-early-to-rise" girl. What, then, should keep her from being healthy and wise?

To say that systematic living is very beneficial is but to make an oft-repeated statement. But when we observe the effects of systematic living in college we can more clearly understand the real value derived from it and can fully realize that the statement is abundantly justified.

—Helen May.

Until the morning of the Stephens "Hello Day," I had never guessed that there could be so much fun in just saying and hearing one word.

I'll tell you I have a great deal of respect for that word "Hello." It's just so friendly and "I-like-you" sounding. "How-do-you-do" is polite and dignified, but it doesn't make you smile and it doesn't "sorta go to your head" as does just plain, common, every-day "Hello!"

—Carolyn Cobb.

"Now Mother," I said the first day of the Christmas vacation, "I want to spend these days sleeping and resting, so that I may go back to my school work with a fresh mind. I'm going to bed every single night at nine o'clock, and—well, you need not bother to call me in the mornings." I saw my Daddy wink at mother when I said this, but I couldn't understand why, because it all seemed reasonable to me.

An hour later I had talked to some of my friends and had promised to go skating with them that night.

"Why, Daughter, aren't you too tired?" said Daddy, "you ought to sleep to-night."

"Oh, no!—not to-night. I want to see all the bunch first. There will be tomorrow night and every night for two whole weeks for sleeping."

I went, not only that night, but every other night and afternoon while I was at home. In fact before a week had passed I had forgotten all about the rest that I had planned.

But mothers usually remind us of such things. The last week I was there she said to me, "I hope, dear, that you have enjoyed your rest while you were here." And Daddy added, "You've been so prompt in going to bed at twelve every night."

"Oh, don't mention it," I said. "I shall have plenty of time to rest when I go back to the College."

—Mary Virginia Hughes.

The First Snowfall

(Written at the time of the heavy snow in January)

"AT last you have come," murmured Old Mother Earth drowsily. "I have been waiting for you for a long time. How did you expect me to rest without my blanket over me?"

"Hush," whispered the snowflakes, as they gently tucked the Earth in her warm, fluffy blanket. "Hush, and go to sleep. We are sorry that we are so late. We stopped on the way down here, to play with the little people in the North, and forgot that you needed us so badly. But we have arrived at last, and we will let you sleep a little longer in the spring. Now close your eyes and rest."

A soft little sigh was heard, and all was still. Mother Earth, wrapped in her heavy white blanket, was asleep.

—Ruth Clapper.

My Homecoming

By Grace Eckelberry

AGAINST the soft gray of a twilight sky, a cluster of dark buildings was silhouetted in mysterious towers and peaks, etched about with the warm colors of a dying sunset. Just above the highest pinnacle shone a single star with a steady, unwavering light.

As I drew nearer, I saw a few lights shining out from the windows. Then I knew I was returning home—going back to Stephens. In a rush, all the gay memories, all the thoughtful dreams, and all the delightful experiences of those few months spent there, came to make my heart full of the joy of a real homecoming. My thoughts ran ahead like impatient children to greet the spirit of Stephens which, like a mother's arms, seemed to surround me with an all-enveloping love and welcome.

And within those walls, I found the old familiar things waiting for me. In the hall, the old clock seemed to smile at me thoughtfully, as its pendulum faithfully ticked away the minutes and hours. During my absence, it had ticked away the last hour of the old year and had marked off with steady beat the first pulse of the new year. In the assurance which my old memories gave to me, I felt that these yet unborn hours would bring me a life full of rich experience and valuable lessons.

On my study table I found my books, marked hastily at the spot where I had closed them for the vacation. They, too, seemed to welcome me and invite me to explore those unread pages.

But my homecoming was complete when my eyes caught sight of the old Stephens pennant. There, in that seal, bearing the words "Deo et Veritate," was embodied the ideal to which every Stephens girl had dedicated her life. I had come back from one of those delightful, enticing by-paths to the broad highway which leads to perfect attainment. With an overwhelming love in my heart for my college home, I picked up a book and began my work.

The Steppos Step Out

The Hi Beta Steppo informal given Monday evening, January 17, in the gym was one of the most enjoyable parties given this year. The music was furnished by Robinson's six piece, colored jazz orchestra. Punch and wafers were served during the evening.

Trials of a Minister's Family

By H. M.

I AM the fourth daughter in a Baptist minister's family of seven children. If you are a Baptist preacher's daughter yourself I know you can sympathize with me. But I take it for granted that you are not; so I shall try to tell you about it.

The merchant's first thought about a minister is: "I must give him a discount." On most of the circulars we receive is the insulting information: "One half price to ministers!" At the dry goods store the proprietor comes to the clerk and says, "Molly, this is our new Baptist preacher!" "How do you do, Brother Jones?" Then, in a sympathetic voice: "Give him 10% off."

However, a preacher has the advantage when it comes to being paid. His salary comes in various and sundry forms. Mr. C— pays his religious debt in apples; Mr. D— pays his in corn; Mr. E— thinks, "I'll send the preacher a bushel of potatoes this month." Miss F— told mother last week that she had such a nice garden this year that she just had to send those darling (?) preacher's children some nice turnips and parsnips. (Don't you just hate parsnips? I do!) But all these different methods of payment are very helpful to mother. It saves her the worry of deciding how to spend the money or what we shall have for dinner. "We'll have baked parsnips, boiled turnips, and stewed apples," says she.

This last spring Mr. G— sent his check in the form of a pig. Well, we lived in town and had no earthly place to put it except in the barn. Soon mother began to realize that the chickens were getting scarcer and scarcer. So she declared that the pig would have to be killed. But the weather was too hot. So at last Dad took the risk of getting a member "mad" and sold the pig. That was one case where "pigs was not pigs"—but pests.

I think the worst thing about being a preacher's child (unless one can be the oldest) is wearing hand-down clothes. But no! that is not quite the worst thing. The very worst thing is to have the "Ladies Aiders" send a box of nice warm clothing. And the box usually contains the cast-off evening dresses and things that even a preacher's "kid" would not condescend to wear. But of course that kind of thing is not done so much now since the ladies go to political meetings instead of "aiding."

We have the loveliest big attic in our house. We use it to play in on rainy days; we do not need it as a place to store our surplus belongings—we do not have any. Poverty and the practice of moving frequently prevent the accumulation of attic "furniture."

But in spite of the trials and tribulations of ministers' families, they are usually a happy lot. I am quite reconciled to being a Baptist minister's daughter—so much so that I expect to continue to be one the rest of my life.

Farmers and Farm Life

By Floy Klein

THE farmers are being blamed a great deal, these days, for leaving the farm. We do not seem to realize that they have a cause for leaving. The bright lights and high salaries of the city are as attractive to the young farmer as the tinsel on the Christmas tree is to the eyes of a child. From a distance the city is an alluring sight—a regular hive of industry, full of opportunities for satisfying that human trait of gregariousness, and full of social activities and amusements.

The key to the cityward movement lies in lack of social activity and training. What we need is a new understanding of the social life and needs of the various communities.

The blame lies, to a certain extent, on the city people. The average farmer merely makes a living. But the city man thinks all farmers are getting rich. If the farmer chances to be able to fill the demand for certain commodities, down goes the price. Then naturally the farmers change their tactics and meet a new demand. The result is that the demand is greater than the supply and immediately a wail goes up against the "unscrupulous farmer," who, according to Mr. Cityman, is trying to "starve the country."

To be a farmer a man needs an abundant supply of faith, undying interest, and a never-failing source of patience. It takes imagination and foresight in determining the most profitable crop to plant. Good judgment and honesty are absolutely necessary factors. And last, but not least, it takes experience and education.

The young farmer of to-day has begun to feel the need of recreation, but he seeks his amusement in the nearby towns. That is all right, to a certain extent, but a community should feel that it is lacking in certain essentials if it can not make the younger set happy at home. The community should be as one great home, closely

bound by family ties and interests. This unity may be preserved through social functions, circulating libraries, and entertainments. Every community needs an enthusiastic leader, one who is interested not for the honor and praise he gets from such a position but from a desire to serve.

Rural people need a common interest. During the war the country was more thoroughly alive than it had been for years. We had a common goal—to aid our soldier lads. We forgot our petty disagreements and dislikes and met as one great family. We also learned to be unselfish. We thought more of the comfort of others and not so much of our own pleasures. But now the war is over, and nearly forgotten by a great many of us. Our spirit of unity is lost, and we are back in the same old rut, living our narrow, selfish, little lives, and forgetting our big family of brothers and sisters.

What a joy it is to see the young farmer of today attend high school and college! It is the beginning of better things for rural life. That young man will never be satisfied with any but a modern home, a good social environment, and well-educated children; and these, in turn, will lead to an advanced standard of farm life.

The people who thoughtfully choose farming as a profession are to be commended on their choice. They are, in a sense, independent. They have the opportunity to keep heart and soul unsoiled even though the hands may be covered with muck and mire. Close contact with nature brings closer contact with God.

If you are tired of the city and feel as if the skyscrapers form a wall that shuts you out from all the real things of life, just "hit the trail" out to the country and there you will find joy in walking along the narrow paths that skirt the edge of the wood; in listening to the chatter of the angry little squirrel whose privacy you have disturbed; and in viewing the pure blue of the sky unstained by streaming smoke-veils of the city.

Color (not "Colored") Teams

Mrs. R. I. Simpson, the athletic coach for the Junior Class, has worked out a "special feature" arrangement for the junior basket-ball squad. By this plan, all the girls who are interested in practicing will be divided into "color" teams, distinguished by the use of colors as names. Every girl who so desires will have an opportunity to play on a team. After a tournament between these "color" teams, the representative team of the Junior Class will be chosen which will compete with that of the Senior Class.

The Gift Reclaimed

By *Thelma Rhinehart*

NOTE: Literature is full of tributes to mothers. But the tributes can never be too many or too great. We believe that the simple but impressive way in which Miss Rhinehart tells the following incident will make us all more thoughtful for the happiness of our mothers.

—The Editor.

I KNEW one mother who loved company. She could have made friendship the very breath of her life. No one appreciated that, and the other members of the family let her spend the one day of Holy Rest in scrubbing, cleaning, cooking, doing dishes, etc., while they went to church. After the sermon, John went home with his friend, Frank. Mary brought Kate home to dinner. No friend came for mother. After dinner, friend husband buried his nose in a newspaper and mother relaxed. She was too tired to go anywhere. If Mary had only invited in Mother's old schoolmate for the afternoon how much better mother would have felt that night! She would have spent that afternoon in happy memories of the past instead of brooding on the weariness of the present.

On Monday, how this mother would have liked a little help! How she would have appreciated having John's strong young arms carry the heavy pails of water to her! On Tuesday mother could have rested during the middle of the morning if Mary had ironed a little. On and on through the tiresome weary week, they could have shown their appreciation in many ways,—but they did not.

Then there came a day, a fearful, trying day to the family grouped around the bed, when mother no longer could get up and wait on them. She had passed on into the peace and rest of the Great Beyond.

Sunday came and how different the little home looked! Just as mother would have liked it to look every Sunday! All her children were at home and their friends were with them. Father had laid aside his newspaper and was sitting there by mother. If only she could have opened those still eyes and seen the love-light shining in his face—how happy she would have been! The yard was filled with cars and the house with friends and relatives—old schoolmates, cousins, aunts, and uncles—people she had not seen for years. The house was filled with flowers and the sweet odor of roses penetrated every room. Mother had loved roses, but there hadn't been any in the house since Frank was married twenty years ago. . . .

God had taken back his greatest gift.

Houses and Hearts

By Olivia Noel

DID you ever sit at your window and wonder what was going on in the house across the street? I like to let my imagination make little pictures for me of all that takes place within those walls where perhaps I shall never really see.

Across from my room there is a house which never ceases to be attractive or to provide food for my idle fancies. It is, no doubt, to the casual observer only a house—of ordinary size and appearance—yet to me it has become something more; for over the door there is a cross which seems to change the whole atmosphere of the place, lending it an air of quiet and holiness and telling to the passer-by its mission in the world. I can guess from its sign, from the black-robed sisters who go in and out, and from the little children who sometimes play about in front, that it is a Catholic school; but how I should like to know what happens behind its doors! I wonder what childish fingers are playing those little melodies that come stealing over into my room to distract me when I study; I wonder what has become of the little crippled boy whom the nuns used to wheel about in the autumn sunshine. I shall never know. I can see only what happens on the outside, and must imagine—imperfect as my images may be—the real things that take place on the inside.

Did you ever dream about what might be taking place in the minds and hearts of the people whom we meet and even of those whom we know but cannot see? We believe we understand our friends; yet how few can we really *think* with! Fewer still are those with whom we can go hand in hand in work or in pleasures.

Our understanding of human nature is so limited, our appreciation of true worth so inadequate that many times we wish we could penetrate the barrier that shuts out men's real selves from us, and see them as they are. Perhaps then we should sympathize with what we now condemn; perhaps then we should respect whom we now scorn. But as we must fancy what takes place in the houses across the way, we can only wonder about the struggles, trials, joys, and sorrows that lie hidden in the hearts of people. We are often deceived, for the shabbiest cottage may hold within its walls the happiest and richest of families, and the most unpromising exterior may conceal the loveliest of souls. Perhaps if we look closely we shall discover the cross over the door—and understand.

Mrs. Wood Back from East

MRS James M. Wood returned January 10, from an extended stay in the East where she made a careful study of every phase of the non-academic activities in colleges for women. Mrs. Wood visited Wellesley, Bryn Mawr, Wells College, Mount Holyoke, Vassar, Pennsylvania College for Women, Barnard, Elmira, and Smith.

In nearly all the larger colleges the honor system is well established and the students are living up to the standard and ideals of the system.

The data which Mrs. Wood has collected in her observations of Eastern colleges will be of great value in making "Greater Stephens" a reality.

A True Story of the Dakota Plains

By Ruth Clapper

WHITE robed, the North Dakota plains stretch away on every side until they meet the blue-white horizon. Here and there groves of trees reach naked arms toward the sky. In the foreground stand the snow-roofed farm buildings, from whose chimneys curl thin, lazy currents of blue smoke.

But how quickly this scene can change! At times these tranquil plains become intensely, fiercely angry, and seem filled with the desire to kill and destroy. The morning of March 14, 1920, had been still and calm; but in the afternoon the wind had come tearing down from the northwest, bringing with it a stinging, blinding mass of snow.

In a little, one-room rural schoolhouse, sat a frightened teacher and eight little children. How could she keep her fear from showing, when she could hear nothing but the shrieking and moaning of the storm as it swept around the little building? But more than the fierceness of the storm was causing her fright. Early in the afternoon she had let Dorothy Case, a little fourteen year old girl, and her two small brothers, start home. They had begged so hard to go that she had finally consented. She tried to convince herself that they had reached home safely—but, try as she would, there was always the torturing doubt.

"They are in the storm! They are in the storm!" kept ringing in her ears. She threw herself desperately into an attempt to entertain the other children. But a picture of three helpless children fighting the storm out there on the

relentless plains kept haunting her. It was a horrible night—years in length!

Toward morning the storm abated. The teacher was just falling into a troubled sleep when she was roused by heavy pounding upon the door. Quickly she ran to open it, and there, in the doorway, stood Mr. Case.

Her heart surged into her throat.

"Mr. Case," she gasped, "the children——"

"Yes, I have come after them," he answered.

"Suppose you and the kids have had a pretty hard night here all by yourselves. I thought I better come after them. The roads are drifted full and they might have trouble getting through.—Why, Miss Clark, What is it?" he finished, as he saw her white, drawn face working convulsively.

"Mr. Case," she moaned, "your children started home early yesterday afternoon."

After a search of several hours, they found them. The sled had tipped over making it impossible for them to wander any farther. The horses had broken away and were nowhere in sight. There, on the sheltered side of the sled, were the lifeless forms of the three little children. Dorothy had taken off her wraps and placed them about her little brothers. Brave little martyr! But her sacrifice was in vain. The plains had called them all.

New Courses Second Term

BEGINNING with the opening of the second semester, February 7, several new courses will be added to the curriculum of Stephens College. Most important in their significance are the courses in religious education taught by Jessie L. Burrall.

A course in home nursing will be offered by Ann Douglas. Miss Douglas has recently completed a course in the Bellview hospital in New York in special preparation for her work here this year. New courses will also be given in history, literature, and composition.

Laura M. Searcy, who was connected for several years with the University of Missouri and who has recently been added to the Stephens College English faculty, will continue her work during the second semester. The expansion of the faculty and the curriculum offers an encouraging prospect for the coming term.

If you find the *Standard* interesting drop a line to the Secretary of the College and stay on the mailing list.—**Your Heart Instructs You**—See Page 30

Alumnae Notes

The *Standard* is indebted to Lois Poole, '20, reporter for "The Oklahoma Daily" for the following information about Stephens girls in the University of Oklahoma. Miss Poole is a Chi Omega pledge and is enrolled in the school of journalism.

Ina "Bill" Boone, a Pi Beta Phi pledge, is continuing her course in physical education.

Maude Carrol is working on her B. A. degree and at the same time studying music.

Cordelia Stanley, a Kappa Kappa Gamma pledge, is a junior arts and science student.

Anna Louis Smock, a Delta Gamma pledge, is freshman in the college of arts and science.

Frances Buckhalter, a Kappa Kappa Gamma, is a sophomore in the school of journalism.

Ruth Johnson, Pi Beta Phi, is a junior arts and science student.

Marie Smith, a Delta Gamma Delta pledge, is an art and science freshman.

Gladys Rhodes, an Alpha Gamma Delta pledge, is enrolled as a freshman in the school of fine arts.

Izetta Cole, who had pledged Delta Gamma, was called home on account of sickness.

"Although we're loyal Sooners now, our Stephens spirit is not and never will be dead," writes Miss Poole for the eleven Stephens girls at Oklahoma U.

Frances Davis, '18, was awarded a place on a recent Boston musical recital given at the New England Conservatory of Music. Press reports spoke favorably of her performance. The Stephens girls join in congratulating Miss Davis upon her success.

Shirley Gutridge, '20, is attending the University of Missouri this semester.

Louise Helm, '20, was married on December 29, 1920 to Mr. Elmer Miller. They are living in Chicago, Illinois.

Alyne Danbury, Hi Pill of Hi Beta Steppo in '19, is at Missouri University this term.

Mary Sheley, '18, is teaching at Palmyra, Missouri.

Eunice Drake, '18, now Mrs. Paul Vandiver, is living near Orrick, Missouri.

Cleo Reese, '19, was married October 20, 1920, to Mr. George G. Grissom. She is living at 1605 W. Broadway, Mt. Vernon, Illinois.

Catherine Hagood, '20, is attending business college in Quincy, Illinois.

Mrs. A. L. Kendig, formerly Bess Horton, is living at Burus, Wyoming.

Mary C. Chandler is attending the University of Michigan. She will graduate this year.

Nelle Beaty is doing bookkeeping and office work in Carrollton, Missouri.

Edith Newson, '19, after attending the University of Wisconsin last winter, is teaching mathematics in the high school at New Bloomfield, Missouri.

Agnes Mae Wilson, '19, is principal and instructor in history and Latin in the high school at Orrick, Missouri.

Marie Fortner, '20, is teaching history in the high school at Madison, Illinois.

Mary King Glass is assistant principal and teacher of English and history in the high school at Milburn, Kentucky. She attended Peabody College last year.

Facts About Folks

Evelyn McGregor is now Mrs. Guy W. Faulkner. She was married in November, 1920.

Mrs. P. A. Thornhill, who was Eula Whelchel, is living in Branson, Missouri.

Mrs. J. S. Gardner, formerly Ione Howle, is living in East St. Louis.

Ethel Hemphill is attending the Springfield Normal.

Ava Meador is in Carthage, Missouri, this winter.

Gladys Bringelson is attending the Chicago Normal School of Physical Education this winter.

Rev. Joseph A. Cooper, pastor of the Maryville Baptist Church, gave an address to the Stephens Girls, Sunday evening, January 16. Mr. Cooper's talk was very timely and intensely interesting.

Mrs. Gerald C. Brown, formerly Helen Reece, is living in Kansas City, Missouri.

Stella Fields is teaching school in California, Missouri.

Mrs. D. G. Hazzard, formerly Willie Jewell Duncan, is attending school at the State Teachers' College in Kirksville, Missouri.

Gladys Dean is teaching History and English in the High School at Niangua. She is coming to Stephens next year.

Mrs. Glenn B. Warren, formerly Gertrude Sauer, is in Schenectady, N. Y., this winter.

Hallene Douglas is living in Fulton, Missouri. She will attend William Woods College the second semester.

Mary Ellen Rutledge, who is now Mrs. Phillip Davies, is living in Kirkwood, Missouri.

Carmen Cook is at her home this winter and is taking a business course in the school there.

Bernice Montgomery is teaching the sixth grade in the Kahoka public school.

Mrs. C. L. Henry, formerly Trine Latta, is living on a ranch in southeastern Colorado. She is getting some practical experience in homesteading and housekeeping.

Ruth Verbyrick is teaching in the grades in her home town, Carl Junction, Missouri.

Ella Jones was married to F. N. Jacobs December 29, 1920.

Grace L. Hill was in France eight months. She had a mastoid operation while there and was sent home. She has been nursing since her discharge from the army.

Alice Dunn is living at her home this winter in Holdenville, Oklahoma, and is working in a lawyer's office.

Gladys Reece is teaching in a rural school near her home, Union Star, Missouri.

Lucy Willeford is a book-keeper and stenographer at Hardin, Missouri.

Norma Smith is now Mrs. Robert B. Landess of Dexter, Missouri.

Etta Yows of Barnett, Missouri is living at 3818 E. 11th Street, Kansas City, Missouri.

Ethyl C. Griesinger is working in the County Attorney's office at Anthony, Kansas.

Miss Marianne F. Whitaker of Clinton, Missouri, is in Paris, France. She is to enter Sorbonne University, at Paris.

Miss Ethel Ramsbottom is in China, as a missionary. She is teaching Chinese children and making a study of their language.

Ruby E. Bowman, is a book-keeper in the First National

Bank at Hamilton, Missouri.

Irma J. Hoffmeister was married to W. H. Jacobs September 27, 1918. She is now teaching music in her home town, Jackson, Missouri.

Vallé Higginbotham has spent two years at Maryville College, Maryville, Tennessee and is now in the Morse School of Expression in St. Louis. Her home is in Fertile, Missouri.

Frances Harmon was married December 22, 1920, to P. G. Williams. Her present address is 1035 Peachtree Street, Atlanta, Georgia.

Mrs. Glenn O. Robinson, formerly Ethleen Carmichael, is at home at 135 A. N. W. Miami, Oklahoma. She has a fine boy called "Bobby."

Virginia Ireson is principal of the Stockton High School, Stockton, Missouri.

Nellie Carr married D. L. Forsythe, Jr. October 4, 1920. Her present home is at 420 S. Cheyenne St., Tulsa, Oklahoma.

Alice M. Allen of Leedey, Oklahoma is now attending Oklahoma's College for Women at Chickasha, Oklahoma.

Madeline Smith was married to M. H. McDonald, June 14, 1920. Her home is at 3829 E. 9th Street, Kansas City, Missouri.

Ruth Ramsbottom was called to her home Sunday because of the serious illness of her father.

Mrs. Chapman is taking Mother Holt's place while she is away. Mrs. Holt expects to be away about three months.

Mr. and Mrs. Hutchinson visited their daughter, Josephine, for a few days during Farmer's Week at the University.

Mrs. M. D. Guinn visited her daughter Allene on January 12 and 13.

Jessie Setzler has returned to her home in Kansas City. She was unable to continue her school work on account of ill health.

Maudine Collins and Lucile Wimer, of Christian College, were guests of Wenonah Lambe at dinner Monday, January 17.

Agnes Govreau of Rocky Ford, Colorado, has entered school since the holidays.

Dixie McReynolds was ill as a result of vaccination for typhoid.

Margaret Eddins left, January 15, for her home in Shreveport, Louisiana. Ill health prevented her continuing her work here.

Floy Terry spent the week end in Columbia as the guest of Esther (Bob) Hume.

Merial Burnham, who was enrolled as a student in Stephens College during the year 1917-18 was married June 30 to Dr. Claude A. Schmaker. They are living in Albuquerque, New Mexico.

At a meeting of the French Club, January 18, Ola V. Powell, Gwendolyn Robertshaw, and Olivia Noel rendered piano solos. Ruth Forster entertained the club with a reading.

Mademoiselle Tastevin, Miss Dudley, and Mrs. Calloway were on the program of the Social Democracy Club, January 19. Their respective subjects of discussion were "French Women," "English Women," and "Turkish Women."

Walter Scott, director of the Conservatory of music, assisted by Ruth Smith, Helen Richards, and Ruth Goodsmith gave a faculty recital in the College auditorium Sunday afternoon, January 16. This was the third faculty recital of the year.

Roy Ivan Johnson, professor of English Composition, gave a short talk to the student body at Vespers, January 9, on the subject of "Gargoyles."

Burrowings and Borrowings

Ancient jokes are as good as new ones—if their gray hair is covered with a wig.

MRS. BIG BIG—I wonder what material is most suitable for my suit.

MR. LITTLE BIG—Broadcloth!

“As I was speaking, someone threw a cowardly egg at me.”

“A cowardly egg?”

“Yes, one that runs as soon as it hits you.”

—KenCoWom.

SHE—So you wear your gloves at night to keep your hands soft?

HE—Yes.

SHE—And do you sleep in a cap?

—Bison.

A Timely Suggestion.

HE—You look sweet enough to eat.

SHE—I do eat; where shall we go?

—KenCoWom.

PREP—You seniors must take life pretty easy.

SENIOR—Yes; even when we graduate we do it by degrees.

—Central Outlook.

LUKE—Did you see the Calliope at the circus?

LUKRETTIA—No, I didn't even get a chance to feed it.

—Chaparral

“Why do you say your aim in life is uncertain?”

“Because I miss you so terribly when I am away.”

—Widow.

IKEY (to his son Moses)—How much is twice time two?

MOSES—Six, fadder.

IKEY—Twice times two is not six; it is four.

MOSES—Ya, fadder, I knowed it; I said six so dat you could jew me down.

—Puppet.

PROF—What is density?

STUDENT—I cannot define it but I can give an example.

PROF—The example is good. Sit down.

HEADLINE: Galli Curci Attains Goal.

We thought goals were kicked—but, of course, Galli doesn't belong to the chorus.

“She has the most cultivated looking feet.”

“Trimming her corns before bathing, I suppose.”

HE (quoting)—Knowledge dwells in minds replete with the thoughts of other men.

SHE (thinking of others)—Oh, James, do I look intelligent?

“Yes,” said the chemistry Prof, having just explained a theory, “if you have that in your head, you have it in a nut-shell.”

Everybody has serious thoughts. The trouble is—they don't last.

A news story reports that a woman pressed a table spoon against a burglar's back and compelled him to hold his hands above his head until the police arrived.

That's not the first time a venturesome man has been caught by a spoon.

“Do you believe women should exercise their rights?”

“Well, I believe in exercise—but I don't think it should be *one sided*.”

—Widow.

“She was a bear,” said Teddy,

“The party's one success.”

“Nay, nay! Leave out the article:

She wore an evening dress.”

It's a great moment in a young man's life when he learns that her ribs run up and down instead of around.

That's What's What.

“I love them for their false,” said the dotting brother of the artificially preserved old maid twins. “I can't tell which is switch.”

“I never felt so put out in my life,” confessed Uncle Reuben as he told us about mistaking the patent fire extinguisher for a drinking fountain.

Your Heart Instructs You

Miss Alumna—I certainly like to read the *Standard*.

Roy T. Davis—Then send me the postal card and stay on the mailing list.