2016

Does Your Education Have a Price?

Edna E. Walls

Iowa State College

Follow this and additional works at: http://lib.dr.iastate.edu/homemaker

Part of the Home Economics Commons

Recommended Citation

Available at: http://lib.dr.iastate.edu/homemaker/vol2/iss2/7

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the Student Publications at Iowa State University Digital Repository. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Iowa Homemaker by an authorized editor of Iowa State University Digital Repository. For more information, please contact digirep@iastate.edu.
"Would you sell your home economics education for what it cost you?"
The question was put first to a college graduate who has been teaching home economics several years.

"I don't know. I can't express its value in financial terms. It is worth so much that I think every girl, no matter what she expects to do, ought to have home economics training. Hardly a day passes that I don't make use of some of the things I learned in college. Even the details of some subjects like chemistry and dietetics, which I used to wonder about, are crowding forward for use as the circumstances arise which recall them."

But the teacher and the business woman are making constant additions to their bank accounts because they have this education. What about the graduate who married soon after receiving her degree and has been keeping house during these years? Yes, the question must be put to her too.

"Would you sell your home economics education for what it cost you?"

"Why, what do you mean?" she replied.

'Tis Neither Fudge Nor Fried Potatoes

By HARRIET SCHLEITER

BEFORE I lived in a dormitory I had a confused idea of what it was like, to say the least. I gathered from authentic reports that a dormitory was a frivolous place, where girls reclined in silk pajamas, in luxurious boudoirs, ate fudge and olives, read novels, and never even bothered about such bourgeois things as classes. I was told that they roused themselves in the evening to climb down corridors, where they were led, by swans, returned at very late hours, to have forbidden spreads, often interrupted by prowling, rubber-heeled chorperons, and were then forced to take uncivilized refuge beneath beds and tables.

Then I learned from other equally reliable sources that a dormitory was a dismal hole, where poor down-trodden students were imprisoned in barrack-like rooms, from which they escaped only to file down to meager meals of prunes and fried potatoes; or to walk dutifully to worship classes; a place where one was continually watched over and suppressed by tyrannical chorperons; one spoke in whispers; one's breathing was governed by rules and regulations.

I came to college rather in doubt as to which version was correct, and I found a happy, happy medium.

I remember the morning I arrived at school and was greeted at the door by the chorperons. She didn't appear to be the kind who either prowled or tyrannized. My first thought was, "What an adorable old teaching."

Then I learned from other equally reliable sources that a dormitory was a frivolous place, where girls reclined in silk pajamas, in luxurious boudoirs, ate fudge and olives, read novels, and never even bothered about such bourgeois things as classes. I was told that they roused themselves in the evening to climb down corridors, where they were led, by swans, returned at very late hours, to have forbidden spreads, often interrupted by prowling, rubber-heeled chorperons, and were then forced to take uncivilized refuge beneath beds and tables.

Then I learned from other equally reliable sources that a dormitory was a dismal hole, where poor down-trodden students were imprisoned in barrack-like rooms, from which they escaped only to file down to meager meals of prunes and fried potatoes; or to walk dutifully to worship classes; a place where one was continually watched over and suppressed by tyrannical chorperons; one spoke in whispers; one's breathing was governed by rules and regulations.

I came to college rather in doubt as to which version was correct, and I found a happy, happy medium.

I remember the morning I arrived at school and was greeted at the door by the chorperons. She didn't appear to be the kind who either prowled or tyrannized. My first thought was, "What an adorable old teaching."

Then I learned from other equally reliable sources that a dormitory was a frivolous place, where girls reclined in silk pajamas, in luxurious boudoirs, ate fudge and olives, read novels, and never even bothered about such bourgeois things as classes. I was told that they roused themselves in the evening to climb down corridors, where they were led, by swans, returned at very late hours, to have forbidden spreads, often interrupted by prowling, rubber-heeled chorperons, and were then forced to take uncivilized refuge beneath beds and tables.

Then I learned from other equally reliable sources that a dormitory was a dismal hole, where poor down-trodden students were imprisoned in barrack-like rooms, from which they escaped only to file down to meager meals of prunes and fried potatoes; or to walk dutifully to worship classes; a place where one was continually watched over and suppressed by tyrannical chorperons; one spoke in whispers; one's breathing was governed by rules and regulations.

I came to college rather in doubt as to which version was correct, and I found a happy, happy medium.

I remember the morning I arrived at school and was greeted at the door by the chorperons. She didn't appear to be the kind who either prowled or tyrannized. My first thought was, "What an adorable old teaching."

Then I learned from other equally reliable sources that a dormitory was a frivolous place, where girls reclined in silk pajamas, in luxurious boudoirs, ate fudge and olives, read novels, and never even bothered about such bourgeois things as classes. I was told that they roused themselves in the evening to climb down corridors, where they were led, by swans, returned at very late hours, to have forbidden spreads, often interrupted by prowling, rubber-heeled chorperons, and were then forced to take uncivilized refuge beneath beds and tables.

Then I learned from other equally reliable sources that a dormitory was a dismal hole, where poor down-trodden students were imprisoned in barrack-like rooms, from which they escaped only to file down to meager meals of prunes and fried potatoes; or to walk dutifully to worship classes; a place where one was continually watched over and suppressed by tyrannical chorperons; one spoke in whispers; one's breathing was governed by rules and regulations.

I came to college rather in doubt as to which version was correct, and I found a happy, happy medium.

I remember the morning I arrived at school and was greeted at the door by the chorperons. She didn't appear to be the kind who either prowled or tyrannized. My first thought was, "What an adorable old teaching."

Then I learned from other equally reliable sources that a dormitory was a frivolous place, where girls reclined in silk pajamas, in luxurious boudoirs, ate fudge and olives, read novels, and never even bothered about such bourgeois things as classes. I was told that they roused themselves in the evening to climb down corridors, where they were led, by swans, returned at very late hours, to have forbidden spreads, often interrupted by prowling, rubber-heeled chorperons, and were then forced to take uncivilized refuge beneath beds and tables.