1904

Bryn Mawr College Yearbook. Class of 1904

Bryn Mawr College. Senior Class

Let us know how access to this document benefits you.

Follow this and additional works at: http://repository.brynmawr.edu/bmc_yearbooks

Part of the Liberal Studies Commons, and the Women's History Commons

Custom Citation

This paper is posted at Scholarship, Research, and Creative Work at Bryn Mawr College. http://repository.brynmawr.edu/bmc_yearbooks/3

For more information, please contact repository@brynmawr.edu.
Committee

Helen Armstrong Howell,
Marjorie Stockton Canan,
Anne Knox Buzby,
Eloise Ruthven Tremain,
Marguerite Gribi,
Ethel Rogers Peck.
Freshman Year
Class Officers

Chairman—HELEN ARMSTRONG HOWELL,
Temporary Secretary—JANE ALLEN,
President—MARSHA SKERRY ROCKWELL,
Vice-President and Treasurer—HARRIET RODMAN SOUTHERLAND,
Secretary—JANE ALLEN.
The Deeds of the Class of 1904
From the day of their entrance until the night of the Carley Wax Works

In the fall of Nineteen Hundred,
Struggling under Pembroke archway,
Came a motley crowd of Freshmen,
Tall and awkward, fat and bashful.
Green were we as was the campus
Over which we meekly wandered.
Some lined up outside the office,
Lined up full of awe and terror,
Falteringly received our course-books,
Faltering, wrote our names upon them.
Some few strove our rooms to settle;
Hung "Hosea" next to "Mamma;"
Gazed upon the pine-wood book-case,
Wondered idly where to put it.
In the midst of all this struggle
Came a secret invitation
To a still more secret meeting
In the top-most floor of Radnor.
Twasm the first of many like it.
Loud and long was the debating.
Was the chairman "Miss" or "Mister?"
Wild and aimless were the motions,
Hot and wordy were the battles
Ere a point could be decided,
Till at last we chose a Rush-song
And a watchword diplomatic,
(All about retiring early).
Then the evening of the next day
Found us gathered back of Radnor,
Grasping one another's shoulders,
Cheering loudly through our noses.
Then began our mighty rushing
Through the halls, throughout the campus,
Tumbling over trunks and sofas,
Singing gladly all the meanwhile;
And the wildly lunging Sophomores
Shrieking out "No pers'nal violence!"
Stood before us in our pathway.
Proud and full of prowess were we.
And this was the introduction
To those deeds of reckless daring
Done upon the bars and horses,
In that firm and red-bricked mansion,
Where the gentle supervisor
Having lectured first on "Hygiene"
Stood us up and marched us backwards,
Mixed us up with all her orders,
Till a few who strutted proudly
Soared into the First Division.
Later on our pride was shattered,
Spoke we little of our prowess,
For our bland and smiling lateness
To a talk on ancient customs
Caused the first descent upon us
Of those peals of Jove-like thunder,
(Which we've often since encountered.)
Still our spirit was not broken,
For a day or two thereafter
Legged with stealth, and armed with paint-pots,
Crawled a few from out our number
To the highest point in Taylor,
Crawled, and when they got there, painted.
They were followed on the next day
By some more from out our number
With like purpose and more paint-pots,
Who, when they had clambered slowly
Up the stairs into the belfry,
Found upon the bell of iron
1904 in letters azure.
Sad their hearts, but they determined
Not to let the paint be wasted,
So in letters white as ivory
1904 once more was painted
On that bell in Taylor belfry.
Great the wrath of all the Sophomores
When they heard of our assurance,
Till they even wrote a letter
Like a "Don't Book," expurgated,
Telling us just what we mustn’t,
What to do and how to do it.
Then their anger cooling slightly,
They sent forth an invitation,
Bidding us to a reception.
Pleased we went there, each one meaning
To be on her best behaviour;
So when asked to sing together,
Loud we lifted up our voices,
Loud we sang in joyful chorus,
Setting forth the many virtues
Found in 1904, the mighty.

* * * *

Silently we wandered homeward,
Wandered homeward through the shadows.

Sadie Marie Briggs,
Anne Knox Buzby.

Rush Song
Tune—"The Blue and the Gray."
Words by Adelheid Hecht.

A class is here that we all must cheer
Together and one by one,
Never before has Bryn Mawr
Had a class so full of fun.
Watch us as we go a-rushing
Through these very halls.
Sophis would like to stop our brushing
Along their guarded walls,
But they find they cannot do it,
Our class is far too strong;
They know they cannot subdue it,
Though they've tried to all along.
Then we'll cheer for our class,
Hurrah for 1904,
The finest yet to pass
Through the precincts of Bryn Mawr.
Class Song

Tune—Tommy Atkins. Words by Helen Armstrong Howell.

O, we hasten from the mountains and the shore,
From the length and breadth of this, our wide domain,
At the call of Bryn Mawr, thronging at her door;
Though, alas, for some their trouble was in vain,
The call of Bryn Mawr went throughout the land,
'Till all maidens longed to go and learn her lore.
Some entered at these portals, closed to ordinary mortals,
And we formed the glorious Class of 1904.

Chorus:— Glorious Class of 1904, sing her praises every one,
Till the knowledge of her greatness reaches even to the sun!
May her luck be never failing;
May her course be straight and true.
Dearest Class of all the Classes,
Here’s your daughters’ love to you.

As we pass through four swift years of college life,
May each one be more renowned than the last;
May our class be free from trouble and from strife,
Till Commencement Day is done and all is past;
Still the memory of the Class of 1904
Shall remain engraven on each separate heart;
Our love for her will strengthen as the years,
Though the stress of life should force us all apart.

Class Cheer

1904,
1904,
Hoorah! Bryn Mawr,
Nineteen hundred and four.
AITING out there on the campus for our Juniors to appear, was very mysterious. To this day, I do not know just where we were—everything seemed so new and strange and different there. There were moments of secret anxiety lest the Juniors should not find us in the dark; and in order to inform them of our whereabouts and to dispel any doubts in their minds as to our identity, we cheered again and again for them and for ourselves. At last, with blaze of torches and showers of confetti, came the gay Carnival crowd, down the long avenue of maples. There rode the King of the Carnival in royal state, surrounded by his troop of subjects in their parti-colored garb; and in a moment our Class Chairman was crowned Queen and placed beside him.

Merrily we marched up to the gym with our motley company of hosts, and, seated on the floor there, we watched tableaux, dances, and ballets, with an enthusiasm that grew and grew until it reached its culmination as the final scene appeared. Here was 1902’s future European Fellow, a round-faced, happy little girl, planting the Class flower of 1904. By dint of industrious watering, the seed sprouted and grew surprisingly (we were reminded of the famous bean-stalk) until in a moment the vine had shot up to the gallery, where a huge bud burst into blossom and the 1904 banner appeared to our delighted gaze as the fruit of this remarkable plant. The sight of it, even that first time, brought a thrill of pride and loyalty to our hearts.

After this, I hate to speak of our banner song. We had expected to receive our flag outdoors, so now in the gas-lighted gymnasium we sang:

“Oh say, can you see, by the light of the stars”

Did I say that we sang? Say rather, we squeaked; for the song was started so high that only a few brave spirits even attempted to reach the upper notes. It was, perhaps, with the memory of this early failure in their minds, that after the presentation of the lanterns in our Sophomore year, 1902, gave their class cheer for 1904’s singing.

Clara Cary Case.
1904-1902

Tune—*Star Spangled Banner.*  
Words by Alice Waldo.

O say, can you see, by the light of the stars,  
The beautiful flag that the Juniors have given,  
On which are emblazoned in luminous bars  
The numbers we love and for which we have striven?

*Chorus*—Then we'll cheer 1902,  
And we'll ever be true  
To the class that has helped us and watched o'er us too.  
'Tis the 1904 banner, O long may it wave  
O'er a class that is loyal, united and brave.

Then we thank you to-night for the flag of our class,  
When it waves o'er our heads, we will think of you ever;  
When at last from the portals of Bryn Mawr we pass  
Do you think we'll forget you? O, never, O never!
The Senior Entertainment

In the Nineteenth of October, the Class had the joy of attending an entertainment given by the mighty Seniors themselves. Entering the gymnasium by the narrow back stairway of Honor, we were confronted with a most wax-worklike and unseniorlike company of Mrs. Jarley's Wax Works. A few of our Senior friends and acquaintances, it is true; we were able to recognize in the guiding ushers armed with bell-wands to whom we clung in the mêlée.

High on a pedestal in the middle of the room, posed the Stanlaus "Bryn Mawr Girl" with the most incredible number of ruffles set off by a cap and gown. Then it was that we became aware of a bustling Mrs. Jarley, adorned with a gay bonnet and shawl, who, with an amazingly voluble flow of language, was exhibiting more figures on the stage to the fortunate persons near her. At her "Wind him up George!" that remarkable creature then rapidly shuffled across the stage and wound up, in succession, the great Columbus, Wm. McKinley, Mr. Roosevelt, the "Boy Orator" from Nebraska, Wm. J. Bryan, and the lovely Mary, Queen of Scots. These were good; but a real prize-fight, a trifle badly-oiled, between Jim Corbett and Terry McGovern was a sight to draw admiration from the most worldly-wise. But our hearts beat fast as we entered the Chamber of Horrors, where the inhuman Charlotte Corday stabbed a handsome Marat in a twentieth-century bath-robe, and a villainously-looking Harry Cornish poured out the famous Bromo Seltzer. Here an Indian savage and a timid settler's daughter were made to pursue one another alternately; and here too was the wretch who had tickled nine wives to death.

After this we were introduced to several of the most interesting members of the faculty, who, when properly wound up, declaimed in a most characteristic manner. Near these, were two gentlemen, arm in arm, who proved to be those enemies of all First Year English Students, Mr. Genum and Mr. Wendell. Near them we saw the great Dr. Johnson; a lovely, if slightly jerky, Juliet and enamored Romeo; and a whole seraglio of Turkish beauties. Back in a corner on a bench sat three silent, mysterious old persons, in whom we finally recognized those legendary creatures, Trustees.

Afterwards, the wax-works came to life enough to dance with us and offer us refreshments, and, as a crowning joy, the missing link kindly
allowed us to pull out some hairs from its tail for our new Memory Books.

E. M. Holliday.

N. B.—While 1901 was thus extending its hospitality toward us, 1903 was not idle. They too were looking out for our welfare. As we prepared to lock ourselves safely within our rooms that night, we discovered that 1903 held the key to the situation! Not until Cap and Gown Night, however, did the full significance of this calamity burst upon us.

1904-1901

Tune—There is a Tavern. "A Ballad."

We'll give three cheers for 1901, 1901,
Her show's as brilliant as the sun, as the sun,
And though we're Freshmen, meek as you can see,
We're just as grateful as can be,

Chorus—Then here's to Bryn Mawr College,
To her seniors and their knowledge
And we'll cheer for Bryn Mawr College once again, again.
We'll give three cheers for 1901, 1901,
With thanks for all that she has done, she has done.
To-night she adds to the laurels she has won,
The learned Class of 1901.
Cap and Gown Night

On Tuesday, October 23rd, from 3 to 5 P. M., Caps and Gowns will be distributed in Denbigh Student's Parlor. The price is $7.35 which must be paid before caps and gowns can be obtained. Please bring exact change.


So read the notices which announced the arrival of our caps and gowns, and "from three to five p. m." an eager line of gullible freshmen, "with exact change," went in and out of Denbigh Students' Parlor. Outside of the hall, just underneath the window, stood groups of Sophomores, waiting to help the Freshmen home with their bundles—dear, good, sacrificing 1903, and the fact that there were some Freshmen who consented to be "helped" for even half a minute, only goes to show that Freshmen are trustful children and Sophomores innately deceitful. Some over-zealons in the pursuit of General English, went to the Reading Room in Taylor, and carefully put the treasures on the chairs next to them, while they delved into Younger Eddo or Origin of the Aryans, and after an undisturbed hour sat and rubbed their eyes, wondering who could have been cruel enough to take their gowns. Be it said to our credit, however, that only a few of the Freshmen who met behind Merion that night were in borrowed regalia.

A Freshmen's ardor may be dampened, or temporarily checked, but never entirely destroyed. This is as much an axiom in the Science of Freshmen as the law of Freshmen gravity toward the hero of the Sophomore play, and the truth of the statement was proved on Cap and Gown night, if never before. One hundred shivering Freshmen stood in front of Denbigh, in spite of a drenching rain which warped one hundred new mortar-boards, watching the procession of lanterns from Pembroke Arch, and wondering, as they listened to Pallas Athene Thea, if anything else would ever seem as beautiful. Later on in the evening, some Freshmen, tense with excitement, battled nobly for their academy's Insignia.

Water and chickens in Pembroke West, blocked transoms and broken step-ladders in Pembroke East, all-night vigils in Radnor and Merion, all bore witness next morning to the terrible struggle that had taken place. But the real moment of supreme triumph for the Sophomores and chagrin for the Freshmen was immediately after chapel next morning when thirteen caps and gowns, hung on a clothes-line between the third floors of Merion and Denbigh, flippantly flapped until cut down by gallant Freshmen
defenders of the faith, but "He laughs the best who laughs last"—only four out of the number were Freshmen spoils, and the rest had been strung up for effect. Oh, 1903!

Helen W. Arny.

Lantern Song

Tune—Old Oaken Bucket. Words by Margaret Ullman.

We stand here to-night, and we sing of our glory,
And pride in our lanterns that ever will last;
And sometimes we think that a glimpse of the future
Had come to that savage in ages long past,
Who first struck a flame from a flint and a boulder,
And sheltered it round with a leaf from the blast.
He never expected his blunder perfected,
In our Bryn Mawr lantern of 19-0-4.

When several years backward, the first class of Freshmen
Discovered the wonderful light of Bryn Mawr,
They passed it unselfishly down to the future,
Who gathered to find it, from near and from far.
And now you are handing to us the bright knowledge,
And we cannot tell you how thankful we are,
Though darkness should hide us, our lanterns will guide us,
Our blue Bryn Mawr lanterns of 19-0-4.
The Rivals
1903 to 1904

Cast

Sir Anthony Absolute .................. Philena C. Winslow
Captain Jack Absolute ................ Martha R. White
Faulkland .......................... Virginia T. Stoddard
Bob Acres .......................... Mary Montague
Sir Lucius O'Trigger ................ Sophie Boucher
Fag .................................. Marjorie C. Green
David .................................. Ruth Strong
Mrs. Malaprop ......................... Anna T. Phillips
Lydia Languish ......................... Anne M. Kidder
Lucy .................................. Helen J. Raymond

On October twenty-sixth, at the invitation of the Sophomores, hitherto regarded by us with some shyness, the class, attired in its best, presented itself at the back door of the Gymnasium. A rumor had spread that the play was to be "The Rivals" and an ambitious attempt we thought this. We had not yet learned the resources of Bryn Mawr. Fairly well trained by this time, we sang and cheered properly enough until the curtain rose.

Then we became absorbed in the romantic intrigues and languishing of Mistress Lydia, the amazing vocabulary of Mrs. Malaprop and the dashing swagger and shrug of Captain Jack. We shall not linger over the Irish accent of Sir Lucius, the fierceness of Sir Anthony Absolute and the roguishness of the little maid, but we remember it all very clearly. Bob Acres, indeed, seemed to rival Jefferson himself, the duel had a truly dangerous air, and the street scenery was a work of art.

When we had seen Lydia and Captain Jack united and reconciled with their voluble guardians, despite the romantic Miss's protest against the tameness of a proper love affair, we hastened to express our very sincere and unbounded admiration for each of the cast and for the whole Class of 1903. It is even related that the fancy dress dance on the following evening revealed the fact that Lydia Languish was not the only one who—but then there were other Captain Jacks also, as ardent, if not quite so manly.

Marjorie S. Canan.
Tune—*Tramp, Tramp, Tramp.* Words by MARIA H. ALBEE.

We are gathered here to-night,
And our faces all are bright,
We shall see the Sophomores enact their play;
But the tears they fill our eyes,
When we think that we, likewise,
Must be actors and play-wrights another day.

CHORUS.

See, see, see, the curtain rises,
Quickly do the Sophs appear,
And the scene that meets our eyes
Fills us with a glad surprise,
So for them the class of 1904 will cheer.

We have met the Sophomore
Half a dozen times before
And each time we're more and more impressed with awe;
But to-night our hearts do bound,
And the walls with cheers resound,
In the Sophomoric play is not a flaw.

Pembroke opened wide her doors,
And we entered in by scores;
That was when the Sophomores their love did tell.
They regaled us with their best
And we clapped and cheered with zest
As they sang the songs we love to hear so well.

So we're gathered here to-night
And our eyes behold the might
And the genius of the Class of 1903;
And we love the Sophomore
As we've never loved before,
For we're here to-night their charming play to see.
1904 to 1903

Tune—Gaily the Troubadour.  
Words by Anne Selleck.

Teach us, O Sophomores, humbly we plead,
Give us that knowledge which sorely we need.
We know our ignorance, though little more,
Sophomores, Sophomores, help! we implore.

Into the college now entered our class,
Tender and fresh and as green as the grass;
Yet do we fear that throughout this long year
Trouble we'll make for the studious here.

Seldom or never we're early to bed,
Questions we'll ask that were better unsaid,
Noise we will make in the quiet hours, too,
Sophomores, Sophomores, what will you do?
Sh! !

Still you must welcome us, just as we are,
Now that we've come to the halls of Bryn Mawr,
Guide us and help us, and then, don't you see,
When we are Sophomores, wise we shall be.
Barnard versus Bryn Mawr
In Gymnasium
November 17, 1900

Varsity
Captain Miller
Emmons
Cragin
Sinclair
McCormick

Score: Barnard, 0; Bryn Mawr, 20
The Pilgrim of Progress
To 1903 with the compliments of 1904
November 9, 1900

Louis XVI.................................Virginia Chauvenet
Monsieur Lombard........................Louise Peck
Duc de Pignon..............................Adola Greely
Baron de Brie..............................Katharine Dudley
M. Chauvent.................................Edith McMurrrie
M'lle Bernard...............................Helen Howell
M'lle Fleuret...............................Marjorie Sellers
M'lle Parnasse.............................Leslie Clark
Piety........................................Harriet Southerland
Patience.....................................Jeannette Hemphill
Jealousy....................................Ethel Peck
Hypocrisy...................................Lucy Lombardi

and

Marie Antoinette..........................Hope Woods
Miss Cerberus..............................Helen Arny
Christiana.................................Phyllis Green

Curiosities.

Stage Manager...........................G. Winterbotham
Business Manager.........................Helen Arny
Musical Director..........................Nannie Adaire

When our class prepared to make its début in the college dramatic world, its ambitions soared high. Nothing less than a queen, and she Marie Antoinette of France, herself, did it bring to Bryn Mawr as a Pilgrim of Progress, seeking to get ahead. When one thinks of all that the royal personage might have gained, it seems too bad that she lived so long before the Fall of 1900.

The play begins with the ladies and gentlemen of the French Court gracefully amusing themselves at bow-and-arrow practice. With them is the king, whose bad shot has just been concealed by a burst of applause, when the queen enters impetuously. With a little song and words not to be gainsaid, she declares her weariness of court fashion and folly and her determination to fly to America to seek protection and learning at Bryn Mawr. There is a flutter of surprise, a vain murmur
of remonstrance, then the king, with truly manful resignation, begs his wife to dance a last minuet with him before she goes. Accordingly, the scene ends in colored lights and slow music.

After the usual difficulties and delays of scene-shifting which beset inexperienced classes, especially in the days of the old stage, the queen, accompanied by two pilgrim guides, appears at Bryn Mawr. Despite her high rank and dignity she soon finds that her lot is the common lot of all Freshmen. The royal road to learning is much obstructed by entrance examinations, English and Latin conditions, Rhetoric Quizzes, Parallel Papers, Proctors and the like. Indeed, the dancing, biological bees are her only solace and reminder of the gaiety of sweet France. So it is with no slight joy, that one day hearing the voice of her beloved Louis singing a familiar song, she answers with the second verse and, as he appears, throws herself ecstatically into his arms. Then the class-mates of the queen, attracted by the young courtiers attendant upon his majesty, make themselves very agreeable. Before the royal pair depart, the Morpheus Club entertains them in fitting manner with laughter and sighs and tea. [Curtain, Flowers and Applause from 1903.]

Marjorie S. Canan.

Archer's Song

Tune—Tinker's Chorus from Robin Hood.
Words by Genevieve Winterbotham.

We are the archers of the court,
Our bows, they are of yew, sir,
And be the distance long or short,
Our arrows will fly true, sir.
With a zip, zip, zing,
And a snap of the string,
We shoot at the target so, sir.
All you stand of the Archer's band
At the court of Louis Seize, sir.
Marie Antoinette
Tune—From "The Serenade." Words by Genevieve F. Winterbotham.

A queen there lives both rich and great,
Her king and courtiers adore her,
But by some sad decree of fate,
Display and homage bore her.

She wants to know what women do,
Not be a dressed-up dolly.
She wants to get some muscle, too,
Which courtiers think folly.

She's traveled near, she's traveled far,
In search of true perfection;
'Tis never found save at Bryn Mawr,
And there she seeks protection.

The Beast's Song
Tune—He was a Little Tin Soldier.
Words by Genevieve F. Winterbotham.

She is a sullen Sophomore songster,
Mad as a bird can be.
She is a mathematic monster,
Run on the double rule of three.
They call the Freshmen to migrate,
Get them a private car.
They bully us and bother us, and bore us;
Take them away from Bryn Mawr.
Bee Song
Tune—Monte Carlo. Words by Genevieve F. Winterbotham.

We're the famous biological bees of the very rarest kind,
The very rarest kind, the very rarest kind,
   To get a scientific mind,
Our honey-combs you'll have to find
With the squinting microscope of laboratory.

Chorus.

Cerberus Song
Tune—I Wonder. Words by Helen W. Arny.

Here, my dear, you see these creatures seemingly ferocious,
Do not fear them, list to me;
They are most intelligent and decidedly precocious,
   And as harmless as can be.
These two are noted for their honey,
These two are really very funny;
They're the famous biological bees,
And please don't tease
Or alarm these clever little bees.

Chorus.

Now then you'll see just how we feed them,
Watch closely, do,
One part of sweetest honey-suckle,
Two parts of dew,
Three parts of choicest morning glory,
Mix with some myrrh.
Just mention,
Pay attention,
Just add a little seasoning and serve.
Louis and Marie Antoinette

Tune—from 'The Serenade.' Words by Genevieve F. Winterbotham.

Louis—Elle cause ses sujets trop de peine
     Elle a abandonné son roi
     Oh, dites moi ou je trouverai ma reine

Marie, aie piéte de moi.

Marie—Encore monsieur j'entends ta voix
     En appelant ta chère Marie
     Mon cœur va donc mourir de joie
     Encore en embrassant Louis.

Morphens Club Song


In case that you never can guess who we are,
We're the Morpheus Club of Bryn Mawr.
For powers harmonic, for feats gastronomic,
Each one's a professional star.
We sing of the goops and we sing of their lives,
And we mourn little Willie's demise,
Till our patrons declare, from their seats on the stair,
That they're worn out with laughter and sighs.
Dr. Scott’s Fire

[With Thanks and Apologies to the Philadelphia Newspapers.]

ROMPTLY at half after twelve (for all things are done promptly there), the classic quiet of Bryn Mawr’s halls of study and “long, low dormitories with their Gothic walls in sleepy repose against the cloudless sky, making a picture as peaceful as a village church,” was strangely rent in twain by the horrid siren shriek of a fire whistle. On the winged feet of Mercury spread the intelligence that Dr. Scott’s house, “a pretty little cottage of frame on the Gulf road, more than two miles from the main college buildings,” was in the grasp of greedy flames. It needed no other command to turn “all of Bryn Mawr’s gentle womanhood out into the air with a single-minded purpose.” Then, throwing aside books and caps and gowns in their swift flight, more than 300 “fleet gazelles” sped to the rescue. Their captain, Miss Eugenie Fowler, “a young woman of tall and athletic figure, who never loses her head,” “quickly led that army of fluttering skirts at flying pace across the wide lawns and slopes,” “laid bare by the frosty clasp of winter,” to the scene of action. Arrived there, with an encouraging shout to Dr. Scott, who was gazing in silent agony upon the imminent destruction of the dear little home where, but a short while ago, he had been happily breakfasting with his family, the fair young Amazons, headed by their Hipolita, seized hose and axe and ladder.

Without a moment’s hesitation, they scaled the burning walls, with such agility and courage as would have put to shame the most tried Ardmore fireman, and bravely attacked the “red tongues of flame and heavy clouds of black smoke rolling slowly skyward.” Those who were not engaged in battle on the fiery heights heroically fought their way into the smoke-filled dwelling and carried forth the household goods with such care and completeness that not even a sofa cushion was broken, a frying pan injured by water, or a scrubbing brush left to perish. Only books, china and vases, things that were indestructible, was it permitted to throw from the windows. As men came gathering in from the neighborhood, the competent fire lassies set them to carrying water, holding hose and other of the less difficult and dangerous tasks.

At last all was over, and just as the brave maidens, flushed with “their victory over the elements,” were withdrawing from the scene of recent peril, “the helmets of the Ardmore fire laddies appeared upon the pike.” In
a few courteous words, Miss Fowler thanked them for their kindly intentions, but assured them that their assistance had been unnecessary and that they had been sent for only by mistake.

Thereupon, the studious heroines, smoke-begrimed and drenched with water, returned to their books and caps and gowns as nonchalantly as if they had been merely attending one of their lectures.

All honor, say we, to such dauntless courage and unshakable equanimity.

Marjorie S. Canan.

Athletics
Indoor Meet

Record Marking

Running high jump .................. Pfaff .................. 4 ft. 3 in.
Rope climbing (21 ft.) .............. L. L. Peck .............. 14. 2 sec.
Vault .......................... Pfaff .................. 4 ft. 1 1/8 in.
Standing high jump ............ Pfaff .................. 3 ft. 3 in.
Hurdles ........................ Pfaff .................. 3 1/2 sec.
Ring high jump .................. Pfaff .................. 6 ft. 11 in.

Swimming Contest

140 ft. swim ....................... McCormick .............. 44 sec.
Riding on boards (single) ........ Arny .................... 2 m. 14 sec.
Riding on boards (double) ........ Peck, '03, Rummery ...... 2 m. 5 1/2 sec.
Obstacle race .................... Rockwell .................. 1 m. 25 sec.
Basket Ball
Song

Tune—Upidee. Words by Anne Selleck.
You've never seen us play before,
1904, 1904,
But wait until we make our score,
1900-4.
McCormick leads our winning van
Now beat us, Sophomores, if you can!
Then give a cheer for 1904,
1904, o'er and o'er;
Our team is solid to the core
1900-4.

Line up

1903
Meigs—Captain
James ....................................... R. F. .................... Arny
Sinclair .................................... . Home ................. Van Wagenen
Montague ................................... L. F. .................... Pfaff
Lovell ...................................... R. C. .................... Christie
White ...................................... C. C. .................... Green
Raymond .................................... L. C. .................... Dudley (Woods)
Meigs ....................................... R. B. .................... Rossiter
Watson ...................................... . Guard ................. McCormick
Lange ...................................... L. B. .................... Kellen

Score: 1903—2. 1904—0.

1904
McCormick—Captain
May 6.

1903
Montague...................................... R. F. .................... Wood
Sinclair...................................... Home ................. Swindell
James ...................................... L. F. .................... Van Wagenen
Lovell ...................................... R. C. .................... Christie
White ...................................... C. C. .................... Green
Raymond .................................... L. C. .................... Pfaff
Meigs ....................................... R. B. .................... Rossiter
Watson ...................................... . Guard ................. McCormick
Lange ...................................... L. B. .................... Kellen

Score: 1903—0. 1904—2.
May 11.

1903
Montague ........................................ R. F. Wood
Sinclair .......................................... Home Swindell
James ............................................ L. F. Van Wagenen
Lovell ........................................... R. C. Christie
White ............................................ C. C. Green
Raymond .......................................... L. C. Pfaff
Meigs ............................................. R. B. Rossiter
Watson ........................................... Guard McCormick
Lange ............................................ L. B. Kellen


May 15.

1901
Miller—Captain ................................ R. F. Arny
Sinclair .......................................... R. F. Arny
Emmons .......................................... Home Van Wagenen
Laws ............................................. L. F. Wood
Ayer ............................................. R. C. Pfaff
Miller ........................................... C. C. Green
Campbell ........................................ L. C. Christie
Williams ...................................... L. C. Christie
Fowler ........................................... Guard McCormick
Buffum .......................................... L. B. Kellen


May 17.

1901
Sinclair .......................................... R. F. Wood
Emmons .......................................... Home Van Wagenen
Crosse ........................................... L. F. Arny
Ayer ............................................. R. C. Christie
Miller ........................................... C. C. Green
Campbell ........................................ L. C. Pfaff
Williams ...................................... R. B. Rossiter
Fowler ........................................... Guard McCormick
Buffum .......................................... L. B. Kellen

Score: 1901—6. 1904—0.
San Toy Tea

1904 to 1901

Of course, as Freshmen, we all adored 1901, our Seniors, and we wanted to give them a most original and superior entertainment, especially as they had the reputation of giving "the best things ever given in college." After many and heated discussions in class meetings, we decided to give them a San Toy Tea. Why "tea" I don't quite know, as it was to be at night, on the campus, by the Japanese cherry trees. We were to have booths fixed up under the trees, draped in pink and white chintz, from which the refreshments were to be served by girls in Japanese costume, and the lights were to be strings of Japanese lanterns hung between the larger trees. For entertainment we were to have songs and dances from the opera San Toy done by some of the girls dressed as several of the characters.

At last the great day dawned, but alas! the clouds hung heavily over the campus and even more heavily over our spirits. The sky grew darker and darker until at last we decided to put off the entertainment until the next day; but in the late afternoon the sun came out feebly, then a number of girls came to the committee and said things that were put off were never as much fun, and begged us (the committee) to give it that night. As they promised to help us, we reluctantly agreed and started for the campus to begin work at once. Imagine our state of mind when we got there, only to find all our helpers, so strong in promises, but oh, so miserably weak in fulfilment, had disappeared, and we, with our loyal Vice-President, were left to do the work alone!

But we were not among those who suffer cheerfully and in silence, especially as the sky grew darker and darker, and we got through so late that we had no time for supper. We were in the midst of hurrying into our costumes when oh, horror! the rain came down in floods, carrying our lanterns and booths with it to the ground. How angry and disappointed we all were I think it best to leave to your imagination. The gym. of course, had not been fixed up, so we tore around collecting what we could in ten minutes to hide the instruments of torture along its awful walls, and pulling out chairs from dark and mysterious corners. Well, about eight o'clock, we started out to escort our Seniors in the pouring rain to the quickly decorated gym. instead of the campus lighted by our lanterns, and incidentally, a full moon. We danced with '01 to the great joy of those of '04 who had a specially adored one among their Seniors; and every so often, or, to be more specific, about every third dance, we had one of our stunts.
First, Phyllis Green as Rhoda sang a song and danced so charmingly that she has had to repeat it many times since. Then Helen Arny as Yen How sang a song with his six little wives who, we thought, were most beautifully dressed as Chinese ladies of high degree. But Michi who ought to know, said never had she seen or thought possible such a mixture of Japanese and Chinese in one costume. But the song was all that it should have been and made up for all deficiencies in costume; and anyhow, I don't believe the Seniors knew any more about it than we did. Phyllis, having by this time recovered from her former efforts, had a song and dance with me, made hideous as Li. For the dance we put on circular things made of cardboard and painted with grotesque figures to represent Chinese idols. We thought the resemblance striking, and fortunately for our pride, no Chinamen were here to criticise. After this we had refreshments, which were tolerably dry considering what they had been through. As soon as the Seniors were sufficiently fed and we could pull the amorous Freshmen away from their various adored ones, we turned down the lights and sang our Maid in the Moon chorus with great effect, in spite of the fact that the moon was hidden by the gym. roof as well as by heavy curtains of clouds. But before we had finished this gem of our collection, in rushed Gym. Kate and in a loud and wrathful tone demanded that we depart. So in confusion and haste we fled outdoors. As it had stopped raining, we escorted our Seniors home while they told us what a lovely time they had had, and we believing them, went home happy and much pleased with ourselves.

Virginia Rolette Chauvenet.
Class Supper

Toasts

"Basket Ball" .................................................. Eleanor McCormick
"The Future of our Class" .................................. Agnes Gillender
"The Chafing Dish" .......................................... Florence Robbins
"The Benefit of the Students' Building" ............... Clara Wade
"The Skating Pond" ............................................ Ruth Wood
"A bas the Ardmore Trespassers" ....................... Margaret Ullman
"Upper Classmen" ............................................. Harriet Southerland
"William" ....................................................... Helen Howell
"Glockers" ....................................................... Elsie Kohn
"Our Class" ..................................................... Martha Rockwell

To Sub-Freshmen

Tune—Rig-a-jig-jig.  Words by ANNE SELLECK

We waited long, we've wandered far,
In search of Freshmen brave and true,
And now at last to fair Bryn Mawr
We gladly welcome you.
We wish you well, we hope you'll thrive,
To help you on we'll ever strive,
And so we give, as you arrive
A cheer for 1905!
In Memoriam

Elizabeth Harris Brodie

December 20, 1900
Sophomore Year
Class Officers

President—Harriet Rodman Southerland.
Vice-President and Treasurer—Katharine Robinson Curtis.
Secretary—Florence Eustis Robins.
Rush Night

The night of September 29th, 1901, was eventful for 1904. The green and verdant 1905 were preparing to hold their first class meeting, and to make their first impression on the college by a solemn and triumphal progress through the halls. Their meeting was held in Llamberis under difficulties which some pseudo members of '05 tried to help them to obviate.

The meek and unassuming song which was adopted for the occasion shows what a lowly spirit was theirs—

"We'll rough house those Sophomores
Till they cheer for 1905!"

Finally the class collected on the basket ball field. Up the hill they came, two by two, lock step, chanting their crusading cry. In the front rank stalked two amazons calculated to take the wind out of the sails of any Sophomore hardy enough to attack them.

The progress through Radnor was uneventful. "Ha, ha" thought they, "this rush business is not at all what it is cracked up to be, but we are probably about the finest specimens of females which this college has ever seen, and that is why they do not dare to molest us. Just look at the puny members of '04 on the outskirts of this glorious parade."

By this time the door of Denbigh had been reached. Suddenly it commenced to pour. How strange, for stars were in the sky, and no one had umbrellas up! Well, perhaps it would be dryer inside when they got away from the basket-ball team with its pitchers.

So saying, they entered, like Alice and the White Rabbit, the unknown passage. One member of '05, thinking she would be very smart and checkmate the horrid Sophomores, rushed in and turned out the gas. Little did she realize the powers of '04 to see in the dark.

After going up the half flight of stairs, the amazons' leaders came to a full stop. There was a blank wall in front of them. The corridor of Denbigh, like the rabbit's house, had suddenly shrunk to half its size. "We must not let a little thing like a wall daunt us," said the leaders; and they began to climb, as Alice climbed the legs of the table. The wall began to totter, and a stentorian voice from the rear, said "Take down that dangerous barricade at once. Make a path through it. Don't you know that the trunks will fall over and kill somebody?"

At the word trunks, Minnie and Susie, and Lizzie and Carrie, and all the other '05 inhabitants of the corridor, began to wail "Oh, my new hat
will be ruined;" "The bottle of shoe-blacking is on top of my best white dress; it will break if my trunk falls." "Why didn't I leave that old five cent bottle of glue out of the box with my new feather boa, as mother told me to?" "Oh dear, my picture of Baby Stewart with the Florentine frame Percy gave me will be broken." And the Chairman wailed—"My chances for the presidency will be ruined if I cannot meet this emergency." Thanks to the path made in obedience to official command, the Freshmen passed this barrier without a scratch.

They met with some slight opposition at the door of the graduate wing, but the united avoirdupois of the 10,000 times 10,000 members of '05, was quite an argument in favor of "no personal violence."

The procession finally arrived in Pembroke Arch, where '04 were innocently assembled to greet them with a song, telling how Bryn Mawr was at last complete, now that '05 had come.

The next morning '04 learned many things about themselves which they had never before suspected. For example, that they were rude, rough horse-players, had no regard for human life, and that the college was ashamed to own them. From that day our spirits have been completely crushed, and I can testify that no member of '04 has ever smiled since.

Martha S. Rockwell.

Class Song

Tune—Der Gute Comarade.  
Words by Anne Selleck

O, we proudly raise our voices,  
We, the Class of 1904,  
As we join the loyal chorus  
Of the classes gone before.  
A song of praise we're singing,  
Our homage to thee bringing;  
All hail to thee, Bryn Mawr!  
All hail to thee, Bryn Mawr!  

All throughout our life at college  
May we battle for the right,  
Loyal to our Alma Mater,  
And her flag of gold and white;  
Whatever lot betide us  
Her beacon still will guide us;  
All hail to thee, Bryn Mawr  
All hail to thee, Bryn Mawr.
David Garrick
1904 to 1905

Cast

David Garrick ........................................ Phyllis Green
Mr. Simon Ingot ...................................... Virginia Chauvenet
Squire Chivy .......................................... Helen Arny
Mr. Smith ............................................. Sue Swindell
Mr. Browne ........................................... Martha Rockwell
Mr. Jones ............................................. Florence Robins
Thomas .................................................. Harriet Southerland
George, Garrick's Servant ....................... Harriet Clough
Ada Ingot ............................................. Ruth Wood
Mrs. Smith ............................................ Sara Palmer
Miss Araminta Browne ......................... Hope Woods
Stage Manager ....................................... Helen Arny
Prompter ............................................. Elsie Kohn

1904-1905

Tune—El Capitan. Words by Sue Swindell and Lucy Lombardi.

O 1905, strive to be content
With this our second, but our last attempt,
'Tis you who next the stage will ornament,
So give a cheer for 1900-5!
Behold the Sophomore,
Notice her histrionic art,
Pity her palpitating heart.
Your patience we implore,
For she's never been a Sophomore before.
S our character has changed considerably since Freshman year, and we are no longer in the habit of cheering ourselves, modesty forbids us to express exactly what we thought of the play which we, the Sophomores, gave to '05. Since, according to ancient tradition, the Sophomore play is not original with the class, we had not, upon this occasion, an opportunity to display the literary genius for which Freshmen year had given us a reputation. In choosing "David Garrick" for reproduction, however, we felt that we were making the best of things; for not only would it enable us to appear in the eighteenth century costume so dear to the heart of the Sophomore actress, but also, with two inebriation scenes, a sufficient amount of middle-class comedy and a great deal of romantic love-making, it would afford a fairly broad field for our histrionic talent.

Nevertheless, we had our misgivings, as our song to '05 betrayed. Sophomoredom was a proud estate to which we hardly felt equal yet, and perhaps we were slightly depressed by the dress-rehearsal, which doubtless went the way of all dress-rehearsals. We did not suffer from stage-fright, however, and, if we do say it, tripped and strutted across the creaking stage in a truly Sophomore-play manner.

Ruth Wood, the heroine, was becomingly demure and modest, but bold in the end to defy all things for love, even conventions, and her stern, though fond parent, Virginia Chauvenet. Phyllis Green, playing David Garrick, was a lover of the most high-minded type and, self-sacrificingly, a too-successful imitator of the disciples of Bacchus. As for Sara Palmer, Mrs. Browne, of the "seven hundred children," we shall long remember her cheeks and her fan, and the manly, chest-swelling indignation of her husband, Sue Swindell.

Florence Robins, as Mr. Jones, wobbled and stammered to perfection, despite the protests of the fair Araminta Browne, otherwise Hope Woods. Patty Rockwell, or Mr. Browne, we remember chiefly as in a somnolent state behind a large handkerchief, or as making remarks highly embarrassing to his daughter, who,—poor young thing!—had, besides, not a little to suffer from Mr. Garrick's interest in her green cock-a-too.

It is generally agreed that Helen Arny, to whom is due the credit for the training and management, was the most successful actor. In the difficult part of Dick Chivy, she was so amazingly funny that we, behind the scenes and in the gallery, could not contain our admiration, while the Freshmen—but again our acquired modesty checks our speech. We shall have to leave the rest for '05.

Marjorie S. Canan.
GAIN it was Lantern Night, but so changed that its oldest friends would not have recognized it. The lanterns were just as bright, if not brighter; the Freshmen were just as fresh if not fresher, but the Sophomores—a mild, martyred and motherly air had settled down upon the Sophomores. During the singing of “Thou Gracious Inspiration” under the Arch, every Freshman clutched her cap and grabbed her gown, but needlessly, for the Sophomores, casting precedent to the winds (their usual habit) left the clutching and grasping to the Freshmen, and ’04 and ’05 walked home together arm in arm—the Lion and the Lamb. But blood will tell, and even ’04 couldn’t overcome the force of past traditions in one night. And this is what happened in Denbigh. It started innocently enough. What Freshman would ever refuse fudge proffered by a Sophomore? And ’05 were not exceptional Freshmen in this respect at least, so in less time than it takes to tell, all the Freshmen in Denbigh were eagerly eating fudge in one of the Sophomore’s rooms.

And then the Serpent entered the Garden of Eden. “Why not?” whispered the Serpent into the ear of the Sophomores, “Steal the Freshmen, since you cannot steal their gowns.” Then the Serpent and the Sophomores argued and planned, and finally the Serpent locked the door. A moment later a Freshman arose to go, and for obvious reasons didn’t get farther than the door, and then the tempest broke! For one long, weary night the Freshmen and Sophomores battled. In the grey dawn of early morning the protecting Junior wing began to flutter sympathetically, and some feathers floated in over the transom. Still the struggle went on, until one member of ’05 became desperate. Then a brilliant idea was suggested by the combination of some Freshmen friends and a ladder on the ground, two stories below. The door was locked, to be sure, but why not try the window? Out of the window stuck her feet, in the window stuck the rest of the Freshman, in the somewhat rough, but none the less loving, embrace of some of the Sophomores. At this juncture the door was opened “in the name of the President.” We will draw a veil over the next twenty-four hours. Suffice it to say that Sophomore spirits were hurt, but Sophomore blood was boiling, after chapel was dismissed the next day.
The following letter acted as a slight restorative:

President’s Office,
Bryn Mawr College, Bryn Mawr, Pa.

November 7, 1901.

DEAR MISS ARNY:

President Thomas desires me to say that she has been told that what she said at chapel this morning was unjust to the Sophomore class as a whole because only some members of it were involved. She can see you at the Deanery this evening at 6:15, or between 7:30 and 8:30, if you would like to talk it over with her, or at Taylor Hall to-morrow morning a few minutes before chapel.

Yours very sincerely,

[Signed] Isabel Maddison.

Miss Helen W. Arny.

The final cure, however, was effected in chapel the next morning, after which ’04 was again its jovial self.

Anne Knox Buzby,
Helen W. Arny.
Borumora

1905 to 1904

Now that the annual Freshmen play is with the good things of the past, we especially delight to boast, with the staid dignity of old-timers, of the one that '05 gave to us. We recall the plot readily,—the missionary host that went from Bryn Mawr to convert the Filipino maidens to the higher education; the counter-scheme of Aguinaldo, the "doughty warrior," Funston, and their mates to enter Bryn Mawr as co-eds; the despair of the Bryn Mawr girls, and their final rescue by the valiant Dewey, who carries off the obnoxious co-eds to the front and leaves the college in a state of general hilarity:
"Hoorah! hoorah! ye students all! The dire foe has fled!
No longer shall we blush to say our college is co-ed,
For Dewey bold,
Our fate controlled.
No longer shall the enemy our campus desecrate,
No longer shall the sight of men inspire raging hate,
For brave Dew-e-e-y
Has set us free."

But we remember better, perhaps, the striking songs and dances, and
the numerous comic situations,—the dusky Filipino maidens and their
long and curling hair, the songs and dances of the Society Girls, the Ath-
letic Girls, and the Grinds, the lovely mermaid dance, and the gruesome
Proctor performance:

"Sh! Sh! We mock at groans!
Sh! Sh! We scrunch your bones!
We sit and gloat as we cut your throat,
We heed no cries, our hearts are stones.
Sh! Sh! Your nerves we rack!
Sh! Sh! Your skulls we crack!
The Proctor hosts, like fiendish ghosts,
Attired all in black!"

We have had occasion since to sympathize with Aguinaldo's plight
as he sat in his study, redolent of wet towels, and yawned forth his mourn-
ful plaint:

"I'm tired!
Ti-yi-yi-ired!
Examinations somehow seem to tire me,
I'm tired!
So awfully tired.
I am so very t-i-r-e-d!"

But what most won our hearts in its charming Freshman modesty
and loyalty to the Sophomore was the "Green, green, green" song:

"Green, green, green; we wish our color would fade,
Green, green, green; we'd like another shade,
Green, green, green; the freshest ever seen,
We wish that we were Soph'mores 'stead of Freshmen green."

Edna A. Shearer.
1904 to 1905

Tune—Captain Jinks. Words by Isabel M. Peters and Clara Cary Case.

O Freshman Class of 1905,
We cannot see how you contrive
A play so very much alive
With jokes and pretty follies.

CHORUS
We like the way you dance and sing,
Dance and sing, dance and sing,
Much wit and merriment you bring,
O class of jolly Freshmen.

Your hero struts with manly pride,
His fair young maiden at his side,
Dancing on the stage so wide
Of the gym. of Bryn Mawr College.

1904 to 1905

Tune—Coon, Coon, Coon. Words by Lucy Lombardi.

We've seen you hustling to the gym
In every kind of weather,
Short and stout and tall and thin,
And every one so clever;
And now at last the curtain parts,
We'll give a cheer together
For the dazzling presentation
That awaits us here.

CHORUS
At last the time has come,
Your Terpsichorean mysteries no longer we must shun;
We greet with acclamation
Each prehistoric pun;
Then give a cheer, a hearty cheer,
For 1905.
Oral Songs
1904-1902

Tune—Darktown. Words by MARGARET ULLMAN.
O Seniors,
All day to-morrow, all through your sorrow,
Know that we feel for you,
And take for your oral, from 1904 all
Good luck, O 1902!

Tune—“Rhoda” in “San Toy.” Words by ANNE SELLECK.
There was a class on learning bent,
Who one day did determine
That all their surplus time be spent
On reading French and German.
They soon were perfect in this art,
A million words they learned by heart,
No drifting—they just plied the oar,
And now they all H. C. will score.

CHORUS.
1902, don’t fear for your orals
Soon you’ll win most glorious laurels,
To-morrow night
We’ll say at last
‘Every one of those Seniors now has passed!’
Denbigh Fire

Comment of the Current Press

Well might a national poet-laureate, if we had one, struck with this new proof that the American girl is equal to all emergencies, embalm the event in immortal verse—

Kimonos to right of us,
Kimonos to left of us,
Kimonos in front of us
    Hurried and skurried.

"Forward, Bath-robe Brigade!"
Oh the fine show they made!
"Was there a girl afraid?"
:"Not on your life" he said,
:"Nor flurried nor worried."

Knickerbockers on the stairs,
Knickerbockers on the chairs,
Knickerbockers everywhere
    Scrambled and tumbled.

Theirs not to be dismayed,
Theirs not to be afraid;
:"When shall their bath-robines fade?"
:"Never" he mumbled.
Mike O'Hooley
On Our New Possessions on the Pike

HISHT an' its plazed Oi am to see yez all lookin' so shmoilin' an' ielgant the day—an' ather the awful noight yez was all experiencin' a-ways back. Och, but thot was the noight tho! Oi was slapin' paceful and squoiet-loike over in the village beyont, whin all ov a suddint Oi heard thot there whistle over til that Eddicated Semmary for Females—thot whistle yez moid thot sounds the way yes fales ather comin' down shwift-loike in an ellyva-ater.

Be gorry, whin Oi heard thot, Oi ga-ave a jump intil me clothes and Oi was there before Oi shtopped runnin'. Thot was the dreadful soight. Shure there was the flames a-shootin' out av thot shlapin hall, and all thim young ladies trapsin' round in thim long flowin' gyarments—an' blankets wrapped round thin, promiscuous-loike. Well, Oi was shtandin' there wonderin' what wud happen next at all, at all—whin whisht, wan ov thin comes up til me and she sez, sez she: "Here now, what d'yez mane shtanding there yez lazy good-for-nothin' idle vagabond, wid your hands in your pockets an' me workin' mesilf til skin an' bone; go on wid yez" sez she. Be gorry she had me thot flabber-gasted Oi didn't know what Oi wud be doin' next, an' she shtud me up in a loin wid a lot ov them Eddicaated Females passin' around candlesticks an' hair-brushes an' such for to put in a sa-afe place, I suppose.

Well, in wan minute or so Oi shtopped—just for to take a rist—me' bein' koind av toired-loike. But up comes another av thin and "get to warrk," sez she. "Hurry up now, an' don't let me be ather seein' any more ov yez la-azy men ta-akin' your aise the whole we do the warrk!" sez she. Faix,—thin she kept me goin' til Oi didn't know wan fut from another. Oi was near dead, Oi was, and ather thot Oi wint home and to bed, and what wid the a-aches in me bones from the warruk an the wather an' wan thing another—Oi was sick till Oi was well again. However, thot's nayther here nor there, an' as Oi was sayin' a minute for by—the first warrk thot iver Oi did for a whole ather thot was at thot there boardin' house, a-ways back ov the village, where they was ather shtorin' thin young ladies til they had a pla-ace to put thin in. Och—but thot was the grand house. The yellow paint av it—and thin ielgant windys rachin' down til the ground, and the rid cyarpet av it—ny—but t'was the handsome pla-ace. The first thing they set me to doin' was the fixin' av the gong—the bell, yez moid, that they puts out the foires wid. Oi was a tunin' av it up, whin all on a suddent there drops a book and a pin-
cil down the shtairs and afther thim a young lady. An' "Whoop!" sez she, "Hold it" sez she. Well Oi cast me oie out ov the windy to see what iver it was thot was afther excoitin' her so treminjous. And there was a long black wagon-loike, wid forty av thim young ladies tryin' to git in where twinty belonged. An' two ov thim was foightin' scanyalous for the front sate. "Oi will hav ut" sez wan, "Not at all," sez the other. "'Tis moi tur'rn" sez she—an' in the mane-whoile two others av thim had got there inshtead, an' at that the fir-rst two wint off on the back shteps as continted as lambs!

Well, afther that Oi wint til the cottage beyont, for to do some jabs—yez moind the pla-ace—T'is the wan where they had the home-made restaurant, wid the cash-payment basement, a whoiles later. Whin Oi got there, there was a lady hangin' out av the windy, a-scrachin' to wan down be the ga-ate.

"Don't forget the con-demned milk" sez she. "Oi'll not" sez the other. "Annything else?" sez she. "Ochone," sez the first, "don't be afther forgettin' the can-opener, 'tis days past oi've been openin' the sardines wid the shoe horn." At thot two others av thim comes in the ga-ate. Och thot was the soight. The wan she had some ov thim little cuke-stoves, together wid some av thim shinny shticks-loike, an' the other she had some sofy cushions an' a tay-table or two. Well the wan she got thot mixed up wid her fate and the shinny shticks thot yez cudn't tell the wan from the other; and the wan wid the tay-tables—well every toime she put wan in front av her she left it behind her. But for all thot—thay was as shmoilin' as if they was afther goin' on a Sunday School picnic. An' be gorry for thot Oi say, Here's til the very good health av Denbigh-on-the-Pike!

ANNE KNOX BUZBY.
**Summit Grove Game**

"The ladies from Summit Grove came in the 'bus,  
A game to play;  
In black and in white for old Denbigh bedight,  
A game to play.  
The 'bus was so loaded, it nearly exploded,  
But never a whit cared we;  
We came here to beat, not to beat a retreat—  
The ladies of Summit G."

HUS sang the "Summits" as they slowly approached the field in their funeral-car, drawn by two rare and stately steeds dating from prehistoric times. Poor disfigured Denbigh looked on with a benignant expression, as its champions descended, clad in black skirts and white shirt-waists, ornamented with the heraldic device of a skull and cross-bones. They were followed by so large and vociferous a crowd of loyal supporters that it was impossible to understand just why the 'bus had decided not to explode. The cheer which greeted these noisy mourners is worthy of being handed down to posterity, since it contains the only known rhyme for campus:

"Hear us yelling like a grampus—  
We're the ladies of the campus!"

The game brought about some strange combinations: erstwhile opponents overcame their prejudices and passed the ball amicably to each other; while friends and allies of long standing contended with all their might. The spectators, perhaps, had the greatest trouble. When Susie made a pretty try, for instance, the '04 ladies of the campus could hardly keep back their impulse to cheer; while their class-mates from the Pike found equal difficulty in remembering that McCormick's long throws should not be applauded by them.

After a long and exciting contest, Victory finally perched on the campus banner; not even the strong and sturdy colony of Denbigh-on-the-Pike was able to vanquish the mother country. And this, after all, was as it should be; for until this day—and may it long be so—Victory has never been forced to leave her natural home, the campus of Bryn Mawr College.
Athletics

Indoor Meet

Record Marking
Standing Broad Jump ........ Case .................. 7 ft. 1 in.

Swimming Contest
124 ft. Swim .................. McCormick .................. 42.7 sec.
140 ft. Swim on Back .... McCormick .................. 60.2 sec.

Basket Ball

Tune—*Dreaming, Dreaming.*  Words by Anne Selleck.
Playing, playing, see the girls in blue,
Onward with the victory, for we rely on you.
You'll do your best, as oft you've done before;
We'll give a hearty cheer for the team of 1904.

Tune—*I want to be a Military Man.*  Words by Margaret Ullman.
Here's to our players, give a cheer that's ringing,
Here's to the ball and basket, good luck bringing,
Here's to the class that with a will is singing,
Come and cheer the team of 1904.

Boom chick-a-rick
Boom chick-a-rick
Boom chick-a-rick
Boom! Boom! Boom!
Malla hoorah
Malla hoorah
1900 and 4, Bryn Mawr.
Line up

May 6.

1904
Captain: McCormick
Swindell
Van Wagenen
White
Pfaff
Woods
Case
McCormick
Dudley
Kellen

1905
Captain: Marshall
F. E. Mason
A. E. Mason
Jaynes
Denison
Kempton
Meigs
Marshall
Spencer
Day

Score: 1904—3. 1905—0.

May 8.

1904
Swindell
Van Wagenen
White
Pfaff
Woods
Case
Dudley
Kellen
McCormick

1905
F. E. Mason
A. E. Mason
Jaynes
Meigs
Kempton
Lynde
Day
Marshall
Denison


May 10.

1904
Swindell
Van Wagenen
White
Pfaff
Woods
Case
Criswell
McCormick
Dudley

1905
F. E. Mason
A. E. Mason
Jaynes
Meigs
Kempton
Lynde
Day
Marshall
Denison

### May 12.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>1904 Captain: McCormick</th>
<th>1902 Captain: Cragin</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Swindell</td>
<td>Cragin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Van Wagenen</td>
<td>Spencer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>White</td>
<td>Shearer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pfaff</td>
<td>Balch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Case</td>
<td>Campbell</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wood—Criswell</td>
<td>Billmeyer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dudley—Criswell</td>
<td>Gignoux</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McCormick</td>
<td>Adams</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kellen—Dudley</td>
<td>Boyd</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Score: 1902—6. 1904—0.

### May 14.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>1904 Criswell</th>
<th>1902 Gignoux</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Kellen</td>
<td>Boyd</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McCormick</td>
<td>Adams</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pfaff</td>
<td>Balch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Woods</td>
<td>Billmeyer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Case</td>
<td>Campbell</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Swindell</td>
<td>Cragin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>White</td>
<td>Shearer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Van Wagenen</td>
<td>Spencer</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>


### May 16.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>1904 Criswell</th>
<th>1902 Todd</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Kellen</td>
<td>Chandlee</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McCormick</td>
<td>Adams</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pfaff</td>
<td>Clark</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Case</td>
<td>Congdon</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Woods</td>
<td>Gignoux</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Swindell</td>
<td>Cragin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>White</td>
<td>Shearer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Van Wagenen</td>
<td>Spencer</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Score: 1902—5. 1904—0.

**Sic Transit Gloria Mundi**
Fortnightly Philistine
Extra Edition
1904 to 1902

EDITORIAL BOARD.

Editor-in-Chief.................................................Harriet R. Southerland.
S. O. Swindell, A. M. Kelley,
H. A. Howell, M. J. Ross,

EDITORIAL..................................................Page 1.

H. Southerland.

Poetry..................................................Page 2.

M. Ross, S. Swindell, S. Palmer,
M. Rockwell, I. Rossetter, N. Adaire.

ILLUSTRATION.............................................Page 3.

L. Lombardi, A. Kelley,
K. Van Wagenen, E. Sinn.

FARCE—“Breaking the Ice”.........................Page 4.

H. Woods, H. Arny.

ILLUSTRATION.............................................Page 7.

(With apologies to F. E. M.)

E. Happy, E. M. Gerick, J. Allen,
E. Holliday, C. Greely.

STAFF OF 1902.............................................Page 9.

L. Lombardi, S. Palmer,
E. Thompson, M. James.

Page 10.

THE FORTNIGHTLY PHILISTINE
PHILISTINE! Extra! Extra! Limited evening edition! Illustrated supplement! Single issue Friday, May 16, 1902 at 8 P. M.! On which evening the waning glory of the "Philistine" flared up brilliantly and illumined the expectant faces of "Our Juniors."

This number of the "Philistine" opened, as every well-ordered magazine should, with the turning of the fly-leaf, and disclosed its ruling spirit, its editor-in-chief, who delivered an editorial calculated to charm the ear and still the apprehensions of its involuntary subscribers. The "Poetry" which followed was, unlike that of the simple-minded "Tipyn," not "sentimental" but a true love story set to the music of eight voices and sung to the loyal Class of 1902. Next, an illustration relieved this tension of emotion by a convincing portrayal of the broadening influence of college-life, in which the Senior, a mighty being, developed from a very spindly Freshman, showed the amazing results of judicious cramming—of sofa-pillows.

"Breaking the Ice" succeeded in eliminating whatever thin film might have remained over the gayety of the assembly, while the next illustration, a full-stage one, depicting the heart-breaking tragedy of the Room-draw, consistently brought down the house.

"The advantages of being a Senior" were peculiar in 1902's day, and of a kind since mercifully taken from us. In those days "Fdrrr" was a thing more to be feared than the most fearful oral. Though without these superior opportunities, four of our humble number, through mere association, with the improved reality of Senior enunciation, were able to give a fairly dramatic rendering of certain famous classics—as, for example, this charming bit.
"A g-r-r-reen little Freshman,
One g-r-r-reen summer day,
Some chemicals mixed
In her g-r-r-reen little way;
And now o'er that Freshman's
G-r-r-reen little g-r-r-rave
The g-r-r-reen little g-r-r-rasses
Do tenderly wave."

and so on, R-r ad lib.

The Alumæ notes, p. 10, gave a glimpse into the vistas of the future, which has proved startlingly correct. With becoming confidence we attributed to the '02 of the future the realized possibility of the 17%, but '02 has overstepped the bounds of all precedents; already their record of the fatal step taken points to 20% with fair prospect of increase. Witness the following array of maiden names already, or soon to be, discarded, names worthy to be inscribed in halls of Fame.

McManus, Douglas and Rotan,
Spencer, Harben, Chandlee,
Porter, Jenkins, Lyon and Yeatts,
Crægin, Miles and Sperry.

and Shearer, Porter and Adams besides, who cannot be rhymed—

A revival for a time-honored formula for the display of upper-classman cynicism in the pages of the Phil, proved effective in "By Way of Padding," the customary dialogue between a biting Senior and a be-ribboned Freshman innocent of guile; and on p. 13 "The Young Lady with a Coal Scuttle" and the extra edition reached a happy conclusion.

The advertisements very properly came last, and provided as usual the "sine qua non" of the issue. We had just received our second annual defeat in the basket-ball finals that afternoon. As witness for our deep respect for the team and class that could beat us, the "Battles advertisement" consisted of two "floral tokens," one for Miss Douglas, President, and one for Miss Cragin, basket-ball captain of '02. The ices and cake were served in a business-like way by neat-capped maids from the stage and Carpenter furnished a clover sauce.

Lucy Lombardi.
Poetry
To 1902
Tune—*Mammy's Little Pumpkin Colored Coon.*
Words by MARGARET ULLMAN and ANNE SELLECK.

Many a song you all have read
Within the real Philistine,
Mourning o'er their inspiration fled,
Telling how the hard worked muse
Had lost her glory pristine:
Every subject they have used is dead,
But one theme which never palls
We have in this edition,
Which to-night we dedicate to you,
With your permission.
So to sing your praises in these
Verses we're a-wishin',
Here's to you, our Juniors, 1902!

**CHORUS.**
Juniors to your Freshmen loyal ever,
Seniors loving always, failing never,
When we are Seniors, may we be like you;
Together sing the praises of 1902.

Many thousand times you've won our love and admiration,
From our Freshman childhood until now,
And altho' we'd greatly like to try enumeration,
Punctuated well with many a bow;
Could we of your kindness rehearse the lengthy story,
T'would descend, we sadly fear, into mere category.
So we'll just restate our theme: we celebrate the glory
Of our beloved Juniors, 1902.
Alumni Notes

Song of the Fellow

Tune—Absent Minded Beggar.  
Words by the Committee
Ph. D., LL. D., and A. B.
Ph. B., LL. B., A. B. C. D. E.
All these degrees are mine by right,
In Bryn Mawr I am the shining light,
I'm the Fellow of B. M. C.

Song of Eleanor Wood

Tune—Skirt Dance.
I've just come back from a summer's jaunt,
Where I've had hearts galore,
And every kind of dresses,
For house and ball and shore.
The men have all been at my feet,
Proposals by the score.
But yet I'm glad to be back again
With the gang at old Bryn Mawr.

Song of the 17th

Tune—Baby, Baby.
Baby, baby, you're a Bryn Mawr baby.
Don't you care, you'll go there
When you are a lady.
Don't you cry, don't be shy,
1902 will love you;
You'll wear the blue,
That gleams so true,
For the Class of 1902.

Cragin and Gignoux Song

Tune—The Bowery.
O England, dear England,
They say such things and they do such things,
O England, dear England,
We'll never go there any more.
Class Supper

Toasts

"The Outside World" ........................................ Phyllis Green
"Melody" ..................................................... Nannie Adaire
"Basket Ball" ................................................ Eleanor McCormick
"Hockey" ..................................................... Clara C. Case
"Our New Possessions" ..................................... Anne Buzby
"Campus Burglars" ........................................... Hope Woods
"Life in General" ............................................ Virginia Chauvenet
"Talent" ........................................................ Elsie Kohn
"Our Freshmen" .............................................. Dorothy Foster
"1930—Utopia at Bryn Mawr" ............................... Adelheid Hecht
"Our Class" .................................................. Harriet Southerland

Toastmistress—Agnes Gillender.
Class Officers

President—Agnes Gillender
Vice-President—Dorothy Foster
Secretary—Jeanette Hemphill
Class Song

Tune—Come Fill up the Flagon. Words by MARGARET ULLMAN.

To our Alma Mater, wherever we are,
As one of her children, we sing to Bryn Mawr,
With love and with honor come fill up your glass,
A toast from the heart and the will of our class.

CHORUS.
Then here's to the college to our hearts ever dear,
And here's to the classes of many a year,
And here's to each other; may we cheer evermore
Bryn Mawr and our class, 1900 and 4.

She's followed us daily with right guiding eyes,
And given for our color the blue of the skies,
Her beauty and truth are so perfect that we
Endeavor like her "not to seem but to be."

Rush Night

1904 to 1906

Tune—Little Buttercup from "Pinafore."
Words by ANNE SELLECK and ALICE WALDO.

But two years have passed since we came here as Freshmen,
And stood as you stand here to-night;
We found on the threshold our Juniors to welcome,
And lead us and guide us aright.
They warned us of dangers
And pitied our troubles,
And taught us to honor the blue,
And now we hand down to our Freshmen the lessons
We learned from our loved 1902.
So keep up your courage,
Your Juniors will help you,
And Fortune will play you no tricks,
Whatever may happen, we always will love you,
And cheer 1900 and 6.
Junior Year

When we came back here in the Fall,
The campus was not staid at all;
We climbed on bridges to each hall—
    As Juniors.

In opposition to this fact,
Our dignity was quite intact;
Sedate, o'er books, our brains we racked—
    As Juniors.

And this was all too true, alas!
Monotonous the days did pass;
'Twas "nothin' doin'" for our class—
    As Juniors.

While Freshmen acted in the Gym.
On high, endangering life and limb,
We hovered o'er the gallery's rim—
    As Juniors.

But only natural was our state;
'T is every upper-classman's fate;
It's nice to be, at any rate—
    A Junior.

    A. K. BUZBY and S. M. BRIGGS.
# Fall Athletics

**Merion vs. Bryn Mawr**

**November 6th.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Bryn Mawr</th>
<th>Merion</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Forwards</strong></td>
<td><strong>Forwards</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Captain: Raymond</td>
<td>Captain: E. P. Williams</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L. Marshall, '05</td>
<td>Right wing</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H. Kempton, '05</td>
<td>Right inside</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H. Raymond, '03</td>
<td>Centre</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>D. Day, '03</td>
<td>Left inside</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L. Lombardi, '04</td>
<td>Left wing</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Half Backs.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Bryn Mawr</th>
<th>Merion</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>L. Peck</td>
<td>Right</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C. Dennison</td>
<td>Centre</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C. Case</td>
<td>Left</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Full-Backs.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Bryn Mawr</th>
<th>Merion</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>E. Harrington, '06</td>
<td>Right</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. Peters, '04</td>
<td>Left</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H. Smith, '06</td>
<td>Goal</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Score—Bryn Mawr, 2; Merion, 0.

**November 8th.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Bryn Mawr</th>
<th>Merion</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Forwards</strong></td>
<td><strong>Forwards</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L. Marshall, '05</td>
<td>Right wing</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H. Kempton, '05</td>
<td>Right inside</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H. Raymond, '03</td>
<td>Centre</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>M. Richardson, '06</td>
<td>Left inside</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L. Lombardi, '04</td>
<td>Left wing</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Half Backs.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Bryn Mawr</th>
<th>Merion</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>L. Peck, '04</td>
<td>Right</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C. Dennison, '05</td>
<td>Centre</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C. Case, '04</td>
<td>Left</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Full-backs.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Bryn Mawr</th>
<th>Merion</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>H. Sturgis, '05</td>
<td>Right</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E. Harrington, '06</td>
<td>Left</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H. Smith, '06</td>
<td>Goal</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Score—Bryn Mawr, 0; Merion, 2.
November 11th.

Bryn Mawr.      Merion.
H. Kempton, '05. Right wing.       M. Horstman
M. Richardson, '06. Right inside.  E. P. Williams
H. Raymond, '03. Centre.           M. Wood
A. Havemeyer, '05. Left inside.    E. Lloyd
L. Lombardi, '04. Left wing.       Mrs. Barlow
                              Sharwood

Half-backs.
L. Peck, '04. Right.               H. Wood
C. Dennison, '05. Centre.          D. Crawford
C. Case, '04. Left.                S. Tunerick

Full-backs.
I. Peters, '04. Right.             Brown
G. Fetterman, '03. Left.           R. Wood
H. Smith, '06. Goal.               A. Bowan

Score—Bryn Mawr, 3; Merion, 0.

Class Hockey Games
October 27

1903.
Captain: Day
Raymond
Brusstar
Meigs
Wagner
James
Clarke
Lange
Lovell
Day
Stewart
Morris

1904.
Captain: Case
Pfaff
L. Clarke
Wood
Lewis
Lombardi
Case
Peck
Magruder
Peters
Ullman
Ehlers

Score—1904, 3; 1903, 0.
### October 29

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>1903</th>
<th>1904</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Raymond</td>
<td>Wood</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brusstar</td>
<td>Woods</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Meigs</td>
<td>Van Wagenen</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wagner</td>
<td>Lewis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lovell</td>
<td>Lombardi</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hull</td>
<td>Case</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lange</td>
<td>Peck</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Leupp</td>
<td>Magruder</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Day</td>
<td>Peters</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fetterman</td>
<td>Ullman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stewart</td>
<td>Ehlers</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Score—1903, 5; 1904, 0.

### October 31

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>1903</th>
<th>1904</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Raymond</td>
<td>Wood (Pfaff)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brusstar</td>
<td>White</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Meigs</td>
<td>Van Wagenen</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wagner</td>
<td>Woods (Clarke)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lovell</td>
<td>Lombardi</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hull</td>
<td>Case</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lange</td>
<td>Criswell</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Leupp</td>
<td>Magruder</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Day</td>
<td>Canan</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fetterman</td>
<td>Ullman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stewart</td>
<td>Ehlers</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Score—1903, 2; 1904, 1.

### Cheer

Tenella Kalli Nike  
Pasa megala kale  
Os Olympiados dor  
Chaire Bryn Mawr, 1904.
The Oral Dinner of 1903

1.
It was early in December,
And a Junior Class were we,
When till late we sat at dinner
With the Class of 1903,
On the night before their orals,
Celebrating what must be.

2.
Both the classes came to Pembroke
For the solemn oral feast,
Gaily dressed, expecting pleasure
In the common woe, at least,
In the west door stood the Sophomores
And our Freshmen in the East.

3.
There was little time for eating,
Constantly we sang and cheered;
First the Seniors gave their ballads—
   Old and new, of checks that leered,
Ruddy locks and implorations,
   French and German that they feared.

4.
Then we, with our brave guitarists,
   Tried to cheer them up with song,
Full of confident assertions
   That their chances all were strong,
While the shouting under-classes
   Helped the confidence along.

5.
1903 went back to study,
   We, to pity their sad plight
And to tremble for our future
   When a year should take its flight;
And “Thou Gracious Inspiration”
   Closed the Oral Dinner night.

MARGARET ULLMANN.
1904 to 1903

Tune—The Happy Farmer. Words by Anne Selleck.

As I was sitting in Taylor Hall,
A weary Senior passed my way,
Her arms were laden with foreign books,
She really looked distraite.
"Pray, what is the matter, fair maiden?" I cried.
The Senior glanced up towards the office and sighed,
"Ah me! I've German and French beside,
My orals, they come to-day."

Next day I waited in Taylor Hall,
And many Seniors passed my way,
Their faces wreathed in beaming smiles,
Their laughter bubbling gay.
"Pray, what is the reason," said I, "that all you
Are feeling so gay who of late were so blue?"
"Hurrah!" they cried, "we all got through!
Our orals are passed to-day."

Tune—Rip Van Winkle is a Lucky Man. Words by Lucy Lombardi.

Seniors, you know more than we know
Just what you should do,
When to floor you waits before you
Foulet's parlez-vous.
All pleasures spurned, such words you've learned!
Daudet, Goethe, Flaubert, Freytag,
Dictionaries, too;
Wars of years and pages countless,
What are they to you?
Follow this receipt and you'll get through:—
Read your German with a haughty air,
Read your Français with a sneer.
Look as if you felt within:
"I've known this from birth, how lucky!"
Read it right or read it wrong,
Read everything you see,
Never let a doubt assail you
That they'd ever dare to fail you,
And they never will, O 1903.
Noah's Ark

1904 to 1906

Mr. Noah .......................................................... Helen Arny
Mrs. Noah .......................................................... Agnes Gillender
Shem ................................................................. Anna Jonas
Ham ................................................................. Clara Woodruff
Japheth ............................................................ Dorothy Foster

The Twelve Thoughtless Thinkers.

M. Rockwell  S. Palmer
A. Buzby  S. Briggs
E. Silkman  L. Clark
M. Ross  M. Albee
A. Selleck  A. Boring
N. Adaire  J. Hemphill


1904 to 1906

Tune—Stay in your own Back Yard.  Words by Margaret Ullman.

Another class has left us, but another yet has come,
With the other classes here to mix;
1902 has shown us what a Junior's love can be,
So we planned to love you, 1906.
But when we had met you then we loved you all the more,
Reality our hopes exceeded far;
So 1904 will here give a loud and hearty cheer,
To welcome you to Bryn Mawr.

Chorus.

O Freshmen stand by your Juniors' side
And your Juniors will stand by you;
Tho' some may scoff, and some deride,
Remember that we'll be true.
Of a different shade are our banners made
But they're both of the same old blue;
So Freshmen stand by your Juniors' side
And your Juniors will stand by you.
ES, they were all there, every one. The bear, the mouse, the elephant, the unicorn, the kangaroo, the lion, the camel, the donkey, the dolphin and the now extinct tadpole, not to mention most of the feathered tribe. It is perfectly true that all these were present, we could see them plainly by the ark light. All sat in a neat circle, like the birds and beasts of Alice in Wonderland, and thereupon commenced one of the merriest minstrel shows ever witnessed in or out of the ark.

Old Noah was something of a Siegfried in his way. He understood the language of each of his guests, and what is more, made it comprehensible even to the infant 1906. This becomes the more remarkable when it is realized that none of the children had yet had a course in Biblical Literature. But all laughed heartily when, after Father Noah had been whispering in the ear of the camel for sometime, the answer proceeded in a muffled tone from the hump! Mrs. Noah was decently and fittingly clad for December thirteenth, but the way she let her dear offspring appear in abbreviated garments on that cold night was truly a case for the S. P. C. C. Little Shem was blue with the cold, Japheth bore up well, and Ham was so sunburned that it was impossible even to guess his feelings.

The dolphin and the quondam tadpole—who later developed into a crab—what a bonanza to Dr. Morgan!—flopped very peaceably in the water at the foot of the Ark steps. The children took great delight in watching them.

To carry out our simile we should have ordered the rain to fall and the floods to rise so that we might float to our Bryn Mararat; this being inconvenient, Noah ordered the flags to fall. This they did, by hundreds it seemed, tiny blue pennants embroidered with the numerals, 1906. The children may have thought them souvenirs, but we, the animals, knew that they were pennants for the Ark Programmes.

When the guests began to show signs of restlessness and the preserved pairs to droop at the far-fetched jokes—from farther even than the Mesopotamian Valley, I assure you—Father Noah thought some change from the bank of Bryn Mararat would be acceptable, so called his doves and told them to go bring the green-back. In passing, I should like to state that these were no ordinary carrier pigeons; they had assisted at many functions previous to this trip. When Noah was making his contract with them before the voyage, they wished to know if they were “for a child or an adult.” Could they have meant 1904 and 6?
The minute the doves left the Ark they sighted friends, for they at once raised the 1906 flag in sign of friendship. Of course, there was great excitement on the Ark when the cause of the doves' action was seen, and all the animals were delighted when Japheth, transformed into Dorothy Foster, presented the banner to the strangers. Adelaide Neall responded very charmingly on their behalf. Then, after a curiously bloodless beheading, the Royal family, the Twelve Thoughtless Thinkers, and the rest of the class joined in singing:

"Fun and frolic's over now,
   Masks are laid aside,
   As Juniors now we sing to you
   For your good will we've tried."

During the long voyage, Noah had taught his followers to dance in the human fashion, so after being revived with ice cream, both classes danced together. The whole flag presentation was a success, and proved to be much "better late than never."

M. S. ROCKWELL.

**Songs of the Thoughtless Thinkers**

**Bear's Song**

Tune—*Mexican Serenade.*

Words by MARIA ALBEE.

'Way back in the ages early
My tail it was long and curly,
   To school I was sent
   But seldom I went,
Which offended my master surly.
So at length he cut off my tail,
In spite of the fact that I set up a wail.
   With a ruler he did it,
   And did declare
That cutting he could not bear.
Then get up betimes each morning;
Is my antediluvian warning,
   Your ways you must mend
   And lectures attend,
Or the tale of the bear you'll be scorning.
Tune—Thompson's Mule. Words by Lucy Lombardi and Sadie M. Briggs.

Old Noah, who loved zoology,
Invested in an ark;
He filled it full of animiles
The same as Central Park.
For them he'd planned a trip on land,
But he had to change the route;
So he jovially said, "We'll go ahead,
Since we cannot go afoot."
And the animals cried — —,
— —, — —, — —.
And the animals cried — —,
"Since we cannot go afoot!"

O Noah, he had a cheerful time
Aboard that blooming ark,
The elephant crowed, the ostrich lowed,
The turtle-doves did bark.
He loved them all, both great and small,
But the monkey was his pet;
So he gave him a pill to prevent a chill,
The weather being wet.
And the animals cried — —,
— —, — —, — —.
And the animals cried — —,
"This weather's dreadful wet."

At last, distaste of the watery waste
Impelled them all to seek
An elevation high and dry,
The ark had sprung a leak!
So from afar they hailed Bryn Mawr
Where study, they knew, was dry,
And all maintain, tho' the living be plain,
The thinking at least is high.
And the animals cried — —,
— —, — —, — —.
And the animals cried — —,
"We're awfully glad it's dry."
We hesitate to enumerate
The pleasant times we've had,
The Sophomore play, the dance next day,
And Duse not half bad.
But best of all the pleasant things
That here our hearts transfixed
Is the meritorious, wholly glorious
Class of Nineteen Six.
And the animals cried ——,
— —, — —, — —.
And the animals cried ——,
We love you, Nineteen Six!"

Tune—Donkey Song.                Words by ANNE K. BUZBY.

What does the donkey do
When he goes to class?
If he doesn't know a thing
He'll just get up and gas.

CHORUS.
Hee-Ha, Hee-Ha, Hee-Ha, Hee-Ha, Hee-Ha!

What does the donkey do
When he sees Duse pass?
Walks right up and looks at her;
He's just as bold as brass.

Why is the donkey's brow
With grief and care o'ershot?
He has to walk to Horace
For they won't allow a trot!
1904 to 1906

Tune—Slumber Boat. Words by The Thinkers

Fun and frolic's over now,
Masks are laid aside,
As Juniors now we sing to you,
For your good will we've tried.

Chorus.
Through college years
Are doubts and fears a score,
But amongst them all you'll find
Loyal Nineteen Four.

What our Juniors were to us
We to you would be.
They helped us out of many scrapes,
Stood by us loyally.
Opening of the Café des Frais-hommes

1906 to 1904

Menu

Hors d’Oeuvres.
Orchestre à la Sousa.
Entrée
Du Duc Anglais.
Poisson,
Ecrevisse à la Musique.
Rôti,
Ballet au Petits Pieds
Entrée
Des Anarchistes, sauce Diable.
Glacé,
Crème de la Crème à l’Espagne.
Salade,
Aux choux-fleurs.
Entrée
De Pierre et Pieriot.
Crème Glacé
Chanson à la Pendule.
Bonbons
Duels de Deux Drôles.
Café.
Grand Finale.

Café des Frais-hommes,
Le 25ième Avril, 1903.

1904 to 1906

“A la classe de Frais Hommes
A la classe de Frais Hommes
De la classe de Dix neuf cent quatre.”
E have never spent a more delightful evening than that in the gay capital of Paris in the Cafe des Frais-hommes. From the time that we were seated at the little tables by attentive waiters, to the very end, was one unbroken succession of delightful surprises. The Hors d'Oeuvres, "Orchestre à la Sousa," was a chef-d'oeuvre as well; while the entrée of the English Duke, with his monocled stare, deeply impressed the assemblage of American girls. The fish course fairly brought down the house; the big red crab sang us a song so flattering that we were almost ashamed to applaud, though our representative, the nice little brown beaver, took it all with a most gracious and condescending air. We already knew how beautifully 1906 could dance, so perhaps we were more enchanted than surprised by the two Terpsichorean courses, the roast and the glace'.

The prettiest thing was the salad, when a little French flower girl moved slowly among the tables, leaving us each with a dainty bouquet and the memory of a charming song; while perhaps Pierre and Pierrot made the hit of the evening when they appeared with a big hoop, and rolled it about the stage, declaring that "at this time next year all 1904 will be doing this." The catchy little "Chanson à la Pendule" must not be forgotten, nor the exciting adventures of the two anarchists who gave us delicious thrills of terror all through the evening. It was certainly with genuine enthusiasm that we gave 1906 our parting cheer: "À la classe de frais-hommes, à la classe de frais-hommes, de la classe de dix-neuf-cent-quatre," and went home feeling that we had never been more royally entertained.

Alice Waldo.

Tune—Bonnie Dundee. Words by M. Albee.

Each autumn a new class of Freshmen appears,
With new play and new watchwords, new songs and new cheers,
Yet we know that by far the most clever are they
Who to-night have thrown open their wondrous café.

Chorus—Then fill up your glass with bountiful cheer,
And drink to the class that to us is so dear;
Until we shall enter the barque on the Styx,
We'll ever be faithful to 19-0-6.

You excel in Greek art, you do noble in Gym.,
Your basket-ball chances are really not thin,
As actors and singers your class is our pride,
But you're best as our Freshmen so trusting and tried.
Spring Athletics

Indoor Meet

Record Marking

Vault.......................... Ehlers...................... 4 ft., 4 in.
Running High Jump........... Case-Pfaff............... 3 ft., 11 in.
Hurdles........................ Ehlers.................... 3 sec.

Swimming Contest

Single boards ................. Peck.......................... 58 sec.
Tandem on boards............. Peck-Rockwell.......... 60 sec.

Basket Ball

Tune—Good old Summer Time. Words by A. K. Buzby.

We have a dandy nine,  
Heeded by our captain fine.
1904, just get that ball  
And pass it down the line.
We'll beat them yet;  
We can, you bet;  
We'll do it every time.  
So, 1904, just get that ball  
And pass it down the line.

Line up

May 2d.

1903. 1904.
Lange—Captain................. Case—Captain
Meigs............................... Van Wagenen
Sinclair........................... Canan
Wagner............................. White
Lovell.............................. Woods
White............................... Pfaff
Raymond......................... Case
Dabney............................. Criswell
Lange............................... Peters
Strong............................. Rossiter

Score—1903, 0; 1904, 4.
May 5th.

1903.
Meigs
Sinclair
Wagner
Lovell
White
Raymond
Dabney
Clarke
Strong

1904.
Van Wagenen
Canan
White
Woods
Pfaff
Case
Criswell
Ross
Peters

Score—1903, 3; 1904, 1.

May 7th.

1903.
Meigs
Sinclair
Montague
Lovell
White
Raymond
Clarke
Dabney
Strong

1904.
White
Van Wagenen
Canan
Woods
Pfaff
Case
Peters
Criswell
Jonas

Score—1903, 5; 1904, 1.
Gareth and Lynette
A Play
For
The Class of Nineteen Hundred and Three
By
The Class of Nineteen Hundred and Four
Junior Senior Supper
May the eighth, Nineteen Hundred and Three
Bryn Mawr College

Act I.—Arthur's Hall at Camelot.
Act II.—Before the Castle of Lady Lyonors.
Act III.—Same as Act II., at night.

Cast

LYNETTE ..............................................................Lucy Lombardi
LYONORS ............................................................Hope R. Woods
BELICENT ............................................................Eloise R. Tremain
WIDOW ...............................................................Evelyn M. Holliday
GUINEVERE ........................................................Adola Greely
LADIES TO LYONORS ..............................................Helen A. Howell
{.................................................................Katharine E. Scott
                                   ..................................................Jeannette Hemphill
GARETH ............................................................Sara S. Palmer
ARTHUR ..............................................................Esther M. Sinn
SIR KAY ..............................................................Helen W. Arny
SIR LANCELOT ......................................................Marjorie S. Canan
FIRST SCULLION ....................................................Anne K. Busby
SECOND SCULLION .................................................Sara M. Briggs
SIR MORNINGSTAR ..................................................Clara Cary Case
DEATH ...............................................................Clara L. Woodruff
SIR GALAHAD .......................................................Ethel R. Peck
SIR PERCIVAL ........................................................Margaret F. Ross
SIR GAWAIN ........................................................Mary Vauclain
SIR GERAIN ..........................................................Emma O. Thompson
MERLIN ...............................................................Nannie Adair
PAGE TO LYNETTE ..................................................Maude E. Temple
PAGES TO QUEEN ....................................................Marguerite Gribi
{ .................................................................Leslie Clark
DRAMATIZED BY ..................................................Lucy Lombardi and Maude E. Temple
STAGE MANAGER ...................................................Helen W. Arny
HEN we were beginning the plans for the Junior-Senior Supper, Lucy Lombardi and Helen Howell came to see me to suggest our giving for the Seniors a dramatization of _Gareth and Lynette_. I have since thought well of my powers of dissimulation when I recall the dozen streams of cold water I managed to turn on the project. Masquerading in mediaeval costume to blank verse seemed altogether too charming and amusing to think of, too much like finishing the part of interrupted child's play to be possible or amusing in fact. However, we agreed to see what we could do with the poem, and after two or three evenings, Lucy Lombardi and I had stitched together with a few stiff-jointed lines and some Elizabethan punning the scenes we thought we could act. It is needless to recall that we did not bring our verses as argument to the class whose enthusiastic countenance of our efforts was signal a faith.

From the first it was ready to do much harder things than mutilate a lovely poem, and go more than once for the most indulgent criticism and suggestion to Miss Helen Thomas, our sapient Lady of the Lake. We do not know, indeed, just when and where the glamour began, nor, certainly, where it left off. Yet I feel that Helen Arny and Helen Howell and Eloise Tremain and Anne Buzby were somewhat more initiated into the magic by which the illusion was sustained. For the rest we sat at rehearsals and committee meetings and saw daily people doing the impossible: saw the Dragon of the Great Pendragonship emblazoned on fifty shields; saw a forest grow up by enchantment into which my jealous watch over "the music of the building" did not enter, and the "hall which Merlin built for Arthur" tower hourly more stately and more substantial. Then grave knights and stately ladies would wind in slow procession across the rush-strewn floor and take their places beside the Blameless King and the beautiful Queen Guinevere in what had been indeed "sieges perilous" but for Helen Arny's historic visit to President Thomas.

From first to last we had always two Merlins: Nannie Adaire's for the final spectators; but for those who saw Helen Arny as Sir Kay or Sir Lancelot or Gareth, and who knew the rouge or balm, according to occasion, with which her wand was tipped, and how often dissolution threatened, must hold that her final appearance as Sir Kay was wholly phantas- magoric.

Even on that final May evening a double sense seemed to run through our play,—for us certainly, and we hoped for the Seniors also. For from Arthur's accolade and the vow of Gareth, while Lynette fled in her rosy veil through the forest, when she knelt by Gareth's side to wake
him and waved him on to victory as swords clashed and lances shivered, until their hands were joined by Lady Lyonors, what we heard and saw was the very spirit of chivalry, the loyalty and devotion of the famous song of Sidney's:

"My true love hath my heart, and I have his."

It animated, too, what Dorothy Foster, in the absence of our President, said to the Seniors as she presented their President with a loving cup for future Junior-Senior suppers, and as we sang to each Senior in turn. In the hush that followed this and Daisy Ullman's song we may even have thought of the possible kinship in spirit of "the goodly fellowship of famous knights," and the conception of our College Hymn.

M. E. T.

1904 to 1903

Tune—The Shoogy-Shoo.  
Words by Margaret Ullman.

We all of us are thinking of our Freshman year,  
And the class we've known the longest since we first knew how to cheer.  
On swift and ever swifter wings the years have taken flight  
To Nineteen Three and memory we're singing here to-night.

Chorus.
As we stand, hand in hand, Nineteen Three with you,  
Many thoughts are on the past, but on the future too,  
Thinking of our three fair years and of our friendships true,  
Thinking still that ever friends shall be the green and blue.

Though all the air is blossom sweet in our Bryn Mawr,  
Though grass and trees put on their best and April showers are far,  
Yet we cannot with nature smile, and ne'er a face is bright,  
As we fill up the loving cup to Nineteen Three to-night.
On June 4, 1903, occurred the third Commencement that our class had had the opportunity of witnessing; likewise the third on which we have risen at daybreak to pick daisies in the wet fields behind Low Buildings, and assist in binding daisy chains for chapel decoration. In those good old times such events were prone to run in threes: and in retrospect, at least, the latter appears no bad beginning of that very memorable day.

The many guests entering our green campus from Pembroke Arch cast curious glances toward a sprawling derrick set up before the trees then excluding Yarrow and Kaiserhof. The block of sandstone on the turf beside it at once suggested the great feature of the day, the laying of the corner-stone for the new Library Building. The double significance of this Commencement must have occurred to all; not only the graduating class, but the college itself was "on the threshold of a larger life." The solid foundations of Rockefeller, then about two feet high, and the corner-stone, our potential Library, stood for the hallmarks of prosperity, development and promise.

In the crowded chapel, charmingly festooned with lengths of daisy chain, the Commencement exercises began with "My Country 'Tis of Thee," sung by students and visitors together. President Thomas gave the introductory address, alluding at once to the subject of unusual interest for the day, the laying of the Library corner-stone. Dr. Warren, as Secretary of the Faculty, presented the candidates for the degree of Bachelor of Arts; eighty-one students in all, comparing favorably with the sixty-three of the preceding year, and the sixty-two of 1901. The degree of Master of Arts was conferred upon three Bryn Mawr graduates, and that of Doctor of Philosophy upon four graduate students. After the awarding of scholarships, fellowships, and the George W. Childs Essay Prize, Mr. Hamilton Wright Mabie, spoke of "Academic Ideals." The singing of "Thou Gracious Inspiration" marked the end of the indoor programme.

The undergraduates then marched out in a winding, double line across the campus in front of Taylor to the corner-stone lying in a green, sodded depression. They separated, forming an aisle along which came the Seniors in their furred A. B. hoods, next the President and Trustees, the Faculty in academic robes, and finally the guests of the college. All entered the enclosure about the stone and took seats, the undergraduates occupying rugs on the ground in the Turkish fashion. In the front row, on the rough platform facing the audience, sat a white-mustached man with an agreeable round face, whose scarlet and purple gown and quaint
flat cap, denoting the degree of LL. D. of Cambridge, England, reminded one of the Elizabethan raiment of a Lord Mayor. The curiosity of the uninitiated was satisfied when Miss Thomas introduced Dr. Horace Howard Furness, the noted Shakespearean scholar, as our first speaker. His subject was "The Library." Many of its future benefits and delights did he reveal. Mr. Converse then spoke on behalf of the donors, acknowledging Mr. Rockefeller's great gift of $250,000, met, according to its conditions, by a second $250,000. This, he related, was raised among the generous friends of the college, $10,000 coming from the Undergraduates, and a like sum from the Alumnae, in whose behalf Mrs. Andrews, '98, delivered a short and interesting address.

The attention of all was next centered upon the operations of the masons who were spreading the flat stone slab with cement. Miss Thomas then descended and evened this with her trowel. The creaking derrick, assisted by William Armitage, swung the corner-stone from the turf to its permanent place. When the masons had adjusted it, Edith Dabney and Gertrude Dietrich came forward bearing an oblong copper box, hermetically sealed, which they laid within the stone, hollowed out to receive it.

This box contained, in detail, a list of the contributors to the Library Fund; the earliest and the latest programmes of the college, with the names of the first Faculty of 1885 and those of the present Faculty; a list of the first and present Trustees; a financial report for 1902–3; an account of the life of Dr. Taylor, and of the memorial services for the first President, Dr. Rhoads; a photograph of Dr. Rhoads and of President Thomas, one of Miss Lord, for so many years librarian; a class picture of 1903, and a parchment copy of their class song.

The stone top was then cemented on. Miss Thomas struck this several times with a wooden mallet, and declared the corner-stone "well and truly laid." The impressive service ended with a prayer by the Rev. Dr. Worcester of Philadelphia.

Whereas 1903's Commencement has been made inmemorable by the foundation of the Library, to some future graduating class belongs the privilege of assisting at its dedication.

Dorothy Foster.
Class Officers

President—Dorothy Foster
Vice-President and Treasurer—Constance Lewis
Secretary—Helen W. Arny
The Song of the Seniors

Tune—A Vassar Song. Words by Clara Cary Case.

We are the Seniors,
Jolly are we,
Singing for gladness right merrily;
And now that we are together,
Happy are we,
Loyal to B. M. C. Rah-rah-rah!

When we were Freshmen
Cocky were we;
We cheered our own class right lustily,
So the horrified Sophomores
Sent us a cock,
Our freshness thus to mock. Rah-rah-rah!

When we were Sophomores,
Wrongly accused
Of having Freshmen roughly abused,
We went straight to Miss Thomas;
Eager were we
For an apology. Rah-rah-rah!

When we were Juniors
Came 1906;
Quickly we found them a class of bricks.
So we'll cheer them together,
Forever and aye,
Rah 1906! Hurray! Rah-rah-rah!

We are the Seniors,
Jolly are we,
Singing for gladness right merrily;
And now that we are together
Happy are we,
Loyal to B. M. C. Rah-rah-rah!
Fall Athletics

**Hockey**

*Forwards.*


*Half-Backs.*

Criswell, Peck, Peters.

*Full-Backs.*

Macgruder, Canan.

*Goal.*

Ehlers.

**Scores:**

- November 2d 1906, 3; 1904, 0.
- November 4th 1906, 7; 1904, 1.

**Songs**

*Tune—Little Isle of Zulu.*

Words by A. K. Buzby.

(Before.)

O dribble fast, O 1904,
And pile our score up more and more.
Just keep that ball a-moving,
Our skill in hockey proving;
With full-backs strong and half-backs fleet,
In hockey we are hard to beat.

(After.)

In case that you never should guess who we are,
We're the cracked hockey team of Bryn Mawr;
In sports athletic, in fate most pathetic,
Each one's a particular star.
We sing of our goals, and we sing of our team,
And we sing of the swing of our sticks;
In the finals to come now we hope that you'll win,
And we wish you good luck, 1906!

(Denbigh Table.)

*Tune—Ain't it a Shame!*

It was a shame, a measly shame,
To put your Juniors out of the game;
You hit that ball, and sent it through,
And left us feeling so awful blue.
The Requiem of the Philistine

The night was dark, our faces grim,
Like David we encountered him.
The basement was so still and dim!

Evil and murderous our intent,
We killed him when his strength was spent;
But no one seemed to care a cent!

We buried him with pomp and show,
We spoke of him in accents low.
(We thought he would have wished it so!)

Then came another in his stead,
A Phoenix from his ashy bed,
A docile bird and quite well fed.

His plumage changed from time to time;
Still, that was but a minor crime;
His voice, at least, was quite sublime.

A. K. Buzby.
The Orals

ITH meaningless curiosity, twice I watched the gay throng of the upper classes, the evening before their dreaded orals. With a buoyant feeling, I joined in the cheering for the Class of 1903 at their oral supper. With a peculiar, inexplicable sensation I sat at supper in Pembroke on the 4th of December, 1903, the evening before our own fatal doomsday. The spacious dining hall, with its one entrance "crammed" with the Sophomores, and the other with the Freshmen, resounded with the sweet, melodious yells, and soft, merry laughter of the fair feminine voices. My mood changed with every song and cheer;—now I was made as happy as I possibly could wish by the bright, encouraging songs of the three lower classes; now I was ready to burst into tears over the sad, mournful songs like "Never was torture awful as this one," or "You'll wish that you were dead, buried in a mossy bed," or still worse, "Water the grave of the Class of 1904." Yes, to-morrow, curfew shall ring for us, and we, poor mortals, must die so young!

All night long, waking or sleeping, the melancholy, dismal dirge, "Flunk, flunk, flunk, my heart was bust when I heard those news," buzzed in my ears.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Who told me that the orals are a test of nerve? If that is the case I am bound to pass; for, since nerve is gall, gall is brass, brass is cheek, and I am cheeky the girls say,—though its meaning is not clear to me—I should be well qualified to meet my fate. In spite of such assurance, I was ill at ease. Like a sheep going to slaughter, I mounted, on the memorable day, the cold bare staircase of Taylor to the President's office. While waiting for my turn, I chanted ceaselessly my magic incantation, "Checked by Miss Ritchie, perhaps I'll get thr-o-o-o-ugh." "The next," came a call from the office. "What! Is it my turn? Number 35? Oh, what an unlucky number!"

The room was stifling hot. On my right was seated the President, on my left Dr. Hoppin, and before me was M. Foulet, and very near a glowing, coal-laden hearth. My nerve melted before the heat and the august examiners, and I was left weak and defenceless before my destiny. Faintly I heard a voice saying, "Please begin," and at the same moment a white hand placed an open book before my dim eyes.

With one big effort, I did begin, but alas! I was suffering from aphasia, and my visual centers and the center of speech were diseased beyond
measure, and the association nerves were disconnected in my brain. I could not understand, consequently, what I was reading. I stopped at every other word, gazing blankly on the open page.

"Go on!" was the command from my right.

"Read the next line," was the order from the left.

After a few moments of ominous silence, I stumbled along slowly, halting as much as I could. There was a sudden activity in my cerebral hemisphere. A vivid picture of a donkey cart and an automobile flashed before my mental eyes. Yes, I had seen the illustration in one of the magazines only a few days ago, and now that very illustration was colored vividly in my optic lobes. It was an old darkey driving leisurely his dilapidated donkey cart on a narrow country road, regardless of a huge automobile, panting and purring, whizzing and hissing right at its heels.

"How did you translate ‘tres sec?’" The question broke the chain of association.

"Very tiresome," meekly I answered.

"Yes, certainly tiresome; tiresome, yes; but give us the literal meaning."

"Very dry."

"Exactly!" with emphasis. "That will do."

I went in like a poor little lamb, changed into a donkey in the room, and came out saying: "Je suis le goat." Michi Kawai.

**Songs**

Tune—Peter, Peter, on the C. C. C. C. Words by A. K. Buzby.

Oral, oral, oral, oral,
Who will flunk their oral, oral?
Oral, oral, oral, oral,
Who will flunk their oral, oral?
Say will 1904 all,
Say will 1904 all
Flunk?

(Denbigh Table.)

O, who will use my German die, German die?
O, who will use my German die, German die?
O, who will use my German die
When I have passed away?

Herr Collitz says, "Be not so quick, not so quick."
Herr Collitz says, "Be not so quick, not so quick,
'Tis you will use your German die;
You will not pass away!"
Tune—Henny, "Peggy from Paris."
Words by Helen W. Arny and A. K. Buzby.

Foulet, O Foulet, list to me:
Eh bien, je lis pour my degree.
Laissez-moi time, a week or two,
Peut-être then I'll scramble through.

Mais—"Flunk, flunk, flunk, flunk, flunk, flunk,
Flunk, flunk, flunk, flunk, flunk, flunk,
Combien, comprenez, come, pressez vite!
You'll pass some day, but not tout de suite."

Donner und Blitzen, vat a blow!
Herr Collitz sagt zu mir, "Ach no!"
Veeping und sad, I turned avay
Only to hear Miss Ritchie say:

"Floonk, floonk, floonk, floonk, floonk, floonk,
Floonk, floonk, floonk, floonk, floonk, floonk."
My heart vas bust ven I heard dose news,
I dink me now my degree I'll lose.

Ach, es ist traurig, aber ja,
Mit tearful schmiles we laugh, ha, ha!
Though we shall vander far avay,
We still can hear dot Ritchie say:

"Floonk, floonk, floonk, floonk, floonk, floonk,
Floonk, floonk, floonk, floonk, floonk, floonk."
Oh 1905, when you take 'em too
Perhaps you'll see why we feel so blue.

Tune—Bide a Wee. Words by Maria H. Albee.
The puir auld Seniors sit apart,
Their courage fails them sair;
Or Freshman pranks or Sophomores' love
Can comfort them nae mair.
For they're in terror o' the nicht,
When Ritchie, smilin' free,
Shall say to ilka lassie there,
"You'd better bide a wee.
We dinna care to pass ye noo,
You'd better bide a wee."
So we maun work, and we maun sigh,
And we maun bide oor turn,
Frae Collitz's lips and Foulet's e'en
Our fate sae dour maun learn.
Then Juniors, dinna urge us mair,
Of dread we're like to dee;
Too well we ken the Ritchie's words,
"You'd better bide a wee.
You canna cease your grindin' yet,
You'd better bide a wee."

Tune—*Mexican Serenade (Bear Song).*
Words by MARIA H. ALBEE.

We're fully prepared for orals;
We know we shall win great laurels.
All idioms Dutch—
"Noch, immer," and such—
No longer upset our morals.
Foulet's smile we patiently bear,
Completely ignore the Collitz's stare;
For the French we're sure to read just right,
Our German's simply out of sight.
Then banish all care and sorrow;
No longer we'll trouble borrow;
Though heart be like lead,
And empty the head,
Yet victory calls to-morrow.

1904 to 1905

Tune—*Ring Down the Curtain.*
Words by HELEN W. ARNY and A. K. BUZBY.

Juniors, take warning from this, our sad plight;
Sorrow is o'er us, we can't sing to-night.
For orals to-morrow we've one hope, 'tis true,
That *checked* by Miss Ritchie, perhaps we'll go through.
1904 to 1906

Tune—*Ben Bolt.* Words by MARIA H. ALBEE and HELEN W. ARNY.

O, don't we remember the Sophomores' kind words,  
The courage they tried to impart?  
With loyal devotion they've lightened our woe,  
And made valiant each fear-smitten heart.  
In the old churchyard in the forest of Vaux  
Our complaining will soon be o'er;  
And we beg 1906 then to water the graves  
Of their Juniors, defunct 1904.  
And we beg 1906 then to water the graves  
Of their Juniors, the flunked 1904.

1904 to 1907

Tune—*Don't you Cry, my Honey.*

Here's to 1907, cheering are your words;  
We shall hate to disappoint you;  
But wait until to-morrow, wait until we've heard:  
"Sorry, but you failed to pass."

Lament of the Seniors

Tune—*I Don't Want to Play in Your Yard.*

Words by CLARA CARY CASE and KATRINA VAN WAGENEN.

[With appropriate gestures.]

I don't want to be an alumna,  
I don't want to go away;  
I don't want to leave my classmates,  
I would so much rather stay.  
Didn't want to be a Senior,  
Cramming hard at French and Dutch;  
Didn't want to be a Junior  
And be dignified as such.  
Didn't want to be a Sophomore,  
How I shuddered at that fate!  
I would rather be a Freshman;  
Freshman year is simply great!
The Fellowship Dinner

Tune—In the Sweet By and Bye.
Words by A. K. BUZBY and HELEN W. ARNY.

Our Clara L. W. Wade
Is a mighty clever maid.
She'll go over to Germany,
And the way that she'll go over
Is on the High C!
And the ten so rich in lore,
Are the joy of 1904.
Then here's to our star, she's the pride of Bryn Mawr;
And here's to our half of a score!

Tune—I Find it Tiresome, from "The Mad Mullah of Miasmia."
LILY SAMPSON (L. Lombardi.)
Since the tender age of ten
I've been interested in men;
When they would have none of me,
I took to Bi-ol-o-gy.
After spending quite a while
Charming Tommy with my smile,
Strangely neat he came to me,
And when the egg popped, then popped he.

CHORUS.
We found it tiresome, awfully slow,
We can't stand life without a beau.
You may think we like study, but—
A Ph. D. gets a prof.—oh, tut!
We find it tiresome, awfully slow,
But still they like the things we know;
So we've decided to learned be
And raise the per cent. of the faculty.

LULU GUGENHEIMER (A. K. BUZBY.)
Long ago in Germany,
Little Hermann played mit me.
Sixteen loves since then have passed,
But I am the first and last.
Now I'm happy, aber ja!
Hermann's spoken mit my pa.
"Come, let's marry," grunted he;
"I need someone to interpret me."

...
The faculty themselves joined us in doing honor to our Fellow, Clara Louise Whipple Wade. Her high credits are beyond the dreams of sharks, and if speeches were graded like exams, hers would unhesitatingly be marked 100. Dr. Hoppin (alias Woodruff) was there looking strangely like a "strong-minded baby," and more than ever overtopped by Mrs. Hoppin, née Sinn. When introduced and encouraged by Patty Rockwell, several of the faculty were persuaded to speak.

Dr. Edmiston (alias Robins) was especially talkative. Although a slight cold forced him to keep on his hat to protect his defenceless head from draughts, his speech was no more halting than usual, and his "exactly so" was greeted with delighted recognition. Dr. Biklé (alias Fries), in a characteristic speech, betrayed no sign of an undue intellectual activity calculated to overthrow the ancient precedents of the faculty and work havoc among the students. This was left for Dr. Morgan (alias Vancloon) and Dr. Collitz (alias Arny), who had not only presumed to become engaged but actually flaunted their fiancées in the faces of the devoted 83%. Miss Lillie Sampson (alias Lombardi) combined severity and a large scrubbing-brush with a felicitous energy directed toward the general improvement of Dr. Morgan. But there was no severity about Miss Gugenheimer (alias Buzby). She refused to be parted from "Hermann" for an instant and beamed buxomly on the company as she and Miss Sampson sang of their long-sought-for release from single wretchedness and final victory over adverse circumstances—or men. St. Patrick (alias Selleck) was prompt with his blessing, and everything was sweetly blissful until Miss Thomas (alias Case) plunged us into despair by urging upon us the necessity of walking up the side of Pembroke and deciding upon a fixed date for indulging in the measles. She then conferred upon the Happy Ten the degree of "Consummate Shark," after they had proven their ability as gymnasts to the satisfaction of Dr. Smith (alias Silkman) and Miss Little (alias Wood). Wilson (alias Tremaine), with noiseless footfall and a deprecatory majesty of bearing, delivered a telegram to each of the Ten. Their reading proved conclusively that the faculty have been much maligned on the score of lack of interest in the students. Dr. Clark (alias Clark), it is only fair to state, has never invited this particular criticism but has always displayed the greatest concern for the affairs of the student body considered as one.

Many will infer from the number of aliases in the faculty that they are doubtful characters. Indeed, I fear it is too true that they lead a double life. If you should mention this dinner to one of them to-day, you would probably be greeted by an uncomprehending stare. "All that glitters is not gold!"

Ethel Rogers Peck.
Peep at 2000 A. D.
Bryn Mawr

Senior Class, A. B.
Gymnasium

Act I.
Scene I.—Undergraduate meeting.
Scene II.—Chemical Laboratory.
Scene III.—Class meeting.

Act II.
Scene I.—Stage (before Play).
Scene II.—Play.

Act III.
Scene I.—Room in Rockefeller.
Scene II.—Student's Room.

Cast of Aucassin and Nicolette

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Role</th>
<th>Actor</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Aucassin</td>
<td>L. Wade</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nicolette</td>
<td>L. Ford</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gerains de Beaucaire</td>
<td>C. Anderson</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>I. Garrett</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Three Shepherd Boys</td>
<td>C. Richards</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>E. White</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Forester</td>
<td>A. Evans</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rutherford Rockefeller</td>
<td>J. Hewitt</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clarence Clare</td>
<td>R. Archbald</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>President of Undergrad.</td>
<td>F. Simpson</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ghost of Maxine Wragley</td>
<td>A. L. Strong</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>President of Class of 2002</td>
<td>M. Richardson</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Professor of Chemistry</td>
<td>J. Katzenstein</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Demonstrator</td>
<td>M. Smith</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nelson</td>
<td>A. Stanwood</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Two Freshmen</td>
<td>L. Cruice</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>E. Bigelow</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lucy Bitter</td>
<td>Ethel de Koven</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miss Sidney</td>
<td>E. Harrington</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Miss Wilson ............................................. G. Chandler
Miss Howler ............................................ E. Kingsbacker
Miss Piper .............................................. A. Colgan
Spinster .................................................. A. McAnulty
College Girls.

Miss Basin ............................................... A. Neall

Students. Chorus.

"I stand with one foot on the future and the other pointing to the start."

RUTHERFORD ROCKEFELLER.

1904 to 1906

Tune—My Bed is Like a Boat. Words by HELEN W. ARNY.

As Freshmen first we welcomed you,
And firmly ever by you stood;
The wearers of our Juniors' blue,
We helped you all we could.
But Sophomores, two swit years have passed,
And found you loyal to your crest,
"Tenebo," ever holding fast
The highest and the best.
So 1906, we trust to you,
When Bryn Mawr days for us are o'er,
To guard the honor of the blue;
Here's luck from 1904!

Tune—Hey, Kitty, Ho Kitty. Words by A. K. Buzby.

Here's to you, cheers to you,
Class of 1906!
Here's to your show and here's to all your tricks;
Loud and long we sing to you;
You're a class of bricks;
Here's to you, cheers to you,
Class of 1906!

[Spoken.]
We all thank you heartily
For your lovely party;

Here's to you, cheers to you,
Class of 1906!
Miss M. Carey Thomas
and Miss Gwinn

At Home
Tuesdays, March 29th, April 12th, 19th
and 26th, and May 10th, from 8 to 10

The Deanery
Bryn Mawr

Governor Huff
Te adoramus, O Jesu,  
Te Fili unigenite;  
Te qui non dignatus es  
Subire clastra virginis.

Actus in crucem factus es  
Irato Deo victima,  
Per Te, Salvator unice  
Vitae spes nobis reduct.
Perhaps not in the mediaeval spirit, with its religious fervor giving full meaning to the words, did we sing on May morning the old Latin hymn which we have brought to America from Oxford; but rather in the spirit of youth, looking toward the sun, as the clouds parted before it, with a feeling of devotion for its constancy and joy in the strength of its bounty. The long procession of Seniors, two by two, clad in the academic cap and gown, made its way solemnly through the few early spectators, and wound laboriously up the spiral stairway to the top of Rockefeller Tower. There, turning our faces toward the East, we raised our voices tremulously into the chant, hoping perhaps to emulate the old scholastics themselves. The rise and fall of its cadence floated down clearly to those who listened, and we hope that the spirits of the May heard, too, our song in gratitude for the coming of another spring.

When we found ourselves once more in the Arch, youthful enthusiasm broke forth into lusty cheers for those who had broken their morning slumber to witness the new ceremony. With fluttering souls we hurried on to the Infirmary bearing noisy condolence for those unhappy ones within doomed to the ignominy of German measles. Once more taking flight, this time to the quadrangle of the May poles, we looked on while the gaily-colored streamers were hoisted proudly to the top of the Senior pole and those of the other classes stood in readiness for the revelry to follow, which was anticipated by intermittent snatches of May-day song. Turning from the May-poles, we all dispersed—each with her tiny May-basket, presented by 1906—to the nearby hills, familiar sources of violets and periwinkles, stiff, nodding in night-time drowsiness and reluctant to show their blue heads to the early foragers. In the misty colors of the opal dawn every vista enticed eager hope into many by-paths, from which we were recalled by the advancing hour and clamoring appetites. So that at half after six a merry throng gathered in Rockefeller dining room, singing and cheering for an hour. The business of eating being done with, May-day festivities began. A wreath was suddenly brought forth, and Dorothy Foster, our President, was enthusiastically crowned Queen of the May with a rollicking accompaniment of song in eager throats. She was borne out to the May-poles on our shoulders, and here the spirit of youth and gayety forth unloosened. With the familiar May-day songs the streamers burst were unloosened. The melody of violins and harps caught up our heels and simultaneously round each May-pole whirled the circles of girls with
light laughter and lighter footsteps. The graceful movement, the constant shifting of various colored sashes, gave the scene the effect of a veritable kaleidoscope into which one looked every moment with contagious pleasure.

Suddenly a shout from Pembroke arch caused all heads to turn, and the dancers rested motionless in surprise and delight at a large float bearing a May-pole and a group of motley figures in Elizabethan costume. With songs and cheers the May-pole was carried off on the shoulders of young Freshmen, for such were they that wore the quaint old costumes. Like a well-trained May-pole it fell into its place without delay, and the merry Robin Hoods, milkmaids and country lads struck up the dance, and once more the scene became animated. But suddenly a cry of disappointment arose from the light blue and yellow pole, for all the gay streamers had collapsed as if out of breath and the dancers stood chagrined at the ribbons lying limp upon the ground. Their sorrow was as short as it was sudden, for quickly the light blues were invited to join the dark blues, and the dancing was resumed as gaily as before the catastrophe. Then half after eight came all too soon. A huge ring was formed with Miss Thomas and our Queen of the May in the center, around whom we danced in breathless gayety. When we closed in about these two central figures of the morning, Miss Thomas said she hoped that the 21st century would still see such May-days in Bryn Mawr. The well-known tale of Islington, sung by Florence Craig, was a fitting culmination to our May-day frolic. For the rest of the day our heads may have drooped, and our feet may have lagged, yet the May-day songs lingered on our lips and perhaps each of us was the least bit sorry to awake again to her prosaic self after the happy sojourn midway between childhood and fairyland.

Marguerite Gribi.

To the May Queen

Tune—"Ach, Du Lieber Augustine!"  Words by Margaret Ullman.

May, we greet you merrily, merrily, merrily,
And for very joy do we
Dance on the green.

CHORUS.
Hurrah for the May-day, hurrah for the May-pole,
And give a cheer for Dorothy, she's our May Queen.

Flowers now are springing, are springing, are springing, O,
Birds are gaily singing,
For Spring time is seen.
Canterbury Pilgrims
Junior Senior Supper
May 6, 1904

Amor Vincet Omnia

Dramatis Personae

Characters based on "The Canterbury Tales"

Geoffrey Chaucer, Poet at King Richard's Court........Helen Garrett
The Knight (Dan Roderigol d'Algezie)..................Marguerite Armstrong
The Squire (Aubrey) his son............................Isabel Adair Lynde
The Friar (Huberd)......................................Carla Denison
The Man-of-Law..........................................Natalie Fairbank
The Cook (Roger Hogge)..................................Helen Payson Kempton
The Miller (Bob or Robbin)..............................Adeline Havemeyer
The Pardoner..............................................Georgiana Mabry Parks
The Host (Herry Bailey)..................................Margaret Baxter Nichols
The Prioress's Priest (Joannes)..........................Laura Alice Barteltt
The Squire's Yeoman......................................Louise Chapin Marshall
The Wife of Bath (Allsoun)...............................Caroline N. E. Morrows
The Prioress (Madame Eglantine).......................Leslie Farwell
Mistress Bailey of the Tabard Inn........................Elizabeth Goodrich
A Nun (The Prioress's Attendant).......................Katharine Fowler

Characters not based on "The Canterbury Tales"

Richard 2d, King of England..............................Alice McKinstrey Meigs

Marguerite Millan Whitall

The Duke of Gloucester, his brother....................Esther Lowenthal
The Archbishop of Canterbury..........................Helen Rutgers Sturgis
Bottlejohn, Host of the Nine-pin Inn, at Bob-ub-and-down

Edith M. Longstreth

A Grey Friar..............................................Theodora Bates
Johanna, Marchioness of Kent..........................Florence Colgate Craig

Sara Barney

Clara Martha Herrick

Abis Putnam

Dorothy Arnold

Canterbury Brooch Girls................................

{Margaret Gertrude Thurston

Serving Maid...............................................Dorothy Arnold

Vender of Relics.........................................Margaret Gertrude Thurston
Art 1
Time—April 16th, 1387. Late Afternoon.

Scene
The Tabard Inn at Southwark near London.

“Bifel that, in that seson on a day,
In Southwerk at the Tabard as I lay
Redy to wenden on my pilgrimage
To Caunterbury, with ful devout corage
At night was come in-to that hostelrye
Wel nyne and twenty in a companye
Of sondry folk, by aventure y-falle
In felowshipe, and Pilgrims were they alle,
That toward Caunterbury wolden ryde.”

Art 2
Time—April 19th. The Afternoon

Scene
Garden of the One Nine-pin Inn at the little hamlet of Bob-up-and-down,
en route to Caunterbury.

“Whan that Aprille with his showres sote
The droghte of Marche hath perced to the rote,
And bathed every veyne in swich licour,
Of which vertu engendered is the flour;
Whan Zephiries eek with his swete breeth
Inspired hathe in every hoit and heeth
The tendre croppes, and the yonge sonne
Hath in the Ram his halfe cours y-ronne,  
And smale fowles maken melodye  
That slepen at the night with open ye,  
(So pricketh hem nature in hie corages):  
Then longen folk to goon on pilgrimages.

Art 3  
Time—Evening of the Same day.  

Scene  
The Same as in Act 2.

"Wite ye nat wherre ther stant a litel town  
Which that y-cleped is Bob-up-and-down,  
Under the Blee, in Caunterbury weye?"

Art 4  
Time—The next day.  

Scene  
Before the west front of Caunterbury Cathedral.

"And specially, from every shire's ende  
Of Engelond, to Caunterbury they wende,  
The holy blisful martyr for to seke,  
That hem hath holpen whan that they werre seke."
To 1905

Tune—Indian Chief.

M. S. Rockwell.

Oh 1905, we leave to you
These joys which rend our souls—
Mid-years, finals, orals ghastly,
Match games without goals—
Rainy springs, the Gym. and black-lists,
Flunk notes by the score;
Centipedes and nice Gym. contests;
What,—you ask for more?
Well, choir practice, lab. and glee club,
Measles and chickenpox, too;
Unexpected dinner tickets
Prove our Waterloo;
Book fines, reprimands and warnings,
Training and fire drills few,—
These are some of the many blessings
We bequeath to you.
Tune—Ship of Dreams.  

By M. Rockwell, M. Gribi and L. Clark.

To-night in happy memories
Once more we meet with you,
To seal with you a comradeship
That years have shown is true.

Chorus:
We hand traditions of the past
Down, 1905, to you,
And hope that you will hold them fast,
And e're to them be true, dear friends,
And e're to them be true.

We leave the place that we have loved,
Its walks and ivied walls;
A dream becomes this happy life,
Its joy which never palls.
Spring Athletics

**Record Marking**

Dash ........................................... Ehlers .................. 3 seconds.
Hurdles ....................................... Case ..................... 3½ seconds.
Vault ........................................... Ehlers, (started at 3 ft. 6 in.) 4 ft. 3½ in.
Standing broad jump ...................... Case ........................ 6 ft. 8½ in.

1904 won 32 points—the highest number.

**Swimming Contest**

Riding on boards.................................. Singles .................. Arny.

1904 won 5 points.

**Gymnastic Contest**

1904 won—March 28.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>1904</th>
<th>May 5th</th>
<th>1905</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Captain: Case.</td>
<td>L. F.</td>
<td>Marshall</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>James</td>
<td>L. F.</td>
<td>Marshall</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Canan</td>
<td>C. F.</td>
<td>Denison</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>White</td>
<td>R. F.</td>
<td>Shields, Henry</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arny</td>
<td>L. C.</td>
<td>Kempton</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pfaff</td>
<td>C. C.</td>
<td>Mason, Denison</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Case</td>
<td>R. C.</td>
<td>Thurston</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Peters</td>
<td>R. B.</td>
<td>Lynde</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Criswell</td>
<td>G.</td>
<td>Jackson</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ross</td>
<td>L. B.</td>
<td>McKean</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Score—1905, 11; 1904, 1.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>1904</th>
<th>May 7</th>
<th>1905</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Canan</td>
<td>L. F.</td>
<td>Hall</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Van Wagenen</td>
<td>C. F.</td>
<td>Denison</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>White</td>
<td>R. F.</td>
<td>Marshall</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arny</td>
<td>L. C.</td>
<td>Kempton</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pfaff</td>
<td>C. C.</td>
<td>Mason</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Case</td>
<td>R. C.</td>
<td>Thurston</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Peters</td>
<td>L. B.</td>
<td>McKean</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Criswell</td>
<td>G.</td>
<td>Jaynes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ross</td>
<td>R. B.</td>
<td>Jaynes</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Score—1905, 11; 1904, 3.
Senior Supper

Toasts

“Pres. Thomas on Athletics” .................................................. Clara Case
“High Life in Washington” .................................................. Harriet Southerland
“The Orals” ........................................................................ Anne Buzby
“Veni, vidi, vici” .................................................................... Clara Wade
“Dr. Edmiston on Advantages of a College Education” .... Florence Robins
“Ballade of the Points of View” ............................................. Maude Temple
“Wild Professors I have known” ......................................... Helen Arny
“College, and what it leads to” ............................................. Sadie Briggs
“Mr. Clark on Personal Contact with the Students” ........ Lucy Lombardi
“Four Bryn Mawr Springs” ..................................................... Michi Kawai
“The Class” ......................................................................... Dorothy Foster

Toastmistress: Martha S. Rockwell.
“It's Always Tea Time.”
The Evolution of the Class of 1904

There was once an Earnest Fragile Baby, who as A Little Child indulged in Many Kapers and thought life An Immense Joke. However, she had an Amiable Temper and was Ever Willing. Although she was an Exceedingly Happy Girl with Social Faculties Evident, she Refused Sundry Midshipmen and decided to become a Learned Character and Carry College Cares. So behold her now, a Dignified Fairy who Loves Learned People.

During Freshman year, she is Enthusiastically Social, Fancies Telephone Connections and, like all Freshmen, Gets Krazes, Just Adores and Manifests Her Affections as an Ardent Sentimentalist. A Basket-ball, Hockey Enthusiast, she becomes an Exceedingly Horsey Character. She Makes Jaunts Regularly and Chatters Like Wildfire until Midyears come when she Always Grows Weepy and Mumbles Vindictively. However, being A Knowing Bluffer, she gets Many Credits.

As a Sophomore, she Abhors Midnight Knowledge, her Energetic Conscience Propels her and she Is Mighty Particular. She Masters Languages, has Many Esoteric Thoughts and is Ever A Shark. She learns how to Combine Levity With Wisdom with Laudable Firm Will, so is with Fun Ever Ready and Amiably Merrily Rosy, Beams Pleasantly.

In Junior year, she has Such Stunning Poise and is Always Gracious. She Elevates Reprobates Tremendously and Helps With Anything. Being a Musical Girl, with Musical Skill Renowned, she is Metrically Useful.

When a Senior, we find her a Languid Cynical Loafer, Chronically Learning, being Ever Mathematically Studious. She is An English Shark, with Knowledge Encyclopedically Sure. As midyears come, she Battles Boldly,—she was Always Most Belligerent,—for Midyears Skimp Cordiality, and she puts up a No Admittance sign.

She graduates, a Metaphysical Shadow with Knowledge, Huge, Vastly Wide and Magnificent Marks Famed. And now, being no longer an Enthusiastic Man-Hater, she Hankers After Hearts and decides that she would Rather Be In Wedlock, for Man Hath Charms for every Exceedingly Refined Female. There are many Rumors Widely Bruited, but not being an Eternal Old Talker, she is Never Silent, until finally when she Must Rush Home, she Marches Firmly to a Brunette Maiden, a Missionaries' Little Joy, and Bers Cupid's News, confiding that she now Accepts Gifts and Seizes Married Bliss, which she considers Just Heavenly. But then, some people Exaggerate Really Preposterously.
Names, Addresses and References of the Class

NANNIE ADAIRE............. 1227 West Lehigh Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.
                        "She never spoke out."
MARIA HAWES ALBEE......... 356 Howard Avenue, New Haven, Conn.
                        "Where life becomes a spasm,
                        And history a whiz:
                        If that is not sensation,
                        I don't know what it is."
JANE ALLEN..................... 1147 S. Broad Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
                        "And I was thinking of a way
                        To feed oneself on batter,
                        And so go on from day to day
                        Getting a little fatter."
                        "Speak the speech I pray you, as I pronounce it to you,
                        Trippingly on the tongue:
                        But if you mouth it, as many of our players do—!
REBECCA WHITMAN BALL........ 4445 Frankford Avenue, Frankford, Pa.
                        "Let us settle it, license or banns?"
ELEANORA FRANCES BLISS...2019 Kalorama Avenue, Washington, D. C.
                        "Such solemnity, too! One could see she was wise
                        The moment one looked in her face!"
ALICE M. BORING............... 931 Fairmount Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.
                        "Sound argument and grave defense,
                        While she dissected word by word his speech."
SARA MARIE BRIGGS...Colonial Court, 35 Lee St., Suite 6, Cambridge, Mass.
                        "Much may be made of a Scotchman if he be caught young."
BERTHA BROWN.................. Westtown, Pa.
                        "And prove their doctrine orthodox
                        By apostolic blows and knocks."
ANNE KNOX BUZBY.............. Rosemont, Pa.
                        'Tis love that makes the girl go round.
MARY WILEY CAMERON.......... Lochiel, Santa Cruz Co., Arizona.
                        "What's this," I pondered;
                        "Have I slept?"
MARJORIE STOCKTON CANAN..... 1803 Third Avenue, Altoona, Pa.
                        "The third, is its slowness in taking a jest;
                        Should you happen to venture on one,
                        It will sigh like a thing that is deeply distressed
                        And always look grave at a pun."
MARY HILDA CANAN .................. 1803 Third Avenue, Altoona, Pa.
"Each heart with each doth coincide:
What boots it? 'For the world is wide."
CLARA CARY CASE .................. 343 West 87th Street, New York City, N. Y.
"I pray ye flog them well,
'Twill mend their morals; never mind the pain."
"Promise is most given when the least is said."
AMY LILLEY CLAPP .................. 3809 Spruce Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
"Of manners gentle, of affections mild
In wit a man, simplicity a child."
LESLIE CLARK ................. 105 Bolton Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.
"He is so sleek and slim,
It's quite a treat to look at him!"
HELEN CRISWELL .................. Rosemont, Pa.
"Happiness consists in activity; such is the constitution of our nature."
BERTHA HERMINE EHLERS ............. 3227 N. 17th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
"We grant, altho' she had much wit
She was very sly of using it."
SARA FRAZER ELLIS .................. 5716 Rippey Street, Pittsburg, Pa.
"I said it in Hebrew—I said it in Dutch—
I said it in German and Greek:
But I wholly forgot (and it vexes me much)
That English is what you speak!"
MILDRED FOCHT .................. Selinsgrove, Pa.
"Whatever skeptic could inquire for,
For every why, she had a wherefore."
DOROTHY FOSTER .................. 137 Walnut Street, Newtonville, Mass.
"Nor did I leave her till she went
So deep in tangled argument
That all my powers of thought were spent."
MAY FRACE .................. Clinton, New Jersey.
ELIZABETH HILL GERHARD .......... 29 S. Third Street, Harrisburg, Pa.
"Such friends as the Beaver and Butcher became
Has seldom, if ever, been known.
In winter or summer, 't was always the same,
You would never meet either alone."
EMMA R. FRIES .................. 1350 Orthodox Street, Frankford, Pa.
"The proper study of Mankind is Man."
"I said to her, I said it plain,
Then you must wake her up again."
Adola Greely

1914 G Street, Washington, D. C.

"The time has come," the walrus said,
'To talk of many things:
Of shoes—and ships—and sealing wax—
Of cabbages and kings—
And why the sea is boiling hot—
And whether pigs have wings.'"

Marguerite Gribi

39 Roslyn Place, Chicago, Ill.

"For such a weight as yours, I fear,
Must shortly sink the beach."

Jeannette Hemphill

Haverford, Pa.

"Canst thou desire or pie or puff?
Thy well-bred manners were enough,
Without such gross material stuff."

Mary Rankin Hollar

4220 Spruce Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

"For I must hurry home to tea."

Evelyn M. Holliday

1121 N. Meridian Street, Indianapolis, Ind.

"Shall I like a hermit dwell,
On a rock or in a cell?"

Helen A. Howell


"Then, if you'd be impressive,
Remember what I say,
That abstract qualities begin with Capitals alway,
The True, the Good, the Beautiful—
Those are the things that pay!"

Mary Latimer James

Wyncot, Pa., Care of C. H. Curtis.

"Medicus
Behold, thou art appointed,
Doctor once dubbed—what ignorance shall balk
Thy march triumphant?"

Anna Jonas

Bridgeton, N. J.

"Tongues in trees, sermons in stones,
Books in the running brooks,"

Michi Kawai

16 Goban Cho, Kojimachi, Tokyo, Japan.

"She strove the neighborhood to please
With manners wondrous winning,
And never followed wicked ways
Unless when she was sinning."

Annette Kelley

908 Main Street, Racine, Wis.

"And that's a thing I will not stand
And so I tell you flat."

"Folk are so full of fancies!"

Mary Lamberton 4403 Osage Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

"Stillest streams
Oft water meadows, and the bird
That flutters least is longest on the wing."

Constance Lewis 3036 N. Meridian Street, Indianapolis, Ind.

"How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour."

Lucy Lombardi Portland, Oregon, Care of W. A. Gordon & Co.

"There was a meaning in her grin,
That made me feel on fire within."

Rosalie Stuart Magruder 23 State Circle, Annapolis, Md.

"I took a corkscrew from the shelf;
I said, 'I'll wake them up myself.'"

Bertha Marcus 1942 N. 19th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

"A woman's crown of glory is her hair."

Elizabeth Mitchell 1803 N. 22d Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

"And then she's so fastidious!"

Bertha Norris Torringford, Conn.

"I need not ask you to recall,
How tenderly I sympathized."

Sara Stokes Palmer 35 West 38th Street, New York City, N. Y.

"Nay, nay, you must not hastily,
To such conclusions jump."

Bertha Pearson 23 Bolton Street, Portland, Maine.

"She Greek and Latin speaks with greater ease
Than hogs eat acorns, and tame pigeons peas."

Ethel Rogers Peck Port Chester, N. Y.

"'No hurry,' said the carpenter;
We thanked him much for that."

Louise Lyman Peck 113 Waterman Street, Providence, R. I.

"He that complies against his will
Is of the same opinion still."

Isabel Mercein Peters 33 West 49th Street, New York City, N. Y.

"Her conscience is a worm within
That gnaws her Night and Day."

Ethel Curtis Pfaff 57 Ohio Street, Bangor, Maine.

"A clere conscience is a sure carde."

Florence Eustice Robins 7431 Devon Street, Mt. Airy, Philadelphia, Pa.

"Shines in exposing Knaves and painting Fools."
Martha B. S. Rockwell.......................... Bristol, Rhode Island.
 "The good and great must ever shun
 The wretched and abandoned one
 Who stoops to perpetrate a pun."

Anna M. Ross........................................ Haverford, Pa.
 "Life is a jest, and all things show it."

Margaret Jane Ross....................... 906 DeKalb Street, Norristown, Pa.
 "I give you all the praise I can
 When I do call you 'gentleman.'"

Alice Edith Schiedt.............. 5211 Morris Street, Germantown, Pa.
 "Without any charge, I'll give you at large
 A lesson in Natural History."

Katharine E. Scott................................. Radnor, Pa.
 "In arguing, the simple heat
 Scorched the slippers off her feet."

Margaret Gale Scott.................. 4402 Pine Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
 (At basket-ball games.)
 "My heart is like nothing so much as a bowl
 Brimming over with quivering curds."

Anna Selleck................................. 62 Chestnut Street, Englewood, N. J.
 "Life and Emotion and I."

Helen Seymour.................................. Sault Ste Marie, Michigan.
 "A little whisper at my ear
 Inquires the reason of my fear."

 "How charming is divine philosophy!
 Not harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose
 But musical as is Apollo's lute."

Eleanor Silkman........................... Stone Gables, Yonkers, N. Y.
 "You may be faint from many a fall,
 And bruised by many a bump;
 But if you persevere through all,
 And practice first on something small,
 Concluding with a ten-foot wall,
 You'll find that you can jump!"

Esther Marion Sinn...................... Wister Street, Germantown, Pa.
 "Oh foolish youth, untimely wise!"

Maud Elizabeth Temple............. 2060 N. 63d Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
 "Infinite riches in a little room."

Eloise Ruthven Tremain............ 28 W. Louden Street, Germantown, Pa.
 "And mistress of herself, tho' China fall."
“Its habit of getting up late you’ll agree
That it carries too far, when I say
That it frequently breakfasts at five-o’clock tea,
And dines on the following day.”

Alice Wright Tull...............................Saint Davids, Pa.
“Our Latin books in motley row
Invite us to our tasks.”

Margaret Ullman.........................282 Forty-eighth Street, Chicago, Ill.
“In winter when the streets are white
I’ll sing a song for your delight.”

Katrina Holland Van Wagenen...Montrose Ave., South Orange, N. J.
“Thou art in for an uncommon score,
Yea, the loud ring applauding thee shall roar.”

Mary Vauclain.................................Rosemont, Pa.
“As to temper, the Jubjub’s a desperate bird,
Since it lives in perpetual passion:
Its taste in costume is entirely absurd—
It’s ages ahead of the fashion.”

Clara Louise Whipple Wade..Haverford, Pa., Care Mrs. E. G. Passmore.
“And yet so grand were her replies,
I could not choose but deem her wise;
I did not dare to criticise.”

Alice Goddard Waldo.....................113 S. 9th Street, La Fayette, Ind.
“But soon a gentler feeling crept
Upon me and I sat and wept
An hour or so, like winking.”

Leda F. White.........................187 Maplewood Avenue, Germantown, Pa.
“A good intention clothes itself with sudden power.”

Elizabeth Whiting.......................2014 Bellevue Street, Tioga, Philadelphia.
“Every ringlet lightly shaken
Ran itself in golden thread.”

Clara L. Woodruff..................800 Electric Avenue, Scranton, Pa.
“Still the lady chattered, chattered—”

“And the judge kept explaining the state of the law
In a soft under-current of sound.”
Cora Baldauf ........................... 518 First Street, Henderson, Kentucky.
Gertrude Buffum ........................ 419 Brook Street, Providence, R. I.
Virginia R. Chauvenet ................................. Robesonia, Pa.
Mary P. Christie ........................... 1542 S. Broad Street, Hartford, Conn.
Katharine R. Curtis ........................ Summit, New Jersey.
Katharine Dudley .............................. 619 Indiana Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
Miriam D. B. Frederick Holzinger ..............................
3227 N. 17th Street, Philadelphia, Pa., Care of B. H. Ehlers.
Phyllis Green ........................................ Rosemont, Pa.
Adelheid Hecht .............................. 1201 Van Ness Avenue, San Francisco, Cal.
Ruth Kellen ..................................... 202 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Mass.
Elsie Kohn ....................................... 3525 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo.
Florence Lexow .................................... 722 St. Marks Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Eleanor McCormick ............................... Eutaw Place, Cloverdale, Baltimore.
Agnes McCulloch Hanna
East 11th Street, between Meridian and Penna., Indianapolis, Ind.
Edith McMURTRIE ................................ 152 Carpenter Lane, Germantown, Philadelphia.
Margaret Reynolds ............................... Bedford, Pa.
Irene Rossiter ................................ 15 Fifth Avenue, New York, Care of The Grosvenor.
Marjorie Sellers .................................. 410 N. 32d Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
Harriet Rodman Southerland .......................... 1921 N. Street, Washington, D. C.
Susie O. Swindell ............................. 1022 West Lafayette Avenue, Baltimore, Md.
Genevieve F. Winterbotham .......................... Charlotte, Vermont.
Hope Woods .................................. 35 Concord Avenue, Cambridge, Mass.

Gymnastic Records held by the Class

Record Marking

Rope climbing (21 ft.) .... L. L. Peck .......... 14.2 seconds .......... April 10, 1902

Swimming Contest

Riding on boards (70 ft.) .......... Doubles .......... \{ L. Peck
\{ Rockwell .......... \} .......... March 19, 1903
140-ft. swim .......... McCormick .......... 44 sec. .......... March 26, 1901
Roll of Honour
The Group System of 1904

Agnes McCulloch=Hanna, 1901
Evelyn B. Upperman=Binz, 1901
Miriam D. B. Frederick=Holtzinger, 1903
Ruth B. I. Wood=
Hilda Canan=
Sadie Marie Briggs=
Rebecca W. Ball=
Anne Knox Buzby= 
Offices, Scholarships and Fellowships

Held by the Class

1900-01

CHRISTIAN UNION
Treasurer—K. E. Scott.

STUDENTS’ ASSOCIATION FOR SELF-GOVERNMENT
Advisory Board—G. Winterbotham, E. Holliday

UNDERGRADUATE ASSOCIATION.
Assistant Treasurer—E. Silkmann

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION
Vice-President and Treasurer—R. Wood

COLLEGE SETTLEMENT
Treasurer—I. M. Peters

LANTERN
Assistant Business Manager—H. A. Howell
Treasurer—Clara Woodruff

FORTNIGHTLY PHILISTINE
Assistant Editor—G. Winterbotham
Treasurer—H. R. Southerland
Assistant Business Manager—D. Foster

DE REBUS CLUB
A. Greely

SCHOLARSHIPS
Maria Hopper Memorial—E. A. Shearer
James E. Rhodes Memorial—C. L. W. Wade

1901-02

CHRISTIAN UNION
Treasurer—C. C. Case

STUDENTS’ ASSOCIATION FOR SELF-GOVERNMENT
Secretary—G. Winterbotham
Treasurer—L. Lombardi
Executive Board—C. C. Case, K. Curtis
Advisory Board—F. Robins, K. Van Wagenen

UNDERGRADUATE ASSOCIATION
Vice-President and Treasurer—A. Greely
Secretary—C. C. Case

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION
Secretary—L. Lombardi
Outdoor Manager—L. L. Peck

LANTERN
Editorial Board M. E. Temple, D. Foster
Business Manager—H. A. Howell
Treasurer—C. Woodruff

FORTNIGHTLY PHILISTINE
Assistant Editor—G. Winterbotham
Treasurer—R. Magruder
Business Manager—H. Arny
Assistant Business Manager—D. Foster

DE REBUS CLUB
A. Greely

PHILOSOPHICAL CLUB
Secretary—D. Foster

SCHOLARSHIPS
James E. Rhodes Junior Scholarship—E. A. Shearer

1902-03.
CHRISTIAN UNION
President—K. Van Wagenen
Vice-President—C. C. Case

STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION FOR SELF-GOVERNMENT
President—C. C. Case
Vice-President—K. Curtis

Advisory Board—A. Gillender, K. Van Wagenen
UNDERGRADUATE ASSOCIATION
President—A. Greely

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION
President—L. L. Peck
Indoor Manager—L. Lombardi

COLLEGE SETTLEMENT
Secretary—A. K. Buzby

DE REBUS CLUB
A. Greely

ENGLISH CLUB
M. E. Temple
E. A. Shearer
L. Lombardi

LANTERN
Editor-in-Chief—M. E. Temple

Editorial Board
D. Foster
L. Lombardi

FORTNIGHTLY PHILISTINE
Editor-in-Chief—G. Winterbotham
Treasurer—R. Magruder
Business Manager—H. Arny
Assistant Business Manager—D. Foster

SCHOLARSHIPS
Anna Powers Memorial—E. A. Shearer
Maria L. Eastman Brooke Hall Memorial—C. L. W. Wade

FIRE-CAPTAIN OF COLLEGE
C. C. Case

1903-04.

DE REBUS CLUB
President—A. Greely
L. Lombardi.
LAW CLUB
President—R. B. I. Wood

ENGLISH CLUB
President—M. E. Temple
Members—E. A. Shearer, L. Lombardi, M. S. Canan, M. Gribi, D. Foster

TIPYN-O-BOB
Editor-in-Chief—L. Lombardi
Editorial Board—A. K. Buzby
Treasurer—R. Magruder
Business Manager—H. Arny

BRYN MAWR LEAGUE FOR THE SERVICE OF CHRIST
Secretary—K. E. Scott

SCHOLARSHIPS
European Fellowship—C. L. W. Wade
Junior Fellowship—E. A. Shearer
Essay Prize—M. E. Temple

Graduate Scholarships—A. M. Boring, M. E. Temple

"FIRST TEN"
C. L. W. Wade
E. A. Shearer
B. Norris
A. Greely
M. L. James
K. E. Scott
K. H. Van Wagenen
A. Waldo
L. Lombardi
M. Focht
BRYN MAWR COLLEGE

CONFERRING OF DEGREES

AT THE CLOSE OF THE NINETEENTH ACADEMIC YEAR

June 2nd, 1904
Record of the Class of 1904
Arranged, Printed and Bound by Us

We shall be pleased to quote prices on Engraved Calling Cards, Wedding Invitations or to Die Stamp your correspondence paper, furnish the Programmes, or other necessities of this sort you may require from time to time.

Gen. W. Gibbons
Artistic Printing, Die Stamping, Engraving
147 North Tenth Street
Baldwin Locomotive Works

Broad and Narrow Gauge — Single Expansion and Compound

LOCOMOTIVES

Mine, Furnace and Industrial Locomotives
Electric Locomotives with Westinghouse Motors and Electric Trucks

Burnham, Williams & Co., Philadelphia, Pa., U. S. A.

Code Word—"Baldwin" Philadelphia
Lewando's

In 1829 we introduced the method of French Dry Cleansing in the United States. Since then we have been recognized as the greatest exponents of this method and as America's Leading Dyers and Cleansers.

The oldest and largest house in the United States. Would we have become this if our work had not warranted it?

1631 Chestnut St

PHILADELPHIA

Also New York, Boston, Providence, Hartford, New Haven, Newport, Cambridge, Lynn, Washington, Roxbury

"YOU CAN RELY ON LEWANDO'S"
THE NEW
INTERNATIONAL
ENCYCLOPEDIA

THE EDITORS-IN-CHIEF.

Harry Thurston Peck, Ph. D., L. H. D.,
Professor in Columbia University

Daniel Coit Gilman, LL. D.,
President Johns Hopkins University
Late Professor in N. Y. University
(1856-1902), President of Carnegie Institution

Frank Moore Colby, M. A.

The admirable articles on French Language and French Literature, contributed by Dr. Albert Schinz, Professor of French Literature in Bryn Mawr College, represent the authoritative character of the entire work.

The Nation, New York:
As an encyclopaedia of American interests for American readers it is undoubtedly the best and fullest in existence.

The Sun, New York:
As it stands, the New International is the most helpful Encyclopaedia in English that we have seen.

Hamilton Wright Mabie:
I have found The New International Encyclopaedia ready to answer all my questions and give me all the information I ask. The most careful person need not trust to train its simplicity and interest of statement.

William R. Harper, D. D., Pres't University of Chicago:
I have had occasion to use The New International Encyclopaedia. The articles I have consulted are well written and show evidence of a thorough and satisfactory grasp of the subject.
The name of President Gilman as chief editor guarantees that the work has been thoroughly done.

These are the reasons why the people of to-day are purchasing the NEW INTERNATIONAL ENCYCLOPEDIA to the exclusion of all others.

What it is: A monumental work of 17 octavo volumes, containing over 16,000 pages, 7,000 excellent illustrations, 100 full-page colored plates. More than 100,000 subjects are discussed, over 30,000 more than are treated by any other work of its kind.
The work is so great, there is so much to tell about it, that a handsome book of 8s pages has been prepared, containing much new, maps, illustrations, and full information about prices and easy payment plan. This will be MAILED FREE to any one who will write to

DODD, MEAD & CO., 372 Fifth Avenue, New York
BROADBENT CO.

Artists and Photographers

1415 Chestnut St., Philadelphia

Portraiture in Plain Photography, Crayon, Water Color or Pastel from Life or by Copy. Landscape or Interior Work. Grouping Indoor or in the Open Air. Only the Best Work at Reasonable Prices.

Special Rates to Students

Boys' and Misses' Sailor Suits a Specialty
Ladies' Tailor Made Suits and Riding Habits

PETER THOMSON
NAVAL AND MERCHANT TAILOR
1118 Walnut Street

14 and 16 West Thirty-third Street, New York

PHILADELPHIA

IVY HOUSE      PREPARATORY TO BRYN MAWR COLLEGE
Address, MISS MARY E. STEVENS
50 High Street               Teaching by Specialists in each Department

GERMANTOWN, PHILADELPHIA
THE BAILEY, BANKS & BIDDLE COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA

GOLDSMITHS
SILVERSMITHS
ART STATIONERS

EXCEPTIONAL FACILITIES FOR DESIGNING AND MANUFACTURING

CLASS PINS
CLASS RINGS
FRATERNITY BADGES
CLASS STATIONERY

SAMPLES AND FULL INFORMATION ON REQUEST

IVORY MINIATURES

PHOTOGRAPHS BY APPOINTMENT

CHILDREN'S PORTRAITS

.. TAKEN AT HOME ...

R. T. DOONER
SUCCESSOR TO
C. S. H. STUDIO

C. S. HARRIS ESTATE

1604 CHESTNUT STREET
GEORGE ALLEN
IMPORTER OF
Trimmed Hats, Bonnets, Ribbons, Silks,
Velvets, Millinery and Straw Goods

Notions, Buttons, Hosiery, Toilet Articles, Dress Trimmings, Zephyrs,
Yarns, Handkerchiefs, Corsets, Embroideries, Shirt Waists,
Toweling and White Goods, Cambric and
Muslin Underwear, Silk and
Moreen Petticoats

ALL GOODS DELIVERED ON MAIN LINE BY OUR OWN WAGONS

GEORGE ALLEN
1214 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia

BECK-PHILA.

London Assurance Corporation

ORGANIZED A.D. 1720

United States Branch, 44 Pine Street
New York

CHARLES L. CASE, Manager

Philadelphia and Vicinity:
HENRY W. BROWN & CO., Managers
423 Walnut Street, PHILADELPHIA PA.