1913

Bryn Mawr College Yearbook. Class of 1913

Bryn Mawr College. Senior Class

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Pembroke Gateway and Pembroke Hall East
North Front from the Campus
The Book of the Class

of Nineteen Thirteen
Board of Editors

Editor-in-Chief
ELEANOR BONTECOU

Editors
DOROTHEA DE FOREST BALDWIN  AMY GORDON HAMILTON

ROSA VEDDER MABON

Business Manager
MARY SHEDDON

Assistant Business Manager
ELIZABETH YARNALL MAGUIRE

Treasurer
ALICE DUDLEY PATTERSON
Bryn Mawr, we sing thee greetings,
Beneath thy towers fair,
We bow to the daisies' beauty,
We honor the name we bear,
Thy children of 1913,
Dauntless and free from fears,
O shall we still be faithful
At the end of a thousand years.

The shadows swiftly gather,
The darkness is falling fast,
But the fire our love has kindled
Glows red to the very last.
And deeply now we pledge thee,
With smiles that are almost tears
That we would still be faithful
Though it were to a thousand years.

GORDON HAMILTON
KATHARINE PAGE
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Freshman Year
Freshman Year

Class Officers

Chairman—ELEANOR NIXON ELMER
Temporary Treasurer—NATHALIE SWIFT
Temporary Secretary—KATHARINE SCHMIDT
President—ELEANOR NIXON ELMER (resigned), KATHARINE ALICE PAGE
Vice-President and Treasurer—KATHARINE ALICE PAGE (resigned), JESSIE CROW BUCHANAN
Secretary—KATHARINE REILLY SCHMIDT

Offices Held by the Class

Self-Government Representative—SYLVIA HATHAWAY
Representative on May-Day Committee—CLARA CROCKER
Students' Council—MARJORIE FRANCES MURRAY
Margaret Graham Blaine
Freshman Show

THE "Refined Vaudeville" of our Freshman year was "The 1913 Lottery of the Helpless and Hopeless" ten hours before 1913 made its first appearance on the stage as a clever, original, and "tradition-busting" class. Great confusion and little done!

*The most important things in the caste were the chickens. You remember those wonderful, downy, sofa-cushion-stuffed chickens? Incidentally, recall them in the making—a vast morass of yellow dye and soggy cotton-batting on which Eleanor Elmer's black hat floated. The chickens led on our class animal—the Great Cock, which, animated by Gertrude Ziesing, danced so daintily that night.

Then there were Clara Owen and Beatrice Nathans, not together of course. Clara Owen had no equal at the clog nor did Beatrice have when she posed as the languorous snake charmer.

Henny and Zelda did their famous nigger stunt together, Alice Aimes, as a chorus lady, jollied our idea of a New York stage manager (Isabel Haines), both making their reputation. Stout and Ziesing talked their way through a clog and—but probably you too have saved a program.

Starting our one class tradition that night, 1913 "got there some how;" it produced a theatrical office with manager, office boy and applicants, disproved the "Helpless and Hopeless" theory of the rehearsal and covered itself with glory—at least to its own satisfaction.

KATHARINE HOUGHTON STOUT.

*The author of this article states that the only things that she really remembers about Freshman Show are "much yellow dye and those chicken trousers."—Editors.
The Endowment Fund

Prologue

There we were on Ward's Island, Rosa, Worthy and the unhappy author of the following! Dotty, pursued by Nemesis in the shape of the Brown Tail Moth, could not be with us. We had got to the wretched point of considering what was left to be done. Mary Tongue, who had been bound over in early spring to be particularly prolific and clever, had not sent in a line: and there were others.

Worthy turned wearily to me, list in hand.

"Well, then you will have to take the 'Endowment Fund,'" she said.

"But Schmidt was to do that," I objected.

"Yes, but she won't."  

"How do you know she won't?"

"She has just said so."

"But perhaps she didn't mean it," I said with some hope. "I know Schmidtie."

"I am afraid she did though."

"Why not leave it out?" I suggested brightly.

"Freshman Year would be too thin then; if you can't do it," sighed Worthy, "you can see that someone else does."

"It is so likely in the next two days that I'll find someone!" I snorted indignantly.

"Or, perhaps you'd like me to ask the cook!"

Narrative

Now I know very little about the Endowment Fund except that 1913 pledged itself to raise $1000, and proceeded to do it by heroic efforts, witness Maud Holmes, who used to get up on chill winter days to call people and shut their windows. Some members of the class earned their share by cleaning silver, washing tea cups and even
blacking boots, which must have been hard on the Morris-Brooks-James-etc. Union. Others ran errands on the Pike—and this was before the day of automobiles too,—but then it was that the genius of Schmidt and Matlack really asserted itself. This was obviously why one was chosen to write this article, and that I am able to relate their prowess without bitterness is due to my lofty soul.

Schmidt and Matlack were most astute Freshmen; who revealed their peculiar gifts early in the year, as you all will remember, by starting classes, or personally conducted tours, to wit. "Who's who in college—and why." If I forget the exact methods, I ask the brilliant 'Executors’ pardon, but the scale of prices ran something like this:

Introductions—Five cents.
Ordinary Celebrities Pointed Out—A penny a piece.

I have a dim recollection that English Sharks went two for a cent owing to Matlack's prejudices.

In the year 1910 the college had a few Snobs as well as Celebrities. In the year 1911, the Snobs were willing to admit in a deprecatory way that they were Snobs—which was of course the beginning of their decadence. In the present era—well, we mustn’t go into that—the point was that 1910 was an excellent year for the sort of thing which Schmidt and Matlack instituted. It might be said in passing, that there were so many applications for introductions to Elsa that the price was about to be increased, when the Managers realized suddenly that they had in turns been booking Joy's orders and she was then, sly creature, on her eighth introduction.

We managed to get our thousand, and were going about with our heads in the air until our breath was taken away and our pride humbled at hearing of the fortune 1912 had donated. We must in fairness to our noble and unresting effort, note that as a class we apparently lacked grandmothers.

At any rate by Commencement, at the last moment of allotted time, the last necessary pledge was given in; and Miss Thomas, who had just risen to announce the college failure, was able to proclaim the college success. I can’t vouch for the details of this. Katharine and I had stayed over Commencement week to play basket-ball or tennis or
something; we had attended Garden Party, dressed in grimy white sailor suits, at first
crawling under Denbigh shrubbery but finally shamelessly demanding salad in the broad
light of day. We had fully intended to see the “President of our country in a tent,” but
were smitten with homesickness just as his bodyguard of bluecoats arrived on the campus
and so failed to see the last pledge dramatically cast at Miss Thomas’s feet. Certainly
the Endowment Fund must have been gained because the college shortly afterwards was
able to effect a substantial not to say generous increase in room rents.

**Proof**

In the matter of proof, I may as well admit that certain facts herein alleged might
not be readily corroborated; and certain statements may not err on the side of con-
servatism, but—

**Conclusion**

It is all Schmidt’s fault anyway.

GORDON HAMILTON.
May Day
As Seen by the Fool

'T'S hot, of course, for this is May Day: and look now at that long line twisting and winding—a thread of lively revelers. They are waiting to be made up—to have a touch of rouge, a long, white beard, or perhaps be given a jeweled crown and gilded sceptre. Here they come no longer students, for just see the fiery dragon and oh—he! he!—the Cupids.

I loved my bells and little Beppo, the donkey which was so slow. I had to punch him repeatedly with my bauble. The procession outside of Pembroke Arch started: it moved: it seemed to thrill with a new thrill of life. But come, it moves too slowly! Shall I not ride the hobby-horse? Whoa, there!! Marry, but there's old Father Time crossing the cloister green. A pity such hoary locks should fall around so young a face—and his elastic walk belies the rounded shoulders. Ah, Tempus fugit. Here rides Bacchus alongside. The leathern bottle is still full, but will not be long. That face too belies the part. One day the part will be a more Christian one.

Now, Hobby, stay, by my halidome! A pretty face and queen of the dancers! How the cloister is crowded!

Whether in the world or B. M. C.,
Such dancers are a thing to see.
Oh Tira lee, tra-la.

There, I declare, Hobby, hold up, or we will be running down the Merrymen—or by that rider on the grey horse be run down ourselves:

I'd sworn it was a man for sure
But that the wig was insecure!

Hey diddle, good merry men. I cannot tarry with you. I must run and fool them wisely for the play's begun! * * *
But what is this? Three swords! Hey, Pickle Herring, Blue Breeches, Pepper Breeches—do you ask me what I see?!

Marry, three fools—e’en as we
'Twere wiser a good fool to be
Than such fake wise men as ye three.

Oh, kill me not, you—my three sons—I your poor old father! "Well, if I must die, I must die. But, aye, when wisdom comes from Folly, it is time to die."

And being dead, I can write no more.

Lucile Shadburn.
Freshman Class Supper

Firstman Class Supper—it was ages ago, but it happened. I remember thinking about it days beforehand, and flocks of flaming red chanticleers kept me awake afterwards thinking about it, so it must have happened. It was in the spring of 1910 when the dogwood was in blossom and Polecon quizzes were budding. That was when it happened, and where it happened was in Pembroke dining room—the walls were disguised with class banners, dogwood and upper classmen. How it happened I am not quite sure. We all marched in dressed in our best, and then cheering began—upper classmen cheered, others cheered, we cheered and Schmidt and Matlack cheered; at least, I suppose they did, and it was the best and biggest gathering of the class the whole year. That was just what we wanted, so we were not too generous about letting the upper classmen stay to enjoy our fun, and after M. Blaine gave us a toast to “Class Songs” and we showed them what cocky stunts we could do when we tried, we sang them out politely but firmly. Then we all grew ten years younger, and with every one in a good humor it would have been the best time in the world to have discussed some weighty question, but we were not there for that and besides K. Stout and Jessie would have had words about it, as I remember they did have a pitched battle over the election of The Keeper of The Class Animal. Poor old bird, he must be old enough now to take care of himself, but in those days he was dreadfully flighty and cocky and always making breaks. Don’t you remember Zelda told us all about the trouble he had made for us with his breaks. “Gyrls, I would rather live a thousand years, than bow down and worship a rooster,” she said when he was nominated for our pet, in opposition to enough salamanders, flamingoes and potato bugs to start a nightmare. But that is another story and we are now in the midst of class supper. Iki Irwin is talking now, Iki is working herself off the blacklist with one period of talking. “La, la, la, Iki, you silly ass, what are you doing there?” didn’t I hear Miss Applebee say, but it must have been during May Day rehearsal when Iki had that part given to her. May Day—that reminds me of a toast. Clara Crocker gave us an impromptu one—from the back of her fan. It was an important subject just about then. Mr. King told
me once that we “just stood around like marmalade pots—done up in Lincoln green and Merrymen don’t giggle!” and the Merrymen did not even smile. But that is another story too and does not belong to me; it belongs to the Endowment Fund. Ah, now I have come back to our supper. D. Baldwin, will you tell us how “A Penny Earned is a Million Saved?” What are those people tearing around the table for? Engaged, is it possible—they don’t look it, and who are they? Well, if we begin to count them and to add to the list the present number of happy ones, statistics would show that a great percentage of the class are to “live happily ever after.” Then Schmidt told us “How to make Upper Class Friends and Enemies.”

One toast after another, and so the supper went on. Don’t you remember what a good stunt Rockefeller contributed and Denbigh too and several individual songs and dances that were excellent? We were most interested when our athletic captains gave us toasts, it was just among ourselves, so we did not have to suppress our joy when Alice Hearne mentioned a hockey victory, or Yvonne our success in Water Polo, and Gordon had hopes to offer us in basket ball,—and we had cheers to offer her.

Then we sang some more, and not only our own songs either, which was more than cocky. It was a wonderful evening, but underneath all the frivolity and hilarity there was a large amount of sentiment, which was not sentimentality. Every one felt it more than ever when “Pagie” rose and told us things we were glad to hear and expressed for us just what we had felt. To those who have received their diplomas and have passed through four years of college life, Freshman Class Supper may have seemed only incidental and one of many good times, but to one who has been a Freshman only, it was an epitome of the year and the good things it had offered. It was an intimate getting together of the class, not to decide class matters nor to hold its own against other classes, but to know itself as a simple gathering of hopeful, happy classmates.

ELEANOR ELMER.
The First Week and the Last

If anything could shake our faith in the value of a college education, it would be a comparison of the first week and the last. Improvement might be reasonably expected in four years, but in point of fact both beginning and end of one's academic career are equally confused and wearisome, perhaps in the one case our buoyant youth carries us through it better, but the real difference—well, we shall point out the real difference later!

Four years ago our mammas said goodbye to us at the train. This was a tactical error—see below. In those days we had to ride in parlor cars because we were young. This was sometimes an inconvenience coming home. We decided as we rode along that Bryn Mawr would be like Smith only smaller.* In front of us sat a person with heavily braided hair who read a book most intently, without looking up. We decided she was a college girl and wondered if we should ever be so studious. At West Philadelphia we followed her off the train and aboard the local to Paoli. She read all the way. Long afterwards we discovered she was Alice Whittemore, and the book was the Thirty Years' War. It was our first introduction to the orals. In time we also were studious.

When we stopped at Bryn Mawr it was raining; it always does rain at crises like vacations; and cabs were no more frequent then than now. But now at least K. A. P. does not carry an anvil in her dress suitcase; and we walk by way of Shipley school and not by way of Yarrow. Yarrow was a mistake which we discussed sitting on our upturned bags in the rain. At Rock Arch we almost parted company. K. A. P. would go through Pembroke Arch or not at all and A. G. H. maintained that Rock was before us and goodness only knew where Pembroke might be. But we did not part company and the habit grew stronger upon us.*

We can't remember whether it was that night or the next morning that we began signing our names. (Did we mention that it rained?) We signed for physical, oculist

NOTE.—Bryn Mawr is smaller than Smith.—A. G. H., K. A. P.
NOTE 2.—We went through Pembroke Arch.—K. A. P.
and medical appointments, tennis tournaments and finally for interviews with President Thomas. But the combined efforts of all the yellow badges could not get us in to the august Presence, as we had left our mammas at the train!

Henny Elmer was elected chairman very soon in Georgina's room. One of us was invited to the ceremony and the other abducted by violence. We were willing if a trifle dazed. Neither of us knew exactly what was being done to Henny, but we liked her looks and hoped it was all for the best.

Henny with great presence of mind promptly called a meeting—our first class meeting. Caroline Nash had written a Rush Song and like Gaul we were divided into three parts to learn it. That was the preliminary for Rush night, which shortly ensued. "Wear old clothes," we were told, "and nothing that will tear." "A fight!" thought we with some satisfaction, but that year Self-Government and our Juniors were in the ascendancy, and we marched through the halls comparatively unmolested.

"Giddy up, giddy up, giddy up. Whoa 1913."

We went out for hockey, and impelled by Cynthia Wesson's none too gentle stick and the persuasion of Miss Applebee's voice we were actually intimidated into beating 1911 the first day. It was whispered on the side lines—"Stetson will make Varsity."

The rest of the week we spent going to the Pike for picture hooks and looking for the Book Shop. We might mention in passing that we found taking notes a good deal of an experience. Other things obtruded themselves upon our attention too—like Christian Association Reception, and the Reading of various Rules and Constitutions. 1912 did it to us individually and Self-Gov. and the Fire Department by halls; and the Athletic Association collectively. But it didn't matter, as we got them gloriously mixed. And for many weeks we had a vague feeling that opening doors was a shocking violation of the draughts and warnings fire rule.

The very phrase, "And Freshmen are required to attend," made us dizzy. "My conscience," said we, "if anything happens to-morrow night we will go home."

This is the great point. Herein is the only real difference between the horrors of the first week and the last. The last week we did go home.
We need not go into detail: we could not. We believe that the last week contained the following items and would be glad if any one could arrange them in their proper order: Class Supper, Commencement, Baccalaureate, Rehearsal for Commencement, Garden Party, Bonfire, Giving up the Steps. If there was anything else, the memory of it was obliterated by packing. "Come we may, but go we must."

Since we did live through the first week and the last, we may as well admit that we are glad we did.

Katharine Page,
Gordon Hamilton.
Freshman Year Athletics

**Hockey**
College championship won by 1910—
*Captain—Alice Hearne*

**Team**
Joy Tomlinson
Margaret Blaine
Syliva Hathaway
Louisa Low Haydock
Alice Patterson
Katharine Alice Page
Eleanor Elmer
Amy Gordon Hamilton
Alice Hearne
Gertrude Hinrichs
Lydia Stetson
Jeannette Michael

1913 on Varsity
Lydia Stetson

**Tennis**
College championship in singles won by 1913.
College championship in doubles won by 1913
*Captain—Joy Tomlinson*

**Team**
Amy Gordon Hamilton
Katharine Alice Page
Alice Patterson
Class Champion—Amy Gordon Hamilton
College Champion—Amy Gordon Hamilton
Varsity Tennis—Amy Gordon Hamilton
Katharine A. Page

**Swimming**
*Captain—Yvonne Stoddard*
Meet won by 1910
Records made—
68 ft. swim on front: Eleanor Elmer, 17½ sec.

**Water Polo**
1913 Captain—Yvonne Stoddard
College championship won by 1913

**Track**
Meet won by 1911
1913 Captain—Lydia Stetson

**Basket-Ball**
College championship won by 1910
1913 Captain—Amy Gordon Hamilton

**Team**
Katharine Alice Page
Agnes O'Connor
Gertrude Hinrichs
Eleanor Elmer
Amy Gordon Hamilton
Florence Maud Dessau
Keinath Stohr
Eleanor Bontecou
Jeannette Michael

1913 Members of Varsity
Katharine A. Page

---

**Gymnastic Contest**
1912 vs. 1913. Won by 1913.
Sophomore Year
Sophomore Year

Class Officers

President—Katharine Alice Page
Vice-President and Treasurer—Jessie Crow Buchanan
Secretary—Mary Shenstone

Offices Held by the Class

Treasurer—Sylvia Hathaway
Christian Association. Secretary—Eleanor Bontecou
Athletic Association. Vice-President and Treasurer—Louisa Low Haydock
Undergraduate Association. Assistant Treasurer—Nathalie Swift
Students' Council—Eleanor Bontecou, Sylvia Hathaway
Equal Suffrage League. Secretary—Amy Gordon Hamilton
College Settlement Chapter. Secretary—Elizabeth Maguire
Consumers' League. Secretary and Treasurer—Sarah Henry Atherton
Philosophical Club. Secretary—Yvonne Stoddard
Lantern. Assistant Business Manager—Helen Evans
Tipyn o'Bob. Editor—Mary Van Arsdale Tongue
Treasurer—Eleanor Bontecou
Rush Night: A Martial Ballad

I
Old Stories tell how Hercules
A dragon slew at Lerna
With seven heads and fourteen eyes
To see and well discern-a,
But deeds of daring (of gore unsparing)
Done of late years, we can remember,
To make this quite clear, we wish you to hear
Of a night in one November.*

II
Guy Fawkes' day had come 'round once more
And night had settled deeply
When out upon the campus green
Some pale blue ghosts stole sleepily—
Soon they were waked—their nerves were shaked,
And they were made to tremble
When devils all red—from foot to head—
Began for to assemble.

III
Had you seen them in their dress,
How wild they looked, how fearful,
You would, I'm sure, despite your pride,
Have been most terrible careful—

N. B.—In the rhyme in this ballad note the influence of Masefield.—Editors.
* Poetic license, we suppose.—Editors.
They cavorted and shouted, till nobody doubted
That there was some trouble a-humming
But most didn’t see four red champions flee
Off to Denbigh, where soon all were coming.

IV
But there was one who saw them go—
She was a knave, a traitor—
She told the enemy where they were—
They did not hesitate or
Falter, but they tore fast away
Panting and breathing fire
(This was told me in mirth—take it please, for its worth)
And looked for them lower and higher.

V
It is not strength that always wins,
Sometimes wit, in a rare case;—
Which made these gallant champions
Creep down a darkened stair-case,
Meaning to wait until some great
Good chance should bring them by
Those enemies who, all dressed in light blue,
Were waiting and prowling nigh.

VI
In costumes red as any blood
They crouched—when from their revels
The Ethiopes of Denbigh Hall
Came upon these dread devils.
With faces grey they rushed away
And shrieked and cried out "ghostses,"
And for their protection called from every direction
The light blue in all of their hostses.

VII
Then there began, I grieve to say,
A scene of dreadful battle
When four red devils, wild with rage,
With sixteen foes did grapple—
In silence grim—with might and vim,
With tooth and nail and muscle,
Both behind and before—arms, legs, and all o'er
They each attacked all in the tussle.

VIII
One broke the bannister in twain
As it had been a pencil,
Then fiercely round about she faced
Ready to fight against all
Those who might dare to come a-near,
And come they did, in number,
To be thrown aback, alas and alack
As if they had been only mere lumber!

IX
Against the stone walls of the house
Two fought with one another
Till both were red as red itself,
You couldn't tell one from t'other—
Their breath came short—each movement brought
Such pain,—help might be guv them—
So each was wishing, but neither was missing
Strange sounds at a window above them.

X
Surprise there was in store for both
When from that very window
A form in red—"a devil"—both said
*Dropt down amid great din—o—
She had fought right well, and had bought right well
Freedom from all of her foes,
When hard pressed before, by a massive great door
'Gainst which they were squashing her toes.

XI
Up rose behind her, enemies
In dozens and in scores,
All new to her—quite blue to her—
She looked about for doors.
No more were there—e'en windows were rare
But to one she pushed her way—
Out of it she popped, down from it she dropped
Right into another fray.

XII
Then all these fresh and new-come foes
From nobody-could-tell-where
Grabbed up the two red-men left within
With little—or almost no—care.

*N. B.—A. G. H. did not pay five dollars.
They twirled them out—they whirled them out
(They might have been bags of meal)
If they hadn't been tough—and tough enough—
Here we might say a great deal—

XIII
The next day came, excitement passed
The world seemed grey and dreary
Self-governmental heads they shook
And it was felt quite clearly
"Rush Night" must die—you all see why?
A thing of the past it's been made,
Now, if on Guy Fawkes' day, you're in Bryn Mawr, Pa.,
You'll only see Freshmen parade!

Sylvia Hathaway.
Universities, Anniversaries and Adversities; or, How it Feels to be Twenty-five; or, The Sheep and the Delegoats

“Oh, say, can you see by the dawn’s early light
Manus Bryn Mawrensiun ** * fulgentes sicut stellae**

Add these lines to our title, and what more need be said of the Twenty-fifth Anniversary! The questionable Latinity of the phrase is due, by the way, neither to inaccuracy on Mr. Shorey’s part or to carelessness on the part of those who strove night after night to teach us songs long since fallen into desuetude. It is simply an illustration of the eclectic system of word-singing favored by the undergraduate body. However, let us leave the discussion of undergraduate singing for another occasion; while for those who dislike their intellectual food in the form of compressed rations, we enlarge upon our epitome of the anniversary. The three parts of our title, be it understood, were not chosen arbitrarily, but represent the three divisions in which our commemorative thoughts fall. (In this orderly behaviour of our thoughts one recognizes immediately the influence of the debating club.) Under the first heading come of course, among other things, the rain and the speeches and the gorgeous gowns of those who marched in procession; under the second, the nightly song practices in the gym when the dynamo had burst and we had to bring our lanterns to see by; under the third, the hockey varsity ejected from Pembroke but faithful to training still, meekly retiring at a very early hour all in one cot in Scotty’s* room while the lordly delegoats and their wives reclined at ease in the spacious beds of Pembroke. At certain points, however, our lines of thought, still perhaps under the influence of the debating club, become entangled or balky and refuse to fall neatly into place. We begin, for instance, to wonder who were the goats, when the rumor had reached the campus that the delegoats were arriving en masse, and under-

*N. B.—It is one of Scotty’s boasts that she has appeared in every class book since 1908. We are doing our best for her.—Editors.
graduates hanging out of the windows of every hall save swept and garnered Pembroke to watch them come marching through Rockefeller arch two by two, commented on the similarity of their attire and the uniform darkness of their complexions, until some one discovered that we were watching the entrance of the caterers? Was it because of adversity or perversity; or was it simply because the delegoats themselves were all so much more than twenty-five that they burst into loud and profane applause as we finished singing Pallas Athene? Would any one under twenty-five have chosen, as did Miss Helen Strong Hoyt, to manifest her complete independence by firmly and forcibly plumping down in her chair at the end of the second line of the Star Spangled Banner? It was clearly an adversity that, after our weeks of practice, we had to omit the singing of “Manus Bryn Mawrensium” because, as Miss Thomas announced, “three of the college presidents broke their solemn promises and spoke more than ten minutes.” The only question here is, who suffered by this omission, ourselves or the delegoats? Another case of mixed adversity was when Joy Tomlinson, always a restless student, dropped the history note-book, from which she had expected to derive great profit, out of the gallery neatly astride the bonnet of a gentle little Quakeress below. The universities we managed to keep pretty straight, on the whole, though one student possessed of a feminine feeling for style did have difficulty in finding out which one gave Dr. Furness the brass trumpet which gave such a nice finishing touch to his scarlet costume. After all, though, other universities and any number of adversities didn’t matter in the least, for it really was our twenty-fifth anniversary; we had come into our collegiate majority; and we had learned more about the Star-Spangled Banner than we ever knew before.

ELEANOR BONTECOU.
The Primrose Path; or, The Light that Failed

THERE were to have been two articles: Lantern Night, the lantern night of our Sophomore year described with delicacy, precision and nicely-weighed sentiment by Olga, and the Primrose Path, a witty account of the rise and fall of the flower trade at Bryn Mawr as observed by Louisa Henderson. From the latter came a sad note to say she couldn't possibly write; from the former only unbroken silence. One of the articles might have been omitted; but the loss of both would mean unseemly slimness for the Class Book. Which should the editor write up? The Primrose Path is always alluring; yet, after due consideration, there really doesn't seem to be much to say about it; Lantern Night, on the other hand, furnishes plenty of good, solid, reliable material; but when one thinks of those cold, damp, cheerless mornings, when, sleepily, we croaked through the cloisters led by Katharine Stout doggedly banging a dishpan, the path to it seems uncommonly thorny. Suddenly there came a thought—Why not combine the two titles in one which should be an eternal reproach to the delinquent contributors, then under the kindly generality of the resultant heading insert all those things which really ought to be in the Class Book but for which there was no room elsewhere, those incidents which, as the title suggests, have made our way through college more flowery or have dimmed the light of our spirits according to the predominance in them of comedy or tragedy?

First of all, there is Rosa's historic trip to Denbigh in Freshman year. She was welcomed by 1913 and—so they thought—treated right royally. They entertained her throughout the evening, gave her a good bed to sleep in, and fed her the next morning. Then as she was about to leave she made in calm, judicial tones, this, her only comment: "There is one thing I like about Denbigh and that is the bathrooms." Yet in spite of those tubs she has not spent a night in Denbigh since.

It should not, I think, be forgotten how, when Alice Hearne suddenly disappeared, after breaking her nose the second time, and was being sought for high and low, she was finally discovered in the Lost and Found office—sic vivit Monty! How Mary Tongue set the seal
of her approval upon Apphia’s engagement by solemn kiss, will never be forgotten, yet should, nevertheless, be recorded.

Finally there is a story of Commencement day which must be written here, if only for Louisa Haydock’s benefit. No automobiles were allowed to come on the campus Commencement morning, but one trustee who was old and lame got special permission from Dr. Huff to be driven to the Gym in his car. At Pembroke Arch, however, he was stopped by one of the men stationed there. He said that he had a permit from Dr. Huff, to which the man replied, with withering scorn, “I don’t know Dr. Huff; Dr. Foley runs this college.”
To the Residents the Non-Residents represent the Great Unknown,—how appallingly unknown we realize when a Senior inquires of us concerning the mysteries of our lunch room, which she has never seen; or when an athletic "celebrity" is heard to exclaim: "What! Do you have to register regular exercise?"

You see us straggling in and out at all hours of the day and evening, in our arms a pile of books, and on our faces an expression of dogged determination—whether not to miss a college education or not to miss the next train is uncertain. Those of you who have to consult us semi-annually on such official business as class dues have discovered that we are not easier to find than other unknown quantities: we may be anywhere,—which is the tragedy of our situation.

Though necessarily a floating population, we were not always so completely unattached as you see us now. Once the present Christian Association room was our study, but it disappeared, chair by chair. Finding ourselves dislodged we protested mildly, and were assigned a room on the lower floor of Merion—a vacant room with a vacant book-case. As we seemed unable to find our new quarters and always got into the doctor's office by mistake, we soon ceased going there; and now, when we have studied long enough at the library desks to feel like so many eggs in a crate, we are reduced, if we would have change, to withdrawing to the cloak room; there to hang ourselves up on our one hook, or tuck ourselves into our allotted cubby-hole. One of us—there is room for only one of us—may be found reclining on the umbrella-stand, at least on clear days when there are no umbrellas there.

A real difficulty, too, is the matter of clothes; it is not easy to dress at 7.00 A.M. in the city according to what we think the weather may be some hours later in the country. Our choice of garments is painfully irrevocable; for if the day begins bleak and cheerless, and we, thinking of how Rock arch on a windy morning, sucks us in like a vacuum cleaner, wear our fur coats, it is probably to find, when we reach college, that the weather
has moderated, and that our classmates, having detected premature signs of spring, are appearing in blazers. Or else, on a warm morning when we have grown so envious of your light frocks and white shoes that we boldly defy convention and come out in the train dressed likewise, there follows a rain storm—and soggy linen, and shoes without "Blanco!"

Yet there are many compensations in non-resident life. We do not, like you, have to entertain our suitors in the public eye. Think of the aquarium-like reception rooms of Pembroke! And there are dances, and theatres, and all the frivolity that helps us to disguise the fact that we are in college at all. For certainly the higher education is a tremendous social drawback—one must hide it like a "dark past." You have all noticed that a man no sooner hears that you are from Bryn Mawr than his conversation begins—and ends—with the questions: "Are you in favor of equal suffrage?" and "Do you know Miss Taft?"

Beatrice Nathans.
Egypt and the Plagues

Nos in loco Mariae Sheldonis sumus. For which please compare prologue of article entitled Endowment Fund. The only reason our Editor-in-chief did not have this one left out when our contributor failed us, is because she thought the title was so good. The title, by the bye, is hers. We shall do as little as possible to spoil it.

As a class of course we have direct connection with Egypt in the matter of mummies. You will remember that we were going to have a chorus of mummies in our Freshman Show; but did not in the end because someone said we should not jest with our class song. We were in danger in those early days of taking ourselves seriously, but lived to outgrow this. We compromised on a chorus of chickens who spent a lamentable few hours lying on their backs unable to move without assistance. Perhaps the mummies would have been a more humane performance after all. But what the title has reference to, is not mummies probably, but President Thomas’s trip to the Nile Anno Domini Nineteen hundred and eleven. In her absence the supply of marrons failed for the Senior Class and the Plague descended on the college.

No one can have forgotten the chapel which we were all urged at breakfast to attend, and some did attend too—including the choir. Simultaneously with Dean Reilly’s little announcement, a slight tremour passed over the attentive rows which was noted by the Scribe as being merely the effort of everyone to remove herself from her neighbour on the left without sitting too near her neighbour on the right.

Dean Reilly was more impressionable than Pharaoh; or else we were more obnoxious than the Israelites, because it took ten plagues to move his heart and only one our Dean’s. Moreover, we are popularly supposed to have left inside of fifteen minutes, which makes our track meet records seem insignificant.

Then hospitality vast was shown! “I’ll risk it if you will,” was the cry and guests were taken in by tens and scores.

Now the real heroine of this great emotional experience was Mary Sheldon, but as the Scribe did not then want to understudy Mary’s particular part, but fled the college with the rest, she is not now prepared to play Mary’s particular rôle in this book.

We ask your clemency; at least we have rescued the title from oblivion. ANON.
The Silver Blade; or, The Blighting of the Cherry Blooms, or, Wails from Waelness

The Sophomore Play

Saturday night, November 12, 1913, gave its Sophomore play, and the gallery, sitting again as interested censor, was puzzled. They hesitated, whether to criticize or ignore the very evident demerits in the story of a love that throve in a spring garden of cherry blossoms and moonlight; of a silver blade that made three ineffectual attempts to stab; of a clerk's emphatic fall at the feet of his queen; of a court plunged into despair and mourning—then curtain! But one cannot blame the actors for the playwright's inadequacy. Rather, one must needs praise them as they deserve. So the gallery applauded. Lucile Perkins, as Guinevere, played a difficult part—a part that in a gesture might have become that of a towering "tragedy queen"—and played it with such moderation and restraint as to make Guinevere simply a very human girl queen, doubting, perplexed, harassed. Lucile Shadburne was delightful, and the gallery applauded again when she pulled a battered faded Folly, still jangling of May-day, from behind the queen's throne. The rather difficult detail work of the play was carried out carefully and exactly—and Margaret Blaine, stage manager, well deserves our congratulations.

M. B. A., '12.

If they had but known that the love of Edric the clerk throve not in a spring garden of cherry blossoms and moonlight but in a sterile gym under coaches' curses; that the silver blade made three ineffectual attempts to stab only after it had made fifty ineffectual attempts nightly for a month and broken its spring from desperate plunges; that the clerk's emphatic fall had been made only at the price of bruised knees and a lame body, would they have applauded more or less? Would the floor have applauded? If the critic had taken English a year longer at Bryn Mawr College, would the reader have been able to tell whether "simply" qualifying "a very human girl queen, doubting, perplexed,
harassed" was meant to compliment or no? Saturday night, December 12th, the Tipyn o'Bob gave its criticism of the Sophomore play, and the cast, sitting as interested censor, was puzzled.

MARGARET GRAHAM BLAINE.

P. S. To those who may be interested, the floor did not applaud as its appreciation was to live in the yearly comment of Professor Donnelly.

N. B.—We would like to state that to us to-day the Tip's criticism does not seem so crushing as it did in December, 1910.—EDITORS.
Pseudo-Tip

A reprint of the special number of the Tip issued at Sophomore Class supper.

Sestina Villanous

H. H. P.

"Out of the dark tarn-sodden
Into the night
Faces that vanish and turn again
Amethyst-white,"
Dimmer than snow grown old,
Dully enrapt
The shallows purple and gold
Ineffably trapped.
Rapturous sweetmesses rise
Harmonious pain
And the measureless sighs
Of the spirits of rain
Skyey planets empower
Opaline gleams
A moon-blanced, odourless flower
Wafted by dreams.

* * * * * * * * *

And as I looked came silently one
Wanly he smiled
Like that misshapen harbinger the sun
Or like a child.

A. G. H.
SIR JOHN held the ring in the palm of his hand. He appeared to be closely and cogently observing it, but alas he could only feel the diamonds which gleamed with hypnotic brilliancy, for his sightless eyes knew neither light nor color. “This is my inheritance,” he burst forth bitterly. “And this—” He passed his hands across his eyes.

In his darkness he could not see the gleam which passed over the cruel face of his friend. His was a shadowed world rimmed with black and thronging with grotesque shapes.

“Laurence,” he said, “surely you can—you must cure me. Europe rings with your praises; you are the master physician. I need my sight—for I must marry Lucy. Her sweet voice alone has made my darkness endurable; if I might but once see her angel face I know that I should be happy ever after. This priceless ring, upon the possession of which the good fortune of the Waters is said to depend, this is all that I have.” His tone was bitter. “Cure me, Laurence, and you shall have it.”

He turned with a face full of the hungry pleading of dumb beasts to the man at the window. His world had been hard to touch. It had turned from him in his piteous and wistful craving for its patience and now with hollow smiles offered peace to his deadened heart in this great doctor’s skill.

[Here I skip, for you will understand from previous Tips that Laurence who cherishes a deep hatred for Sir John puts off the cure of his blindness upon one pretext or another, while his victim weaves ideal day dreams about Lucy, and longs more and more for his sight to come. Finally the critical moment comes, and we resume the narrative.]

The mists were rising, melting away like snow before the sun and the radiance streaming from the West flooded the world. Sir John stood on the steps with his arms full of roses. Suddenly he was aware of a lightness that penetrated his horizon. Shapes he had never seen thronged before him. At first they were meaningless, unintelligible to him, and then the blackness gave way and he realized with a throb of joy more acute than most intense
pain that his sight was returning. And then he heard a step on the stair. He ran forward lightly, joyfully in the full consciousness of his new power and old love. Lucy came towards him singing a gay little carol in the rich, full tones which had been his inspiration through so many years of blankness. He stopped aghast—the eyes too closely set together, the hanging lower lip, the haggard, sunken cheeks were those—of an idiot. So this was Laurence’s revenge. He felt for the ring that he had given as a price for this moment of torture. It was no longer there. His mind and senses became dulled. He stood like a man in a trance.

* * * * * * * * * *

A few minutes later he left the house. His step was firm and his head very erect as he walked away. Beyond, the black river rolled silently, sullenly as it had always done.

A. G. H. and E. B.

N. B.—This class-book was edited, by the way, from Ward’s Island. There is no immediate connection.—Editors.
Alumnae Notes
Sophomore Year Athletics

Hockey
College championship won by 1911

1913 Captain—Alice Hearne

Team
Joy Tomlinson
Sylvia Hathaway
Louisa Haydock
Alice Patterson
Katharine Page
Alice Hearne
Gertrude Hinrichs
Maud Dessau
Lydia Stetson
Clara Pond
Jeannette Michael

1913 on Varsity
Katharine Page
Louisa Haydock
Lydia Stetson

Gymnastic Contest
1913 vs. 1914. Won by 1913

Tennis
Class championship won by Amy Gordon Hamilton
College championship won by Amy Gordon Hamilton
College championship in singles won by 1913
College championship in doubles won by 1913

1913 on Varsity
Katharine Page
Amy Gordon Hamilton

Track
Captain—Louisa Haydock
Meet won by 1911
Records—
Vault: Louisa Haydock, 4 ft. 10 3/4 in.

Basket-Ball
College championship won by 1913
1913 Captain—Maud Dessau

Team
Katharine Page
Agnes O'Connor
Gertrude Hinrichs
Maud Dessau
Louisa Haydock
Joy Tomlinson
Sylvia Hathaway
Eleanor Bontecou
Jeannette Michael

1913 on Varsity

Swimming
Captain—Yvonne Stoddard
Meet won by 1913
Records—
Plunge for distance: Ellen Faulkner, 49 ft. 7 in.

Water Polo
Captain—Yvonne Stoddard
College championship won by 1914

1913 on Varsity
Katharine Page
Louisa Haydock
Maud Dessau
Eleanor Bontecou
Junior Year

Class Officers

President—Katharine Page
Vice-President and Treasurer—Jessie Buchanan
Secretary—Rachel Steele

Offices Held by the Class

Self-Government Association. Executive Board—Jessie Crow Buchanan
Eleanor Bontecou
Advisory Board—Lucile Perkins, Florence Maud Dessau
Secretary—Ellen Faulkner
Christian Association. Treasurer—Eleanor Bontecou
Athletic Association. Outdoor Manager—Louisa Low Haydock
Secretary—Alice Hearne
Undergraduate Association. Vice-President and Treasurer—Nathalie Swift
Secretary—Yvonne Stoddard
Students' Council—Alice Patterson, Florence Maud Dessau
Equal Suffrage League. Vice-President—Amy Gordon Hamilton
Secretary—Louisa Low Haydock
College Settlement Chapter. Elector—Helen Richter, Treasurer—Elizabeth Fabian
Consumers’ League. President—Sarah Henry Atherton
Philosophical Club. Vice-President and Treasurer—Yvonne Stoddard
Glee Club. Business Manager—Katharine Stout
Mandolin Club. Business Manager—Margaret Graham Blaine
Trophy Club. Treasurer—Sarah Henry Atherton Secretary—Katharine Alice Page
Lantern. Editor—Mary Van Arsdale Tongue
Tipyn o'Bob. Managing Editor—Mary Van Arsdale Tongue
Editor—Amy Gordon Hamilton (resigned)
Assistant Business Manager—Sarah Atherton

English Club. Eleanor Bontecou, Amy Gordon Hamilton, Olga E. B. Kelly,
Mary Van Arsdale Tongue
THE first plan for Banner Show was that we should give an original opera. 1913 of course could not sing, but carefully selected and skilfully joined melodies from the standard operas, a fine choice of motifs, etc., could not fail to please, no matter what the vocal rendering of them might be. As chairman of the Banner Show Committee I was delighted with the idea and submitted it at once to Miss Thomas. She was not as enthusiastic as I had hoped, but advocated vaudeville. I pointed out that unfortunately our parlor tricks were few and had already been used up in Freshman Show. Then Miss Thomas explained that what she really wanted was to establish a precedent in banner shows; something that might be handed down with the banner song, or that would go in rotation like class colors. Immediately I pointed out that we too had some such scheme at heart and so were following in the footsteps of 1911 and their famous operetta. This settled the matter and Miss Thomas agreed to our plan on condition that no two people rehearse together until the performance itself.

The subject of our opera was easy to find. Had not 1913 taken unto itself forever the cause of Arthur and Guinevere? The college had jeered at the Silver Blade; now we would turn the tables, steal their thunder and satirize ourselves in “The Nickel-Plated Blade: A Tragedy of Blood in Four Acts.” Grand opera melodies, unfortunately, had to be abandoned, as Gordon and I seemed to have difficulty in remembering intact anything but the Wedding March and the Anvil Chorus. However, we did manage to strike the proper note in the beginning by using a melody from Aida; then we left it to the chorus to maintain the classic tone of the piece. The chorus we felt was a master stroke; it was to be æsthetic and Grecian in simple white night-gowns with soft flowing cloaks. So at least we planned, but the chorus flatly rebelled on grounds of vanity disguised as modesty. Rosa and I argued hotly. Suddenly I found myself alone arguing hotly, and perforce yielded. Later I heard that immediately after her abrupt exit Rosa was seen standing in the hall of Pembroke silently and viciously thrusting thumb-tacks into the wall.

Our principals were beyond reproach, from the very beginning. Iki as Guinevere
could never be forgotten. As some one said, “She acted with all the abandon of 1912,” and when, line after line, she came out with words at least ten syllables behind the music, she saved an awkward situation by a timely interpolation of “classic dancing.” As for Launcelot,—well, after seeing his broad back and knightly stride Julia went so far as to say that she would never again consider herself an adequate representation of a man. Is it, I wonder, because of 1913’s sense of propriety in a college community that since then Mary has always been relegated to the rank of butler? The chorus, too, though not in night-gowns, was highly applauded, especially for its spirited rendering of “He might have been a Rooshan.” In fact 1913 was in characteristic high feather over what it considered the great success of its Banner Show. It experienced therefore a curious sensation of flatness when it was whispered abroad the next year that 1914 had spoken violently in class meeting against having its Banner Show “a little mess in a corner.” Perhaps, after all, 1913 is better at breaking precedents than at making them.

ELEANOR BONTECOU.
Reactions by a Reactionary

I ADMIT that the title is well-sounding:—the editors gave it to me. I should have been glad if they had mentioned it sooner as I might have been able to use it to mystify the one lucid spot of a Tip editorial. But aside from its sound it is worthless, meaningless as you please. I remember that according to Minor History, Bismarck was a reactionary, Louis XVII was a reactionary, the popes in a lump were reactionary. All good, conservative, law-abiding citizens who bewail the degeneracy of modern times and the college-bred woman are reactionary. All good self-gov-abiding students who deplore the slackening of a twenty-five-year-old tradition and all irrepressibly cheerful Freshmen are reactionary. But I protest in my own defense as a mildly consistent radical, not a militant but a member of a Suffrage Society; not a bomb-shooter but an assiduous attender of neighboring socialist gatherings, I protest with all malice against the title. All my finer sensibilities are outraged. I am by birth a Democrat, by disposition a kicker: these are not the same thing. According to my psychological training I am well instructed that no reaction is possible except as a response to present stimulus. Eleanor Bontecou is not present. Three of her postals and one of her notes are somewhere about, at least unless they have been mislaid in my wild efforts to dodge them around the country. But I feel assured that no reactionary worth the name could react violently to three postals and one note. In my days as Lantern slave I remember that special delivery letters failed of result in stirring some of our most pen-fluent contributors. Three postals and one note are not enough. There is no telegraph office within five miles. I am not a reactionary and I will not react. I have said it.

MARY TONGUE.
The Little Minister

THERE must be a certain bald and shining satisfaction in looking over an unbroken career of dramatic successes; at least we take the word of classes antecedent and subsequent for the same, but we must insist that the light and shadow on our histrionic pathway through Bryn Mawr were more stimulating than would have been the Broad White Way of unqualified success, attended by all the good fairy’s gifts. For two years we gained experience painfully, and by Junior Year had only managed to acquire a reputation for farcical acting. At last, however, we found the Little Minister which Mr. Barrie must have written with 1913 in mind. But at the outset our choice was discouraging. The English Department made time honoured suggestions as to Campaspe or the Knight of the Burning Pestle; Miss Thomas recommended a few suffrage plays and Mr. King absolutely threw us over. But our manager was firm, clung to the Little Minister and picked out the leading characters as by intuition. In most cases Margaret’s system seemed to be, to pick out the most unlikely person for a part and then train her to it. There is much value in the system and a philosophy of life may be evolved. Those minor ones of us who were solemn by nature—as Ellen, Rosa* and Josephine Brown, became comedians. Maud made a formidable father and Beatrice—but then we know even better now how Beatrice can act! I need not tell of Gavin’s success, but perhaps Margaret’s master stroke was Babbie or Pagie—I hardly know which to call her. It was a clear case of dual personality, expanded into triple in her rôle of Lady Barbara. No one but Margaret guessed the secret before the play, none of us has been able to forget it since.

There were vicissitudes many, but none fatal. The fire scorched the scenery but might have burned it to the ground; the horn blew strangely but might not have blown at all; the key was the wrong key but might have been no key; cues were forgotten and might not have been forgiven.

“Aweel. It’s a weara warld, Tammas, but it’s not sae weara as it might hae been.”

MARGARET MUNROE.

*Note.—Rosa denies that she is solemn by nature.—Editors.
Frenzied Finance; or, A Mind that Found Itself

The editor of this book must proceed in the same fashion that I do when about to compose English, i.e., think out a title that sounds well, and then try to find out what it means. With what conscientious and scrupulous care I pursued denotations and connotations, my membership in the Hinglish Club proves. But the editor is unfair, for I protest (being a member of the sturdy band of progressives) that it is an injustice to fling a title at a poor mortal’s head, and then sit back in the editor’s easy chair, chuckling, while the author writhes!

But to get down to the real business in hand. For four years I have laboured in ignorance of what was wrong with me. Only now have I found out. Like the devotees of patent medicine who recognize their own symptoms when reading the inviting advertisement of a new nostrum, I have discovered mine described in the dictionary. Here it is: “A frenzy is a violent agitation of the mind, approaching to a temporary derangement of the mental faculties.” So, then, it was from a frenzy that I was suffering when at 1:27 A.M. on the night before the class meeting, at which Pagie had politely intimated that a treasurer’s report would be acceptable, after having added and subtracted frantically, for the fourteenth time, I again could not get an amount to come within ten cents of the bank-book balance! In despair I would throw down my pen, turn to my room-mate (and here let me caution all treasurers to learn in advance the mathematical abilities of prospective room-mates. Believe me, they may profit thereby) and plead for help. With a sweet condescension, carefully repressed—but I felt it just the same,—she would set to. How I would triumph, carelessly concealing it, if her sum did not agree with the bank’s; but this rarely happened, I am bound to confess. If, then, the sums agreed, I felt an indescribable relief, but to make sure that it was right, I would go to find another trustworthy mathematician. Now in spite of Merion’s reputation they were scarce at that hour, and usually I would turn up, with a shamefaced air, at Yvonne’s, who always was at home then. She would perform mental gymnastics with her eyes closed and then announce a sum. With the strictness of a public accountant I would compare the three
amounts. They always were right, and so, much humbled, I would retreat to struggle to find my mistakes. Invariably they were painfully obvious, but my friends, with that gracious courtesy for which Merion is justly famous, have hidden my faults. I feel, however, that the truth should be told; the public must know all. And so I confess that, had it not been for my considerate friends, the derangements of my mental faculties might not have been temporary, and this article could not boast as a sub-title: A mind that found itself.

N. B.—It seems fitting to announce here that in future an adding machine will always be a part of my household equipment. *Sic vici scientia.*

**JESSIE CROW BUCHANAN.**
Junior-Senior Supper

It may seem strange that Junior-Senior Supper should be written of by one who did not appear at that function until the dessert had been served; but, then, one of the distinguishing marks of the supper was the absence of Juniors. Moreover, the unique events of the evening happened after the clearing of the table. These events should be recorded, in order to show what 1913 can do when given free rein. First of all came the news that we had neglected to get the Junior-Senior supper cup out of the bank. After all, I doubt if any one but Julia would have noticed that her daisies were passed to her in the cup of the defunct chess club. Still we had lived through a few awful moments and the consequent shattering of our nerves must have partially accounted for the rest of our fatal blunders that evening. Why else should Dotty have begun singing "Here's to Julia Haines, drink her down" instead of "Long may she live and thrive," a mistake realized by not one until we reached the middle and the awful necessity of a rhyme was borne in upon us? Fortunately Julia was gracious and from then on started our songs for us. The class songs went quite smoothly and we really were getting quite into the proper Junior-Senior supper swing by the time we came to "Thou Gracious." We thought then that all was safe, but we reckoned without 1913. Dotty, it happened, was suffering from the remnants of a bad cold. She was game, though, and a bit on her mettle perhaps in the little impromptu contest of song-leaders. So she took a deep breath and opened her mouth to pitch "Thou Gracious." Alas, there came forth a sound, mighty indeed, but "such as never was on land or sea,"—a deep, booming roar that might have been uttered by Bottom competing for the part of Lion. Julia again came to our rescue with a note, but as we sang the trembling of our voices was not due to the emotions proper to a Junior-Senior Supper.

ELEANOR BONTECOU.
Junior Year Athletics

**Hockey**
College championship won by 1912
1913 Captain—Alice Hearne

**Team**
Lucinda Menendez
Clarissa Brockstedt
Louisa Haydock
Clara Pond
Katharine Page
Alice Hearne
Gertrude Hinrichs
Yvonne Stoddard
Maud Dessau
Alice Patterson
Jessie Buchanan

1913 on Varsity
Louisa Haydock
Gertrude Hinrichs
Katharine Page

**Tennis**
Class championship in singles won by 1915
Class championship in doubles won by 1914
Class Champion—Katharine Alice Page
1913 Captain—Alice Patterson
College Champion—Ruth Harlington

**Swimming**
Meet won by 1914
1913 Captain—Yvonne Stoddard

**Water Polo**
1913 Captain—Yvonne Stoddard
College championship won by 1914

**Track**
1913 Captain—Louisa Haydock
Meet won by 1912

**Records**
Running Hop, Step and Jump—Gertrude Hinrichs, 31 ft. 1 in.

**Basket-Ball**
College championship won by 1913
1913 Captain—Florence Maud Dessau

**Team**
Katharine Page
Gertrude Hinrichs
Maud Dessau
Louisa Haydock
Lucinda Menendez
Eleanor Bontecou
Jeannette Michael

1913 on Varsity
Katharine Page
Louisa Haydock
Maud Dessau
Eleanor Bontecou
Substitute, Gertrude Hinrichs
Senior Year
Senior Year
Class Officers

President—Katharine Alice Page
Vice-President and Treasurer—Jessie Crow Buchanan
Secretary—Grace Bartholomew

Offices Held by the Class

Self-Government Association. President—Jessie Crow Buchanan
Vice-President—Florence Maud Dessau
Advisory Board—Helen Barrett, Helen Lee, Alice Patterson, Lucile Perkins

Christian Association. President—Eleanor Bontecou
Vice-President—Marjorie Frances Murray

Athletic Association. President—Louisa Low Haydock
Indoor Manager—Gertrude Hinrichs

Undergraduate Association. President—Nathalie Swift

Students’ Council—Florence Maud Dessau, Margaret Graham Blaine

Equal Suffrage League. President—Ellen Faulkner
Advisory Board—Olga E. B. Kelly

College Settlement Chapter. Elector—Helen Richter

Philosophical Club. President—Margaret Graham Blaine

Students’ Building Committee. Chairman—Sarah Henry Atherton

Science Club. President—Ellen Faulkner
Secretary—Louisa Isabel Gibson

History Club. President—Mary Sheldon
Vice-President—Edna Potter

Glee Club. Leader—Dorothea de Forest Baldwin

Trophy Club. President—Sarah Henry Atherton
Lantern. Editor-in-Chief—Yvonne Stoddard. Editor—Eleanor Bontecou
Business Manager—Katharine Delano Williams
Tipyn o'Bob. Editor-in-Chief—Mary Van Arsdale Tongue
Assistant Business Manager—Sarah Atherton (resigned)
English Club. President—Olga Kelly—Eleanor Bontecou
Amy Gordon Hamilton, Yvonne Stoddard, Mary Van Arsdale Tongue
European Fellow—Yvonne Stoddard
The First Ten—Eleanor Bontecou, Dorothea Clinton, Yvonne Stoddard,
Beatrice Miller, Cecile Baechle, Nathalie Swift, Adelaide
Simpson, Edna Potter, Alice Patterson, Margaret Blaine

Permanent Officers
President—Katharine Alice Page
Secretary—Nathalie Swift
Treasurer—Jessie Crow Buchanan
Senior Receptions

Senior receptions are not noted in the Catalogue; I forget whether they are posted in Taylor. But they are as inevitable and relentless as Orals. I, even I, who attended but twice under the supervision of my friends, am here to say that they must be experienced to be believed. I have tried to describe them to other friends in the full blast of a social career, and they have received my unvarnished statements as jokes; which shows that they were not in that state of grace in which they could safely be permitted to enjoy entertainments so exclusive. We entered college intellectually unregenerate, and only after a long variety of hardships among required courses did we find a professor here and there who was disposed to make the most of us under the circumstances and permit us to enjoy his major courses. But we had both foreseen and been warned that mentally we must advance by slow development toward the academic standard. What we did not realize till the last was that our social evolution had likewise been gradual, and no less systematic. When we secretly, or openly as it may be, rebelled against Freshmen rules we thought the régime of their tyranny a temporary annoyance. Even when as Freshmen in the solemn choly grandeur of our first attendance at Senior tea parties we collapsed silently in the furthest corner and endured with silence unintelligible discourses of dead "snaps," past professors, and other matters of defunct interest, even then we thought other times were on their way. We learned to crush and brutally discard all evidences of what elsewhere might have passed creditably as social grace. It became as nothing to us that we sat with wooden mien in the seat next a guest of honor, and serenely turned our backs. Mechanically our hands grasped at door fastenings, our feet took the straight path regardless of all obstacles that we must kick aside. Repression, social repression, had set its seal upon us; we cared not at whom we glared. As our manners hardened, likewise our digestions. In time, without blinking an eyelash, we became acclimated to any food at any time. Was it not Denbigh that hurled its cosmetics in the saucepan and served them up as midnight fudge? For three long years silently but relentlessly, as is the way of social forces, we were being transformed. Then came the first Senior Reception. We were ready.
We went, we sat, we ate, we left. No voice was raised for pleasure, but only when duty most demanded. The social ice was unbroken. I defy you to produce, without similar training an equal body of young women who would take such an occasion as we took it. We knew that evening dresses were expected of us; silently and with chagrin we allowed ourselves to be pulled into our first, second, or third best evening dress, as our consciences directed, and proceeded in a mob to the door. It was as if Taylor had rung a summons unheard except by us. With whispers we laid our cloaks aside and proceeded with regularity, though without marking time, each to a place within the circle. And as maiden after maiden sank into her place there appeared upon her face that light of inner contemplation that dawns usually with the falling of silence in a Quaker meeting. The lecture room habit asserted itself, without pen in hand our attention was unfettered. But our decorum was that of a throne room, lofty, sublime and impersonal. The face of each, fixed dimly on vacancy, seemed to descry thereabouts the glorious future of new woman, to spy an evanescent promise in the shifting sands of time. And then, a figure in the background that has hovered for pause in the accompanying discourse, makes unmistakable signs that something is wanted without and eight young ladies are reluctantly dismissed to gratify the void. Such young ladies are suddenly turned loose upon hot chocolate, and cold punch, ices and cakes and marrons, and the calm is rent asunder. The divine afflatus, or the breath of inspiration, call it what you will, the still emotion that has held the whole group in rapt inspection of their shoe buckles, is gone. Restlessness almost disturbs the large room; some of the vestals twitch and turn as if actually counting the room in eights, while ripples and gurgles of merriment openly resound from beyond. Soon other eights leave; and only fragments of eights return. On the faces of some of these is a look of joy, which is replaced by the decorous composure, befitting the consideration of the evening’s topic; and in the hands of some (oh tell it gently) are marrons pressed that grow warm and sticky long ere the goodbye comes. That goodbye in itself; is it not a triumph of artful practice? Scarce a look, hardly a gesture, and the class, unanimous and unbroken, has stood upon its feet and begun its slight demonstration of farewell. All is over and the grades will never be published. Tradition has taught us that a degree is cancelled for less than the
two attendances which presumably give an obligatory sixty. Miss Page, Miss Hamilton, and particularly Miss Blaine on the subject of domestic service, are thought to have been rated particularly high and received special mention. Of course years upon years must go to perfecting that *savoir faire* which rises above all enjoyment to the basis of pure utility.

Now lest anyone should accuse me, vulgarly speaking, of looking a gift horse in the mouth, or using the bird's own salt to put on its tail, let me explain that without wishing to carp, one grievance does rest upon my soul. On my final appearance at one of these exclusive social functions I nerved myself to break the shell of my diffidence and make a remark. I spoke, but nobody heard, or if they heard, nobody noticed. These observations, in parting let me suffix, are made from the farm to which I have returned to resume my old seat on the stile. Although in all probability no social function will ever lure me in future from my den I am not unthankful for the unique social training I have received. Come what may I feel prepared. Nothing could surprise me now. Also I remember, that for her who chose with care, a comfortable chair was to be come by. And, last of all, I would commemorate the truly cordial treatment I always received from the butler (whose first name I do not know) and from Elizabeth.

*Mary Tongue.*
WRITING this on Ward's Island, the division of people into different classes used here first comes to my mind, but, since "senile dementia" is the shortest and most comprehensible classification that occurs, this category is obviously unsuited. Miss Thomas, too, in spite of her famous mot that though she had seen all the antiquities of Egypt, she had found nothing equal to the Bryn Mawr undergraduate, I feel sure would object to graduates of Bryn Mawr being grouped thusly. The only other classification I know is Ruth George’s Track method, and this not only would be flagrant plagiarism, but also the only event I can think of is

**Faculty Dash; first place in professor’s affections, Josephine Cockrell**

**Kitty Perkins a close second.**

Aside from my own lack of originality there is a still more important reason for 1913’s not being classified or “staticized.” Other classes may lend themselves readily to a systematic investigation or may be noted for predominating types (or type), but 1913’s never; —it remains a heterogeneous mass. It can only be characterized once, even then not as a whole but in small squads.

Radnor boasts some of our cleverest,—Adelaide and Clarissa. It contains a gentle but firm head-proctor, Helen Barrett. But although all this points to a very high mental and moral calibre, do not suppose that mind has completely triumphed over matter beneath these “ivy-covered towers.” Radnor’s proudest moment is at meal-time when the evident superiority of its culinary achievements is manifested. Rock contains some of our most brilliant talent, for its inhabitants are the only members of the class, beside Pagie and Gordon, who ever write class-songs; i.e., for such great and touching occasions as a Farewell Picnic to 1911 or Junior-Senior Supper. It also is noted for accomplishing what it sets out to do. Rachel is the best example of this. Upon being told that all she had to do was to walk slowly across the stage when she was one of the Three Queens in the “mess in the corner,” she did not even wait for Arthur to die. She advanced slowly and obstinately in spite of the combined efforts of two husky screen-shifters to hold her back. She...
emerged from her entrance to mourn over and to confront a living and dismayed Arthur. Her widow’s weeds were in disarray but she was triumphant. Merion is the seat of cleanliness and true class and sister-class spirit. What more need be said? As for Pembroke, it contains a motley crew from Nat and Maud, who always know what is right, to Sarah, who wants to, and Mary, who pretends she doesn’t want to. Pem has been called the seat of feuds, but I maintain that this is unfair. Peaceful is our middle name. (N.B.—For the benefit of one of the editors [See Denbigh] this is modern slang.) Only one very striking instance of temper was seen and that not a bad one. D. Blake who goes to bed at 8.30, was once awakened at 9.20 by laughter in the hall. She bounced angrily out of bed, flung open her door and flew into the hall, minus kimono, hushing violently, and confronted Marion Crane and Leila. No one will doubt that Denbigh is the fount* of mental excellence and some moral excellence. Jessie, however, resides in Merion. If you wish to know any more of the Denbighites’ characteristics see Betty Fabian’s Table Conversation.

Rosa V. Mabon.

*Joint, the printer calls it. We are glad that at least he did not qualify it by that opprobrious adjective cheap.—Editor.
The Spirit of Overwork

When I was asked to write an article on overwork, I sat down in the window at 22 Merion, chewed my pen for half an hour, and then wrote one sentence.

"Overwork is like a college centipede; it is a popular topic of conversation, and has as many branches as the centipede has legs." That is as far as I got, and now, six weeks later, I find the article still before me. That original sentence, however, is to be a true topic sentence—and the important point stands at the end. Overwork has a great number of branches to-day. In college there is the overworked athlete, the overworked grind, and even the overworked social favorite—to say nothing of the overworked jokes. In the bigger world outside there are the overworked shop girls, the overworked laborers and numerous others about whom the social workers are able to tell. Indeed to-day the spirit of work seems to be a germ which is rapidly spreading. Bryn Mawr, always anxious to be in the lead, caught it early and rapidly assimilated it until we hardly realized that it was not a native growth. The feeling of overwork may be a result of the economic pressure of our times, but in any case is not a pleasant sensation, as everyone knows, and it is mentally depressing. At least let us console ourselves then, with the thought that every person who is willing and anxious to work will always find plenty of work to be done—and a good many who are not anxious will find it also.

Edna M. Potter.
[We print the following exactly as Iki wrote it. She apparently grew tired at the end, so it is unfortunately not finished.]

My experience on the first day of my lab. in Biology I can never forget. Upon entering the room with quaking knees I was pushed by a crowd of rough Freshmen already complaining of imaginary, odoriferous animals which they suspected to be hidden in the drawers. At this instant a small and precise lady gently came forward and raising her small hands to her chest clapped them rhythmically three times.

"Please everyone take her seat." Thereupon the crowd began to push each other again; and I took the seat against which some of these athletes with great muscle shoved me.

When the class began I soon found that others were having difficulty like myself over butterfly-wings. At the same table with me sat a goggly-eyed, muscular girl in neat, white shirtwaist and linen skirt, and a black ribbon magnanimously shooting to the sides of her head. She also was having difficulties. Now and then she would giggle. Beside her sat a plump, red-cheeked, blue-eyed girl who in attempt to manipulate the microscope swore in a gentle manner. Soon she stopped with a melancholy sigh to cry out:

"O say, Louisa, what in the Dickens are we to see in this thing?"

The true type of muscularity and cheerfulness grinned and with a vigorous gesture of the arms:

"Do not ask me, Sylvia. This is one too much for my brain. The directions say ‘examine scales carefully.’ I have examined carefully but it does not tell me what it is I see."

"Scales," I murmur to myself. "I thought fish were the only mammals that have scales."

A few weeks after this Dr. Tennent began to entertain us with drop quizzes. We all rushed, pale and trembling, out of Dalton like a cloud of lost sheep. Our marks were not high in drop quizzes—5—10 perhaps—one member distinguished herself by getting 10
for the first quiz and 25 for the second; and was informed by Dr. Tennent that she had improved admirably.

The next year we were instructed to kill frogs, but owing to slimness of external structure were obliged to spend much time chasing after the escaped ones. Often the chase was assisted by Daddy Warren, who puffed and coughed as he crawled under the table for a hopping toad.

In our Junior year very few of our class took Bi. and for the first time the work was serious.* I have therefore not much to tell, except that every animal I experimented with died, leaving me finally with very few to work with.

Our Senior year, however, brought me to Major Chemistry lab., famous for its noise and breaking pipes. The water often descended on Dr. Joseph and Dr. Tennent, which interrupted the monotony of our existence. Also by conflagrations. Ella took fire and was blown out by Dr. Brunell. Ellen Faulkner was nearly choked to death by the pungent fumes of Phosphorus Chloride. I myself was so unfortunate as not to take Bi. lab. Senior year, but must mention the great eventful day when the whole physiological chemistry class celebrated themselves in taking to the stomach pump.

Thus, when I look back in my mind to both Chemistry and Biology departments, that comes to me—

*MARIAN IKI IRWIN.

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*We do not think Iki meant this as a reflection on 1913.—EDITORS.
Hobbles or Hoops? or, 1913 and Dress

The material glory of 1913 might give rise to a number of thoughts. These, however, as usual after four years of training are lacking in unity, mass, coherence, clearness, force and ease. Are we not, however, approaching another era where these six mossy pillars of that great and reverend construction, the Bryn Mawr English Department, may give way, a weakening being visible in one of those “innermost dwellers” in her appreciation of Cubist and Futurist? Thus I put down the significance of my thoughts, their essence is there, “infinitely satisfying” or no. “Suggestion,” the art critic says, is the keynote of the age. Whether you turn the page feeling that it is a good thing 1913 is so well-dressed, or, like the misanthrope of old who inveighed against the “bead-bands” and “ear-rings,” “the wimples and crisping pins,” you feel that “it shall come to pass instead of well-set hair baldness,” it must suggest something, anything.

Plato says that there is nothing quite so satisfying as harmony, outward beauty of form with inward purity, and beauty entering into both when the “same great pattern entereth into both.” (One of the few remnants of a Hudson course that I can remember, yet benighted ones in the home town still have the nerve to ask what is the use of a girl’s going to college.) From this it would seem 1913 was on the right track. A motto, however, that we painted in our paper-doll house long before we even took Latin and when paper dolls were the reality of life, “esse quam videri,” would seem to contradict Plato. (But it really does not.) It may be of course that Plato referred more to the natural wave than that of the curling iron. 1913 has been firm if mistaken in helping out nature; its hair must wave on certain occasions, though it may straggle notoriously on the hockey-field.

The next allusion that comes is “all that glistens is not gold,” to be applied at the pleasure of the individual. Someone lilted something about “a sweet disorder in the dress” that is taken too seriously at times. Is it stated in the same poem,—if not it might be,—that to such charm distance lends enchantment? After seeing some of those most respected members of 1913 decked out as Fiji Islanders can we any longer hold that only man is vile? Yes, the subject of 1913 plus that of dress is too vast, my mind totters. First I
think of Stout's cerise-lined hat in Freshman year, then that there must be something pat in *Sartor Resartus* if I had only read it. I think of my dictionary of quotations packed with note-books in the freight box in the stable, then of Pagie's yellow dress that she wore at Senior receptions.* I think one minute of the dressy reputation of 1913, then of my brother's expression when he saw my trunk open. I hear in one ear "too much thought for such things interferes with the higher life of the intellect;" in the other "if we had sent her to boarding school she might have slightly more feeling for order in her clothes than she has now."

We ran to hobbles, were too wise to attempt really running in them. We would hobble in hobbles to the station week-end after week-end—when without loaf or thou, we found it "Paradise Enow." Our non-resident tendency some link with our propensities in dressing. We faced the question unconsciously "hobbles or hoops?" We had hobbles for four years. We would not have looked well in hoops—we only wanted them for a little while on one day, and we filled that void with the spirited rendering of

"You may push the damper in,
You may pull the damper out,
But the smoke goes up the chimney just the same."

While pulling my hair and wondering what to say a package is brought. It turns out to be the senior picture! I gaze into each sparkling eye a-squint with the glare of the setting sun. We are all neatly, unobtrusively clad in white waists and skirts. We entered in trains, we were cocky. We go out out in cap and gown; the question of training has become more inward.

If you are really interested in dress you can look at *Vogue*, or *Sartor Resartus*, or the publication mentioned in this week's *Punch*, "the sort of woman gentlemen like;" but, Seniors, if so, your looks belie you. When we all come back in 2913 or possibly sooner we may have hoops, or bustles, or negligees (like 1912's reunion costume), or something as yet quite undreamed of, but 1913 will be just the same, only everyone will find the others

*The connection here is not obvious to us. We trust that the author means nothing disparaging.—Editors.*
much nicer even than she remembered. This last gush is out of taste, I admit, but 1913
must make allowance for the "still emotion" so hopelessly pent up by the jeers of years.

Now guess whether this article is a nude coming down stairs (peculiarly a subject, I
should say, for consideration in this article), or a fire engine, or a "head-ache." I promise
you it is one of the three.

Sarah Atherton.

N. B.—This article was not written on Ward's Island. There is no immediate connection. The
title of the article was our own. Our contributor has developed it rather fully. Our only comment must be the echo, "Seniors, if so, your looks belie you." Rosa says this line is as good as "He never lifted up a single stone."—Editors.
Jessie writes awfully nice letters. I am sitting in the good old ferry-boat “Adriatic” feeling a little lonesome. So just now I picked up Jessie’s letter and behold in words of fire it ran: “Eleanor sent me a reminder that I owe an article for the Class Book.” The only moral to be drawn is that Eleanor should have sent me a reminder too. For how can I write on songs without Gordon, and how to write on songs with Gordon when half the Atlantic rolls unsteadily between? This is a question unanswerable—for as anyone knows I cannot write a song, to a song, for a song or of a song alone.

It was always done this way. Chance meeting on the campus.

K. A. P.: “Gordon, I’ve got quite a nice tune which might do.”

A. G. H.: “It’s name.”

K. A. P. (with hesitation): “Well, I don’t know exactly but I know how it goes.”

A. G. H.: “That’s a poor plan. That kind never has any parts and Dottie says they’re awfully hard to learn.

(K. A. P. hums a part of an ancient Scotch air or nursery rhyme.)

A. G. H.: “Oh that—Oh wait, wouldn’t this go all right? (Hasty mumbling of a hitherto suppressed gem.) We are off. (There was no dust.) Music Room G becomes the scene of horrid noises. Sounds above us of Polly Vennum shutting her windows. Frequently on such occasions I have had inspirations but Gordon inevitably discovers that such inspirations are either utterly irrelevant or else that they do not rhyme. She, on the other hand, insists on using more words than there are notes and the music must be made to fit the crime.

The finished product is illegible enough to become famous but has no other qualification. With some misgivings due to the wholesome influence of daylight and plenty of fresh air—unknown quantities in Music Room G—we bring it forth on the morrow hoping it will be lost in the multitude. And behold! “Rockefeller” modest in its generality, has rushed into the breach, as in the old days. Puddle, with cheery words to a popular air that warmed the cockles of K. Stout’s heart, because written music for it was to be had, and the work
of our hands most happily perished. But it was not so with all. For if you don’t remember those days when there were no other songs forthcoming, we do. A voice feebly: “I move we accept Pagie’s song.”—“It’s not mine, it’s Gordon’s,” from the unparliamentary chair. (Frown from Jessie.) Second voice feeblower: “I second the motion.” So it was, and then we had to sing them! How this was done I leave to an abler pen than mine, which I find at this juncture has run dry.

P. S.—Won’t you all begin writing songs for reunions!

Katharine Page.
Ululatio; or, The Music of the Future

ULULATIO—that might mean anything—; the Future—that is always uncertain—; Music—well, we shall see! At any rate, this title is not binding, and anyway what's in a name! At first, I had intended to write of the divine art of Music as practiced in Bryn Mawr. I had thought that I would begin something like this, viz: All music is divided into three parts. First, the glee club; second, Whiting concerts; third, class-singing. The first two are connected with deficits, the third—and then I realized that there was so much that one could say about the third that I could leave out the other two and confine myself entirely to singing. And here, some glimmer of justification of my title may be apparent. I have always maintained that singing was a misleading term for what we did—and others still do—at college—at least, for outsiders or for those who have been long enough away to have their appreciation of normal standards, restored to them. Those of us who have dwelt among these “cloistered shades and ivy-covered towers” (being of the class of 1913, I couldn’t leave that out) for some time past, probably have acquired a standard of our own. For instance, I have come to consider hoarse gurgles and timid squeaks, low grumbling and piercing shrieks, all in a most ingenious system of intonation of rapidly descending quarter tones and all perpetrated with a perfectly vacant countenance and lack-lustre eye—the well-known song practice expression—I really have come to consider all this, singing. But a new term—one that would hold for layman and initiated alike,—would be serviceable, don’t you think? And why wouldn’t ululatio do as well as anything else? It is classic and therefore in keeping with the academic atmosphere that is so thick around the environs of Bryn Mawr. Moreover, it is euphonious—think of the opportunities it affords to “dwell-l-l-l on the beautiful-l-l-l L-L-L, of Mr. King. Finally—as I have already indicated, it might mean almost anything. So instead of saying to your friends and family, when visiting college, “Come and hear the Seniors sing on the steps, to-night,” you could say, “The Seniors ululate to-night, on the steps. Don’t you want to come?” Of course they would want to come, and think how interesting they would find it. Having gone expecting to see the Seniors rolling down the steps or perhaps standing
on their heads on the steps, they would remain to take in the above-mentioned vocal gymnastics and find it like nothing they had ever experienced before. Another great advantage would be the fact that the mutes could come in on it. For ululation could certainly be made to include mutilation, and think of what a perfectly enormous increase that would make in the number of those performing. (N. B. The author is referring to statistics based on observation of the class of 1913. In other classes this condition may conceivably be subject to variation.)

Of course there are drawbacks to this plan—there always are to any plan. In the first place, it would set a precedent. Goodness only knows what the students might do if given so much liberty—particularly the mutes, who, naturally, would be quite intoxicated with triumph. They might start a mutiny right off. (N. B. again. I am quite conscious that punning is the worst form of wit, but better a bad witticism than none at all.) Another obstacle in our way is TRADITION. Tradition is a very binding thing, as we all know. For instance, there was an ancient and honourable one of almost three months’ standing, that 1913 must never call on 1914 for anything but “A blue bird can never resist forever,” and “The Sons of Erechtheus” or that 1915 must always sing either “The spirit of Peace” or Aloha Lacy(?) (Neither Harriet Bradford nor Isabel Smith are on hand to give me the correct Hawaiian spelling, but we know what it means and that’s the chief thing.) But these traditions are as new-born lambs compared to that one—venerable and hoary, stretching back into the dim ages of pre-historic antiquity—namely, that the Seniors should sing on the steps. But we are an energetic and progressive generation and, moreover, now members of the all-powerful Alumnae Association. Let us kick over the traces! Let us protest! Let us petition the Faculty, Miss Thomas, Rufus Jones, President Wilson—anybody! Let us cut out the dead wood and change things! Farewell to the classicism of “Pallas Athene Thea,” also to the romanticism of “J’ai perdu celle, pour”—not forgetting the rowdism of “Cocky Hocky.” Let us greet the Music of the Future! We will be up to date in singing as in everything else. We will be Futurists and Cubists in Music. But with all this, let us never forget that we—and we hope others will follow us—when we gave up the steps, tried to be “Ladies Descending the Staircase.”

DOROTHEA DE FOREST BALDWIN.
Anti-Democracy

As the London *Times* editorial said when King Edward died: “Our subject to-day is chosen for us.” I suppose it would be better to define Democracy and all that sort of thing, but it is much easier simply to write against it. Some classes have believed in Democracy; that is to say, they have undertaken it as required work and done it something as one does Latin Private Reading. For at least Democracy and L. P. R. have this in common; both look for a higher education and enlightenment for the masses. Just as there are two ways of doing Aulus Gellius, there are two ways of doing Democracy: the first, to do it all in a few hours by frantic attendance of class games arm in arm with one’s feudal enemies, or by one blatantly inclusive picnic; the second, which appeals to the more systematic and conscientious, is to do a little each day. I don’t need to illustrate that. The systematic democrats are of course the most pernicious: healthy democratic cram lasting only one day or night is more bearable.

The chief function of Democracy is: to see that no one is left out; the chief characteristic of 1913 is to see that no one is left in.

Another function of Democracy, I am told, is to raise the social level of the whole, but after all isn’t it simpler and more efficient to leave the fashions of the class to K. Stout and Gertrude Ziesing and the question of “good form” to Sarah Atherton?

The real trouble with Democracy is that it is so unwieldy—like the man who was struggling home with a grandfather clock from the repair shop when an interested little boy asked him if it wouldn’t be easier to carry a watch.

But if we aren’t a democracy as a class—what are we? Perhaps true daughters of our Alma Mater we are a “group system” that is, a disciplinary amount of what you can’t escape and a little free elective. At least consider the question of reunions. We are willing to live in Denbigh if *some*—some is good of course,—are allowed to live in Merion. Probably if we had our way we should live in a handful of tents set about the campus. If our pictures had been taken scientifically this year, we should have had six or seven composite photographs and perhaps—Iki.
But probably this is all wrong. Many people have told us what we were as a class, cocky, indifferent, athletic, casual, even good looking, but I doubt if we were ever permanently convinced. We never did have a permanent conviction about ourselves, not as other classes have had about themselves; the Senior Class for instance when we entered college and at least one other, 1911 to 1916 inclusive.

Personally I never had but one conviction about the class which was, that "as a class we could not sing." [The mutes did not share this.] But this assurance was a good deal shaken by M. Blaine's little address on Class Spirit to us—when she said "We could sing if we would." And it was further damaged when after Garden Party and giving up the steps, Mary Coolidge said in her nice, unimpassioned, judicial way that we had sung better than they had. It was nice of Mary Coolidge but it shattered the only conviction I ever had.

Well, suppose we aren't a democracy, or really a group system, or vocally hopeless, or a unit, or unrestrained Individualists, or even thorough-going Iconoclasts—what are we? I think there is only one answer: it is contained in the first line of a hockey song which infuriated our Juniors long ago. We were sorry and changed the song, but left the first line—because no one knew what we meant by it exactly. You can interpret as you please. "1913, you're a Wonder!"

GORDON HAMILTON.
Olympic Games

OLYMPIC Games—most secret and honored of rites—sacred to the memory of all "odd" upperclassmen of Bryn Mawr. Beware lest—like the unfortunate writer—you disclose too soon to inquisitive Sophomores this inner shrine. The walls of tradition will descend and crush you. As penance for said crime this account is rendered.

Thunder and lightning above, eager Sophomores below, Seniors in scarcity—such was the setting for the play. With the "Old Mill" as prospective stage we started, only to be reversed by rain and Pagie and forced to hold our noble Grecian festival in the—Gym!

What the setting lacked in Grecian character the athletes atoned for. Skilled potato racers, three-legged champions, peanut eaters of renown, all made history on that rainy afternoon. But the much-coveted laurel crown was accorded—unanimously—to the modern Alcibiades who with one hand on the pole dropped two stories down and emerged grinning, but triumphant, from the further end of the last obstacle barrel.

MAUD DESSAU.
What Constitutes a Classic

Already I have been long enough away from college to forget the distinction between classicism and romanticism, but I am sure that we were romantic in our fevered efforts in search of a classic vehicle for our histrionic endeavor. Romanticism, as I remember, has something to do with desire for the novel and unhackneyed things of life and we seemed to feel from the start, that a classic play would come under this category, i.e. novel and unhackneyed. Why we felt this way I have never been able to ascertain but the majority of the class—as shown by many senses of the meeting and direct votes, or should I perhaps say by a majority of the senses of the meetings and the votes, for sometimes we took a day off and changed our mind—well anyway the majority always seemed to feel it our sacred duty to aspire high and not contaminate our minds with these merely popular or amusing things. Not that—in the end—we, as a class had much to say about it. We regularly rejected everything that hard-working committees suggested—until there was nothing left to reject—and then we left it to kind chance to put something in our way.

Beginning with the Sophomore play, our committee established the fatal precedent of procrastination and the class its relentless desire for the noble and unpopular. That poor committee! I have never been able to decide which of our three play committees had the worst time, but this one started the pace. I can see them now—Mary Tongue and Gordon are the only ones that come to mind just now—wandering disconsolately amid the monuments by the upper hockey field, seeking inspiration from gazing at the sundial or sitting on the marble bench all autumn until only four weeks intervened between them and the date of the performance. Then in desperation they chose something that was—well récherché to say the least. It was new, its author comparatively unknown, it was unsanctioned by the English Department, it was redolent of cherry blossoms and "Waelness in the springtime." Altogether one wonders how the committee—clever though

*The preposition we consider well chosen. The picture is a heart rending one. Let us be glad that neither caught her death of cold as she took her turn on the bench, watching the other symbolize the futility of the middle course.—Enron.
it was—ever found it out. But suffice it to say that it was not only found, but cast and produced. While we didn’t receive any too gentle treatment from the hands of the college critics and while we weren’t quite sure that it was or ever would be a classic, nevertheless we felt certain that it must be uplifting because it had a tragic ending. The upshot of the whole matter was that that performance fixed our lasting reputation. All the rest of our dramatic course was consumed in trying to live down those cherry blossoms, that perilously small cast, that one act, that blank verse and above all the tragic ending.

The course of the next year was punctuated by dissensions of the second play committee. We were a determined lot and began in the summer preceding the opening of college when Irish plays—then the latest thing—were sent from member to member by mail. We were a funny committee, but as aforesaid determined, though each in a different way as soon became apparent. Olga, our chairman, swore that she had never been to the theatre—although I afterwards heard that she had gone to see the Follies of 1911. Margaret Blaine wanted “something pretty, where we would all come tripping on.” Gordon wanted Strafford by Browning or Shakespeare.* I—well way back then I confess to a weakness for that play, well beloved by high schools, as they all told me,—namely She Stoops to Conquer or else a play by Sheridan—but I was always conservative and old-fashioned in my tastes. To return to the committee—we discussed and talked while Christmas and New Years passed and the new semester was inaugurated. Then The Scarecrow of Percy MacKaye was considered and we all went to see it. Then we chose it and wrote to the author’s publishers for the dramatic rights. We tried to cast it, but there were two leading men’s parts and only one Beatrice Nathans. Then we remembered the tragic ending and also that we were not a good class in the acting line. So once more we were thrown into an agony of indecision. Once more the committee read and argued and argued and read. The class was appealed to. It wanted a play. It wanted something worth while. That was all. Consternation reigned and the time was getting short. Then—like a veritable Dea ex machina of ancient legend—there came to our rescue Pagie’s sister-in-law. The Little Minister she said would be splendid. So The Little Minister it was. It was

*We consider this indifference as to authorship really very liberal in a member of that play committee.—Editor.
long, it had a large cast, it was not sad, it was not in verse and—if perhaps not quite a classic—it was at any rate by a well known author and had been played by Maude Adams.

I will pass over the trials, misgivings, amusement and—I think I may add—final triumph of our production of the play to introduce a scene of great turmoil and distraction. Senior year not only did the committee discuss but the whole class debated en masse. Things were getting serious. We had only one more chance and where was that classic? Josephine Cockrell marshalled her committee forces early in the season and brought forward suggestions—among them David Garrick. But the class would have none of that. Hot words were thrown back and forth.* Many hard things were shouted in excited voices. The sides seemed very evenly matched. No one could tell what the outcome would be. Then some one gifted with more than ordinary intelligence made a brilliant motion, that calmed the troubled waters like oil cast upon them. This motion, which was passed almost unanimously, was to the effect that we should not exclude David Garrick from future consideration. With this decisive move accomplished the meeting adjourned. But there were others who will never forget those verbose half hours from 1.30 to 2 when Denbigh upheld Campaspe or when Beatrice Nathans made her minority report in favour of John Masefield's Tragedy of Nan. Think of the tilts in defense of Strindberg and †Dostoïeffsky and the final votes against "depressing modern realism." Later we reverted to the classic ideal and some one suggested Sheridan. But there came the rub. Was Sheridan a classic—or at least classic enough to deserve the consideration by the class of 1913? We begged some one who knew, to tell the class quite frankly and openly whether Sheridan really was considered a classic. Pagie ventured the remark that one was supposed to have read him but that didn't seem to convince us and as no one else came forward to act as literary arbiter the question hung in the balance. But there were some ardent champions of Mr. Sheridan, so the matter had to be settled one way or the other. We therefore took a sense of the meeting as to the

*Shall we include among them Ellen's remark, that perhaps the rest of the college would remember us more kindly if we didn't give Campaspe.—Editor.

†Were we planning, perchance, a dramatization of Brothers Karamazov or was it sheer literary zeal that urged us to bring Dostoïeffsky in?—Editor.
gentleman's literary status. Poor old Sherry won, although by a none too wide margin. Being thus elevated by the class of 1913 with due solemnity to the impregnable position of a classic writer, we discovered that he would constitute a convenient standard. So a motion was made that we should choose only from plays at least as classical as Sheridan. All these decisions simplified the final choice immensely. It was now merely a question of classicism and happy ending. There are a great many plays that are so classic that it is unnecessary to vote about it. It sticks out all over them and everyone takes it for granted. *Othello* is of this variety and so is Sophocles' *Electra*. But happy endings are a little more difficult to manage. We thought of *As You Like It*, but Miss Thomas wouldn't hear of it. Altogether we were in a bad way. Then another intelligent member of the class thought of *David Garrick*. *David Garrick* had a happy ending. No one could deny that—the villain dished, the Father blessing, the lovers embracing. It only remained to see whether it was of the standard of Sheridan. A sense was taken and wonder of wonders.—swiftly and silently *David Garrick* was chosen, but more than this, by that same act it was pronounced as classic as Sheridan.

Dorothea Baldwin.
Water Polo

Speech originally delivered at class supper Freshman Year.
(Prayer of the author: If you think you remember it as being funny, don’t read it! Old age is approaching fast; leave yourself a few illusions! Or, if you must read it, wait until you’ve had at least seven waffles for lunch; they, in my experience, produce better than anything else that comfortable full feeling which is conducive to easy laughter.)

Dear friends and fellow-swimmerettes, I am very much embarrassed at being thus suddenly called upon to speak before such a distinguished company. But, though I feel the modest blushes running riot over my cheeks, I cannot let slip this opportunity to address a few words to you. You did me the honour to elect me captain of the water-polo team. A splendid team it was, and, as you know, it won the college championship. But we want it to be even more splendid next year; therefore, I should suggest that during the coming summer, we all bear in mind the glorious opportunities before us, and practice for water polo. For those of you who go to sea-shore or lake-side, this will be quite simple. It will be an excellent plan to practice ducking on your friends; approach them quickly and gently from behind and then push suddenly. Explain afterwards, and they will not mind being martyrs in so good a cause. For a ball, if you lack a real one, a good substitute will be a large-sized cabbage. This may not float like a real ball, but it will be all the better practice for you to try to catch it before it sinks. Even if you do not go to the sea-shore you need not give up practicing on that account. I have a friend who ought to know, for she tubs at least four times each day, who assured me only last week that it is perfectly easy to swim in a bath-tub. I should not advise you to try long-distance races in one, but for quick turning and change of direction, it ought to be excellent.

Finally let me urge any of you who do not already play water polo to try it. It is the only ladylike game on the sports’ lists. No sprained ankles, shattered shins, or broken noses! Nothing can possibly happen to you except drowning, and drowning is a very pleasant death, usually accompanied, I believe, by illusions of delicious tastes and heavenly
melodies. Therefore, if roast beef and Senior singing pall upon you, come and drown a bit in the pool. Water polo offers a further inducement to those of you who live in Merion Hall. Ten minutes of it can not only be registered as one period of exercise, but it also counts as two baths. Play water polo and you will get H. C. in bathing. What more need I say?

P. S. I should like to add, however, to my remark about the pleasant sensations of drowning, that another sense has lately been tickled in the pool, i.e., the sense of smell. Who that has played water polo this last year can ever forget the odor, so clinging, penetrating and delightful, so healthful, sanitary, antiseptic and germ-killing,—in short, the odor of generous quantities of lime? "Not all the perfumes of Araby," etc. My bathing suit is still redolent with its balmy fragrance—at least, I suppose it is; I haven’t seen it for many moons; someone borrowed it; I mention no names out of charity and also because I don’t remember who it was. And yet another new sensation was vouchsafed to water-polo players of last winter. After being tested and listened to internally in breathless silence by the side of the damp, green waters, and being known to the entire medical corps of the college, by the illuminating cognomen of 1316 N. Dil., I now know without even having taken Bi. exactly how a laboratory specimen feels. 'Tis a very broadening and culture-inducing game, you must admit, that gives you a glimpse into the feelings of another form of life, and makes you sympathize with the sufferings of a protozoa under the microscope!

YVONNE STODDARD.
There is a certain Spanish proverb which begins with the phrase: "Fleeing the parsley." The rest of the proverb I have never heard, but I know now that the end of it must be "one fall into the soup," and that the author of it in a prophetic moment spoke expressly of my career. All my college life I have assiduously fled the parsley of college meals. For dinner I have substituted tea house or picnic as often as my pocket-book and my friends permitted. When forced to come to the dining-room I frowned with a good will on all tardy comers or slow masticators and in Roman style with downturned thumb urged the suppression of the salad. Breakfast by my Senior year I had reduced to the artistic level of a roll and a conversation with H. P. Now I suddenly find myself in a position where the chief end of my existence is not merely parsley, but beef, mutton, and soup. Recall carefully the exact nature of that soup—"attenuated" H. P. called it—and then try to realize how it must feel to be the prospective power behind it.

Imagine Anson Bourne of General Psychology fame permanently arrested half way in his change of personalities, consider that in this metamorphic stage he finds himself unable to get anything but an inverted view of the universe, and you may have some conception of my state of mind during the last four months. I would like to say, by the way, that this inverted view is not all that it is cracked up to be. It involves too much dizziness even when gained by one still apparently maintaining an upright position. Perhaps in my case this giddiness has been increased by the fact that the particular object upon which my gaze was focussed—i.e. the wardenship—was so elusive, so misty in outline. The warden and her occupations have always been for me among the unsolved mysteries of college life. Miss Reilly once said to me, "One can hardly call the wardens a body." Granted; but then can one on the other hand label them pure spirit? All other considerations aside, the frankly material nature of their more obvious duties seems to forbid such a classification. I looked to my contract for enlightenment; but that document confined itself to the demand that I count the spoons after the students have left the hall, and perform my duties to the best of my ability. The veil was lifted a little for me when
in June I played the part of the Casabianca of Denbigh Hall with Miss Norton as coach and Miss Ely as chorus (the burden of her song being *It's not the work but the nervous strain*). I learned then, for instance, that my next rôle might be that of Pocahontas to the cooks when the strain of the soup—be it understood that this phrase is purely metaphorical—becomes too much for their temper and they fall upon one another with knives. Warned by the kitchen maid that my cue for this part has come, I make a dramatic entrance, throw myself between the angry females and sternly order one to the attic, the other to the laundry, recommending that they implore the powers above to forgive their sins. Then I wait with folded arms and a haughty air until they return smiling and exclaiming gratefully, "It certainly was a lucky thing you came, Miss. She certainly never would have gotten out of this kitchen alive if you hadn't come." Much beyond this simple part, well suited to the capacity of a beginner, I did not go, however, in that June week. I received no drill, for instance, in the subtleties of the rôle that must be mine in those wardens' meetings attended by President Thomas, Miss Martha G. Thomas, 1910 and myself. Probably the full revelation of the warden mysteries does not come until September first, the date on which according to contract the official cloak completely enwraps me.

To return from vain speculations to the question of the dual personality and the inverted view. These I find place one at times in awkward situations. Nothing, for instance, but Margaret Blaine's stern eye in the wings saved me from utter collapse when in the middle of Chivy's most hilarious scene there flashed through my mind the horrid query—"How many sub-freshmen *with their mothers* are in the audience?" Then the ever-present doubt as to the comparative advisability of being friendly with the Freshmen.

**NOTE.**—President Thomas we all know, Miss Martha G. Thomas we all know, but 1910 none knows as well as I. In proof whereof, I will now tell a tale of my Freshman days. It was the hockey season, and it also was the night of Sophomore dance. The Denbigh Freshmen were all agog, making themselves as beautiful as might be for that occasion, when Kate Rotan came into the hall and up the stairway. At the top of the first flight she stopped and called in a loud, clear voice, "Gordon Hamilton." Now it happened that Gordon was in the tea pantry curling her hair. Again Kate called, "Gordon Hamilton." Gordon still lingered, hoping that the Varsity captain—for it was in that capacity that Kate had come—might go up yet another flight to Gordon's room, giving Gordon herself a chance to hide the curling-iron and appear in respectable guise. At the third impatient call, however, Gordon, realizing perhaps the folly of her idea and confused at having kept the summoner waiting, rushed out into the hall, curling-tongs in hand and crimped hair waving. There she stood meekly to receive the command that she appear at the Varsity game the next morning. Though her costume was odd, she did not smile, neither did Kate; for a summons from 1910 was no laughing matter. And I standing at my study door, looked and learned, and what I learned then I have never forgotten. Is it any wonder, then, that I sometimes dream at nights of those wardens' meetings, attended by Miss M. Carey Thomas, Miss Martha G. Thomas, 1910 and myself?—**AUTHOR.**
who fed one with odd dishes at strange hours and calling them by their first names; or of keeping them at the arms-length of a Miss, with an eye to the future, was always reducing one to the middle course of rudely addressing them as you. Moreover, one is placed on such an odd footing with one's friends. Now up to last winter I always considered the wardenship a serious, not to say solemn post. Since then, the behaviour of my friends has convinced me that I was mistaken. I have seen the soberest of them make superhuman but futile efforts to restrain their mirth when I mentioned it to them. Casual acquaintances or comparative strangers become jocose at the mere sound of the word. Grave trustees or members of the faculty wax facetious at the very sight of me. Generally when the friends have recovered from the humor of the situation, more appropriate emotions appear. I see anxiety written on their brows. Presently they can bear it no longer and out pops the question, “Will you wear the green hat?” This being answered in the negative, they are somewhat relieved, but still must know whether I will wear jumpers, and call every one Miss. Mary Coolidge looks me up and down critically, then coldly remarks that she hopes that I will remember the chaperon rules. Reassured on all these points, my interested friends feel free to be very helpful. They are especially solicitous, it seems, in regard to toast and give me much advice as to the exact thickness, degree of heat, amount of butter, etc., that they consider essential in a perfect piece of toast. Then they end with a few encouraging words, and if they be my own classmates a promise that they will come visit me in the Fall to see that I am getting on all right—this promise in spite of the reluctance of some to stay in Denbigh at reunion time, since in Merion they find Miss Merryweather “who always liked 1913.”

It is not of Anson Bourne that I think, though, as I go out of the dining-room, and see the wardens smiling at the Freshmen and serving them ice cream, but of the old woman in the nursery rhyme who cried out, “Lawk a-mercy on me, this is none of I.” Will the Hell-Hound bark at me, I wonder, when I go back in the Fall?

ELEANOR BONTECOU.
Cocky Hockey

We might have been a very humble class. Our motto as we came tottering through the arch to mingle with the ivy-covered towers might have been—"Be Meek."

It might, but our possible and probable career of Meekness was ruined at the very beginning. We had not been among the Intellectuals more than fifteen minutes before the name, nickname or adjective of "Cocky" was given to us by those who scorned us from unknown heights. What in the world that word meant or why it should be given to us, Poor Innocents, we did not know, but in order to appear intelligent we analyzed it, and gave it a meaning and then to please our Elders and Betters endeavored to live up to our interpretation:—No matter what we did we were to think it excellent; we were to take no advice from anyone with no exceptions and finally on all occasions we were thoroughly to enjoy ourselves. Did we? We think we did.

Though our Inward Souls revolted against such procedure, we swallowed hard, gritted our teeth and did our duty. We pursued Cocky almost to its Greek derivation: consequently we were proud when we cheered ourselves inadvertently under the arch, and also when we sang 1910's Class Song. It was so original and thoughtful of us. We patted ourselves on our backs when we nearly, but not quite, won Hockey, when we won the Gym meet and broke swimming records. We said nothing, but there was an air about us——! It was no wonder that K. Schmidt having been in college a month—desiring to know the Seniors a little better, invited on Monday all the Seniors in Pem. West, on Tuesday Pem. East, on Wednesday Denbigh, etc., to spend the night with her.

It was a mark to our credit that it was thought necessary to have a library proctor to keep us in our places; and mid-years momentarily depressed us; but soon we were looking back and thinking it was rather distinctive of us to have had the highest average of failures that ever has been. Through the following years, to sum up our gracious career, we sang
loudly, were married, broke traditions and the queerer we became, the prouder we became and so I think we will be cocky till the end of a thousand years:—and why not?

P. S.—I feel it my duty to mention one member of our class who was always humble. C. Nash by name. She always carried Pat Murphy’s suit-case while she was in college, and I am given to understand, when she came back this spring still had the old habit.

Louisa Haydock.
Aftermath

HOW have the mighty fallen,—mighty in pride if not in accomplishments! Need it be said that we bore upon our brows large and protuberant bumps of—not modesty at any rate. Like a young and successful doctor, we needed shoe-horns with which to put on our hats. It must not be supposed, however, that these bumps cropped up entirely without cause. And they might have been a great deal bigger if our victories had come at the end of our career instead of the beginning. Therein lay the trouble. Encouraged by our triumphs in our Freshman Year (not by our sister and brother classes) we felt that by our Senior Year we should sweep all before us; we saw ourselves the champions of hockey, track, swimming, tennis and basket-ball. Sublimely confident, not to say cocky, we threw ourselves with abandon into every match-game only to emerge saying, "Well! we've got to win that next year!" One peppery individual even went so far as to purchase a key from the housekeeper and, after locking herself in her room, to give vent to torrents of profanity. But alas! of no avail was confidence or profanity. The best we could do was to grasp for a moment an elish championship that wriggled away in a flash.

But, although 1913's career in athletics was a sad and unprofitable one, it had its good point. It proved an exception to our great pose, "casuelle" and "unconventionnelle" in the matter of proper spirit elsewhere, we cultivated a "wonderful sporting spirit;" or at least we thought we did and, although not apparent to others, it was to us and comforted us. Even the most blasé among us were imbued with this spirit. One of our most representative members, as a breaker of traditions and as a great and indifferent soul, became very thrilled over a match-game. When told to appear promptly at 4.00, she said she would try but didn't think she could. She was seen on the field at 3.30. I will leave you to guess who she was.

In spite of appearances I attempted a theme for this discourse. I will not try to set it down, but it is similar to the title of one of George Ade's fables, namely The Fable of the Coming Champion Who Was Delayed.

Rosa Mabon.
Pegasus with a Puncture

“THERE is not much fun in being dead, Sir,” said Mehawl.

“How do you know?” said the Philosopher.

“Oh, I know well enough,” said Mehawl.

* * * * * * * * *

This article will not be concerned with motors in spite of its title and in spite of the fact that we are the first class for which President Thomas contemplated Taylor Arch automobile regulations and all but put off the Students’ Building to have a garage constructed. This will not deal, on the other hand, with the obvious metaphorical interpretation of a punctured Pegasus—you will find herein no information as to our first Midyears or our last Oral—or even a Miss Donnelly quiz. This is a hard luck story, strictly personal; this is the united wail of the stranded tenth—not the submerged tenth but the chartless, heartless, dis-spirited, melancholy, ship-wrecked tenth who like the foolish Virgins or the modern Tourist did not provide themselves with enough oil to get in, or there, or through, or wherever a degree takes you. We are those who when we think of how we slaved, wish that we had died as babies or Freshmen or even been cremated in Taylor before the college provided for our possible escape. We are those who have been left—by Fate and European trips and Orals and Pestilence and beginning our work too late and taking too little or a number of other reasons.

In short, we are strange, unhappy, nondescript creatures—Academic Ghosts. We are all Academic Ghosts; we are some of us Academic Ghosts and Non-Residents! At this point my pen falters. In the midst of Bryn Mawr life we are in—the way. Our raison d’être seems to be—to increase the class quotas in popular halls. And we have a shrewd notion which we can test in the Fall, that the existence of the Academic Ghost, like Sir Herbert Tree’s Hamlet, is funny without being coarse. However, if any of 1913 should come back next year, which they profess themselves disinclined to do, we will play our rôles properly by giving them tea. I remember going to tea once with a Shade from some departed class. She had Miss Crandall and three young men from Wayne! So you
will know just what to expect of Spectral Society. In this matter of tea and other things, it would be delightful to stay at Bryn Mawr if one were only allowed to go away from it at the end of—say, four years. But after four years, gentle friends—if we stay—our prestige at least goes. We haven't a thread left of the Mantle of Importance, and the Belt of Dignity is tightened many times until it looks profoundly like a collar. There are no seats in chapel reserved for ghosts, or ha'nts as I suppose we must say when we refer to our member from Baltimore. The only way we poor Spookies can get through doors that are no longer opened for us—is to glide; and the clank of our chains—as according to conventional ghost etiquette we return to Bryn Mawr in search of our lost A.B.—can be heard from Low Buildings to Dalton.

**Aca**

**Def**

**Mic**

**Gho**


**Academic Ghost Howling.**

**Epilogue**

Any one who heard Mr. Alfred Noyes read his “Highwayman” will know what tragic emphasis to employ in the rendition of the following:

**Parade Night**

When the campus is pale with moonlight
And “Parade” has just occurred,
When all old friends have been greeted
And the Freshmen are registered,
When all the classes are gathered
In the dark arch as of yore,
We spectres then come gliding,
Gliding, gliding!
And take up their place in a shadow
Beside West Pembroke door.
While the Even Classes are cheering
And our Freshmen sing Side by Side
Perhaps we shall manage an *Amo*
As we cheered it before we died;
Perhaps we shall manage an *Amo*
Or an *audite* at mosts;
But they will barely hear us,
Yes, barely, rarely hear us,
Though they're standing very near us—
The Academic ghosts.

A. G. H.
Senior Year Athletics

Hockey
College championship won by 1914
1913 Captain—Louisa Haydock

Team
Enna Levy
Lucinda Menendez
Louisa Haydock
Margaret Blaine
Katharine Page
Alice Hearne
Alice Patterson
Grace Bartholomew
Eleanor Bontecou

1913 on Varsity
Katharine Page
Louisa Haydock
Alice Hearne

Tennis
College championship in singles won by 1913
College championship in doubles won by 1913
College Champion—Katharine Alice Page
1913 Captain—Alice Dudley Patterson

1913 on Varsity
Katharine Page
Alice Patterson

Swimming
Meet won by 1915
1915 Captain—Yvonne Stoddard

Water Polo
Captain—Yvonne Stoddard
College championship won by 1913

Track
1913 Captain—Gertrude Hinrichs
Meet won by 1915
Records—
—Yard dash: Louisa Haydock

Basket-Ball
College championship won by 1914
1913 Captain—Florence Maud Dessau

Team
Katharine Page
Gertrude Hinrichs
Florence Maud Dessau
Louisa Haydock
Lucinda Menendez
Eleanor Bontecou
Alice Patterson

1913 on Varsity
Katharine Page
Louisa Haydock
Eleanor Bontecou
“We Come from Rock and Merion”
A Song

Composed, sung and exclusively controlled by
MERION, 1918

(To be sung to the tune of "The School of Jolly Boys")

I
There is a college of Bryn Mawr
I've lately come across.
It has a learned Ph.D.
To be it's guide and boss.

CHORUS
And she always is so jolly—oh,
So jolly—oh, so jolly—oh,
And she always is so jolly—oh,
Wherever she may be.

II
There are five halls of residence,
The gym and library,
And Taylor Hall and Dalton, too,
Besides th' Infirmary.

CHORUS
And then it is so jolly—oh,
So jolly—oh, so jolly—oh,
And then it is so jolly—oh,
If there you happen to be.
III
In Rockefeller, sharks abound,
They study all the day,
And all the students get H. C.
And yet have time for play.

CHORUS
And they always are so jolly—oh,
So jolly—oh, so jolly—oh,
And they always are so jolly—oh,
Wherever they may be.

IV
In Pembroke both, it's different,
They're not so bright, you see;
And to Tradition's holy law
Refuse to bend the knee.

CHORUS
Yet they always are so jolly—oh,
So jolly—oh, so jolly—oh,
Yet they always are so jolly—oh,
Wherever they may be.

V
In Denbigh, they are very good,
They put the rest to shame,
And yet they are so lively too
One scarcely can them blame.
CHORUS
And they always are so jolly—oh,
So jolly—oh, so jolly—oh,
And they always are so jolly—oh,
Wherever they may be.

VI
In Radnor live the socialists
And anarchists and such.
We think them revolution’ry
But like them very much.

CHORUS
For they always are so jolly—oh,
So jolly—oh, so jolly—oh,
For they always are so jolly—oh,
Wherever they may be.

VII
(To be sung with especial fervor and action)
Oh Merion’s a rowdy lot,
Their dining-room’s a sight;
They shout and yell so very much
You scarce can get a bite.

CHORUS
But they always are so jolly—oh,
So jolly—oh, so jolly—oh,
But they always are so jolly—oh,
Wherever they may be.
Envoi
And if you think that in this song
We speak a bit too strong,
Just think of what you might have said
If you had written it instead.

Chorus
And we certainly feel jolly—oh,
So jolly—oh, so jolly—oh,
And we certainly feel jolly—oh,
Before this company.
The Haunt of the Heretic

Ah, Merion, Merion Hall! Tell me, canst thou recognize thyself in this alliterative designation? And similarly—oh ye former Merion inmates—do you submit to being dubbed heretics? True, we were profane at times and our conversation at table—particularly when some new hair-raising story had been imported from 1914 in Pemi—was often racy. But some people undeniably considered us positively wicked—at least, most of us. Jessie Buchanan was an exception. She was a “pillar” and therefore all right. She also formed a connecting link between the outside world and the benighted degenerates of our hall. She was often held responsible for the actions of the rest of us, which was rather painful for her—especially as we really weren’t so bad after all. We were passionately fond of our hall and we stuck to it through thick and thin. We got on with each other pretty well too, during those four years. We loved Miss Merryweather and the campus view, the third floor and our dining room chairs—when we got them. Sometimes we were filled with reformation ardor and a revolutionary spirit. Always we were highly inquisitive and continually after “sleuth.” On Sunday afternoons we would hang from our windows with opera glasses and we knew all engagements long before they were announced. But venial offences these, surely! Loyalty and strong affection for our abiding place, harmony with each other, some independence, some desire to agitate—all this, seasoned with a soupçon of profanity and curiosity—oh, call us rather the Home of the Hopeful! Anything but the Haunt of the Heretic. But, alas! reputation is no bubble, as popularly supposed. It is a tough and unbreakable membrane, and Merion Hall—our Merion—in the stern editorial-in-chief mind*—is reputed a haunt and we—heretical. Heavens, how harsh, how hopeless!

D. de F. B.

*It is only fair to state that these terms which seem to Miss Baldwin so opprobrious were hailed by other inmates of Merion with the joy of souls that have at last found themselves.—Edron.
The Philosophy of Rock

WHEN there is a class meeting at one-thirty the members of Rock 1913 who have leanings toward punctuality determinedly suppress all attempts at conversation at lunch; for it is the custom of Rock to decide the affairs of the universe at the table, and it usually takes an extra quarter of an hour to decide them satisfactorily. When there is no class meeting, Rock settles down contentedly into its chairs, thoughtfully sips its water, and the fray begins. Often enough it begins with the question of matrimony; the character, habits and appearance of the prospective husband are discussed, and thoroughly disagreed upon; we then consider his earning capacity, and the high cost of living. That leads to the tariff, which suggests Economics, which suggests Mrs. Smith's opinions of a single tax on land. One belligerent inhabitant of Rock, whose family owns some rocky pastures, announces in no measured terms her firm opposition to the slightest increase in taxes on such worthless stuff as land. Some one suggests that factories may be built in rocky pastures, and their value increased. Factory conditions are considered. (I might say at this point that we do not, of course, expect the laity to be able to follow the leaps and flights of the great Rock mind.) The relative merits of domestic service and factory life are hotly contested. Follow the subjects of temperance, suffrage, the ages of the visiting alumnae, and the penciled hieroglyphics on the soft-boiled eggs. Every other table in the dining room is deserted, the patient maids are gazing dreamily into space, when Rock, having dispatched all these weighty matters to its dissatisfaction, stormily adjourns until its next meal.

RACHAEL STEELE.

*N. B.—We believe this arrangement is peculiar to Rock.—Editors.
The title is mine and I'm proud of it. Eleanor gave me "Living in Radnor," a large and indefinite subject, and I laboured for days trying to decide between two salient features of Radnor life, dining-room chairs and laurel-crowned washtubs, but other halls have them—the chairs, I mean—and the tubs are negligible. Besides, Romance is Radnor's most important characteristic, albeit unacknowledged, and I feel it my duty to write about it. Anyhow, I always have liked alliteration.*

By Romance I don't mean any such fascination as that which allures triumphant Villanova to Pembroke, though we have suffered under the tender clamorings of Haverford, and once there was a man and bagpipes at five A.M. Neither need there be confusion with Denbigh and Rock; they have romances, while our Romance is singular and capitalized. Of course, I realize that Apphia spent Freshman year in Radnor, in company with Zelda Branch, but we are generous and let Denbigh take the credit. Radnor, you see, has real Romance, the kind you read about in poetry and fairy tales. Where else do you find ivy-covered balconies, plainly made for Prince Charming or Cyrano, especially when the moonlight doesn't quite reveal every corner, and the shadows deepen? What a spot for a princess or fair lady to bend over the edge and steal a few moments of perilous joy with her own true love! Our lattice windows, too, come straight from enchanted castles. Whoever heard of a princess in distress or love who didn't gaze with tear-dimmed eyes through the lattice, or fling it wide to welcome her knight. A princess just naturally couldn't open a window, it would be beneath her dignity, besides suggesting nightcaps and Santa Claus. I'm told that elsewhere on the campus fire-escapes are the only substitutes for balconies, and that in Pembroke at least, with all proper ways of doing things completely reversed, Prince Charming is kept indoors, and everyone looks in from outside.

Nor are these Radnor's only claims to Romance. They are but the outward and visible signs of something which so affects some Radnorites that song rises to their lips as freely as to troubadours' of yore. Tell me, do you in other halls have impromptu grand

*In this the author has our sympathy. Witness the other titles in this book.—Editors.
opera, any night you wish, rendered not by a rigid caste, but by one which shifts constantly in view of various exigencies? Imagine Caruso and Farrar changing places and voices suddenly, when memory or dramatic ability fails! Yet so it is with us. Many times have I seen Marguerite* and Faust intertransformed, the music proceeding meantime with surprisingly little hesitation. Faust and Rigoletto are the favorites, for obvious romantic seasons, but several times I have heard the Valkyries descending the staircase with true Scandinavian vigour, and Fafnir roars constantly.

At Christmas time, however, poetry of ballad and fairy tale joins operatic ability, and we revel in true Romantic style. In costumes of hunter’s green and wood brown, with belts and caps of holly red, we drag the Yule Log, and to the accompaniment of old carols, feast by the light of the Christmas candles. But the climax of the feast and the choice product of our Romance is the Boar’s Head. I defy even Walter Pater to produce anything more romantic, and I ought to know,—I helped make it once out of two cushions, one 1914 lantern, a piece of brown cambric, and a scrap of pink silk. Borne by a portly steward and escorted by castle servants in holiday attire, the Boar’s Head proceeds to the place of honour, and in strains befitting any ballad we close our feast with song.

Let me, in conclusion, quote Radnor’s favorite song, written for our hockey game with Rock in the autumn of 1911, and handed down by word of mouth till now. Could anything be more romantic?

“Radnor, Radnor, beat it up and play for Radnor,
Tho’ we’re old and small, we can beat you all
With our age and with our beauty,
‘Quality, not Quantity,’ in
Radnor, Radnor, dribble, pass, and shoot for Radnor.
We will put a little dint
In John D.’s mint
And kill the mighty dollar just for Radnor.”

*At this point Gordon asks “Marguerite who?”—Editors.
Table Conversation

ONE always feels sorry for those who have not had the benefit of one's own experiences. I feel sorry for those who did not experience the table conversation of 1913 Denbigh. No doubt other halls were discussing such prosaic subjects as the color scheme in Mrs. Smith's clothes, or who was first on the strength list and why, while Denbigh was absorbed in the pursuit of abstract truth. Confident as I am of the intellectual powers of other classmates, I doubt if other halls attained to quite the philosophical level which characterized us. Breakfast seemed especially conducive to the presentation of metaphysical problems. In the thick of the fight were H. P., Gordon, and Worthy; Margaret usually had discussed till so late the night before that she was not up with the early risers. The rest of us formed a sort of fringe of half-participant, interested, patient, or impatient listeners. Worthy would paw the table gently in her zeal to solve the problem of the nature of truth. When unconsciously once she thrust her fist into the finger bowl, upsetting the contents on and the equilibrium of her left hand neighbor, a slight smile was the only recognition of her act for which she could stop. The sudden wetness caused but momentary hesitation in the midst of the serious discussion, while her neighbor, napkin to mouth, strove vainly to restrain the mirth which in the seriousness would have been unseemly, and which could have outlet only later within the four walls of her own room. Grace, on the other side, sat through the discussion in patient silence, till driven by necessity, she asked severely for the butter. Apphia once caught alone in this sea of abstract ideas cried forth in agony, "Heaven send me Grace Bartholomew." The standard was well kept up by H. P. who upon hearing that the grads never did any theorizing at their table, exclaimed, "Imagine how deadly a conversation would be without theories."

But one must not get the impression that our conversation was all philosophy. Sometimes it was statistics. One of our number had a passion for them, thus shrewdly gathering personal data by impersonal methods. "What has thrilled you most in college?" was a characteristic question asked all around the table of each one. If Marjorie suggested that there were some things she would like to keep to herself, then the interrogator a bit...
subdued, would have to pass on to her own answer of the question or to a change of subject. Gordon, also, for she it was, was a kind of Greek chorus, aiming to maintain the moral equilibrium of the table, as when Miss Proctor said scornfully of a certain gentleman, that his occupation was pressing bricks, Gordon, unacquainted with the slang expression, and feeling that such a remark should not go uncriticized, said, “What is the matter with pressing bricks as an occupation, isn’t it perfectly honest? Miss Proctor, you’re an awful snob, you know.”

Then there were always the hidden references to Apphia’s engagement, which one or two of us were too dull to perceive. Those who knew of it, always turned to her for her opinion of marriage. After the announcement, the unperceiving of us remembered the breaks we had made, how unfortunate we had said it was for anyone to be engaged while still in college, and similar remarks. *Marriage was always a popular topic of discussion, punctuated with a bit of irony from Marj as, “it doesn’t matter how many per cent there are who are married, you’re sure to be among those who aren’t.” The most preferable method of suicide was another topic.

The amusing feature of our intellectual conversation was the way in which the mentally weaker of us tried to live up to the standard of the stronger, feigning familiarity with Bergson, and Eucken, of whom we had read never a word. However little the unphilosophical of us contributed, or at times sympathized, we may be glad in after life, when the world is practical and we are absorbed in actualities, to look back on that leisurely half hour at breakfast when we expounded our world theories over bacon and eggs.

Betty Fabian.

* See Rock.
The joke in the *Evening Sun* about Governor Sulzer, I feel, is applicable to my case; "now that he is up it, Governor Sulzer may as well take the stump." I may state at the beginning, however, that, in giving Pembroke this title, the editor, I hope, did not imply that only peace abode in other halls. For thereby they lost a great deal. Variety is the spice of life, and to be uncertain whether one is at swords' points or on the best of terms with one's comrades lends a decided tang to the ordinary routine of meals and gossip. Ellen was the most uncertain quantity. At most unexpected moments she would bounce up from the table in a rage—perhaps because a certain innocent victim of her wrath accidentally spilt a glass of water on her. Dee also was most undependable, for one could never tell when, with popping eyes and set chin and clawing hands, she would sputter about the niggardliness of the college supply of milk for such nervous wrecks as herself. Nat perhaps was the most vociferous, shall I say, scrapper. She would drown out all the other voices in her efforts to convince Mary and Olga that it was disgraceful not to swell the ranks of the Seniors on Taylor steps. There would be a hot retort from the insurrectionists and one felt that there might have been a hand-to-hand fight but for the timely intervention of some such sane person as Maud. It goes without saying that Iki at all times of the day was heaping vituperative epithets on someone's head. Fortunately the scapegoat was always changing and did not remain long in her bad graces. Even Sarah, who should have been a divinity student, indulged in many heated moral discussions—as to the influence for better or for worse of the Hinglish Club's noisy and profane parade from the lower hockey field via Taylor to the Library during Senior singing. However, belligerent as all this seems, it was not as dreadful as it sounds. If there were feudal times (pardon the pun) they only amounted to momentary tiffs. Moreover, as I have said, they made life in Pembroke all the more interesting. In conclusion, I shall add a quotation from Louise Haydock's original and own speech for the Gym steps. By way of explanation I may add that seventeen of Miss Haydock's friends wrote as many speeches for her. Needless to say, her own effort was not used. The quotation runs as follows: "Don't hurt yourselves laughing."
Envoy

Take with thee now upon thy ways
A memory of drowsy days
With books that chance one's mood to please
And sunlight flickering through the trees;
Of pleasant converse 'round the fire
With clink of tea-cups to inspire;
Of tasks made light by jest and quip;
Of gay, brave-hearted comradeship—
Be this thy part, O little book,
And who upon thy faults will look?

E. B.
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HARRIET W. WALKER ........................... Bryn Mawr Club, East Fortieth Street, New York City
LILLIE SOPHIA WALTON .......................... Hummelstown, Pennsylvania

MARTHA DE RAISMES WARRIN (Mrs. Hugh McCulloh Branham),

Care of Ensign H. M. Branham, Navy Department, Washington, District of Columbia

FLORENCE MARY WELSH (Mrs. George A. Douglas) ........................................ 265 West Eighty-first Street, New York City
KATHARINE DELANO WILLIAMS .................... Dedham, Massachusetts
HELEN ANDERSON WILSON ..................... Wilson Farm, Paoli, Pennsylvania

ZAYDA JUSTINE ZABRISKIE (Mrs. Frank Henry Buck) ........................................ 3638 Jackson Street, San Francisco, California
GERTRUDE ZIESING .................................. Glencoe, Illinois

Mrs. Buch 304 Hillsdale Avenue
Piedmont, Calif.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Event/Notes</th>
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<tr>
<td>May 29</td>
<td>Grace</td>
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<tr>
<td>May 30</td>
<td>Marquita</td>
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<td>June 4</td>
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<td>June 1st</td>
<td>Ellen</td>
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<td>Gordon</td>
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Elisa Maguire June 1-4
Such from dad—not coming

Lavinia Fredrick

Margaret Mitchell
Lucinda Thurmond May 30th June 4th

Jeanette Backer

Dietrich Miller May 15th June 15th

Margaret Brown May 29th June 30th

Clara Murray

Margaret Brown

Patricia May

Patricia Backer

Beatrice Nathans

Agnes & Frances Later? Clara Drew June 1-3

Katharine Page not coming

Alicia Patten May 30th June 1

Lucille Pollock

Truman Pond Clara Pond

Edna Poitier 30-4 June 12th 2nd

Jewellyn Benton not coming

Lucy Peterson

Sara Pond

Evelyn Warren June 1-2

Helen Richter

France Rosa

Kathleen Schmidt

Margaret Schoo not coming

Laura Shafter June 1st

Lucille Shadburn May 30th

Mary Shadburn May 30th

Elizabeth Shari June 1st

Dolores Simpson prob not coming

Rachel Starch

Joyce Sibbing

Joseph Stoddard not coming

H. Stout

Anna Swangard

R. Swift whole

Marvin Snyder

P. B. Thompson

Apphia Murray June 1-1

Joy Tomlinson class ruffler

Mr. Tongue

Grace Peters not coming

Verda Utterman

Harriet Winter

Lelio Wollon date unsure

Hillary Warne

Gardner Welch unsure

Helen Whelton whole

Helen Whelton June 1st

Gayle prob whole
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In Memoriam

Joseph Wright
February 20, 1910
Professor of Mathematics at Bryn Mawr College

Nettie Maria Stevens
May 4, 1912
Associate in Morphology at Bryn Mawr College

Helen Schaeffer Huff
January 19, 1913
Reader in Mathematics at Bryn Mawr College
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