1915

Bryn Mawr College Yearbook. Class of 1915

Bryn Mawr College. Senior Class

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THE CLASS OF NINETEEN FIFTEEN
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A CONVENTIONAL preface, I suppose, should be written by the Board of Editors assembled in solemn conclave. At least 1914 did it that way, with little Coolies peering in at the windows and members arriving dramatically in response to frantic telegrams. But I might telegraph all day and no one could come to join me here, so I am going to break the convention. That's quite the traditional thing for 1915, anyhow, I believe. Gerty is riding horseback through Yellowstone Park—so her last special delivery from Wyoming told me; Helen Everett is somewhere between Rhode Island and the western coast; and Helen Taft wrote a fortnight ago from Canada, “I leave a week from today.” The wind bloweth where it listeth and so, evidently, doth she. But even though we can’t be together in the flesh, we are one in spirit—and that’s more than a good many Boards can boast of. What’s the good of all our psychology, anyhow, if we can’t practice a little absent treatment, hypnotic suggestion stuff now and then? I believe that we can, and I am firmly convinced that this Preface is really written by us all in the most modern scientific fashion, even if it is my hand alone that guides my new chicken-feather pen across the page.

First of all we want to tell you how glad we are to send out this little memory book to you just at the beginning of October when all our thoughts are turning back to speckly note books, Taylor bell and camphor balls. Once we thought that we never should get it to you. The proof was lost, strayed or stolen somewhere between the Atlantic seaboard and San Francisco. We had visions of sitting up nights forging articles and plagiarising from ancient class tomes; but at last the package came in safety and we breathed again. Then there were the articles that were lost or didn’t come and those that did come and couldn’t be published. If you miss Mary Parke’s humor from these pristine pages—don’t blame us. Didn’t we tease and implore for days? “But M. P.,” we said, with tears in our editorial eyes, “you know you’re screamingly funny when you talk.”

“Am I?” piped M. P. innocently, rolling up old clothes for the Phillie Second Hand Shop. “Well I tried to put things down on paper and they weren’t a bit humorous. I just can’t
write at all, I guess. I'm sorry, but you all had better find someone else for that job. Goodbye, I'm going to New York till Thursday."

Then there was the article about entertaining ministers which might have thrown some side lights on Snoddy, and one called "On Getting a Degree," which was to come from Edna's pen. We thought that a brilliant idea but she said she had had enough of writing that last month under Miss Crandall's watchful eye. Ethel gave us one about the mail, but, of course, Pem. West simply couldn't let that out. "The Clam," as Gane and Snyder's bill always called us, had to stand by each other in an emergency like that. We really should have a second Braley write-up from Myra Richards, for we have one on 1914 there; but it is too late now, and we shall simply have to send her our good wishes and wait until reunion to hear the story from her own lips.

In spite of all these omissions and casualties, however, we hope that you will find reading here for a lonely hour, and that you will be diverted and cheered in those moments when it seems that even the sound of a "Fa-a-a-l-l L-n-n-n!" would come gratefully to your ear. May those classes who are left behind us send us a friendly thought now and then, if they chance to turn the pages of our Record, and keep us a welcome for the days when we shall all come back to walk in the shade of the Crab Apple Tree together.

Florence G. Hatton.
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Freshman Year
Offices Held by the Class—Freshman Year

Class Officers. President—Mary Gertrude Brownell
Vice-President and Treasurer—Elizabeth Bailey
Secretary—Isabel Foster

Students' Council—Emily Gifford Noyes, Lucile Davidson
Nothing In Particular

I was asked to write "anything about Freshman year." Thus in a moment of misguided and general enthusiasm I took pen in hand and started to write—everything.

But soon I was forced to recognize my limitations:

Of course, only one with the finest discrimination for dramatic effect could do justice to Freshman Show. It would take a far keener wit than mine to appreciate all the clever things said at Freshman Banquet. And as for athletics—well, I never did know anything about them, except for shouting on the side lines that "The green was going to win!" (And we did—sometimes.) In short, I have come to realize that the only thing in Freshman year which is suited to my modest pen is—nothing—in particular.*

I remember that on my first day of college I was in a state of terrified and expectant excitement over the unique form of hazing which I believed would be practiced upon us. How really terrible was the atmosphere which surrounded the mysteriously rumored "reading of rules to Freshmen" anyone will appreciate who knows that Edna Rapallo was intimidated with me. Indeed, she and I locked ourselves into our room at twilight and lay there tremulously feigning sleep.†

A gentle knock on the door made us both start up fearfully from our beds. What should we do? Edna, always braver than I, approached the door cautiously and listened at the keyhole. A gentle voice was asking us if we did not wish some ice cream. The Sophomores had brought us some from the party they had given the other Freshmen in the hall!

At the words ice cream and a party my Freshman heart softened, and Edna murmured resolutely something about "not missing any of the college life." Thus I brought the key from where it lay hidden under my pillow. It was then we knew that in our life at Bryn Mawr the key had lost its function.

* I have come to believe that the editors also reached this conclusion in assigning me my subject.

† We learned thus early in our college course that at Bryn Mawr a key is an obsolete institution of no worth. Later we discovered that the "Busy Sign," "Please Keep Out," "Keep Out!" etc., etc., are almost as useless.
Edna and I ate our ice cream in silence while K. Sergeant and the others talked, and
tried to put us at our ease. I tried to speak in answer to their kind questions of concern,
but, overcome by conflicting emotions, I was unable to utter a sound.

When, however, Laura Delano, black-gowned, impressive and silent, came to our room
an hour later to conduct us to the reading of rules, I had recovered my self-possession and
chatted to her pleasantly. I made a brave effort to relieve the strained atmosphere which
I found prevailing, and kept on talking promiscuously until the last rule was read.

On the whole, the reading of rules, was, to us, a distinct disappointment. None
of us was thrilled, most of us were not even impressed. Indeed, when told with ceremony
that “Freshmen must not use the front steps of Taylor,” one member of 1915 was bold
enough to inquire: “Do you mean the steps in front?”*

After the excitement of this first day we gradually settled down to quite a normal
existence. We soon found time, between teas, for three meals a day—and of a few nights
in Freshman year I remember that I slept.†

Also, we exercised. Indeed, when 1915 were Freshmen not even hot-water pipes under
the hockey field could keep away the signs of real winter from Bryn Mawr. Lest we forget,
I quote a contemporary poem in which the Freshman of so many years ago is celebrated:

“There was a young girl did aspire
To Bryn Mawr’s education, called higher;
So striving for poise,
Her skates she employs,
And she learns on a Flexible Flyer.”

SUSAN F. NICHOLS.

* After four years of attending college lectures I consider this an intelligent question and to the point.
† Of course, I mean this in a moral sense. Physically, I waked, while in Lucile’s room, under mine, the rest of Penn. West ’15
discussed affairs of the soul.
Freshman Show, Monologue by a Scene Shifter

"CERTAINLY I am glad it’s all over tonight. I do hope it goes well. Dress rehearsal was such a mess; the make-up was too terrible. Is the haystack ready? Has anybody seen the gold-fish bowl—I mean the crystal globe? That green velvet curtain makes a gorgeous backdrop, such depth—there—the curtain can go up.

Lib Bailey is a regular beauty; I think she’s the best-looking girl in college. Tabie is just about making her reputation as that Englishman, such a priceless ass, don’t you know. Down curtain!

Bring in Lucile’s Flemish carved chair there; it and the green velvet curtain give such a je ne sais quoi to this society scene. Up curtain!

Those poor society men don’t know what to do with themselves. Amy Martin has had an inspiration; she just gave a manly stride. I do admire her presence of mind. Waldy is getting away with all sorts of “man of the world” stuff; her dress suit fits her pretty well too. She comes from Newport; I suppose that helps her. Chris Smith looks as if she had not lived wisely but too well. The butler is just superb, Liz, isn’t it? She makes me think of Milton: “They also serve who only stand and wait.” Down curtain!

Mary Gertrude, you carry in the barn. Where is that haystack? Is the cow ready? All ready. Up curtain!

I adore the way Sarah Feree Diller renders that line of hers, “Hiram.” Doesn’t Horny look cute as the little boy? There goes that chorus, dancing right over the haystack. Gee, but Edna Rapallo is fine as the rooster, do look at the feet on her. Looks like a cross between Napoleon and Frank Tiney. Great guns! what’s happening to the cow? It’s coming apart in the middle. Somebody get the cow off the stage before its hind legs come off. Look, it’s just staggering apart. What will Mr. King think? There, that’s it. Saved! Down curtain.

Somebody take out the pump; let Gertie carry out the barn; she’s the strongest. Let down the grove. Easy there. Those tree-trunks don’t quite touch the stage, but I
don’t suppose people will notice. The green velvet curtain will carry it off all right—so rich and somber looking, don’t you think?

My, doesn’t Gladys Pray make a fine satyr, I’ll dream of her for nights to come with those horns. Those poor nymphs are so uncomfortable reclining on the hard boards. Gertrude Emery says she can hardly get up after this scene. My, those paper flowering shrubs look well, so idealistic, you know. Somebody go out and see what Florence Hatton is doing with the lights; the audience will think this is a thunder-storm. That “Beautiful Grove” song went off well; it really is sweet, but I’m kind of sick of it. Down curtain.

Roll up that grove; let down that temple; push in the shrine—there. Where’s Susan Nichols? You’ll have to crawl into the shrine now. I certainly feel sorry for you; you don’t look half bad, though, when you’re in there and there isn’t much light to see you by. Nobody will know what she’s supposed to be, but we can tell them later. I do think it is so nice that our class animal typifies peace. I just loathe class meeting squabbles and I suppose they are all at an end now. Up curtain.

That singing is really impressive, it’s lucky we have kneeling women and veiled nymphs and farmer boys under big hats, our class is longer on brains than beauty. There comes the last song. “In the sea, in the sea, in the sea.” They never remember how many seas there are anyhow. Down curtain.

Nobody start anything after ‘Thou Gracious Inspiration.’ You all know what 1914 did. I wonder what Miss Donelly will say about this? That green velvet curtain certainly looked well!

Atala Thayer Scudder.
The Family of 1912

It is difficult for me to write about The Family of 1912, for even now, although I too have scaled the dizzy heights of Seniorhood, the thought of 1912 brings with it an almost irresistible impulse to rise and rush madly to the nearest door and stand holding it open while The Family pass out.

Such an imposing array as were these Seniors! No matter to what gathering one went, whether to Undergraduate, Self Government or Athletic meetings, or even to the Trophy Club, one of their number was always presiding, while the others rallied to her assistance from the floor. Nor were meetings alone sufficient outlet for their powers. They trailed their glory to the upper hockey field where in fall and spring they formed the nucleus of the hockey and basket-ball teams. Omnipresent they surely were, and omniscience was their’s also. Roberts’ Rules of Order were mere child’s play to them; there was not a question of college policy which they could not discuss with alacrity and insight; there was not a course nor a professor whose secrets were hid from them, and finally there was not a tradition in the history of Bryn Mawr which they did not know—and respect. I wondered vaguely in my first few days how the college had existed before they came and if all activities would not have to cease upon their departure.

Gradually I discovered that these superwomen lived on my corridor. It seems that they had rented quarters on the second floor of Pembroke East and had brought thither their Lares and Penates and had made themselves a home. When I realized that I was in their midst I felt as though I had been assigned a room on Mt. Olympus by mistake and that the only reason I was allowed to remain was because The Family was too kind to mention the error. My home life, however, was not without difficulties. For a Freshman to live on Mt. Olympus was something of an ordeal. I seemed to have little in common with the divinities, and speech was almost an impossibility. Often before leaving my room I would take a few brisk turns up and down, or practice breathing exercises to stimulate my circulation and quicken my mental life. Then I would quickly open my
door and sally forth with a nonchalant “Come, let us be friends” attitude. But alas! Face to face with a Julia Haines or Helen Barber or Mary Pierce, my nerve disappeared completely. In vain were all my preparations for the ordeal. I became hot and cold by turns, my mental processes seemed arrested and whereas the only greeting which appeared appropriate was some lofty quotation, I usually blurted out a frightened “Hello” and rushed to my room to charge myself with another failure. The bathroom scenes were the most depressing of all. How could I brush my teeth in the presence of a divinity or how tub when a superwoman was yet unwashed? So often there were long waits when I stood leaning against the wall while the encircling Family discussed college policies or more intimate home affairs and smiled benignly at me—unconscious of my profound embarrassment.

Anyone who saw The Family in their home life can testify that it was a happy one. Their domestic régime was ideal. On Sunday mornings they all might be found in the spacious room of Gertrude Lewellyn and Lorraine Mead, enjoying a breakfast which two of their number had prepared. (On such occasions I used to skirt fearfully by the door on my way to the dining room.) Or at four o’clock when one of them would come down the hall singing out, “Is anybody home?” immediately doors would be opened and the hall would be filled with “Family” making plans for the afternoon. I sometimes wondered what would happen if I put my head out of my door in response to the call and answered cheerily, “Yes, I’m here!”

But despite my bashfulness I never lost hope, and always to the end I pictured myself with the divinities in scenes of easy intimacy, with first names coming out quite naturally and a fine sense of equality. To the end, however, they remained superwomen full of mysterious and awful power whom to know was to admire and to admire was, for a Freshman, a liberal education.

Helen Everett.
Athletic Teams and Records—Freshman Year

**Tennis Singles**
Class championship won by 1915.
*Captain—R. Harrington*
*Manager—R. Tinker*
*R. Harrington, E. Rapallo, I. Smith*

*Varsity Champion*
R. Harrington

*On Tennis Varsity*
R. Harrington

**Tennis Doubles**
Won by 1914.
R. Harrington E. Rapallo
E. Channing I. Smith
G. Emery L. Mudge

**Swimming Meet**
Championship won by 1914.
*Captain—L. Mudge*
E. Dessau M. Meeker
E. Dougherty L. Mudge
G. Emery C. Smith
M. Goodhue R. Tuttle
M. Keller W. Weaver
A. Martin

**Hockey**
Championship won by 1912.
*Captain—M. C. Morgan*
*Manager—M. Goodhue*
R. Harrington M. Goodhue
H. Everett M. Tappan
M. C. Morgan C. Smith
C. Head G. Pray
E. Channing E. Pugh
L. Mudge

**Water Polo**
Championship won by 1914.
*Captain—L. Mudge*
*Manager—E. Dougherty*
G. Emery M. Goodhue
E. Dougherty E. Bailey
M. Keller E. Dessau
L. Mudge

**Basket-Ball**
Championship won by 1913.
*Captain—S. R. Smith*
*Manager—M. Tappan*
M. Tappan H. Everett
E. Dougherty S. Smith
M. C. Morgan R. Harrington
L. Mudge

**Second Team**
*Captain—C. Elwood*
*Manager—E. Noyes*
E. Noyes I. Zeckwer
E. Dessau J. Harrison
M. Goodhue W. Weaver
M. Keller

**Outdoor Track Meet**
Championship won by 1912.
*Captain—I. Zeckwer*
E. Blount G. Pray
P. Collins I. Smith

**College Records made:**
- 100-Yard Dash—M. C. Morgan, 12 sec.
- 50-Yard Dash—M. C. Morgan, 6 1-5 sec.

**College Records broken:**
- Running high jump—L. Mudge, 4 ft. 4 in.
Sophomore Year
Offices Held by the Class—Sophomore Year

Class Officers. President—Harriet Bradford
Vice-President and Treasurer—Emily Gifford Noyes
Secretary—Helen Walkley Irvin
Undergraduate Association.
Assistant Treasurer—Elizabeth B. Smith

Students' Council. Adrienne Kenyon, Atala Thayer Scudder
Athletic Association. Vice-President and Treasurer—Isolde Zeckwer
Christian Association. Assistant Treasurer—Harriet Bradford
Secretary—Elizabeth Bailey

Bryn Mawr Students' Association for Self-Government
Treasurer—Carlotta L. Taber

College Settlement Association. Secretary—Lucile Davidson
Consumers' League. Treasurer and Secretary—Catharine E. Head
Equal Suffrage League. Secretary—Edna Rapallo

Glee Club. Assistant Business Manager—Mary Mitchell Chamberlain
Lantern Board. Assistant Business Manager—Isabel Smith
Tipyn o'Bob Board. Assistant Editor—Sara Rozet Smith
Treasurer—Dorothea May Moore
The Road to Yesterday

The path of most committees is beset with obstacles and delays, and that of the Sophomore Play Committee proved so full of difficulties that finally they resorted to the “Road to Yesterday” as the best way out. At least that is how they got out of it when censured for their decision. The casting of the play went well until we reached the rôle of the Irish maid, whose prophecy gives the play its name. At this point the casting committee seemed unreasonable and perverse (that is the opinion of each side). Did this maid represent the mysterious spirit of prophecy revealing the submarinian depths of the past, or was she just superstitious? Ah, this was the problem with which the casting committee tusseled, that caused furious discussion night after night until ten-thirty. At last a “strictly neutral” was called in to decide the question, and rehearsals began in peace. Then it occurred to us that Miss Thomas might like to know what we intended to give. As a matter of fact, Miss Thomas was very much interested in the subject, having already decided on a Sophomore play for us. Again the warring instinct of woman broke forth, but this time the different factions took common cause against the common foe. The “foe,” however, proved very friendly and cast confusion in our ranks by yielding graciously. I say “cast confusion” advisedly, since we had no sooner gained our point before, true to feminine psychology, we began disagreeing as to whether we really wanted that point after all. Should we not yield, too, out of respect to our President? Or would it seem undignified and weak to change our minds? These and other subtle questions severed our ranks. But the argument which finally settled the matter was that we had already begun the “Road to Yesterday” and that the date for the play was drawing dangerously near. Then rehearsals began in earnest. Who can forget the hours we labored over Betty Jones’ “Oh! Here he comes”; Sarah Rozet’s “Where am I?”; D. P.’s “Kenelm, Kenelm, what shall thy suffering be?” And the marriage ceremony—who can forget that, with its soft musical accompaniments to stir the soul, so soft and soulful that the audience could not hear it? Do you remember how one delinquent retainer never came to rehearsals
until finally we sent a strong-squad (Liz & Co.) after her? Do you remember how Kenelm failed to get all his mustache off for the fourth act, and consequently how in the excitement of the last love scene one ridiculous black hair trembled passionately on his upper lip? And do you remember what a relief it was to hear the applause, the stamping and cheering of the audience? We had all worked particularly hard on the play, since most of us were skeptical as to its success. What a relief, then, to hear our audience "fired with enthusiasm." Indeed, the next day, Sunday, wherever we went on the campus, we were showered with congratulations. But alas! our success was short lived; we had pleased all of the college except the English Department—ah, fatal mistake! Monday, momentous day for all college plays, the "Road to Yesterday" was branded "unliterary;" it suffered the tortures of an English Department Inquisition; it was stoned with condemnations, exiled from our memory, until even its little life, such as it had, poor thing, was "rounded with a sleep." Its persecutors seemed to forget that the "Road to Yesterday" contains a quotation from Shakespeare. But our only defense was of the dumb-dumb variety. However, they were generous in praise of our acting, and so was Mr. King. They merely felt that in our choice we had taken a step backward instead of forward in the history of Sophomore plays; and of course the evidence was against us—we stepped back three hundred years. But then, that was only in the two middle acts. Surely in the first and fourth we were sufficiently up to date: witness Lil Mudge and our hero Jack. Witness also the fine modern spirit of cooperation of every member of our class in producing the play (far be it from me to refer to the Scientific management*). Everyone worked tirelessly for the common cause, and many are the happy times we fought together. These are only a few reminiscences of our play, but at least they suggest "the way that leads back to yesterday," a road well worth traveling for the sake of experience, friendships formed, and pleasant memories gained.

DAGMAR PERKINS.

*The Editors wonder if the author is here referring to the dressing of Jack in doublet and hose by six faithful lackeys during a two-minute speech on the stage. Surely that was a triumph. And as for cooperation—consider the Mob!
In Memoriam—1913

Class of our sisters, loved of old,
   You of the far-famed Class Thirteen,
And from whose elder hand we hold
   Traditions of the red and green;
Your memory is with us yet,—
Could we forget? Could we forget?

The tumult and the cheering died
   As Thirteen and her band depart.
Still stayed the lonely Class Fifteen
   With humble and with contrite heart.
But Harriet was with us yet
Lest we forget. Lest we forget!

Time passed—as Seniors old and gray
   To sing on Taylor steps we've come.
With all our pep of yesterday
   We sing "Aloha" to ONE alum'.
Judge if our love is with us yet—
Do we forget? Do we forget?

If drunk with sight of one we loose
   Wild tongues that hold not tune in awe,
Forgetting we should never use
   Sentiment (so runs the Ancient Law),
O Nineteen Thirteen, say it not
That we forgot. That we forgot!  

MARY MONROE HARLAN.
Interview for Argument in Second Year English

Scene—Miss D.'s Office in Library.

Miss D. (picking up argument).—"Good morning, Miss E.—This paper has some good points, very good. You've numbered the pages. That is a great convenience in putting them into order after reading. Your handwriting is good and you've cited the books used at the foot of the page. The paper shows careful and extensive reading. I've given you Pass +, but the paper really is not an argument. I knew it was far too difficult a subject when I told you to take it. I think, instead of revising it, you had better draw up a brief on a new subject and write another argument. (Hands back the paper.) (Knock at door.) That must be Miss H. I think that will do. Come to see me next week.

Miss E.—Good morning.

Helene Evans.
EVERY class before us had written a crit paper on Marlowe, just as every class before us had had Rush Night, and had cut lectures. We alone were selected for experimentation. I don’t know what it is about us that is so peculiarly irresistible in the eyes of the scientific educator, unless it is that our green color strongly suggests the frog of laboratory fame. I always did feel that we should have chosen the frog for our class animal. He would have been so truly symbolic of our nature and our fate; however, I would not revive that old controversy now. Suffice it to say, that we did not have Rush Night, nor did we write on Marlowe. The Administration suddenly thought what a horrible thing it was that hundreds and hundreds of essays about the same man should be piling up in the college archives. Doubtless they were justified in this feeling. Poor Marlowe—he may have made some mistakes in his lifetime, but surely he did not deserve to be perpetuated thus! So Bacon was selected for our mercies—I may not call them tender. Why Bacon? I cannot tell, unless it was that we should never have read him otherwise. As it is—who can ever forget? Miss Daw made me read my paper aloud to her at my interview. It was bad enough to write it, but—well, I have never forgiven her!

There were several papers with very impressive openings, I remember, in the philosophic strain, which Pitkin advocates. Thus:

“There have been a great many ages in the history of mankind.”

“Bacon had a great deal of knowledge on a variety of subjects.”

It is not exactly à propos, but I can’t help being reminded just at this point of a sentence I found in my Sociology note book the other day, “All life is affected by various things.” And still they say that the female mind is bound down to the study of trifling details, and cannot see life steadily and see it whole!

In connection with Bacon’s knowledge, it is interesting to read in another paper, “The Greeks and Romans were not unknown to Bacon. Roman statesmen lent their ideas to convince us with Bacon’s points. French, Spanish, Italian doctrines and practices
elucidate his essays. He treats emotions which every one has felt. Bacon—makes us stop and consider our wild intentions for revenge. The essays show that Bacon realised that men love Truth, Honor, Great Place, Wisdom, Friendship, but do not like Death, Adversity, Suspense, Cunning, Delays, Envy.”

Was it just here that Miss Crandall pointed out that we had “a firm grasp of the obvious”?

Once I heard some one object to critical papers on the grounds that the students were inclined to say not what they really thought but what they heard that the English Department wanted them to think. But one, at least, among our number had the strength of her convictions. I always wondered who she was and if she really did “put it over.”

“Even in those essays which might have been fancifully treated,” she boldly wrote, “we find only a few imaginative touches. Bacon’s style is as uninspired as must be that of the man who makes an inventory of a Department Store. Parts of the essays read like a card catalog.”

Another lover of truth, not yet so embittered, appreciating the possible drawbacks of heredity and environment, was able to season her criticism with kindly pity.

“I do not admire Bacon,” she said, “yet he had good qualities and perhaps he made the best out of unfortunate circumstances.”

And speaking of environment, there is an astonishing bit of information about it in one of the introductions.

“Character depends upon many things, upon a man’s inherent moral stamina, upon his mental ability, upon the uses which he makes of his talents, and upon his environment. In a way environment is not a very vital influence, for success or failure in life is not dependent upon it, but upon a man’s natural ability. However this influence is not to be despised.”

Though some of us did not feel enthusiastically towards Bacon, among others heartfelt appreciation was not lacking. A few there were who could read for a crit and still have the heart to praise.
“Bacon writes simply and sincerely, withal sweetly.”

“Bacon in certain respects is considerable of an idealist.”

This tentative distinction reminds me of a remark once made in chapel by a visiting Dean. “Poetry,” she said in the same delicately hesitating way, “is a kind of aroma; it has a sort of fragrance.”

One writer wanted to be nice about the card catalogs but she simply could not bring herself to tell a lie, so she compromised and remarked negatively:

“Bacon did not spend his time in wild flights of the imagination.”

Perhaps it was the same feeling which prompted the following kindly condescension:

“His literary works in which we are here interested are of no inferior calibre.”

It is enlightening to read, too, that,

“His entire purpose, his hobby was the furtherance of human interests.”

“Bacon regarded Elizabeth not merely from a personal point of view.” His “inexperience with the world precluded his writing from a personal point of view,” perhaps because he was “an idealist in the plain man’s interpretation of the term—‘one who has ideals which he never lives up to.’”

“The superficial things of life were more important to the Elizabethans than were the vital issues.”

One paper there was which summed up everything about Bacon in one fine climactic ending:

“But even though Bacon’s essays contain all these interesting subjects covering a wide range of mental development, they would not be now and ever the classics that they are if it were not for a certain delightfulness of expression which Bacon has used.”

As we glance over these gems which fell from our Sophomorean pens we cannot suppress a warm glow of pride and pleasure. Was it any wonder that in Senior year our class had many candidates for the essay prize?

Florence G. Hatton.
Athletic Teams and Records—Sophomore Year

**Tennis Singles**
Championship won by 1913.
Captain—E. Rapallo
Manager—I. Smith
E. Rapallo I. Smith
L. Mudge

**Tennis Doubles**
Championship won by 1914.
E. Rapallo L. Mudge
I. Smith M. Tappan
E. L. Jones G. Emery

Second Team
I. Smith G. Emery
E. L. Jones

**Hockey**
Championship won by 1914.
Captain—C. Head
Manager—L. Mudge
M. C. Morgan W. Weaver
E. Noyes L. Mudge
R. Tinker G. Pray
G. Emery E. Blount
C. Head A. Hardon
M. Tappan

Second Team
Captain—I. Foster
Manager—E. Noyes
L. Branson M. Goodhue
M. Yost E. Rapallo
I. Foster J. Harrison
I. Zeckwer J. Deming
E. Dougherty S. Brandeis
C. Taber

**Swimming Meet**
Championship won by 1915.
Individual Championship Cup won by M. Keller.
Captain—E. Dessau
E. Dougherty M. Keller
E. Dessau W. Weaver
A. Martin M. Meeker
R. Tuttle M. G. Brownell
M. Goodhue G. Emery

**Water Polo**
Class championship won by 1913.
Captain—E. Dessau
Manager—M. Goodhue
M. Keller M. Goodhue
G. Emery E. Bailey
E. Dougherty E. Dessau
M. G. Brownell

**Outdoor Track Meet**
Championship won by 1915.
Individual Cup won by M. C. Morgan

Captain—I. Zeckwer
Manager—L. Mudge
G. Pray M. C. Morgan
S. R. Smith C. Taber
I. Zeckwer M. Tappan
R. Tinker E. Dessau
E. Blount I. Foster

College Records broken:
Standing Broad Jump—M. C. Morgan, 7ft. $\frac{9}{2}$in.

**Basket-Ball**
Championship won by 1914.
Captain—S. R. Smith
Manager—E. Dougherty
M. Tappan E. Pugh
E. Dougherty S. R. Smith
M. C. Morgan I. Zeckwer
L. Mudge

Second Team
Captain—E. Dessau
Manager—M. Goodhue
J. Deming W. Weaver
E. Dessau J. Harrison
R. Hopkinson M. Goodhue
C. Elwood

On Varsity Team
L. Mudge S. R. Smith
Junior Year
Office Held by the Class—Junior Year

Class Officers.  President—Elizabeth B. Smith
Vice-President—Atala Thayer Scudder
Secretary—Mary Monroe Harlan

Undergraduate Association.
Vice-President and Treasurer—Dorothea May Moore
Secretary—Adrienne Kenyon

Students’ Council—Florence Gage Hatton, Susan Farley Nichols
Athletic Association.  Secretary—Eleanor Dougherty
Out-door Manager—Isolde Zeckwer

Christian Association.  Treasurer—Emily Gifford Noyes

Bryn Mawr Students’ Association for Self-Government.  Secretary—Carlotta L. Taber

Executive Board—Elizabeth B. Smith, Harriet Bradford

Consumers’ League.  Chairman—Jean Sattler
Equal Suffrage League.  Vice-President—Edna Rapallo
Advisory Board—Lucile Davidson

English Club.  Members—Mary Albertson, Harriet Bradford, Florence Gage Hatton, Susan Farley Nichols, Sara Rozet Smith

Glee Club.  Business Manager—Katherine W. McCollin

History Club.  Treasurer—Ruth Newman
Philosophical Club.  Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer—Helen Everett
Science Club.  Secretary and Treasurer—Marguerite Daisy Darkow
Trophy Club.  Secretary—Sara Rozet Smith

Lantern and “Tipyn o’Bob” Board.  Mary Albertson, Harriet Bradford, Helen Irvin, Emily G. Noyes
The Temptations

"By remaining single a man converts himself into a permanent public temptation."

LIFE'S aim, if it has one, is simply to be always looking for temptations. There are not nearly enough. I sometimes pass a whole day without coming across a single one. It is quite dreadful. It makes one so nervous about the future." So spake Oscar Wilde and it seems as if he must have foreseen the present conditions at college. Alas! during one short year things have sadly changed and we look back regretfully to the good old days of temptationdom in Junior year before matrimony and poetry had done their worst—before Jonsie had taken unto himself a wife or Huddy had sailed for the distant Philippines. In those days fishing rights were not reserved for the cultured few and Physics problems needed (and received) the assistance of "lions of force."

Junior year—surely its very innocence was bliss. Life was one —— temptation after another. The Library reverberated with their tread. That was before the day of pussy-footed O'Sullivans, and we could tell a temptation by his step. Small matter if we majored in Sociology, Physics, History or Archeology when there was always one common ground—The kittens!! Below in the dark dungeon, guarded jealously by a diligent janitor, these blessed four enjoyed a happy childhood, endowed with names wholly suited to their station. Need it be said that our one object in life was to play with—these animals!

Then we must not forget the skating pond. What "eenfinite possibileeties" for those of a subtle or persevering temperament! But alas! this very skating pond proved our nemesis. Furthermore, who will ever forget Baby Moore's sharks and chivalry, Jimmy's blushes and "your diamonds," and Huddy's "Reul Will" as interpreted by Belle? And how we crowded to English Club receptions—O tempus, O mores!

But alas! spring came and with it our last terrible tragic effort, "Dewey or are we done." In connection with this we beg to chronicle the remark made casually to one of the unsuspecting authoresses: "Gosh, Braley was bored by the show; did you see her face?"

That was the end—and thence only one step to Jeff's third floor. Gone, all gone, and
in their places—what? International ladies in lavender and old rose, budding poets and bursting geniuses. (The latter refers to the oriental influence in modern poetry.)

Grown older and wiser in this our Senior year, we can but add a fervent "amen" to Hugh Black's prayer.

"Oh, Lord, give us strength to resist these temptations." And the Lord has done his best—yea, verily, he has even removed them!

MARY B. GOODHUE,
ENID DESSAU.
Our Banner Show to 1917

It is to be lamented that Pierot, like Gray, and according to one member of 1915, like Burns, "Never spoke out." (I have some misgivings at this point that this motto of the English department's favorite essay for analysis has been used by someone else for the Class Book—and if this is true, kindly remember Mr. Puff's explanation of such phenomenon.) Be that as it may, however, the phrase suits Pierot, although no essay is needed, in this case, to account for this poverty of speech.

This artist may have a delicate constitution, as his complexion which rivaled Yeats's shirt front in whiteness signified. He may have fallen on an age of prose—as indeed he did pipe plaintively where organs are ordered by telephone. But the true explanation is more simple than these—he did not speak out because he was the hero of a pantomime.

If he only could have spoken occasionally, he could have shown the world what an admirable life he had always led, although it was his fate to be a strolling player and to act, on the smallest conceivable stage, with a treacherous sentimental leading-lady, like Rosalind. If he could have uttered a small fraction of the love speeches which any one of the gentlemen in "The Road to Yesterday" were always declaiming, upon no provocation, then he could have proved how loyal he was to his real lady-love, who was his first and only sweetheart, and how truly thankful he was to be united with the heroine after all his adventures, by the bride's father (a feat accomplished with great difficulty and much practice).

In short, if Pierot could have spoken out, he would have vindicated himself in the eyes of the world, or if he could have had his rôle interpreted by a sympathetic College News, his fate would have been different. But he had no such help, and, consequently, he is the most misunderstood of all heroes. His name has become associated with a part of the scenery, with a mere incidental piece of local coloring, which was but to contrast domestic tranquillity with the wretched homelessness of the desperate couple. Pierot—the noble, courageous hero of our Banner Show must live for posterity in that cruel untruthful line of the History song!

"And tourmaline hearts softened at the baby of Pierot."

Helen W. Irwin.
May Day; or, from Bookworm to Social Butterfly*

THE May Queen coolly drew a magic breath, and in a voice of tinkling melody (with all the beautiful liaisons) bade the intellectual fogs disperse from the sultry academic atmosphere; caused the bookworms to cast aside their melancholy black, come out of their shells and greet the May as social butterflies. The world perceived the result and was enchanted. Loving relatives and friends thought audibly: "How delightful for the dear girls to have this jolly little recreation from their studies." "A fairy breath, and this pretty transformation from studiousness to picturesque playtime."

Poesy to the contrary, life before May Day was not altogether a "jolly little recreation." It is tough pulling to turn any worm into a butterfly, and to transform a placid bookworm into a warrior bold, a maiden fair, etc., is no easier than any other metamorphosis. The fairy breath whistled through Pembroke leaving misery behind. (External appearances showed the other halls in similar state.)

You could hear conversations somewhat like this:

First victim: "Oh, dear, how stupid people are! I've always known I was made for tragedy and here they've gone and given me a comic part!"

Second victim: "My heavens, I didn't want to be in the old thing at all, and they say I've got to be King George. They say" (an addition made with pardonable pride) "they can't find anybody else with a minor third and King George has to speak in a minor third."

Haephestion lived next door to me for a while, and quiet hours, though never exactly sepulchral in Pem. West, were then rent with the anguished—"Oh, Alexander, a shàn'om-me, for the son-n-n of Philip-p King-ng-ng of Macedon-n-n to be the subject-t of Campáazzbe the Cáptiv-ve of Theeb-b-z-z." All the beautiful vibrations and fine blue-bottle sounds we present.

* In accordance with Poetic License, "Social Butterfly" is taken throughout the essay to mean:—A knight, a maiden, a monk or any other old thing (old in the sense of Elizabethan).
The difficulty of getting Alexander ready for his various appearances soon became apparent. Before and after each one Lord Leicester and other friends of various condition solicitously sewed him in and ripped him out of his "costume"—if they didn't, uneasy was the head that wore the crown.

Nature was unsympathetic on the final day; she mistook the meaning of our unacademic appearance and wept copiously. Just in time she stayed her tears, and, "at 10.30 the procession, composed of this fine group of the picked young women of the country in their gala attire, began to form outside the ivied arch of Pembroke Hall." From this time forth the guests were rushed from one Elizabethan scene to another in true Twentieth Century style. They were apparently happy, and we gained distinction collectively and individually. "I never shall be able to think of you out of your part again," said one kind lady to me, "it just suited you." This made me very happy—I was the village booby.

Alice R. Humphrey.
"To the May-Pole Let Us On"

To write of 1915's May Day is to write for the most part of well-trained though graceless Morris-Dancers, Vigorous Merry-Men and conscientious servers of tea behind Radnor.

Some few of us rose above this rank and file—perhaps to the dizzy height of a horse's back, from whence we surveyed the mob with outward calm. Emily was really higher than any of us, upon her lonely hill top, though it must be said she descended with extreme rapidity. Attired in forget-me-nots and flowing hair, and uttering the most piercing of mad shrieks, she would dash wildly down the hill into the phalanx of photographers, who, warned of the approaching phenomenon, would gather in the hollow. I always wondered how many cameras she broke!

As I look back upon May Day one of the bright particular stars that shines out of the gloom of programme sellers and ticket takers, is Lucile in her costume of solid gold into which she was sewn by her devoted friends. It isn't necessary to say how Lucile distinguished herself—any more than it is necessary to praise Hezzie, because it has been done so many times already—and anyway, this is supposed to be written in what is called the "forcedly facetious" style.

No reminiscence of the "Old Wives' Tale" would be complete without including Goodhue, the grinning, snaky-locked, claw-fingered fury, who, with her two companions, rushed in from time to time to clear the stage of dead bodies. I hereby humbly assert that I realize that it is impossible for one of my mental calibre ever to hope to understand the plot of the "Old Wives' Tale," particularly as I never saw the whole of it. But from what I did see, I am convinced that Goodhue and her furies were an indispensible link in the plot. Only consider the confusion of dead bodies without the offices of these kindly furies. Imagine sad lovers, magicians, milkmaids, Vanilla and Snatch'-er'pants all mingled in an inextricable tangle of corpses!
Another corpse—that of Julia, the jovial dragon, who died so eloquently, so many times, deserves a special tribute. Indeed, it is true of that dragon

That “nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it.”

because it gave him a chance to show off, in howls of dying agony, his voice, which had been cultivated for this purpose months before in the reverberating corridors of Pembroke East.

I myself took no small part in the play of St. George. As, at the head of the line of kings and queens and saints and sinners, I strutted proudly in attired in a purple velvet nightgown, a pair of shoes meant for some nice old man to rock in on his front piazza, and my 30-cent—but 100-dollar size—brass curtain ring necklace, I felt that at last I knew why it was that I had come to college. As I put my hand on my sword and told the audience in pleasant conversational tones that “I was King Arthur and this here was my bride,” I did not fulfil Goodhue’s dire prophecy and say my sword was my bride and forget where the top of my head was. But no matter how excellent the effect I must admit that it was indeed a trying moment.

And this is a good place to stop, because “trying moment” expresses most of our reminiscences of May Day.

It was horrible to feel that in the audience before us were our family and friends and hardly dare to look, lest we meet a friendly frivolous eye. Still worse, to feel that possibly our families weren’t there looking proudly at us.

And of course we all felt that we were cast for parts far below our capabilities and were entirely unappreciated by Mr. King. But no matter how much we coveted some Freshman’s part, I never heard one of us say that she ought to have been the May Queen!

MARY GERTRUDE BROWNELL.
First thoughts of 1917 are apt to be of a classical nature. One remembers them chiefly as Greek coming out to war against Greek, a “team in the flaming red” with hundreds, or so it always seemed, shouting friendly challenges from the side lines. There was Peggy Thomson in the Varsity brown and yellow, and Janet, and all the other Amazons down to little Lucia tearing up the field. But besides bright arm bows bobbing excitedly up and down the library all morning and long legs flying beneath worn red hockey skirts all afternoon, there are other impressions to be gathered about 1917. What of K. Blodgett and Rock? Who can ever forget Jenks and the picnic play in the hollow? (Somehow I always think of Glocker’s too when I hear her name!)

But 1917 was more than athletic and good and humorous and epicurean—it was artistic and beautiful. Consider the flowery skirts that made our autumn campus vernal, and contemplate, for one moment only, the 1917 tables in Pembroke dining room. Was it ever of any use to bring a suitor to Pem. to dinner? No, gentle reader, not if you expected him to be lost in admiration of your own table. And who shall ever say that 1917 was not fervent and eloquent in debate; or that it was not philosophically inclined; or that it did not know and love the very newest books?

Yes, we heap praises on you now, but we were not always so fond of you, 1917. When our Juniors went away and you came trooping along in place of Pagey and Maude, Natalie and Gertrude Hindricks and all the rest, we were not quite so glad to see you. But you were so enthusiastic and you cheered us so nicely in the dining room, in spite of all Liz could do or Constance could tell you, that you won our hearts at last, and to the bitter end we never tired of singing you from Senior steps,

“Oh, it’s side by side
As we always rush ahead.”

Now that you’ve grown up yourselves with Caroline Stevens to pilot you safely through Junior year—the very best year of all, you’ll find, we can only wish you the same luck with your Freshmen that we had two years ago.

F. G. Hatton.
Athletic Teams and Events—Junior Year

**Tennis Singles**
Class championship won by 1915.
*Captain—E. Rapallo*
*Manager—I. Smith*
M. Tappan    I. Smith
E. Rapallo

*Second Team*
*Captain—G. Emery*
*Manager—S. Brandeis*

**Tennis Doubles**
Championship won by 1914.
M. Tappan    S. Brandeis
I. Smith    G. Emery
E. Pugh    E. Blount

*On Tennis Varsity*
M. Tappan

**Hockey**
Championship won by 1914.
*Captain—M. C. Morgan*
*Manager—R. Tinker*
M. C. Morgan    I. Zeckwer
R. Tinker    M. Tappan
G. Emery    J. Deming
M. Yost    E. Blount
M. Taber    A. Hardon
W. Weaver

*Second Team*
*Captain—I. Foster*
*Manager—C. Taber*
H. Irvin    C. Taber
E. Noyes    H. Taft

**Swimming Meet**
Championship won by 1917.
Individual Championship Cup
won by M. Keller
*Captain—E. Dessau*
M. Keller    W. Weaver
C. Smith    I. Zeckwer
A. Burchard    R. Tuttle

**Water Polo**
Championship won by 1915.
*Captain—E. Dessau*
*Manager—M. Goodhue*
M. Keller    M. Goodhue
G. Emery    A. Spence
C. Smith    E. Dessau
M. G. Brownell

*On Varsity Team*
M. Keller    M. G. Brownell
M. Goodhue    E. Dessau

**Outdoor Track Meet**
Championship won by 1915.
Individual Cup won by
M. C. Morgan

*Captain—I. Zeckwer*
*Manager—M. C. Morgan*
R. Hopkinson    M. Morgan
E. Blount    I. Zeckwer
M. Keller    C. Taber
W. Weaver    S. R. Smith
G. Emery    A. Burchard
M. Tappan    E. Dougherty
M. Thompson

*College Record broken:*
100-yard Hurdles—
M. C. Morgan, 15 2-5 sec.
Class Relay Race—1915,
38 2-5 sec.

**Basket-Ball**
Championship won by 1914.
*Captain—S. R. Smith*
*Manager—E. Dougherty*
E. Dougherty    P. Collins
E. Pugh    I. Zeckwer
S. R. Smith    M. Tappan
M. Morgan

*Second Team*
*Captain—E. Dessau*
*Manager—M. Goodhue*
J. Deming    W. Weaver
E. Dessau    M. Goodhue
R. Hopkinson    H. Bradford
E. Noyes

*On Varsity*
M. C. Morgan    S. R. Smith
M. Tappan
Senior Year
Offices Held by the Class—Senior Year

Class Officers. President—Harriet Bradford
Vice-President—Emily Van Horn
Secretary—Katharine Williams McCollin

Undergraduate Association. President.—Adrienne Kenyon
Athletic Association. President.—Isolde Zeckwer

Indoor Manager—Enid. Dessau

Christian Association. President—Ruth Tinker. Vice-President—Helen Herron Taft

Bryn Mawr Students' Association for Self-Government. President—Elizabeth B. Smith
Vice-President—Harriet Bradford

Executive Board—Elizabeth B. Smith, Harriet Bradford

Equal Suffrage League. President—Lucile Davidson

English Club. President—Florence Gage Hatton

Members—Mary Albertson, Harriet Bradford, Helen B. Chapin, Marguerite Daisy Darkow, Susan Farley Nichols, Emily Gifford Noyes, Sara Rozet Smith, Helen Herron Taft

Second Semester—Helen Walkley Irvin

Glee Club. Leader—Katharine W. McCollin.

History Club. President—Katharine M. Street
Treasurer—Ruth Newman

Philosophical Club. President—Helen Everett

Science Club. President—Atala Thayer Scudder
Secretary and Treasurer—Marguerite Daisy Darkow
Trophy Club. President—Isabel Foster
Committee—Sara Rozet Smith

College News Board. Managing Editor—Isabel Foster
Assistant Managing Editor—Adrienne Kenyon
Editors—Ruth Tinker, Isolde Zeckwer

Lantern and “Tipyn o’Bob” Board. Editor-in-Chief—Emily Gifford Noyes
Editors—Harriet Bradford, Mary Getrude Brownell, Helen Walkley Irvin,
Helen Herron Taft
Business Managers—Atala Thayer Scudder, Mary Brookes Goodhue

Debating. Captain—Florence Gage Hatton
Manager—Isabel Foster
Choir-Leader—Isabel Smith
Organist—Mary Mitchell Chamberlain
Head Fire Captain—Isolde Zeckwer
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Dignity and the Senior Chair

DID you ever know, 1915, that I was once said to "embody the dignity of the Senior Class"? A Freshman really said that. "Yes," you say, "but what Freshman? Was she a Freshman of promise?" Upon my word, I had never thought of that, one way or the other, until she uttered that immortal phrase, but from that hour I have considered her the coming person in 1918. Such "vision," such "sincerity of statement"—and I leave it to you whether the "truth is not self-evident."

But this side of me may never have been apparent to you; certainly not when I have tried to lead class meetings with my cap all askew. But my head is made that way. Its bumps will not be hidden by so modest a "lid" as the academic cap. Seriously, the question I would have you consider, in your idle alumnae hours, is whether you, even you, 1915, have not judged me harshly. Can a "chair" be dignified, and if so does that not depend entirely on the state of the legs? A four-legged chair, yes, or perhaps one stoutly upholstered à la Liz, but a three-legged chair would be out of the question. It would always look drunk, and the two-legged "chair" has troubles of its own. In moments of suspense, when 1915 will or will not choose its Senior play, or when Pallas will or will not be parodied, then the "chair" curls its weaker leg (left) around its stronger leg (right) and teeters back and forth in agony, swaying to and fro with every opinion "that blows." The gusts of storm have sometimes been such as nearly to suck me up the chimney, and you will admit that when attention must needs be riveted on maintaining stable equilibrium, dignity is a minor consideration. Besides, to be really dignified, the "chair" must stand fast in one position. But when Golly holds forth on the morals of class cups, and when Isabel Foster insists that a big cast for the Senior Play will secure for 1915 that long-longed for, half-hoped for bond of union, the "chair" almost topples over. Only for the moment, however. Enid rises to a point of "pep," and the eyes of the tender-hearted "chair" water as she meditates on the irony of a Fate that should make Bryn Mawr not only sneeze but choke on Enid's special brand. How far to let her go, and take Goodhoo and Gerty with her—is a problem over
which the “chair” has pondered deeply. To please 1915 or to please the college (for their ideas do not always coincide), in fact, to be or not to be a “chair”—those are the questions. Pondered one by one they might produce “a most interesting gravity,” but when they all surge together into a breast de-humanised between 1.30 and 2.00 P. M., then, I ask you, is it strange that the “chair” fairly bursts in the attempt to maintain a dignified exterior? How little have you known that “the outward shows are least themselves”! Little have you known how often I have felt for the argument of one side or the other, and most often for both sides at once. How often would I willingly have cast off my cap and gown and sat on the floor and let anyone who would be the Senior “chair!” And most often of all, from my great height I have looked down compassionately upon that seething human mass on the floor of the Pem. East sitting-room, longing to give you fresh air to help digest that heavy lunch of hash and baked potatoes, and often I have not refrained from the heresy of thinking what a tempest in a tea-cup so much of our class business is, and I have felt pangs of the bitterest remorse after torturing you with such trifles. But a chair has not a great brain for searching and finding the majority will. The majority will must find itself; therefore the class meeting and therefore the chair and therefore the “chair” without its dignity, that is, on one leg with cap askew. But lest that should be your lasting memory of me, I pray you, remember again the words of that astute Freshman, and in that connection recall one Governor of Tilbury Fort, with gray whiskers and great breadth of beam, secured by the swathing of one slender form medially in layers of hockey skirt, jumper and bloomers neatly folded—over all, a surcoat and trunks—the posture, kneeling prayerfully. For the properly descriptive phrase you will be forced with me back into the classics, and though you search there long and intellegently, you will hit upon none better than “otium cum dignitate.”

THE “CHAIR.”

N. B.—à la P. M. L. A.

For the lack of humor herein shown I have only to blame my ancestry. For what humor sparkles here, I owe grateful acknowledgment to the tortuous discipline of 1915 Pem. West in Junior Year, and to the generally unkindly treatment which my character has suffered during my sojourn here. Yours, purified by fire, WITH A SENSE OF HUMOR?
YOU remember the Forum, of course. You remember gathering about the posters—
“Mass-meeting in the chapel. President Thomas and Undergraduates. Business—
discussion of the cut-rule.” You remember stopping me on the campus a dozen
times a day to ask if you could bring your aunt and your uncle and your three second
cousins. You remember the brilliancy of the undergraduate argument, could probably
give it me point for point, the convincing logic of Harriet, and Florence’s persuasiveness.
But for me the connotation of Forum is quite otherwise. If it were not for our type-
written minutes I would not know to this day what was said at that meeting. An Under-
graduate Association meeting that overflowed the chapel, gallery and all, with the President
of the college on the front row proved too much—my memory played me queer tricks,
leaving a series of snapshot recollections between lapses. First, there is Miss Thomas
taking off her cloak in the office, telling me that, “Nelson has removed the desk from the
platform so that the speakers can practice standing alone.” I thought with a gasp of
Margaret Russel in a hockey skirt and of Horney’s defiant ultimatum, and wondered whether
the bomb I must hurl at my poor unsuspecting fellows, “The speakers will please come to
the platform,” would explode for me later. Then we enter the chapel door and President
Thomas, turning to me, asks if I am sure there is no reporter present. “No,” I murmur
hurriedly (What could I say?) and hastily ascend the rostrum to look straight up into the
face of a man seated right in the conspicuous center of the conspicuous gallery. What
was one to do, shout “Begone!” or send trusty henchmen to evict him? Suppose he
refused to be evicted, what were 300 girls, even plus Nelson, against one real man? Roberts’
Rules say nothing about the ejection of reporters, and as a moral coward there was but
one thing for me to do, ignore him and pray Heaven that by some miracle he would sud-
denly become invisible.

My admiration for those nine speakers who marched to the platform without the
quiver of a single muscle is undying; and Margaret Russel, rising in a hockey skirt and
middy to speak with self-possession worthy of a trained evening gown, was the noblest sight I ever witnessed in college. I can remember spending most of my time getting up and sitting down again, wondering how to vary the tiresome formula, "Is there any more discussion?" and what would happen if the next speaker should forget she was next. Why I didn't have a list and announce each orator sensibly instead of looking blankly at the audience and trying to look as if I didn't know that Helen Everet controlled the situation through a little list in her hand, I am sure I don't know. Possibly we thought that the debate would seem more spontaneous, that each speaker would appear to rise because moved by the "spirit." Miss Thomas would never know of the hours spent not only in polishing our several arguments but in massing them to present a convincing whole. Do you remember that dreadful dispute as to whether Mary Gertrude embodying the "general" should precede Helen Taft and the "particular?" I recall also wondering whether Harriet had ever voted, and if Dora's resolute little back meant that she really understood all those startling statistics, and whether Miss Thomas wasn't out of breath with so much stair-climbing, and what would happen if she should suddenly ask the meeting to declare itself convinced.

Well, it was a great and glorious night, one that will live long in "Girlie's" typewritten minutes, a milestone on the road that led us to the regaining of our original, natural, inherent "right to cut."

Adrienne Kenyon.
Writing Petitions

No doubt to many of you the writing of a petition may seem a simple matter. You know what you want; you ask some one for it; and you stick in a "Whereas" at intervals. But I have been convinced by experience that the writer of petitions must not only be especially gifted by Heaven but must also be carefully educated and perfected in her calling. I am not sure but that Hat had the native genius, but she lacked training and polish. I lacked all three. My sole and somewhat dubious utility lay in my readiness to pick flaws in Hat’s sense and sentence structure. As for Russ and Constance Hall, they always complained that they had no business on the Committee at all, but they were also able to make objections to all constructive suggestions.

Russ did suggest a word once. I can't remember what it was, but it had five syllables and we could none of us agree on what it meant. But Russ liked it and insisted that we look it up in the dictionary and use it somewhere.

Our meetings used to be somewhat as follows:

Hat.—“Now I'll read you what I have written—that is, if none of you can suggest anything—and you can change it.

'And whereas, the Undergraduate Association feels that the sense of responsibility of the Student Body will be weakened—'”

Russ.—“I don’t like ‘sense of responsibility.’”

H. T.—“How about ‘self-reliance,’ ‘feeling of self-reliance’?”

Hat.—“‘Feels that the feeling of self-reliance—’”

Russ.—“You can’t have so many feelings; try sentiment.”

Hat.—“‘Feels that the sentiment of self-reliance—’”

Constance.—“Oh, I don’t like that at all.”

Hat.—“Well, you know the Faculty will just laugh at this paragraph at any rate—let’s leave it out!”

H. T. (protesting).—“But, Hat, we must give some high moral grounds; the Association wants them.”
Hat (distractedly).—“Oh, if we only knew what the Association did want!”
That was always our wail—“If we only knew what the Association wanted us to
say!” But of course we never did and probably the Association never did either.
I cannot attempt here to do full justice to the great night which marked the climax
of our career, when we wrote the Petition to the Trustees between the hours of 9.30 P. M.
and 8 A. M.; when each of us constructed a paragraph in her own room and then all met
at daybreak, i. e., 7 o’clock, and objected to what everyone else had written. Edna was
one of us by that time and she found everything too tame, while Hat found them all too
violent. Flaming phrases were coined and inserted, only to be rejected a moment later.
The dozen copyists who surrounded us were unable to complete a paragraph before one
of the Committee discovered a fatal flaw at the heart of it. In the end, we became reck-
less, but it is still one of the great wonders of all time that that Petition was ever ready
for the Undergraduate Association to sign at the breakfast table.

Helen Taft.
The New Organ and the Old

(When President Thomas opened the first chapel of the year with the startling remark, "I see we have a new organ," we were all duly puzzled, as the rude old strains of Ancient of Days were still lingering in the air. Though she did add the explanatory phrase, "in the weekly paper, The College News," we all felt it was an omen of future good—and so it proved, as Mitch tells us.)

If the Athletic Department had been a good friend of mine, and had ever guessed what violent exercise it was pumping air into that old organ, it would have granted me five heavy periods a week, one for every morning chapel. Whenever I was quite out of breath with the work, Isabel would put a stage whisper of "Faster" into my ear, and it had the same effect on my temper that a bug in my ear would have had. Once my self-control passed completely into the unknown, and I answered viciously, "Tell them to sing faster!" much to the amusement of Abigail and the Orlady.

But things improved—tempers, singing, tempo and all—when the new organ came. It was fun learning to play it, and it was as much more worth while running as a Pierce Arrow is better than a "ford." The questions about the new organ were fit only to be enrolled with the 1,698,574 foolish questions not to be recorded here. "Syd" and "Scat" led off with, "What do you do with all those pedals?" (Answer: Eat them.) "What are all those stops for?" (Answer: Fly with them.) "How do you play two keyboards at once?" (Answer: Play one with your nose) etc., etc. But the question of questions was, "Is Nelson a good pumper?"—this from the News Editor, I. Foster. Now Nelson was a good pumper, but woe to that Sunday night when a boy with almost human intelligence took Nelson's place. The time came for the Gloria. The minister looked at me; I nodded at the boy; the boy stared at me vacantly. In desperation I made motions like a pumper, mirabile dictu! The boy's cranium was pierced and the service proceeded.

Wasn't it just like our Alma Mater to wait until the May examination period to install the new motor for the organ? With great joy and a feeling of proprietorship, I announced at the last class meeting that "the motor is in good working order." Good-bye organ! Good-bye Nelson! And success and good luck to the next college organist.

Mitch.
"The Lark, the Linnet and all the Finches—"

I WILL confess, to begin with, that the title is a ruse—my only means of beguiling the class into reading instead of hastily avoiding the article. If I were to entitle it "Song Practices," people would avoid it instinctively. There is, however, a subtle significance in that title, too. Recalling the strange tremulous that the feathered flock echoed to Tilberina's mad cry to the creatures of the grove, in our plotless play, I was reminded of those rare vocal attempts in our song practices where most often I faced the loyal mutes, those faithful few who brought their knitting and settled comfortably on the window seat in Pem East—Dorothea and Liz among the most prominent. Enid, too, was faithful among the mutes. She was almost always there in her sociable way.

There was something peculiarly friendly and informal about that little group at song practice. I think we never quite appreciated the fact that, by having only a small number of people in that snug and close little room, we gained a sociable and friendly element denied the meetings of our class assembled in its entirety. Song practices were restful as we sat in the warm air and sang quietly. We scarcely ever raised our voices. The only time we grew boisterous was when Mary Jeffers went by the window at a crucial moment just as we were in the very middle of the chorus of "Cartref." Anne Hardon was there that day and I remember that she grew unusually excited and rose in her seat to get more lung power. That, as I have said, was an unusual occasion, for as a rule song practices ran along very quietly and monotonously. Even on the day Gertie and some other staunch and loyal Merionettes started a campaign against the singing of "Heigh-ho for a Husband" there was no long debating. (I don't believe Anne was there.) However, that day was very near the end and we were even more somnolent than usual.

In talking about song practices I should not omit some gentle appreciation of singing on the steps. Honorable mention is due such soloists as Mitch and her "Grizzely B'ar" and Helen in that Classic, "That is Love," as well as those trained choruses of the Englishmen and Pinafore. (I omit the Smith Clan chorus only from modesty.) I noticed that the
class as a whole was a great deal more alert after dinner on the steps than after luncheon in Pem. East. It's queer what a meal will do. On the steps I always wore padding under my clothes, though no one knew this. I had to, because people all around me adopted the unique and vigorous method of attracting my attention by poking their fingers into me. There were steady nudgings during the singing, pleas for this song and that, those whispering on one side invariably begging me to sing what those on the other side implored me not to. Can you wonder that I was slow and that the singing dragged? Figuratively speaking, I was torn asunder regularly once a day after the first of May when singing on the steps became a requirement like lectures. I was bound to attend, though I felt justified in cutting occasionally to bind my wounds and strengthen my padding.

But it is all over now and we may sigh with relief at the joy of being quiet when we feel like it, and of singing only when the spirit moves, and not whenever, as in May, tradition willed.

Isabelle Smith.
Apologia, or Expurgated Minutes of Executive Board

Feb. 29, 1915.

Bd. met in room of Chair. The first question under discussion was noise and its relation to Quiet Hours, but could come to no decision.

Chair then reported to Bd. that Maxine Ragley, 19—, had asked permission to dine at the Ritz-Carlton with her first cousin once removed and afterwards to go to a revival meeting unchaperoned. Miss R. had stated to Chair that she and her first cousin were like brother and sister, had been brought up together by an unmarried uncle; in short, knew each other intimately; and furthermore, though her cousin was only abt. 35 yrs. old, he had a moustache and a beard and looked old enough to be her father. One member of Bd. who had seen Miss R.'s first cousin, stated he did have a beard, a long, heavy beard, and that he might easily be taken for her father (since he was her first cousin once removed, there was of course a strong family likeness). Bd. decided, therefore, that Miss R. might dine with her cousin in town at night unchaperoned. But why at the Ritz? Why not the Bellevue? Chair then explained that Miss R., who had always had the good of S. G. at heart, had suggested the Ritz because of the fact that the head-waiter in the Bellevue Grill knew her, knew her father, knew her first cousin; in short, knew the relationship of her and her first cousin once removed, and so would not take her for her cousin's daughter. Bd. marveled at Miss R.'s discretion and decided that she and her cousin might dine at the Ritz. But what about the revival meeting? Bd. were nonplussed as to the technical status of a revival meeting. Was a revival meeting a “place of entertainment” and if it were not that, what was it? It could not be like Church, for it was held in a theater. Bd. discussed the matter at length and decided that, owing to the questionable nature of a revival meeting, and owing to the resemblance of Miss R.'s first cousin to some one who might be her father, the desired permission might be granted (the head-waiter of the Bellevue Grill would not be at the revival meeting, because Miss R. had stated that she knew he always had to be in the Grill during rush hours from 6.30 to midnight).
Bd. were leaving when Chair called them back and asked them if they had time to discuss the Cigarette in the abstract. Bd. were alarmed, but Chair assured them she had nothing particular in mind, but thought it well to be prepared for all contingencies. Bd. agreed that foresight was a splendid thing and consented to remain. Chair said it had occurred to her that some one might sometime want to smoke, or might actually smoke tea leaves rolled in tissue paper. Chair therefore wished to know just wherein tea leaves wrapped in tissue paper differed from the Cigarette or wherein they resembled the Cigarette. Of course, tea leaves were not tobacco; but then, if one lighted them and puffed at them, would one not be smoking? Chair looked up word "to smoke" in dictionary and found that it meant "to emit smoke." Tea leaves must then come under the head of the Cigarette. But what about corn silk? Chair had a friend whose brother had once smoked corn silk and set the barn afire. (That of course would be a matter for the fire captains and Mr. Tom Foley to take up.) Corn silk, however, ——. At this point in the discussion one member of Bd. remembered that during the college year corn silk was not in season. The head proctors, the Bd. decided, should, therefore, have hall meetings to acquaint the student body with the Bd.'s decision that tea leaves were to be classed with the Cigarette.

Elizabeth B. Smith.
Though the rain poured down in sheets yesterday evening it did not dampen the spirits or the frills of the happy Seniors who, in answer to President Thomas's invitation, trooped in gala array to the Deanery. A glance into the basket heaped high with cards of the guests made one think that at least ninety maidens had tossed aside their books and tripped over to the Party—but Gretchen at the door said there were only fifty-three, and surely Gretchen should know. Amid the swirl of tulle and the swish of silks and satins in the dressing rooms, it was hard to realise that but an hour ago these same young girls were dashing over the hockey field or studiously buried in some ancient tome in the library.

President M. Carey Thomas, the originator of the unique and happy institution of Senior receptions, received her guests in the spacious garden room, a fitting bower for the flowers of womanhood. She was beautifully but simply gowned in black net over white satin and wore white canvas tennis shoes, thus showing that at Bryn Mawr the intellectual, social and athletic sides of life are all equally regarded.

After the fifty-three guests were seated in a cozy circle, President Thomas opened the way to friendly conversation by inquiring, “What do the Seniors want to discuss this evening?” “I have been in town all day,” she continued. “Oh,” breathed the fifty-three in unison. In this manner conversation flowed along pleasantly and any Senior who had perhaps felt shy at first was soon put at her ease. Some of the most timid were heard to repeat their remarks three and four times so that they might be heard by the occupants of the most remote sofa. The great European war, sparrow traps, woman suffrage, allowances, chemistry tables, the drama, husbands, dictionaries, debating and babies were all intimately discussed.

About the middle of the evening the
Lantern and Tipyn o' Bob Boards filed in from the library. Miss Helen Taft then occupied the red plush throne to the right of the entrance, from where she looked graciously down upon the hostess. Just as Miss Edna Rapallo propounded the interesting question, "But, President Thomas, don't you think that every woman should have some money in her own name?" soft chimes were heard and Gretchen announced that fifteen Seniors might adjourn to the next room for refreshment. So great was the interest in the discussion and the desire to remain for it, that, as President Thomas counted out in playful fashion, a general shifting was noticeable throughout the room. While the line of slender damsels passed down the center of the room, opportunity was given for practice in poise and carriage. After all, as modern educators realise more and more, there is something in the old-fashioned finishing school methods. Bryn Mawr in this, as in everything, is proving herself a pioneer.

Though somewhat embarrassed by the stern eye of the housekeeper who presided at the punch bowl, it was noticeable that many of the girls refused to eat marroons and candies when these were passed for the fifth and sixth time, storing their share away, instead, in handkerchiefs and scarfs—so strict are the gymnasium training rules. A few—probably those under the doctor's care—slipped away quietly after the supper without returning to the garden room where the casting of lots was still going on.

At ten-thirty, led by their Class President, Miss Bradford of California, whose every move they were anxiously watching, the Seniors rose en masse to bid farewell to Miss Thomas. Some paused a moment to seize another marron for a sick friend or to take one last glance at the back corridor book case, but it was not long before the friendly doors of the Deanery were closed for the night and the lights of the dormitories blazed out across the rain swept campus. Was Cupid sobbing out there in the wet or was it only the wind sighing through the trees?
Report of the Committee on Choosing the Senior Play of 1915

I. Instructions given the Committee by the Class:
   (1) The play must be such as to win approval from the—
      (a) English Department.
      (b) The "Office."
      (c) The College News.
   (2) The Play must have a large cast, so that the whole class might work together as a unit in this its last production.

II.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>PLAYS READ</th>
<th>REASONS FOR CONSIDERING</th>
<th>REASONS FOR DISCARDING</th>
<th>REASONS FOR ACCEPTING</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1. &quot;The Yellow Ticket&quot;</td>
<td>Recommended by Miss Donnelly</td>
<td>It was discovered that Miss Donnelly meant &quot;The Yellow Jacket.&quot;</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>2. &quot;The Amazons&quot;</td>
<td>Members of committee who had cast former plays felt that 12 members of the class might be begged to take part.</td>
<td>The triviality of the tone and the unbecomingness of modern men's costumes</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>3. &quot;The Road to Yesterday&quot;</td>
<td>By request; also consideration of the humor which comes from repetition.</td>
<td>By request</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>4. &quot;Shoemaker's Holiday&quot;</td>
<td>Large cast, Elizabethan costumes, and humor found by Harriet B.</td>
<td>The Committee passed into a state of unconsciousness after reading the first act</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5. &quot;The Critic&quot;</td>
<td>Helen Taft</td>
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</table>
III. The Result.

(a) The Gym on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, 2–6 and 7.30–10.00 P. M., and on Saturday, from 9.00–12.00 A. M. 2–6 P. M. empty except for the casting committee trying out parts themselves.

(b) The Committee all acquired enemies and complete prostration of their persuasive powers.

Respectfully submitted,

(Some of) The Committee.
In the Cause of Science or Major Chemistry Lab.

NOTHING short of a moving picture film plus a Victor talking machine, to say nothing of a smell reproducer, could ever do major chemistry lab. justice. The first semester with Getty, beaming on us benignly from behind his round-eyed spectacles, was charmingly placid with teas and gossip in lab. Even Peachy’s persistent efforts to keep the lab. neat and quiet (an evident conspiracy with Lost and Found we all thought) did not damp our spirits. To be allowed to gossip freely while we washed dishes and precipitates indiscriminately, was too good to be true. Even having all our clothes snitched the day of a snow storm left our ardor and our swearing vocabulary untouched. (N. B.—Chapie says even Dora swore.)

The excitement was great the Second Semester when we realized that everything we touched was either deadly poison or a high explosive. The first few weeks were hard, especially for Chapie. She would start a distillation at high speed, then grab “Spring Days” and sit on the floor in a pool of chromic acid, while the process helped itself. One day, while thus occupied, a Bump attracted her attention. She glanced up at the stuff bubbling in the flask, screamed at Dora, and scrambled as fast as her scolloped skirt would let her to her old haven under the sink in the corner, yelling as though she were trying to summon the Bryn Mawr Fire Department. Of course this was the only accident at which Bruno was present, so he walked up calmly and turned out the flame. Not so on other occasions; as soon as he saw Marguerite anoint her feet with acid, he fled to the hall, stroking his long hands feverishly, and told Miss Harrison that Miss Darkow had burned herself—some place—he didn’t know where. He must have had some idea, however, for when he sent Artie Moore upstairs with the linseed oil, Artie discreetly stretched his hand through a crack in the lab. door and turned his head in the other direction. Later Bruno asked Miss Harrison whether Miss Darkow had burned herself above the shoes. Bruno was at the other end of the hall when Brakeley’s ether flask broke and the top of her desk was a sheet...
of flames. That time, Sheafer and Julia were working the pyrene on the conflagration, and Isolde turned the other fire extinguisher into Julia’s eye.

But most of the fun was due to Chapie, for instance, her demonstration of what Mr. King can do for nasality. When we scorned the idea of Mr. King’s giving her credit, she seized the lab. directions, struck an attitude, and read in an elevated monotone, “A hundred grams of glacial acetic acid in a dry litre flask,” as though it were “Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese.” “Now you see how I’ve improved.” “No one would suspect it,” pipes Rachel. Chapie retorts “That’s like the pot calling the kettle black.” Though she was a mute, she finished her performance by singing 1914’s class song for us, sans nasality and sans tune.

But, apart from these pleasing diversions, there was always Bruno. You must know Bruno to appreciate him as he slinks in the door at 2:20 and up to Oty and Dorothea, to whom he talks for a half hour, then glances furtively around the room at the rest of us poor devils who have a million questions to ask and need help, picks up a reagent bottle, smells it and attempts to slump out between the doors. But lo, Mitch is on the job and in stentorian tones summons Bruno to her desk. There he is captive for the rest of the afternoon, while Mitch engages him in flirtatious and witty conversation. “I once knew a dog,” quoth Mitch, looking at him over her glasses. “Did you?” says Bruno. “And they put him into a vat and dyed him red on one side and blue on the other.” Then Brunel, facetiously, “Would it be beside the point to inquire did the dog dye?” A few minutes later, in the excitement, Mitch smashes a beaker and loses her yield. She looks at the débris expressively. “Say something,” Brunel urges, “just to relieve your feelings.” “Dr. Brunel,” says Mitch, fixing him with her eye, “I’d have you know that I never swear.”

Julia Deming,
Mary Mitchell Chamberlain,
and The Rest of The Class.
The High Official and the Female Detective

The High Official smiled complacently up at the Female Detective.

"Well?"

"Very clever, very clever indeed! Why, madam, I believe you are almost competent to be a prison warden already! Chain gangs under careful supervision when your charges stray from the vigilance of the campus for exercise; administration of oaths to insure honesty in bearing testimony of their knowledge; careful segregation in quizzes, with complete examination of the persons of the candidates, as a precaution against the smuggling in of surreptitious information. Excellent, excellent!"

"And what do you think of this? ‘Extra quiz books may be obtained from the proctor only when duly signed for by the candidate;’ and ‘all scratch-books, labelled as such, must be returned to the proctor at the close of the examination?’ Is this not an improvement on the system?"

"A most wise and fore-sighted measure! That student who claims to have in her mind more knowledge than can be contained within the covers of such books as are deemed sufficient by the Office, will indeed be a suspicious character. As to turning in scratch-books, of course the Office should have a record of any unlawful thoughts which the culprit may have; and I suspect that a careful investigation of such records would give a clue to the criminal ignorance of many an offender.

The High Official beamed.

"And what is your opinion of the regulation regarding leaving wraps outside the examination room?"

"Madame, it is a step in the right direction, but it is a step only. You are too mild, and herein lies your weakness. Does it not seem plausible to you that germs of knowledge may lurk in more clothes than coats and sweaters? And have you never heard of smugglers who conceal their booty beneath their clothes, wrapping it round and round their bodies?"
"You would have them strip!" said the High Official quickly grasping the new idea, "And wear togas as in Physical Exams. Very proper, I am sure. Let me see. Each girl would have to own a toga. We could have her measured for it in Freshman year. Have you any idea of the price of outing flannel? Yes, I think the College could afford to furnish them for eleven-fifty apiece. Very good, very good!"

"But, my dear lady, the students couldn't have their own togas," cried the Female Detective in a horrified tone, "Why, they might write the whole course inside it, and no one be the wiser!"

"True," replied the High Official, looking disappointed. "But then," brightening up a bit, "we could charge quiz fees for the laundering of the togas, two dollars a quiz; that ought to work very well with the new cut system. And we could have pink and blue and yellow togas, handed out by the proctor at the door, to keep up the color scheme. Wouldn't it be artistic? And how about the sandals?"

"Ah, they couldn't have sandals," said the Detective decisively—"They might slip notes in them."

"What an excellent system this will be," cried the High Official enthusiastically, "Now we shall have honest work, for I see no possible way for knowledge to creep into a quiz room. I am much obliged for your expert advice."

For a minute the two beamed upon one another nodding their heads in satisfaction. Suddenly a cloud came over the face of the Female Detective. Dismay was in her voice.

"My dear fellow-worker, they will still carry in information in the heads!"

The despair of failure settled upon her. For a second the High Official, too, looked discouraged. Then a resolute look came into her eyes.

"Be brave, my dear. We have surmounted all other obstacles; surely we shall be given grace to surmount this, too!"

Cecilia Sargent.
The May Queens

YOU must wake and call us early, call us early, Sophomores dear,
Tomorrow 'll be the giddiest time of all mad Senior year.
Of all mad Senior year, children, the maddest, merriest day,
For we're to be Queens of the May, children, we're to be Queens of the May.

We cram so late all night, children, that we shall never wake
If you do not call us loud when the day begins to break.
And you must gather knots of flowers and buds and garlands gay,
For we're to be Queens of the May, children, we're to be Queens of the May.

We thought to pass away before, and yet alive we are
And in the campus round we hear the noise of Bryn Mawr.
How sadly, we remember, rose some mornings of the year!
We thought we'd flunk at Mid-Years, and now the last Oral's here.

Last May we made a holiday, and 'twas a rainy day:
Beneath the maples on the green we crowned our Queen of May,
And we danced about the Maypole and in the fairies' copse
And pennants gaily waved above the tall grey chimney-tops.

But now has come and gone, children, another college year,
And you must wake and call us early, call us early, Soph'mores dear.
Pray there'll not be a drop of rain the whole of the livelong day,
For we're to be Queens of the May, children, we're to be Queens of the May!

MARY MONROE HARLAN.
Prompter’s Copy of Farewell Speech Delivered on Gymnasium Steps

In the past you have heard great athletes speak from these steps. They have delivered glowing speeches in which they told how dear the gym had been to them during their college course, and how much they expected athletics to mean to them in after life. Now, it’s different with me. (Long pause to allow audience to appreciate subtlety of this statement.) I am here to represent 1915’s athletic bourgeoisie, the submerged tenth on our strength list, our roof-dwellers, our third-team subs and our fourth-team regulars. You probably never heard of our fourth basket-ball team, so I am going to show it to you (dramatic gesture toward line-up of R. Newman, C. Sargent, R. Hubbard, R. Ash and M. Yost)* and tell you about it as an example of our glorious achievements in the past. Two years ago we had a very successful season: we played one game, lost none, and won one, ending the series with a percentage of 1.000. The fourth team no longer exists in fact, to be sure—but oh, in spirit!! How keen is our interest in the athletics of others, and how steady has been our devotion to the rowing machine in the basement! We may not feel at home with the ropes and rings, but we know every dumb-bell and Indian club in that rack. And so, in memory of long and precious hours spent in the pursuit of exercise, I say, long live the gym and the athletes of the virgin hockey-skirt!

Elizabeth B. Smith.

* If by any chance your name is incorrectly excluded from this list or included in it, excuse the mistake. It’s an honor either way.
The Message College had for Me
(Speech at Senior Supper)

A SENTIMENTAL cousin, distant I am glad to say, said to me in sub-Freshman days, "My dear, promise me you will so live your life these next four years that you will leave Bryn Mawr a better college for your having been a better girl there." This was going a bit strong, but I was full of noble resolutions, and swallowed even such a guide to conduct. I won't affirm that I came here with the intention of revolutionizing the place, just reforming it a bit, let us say; and what have been the fruits of my four-year residence? No special effect was noticeable the first three years, perhaps, except the founding of the model school and that justly famous $25 raise in board, but by Senior year you begin to see the results of the better life which Freshman ideals called for. I leave this college endowed with a cut rule that has made all other colleges reconsider the question; a rearranged schedule for next year that is messing up the majors of the girl we leave behind us, and a quiz system—but no—I cannot take to myself the honor of that rainbow-hued, proctor-graced institution—I did my best, it got a start, but some baneful influence must have been at work—it died in infancy.

This, fellow students—sit down, you needn't rise here—is what I know you all agree I have done for the college, but brilliant as is this little candle of mine, sending its beams into a naughty world, my subject tonight is rather what message the college has had for me.

There are, for instance, the ideals of work I have here acquired—that steady, thorough system of study that one hears about in chapel (so I'm told) which results in minds keen to grasp the crux of every problem. Freshman year I used to spend two hours a day on Latin; I "scrimed" over Biology, dimming my eyes squinting through a microscope, till from the liquid pools in a dark forest which all novelists unite in agreeing serve girlhood of eighteen summers as visual organs, they rather resembled frog puddles in an abandoned quarry. First year English with its reading list all wool and a yard wide, drove me nightly to the lib., where I tried to characterize Beowulf and find words to express my feelings about Chaucer's feelings about nature. But this was prep school stuff; college has taught me dif-
ferent. Senior year my note-books aren’t filled with the pearls the prof casts before the rest of the class, they are filled with my own analysis of his character. Then, when exams come, I know just the kind of stuff he’ll fall for.

College has taught me the art of asking the intelligent question—far subtler in its effects than giving the correct answer. It shows, in the words of one I need not name to this audience, that “I work my own thinks.” I can say with perfect accuracy that I am now capable of asking an intelligent question on any topic known to polite conversation, and to some not known, thanks to becoming addicted to “The Masses,” and having suffered under “Lucile on Eugenics.”

Then there is committee work. I remember my pride at my first appointment on a committee, Posters it was. I made a wonder, took a whole week at it, and when it was done it looked like a cartoon by Rembrandt; or do I mean Goldberg? One used to work when put on committees, now one goes through the finding list to pick some hard workers to form a sub-committee and do it for one, and I suppose they inveigle the Freshmen into finishing the job.

Finally, there are sports. You don’t know me for my prowess on the field, yet when I was a Freshman, even I had foolish aspirations. I wasted hours changing from academic to athletic costume, and vice versa, I used to pant up the field with a hockey stick in my hands and my heart trying to pound its way through my chest wall, I even made sub on second team water polo, there was no third team that year. Now I get my sport by proxy. Comfortable with pillows and steamer rug, I content myself with shouting of my greenness from the side lines while I watch the trained athletes burning the candle at both ends.

As I ponder on my life here, the message of college comes to me in the words of Tagore, “Let the Gold Dust Twins do your work.”

Atala Thayer Scudder.
Recent Philosophical Tendencies
(Speech at Senior Supper)

MADAME Chairman, Honorable Judges, Worthy Opponents (Enid told me to address Rock. at this point), Members and Friends of the Debating Society:

I thought maybe this mid-Victorian opening would give me courage, but I see I'm still very nervous. You know William James used to be timid about making speeches too. They say that when he rose—"To speak on his feet"—at a dinner, he simply could not think of a thing to say and suffered the tortures. So his friends asked him one day why he didn't take a little drink of something before he had to speak. "It will cheer you up," they said, "and take away all that nervousness." Well, the next time he was asked to speak he decided to follow their advice. It was an important occasion, so he took one little drink—and then another little drink—just to give him courage. By that time he thought he was feeling splendidly, and when he got up to speak his nervousness was completely gone—for the first time in his life—but so was his voice. There, Mary Mitchell, that's my little joke, and now I'll begin.

Those of you who were at the last Philosophy Club will be interested to hear that, like my eminent predecessor, I am about "to establish a thesis." Do you remember, when you were taking those Bryn Mawr entrance exams, writing hundreds of pages about the life philosophy of the poets; how, as one of us cleverly said, "Burns was a great soul but never spoke out?" Well, it occurred to me that, as we look back over the history of the great class of 1915, we might be able to discover what its philosophy of life has been. Now Freshman year, of course, we were all Absolute Idealists. We believed heart and soul in the words of the Montana Dean who spoke in Chapel: "Though the East is east and the West is west, the twain do meet in colleges." Take the humming bird. How mystical, metaphorical and symbolic of our faith that is! Personally I never understood what it meant (I was enlightened by the last stunt), but I liked the humming bird because it was a mute just like me—and Dorothea and Mary Monroe and Liz and all the rest of us "blighted ones."

Sophomore year we began studying with Dr. De Laguna and we became skeptical.
The true philosophic attitude, you observe. We began to question and to doubt everything traditional, Shakespeare included. "Why attend lectures?" we said. "There really aren't any going on, you know; it only seems so." And this attitude we carried so far Junior year that even the Office noticed it. We became radical individualists, too, and wrote interesting essays for Dr. Leuba about "Personal Immorality and Death." Then there was always the mystery of that one anarchistic vote at meetings. Do you remember how Marjorie Meeker received one vote for President of the Christian Association and Alice Humphrey for Athletics? We turned college into a regular Pluralistic Universe, and we saw, with Heracleitus, that all things are in a perpetual flux—even "the classes come and go." Truth, too, we learned with the Pragmatists is only relative since even statistics can prove whatever you want them to.

Of course we were still young and unsophisticated. I remember one day how Dr. Fisher asked us in class what love was. Somebody rattled off Spinoza's definition and then he looked up and down the class—you know how Dr. Fisher looks up and down the class?—and asked, "Have—have any of you any criticisms to offer on this definition?" None of us had then. Of course the Public Ledger said only last week that "Cupid sobs at Bryn Mawr," but I heard Dr. Fenwick telling one of his major students at the Faculty Reception that that seemed incredible to him, so perhaps there is still hope.

Senior year—but who can do it justice? It is modern, ultra-modern, in its tendencies. I was going to say Cubist, but that isn't appropriate here. Why not coin a new word for a new school? say—Triangulist—since, as President Thomas says, "though we have widely different ideas at bottom we are all striving to reach the same end."

Now (à la De Laguna as near as a square jaw can make it) has any one understood what I have been saying? You haven't? Well—I didn't see any sense in it myself!

Florence Gage Hatton.
Under Two Banners; or The Blue and The Green

SPEECH AT COLLEGE BREAKFAST

THERE are said to be many sad cases in Europe to day of men whose sympathies are torn asunder because their mothers were Prussian and their fathers French and their grandparents Turks. But surely there was never a case of divided allegiance more heartrending than my own, who have known what it was to palpitate with ecstasy at the sight of a pale blue butterfly and have come now to owe fealty to the tender green of the humming bird. My whole path has been beset with difficulties. When I am with members of an even class I speak warmly of the unity and good feeling of 1912. When I am in the company of odd classes, I admire the originality and daring of 1915. I feel like the mayor of a little town out West who entertained my father. He had been bustling about, making polite remarks to everyone present, from congressman to populace. Finally he turned to one of my father’s party and remarked, “You know, the mayor of a town must be like Caesar’s wife; all things to all men.”

I have had to exercise not only tact but great discretion in my dealings with 1915. For instance, in the matter of advice. There are probably very few people anywhere who know as much about graduating as I do. But I was aware that 1915 would not wish to be guided in anything by the example of a pale blue class, so I refrained scrupulously from forcing upon you the fruit of my experience. The only occasion upon which I did venture to offer assistance, was when, by dint of practicing ten minutes in solitude, I was able to teach you the tune wherewith to sing to your jovial friends. Having sung to sixty-five jovial friends in 1912, and being gifted as I am with a rare musical ear, it was a task which I was well suited to perform.

But the self-restraint which I have had to exert on other occasions has been phenomenal. No one will ever know how difficult it was for me to be silent when 1916 exhorted 1918 to stand by their Juniors true, or when 1912 came back and worshiped Bryn Mawr as an oak tree.
Perhaps the greatest evil of all in my anomalous position (I hope that I have used the word correctly) has been the shocks to my standards and ideals. In my girlhood days I came to regard 1912 as the epitome of gentleness and humblemindedness. We could not bear to hurt anyone’s feelings; we searched out precedents diligently and devotedly; we followed everyone’s advice with enthusiasm. We would have two or three songs for every occasion rather than reject anyone’s composition; we sang on the Senior Steps when we were told to by the Sophomores, and wept when we were reproached for the crime by our Juniors. Never was a gentler, milder class than 1912 as I remember it. When I was received into 1915 I was at once struck by their independence of convention and public opinion. No one seemed to care what anyone else in or out of the class thought.

“How 1915 must have looked down on 1912 for their timidity,” was my first feeling. Imagine my consternation, then, when I overheard some of my new classmates, of whom I stood much in awe, saying how much they had always been afraid of 1912—of Helen Barber and Mary Pierce and Julia Haines. I used to feel like Rip van Winkle and wonder what generation I would belong to when I had completed my second graduation. And sometimes when I have been trying to explain my peculiar status among Bryn Mawr alumnae to strangers I see an expression creep over their faces which reminds me of the farmer who, when they showed him the giraffe at the circus, merely scratched his head and muttered rebelliously, “H—, there ain’t no such animal!”

HELEN TAFT.
Athletic Teams and Records—Senior Year

Tennis
Captain—E. Rapallo
Manager—I. Smith

Hockey
Championship won by 1917.
M. Morgan E. Rapallo
M. Yost I. Zeckwer
L. Foster W. Weaver
H. Everett M. Goodhue
G. Emery E. Pugh
A. Hardon

On Varsity
G. Emery M. Morgan

Second Team
Championship won by 1917.
J. Sattler E. Dessau
E. Noyes J. Deming
S. Brandeis C. Tabor
V. McCreery H. Taft
R. Hopkinson R. Glenn
H. Irvin

Water Polo
Championship won by 1917.
G. Emery M. G. Brownell
M. Keller M. Goodhue
E. Robinson A. Spence
E. Dessau

On Varsity
M. Keller M. Goodhue
E. Dessau

Second Team
Championship won by 1917.
O. Erbsloh R. Tuttle
M. Bradway E. Van Horn
M. Morgan

Track Meet
Championship won by 1918.
Second Individual Championship—S. R. Smith
Captain—I. Zeckwer
Manager—G. Emery
M. Goodhue M. Keller
S. Smith K. Street
M. M. Thomson B. Tinker

Basket-Ball
Championship won by 1917.
S. R. Smith E. Pugh
E. Dessau M. Goodhue
J. Deming P. Collins
I. Zeckwer

On Varsity
S. R. Smith
The Question of Environment
Pem. vs. Rock.—A Question of Environment

We are confronted by a momentous question: Does environment influence the individual or would we Pem. West 1915 still have been wicked, irreverent, tradition-breaking, had we (Heaven pardon the blasphemy!) lived in Rock.? I rather imagine we would, but Dr. Fisher (the real one) says “No,” since he and “Kaant” are convinced that we are entirely shaped by our surroundings. There, alas, we must admit that a cruel fate directed our steps to the portals of Pem. West, and once within wielded a terrible power over us. Even from Freshman year we saw that between Rock. and us a great gulf yawned. Rock. always turned out en masse for class meetings. Rock. was polite to upper classmen. Rock. learned the songs we ought to learn—and sang them with “feeling.” We only came to class meetings to “find someone”—and then departed—perhaps to enjoy a little table tipping or a discussion on Eugenics.

But these were, after all, minor faults and were quite eclipsed by our glaring misdemeanors of Junior and Senior years. There the gulf yawned wider and our wickedness was brought home forcibly to us. First of all there was the great Jade-Tourmaline fight. Pem. West of course wanted Jade since Rock. voted as a man for Tourmaline. “Down with the bottle glass” was our slogan. Rock. wanted class cups—we wanted to drink out of good old tin ones. In the end, of course, we lost, and rings and cups rained thick upon us. With tears in their eyes Rock. implored us to “remember our duties to our class.”

But we were always misunderstood. When we rallied and tried to do honor to our alma mater by our famous “Pale lasses” and by wearing our class cups to chapel—we were greeted by raised eyebrows and by cries of “no class spirit.” When we made a valiant effort and came to sing under the arch we were “noisy and thoughtless” and brought discredit to 1915. But after all, was it our fault? Could we help it? Were we not destined by our environment to a life of wickedness? After all, there is one comfort. It was all chance and perhaps if Miss Orlady had shuffled the cards a bit more, Harriet might have been “The Second Bad Woman of Pembroke,” and I, solemn-eyed and reliable, might have been setting forth to the
class "Pagey says that it has always been so—and Dean Reilly told me—and we must follow tradition."

Oh, Rock! at the Last Judgment Day when the final blast of the trumpet is heard and we are standing shivering outside the pearly gates, will you in magnanimous spirit extend a helping hand and aid us to enter too—or will you continue to pluck the harp and sing—sending to our remorseful ears the well-remembered strain

"For friends are made to be parted
And class cups come and go."

**Enid Dessau.**
It is impossible, with a dinner of a frozen strawberry and one buttered bun inside me, to be humorous. And fitly something-or-other my tragic muse (see Minor Latin or First Year English) would suit the occasion better. I was given the second floor as my topic, but what, what to say? I might have shown unexpected brilliancy in another subject, but as it is, I must hide my light under the proverbial bushel (the very thought of a bushel of anything makes the tears of hunger start to my eyes). Now, I might have written about our two Senior tables in the dining room; the intellectual table where nothing less than the improvement of the lot of suffering womanhood is discussed, and ours, which is frankly, unmistakably carnal. Our comments are confined to complaints about the stewed tomatoes, and blustering brawls about athletics. Sometimes the monotony is varied by incidents like that of Julia and the pseudo-Limburger. Occasionally—oh, very occasionally—we manage to finish a meal without a reference to Taby's conscience, but as a rule, the routine is unavoidable.

But—in the words of my twenty-four page essay—I digress. I have to digress a moment more to liberate the mouse which has just imprisoned itself behind the bars of my waste basket. So I was saying, I might have written a great deal about any other subject but our second floor. Our life is much like that of Mark Twain's early diary, "Got up, washed, went to bed." Ethel, of course, is a shining exception; besides being mail-mistress and guardian of Pem.'s hearts' secrets, she plays for every performance that needs slow lights and blue music, and makes me do Latin every day. That is a day's work in itself.

Sue, of course, is literary. I know, because often when I have wished to confer with Esther on some such sordid subject as costumes and where the money for them is to come from, I have run into a delightful English Club tea with lettuce sandwiches, and Swinburne being read aloud. It has almost made me wish that I had begun on some of my English work more than two hours before it was due.

And then the little Yost has come fizzing down the hall and, like Manfred, "I have known
the fulness of humiliation," because she, the small, the pink, has been on a team while I have not even a "1915, 2nd" to display.

There are only left my room-mate and myself—and my sporadic room-mate having just had her appendix filched from her, is not here to defend herself; but she is a patient, long-suffering girl and has put up with my idiosyncrasies for these many years, though she did fix a pensive eye on me one day and remark, "Nilo dear, I don't think I'll ever marry; four years of rooming with you is enough."

ELEANOR FREER.
Denbigh Dining

Let us begin with two syllogisms.

Syllogism I.
A family always fights.
Denbigh 1915 always fights.
Therefore Denbigh 1915 is a family.

Syllogism 2.
In every family, life centers about the dinner table.
Denbigh 1915 is a family.
Therefore the life of Denbigh 1915 centers about the table.*

At the table all our wit springs forth, and we find full expression for our inner moods, except in song. That is barred, unless Hezzy is away, for she declares it makes the dining room “exactly like a tavern” when we sing, and Hezzy never was for the high life. But the wit that flows! Even Theresa, our maid, has caught it. Or perhaps we caught ours from her in the first place. But no matter; let us give some samples, which will incidentally throw light on Milly Justice’s character. Let me state right here that Milly always has two eggs for breakfast. But one morning she was really hungry and had three. Theresa rushed up to the other maid with worried look, and whispered audibly, “She must be sick.” And the latest joke on Mil is this: (Cheer up Mil, this is the last.) The other day we had fish balls for lunch and there were two on each plate. Cleora wanted only one, so she told Theresa. Whereupon Theresa: “Give it to Miss Justice; she’ll eat it.” (And she did.)

† I am not the only one. How about Horny, Burch, or Anne? Besides, I never did get fat, even if my appetite was not as delicate as it might have been.
It's my turn now to produce some data which may illuminate Peggy Free's intelligence. One winter morning we awoke to find that Taylor clock hands had been frozen since a quarter to twelve. At luncheon, we had all said how annoying it was to look at Taylor and always find it a quarter to twelve. "Yes," said Peggy, "and it's been that way since half-past seven this morning."

Now that we have exposed each other to view, we feel justified in passing to the other members of the family. To Jake, who loves to argue above all else in the world, and who glories in the dinner table because there are so many possibilities of argument. To Addie, who sits straight, quiet, and dignified, and mostly just listens (except when she and Cleora talk about Hu—). To Cleora, who gets so excited when any of her beliefs are questioned that she blushes rosy red and bangs on the table with great force.

We all love to argue more or less. And poor Helen, with the burden of head proctorship on her shoulders! What a time she has to keep us quiet! After we have subsided, out comes a burst of Mary Parke's infectious laughter, and we start all over again. No wonder Helen "went mad in white satin."

The night of semi-finals debate between 1915 and 1918 was a memorable occasion. Helen and I (Peggy) were both on one side of the table, reciting our speeches in loud and dramatic tones; and on the other side was Jake, memorizing her part for the play, gesticulating wildly. The rest of the members were engaged in small talk, as much as was possible, considering the uproar; when suddenly out of the babel came Mary Parke's high voice: "I have never been in a sawmill, but I am sure I know what one is like now."

There is no more to say, for that is the last word in the characterization of Denbigh dining.

MILDRED JUSTICE,
Peggy Free.
Home Life In Merion

Scene: The Dining-Table.

Dramatis Personae: 1915 Merion.

(All seated—engrossed in chipped beef.)

(Enter Emily, tripping merrily, eyes on the ceiling, attired in the inevitable pink shirt.)

Emily (sings).—

“I’ve been washing in the laundry.
Oh, the flowers that bloom in the spring, tra-la!”

M. Albertson (without raising eyes from plate, as though addressing chipped beef).—

“More modern than the cubists be
Without a doubt is Emily.”

Goodhue (suddenly breaking à propos of nothing—very loud).—

“And Bingham to the wardens call
Up ears! The servants leave the hall.”

(Miss Bingham directly behind Goodhue, hearing her name in penetrating tones, pricks ears to an angle of forty-five degrees and squirms uneasily in her chair.)

Goodhue (continuing with force if not coherence, waving knife and fork joyously in the air).—

“I saw the horse-thief in the sky.”

(Horse-thief from Sophomore table tosses mane angrily.)

Jinny.—“Oh, God! Oh, Montreal!
Would I could die!”

Gerty (bubbling on entertainingly tid-bits gleaned from Geology).—

“Dinosaurus pliocene
Lived on strawberries and cream.
Smilodon—you all know that
Was the oldest Cheshire Cat.”
MARY MITCHELL (looking disapprovingly at Gerty over her spectacles).—

"Oh, Lawd!  
Your attitude toward science bad
Without a doubt makes me right mad."

CHRIS (in grieved tones).—

"Goodhue and Emily would not hark
When Pinney talked about the shark."

GOODHUE AND EMILY (in chorus).—

"Our shark! The biggest one!
Ten scapels smashed e'er he was done!
That song! About the honey-bee!
Was too much for the Moore Baby."

SONG (In which all except scientists join.)

"Sweet Baby Moore,
Sweet Baby Moore."

(Mary Mitchell rises with dignity and leaves room.)

(Exit other members of 1915 to the chorus of "P-I-N-Y—Pinny.")

Peace reigns in the Merion Dining Room.

MARY GERTRUDE BROWNELL.
Retrospection
(A Drama)

ACT I. SCENE I.

[A 1915 Class meeting before the Sophomore Play.]

The Property Committee (in deep undertone).—“Wherever shall we find a cassock and a prayer book for Hat?”

Anyone.—“I know, but where are you going to get the antique furniture?”

The Property Committee (in loud tones, unmindful of repeated remonstrances from the chair).—“You can always get antique furniture in Radnor.”

SCENE II.

(Place—Radnor Hall. Time—The next morn.)

(Daybreak after the Play. Radnor inmates sleeping on the floor in the first floor hall. They are wrapped in flimsy window curtains. One by one they rise and fasten on their draperies more securely for the vicissitudes of the day.)

1915 (in chorus).—“Oh! see! There’s to be no breakfast, Mrs. Miller says, till we return those eggs.”

(A loud clatter is heard in the servants’ quarters. The maids file forth for a holiday to last until brooms, knives, buckets, and step-ladders are returned. The girls assemble and with piteous resignation join into song, singing with much feeling).—

“Little inmates, Radnor Hall,
Haven’t any things at all:
Haven’t any pettiskirts
Haven’t any chimmie shirts.”

(Curtain)

Ruth Glenn.
Katherine W. McCollin.
Life in Rock.

Perhaps it might have been better not to attempt to chronicle life in Rock. Thus we who lived there might have been able to preserve for ourselves the marvelous reputation for virtue and propriety which our friends of the other halls have so kindly made for us. We might have left college, modestly silent, shining in the light of our excellent name ("Pious Rock, the hall where quiet hours are a reality!") and no one would ever have been the wiser. But, after all, a class book is a volume of confessions and so here goes:—see us as we are.

The first event of the day is the triangle—barbaric institution, remnant of the dark ages! But it doesn’t really disturb anybody whose sleep is not troubled by visions of an approaching unprepared quiz. It might well stand as the personification of Bad Conscience, rousing the evil-doer but leaving the virtuous unchallenged.* Thus the sheep may be easily distinguished from the goats by the hour at which they appear at breakfast (except that there is a second class of goats arriving at about 8.16).

Rock is at its best at meal times. Across our tables of eight we daily settle the burning questions of the age. Like the congress of fat men from the circuses, we feel that if only we could get our heads together, there is nothing in the world that we could not accomplish! No subject is so trivial or so incomprehensible that it can escape us; and I don’t think we have ever been caught in unanimous agreement on any point. For what would be the use of talking if we should admit that we were of the same opinion in the first place? We get endless enjoyment out of the performance and it is a perfectly harmless sport as we never reach any conclusion. Some of the subjects still left open are: "Shall we accept Cardinal Newman’s apology?" "Are taxicabs safe?" and "Has the earth yawned and swallowed the maid?" and if so, "Why raise $25 and no salad?" But I must mention no more for to my mind there comes the visions of my former companions, reading the class book and at this point, inspired, bursting forth into monologues, one in San Francisco, one in Elizabeth another in Providence and in Chicago—but alas! who shall answer them?

* The Pem West editors wonder if this is why they were awakened by that unmentionable triangle every morning.
Rock is famous for A Number One fire drills. They are here conducted by a special process. Our captain at each drill accustoms us to the terrors of an emergency by great scoldings and angry noises so that we have by this time learned to burst spontaneously into the appropriate panic at the mere sound of the bell. The real thing has no more terrors for us! So when “the bells of Hell go ding-eling-eling,” “give me liberty or make me deaf!”

Rock is the hall of the sleeping roof. To the uninitiated this title might have a gruesome sound like the “Seven Gables” or the “Thousand Candles” and they might conclude that Rock was haunted. Indeed there is much to confirm that opinion. Lie in wait in the upper hall some dark night and see what happens:—All is still, the moon slides behind a cloud, a fine drizzle begins to fall. Watch and listen! Suddenly you hear a low murmur, a grumbling sound something between a snore and a groan, words like muttered imprecations. Then comes the screech of a window in its sash, a heavy thud, a door opens! Down the arch corridor they come, stooping figures clad in white, floating hair, trailing robes, on their shoulders huge loads of shapeless weight, dragging behind them long trains of rain-soaked clothing. Don’t speak to them! it is hardly safe. Years of friendship count for naught in such a crisis. Follow them as they pass, some with chattering teeth go to do penance by standing for ten minutes in tubs of boiling water, others, defying the sneeze to come, flop upon their beds and move no more. But since we have witnessed a ghost story let us, in the truly scientific spirit, investigate its circumstances. We trace back the path of the spectres to the spot whence they came. This is very easy, as numerous handkerchiefs, alarm clocks, pillows and safety-pins mark their course. Groping and stumbling we come at last to the bathroom window and look out upon the roof. We expect to find it deserted, but no! A mound of blackness marks the spot where Hopsy and Twinkle sleep peacefully beneath the tarpaulin while torrents of rain ineffectively splash around. Oh man! how wonderful are thy powers of defying nature, if thou canst but withstand the smell of tar!

I will draw the curtain here; and if my classmates have read so far “their’s has been a most disinterested curiosity,” for what in the world could they have found interesting about “Life in Rock.”?

Olga Erbsloh.
Returning to Visit

(With Apologies to Hashimura Togo and Wallace Irvin.)

HON. '15:—

Since I segregate myself away from Alma, dear Alma, Mater after Sophmorpeus year, I considerate offen I should go again and have sweet snack of Colledge enjoyable. Because Hon. Visitors lonely can be able to keep ball roleng when they have bat off, quite less care, and not feel in stumick consful they should, for Colledge retryments, home run. (Fanful similitude denoted from Hon. Bil Sundy.) Also when Health Board insig I should take adventure into dust of those relicks of past—flat, greeny books, quite hysteric with speedful writes—I feel so lonely for drear old Col. and yearnful to return back.

At finally I no more cannot bare so train back speedy to surviving friends. They most corful and curtious but fore long time I snig horriful suspect! Sneakly I commeasurate friends brows—Yep! They can with hair nor care cover disgruntly fact that I am not in Senior class above eyebrows! At mysteryous words "Made love her lips rose red," etc., I wabble distractly between intelligent look, as at joke, or intellectual, as at gem.

Still, not as in time ago are subject exhumed from depth to be discourse over choc. I scream. No, oh no! Simly, conveszation as a bird skims over surface of grate deep—barely dipping into but with immense below—which might also take to wing and mount the dizing hites. I fright to enter most innocent eyed conversache!

But comes snow in considerable bunches and in discomfortness and ruthlyless praying on naybores arcticks I see old school frend and grow britely resured. At showing of fresh ones too, I re joice in Eastern sceen with tum-tum-tum accompment.

and

juvenate
But now I begin to agonize over secret yearning of inside woman, which not poultry seed, nor marmalade, nor hon. Mrs. Miller's munificense all can shut up! In vainly I party at brekfust and supper. It no more is! Dish dishappeared! My um-m-m-tious melting mugful of muggle is no more! "If not possible to dijest," I snarl inly—fearing to be consider childly—"What ov't? Whoever had joy in dijesting!"

Then sudden! I receive hurry call to go to Filly on trane leeving 5 min. later—so am quite bizy for sed time in clothing hastily and filling snatchel reckless of what. Arrived pantly on trane I leeve bmc. for always.

"It is not possible to do," I firm.

"What?" I grate.

"Come agen!" I glub.

Yours truly,

JULIA L. HARRISON.
White Intellectualized

"A primrose by the river’s brim
A simple primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."

As a child I was dressed in white, but thought nothing of it. Not being of a poetic nature, I attached no peculiar significance to the color. By the time of my school graduation, I associated it vaguely with maidenly demureness, family weddings and hot weather. These utterly naïve ideas were rapidly dispelled as soon as I learned to balance a mortar board upon my head and to adjust continually the sliding shoulders of a scholar’s gown.

White became to me an integral part of an academic existence: White jumpers, white togas, white theme pads, white hockey balls, white faces in exams, white lecture rooms, white lunches in mid-years, white orals, white May days, white Lantern Nights, and last of all, white rabbit’s fur at Commencement.

Four years do much to change the current of one’s thought. I was drinking tea the other afternoon with some friends. My hostess was attired in immaculate white. As my eyes rested upon her, a train of what Dr. Leuba used to call associated ideas passed through my mind.

I thought of the black and white sketches of Mr. Whistler, the white carnation of Oscar Wilde, “the pale lilies” of Ernest Dowson. I remembered that Gargantua was dressed in that color in infancy, and recalled the marvelous Symphonie of Theophile Gautier. I was just running over the lines of a rather ephemeral poetess,

"Her flocks are thoughts,
She keeps them white ——"

when the voice of my hostess broke in upon me, faint like a voice in a dream.

"Why did Miss L—— not come with you?"
"She is so circumspect and right," I answered, "She has her soul to keep...

A rattle of cups, a gasp of astonishment, several exclamations of "How extraordinary," and as I encountered the alien glances of my friends, I realized, in the words of Heracleitus, that "All things change. Nothing abides." White had become purely a symbol.

EMILY GIFFORD NOYES.
Our Place in History

IF the gentle reader should care to compare the following with an essay on Wordsworth by Matthew Arnold, he would find striking resemblances between the two. But, as Mr. Puff said, it is only that two men have happened to think the same thing, and Mr. Arnold happened to say it first. I therefore need make no apologies. My point of view is absolutely disinterested.

I cannot think that 1915 up to this time has at all obtained her deserts. “Glory,” said M. Renau the other day, “glory, after all, is a thing which has best chance of not being altogether vanity.” 1915 is a homely class, and has never been in the habit of vaunting herself. Far be it from us to suggest that Bailey was the first and original Big Beautiful. And if we ever receive any glory before we are in our graves, we are too homely ever to be injured by it. I therefore have taken it upon myself to suggest our place in history.

For I firmly believe that the performance of the Class of 1915 is after that of the glorious Class of ’97 and the most important Class of 1912 of which all the world now recognizes the worth, undoubtedly the most considerable in our college from the age of Miss Patty Thomas down to the present time. Miss M. Carey Thomas is anterior, and on other grounds, too, she cannot be brought into the comparison. But taking the roll of our chief great names, besides M. Carey Thomas and Leila Houghteling from the age of Lucy Martin Donnelly downwards—Hunter, Delano, Tongue—I think it certain that Bradford’s name deserves to stand, and will finally stand, above them all. For has not her performance been commendable both in spirit and action, of enduring freshness, high courage, and faithfulness? Several of the above-named have gifts and excellencies which Bradford has not. For instance, Tongue seems to have a greater restraint of manner, Hunter perhaps a larger and keener wit, and Leila, we are fain to think, precedes her in humor. But in real achievement it seems to me indubitable that to Bradford belongs the palm. For Bradford has left behind a body of spirited work which wears, and which will wear, better on the whole than the performances of any of these personages, though more brilliant at the moment they have may been.
The place of Bradford having been firmly established, I should like to point out that the genius of 1915 has ever been many-sided. I shall take up these various phases one by one. Now at the outset I should like to say that it has ever been the aim of 1915 to make an application of ideas to life, if I may so call it, an application of moral ideas to life. For there is no more serious question which comes before any class than the question "how to live," and how to live morally. C. Hall was right in thinking that the energetic and profound treatment of moral ideas, in this large sense, is what distinguishes the Class of 1915. Now morals are often treated in a narrow and false fashion; they are bound up with conventions and traditions which have had their day; they are fallen into the hands of those who are pious; they grow tiresome to some among us. Now the great thing about 1915 is that she deals with this morality and that she deals with it so powerfully. As an instance I offer the case of "Pallas Athena Theas," a most beautiful poem and even great enough to be imitated. Yet such is the sincerity and moral honesty of 1915 that she would not lower herself to an imitation of it. It would be false to her notion of a faithful criticism of life. The devout genius of 1915 does not accept a flitting phase of revolt which nevertheless makes up part of her nature. She tries to live it down through practice of the primary affections and duties.

On the whole, then, as I have said at the beginning, not only is 1915 eminent by reason of the goodness of her best work, but she is eminent also by reason of the great body of good work which she has left behind. If it were a comparison of single pieces of work, such as *Cyrano* vs. *The Road to Yesterday*—I do not say that 1915 would stand decisively above 1914. It is in the ampler body of powerful work that I find 1915's superiority. What can 1914 offer to compete in powerfulness with E. B. Smith and Chris Smith, and J. Deming and A. Brown and M. G. Brownell and K. McCollin? Such a list can be balanced successfully against M. C. Smith and the Ford. With the ancients I do not compare 1915. As we have said, it is unfair to them. In many respects the ancients are far above us, and yet there is that we demand which they can never give. M. Carey Thomas and Marion Reilly are altogether larger and more splendid luminaries in the college heaven than we, yet I dare predict that when the century shall turn, 1915 shall not be a beautiful and ineffectual angel beating in the void her luminous wings in vain, but a mighty power—one of the two greatest of that time. The question is who the second greatest will be.

K. Snodgrass.
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