1916

Bryn Mawr College Yearbook. Class of 1916

Bryn Mawr College. Senior Class

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The Book of the Class of 1916
The Charm of 1916
— A Critical Paper
Readers

Head of Department
EMILIE THERESE STRAUSS

Assistants
MARGARET RUSSELL
ELEANOR MARCELLA CLINTON
ELEANOR HOUSTON HILL
LOIS ESTABROOK SANDISON
HELEN STARKWEATHER CHASE
CATHERINE SHERRED GODLEY

The Auxiliary

Will
LOUISE BULKLEY DILLINGHAM

Do
ANNA CAROLINE LEE
RUTH WESTON ALDEN
RUTH ELLEN LAUTZ
Plan

Theme: The charm of 1916 is an indefinable something.

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A. Proem

This is the proem! prime evil!
The groans and the sighs of the workers,
Striving, regardful of English,
For unity, mass, and coherence.

Lo, though our Latin's forgotten,
Though naught of Biology lingers,
The paths in our brain have been stampéd
With unity, mass, and coherence.

Ah, vainly we sought to escape them;
Like Arnold, our thought must be molded,
Must flow in harmonious cadence,
With unity, mass, and coherence.

Hence this book is a critical-paper;
Its theme—used for ballads and Marlowe—
(Our "Charm is an Undefined Something")
Gives us unity, mass, and coherence.

Accept, in the spirit 'tis offered,
Our lunacy, mess, interference.
B. Narrative

Photo by H. Parker Rolfe
Tennis Singles
Championship won by 1913.
Captain—E. B. Kirk
Manager—C. B. Fuller

Team
E. B. Kirk H. Orr
F. Witherbee

Tennis Doubles
Championship won by 1914.
Team
E. B. Kirk C. Westheimer
H. Orr F. Witherbee
C. Fuller F. Hitchcock

On Tennis Varsity
E. B. Kirk

Hockey
Championship won by 1914.
Captain—M. Branson
Manager—A. Werner

Swimming Meet
Championship won by 1915.
Captain—M. Dodd
Second place—E. Rand

Water Polo
Championship won by 1915.
Captain—M. Dodd
Manager—M. Chase

Team
M. Chase F. Kellogg
M. Dodd L. Goodnow

Outdoor Track Meet
Championship won by 1915.
Captain—H. Chase
Manager—F. Kellogg

Basket-Ball
Championship won by 1914.
Captain—L. Goodnow
(resigned), E. Hill
Manager—K. Trowbridge

Team
E. Hill L. Goodnow
A. Jaggard K. Trowbridge
H. Chase L. Klein
M. Branson
Pathetic Fallacy. II

Tennis Singles
Championship won by 1915.
*Captain—E. B. Kirk*
*Manager—C. Fuller*

**Team**
E. B. Kirk  H. Orr
C. Westheimer

Tennis Doubles
Championship won by 1914.

**Team**
H. Orr  C. Fuller
C. Westheimer  E. B. Kirk
F. Hitchcock  C. Harding

Hockey
Championship won by 1914.
*Captain—M. Branson*
*Manager—F. Kellogg*

Swimming Meet
Championship won by 1917.
*Captain—M. Dodd*

Water Polo
Championship won by 1915.
*Captain—M. Dodd*
*Manager—F. Kellogg*

Outdoor Track Meet
Championship won by 1915.
*Captain—F. Kellogg*
*Manager—H. Chase*

Basket-Ball
Championship won by 1914.
*Captain—E. Hill*
*Manager—L. Goodnow*

**Team**
H. Orr  E. Hill
F. Kellogg  L. Goodnow
H. Chase  M. Branson
A. Jaggard
The Imperative. I

Class Officers. President—Constance Kellen
Vice-President—Nannie Gail (resigned), Constance Dowd
Secretary—Katharine Trowbridge (resigned), Adeline Werner
Song Leader—Dorothy Deneen
Undergraduate Association. Student Council—Ruth Alden, Margaret Russell
Self-Government Association. Clara Fuller

The Imperative. II

Class Officers. President—Adeline Werner
Vice-President—Ruth Alden
Secretary—Constance Dowd
Song Leader—Dorothy Deneen
Christian Association. Assistant Treasurer—Agnes Smith
Secretary—Agnes Grabau
Undergraduate Association. Assistant Treasurer—Margaret Dodd
Student Council—Frances Bradley, Clara Fuller
Athletic Association. Vice-President and Treasurer—Mary G. Branson
Self-Government Association. Treasurer—Ruth Alden
Consumers' League. Secretary—Louise Dillingham
Equal Suffrage League. Secretary—Clara Fuller
Glee Club. Assistant Business Manager—Elizabeth Rand (resigned),
Margaret Russell
Latern and Tippin' o' Bob. Editors—Margaret Loudon, Juliet Branham
Trophy Club. Treasurer—Margaret Russell
Librarian—Margaret Chase
I. "The Fount of Humor Ceased to Flow"

There is a half page in the ads marked "Reserved."* This suggested to us a way out when we discovered that Trow was not going to keep her promise to write up Freshman Show and we considered for a long time inscribing this page: "Reserved for Katharine Trowbridge and Freshman Show." We feared, however, that the other classes would misunderstand our reticence, so we began to plan a write-up.

In the first place, it must be original. Freshman Show was that if nothing else. So we decided not to let ourselves be infected by the present epidemic of Shakespeare celebration.

*Reader's comment: Ambiguous. Make clear the rather astounding fact that this reserved half-page does not merely fill space, but has been bought and paid for.
tions to the extent of rewriting *The Totem’s Taboo* à la *Midsummer Night’s Dream*. The identical structure of the plots—the search for the pearl and the lovers’ search and wandering—is of course obvious to all, and a simple twist of the wrist would transform “I am a little Gossip” into Puck’s “I am that merry wanderer of the night.”

In the second place, it must appeal to the eye. Freshman Show had wonderful scenic effects. On that account we had planned to draw a series of cartoons of the drill which we in Rock used to delight in practising as we sat at the dinner table.

Cartoon I. Leader saying: “Swimming meet.” Company drooping somewhat from normal position.

Cartoon II. Leader saying: “Hockey.” Company half under table.


Cartoon IV. Leader saying: “Freshman Show.” Company upright, with swelling chests and broad grins. Head proctor speeding sternly toward table.

This plan we rejected for the simple reason that we can’t either of us draw.

Finally, our write-up must be funny. Freshman Show was scintillating. Therefore we outlined a scheme by which Miss Donnelly should write a Hashimura Togo letter to Nelson (she has of course lost her fluency in English while in Japan), in which she would reprove him for having lowered his “lit’ry standards” to the point of admiring 1919’s Freshman Show after having seen 1916’s “piece.” We even began this and wrote:

“To honorable Mr. Nelson, who scrub floor oftenly:

“Dearest Sir: I have deceive your latter-day letter which have at firstly give me peeve. Can you be him of enlarged intelligence so strong ancently for mortality plays? . . .”

This we dropped because it did not fulfil its prime requirement: it was not funny. Besides, as we later discovered, 1915 had used it.

Thus, being neither original nor scenic nor funny ourselves, we give it up. Trow is forgiven. Anyhow, everyone in 1916 can recite the libretto of our chef d’oeuvre from memory and can sing every song and execute with grace and precision every dance, so why bother?

*Emilie Strauss,*

*Louise Dillingham.*
II. We're not the Class that Bought the Prophylactics

Juniors and Seniors were stowing away
Chicken, endive and banana parfait,
And loving each other in a banquety way,
Which is simply a dressy endeavor to say
They were having their annual supper that day.

Outside in the darkness shapes might have been seen,
Pushing excitedly round on the green,
Bearing two forms, strangely wilted and lean.
Could this be the class so famous for bean,
The highly intelligent class of sixteen?

In the niches up over the library door
They placed the pale creatures we mentioned before;
From a distance they looked almost human, what’s more.
The face of the first and the clothes that she wore
Looked strangely like something we’d all seen before.

The lady was clad in a ruffled affair,
Superfluous bows and puffs everywhere:
She had a most notably pre-college air.
It was secretly mentioned and whispered with care,
The frivolous person had frizzled her hair.

The second was pale as the moon in the sky.
She boasted a bulging and near-sighted eye,
And wore cap and gown. On her forehead so high
Were brain-bumps, denoting to those that know why,
Deep interest in Chemistry, Physics, and Bi.
The class of sixteen stood below in a row,
And the sense of their cleverness started to grow;
In spasms of mirth they rocked to and fro.
"Before taking and after" they christened the show.
If you ever, kind stranger, desire to know
Where the fountains of humor perpetually flow,
Just think on this side-splitting jest, and then go
To the class of '16. Come, '16, let us crow!  

ANNE JAGGARD.
III. Satan Finds Work for Idle Hands to do  

or,  

The Temptations in Gym

PEOPLE who have never lived in Radnor do not seem to appreciate its advantages. People who have never lived on the fourth floor groan at the thought. But what could be more perfect than Radnor fourth floor as a grandstand for the Temptations' gym night? Certainly not those much-vaunted Merion posts of observation. Every Tuesday night, Mig and I would study by the window, and as the lights in the gym went on, ours went off (to make the other Radnor temptation-fans think us in bed) and we established ourselves on the window-seat.

There never seemed to be much system to those gym nights. Each Temp. seemed to follow his own inclination. I remember Jonesy used to walk stiffly up and down the gym with a wand over his shoulder, knees raised high, or run doggedly round and round the track, never changing direction. Jimmy and Dewey and Rhys—when there wasn't skating—used to try basket-ball, but they were very vacillating (I always meant to warn Brale about Dewey's character as revealed on those nights) and skipped lightly from basketball to clubs to ropes to the limbs of trees to—no, no; what am I saying? Dr. Fisher came once in his little brother's out-grown bright blue suit and sat on the platform. We thought he encouraged the performance once, but were not quite sure he was so rough. And then there was the never-to-be-forgotten night when Dr. Ferree came and boxed. That really was what determined my taking Major Psych—a man who boxed like that ought to be able to get the course into a nut-shell. I think that was the only time he ever came; but his career, though short, was glorious. As far as we could tell, he had evidently been invited to meet the Red Lion in a boxing bout. He met him—much more than half-way—and left him, very red, lyon on the mat.

As to the costumes—they were certainly charming, though we never could really tell just in what they consisted. I still feel sure that I would be a rich woman today if I could have verified some of the bets I laid on the perfectly bathing-suit top or the Jones pajams.

MARGARET RUSSELL.
IV. The Hitherto Unpublished Secret of 1916's Athletic Success is Revealed

Time.—1.30 p. m. Any year from 1912 to 1916, the day of the preliminaries of any match-game.

Place.—The room of any captain.

Characters.—Any 1916 captain (generally Polly) and the team (as many as are not disabled).

Captain (with the assurance gained of many meetings in the past).—Well, we're going to beat them today.

Team (doubtful but cheery).—Yes, indeed.

Captain.—There's no reason why we shouldn't. All our team is playing except five people. And you all know they have never beaten us by more than twenty points in practice.

Manager (indignant).—Yes, and did you hear what that fresh Freshman said?

The Rest (eagerly, in chorus).—What?

Manager.—That they were lucky to draw us. They had a chance to win now.

Team (with spirit).—We'll show them!

Like to know what made her say that!!

Freshmen think they can do anything!!

Captain.—What we've got to do is to start with a dash and not let them get more points than we do.

Team (enlightened and correspondingly hopeful).—Why, yes! That's a fine idea.

Captain (carried away by the thought).—Make a lot of goals ourselves, you know, and don't let them make any. We can beat them easily that way, but we'd better not take it too easy, even when we're way ahead.

Team.—No, indeed! Pile up the score. Discourage them for the next game.
CAPTAIN.—Play your hardest, everybody. There'll be plenty of subs. Three third and two fourth team people have promised to come down. You all know where you're to play, don't you? It doesn't make much difference. I'll probably shift you all around to different positions. But I'll try to let you know what you're playing. Hasn't some one a trick to explain?

FOR.—When you have the ball look in a different direction from the one you're going to throw in. No one is ever there to get it then—I mean no one on the other team.

CAPTAIN.—That sounds good. Remember it. Now everybody don't eat or drink anything and go to sleep. Those Freshmen have Lab, so we'll be fresher than they are. And remember, WE ARE GOING TO WIN.

(Exit team, leaving captain in her air-castle.)

ELEANOR HILL.
V. Out of May-Day We Were Thrown

or,

Words from the Casting Committee

All Sophomore year we heard rumors of May-Day, but they certainly were vague. All we could gather was that Bryn Mawr gave a lot of plays all over the campus to raise money for the Endowment Fund. So it was, wrapped in mystification and goloshes, that Betty and I made our way through the snow drifts to Mr. King's office in the Lib the first night of the second semester A.D. 1914 at 8.00 p.m. Two by two the august casting committee filed into the room, class by class as it were. We knew Con Hall and Jop (later "Skipper"), and our Juniors, Katherine Sergeant, our chairman, and Beany Baker. Mildred Jacobs and Dagmar we knew better—later.

We waited for Mr. King (we usually did). We waited for him to divest himself of goloshes, ear muffs, mittens, scarf, great-coat and traveling clock, and we waited for him to invest himself in a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles. Then we began—breathlessly.

We waited for the first words. They were a warning to our respective wardens to keep the
halls open for us after half past ten every night. Then another warning—this was going
to be very hard work and we must all take care of our health. Did we all have goloshes?
Eight pairs of feet were raised in affirmation. A certain list of medicines, which I have
since mislaid unfortunately, for I never meant to be without it again, was given out as
invaluable in warding off colds and over-work. By this time it was twenty-nine minutes
after ten and as we had not warned the wardens as yet, we left precipitately.

The next night we began in earnest. Everyone had a notebook and pencil; the chairman
had a finding-list of every girl in college; and Mr. King had a list of every character
in May-Day. Our task was to fit the two lists, with equal signs between the name and
character as appropriately as possible. Mr. King had grown old and experienced in the
service so he cast his committee first as far as possible. This method avoided friction.
His treatment of my case, which I remember best, will serve as a model for all. It is typical.

Mr. King.—Miss Packard, have you ever played before?

Me.—Ye-yes.

Mr. King.—Ah-hum (looking over the list of characters). I think you may be able to
do Will Scarlet. (Scrutinizing me over his glasses.) He is a courtier and a fop (nods his
head on the last term as if convinced I could do that) and something of an exquisite. (Eyes
turn very dubious. Muffled but plainly derisive snorts from the Committee.) Miss Rand,
how are her legs? (Being reassured on that point, he assures me that he will have no com-
punctions about removing me at once, if not sooner, if I fail to grasp his conception of the
aforementioned fop. I quake audibly.)

Mr. King.—Miss Perkins—I know myself what she is capable of—will play a perfect
Campaspe. (It was revealed to both Dagmar and Mr. King that Campaspe was made in
Heaven for her.) Miss Baker will do a masterly Diogenes (Beany hadn’t had the same revel-
ation about Diogenes that had come to Dagmar about Campaspe.—Mr. King now leaps lightly
to another character.) Now about Bottom? (With an upward inflection, meaning: Com-
mittee, you may offer suggestions.)

The din is terrific. Each one offers a classmate upon the altar of friendship. Betty
and I repeat in unison at discreet intervals: “Larie Klein, Larie Klein, Larie Klein—-”
Other names are bandied about, but one name is uttered in a beautifully modulated, low, thrilling contralto: "Eleanor Jencks." The game was up—but we did our best to drown the sound. Unfortunately Mr. King recognizes a beautiful sound when he hears it, and, sobs from 1916, he did hear it.

Mr. King.—Ah, Miss Hall, Miss Jencks is just the person I should have chosen for the part.

Jencks becomes Bottom and Con Hall's stock goes up another ten points. 1917 always was lucky!

But there was one thing Betty and I, doing our best to look after 1916's interests, couldn't understand, and that was why did 1914 let character after character go by without suggesting Lil Cox, for we knew she could act. Hadn't all 1916 seen her play the "Athletic Girl" in 1914's banner show? Certainly! So loyalty to our sister class came to the fore and we suggested her strongly for every part from Titania to Noah. We felt sure it was a mistake not to make her May Queen—but she did make a wonderful Merry Man.

Finally, nearly all the speaking parts were cast, to some if not to everyone's satisfaction. Then came choosing the dancers. Legs were the chief matters under consideration. Mr. King made several tours of inspection, accompanied by Madam Chairman and a tape-measure. The results were on the whole satisfactory, I believe, to all parties concerned. If legs were good all the way, the owner was made a short-skirted dancer; if legs bulged at the knee, long skirts were prescribed.

And so the business of casting continued for months, literally. Toward the end when the Committee had got tired of hearing Mr. King and the contralto give out parts to 1917, Mr. King and the contralto had words. Excitement reigned, and we listened with bated breath to a heated discussion of the relative merits of Water Polo versus May-Day. It appeared that if Con Hall left the meeting to go to a Water Polo game at nine, she was never to return. The King had spoken. At nine promptly she left. We wondered what would happen when she came back. We found out! No one knows how lucky those words were for 1916, 1915 and 1914 even. After that we managed to get our friends a few minor
parts, all that were left. But then, as 1917 pointed out, they really had all the parts they
could use before "it" happened.

But in spite of the "words" and work, I can say truthfully that May-Day was one
of the two nicest things in college (the other was Freshman Show). We have but one regret,
and that is beautifully and tenderly expressed in the words of a famous song:

"And all our star comedian said
   Was 'Dog, Dog, take a bone'."  DOROTHY PACKARD.
VI. Discretion is the Better Part of Valor

"A picnic?"—to call it so seemed flat abuse.
'Twas a feast (so we deemed it), with dull care cast loose,
And a revel of wit, such as fools could produce;
For the Seniors were ours that night.

In the hollow, the Seniors, all fed and at ease,
And at last more good-humored and easy to please,
Awaited our stunts, while a soft evening breeze
Bade us play at our maddest that night.

The essence of humor we strove to portray,
Scenes teeming with wit and with hits of the day,
We thought it quite funny. The Seniors, did they?
Pray, why such grim faces that night?

For here nineteen-sixteen (I sadly relate),
A Blue Class, lapsed far from its usual state
Of sentimentality. Ah, wretched fate!
They mocked revered customs that night.

The lantern-night Freshman with quavering knees,
The Senior, a-tubbing all day if she please,
Ah! Blue Class, I blush for you, should even these
Be the butt of your humor this night?
Worse yet, fair Campaspe, so lofty in mind,
Was ruthlessly, mercilessly, Larie Kleined;
And the Painter, Apelles, some thought unrefined,
   As he courted his love that night.

Last and saddest of all, came St. George and his crew,
Whose likeness to faculty all of us rue.
With this stunt our good name for reverence flew
   Forever away that night.

So instead of a song of glad youth unrestrained,
Comes this dirge of a pure sensibility pained,
And a warning to Soph'mores, of feelings untrained,
   To expunge too bold stunts picnic night.

Charlotte Harding.
C. Proof
The Imperative. III

Class Officers. President—Margaret Russell
Vice-President—Elizabeth Brakeley
Secretary—Alice Van Horn
Song Leader—Dorothy Deneen
Christian Association. Treasurer—Mary G. Branson
Undergraduate Association. Vice-President and Treasurer—Helen Chase
Secretary—Margaret Dodd
Athletic Association. Secretary—Fredrika Kellogg
Outdoor Manager—Mary G. Branson
Self-Government Association. Secretary—Constance Kellen
Executive Board—Constance Dowd, Margaret Russell
Debating Society. Captain—Isabelle Bridge. Manager—Mildred McCay
Equal Suffrage League. Vice-President—Clara Fuller
English Club. Members—Margaret Haskell, Margaret Loudon, Lois Sandison
Glee Club. Business Manager—Dorothy Deneen
History Club. Secretary—Helen Holmes
Science Club. Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer—Constance Dowd
Trophy Club. Secretary—Margaret Chase. Treasurer—Margaret Russell
Lantern and Tipyn o' Bob. Editors—Margaret Haskell, Lois Sandison
Treasurer—Margaret Russell
News Board. Editors—Fredrika Kellogg, Constance Dowd, Emilie Strauss
Business Manager—Mary G. Branson
### Pathetic Fallacy. III

#### Yellow Ties
- M. Branson  F. Kellogg

#### Tennis Singles
- Championship won by 1918.
- **Captain:** C. Fuller (resigned)
- **Manager:** M. Branson

  **Team**
  - C. Fuller
  - E. B. Kirk
  - M. Branson

#### Tennis Doubles
- Championship won by 1917.
  **Team**
  - E. B. Kirk  F. Hitchcock
  - R. Fordyce  M. Branson
  - M. Russell  M. Dodd

#### Hockey
- Championship won by 1917.
- **Captain:** M. Branson
- **Manager:** F. Kellogg

#### Team
- E. B. Kirk  F. Kellogg
- H. Chase  F. Bradley
- C. Dowd  L. Goodnow
- M. Branson  A. Werner
- A. E. Van Horn  M. Russell
- R. Alden

#### On Hockey Varsity
- M. Branson  F. Kellogg
- A. Werner

#### Swimming Meet
- Championship won by 1917.
- **Captain:** F. Kellogg
  **Individual Championship**
  - C. Dowd
  **Second place:** N. Gail

#### Water Polo
- Championship won by 1917.
- **Captain:** F. Kellogg
- **Manager:** M. Dodd

#### Outdoor Track Meet
- Championship won by 1918.
- **Captain:** F. Kellogg
- **Manager:** H. Chase

#### Basketball
- Championship won by 1917.
- **Captain:** E. Hill (resigned)
- **Manager:** M. Branson
  **Team**
  - E. Hill  H. Chase
  - F. Kellogg  L. Goodnow
  - R. Fordyce  A. Werner
  - M. Branson

#### On Basketball Varsity
- L. Goodnow
Pathetic Fallacy. IV

Yellow Ties
M. Branson

Tennis Singles
Championship won by 1918.
Captain—E. B. Kirk
Manager—R. Fordyce

Team
E. B. Kirk M. Branson
F. Bradley

Tennis Doubles
Championship won by 1917.
Team
E. B. Kirk F. Bradley
F. Hitchcock M. Branson
H. Chase M. Russell

Hockey
Championship won by 1917.
Captain—M. Branson
Manager—F. Kellogg

Team
H. Chase R. Alden
F. Kellogg C. Dowd
F. Bradley L. Goodnow
M. Branson M. Dodd
E. Holliday M. Russell
A. Werner

On Hockey Varsity
M. Branson A. Werner

Swimming Meet
Championship won by 1917.
Captain—L. Dillingham
Manager—L. Garfield

Basket-Ball
Championship won by 1917.
Captain—M. Branson
Manager—A. Werner

Water Polo
Championship won by 1918.
Captain—L. Dillingham
Manager—M. Dodd

Team
F. Kellogg M. Dodd
L. Dillingham C. Kellen
C. McKeefry N. Gail
E. Strauss

Outdoor Track Meet
Championship won by 1917.
Captain—F. Kellogg
Manager—L. Garfield

Team
F. Kellogg M. Dodd
L. Dillingham C. Kellen
C. McKeefry N. Gail
E. Strauss

M. Chase
I. Everything That Goes Up Comes Down

or,

16's Balls

See our Polly with the balls,
Snow-white balls.

To the players in their struggles hear how valiantly she calls.

See Dodd dribble, dribble, dribble,
Punkie fall upon the field.
Juicy lemon-rinds they nibble;
Anxious referees all quibble;
Those on side-lines are congealed,
Keeping time, time, time,
With a faithfulness sublime,
To the whackinabulation that so fatefuly befalls
To the balls, balls, balls, balls,
Balls, balls, balls,
To the rolling and the bowling of the balls.

II

Fierce the struggle with the balls,
Grass-stained balls.

What highly wrought excitement tempestuously befalls!

How the umpires' whistles squeak,
And the side-lines, how they shriek
When a burst of accidents their watching eyes appalls.
Bradley falls;
Polly calls
To young Dooley and she hauls
Water, lemon, brandy, shawls,
To her stricken, sadly smitten
   By the balls, balls, balls,
   By the balls, balls, balls, balls,
   Balls, balls, balls,
By the whacking and the thwacking of the balls.

III
See the shooting of the balls,
Battered balls!
As they dribble down the field, 15's forwards how it galls!
   But their halfbacks give a whack
   And the ball goes tearing back,
Past our forwards and our halfbacks see it roll!
   Past our fullbacks and our Ad,
With a "sickening slaughter sad"
   In the goal!
   And the cheering, sobbing cheering,
The fulfillment of our fearing,
   Rends our soul.
And we rush to Denbigh Green,
Where our banner blue is seen
   Glorious,
And a silence ominous
Chills the hearts of all of us.
   Then it falls.
As it gently downward floats,
Comes hoarse cheering from our throats,
And with sobbing and with squalls
'16 bawls, bawls, bawls,
Hear it sobbing as it bawls,
As it bawls, bawls, bawls, bawls,
Bawls, bawls, bawls,
For the rolling and the bowling of the balls.

ELEANOR CLINTON.
II. Upon the King—Your Burdens Lay Upon the King

ENCOURAGED by two years of Mr. King, I pursued to the very end my careful study of the mother tongue as it should be spoke, and entered upon that last period of knowledge known as Pre-advanced reading of Shakespeare, or, "Upon the King, let us our burdens lay upon the King. He must bear all." A good old line that, culled from one of the Henry's or John's or Richard's, and spoken in right manly fashion from the diaphragm. Pleasant indeed to the ear, yet I never knew its exact significance until
the spring of Junior year, when I awoke one morning, to find myself—not famous—but accursed, a stage manager. "Engaged" was the vehicle we chose for our dramatic flight, and then came the deluge. (I am very sorry for Dodie, Helen Riegel, and the rest. They should have learned that sometimes "Engaged" means friction.) You see, there were those who wanted to see "Prunella" staged, because it had such mystic possibilities. Others who felt that we should put the "Lays of Ancient Rome" to music and present it in pageant form. Many interesting and insignificant suggestions poured in, varying in their possibilities from "Little Eye Wolf" to "East Lynne." But feeling that these helpful hints would be carried out more effectively in a movie scenario of perhaps six or seven reels, we clung to "Engaged." Then rehearsals began with everything including Mary Winsor's bedroom and Miss Branson's office as a background. The result was that the night of dress rehearsal we turned out a medley.

The day of the event I had spent all my spare time and cash impartially between the Pembroke East and West phones, indulging in severial plain talks with Silvert and Sons of Lancaster Avenue, refined dealers in high-class furniture, and with Francis B. Hall, late haberdasher to the deceased King Edward. I also chatted with the Little Theatre, of Stock Company fame. To be sure, at that early hour we had no scenery, but worked on the Granville Barker method, that the imagination must be given free scope. So, minus costumes, interior decorations, lines, and one thing or another, we lived through that first painful performance. Between acts I had sufficient and abounding time in which to recuperate, for not one member of the cast would be beguiled into speaking to one who had so injured and abused her—with a stage manager. And I thought again of that famous line, "Upon the King—he must bear all." Poor old dear!

Somehow the next day was lived through and the joyful night of the great production dawned.* Junior-Senior Supper Play was launched while we sat in the wings with fears clutching at our hearts, tears trickling down our spine, waiting for the laughs. They came. At first the noiseless, guaranteed-not-to-disturb kind, but finally when Lilla lost her arti-

*Reader's comment: Can a night dawn?
ficial front a genuine roar went up. We had made a success, more calisthenic than his-
trionic in nature, but nevertheless a success. So that by the time Al had attained the tree
on which the fruit of her heart was hung, and Russ was muttering, "I love you both, which-
ever it may be," to the gentle accompaniment of Edith's "I'm just a poor Highland lassie,
but I've a verra good figure," the audience was indulgent, not to say jocose.
And that night as I crept into my downy cot, after turning out the lights and faith-
fully rendering "Thou Gracious Inspiration" in a base key, I whispered softly to myself,
"Amor omnia vincit."

LARIE KLEIN.
III. We Are Twelve, or the Advantages of Applied Psych.

1. Applied Psych. is enough of a science, so there's not much reading.

2. It's not enough of a science, so there's not much lab.*

3. It's applied to itself, so that the advanced methods of learning are accepted, and original and purely imaginative answers to exam questions get by better than those learned parrot-fashion from a book. Therefore you don't have to learn anything.

4. You can't have lab Monday or Tuesday because the lab is used by the Minor Course.

5. You can't have lab Wednesday (except for a short time) because Kitty Gordon and half the class take Eurythmics.

6. You can't have lab concentratedly as a whole class on Thursdays because Russ, Nannie, Starkie and Doddy have previous engagements in other lab.

7. You can't have lab at all Fridays because Kitty McCollin has bought and paid for Symphony tickets for every Friday afternoon.

8. When you do have lab for a short time on Wednesday and at intervals on Thursday you don't have to come until 2.20, and you can eat peppermints in the cloisters between raids.

9. The merest child can understand the experiments, such as card sorting, remembering what you see in a picture-book, painting anchors and lemons, tracing stars, etc.

10. Any beginner can do as well as an old hand. Esther Kelly came to visit and led the class in finding rhymes for the words "break" and "rat."

11. You can find out things about your classmates that you'd find nowhere out of Psych. class.

   *E. g. How much they are accustomed to gambling—evidence from card-test.

   *Reader's Comment. This sentence should be recast. Thought—sequence vague.
Whether they smoke or drink—sure proof in test of hand steadiness. (Russ thought of this. Her responsibility drove her to it.)

Another catch is the word "whiskey" in the list of words that you give responses to. Lilla said "soda" in the shortest time she made on any response.

12. Everyone can find her own sphere in which she excels, and be flattered at leading the class whether it be in girth of head, degree of right-handedness, ability to draw circles or add or multiply, or to give original and unparalleled answers to word-tests, as Doddy did when in response to the word "mutton" she said "Jeff."

Constance Dowd.
IV. Every Senior Wears a Diamond Ring
or, The Humor of Engagements

Of course this is a subject to which we have given little thought; and as to its humor, is there any? Well, perhaps—if innocent remarks are misconstrued. You are quietly motoring along a country road of a pleasant summer evening, on the back seat, not quite alone—at least, not lonesome. The chauffeur has maintained a discreet silence during the evening and tactfully concentrated his efforts upon running the car. After an agony of intense stillness his straining ear is relieved by the permission, "You may turn around now, Joseph." Eagerly he turns his head; then murmurs, "Oh, so sorry."

As for the romance of it, ladies, that's only in the books. For instance, you have spent hours with the mirror,调整 every hair and deciding whether a half or a three-quarter smile best sets off your ivory teeth. The maid knocks at the door and announces, "Mr. Singe" (French for love?). Not to appear too eager and to make the greater éclat by anticipation, you hesitate two minutes which seem an hour, before you trip downstairs. Every nerve is tingling with excitement and expectation. But, alas, no answering gleam meets the wonder in your eyes. You pause and look about; not a noise is to be heard, until at last from the parlor comes a muffled sound which grows more and more regular. Can it be Jove's thunderbolt, in spite of the starlit sky, or is it Mars firing distant guns? No, it is something more peaceful, yet more snorous.

Helen Riegel,
Margaret Dodd
V. 1916 Shines Out in the Wide, Wide World

NINETEEN-SIXTEEN'S class for the study of Social Problems has been unusually active this year, its most important adventure being the sending of a delegation to Lois Goodnow's wedding in February, 1916.

The company met in the West Philadelphia station of the Pennsylvania Railroad and for a few minutes exchanged the greetings which are a part of the rites of the organization: "Your room-mate certainly has good taste." "I love that hat." "Where have I seen that coat before?" "I always liked those shoes. Don't they hurt you a bit?"

The arrival of Drs. Gray and Fernsemer in silk hats caused much excitement and the perfect blending of the latter's gloves and tie furnished a fertile subject for conversation.

Having once seated themselves in the car specially reserved for them, the delegates tried to conceal their nervousness by stretching the white gloves bought for the occasion. The question whether or not to take off coats at the reception was violently discussed. Miss Trowbridge, who, after two years of graduate social work in Princeton, was able to face calmly the approaching ordeal, led a group of the bolder spirits to the dining-car, where they consumed fabulous quantities of waffles.

It soon became evident that the train would be at least forty minutes late and an elaborate relay race was planned, by which the male members of the party were to leap from the train before it had stopped, and to seize as many taxis as possible. The male members, though at first doubtful of the pleasure to be derived from this plan, were finally convinced of its necessity. As a result of their system, by piling eight into one cab, the delegates reached the church at twenty minutes after four, when the ceremony was little more than half over. Their entrance was dramatic if not silent, and having failed to see the bride go down the aisle, they refused to be foiled, and in spite of all that the more advanced members could tell them, mounted on the pews in the back of the church to witness her return. One, seeking to out-top her companions, is even said to have mounted on the best man's silk hat. This report, however, has never been authenticated.
It was at the house that the greatest strain on the training of the delegates came. They approached the receiving line, in groups of three and four, and introduced themselves by saying, "We're from Bryn Mawr," somewhat after the manner of the three little maids from school. The bride, however, always mentioned their names and their distinguishing characteristics, as for instance: "This is Grabby, Jack. She's the girl I told you about, who had so much trouble with her leg."

In the dining-room the delegates were most at home and they grouped themselves around the table in a solid phalanx, two deep. Their train not leaving until after six, they remained until the departure of the bride, and threw confetti liberally. As this was more in the line of their usual activities, they had remarkable success, and left with the comfortable certainty that they had well represented the high social ideals of their Alma Mater.

Respectfully submitted,

EMILIE T. STRAUSS.
VI. Ich Weiß Nicht Wass Soll Es Bedeuten; or, Der Fellowship Banquet


ADELINE LASCH WERNER.
VII. Coach Praises Glee Club Mikado (Revised)
or,
All the “News” that’s Fit to Print

The Glee Club’s production last Saturday of Gilbert and Sullivan’s “Mikado,” praised by its coach, Mr. E. S. Grant, as the best amateur performance he had ever trained, though amusing and smoothly presented, was not striking for acting or costuming. The singing, however, especially of the choruses, was unusually good and F. Fuller’s spirited interpretation of the Lord High Executioner maintained the interest of the opera throughout.

To the sustained comedy of this part the less lively charms of the “second trombone,” M. Jacobs, ’15, furnished a picturesque foil. Her high, flexible soprano was particularly sweet in “A Wandering Minstrel I,” and her sure touch in acting was appreciated when she showed what she’d “never, never do,” in the duet with Yum Yum.

Yum Yum, C. Eastwick, ’18, cannot be fairly criticized because of the fact that her voice had almost given out in rehearsals. Considering this handicap, it is remarkable that so much of its pleasing

The musical director ready to conduct with professional ability in place of the usual baton.

Act I

Curtain rises on a scene in Koko’s garden. Stage manager sitting, asleep. Three pagodas brought from the model school set across the stage under cherry trees, brought from upper campus. Man chorus discovered in scarlet and Kelly green in R. front, corner, almost concealed by stage decorations, hastily constructing more pagodas which they set around the stage at intervals, from time to time striking each other savagely. When not singing they stand up in masses.

Enter Nanki Poo with picturesque fencing foil to be later presented to Koko. He flexes his voice and sings, “A wandering minstrel I.” Chorus attempt an exit, ending in stampede over footlights.

After slight intermission giving audience time to comprehend and admire stage setting, enter Pooh Bah and Pish Tush dressed like twins.
quality remained and that the appeal of her acting was not lost. Together with Yum Yum, Pitti Sing and Peep Bo, T. Smith, '17, and E. Dabney, '19, attained the necessary daintiness for the “Three little maids from school.” For once T. Smith had a part entirely suited to her skill and grace.

The pompous comedy in the parts of Pooh Bah and Pish Tush was adequately brought out by E. Biddle, '19, and by A. Pompous comedy business, same for both. Slight applause from audience.

Exeunt chorus, Peep Bo and Pitti Sing, though they remain ready in R. and L. wings, continually returning at any time, rolling up grand pianos, wheelbarrows, etc. (depending on what the audience demands). Just before her duet with Nanki, Yum Yum retires in order not to detract from Nanki’s sure touch in acting.

Finale to Act I, easily and effectively
Kerr, '18. The Mikado, E. Pugh, '15, although she adopted the musical comedy method of practically speaking her songs, was particularly effective in “making the punishment fit the crime.” M. Russell, '16, as Katsicha, suffered from a voice too low in pitch for her part.

On the whole, consistently good acting and professional ease, especially in the handling of encores, was achieved only by Koko, F. Fuller, '19. The use of extreme simplicity in scenery was unfortunate in conjunction with the lack of effective massing in the costumes of the chorus and on account of the dismantled appearance of the stage when only the principals were acting. K. McCollin, '15, conducted with professional ability, and the entire credit for the training of the singing belongs to her. K. Tyler, '19, again proved her value as pianist.—The College News, April 13th.

*Reader's Comment: The illustration on page 46 does not illustrate. You do not give credit to the proper authors.

*Act II*

To aid in smoothness and amusingness of presentation all difficult parts are cut. Enter Katisha with red flannel, due to suffering, before “hints” from News.

Music of opera drops one octave and a half to accommodate her voice.

Enter Mikado, singing in delicate feminine soprano. His business is applying hot-water bottle to Katisha’s throat during effective song of “To Make the Punishment Fit the Crime.”

Chorus stand in L. upper entrance.

Finale to Act II same as for Act I. It is hurried through owing to the fact that most all of the audience except News reporters, which are paid to see it through, have left.

(Loud applause from coach in R. wing.)

Stage manager, on being wakened, bows and smiles many times to empty house.

Signed by

Remains of “Mikado” not yet removed from Infirmary. MARGARET RUSSELL, HELEN CHASE.
VIII. Art is Long—But Easily Shortened

"Everyone," said Stephen Leacock, "has in his head the wreck of the thing which he calls his education."

Now this is not true for me. Part of the wreck of the thing that I call my education came this morning in the shape of my course book, and the rest of it is lying around somewhere in my notebooks. I think I have some of Dodee's education too, for the man who packed our things sent me several notebooks of major politics and economics—courses which I never attended.

All this is by way of preface to saying that it is very difficult to rescue from the wreck, on a hot July morning, enough ideas on Art to be at all intelligent. But then I do not remember that Art itself ever seemed very intelligent to me. Of course I have taken every Art course in college, but, as Ruth and Burtie and Betty Holiday can tell you, that signifies nothing. I might, though, tabulate the "remains" of my knowledge as Leacock did his. The results would be somewhat as follows:

A. REMAINS OF ITALIAN PAINTING.


2. Giotto's pictures are beautiful because of their fine tactile quality. I have forgotten just how you define tactile quality, but it has a lot to do with the greatest esthetic pleasure that a man can have.


   "Leonardo was the child of youth and love . . . and his mother married quiterespectably late."

4. General information.
(a) Definition of religion.

Religion is impassioned contemplation.

(I have a vague recollection of Dr. Barton defining it somewhat differently according to St. Paul, but my Christian Doctrine notebook went into the Bonfire.)

(b) The estate of matronhood is almost as honorable as the estate of virginity. (I do not know whether that was boasting, advice to us, or a blow at Punkie, who had just then announced her intention of leaving the more honorable estate for the less honorable one.)

B. THE REMAINS OF MODERN ART.

Nobody but the artist who paints it can understand a modern picture. They only understand their own and can not always be relied upon to do that.

One day I remember Miss King asked Burtie what she got out of the "Nude descending the Staircase." And Burtie answered in all seriousness, "Three arms, half a face and one odd ear."

Except for a lot of interesting things that Emilie would not publish, that is a pretty full summary of all I remember of my last winter's painting courses.

Yet, for "general culture," every one in college should take Art. Betty Holiday and Ruth and Burtie will uphold me, and Betty Washburn will still be in college next winter to declare that Art is the course of courses. It will appeal to the athletic, because of the numerous gymnastics with a chair in the corridors. The frivolous will enjoy it because of the social atmosphere in the Art Sem. And above all the grinds will like it because it means more work than anything in college. But for compensation there is the darkened lecture room, where one can doze peacefully while Keats and Shelley, Pater and Ruskin, Swinburne and Matthew Arnold (if you have taken Modern Poetry and Nineteenth Century Critics you can amuse yourself spotting the quotations) are evoked to expound all the secrets of Art with all its "eenexpressable eemmseny of its eenfinite eenfluences."

"We have learned to despise a pretty face, and yet we now can tell,
Of beauties we find in Satan and the droll little Imps of Hell;
For the sake of "design" we can now admire drawing that's wrong from the start,
While the Devil whoops as he whooped of old, 'It's human, but is it ART?'"

BUCKNER KIRK.
IX. Now We Don’t Give a

This is an oral ditty
And though neither bright nor witty
It will give a notion how we slithered through.
We were social, we were fat
And we came out standing pat
With a smile on, that is fitting the light blue.

October was a cinch
And no one felt the pinch;
The lazy passed, to drown all further bother,
The lame and halt and blind,
Alias Grabby and her kind
Left German dead; but skidded on the other.

December was a slaughter
And although he hadn’t oughter,
Beck weeded 1916 all too well.
But Fernie saved the day,
And put Izzie Mad away,
Thereafter you can bet he was the belle.

March found us in fine form
Feeling fitted to their norm,
And the whole affair was quite a picnic lunch.
Influenza and some Deans
Hurried P. T. off the scenes
And she didn’t get a finger on the bunch.
Lack of needed exercise
Led the last ones to surmise
That oral tests were fine for their physique.
They were true until the last
And with flying colors passed;
Great glory then they didn't have to seek.

Some people were surprised,
Others told a lot of lies
About how they always knew that we'd get through.
But we didn't give a whoop
Rolled our hoops like loop the loop
And raced until our faces turned to blue.

Having sadly left Bryn Mawr,
Being scattered near and far,
Swiftly orals now have slipped into our past.
They were irksome, they were bad,
And they made us awful mad
But we conquered,—that's the feeling that'll last!

Constance Kellen.
ONCE upon a time at Bryn Mawr College there was a Senior Class. Now these Seniors, despite some of their bivalve propensities, were a venturesome Class, so they set sail for the far distant port called Senior Play, in the good ship, complacently named after themselves, "The Clever Ones." Unguessed by them, the voyage was to be long and perilous, for soon the Lord High Executioner caused a great wind to blow so that "The Clever Ones," judged by her unseaworthy and trash, foundered on the rocks.
near the port called Easter Vacation. Nothing daunted, the Seniors set to work to obtain a new ship whose designer and builder might meet with the L. H. Ex's approval. Within a few days the good ship "You Never Can Tell" was chartered, both by virtue of its merits and of its apt name. A new crew of able seamen was picked and Captain Klein gave command to Captain Van Horn in order to go below and concoct savory French "ragouts." Whilst the Captain and the crew were learning the ropes, Commodore Savage came aboard to take command. A short space elapsed while the weary crew were rejuvenated at the port of Easter Vacation. When the good ship at last set sail again, ably manned by her cheery crew and piloted by the energetic Commodore, the toil of the voyage began. Several passages in the log of Captain Van Horn display the tendencies of the remaining voyage:

1st day out at sea.
Clear. Light breeze to Westward. Able Seaman Bradley has become an inmate of the ship's Infirmary. Two reefs were taken in the sail.

3rd day out at sea.
Foggy. Later a slight breeze to N. E. Able Seamen Kellogg and Packard follow Able Seaman Bradley. Able Seaman Holmes does double duty. Later strong indications of a gale, and also of hydrophobia in the Captain. Sails are unfurled.

8th day out at sea.
Strong gale to N. E. High seas running. Chef Klein was heard concocting French "ragouts" during her sleep. Able Seaman Kellogg continues in the Infirmary. Able Seaman Holmes again does double duty.

10th day out at sea.
Clear. Wind abates. First Mate Dillingham hale and hearty, likewise Able Seamen Worthington, Hitchcock and Bryne. Cabin boys Fordyce and Godley diligent in furnishing supplies for the good ship. Boatswain Branson, due to her bodily power and medicinal lineage, skilful in concocting provisions.

The good ship “You Never Can Tell” slips into harbor, all hands in gala attire amid the generous acclaim of the Junior Class, while the L. H. Ex sits at the water’s edge and nods approval. “Anassa, Cotta,”* shout the crew.

Captain Van Horn craves pardon for the unseaworthiness of her vocabulary.

Alice E. Van Horn.

*Reader’s Comment: Sp.
XI. Variety is the Spice of Life; or, Senior Singing

*Time.*—Any spring evening.
*Place.*—Any hall in the college where our glorious days are past (thank Heaven).
*Dramatis Personae.*—Any two Seniors and Dodie Deneen.

**First Senior.**—Hurry up, you’ll be late to singing.
**Second Senior.**—My dear, the less I hear of “Come cheer,” the pleasanter the occasion is for me.
**First Senior.**—Now don’t be a brute. We have to start with that; it’s always been done. (*They arrive at Taylor steps and sit down to the last strains of “The Glory of Bryn Mawr.”*)

**First Senior.**—Let’s sing athletic songs, Dodie.
**Second Senior.**—Oh, no, parade songs; they’re such fun.
**First Senior.**—Well, I leave it if you do; those old things are simply sung to death.
**Second Senior.**—All right; then let’s ask Peg Thompson for her suffragette song.
**Dodie (mildly).**—All right. Is she here?
**First Senior.**—Yes, but we have that every night till everybody’s dead sick of it.
**Dodie (singing blithely and solo).**—“The high cost of cutting,” etc. (*When in doubt sing “The high cost of cutting.”*)

**First Senior.**—Dodie, can’t we sing “The Sons of Erechtheus?”
**Dodie.**—Well, we might.
**Second Senior.**—That’s such a dirge; ask ’18 for a song.
**1916.**—1918, song.
**1918.**—“Ring-a-ching-a-ching-ching,” etc.
**’16, ’17, ’19 (as one man).**—Oh-h-h-h-h-h!
**Dodie.**—Now we’ll have to ask ’19 for one.
**1916.**—1919, song.
**1919.**—“Can’t you hear that fire-bell ring?”
'16, '17, '18 (as another man).—Oh-h-h-h-h-h-h-h!
Dodie.—"Welcome, welcome, little blue-point dear."
First Senior.—Gee, I hate that thing. I was so uncomfortable in my lobster costume in the first act, I've never forgotten it.
Second Senior.—You had nothing on me. I was a scene-shifter, and with my voice, too!
Dodie (suddenly springing up as though struck with a bright idea).—"Thou gracious inspiration."
(At which, cursing softly, a few dressy Seniors remove their head-wear. They had intended escaping before this painful crisis, but not a chance.)
(Later, in their room.)
First Senior.—Isn't singing on the steps fun?
Second Senior.—I adore it, but I do wish we could sing a few of the things that we really like!

Florence Hitchcock.
THE CHARM OF 1916—A CRITICAL PAPER

XII. Virtue is Its Own Reward
or,
Songs, and How I Didn’t Write Them

THE theme of this narrative and cause of much sorrow to me is that Dodie had a strange but firm-rooted superstition that Nell and I are to the manner born of writing songs. Lots of times Dodie would say to me: “Oh, Cedy, we always knew you’d write our . . . song, so you will try, won’t you or else tell Nell to.”

Then she would say the same thing to Nell, ending up “or else tell Cedy to.” Then Nell and I would each tell the other to write it and rest in peace thinking we had done our duty, and Dodie gave us credit for it, too, because look at all the songs in the song book signed H. Chase, C. Dowd, for which we never laid pen to paper or word to tune.

It may be that the real composers were trying to disown their songs and picked us out to sic them on, thinking we must be pretty hardened to be able to sing loudly and without blushing such interesting bits as “the grass, it grows green on the campus,” “We’re a long way from the the war zone,” or “Abadabadabadabadab,” or rhymes as “Freshmen impression, blue, true, you,” etc. (These are mine, no offense to Miss Chase.)

However, I feel proud of all the songs, with my name after them that I didn’t write, and I’m sure the real composers must secretly take great satisfaction in them. Conny told me once in a grieved and disheartened tone that she’d written lots of songs that didn’t have her name after them, but I really think she was enjoying the dramatic situation of unrewarded merit.

The spring of Senior year when no one spontaneously offered any hymns to picnics, plays, or to our personal history (I return to my main theme), Dodie’s superstition again came to the front and Nell and I were invited to write some songs. Unfortunately Nell was busy with lots of little things for Dr. Chew, but I generously accepted the invitation and then began looking for someone else to write the songs. Eleanor Clinton and Em
Strauss looked awfully promising, so I asked them to help me, and after about a week's rest they said they were going to write, and I could come along and watch. Eleanor knew a fine song about Sinbad or someone, but she couldn't sing the tune, so we couldn't use that. Then I hummed some tunes, which were not received with much enthusiasm, till finally Em said if I'd fit some words in they'd catch on to the metre better, because both being mutes they couldn't appreciate new tunes until they had them salted down and fastened to words. Then they could sing them as well as any one else. So I translated the emotional harmony into intellectual terms, just the first words that popped into my head when I didn't know the real words. One song went this way (Em saved it as evidence for my insanity if there's ever a question of my having committed a murder or anything):

"Oh, Lord Geoffrey Amherst was a soldier of the King,
And a right mighty arm had he.
He wiped up all the cabbages and swallowed with a bing,
And was mighty as man could be.

"He wiped up all the cabbages and swallowed with a bing
With an owl and an oyster, he
Had a battle till upon the ear he got an awful sting,
With the oysters rampant as can be—

"Brave Jeffers, Miss Jeffers
Thy sons will e'er be true to Hallelujah, boola
St. Michael and St. Paul,
Em and Eleanor are the greatest saints of all."

Em and Eleanor immediately became interested at the mention of their own names in the last line, and said they now understood the tune perfectly, but thought it too complicated. Finally we got some simpler tunes and after completing two or three picnic
songs, when only one was required we came to the Curtain Song. It didn't turn out to be the real Curtain Song, but I swell with pride when I think of my name after it in the song book and all I did was to suggest the tune and that was one that 1914 had already used once. Em thought of most of the words; in fact, she thought of more than most of them, she thought of a lot more, like "tremblingly we rattle our flimsy bones," but Eleanor with infinite tact and discrimination weeded out those super-poetic phrases and slipped in a few puns of her own and there it stands. "We thought we'd be the clever ones, Oh, Shaw! You never can tell," with my name after it. Well, it pays to go and watch Rock write songs, specially when 1917 honours them by copying ideas right down without changing them a bit, but I hate to think how I've missed the secret satisfaction that Conny and others have gotten out of the dramatic thought of unrewarded merit.

*Emilie Strauss.*

---

*This signature gives the author a chance at the unrewarded merit which she desires.*
XIII. There Were Giants in Those Days

Scene.—In front of the Gym.

Time.—Reunion Season, 1916.

(Sophomore A and Sophomore B are gazing wistfully at 1917's banner.)

SOPH. A.—I wish we had won basket-ball. Blue banners are becoming to the gym.

SOPH. B.—I saw 1914's there once, when I was out taking matrics. I thought it was terrible to hang such a sloppy thing on the gym.

SOPH. A (awed).—1914! They must have been a wonderful class.

SOPH. B. (enthusiastically).—A 1917 person was telling me that there was a girl in that class named Lillien Cox, and she was captain of two varsity teams and played on all the others, and Dr. Barton said she had the most beautiful voice he had ever heard, and she was president of their class every single year, and she was president of Trophy Club!

SOPH. A.—She must have been like Helly! (Devout pause. Then continues glibly:) Did you ever hear of a girl named Delaney? P. T. used to have her at the Deanery to meals all the time, and her nephews—

SOPH. B (nodding).—Yes, and there was one named Prickett, who had a room-mate who looked just like Whitty.

SOPH. A.—And their Banner Show!

SOPH. B.—And Katharine Dodd!

SOPH. A.—Their singing!

SOPH. B.—Anne Lindsay!

SOPH. A.—Mad Fleisher!

SOPH. B.—The best looking class that has ever been here!

(Enter Lil, K. Dodd, Benny, Pritch, Laura Delano and others.)

SOPH. A (scornfully).—What awful looking alums.* They act as though they owned the campus, too.

SOPH. B.—Do you suppose that all the people from the first classes look like that?

*Reader's comment: The situation seems impossible.

ELEANOR CLINTON, EMILIE STRAUSS.
D. Conclusion
The Imperative. IV

Class Officers. President—Constance Kellen
Vice-President—Elizabeth Brakeley
Secretary—Alice Van Horn
Song Leader—Dorothy Deneen

Christian Association. President—Agnes Smith
Vice-President—Agnes Grabau

Undergraduate Association. President—Adeline Werner
Advisory Board—Margaret Russell

Athletic Association. President—Mary G. Branson
Indoor Manager—Fredrika Kellogg

Self-Government Association. President—Margaret Russell
Vice-President—Constance Dowd

Executive Board—Margaret Russell, Constance Dowd

Equal Suffrage League. President—Mary Lee Hickman

English Club. President—Margaret Haskell
Members—Eleanor Hill, Margaret Loudon, Lois Sandison

History Club. President—Helen Riegel
Vice-President—Clara Heydemann

Trophy Club. President—Margaret Chase
Vice-President—Margaret Russell

French Club. President—Mildred McCay
Secretary—Louise Dillingham

Lantern and Tipyn o' Bob. Editor-in-Chief—Lois Sandison
Editors—Margaret Haskell, Eleanor Hill

Business Manager—Elizabeth Brakeley
Assistant Business Managers—Louise Dillingham, Anna Lee
The Singular Number

**Magna Cum Laude**

<table>
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<tr>
<td>Marian Clementine Kleps (European Fellow)</td>
<td>87.32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lois Sandison</td>
<td>85.45</td>
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<tr>
<td>Louise Dillingham</td>
<td>85.31</td>
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**Cum Laude**

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<td>Eva Byrne</td>
<td>84.92</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mary G. Branson</td>
<td>84.43</td>
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<tr>
<td>Margaret Russell</td>
<td>82.08</td>
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<tr>
<td>Eleanor Clinton</td>
<td>81.86</td>
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<td>Emilie Strauss</td>
<td>81.69</td>
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<tr>
<td>Helen Robertson</td>
<td>81.47</td>
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<tr>
<td>Anna Sears</td>
<td>81.26</td>
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<td>Anna Lee</td>
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*Ritchie Prize—Louise Dillingham*

*Essay Prize—Margaret Loudon*

*Masefield Prize for Poetry—Margaret Loudon*
I. Meddling Mutes Make Melodious Medley
   or,
   The Song of Songs

The frilly, fluffy females,
   A true and loyal band,
Would fain return the pleasures
   Of a touch as of joy in the land.

So we've made for you this song,
   Though we fear that it will be no use to you;
It will beam forever clear and strong,
   For we'll be true, to friendship true.

FRESHMAN YEAR.

First thing when we came to college,
   The nuts of Bryn Mawr,
We came in solemn thronging masses;
   Nothing might our brightness mar.

SOPHOMORE YEAR.

Two years ago they as Freshmen
   Took us to the cabaret,
Said with smiling, smirking smoothness,
   “How will you take your eggs today?”
JUNIOR YEAR.

1–9–1–8
Your Juniors will stand by you.
We found sharks in the pool at the swimming meet,
   And that we had so few.

SENIOR YEAR.

We went to call on Miss Thomas once,
To hear Miss Thomas say,
We thought we'd be the Clever Ones
   In our honky-tonky way.

Captain, let's go no further
   For life is distinctly a bore.
The college can hardly our antics survive
   Nor the moon his glory pour.

Good-bye, Father Neptune.
   Farewell to you,
Auf wiedershen.
   Good-bye, girls, we're through!*

ELEANOR CLINTON.

*Reader's comment: Passed, for a gleam of consecutive thought.
II. We Begin to Exercise Our Faculties

To be sure 1916 has made many an attempt at society, but none has been touched by the glamour, the éclat, of our final fling that Saturday night when the faculty came to pay their respects to the Seniors. We met with that charming man-to-man attitude, the delicate abandon which had been stored up during four long years, finding only an occasional vent at a History Club reception, under Bridget's dignified chaperonage, or at one of the select salons where Milly's smooth tongue charmed alike the trained and untrained French ear.

That night we all came together under the soft glow of Japanese lanterns. Yes, the glow was soft, but it did not conceal the identity of a familiar form or step. Each found her affinity in time, although at first there were occasional slips, and then little two-somes or four-somes settled down. It was cold, but Dr. Chew (or was it Dr. Savage) came for punch and stayed. Milly at the punch bowl was a ravishing sight, with one slender ankle set off by a white crutch and a collapsible bedroom slipper. Here Dr. Chew sought with clever, man-like tact to discover the respective ages of Frances and Milly. Ask them if he succeeded.

In the corner opposite, seen though not heard, sat Jute with a single admirer. A third corner held a larger gathering. Dr. De Laguna was the dominant spirit, and I dare not even suggest the conversation. There were four corners on the gym roof,* but the fourth was a rather migrating affair. A chilly bowl of ice cream and Grabby were the drawing cards. Somewhere in the center of the roof Dr. Beck kept prophesying fair weather for garden party, and Dr. and Mrs. Smith were surrounded by a mob which even the most approved swimming tactics could not penetrate. Of course there were others. Dr. Ferguson helped pass the cake. Dean Reilly brought a guest, and Dr. Leake was offered a friendly hand by those Seniors of the Minor Politics class whom he had threatened to deprive of a degree.

As I mentioned before, it was cold, and when our pride would no longer keep us warm.

*Reader's comment: Well noted.
and the evening wrap assumed a sieve-like aspect, we took to pacing the roof as if it were the deck of an ocean liner. Up and down, up and down, we paced. Steamer chairs supplied with rugs would have given a less gymnastic effect, but since they were lacking and no one carried out Dr. Beck’s suggestion that we dance, we paced. The thermometer continued to fall until even the most eager of the guests departed. I do not remember the exact hour of this general exit (Taylor had rung long before), but each one, man or woman, grasped the chair nearest him in a half-frozen attempt to help, and, balancing said chair lightly on one hand, gently extended the other to his admirer. (By this time the admirer had captured the admired.) Dare I say, with apologies to the Columbus (Ohio) Gazette, “A good time was enjoyed by all”?

Catherine S. Godley.
THINK how much good the little book *Morning Thoughts* would do if it were given to the Senior class when they most need it, early in the year—say the morning of the first Orals. With their guides to happiness always at hand they might lead the rest of the college, and teach them that cheerfulness, which is one of life’s greatest lessons. To show its usefulness I have set down some of the main dates of our last semester and borrowed appropriate thoughts from the little volume of cheer.

*January 9th and 11th.* "The sunrise of the new life breaks" or at least on the first date Doddy told us it was breaking for her, and on the second Helen followed with a similar announcement. If only then, in those early days of the new year, we had had these cheery little books, Doddy and Helen could have recited for us in unison the verses on Wedded Love, that probably now are ringing through their heads daily:

> "How steadfast in purpose, how pure in his heart
And that I poor and helpless shall live as its part!
When he took me and blessed me and called me his own,
And now for his bread do I give him a stone?
Oh no! for I love him as woman can love,
I know of his olive-branch, I am the dove;
And tranquil and happy and joyous my life
As I feel that he loves me—that I’ll be his wife."

*January 21st.* Exams.

> "Plant blessings, and blessings will bloom;
Plant hate and hate will grow;
You can sow today—tomorrow shall bring
The blossom that proves the sort of thing
Is the seed, the seed that you sow."
Is this true, I wonder? Was Kelly's H. C. in Major German the result of blessings scattered about the New Book Room and elsewhere? And wasn't it something of the same sort that Rhys gave Eleanor?

During this time when we are especially cumbered with many petty cares we would do well to remember that Maria says: "Small annoyances are the seeds of disease," so that perhaps it was the anxious thoughts of Monday’s exams and not, as everyone thought, Sunday’s duck, which gave both the Pems. such a bad night during mid-years.

March 11th and 18th.

“When the strong adversity and subtle pain
Wring the sad soul and rack the throbbing brain
* * * * *

The only calm, the only comfort heard
Comes in the music of a woman’s word.”

“Geschäft is an extremely common word”—“a little faster, please.” Scratch, scratch, scratch goes a nerve-shattering, sputtering pen. Rat-a-tat-tat-tat goes an impatient pencil. “Hurry, hurry, you go too slowly.”—“That is enough, I think, Miss Lasch.”

“The cheerful music of a woman’s word!” As an antidote to it the best thing Maria has to offer is to be found in the week devoted to “The Melody of True Living.”

“Never go gloomily, girl with a mind,
Hope is a better companion than fear;
Providence ever benignant and kind
Gives with a smile what you take with a tear.”

March 20th. Report due Miss King on Intimations of Immorality in Murillo.

“Banish all random thoughts that are not white;
Let dreams and fancies be so clean and pure
That, leaving the mind’s shade, they can endure
The test of instantaneous, searching light.”
May 1st.  

“We called her Sunshine, for her golden hair,  
Her dove-grey eyes, her rosy lips all shone  
And gleamed with radiance as from orb more fair  
Than e’en the sun in heaven looked upon.”

Now the first line sounds more like Mary Lee than like Dilly, but in spite of that Maria must have been thinking of Sunny Jim when she put those verses under May first.

May 10th. Last basket-ball game. Beaten by '19.

Ah, had '14 but read their little books aright they might have left us Beany for basket-ball, Helen Carey for hockey, and the mighty Lil for water-polo in answer to the plea:

“Lift a little, lift a little  
Neighbors lend a helping hand  
To their heavy-laden brother  
Who for weakness scarce can stand.  
What to thee with thy strong muscle  
Seems a light and easy load  
Is to him a grievous burden  
Cumbering his pilgrim road.”

* * * * *

So now, at the end of this brief record of the social, academic, and athletic triumphs of 1916, let us close with Maria’s after-song, The Everlasting Memorial:

“Up and away, like the odors of sunset,  
That sweeten the twilight as darkness comes on,—  
So be my life,—a thing felt but not noticed,  
And I but remembered by what I have done.

* * * * *

“So let my living be, so be my dying;  
So let my name lie, unblazoned, unknown;  
Unpraised and unmissed, I shall still be remembered,  
Yes—but remembered by what I have done.”  

BUCKNER KIRK.
IV. 1916's Requiem is a Psalm of Strife

Tell us not these mournful numbers,
Scores alas! are what they seem;
Would we could forget in slumbers
And remain in our day-dream.

Games of others all remind us
They were stout of heart and limb,
And, departing, left to blind us,
Banners waving on the gym.

Not a triumph, only sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
So to play that each tomorrow
Find us worse far than today.

Let us then give up our stewing
At the cruelty of fate;
What is done is past undoing—
We are grads. It's now too late.

ELEANOR HILL.
THE GYM AS THE ARCHITECT PLANNED IT
OR,
HELLIE'S DREAM
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