1917

Bryn Mawr College Yearbook. Class of 1917

Bryn Mawr College. Senior Class

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Isabella Stevenson Diamond
June 5, 1917
THE CLASS OF NINETEEN SEVENTEEN
The Book of the Class of 1917
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Preface

TRUE to 1917's innate conviction that traditions are made for us to break, we, the editors, felt that not to get our Class Book out for graduation instead of in the customary fall would be the first blot on the 'scutcheon. And we couldn't blot. So here it is, conceived and brought forth under circumstances that ought to merit your indulgence should you find it a poor maimed thing. The class gave me three of the best editors that come, but Em Strauss had beaten them to it and given Betty the News, then Fate up and gave Iz a German oral, and Mr. Savage, more cruel than Fate, gave Hel and me the Senior play. "The women and children pay." So this child too, the Class Book, has come in for its share. It has been done in odd moments snatched from other duties, on sunny afternoons when from Izzy's high window we could see Sam Chew pass to tennis looking like Rupert Brooke, and when the rest of '17 with their knitting sat in pleasant converse under the blossomey branches of old Yggdrasil. But we are very glad to have been able to do our bit for 1917 and we hope that you may find diversion here for future days, and that, despite the consequent omissions and shortcomings, you will be glad to have your Class Book characteristically Ahead of Time.

MONICA BARRY O'SHEA.
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Foreword

THIS is going to be a justification of rights as well as a wreath of laurel. In the first place, we believe, and we are sure the rest of the class will second us in this with the modesty of which only '17 is capable, that this is probably one of the best Class Books that has ever been published in the history of Bryn Mawr college. For this reason we want to assert our rights; we want to say that, no matter how little you may believe it, oh gentle reader, we have had some part in it. But here truth constrains us to admit that almost all of this truly remarkable publication was done by Monic. Really it was! We used to say a little every now and then, and occasionally ask a classmate for a promised manuscript. One of us even undertook the difficult task of typewriting all material. But for the most part our work demanded but slight intelligence. Monic's is the great mind that directed it “in its entirety.”

THE OTHER EDITORS.

N. B.—“They have become as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals, for the truth is not in them.”

MONICA.

1 The laurel wreath skillfully concealed.
Freshman Year
**Freshman Year**

*The Importance of Being ’17*

*Class Officers:* President, **Constance Sidney Hall**  
Vice-President and Treasurer, **Elisabeth Sherman Granger**  
Secretary, **Rachel Taylor**

*Students' Council:* **Romaine McIlvaine**  
**Helen Marie Harris**

*May Day Committee:* **Constance Sidney Hall**  
**Elisabeth Emerson**
A Garden is a Lovesome Thing

If Cedy hadn't caught scarlet fever and retired to the infirmary, taking Ruth with her, the Sophomore banquet wouldn't have been postponed and we should have lived to tell a different tale about April 24, 1914. As it was, instead of having our plans formulated by a "committee appointed by the chair," we had no plans and all things worked together for originality. Each member of our precocious class had a chance to react to her environment, and we responded nobly.

As the last frilly, fluffy Senior (and Junior) disappeared through the gym door at seven-thirty, bound for a peaceful and congenial evening together (an event in itself memorable enough), we leaped through the window of Taylor and took possession. Those dear familiar faces in there suggested the first crying need, and without more ado the aesthetically minded set to work to "cover up the dust," while the rest of us betook ourselves to investigate the intricacies of the upper regions. It had never occurred to us before that Taylor was an ideal place for hide-and-seek, but before we had finished with the watchman that night we had learned a great deal. Long after the decorators had gone he pursued us. We seduced him across the chapel and all around downstairs while the bell rope was being sawed off over the iron railing of the tower stairs; we vainly searched the lowest deeps for a monkey-wrench and hid behind the boiler at the sound of his long-
suffering tread; and when he finally cornered Scat and me clinging to Savonarola and, peering round the corner, announced that he “had our names,” we wondered why he had put himself to so much labor to convey to us that bit of information. Before ten o’clock our co-operative efforts triumphed. “No curfew rang that night at B. M. C.,” for the rope, wound around Anne Davis under her jumper, left Taylor by the back window, and the Sophomores studied in the lib till ten-fifteen before they discovered anything wrong.

In the meantime many hands had made light work of the campus. Sammy Arthur hung decorously by the nape of his neck from the back porch of Taylor and swung his heels in friendly greeting at the frog on Merion porch; sermons in stone were applied with ink and shoe-blacking and an eye to the artistic; those pictures in Merion were clothed and in their right minds; we left the Seniors a little token waiting for them outside the gym to let them know we had been thinking of them; and then there was that lovesome spot—that little oasis—those pretty tooth-brushes all planted in a neat circle in front of Taylor with their warning, “Please don’t pick the wild flowers.”

The post-mortems began before breakfast. Liz appeared in the gray dawn in Con’s
room, imploring her to get us up and make us go out and scrub, while Golly and Cecilia started Prickett's clerk in on his day of charging tooth-brushes to Miss Hall. Trained Italians swashed water over our sermons and an uncomfortable rumor went about that six Freshmen were to be expelled (the precise number that had cut the bell rope). Wednesday morning the thunder cloud burst in chapel, while Savonarola, his countenance still flushed, beamed indignantly upon us from heights above the storm. His expensive face was a thing of beauty—but would that the powers that be could have seen it that way. By the time that his complexion and others were restored to their former pallor, "expensive" was no word for them.

And so our adventure ended—but not without one more incident. The next October when we sacrificed Mrs. Grendel in our bonfire to the melodious strains of "O Fresh, O Fresh," firmly attached to the back of her blue, bulgy head was to be seen a kinky length of Taylor bell rope.

Katharine Burr Blodgett.
The Freshman Banquet

WELL! she cried nervously, clearing her throat and performing a few setting-up exercises—the Freshman Banquet was a memorable and inspiring occasion. Even now I seem to see before me that long line of lovely young, eager faces, flushed with youth and the hope of a hearty meal.

How many of these could now assume such an expression? How many of them have not become mere impenetrable masks used to cloak such simple emotions? How many can still smile? How many can still eat?¹

Of that noble and heroic little band, setting forth on Life's Highway, how many have strayed, how many have stolen, how many have been mashed by the ruthless wheels of Fords and other cars such as ——?

But to return, she cried joyously, reaching for another refreshing draught of ink—the banquet was a grand affair. Sumptuous dishes were served on groaning platters by lacquered menials; water and lemonade flowed freely. No expense was spared. Salt, pepper, rolls—all the luxuries so harmful perhaps, but oh, so pleasant! Never have been such as it was (the Banquet)! She it was who forever placed it among the Ides of March, where it stands unique among the phenomena of the world. Well, she cried, gasping slightly but still retaining her equilibrium, the Freshman Banquet was a memorable and inspiring occasion.

Note to censor: If this is too long, please see that none of the important part is cut.

ELEANOR M. JENCKS, EX-'17.

¹For answer to these questions see President Thomas. "Statistics don't lie." At the Senior receptions ninety-eight gross of marrons have been accounted for.
May Day; or, Our Home on the Field of Honor

ACT I

SCENE I. (The Cloisters. Dagmar as Compaspe, discovered posing in front of a mirror held by Jeannette Ridlon.)

DAGMAR: Do you like me better kissing my hand or not?

(Enter Samuel Arthur in a brown derby and such a hurry that he has forgotten his arctics.)

DAGMAR: Look out! Don't spoil my pose!

MR. KING (cheerfully): Miss Brown-n-n is in-n-n the Infirmary, so I shall do Apelles.

JEANNETTE: Oh, Mr. King!

MR. KING (perceiving he doesn't know her): My name is not Kink. I said King-g.

(Enter mob. Exit Dagmar throwing kisses.)

SCENE II. (A room in Dolgelly. Stage furnishings consist of dirt, mess, women sewing and Miss Daly. Enter Hel wearing flowers.)

MISS DALY (relieved): Oh, here you are at last, Miss Ah-ah——. You're the leader of the chimney sweeps?... Ah! (Looks up and down Hel. Then from a pile holds up a dainty scrap of Lincoln green.) This will just fit you, won't it?

(Pause full of expression. Exit Hel cheering Annassa.)

(Enter Molly.)

MISS DALY: Ah, just the thing... a lovely shade of pink! Next...
(There is a sound of singing outside "To the Maypole let us on." Enter Maypole dancers.)

MISS DALY (looks at them proudly, then pleasantly): Pretty good.

(Curtain falls slowly.)

ACT II

SCENE I. (May Day on the Bryn Mawr campus. Rain. Some time elapses as rain continues to fall heavily.)

SCENE II. (Same as Scene I. Flourish of trumpets. Enter heralds, clearing the way. First lady starts to cross the road.)

CON WILCOX (firmly): Stand back there!

FIRST LADY (haughtily): I am the wife of a trustee.

(Exit Con, squelched.)

(Enter the Nine Worthies.)

SECOND LADY (explaining to Third Lady): Those are the professors, you know!

(Enter Saint George, singing to the horse to keep him awake. Horse falls asleep.)

MR. KING (rushing out excitedly): Can you hold him, Miss Hall? Shall I manage him for you?

(Noise without.)

A VOICE: Make way for Mr. Taft, as space is limited!

(Curtain.)

SARAH FENTON HINDE,
THALIA HOWARD SMITH,
CONSTANCE SIDNEY HALL.

---

1 This song, adapted from the early Icelandic, is always sung on May Day by the students of Bryn Mawr. It is peculiarly suited to their fresh young voices.
2 This custom is always kept up in spite of Scene I.
3 Does this mean the Seven Deadly Sins or the Five Temptations?
To 1914

We have enthroned so high your memory
and still
so cherish it

That when the world sends back
word of success, or
romance comes to you

Then we,
. who knew you,
. smile
. and are gratified.

MONICA BARRY O'SHEA.
**Tennis**
- **Singles**
  - Championship won by 1915.
  - Captain—C. Stevens
  - Manager—M. Willard
  - First Team
  - M. Thompson  C. Stevens  R. Levy
  - Second Team
  - T. Smith  E. Russell  M. Willard
- **Doubles**
  - Championship won by 1914.
  - Team
  - M. Thompson  R. Levy
  - C. Stevens  M. Willard
  - J. Pauling  R. McIlvaine

**Swimming Meet**
- Championship won by 1917.
- Captain—M. Scattergood
- Team
  - E. Dulles  M. Willard
  - M. Hompe  M. Scattergood
  - V. Litchfield  E. Faulkner
  - L. Chase  A. Davis
  - M. Wahl  H. Allport
  - E. Russell

**Water Polo**
- Championship won by 1915.
- First Team
  - Captain—M. Scattergood
  - Manager—V. Litchfield
  - M. Willard  V. Litchfield
  - M. Wahl  E. Faulkner
  - C. Hall  C. Stevens
- Second Team
  - Captain—J. Mayer
  - Manager—C. Stevens
  - J. Mayer  E. Dulles
  - I. Haupt  G. Malone
  - L. Chase  E. Russell
  - H. Harris  E. Holcombe

**Basketball**
- Championship won by 1914.
- First Team
  - Captain—M. Wahl
  - Manager—M. Thompson
  - C. Stevens  S. Jelliffe
  - N. McFaden  M. Thompson
- Second Team
  - Captain—E. Holcombe
  - Manager—G. Malone
  - R. Taylor  G. Malone
  - C. Stevens  E. Holcombe
  - C. Hall  H. Kendig
  - E. Dulles  E. Ulmer
  - L. Harris  A. D. Shpley
  - F. Curtin

**Track Meet**
- Class championship won by 1915.
- Individual cup won by M. C. Morgan, 1915.

**Tennis Singles**
- Championship won by 1915.
- Captain—C. Stevens
- Manager—M. Willard
- First Team
  - M. Thompson  C. Stevens  R. Levy
- Second Team
  - T. Smith  E. Russell  M. Willard
- Individual championship cup won by M. Thompson.
- Class Champion—M. Thompson.

**Tennis Doubles**
- Championship won by 1914.
- Team
  - M. Thompson  R. Levy
  - C. Stevens  M. Willard
  - J. Pauling  R. McIlvaine

**Swimming Meet**
- Championship won by 1917.
- Captain—M. Scattergood
- Team
  - E. Dulles  M. Willard
  - M. Hompe  M. Scattergood
  - V. Litchfield  E. Faulkner
  - L. Chase  A. Davis
  - M. Wahl  H. Allport
  - E. Russell

**Water Polo**
- Championship won by 1915.
- First Team
  - Captain—M. Scattergood
  - Manager—V. Litchfield
  - M. Willard  V. Litchfield
  - M. Wahl  E. Faulkner
  - C. Hall  C. Stevens
  - M. Scattergood
- Second Team
  - Captain—J. Mayer
  - Manager—C. Stevens
  - J. Mayer  E. Dulles
  - I. Haupt  G. Malone
  - L. Chase  E. Russell
  - H. Harris  E. Holcombe

**Basket Ball**
- Championship won by 1914.
- First Team
  - Captain—M. Wahl
  - Manager—M. Thompson
  - C. Stevens  S. Jelliffe
  - N. McFaden  M. Wahl
  - E. Randall  J. Pauling
  - H. Harris  M. Thompson
- Second Team
  - Captain—E. Holcombe
  - Manager—G. Malone
  - E. Holcombe  V. Litchfield
  - M. Willard  C. Hall
  - L. Brown  M. Lammers
  - G. Malone  E. Hemenway

**Track Meet**
- Class championship won by 1915.
- Individual cup won by M. C. Morgan, 1915.

**Basketball**
- Championship won by 1914.
- First Team
  - Captain—M. Wahl
  - Manager—M. Thompson
  - C. Stevens  S. Jelliffe
  - N. McFaden  M. Wahl
  - E. Randall  J. Pauling
  - H. Harris  M. Thompson
- Second Team
  - Captain—E. Holcombe
  - Manager—G. Malone
  - E. Holcombe  V. Litchfield
  - M. Willard  C. Hall
  - L. Brown  M. Lammers
  - G. Malone  E. Hemenway

**Track Meet**
- Class championship won by 1915.
- Individual cup won by M. C. Morgan, 1915.
Sophomore Year
Sophomore Year

The Importance Continued

Class Officers: President, CAROLINE STEVENS
Vice-President and Treasurer, LUCY WEYGANDT HARRIS
Secretary, NATALIE FRIEND McFADEN

Undergraduate Association: Assistant Treasurer, AGNES DOROTHY SHIPLEY

Athletic Association: Vice-President and Treasurer, MARGARET SCATTERGOOD

Christian Association: Secretary, NATALIE FRIEND McFADEN

Self-Government Association: Treasurer, CAROLINE STEVENS

College Settlement Association: Elector, MARGARET SCATTERGOOD

Equal Suffrage League: Treasurer, Romaine McILvaine

"Lantern" and "Tipyn o' Bob" Board: ELISABETH HEMENWAY
AGNES DOROTHY SHIPLEY
MONICA BARRY O'Shea

"College News" Board: KATHARINE BURR BLODGETT
ELEANOR DULLES LANSING

Trophy Club: MARGARET THOMPSON
ELIZABETH FAULKNER

Philosophy Club: Secretary, ILsa KNAUTH
As soon as we got to Bryn Mawr the powers immediately recognized our latent histrionic ability and went and had a May Day. So it wasn’t till Sophomore year that we had an opportunity to show what we could do for ourselves. Here let Mice and Men go down to history. In those days of inexperience we thought our little sentimental comedy a cause for triumph. And after all, why not? Wasn’t Lucia perfection to the last degree? And we did succeed in launching Monic on her career of dissipation. As for the orphans, Miss Donnelley herself breathlessly confessed “she had no idea Bryn Mawr girls could look so unintelligent.” (Can’t everyone agree that it was Emmy’s experience as the young epileptic that gave the Poet of Senior year those eloquent legs?) Of course Jenks had to inhale her talcum powder pipe in the middle of the first act and choke till I thought she’d never reach the audible stage again. Things tended to “gang aglay” more than once, but who can forget the graciousness with which our nearly voiceless and quite mute Con bowed to the applause that greeted her after Mary’s lovely rendering of “My Love is Like a Red, Red Rose.” As I look back upon it now Mice and Men, inadequately played and, in parts strangely cast, still brings to me a warm glow. When Mark Embry poured forth his manly soul in that heartrending sob, “Child, Child, how could you?” some one on the front row wept. I saw her! Could one ask more?

Helen Marie Harris.
The Dominant Note

While the rest of the college is busily preparing to aid the country, we in Denbigh may look upon their efforts with a confident smile. True believers in fact and not in theory, we have been constantly engaged in open warfare. 'Twas ever thus—guerilla warfare had its genesis even in Denbigh. The only time we of 1917 were out of it was occasionally in Freshman year when Liz and Constance had solemnly confiscated all available crockery and tinware for their famous tea-fights, and for once the defeated Denbighites were reduced to hungry non-combatants. But shortly after follows the "Mystery of the Stolen Bulbs," and then, verily, was every man's hand against his brother. The contagion spread and Mary Morgan had to spend all her spare time tracking Peg over the most intricate trails that resourceful girl could make. In the momentary lapses, that sad bird, the Denbigh Dove of Peace, was beguiled on Snappy Stories. If nothing else served we could try harassing Milly and Monic, but the reaction was never up to the standard. But we could always draw blood from Ad and Les, especially the latter, until she took to the disguise motif and got a black dress, too. However, our final recourse was ever that greatest of indoor sports, watching "Bontie's Adventures in Shadow Land." Dot Packard and Moll and Olive could fit themselves into a perfect pyramid and leave space enough for Peg and the others in that small room. This trans-Alpine warfare wasn't entirely one-sided. It went on lustily till someone sent That Telegram. After that Bontie relapsed into a state of coma. But there's no mistaking our dominant note.

Denbigh, 1917.
Non-Residents

Introduction

I have been requested to enlighten the world on the subject of non-residents. Doubtless I was chosen for this task because I have lived among these strange people, and studied their constitution, manners, and habits for some three years. I hope I may bring to the problem the absence of prejudice and complete detachment of mind so necessary for producing a truly great scientific treatise.

Chapter I

Place of Habitation

Non-residents as such may be said commonly to inhabit two places within the enclosure known as Bryn Mawr College.

I. The first of these is the cloak room containing the Chew memorial windows and a set of handsome black steel cages. An effort has been made by all persons serving luncheon to non-residents to reduce them sufficiently so that they may be restrained within the narrow confines of these receptacles.

II. The "Hole" is also frequented by the non-resident tribe. This is a dismal den below Rockefeller Hall, and here may be found two dingy couches whereon these people may lay their sick to die.

Chapter II

Manners and Customs

As is the habit of all scientific explorers in introducing this chapter of their report, I may say that non-residents, carefully studied and rightly understood, are not so very different from other people. Indeed, many of them may be called clever and even comely. I stake my reputation that if an uninitiated person were asked to separate non-residents
from ordinary Bryn Martyrs he could not do it unless, in some cases, by an air of additional sapience. Yet somehow all Bryn Martyrs know that there is a great difference.

Our flock is shepherded by a Gorgon, a creature of inexhaustible optimism who enjoys a den at one end of the library corridor. Always furious hisses issue forth when our members pass by.

In age non-residents usually vary from sixteen to twenty-three, yet it is interesting to note, when they are returning home late in the evening, such remarks as "When I was twenty-five"—I have even heard them speak affectionately of "my husband, Mr. John Brown." These things happen after eight o'clock when a chaperone has failed to appear in the windy arch of Rockefeller. Of course, as the Gunner remarks in Mesalliance, "there really are John Browns."—Chaperones! An entire volume could go to these alone in all the curious variations that are imposed on the non-residents, from the pudgy person in spectacles who tells funny stories that are a bit outré, to Frumpy who always has "a-a-er-er-guest!"

Occasionally non-residents have been known to give a tea. This is solemnized in the Hole, the chests of the peculiar sect who nightly roll bandages having been obscured by large screens. Here is a good opportunity for Bryn Martyrs to observe this curious community, provided that they are careful to remember that appearances are usually deceptive, and that, while the entertainers may seem human, in all probability they are not so.

**Chapter III**

*Intelligence or Instinct?*

I have often wondered why Dr. Leuba did not take an interest in the psychology of the non-residents. Is it that he is unaware of the existence of this curious class, or does he—rash man—dream that we are only as other students?

Miss Dimon says that we are always the most faithful and studious. I should not like to contradict so truthful a person, yet my intimate knowledge gives me reason to doubt the truth to type of certain of us.

As becomes a learned discourse, I have not yet approached the subject indicated by
this chapter's heading: "Intelligence or Instinct?" Perhaps I had better avoid it, for would it not be unwise to make persons believe us ordinary mortals by saying that we have a mixture of both? But "Veritatem dilexi." We display, even as others, the will to live by seeking to escape from any more knowledge of German than just enough to pass the last oral, we grasp and discuss the abstractions of the latest thing in style and the philosophy of Bergson. If you think you hear a riot in the library it is only non-residents arguing about immortality of the soul, and you will find the usual opinions, all the way from the "milk and honey blest" New Jerusalem to the eternal soup pot of oblivion.

Postscript

Yes, we are only human. Dreaming across the campus in the twilight, we see the same far vision in the stars. It is less the laughing social Bryn Mawr that we know, and more the sacred flame. When we say good-bye to college, it is not sadly but with high joy, like young knights, who have watched their armour through the starry night and set forth now to seek adventures in the sunshine.

"Our" Cheney.
The Glory that was Greece

FLORENCE HATTON called us "The Other Greeks" and we were proud. Now when our time has come to pass on we can only hope that some day 1919 may think back on a "grandeur that was Rome" as we today on the "glory that was Greece."
The days of Freshman year seem far away, but "friendships and memories remain" and we can still see "Baby Face" Dessau running across campus in her little bright red coat and the original black velvet tam. Mary Gertrude Brownell disporting herself in the pool with Lucia perched contentedly on her shoulder is not soon to be forgot, nor Lucille as "Alexander the son-n-n-n of Philip-p, King-ng-ng of Macedon-n-n," or more intimately as herself with the first short hair and plentiful propaganda for eugenics. You didn't even have to add hot water and serve; it was instantaneous. And there are some of us "lowly Pembroke residing" who will never forget Eleanor Freer and her Grand Opera preliminaries. Had we known we would have invited Emmy's cousin to Bryn Mawr earlier in the year. And then there was Dagmar (cf. Ridlon and Mr. Samuel Arthur King). Besides all these, 1915 had Myra and Mary Mitch—and can we hope to equal—? Oh!

"There've been plenty of Juniors in days gone by
But none like our own '15,"
and in thanksgiving we can only hope that our Freshmen, if they only knew, would think us worthy successors to you, 1915. For we have tried, like the Romans, to follow where the Greeks did lead.

MONICA BARRY O'SHEA.
Co V. K.
(Or 1918)

My Lantern girl!—a lovesome thing, God wot.
Yet not
All her
Pot shot
Classmates: they're
Too clever by f'r.
Their intellectual lot
Of plays and songs do not make me cow'र—

* * * * *

(I know from whence they come,
I know, I know.)

JANET RANDOLPH GRACE.
Tennis Singles
Championship won by 1918.
Captain—C. Stevens
Manager—M. Willard
First Team
M. Thompson  R. Levy  M. Willard
Second Team
C. Stevens  R. McIlvaine  T. Smith
Class Champion
R. Levy
Individual Championship Cup—M. Winsor, 1918
On Tennis Varsity
M. Thompson  M. Willard

Tennis Doubles
Championship won by 1917.
Team
M. Thompson  M. Willett  C. Stevens  R. Levy  J. Pauling  R. McIlvaine

Hockey
Championship won by 1917.
First Team
Captain—M. Thompson
Manager—M. Scattergood
Second Team
Captain—E. Holcombe
Manager—G. Malone
G. Malone  M. Hodge  E. Emerson  S. Jelliffe

Sophomore Year

A. D. Shipley  E. Dulles
H. Kendig  E. Hemenway
E. Holcombe  L. Chase  A. Davis

Third Team
Captain—E. Holcombe
On Varsity
Captain—M. Thompson
L. Brown  V. Litchfield
J. Pauling  H. Harris
Subs—M. Willard  F. Curtin

Swimming Meet
Championship won by 1917.
Captain—M. Scattergood
Team
L. Chase  A. Davis
E. Dulles  E. Faulkner
M. Willard  M. Scattergood
V. Litchfield  E. Russell

Water Polo
Championship won by 1917.
First Team
Captain—M. Scattergood
Manager—V. Litchfield
L. Chase  V. Litchfield
H. Harris  C. Stevens
M. Willard  C. Hall  M. Scattergood
Second Team
Captain—A. Davis
Manager—H. Allport
H. Allport  E. Russell
E. Dulles  E. Faulkner
I. Haupt  K. Blodgett  A. Davis
On Varsity
M. Willard  H. Harris
Subs—C. Hall  V. Litchfield

Track Meet
Championship won by 1918.
Individual cup won by H. Harris.
Captain—N. McFaden
Manager—K. Blodgett
Team
College Record broken by M. Scattergood in Hurl Ball—85 ft. 4½ in.

Basket Ball
Class championship won by 1917.
First Team
Captain—J. Pauling
Manager—M. Thompson
Second Team
Captain—G. Malone
Manager—A. Davis
E. Emerson  G. Bryant  C. Stevens  M. Hodge  V. Litchfield  M. Lammers  C. Hall
On Varsity
J. Pauling  H. Harris  L. Brown  M. Thompson
Junior Year
Junior Year

The Importance Increased

Class Officers: President, Helen Marie Harris
Vice-President and Treasurer, Anna Snowden Wildman
Secretary, Mary Bartow Andrews

Undergraduate Association: Vice-President and Treasurer, Martha Winslow Willett
Secretary, Agnes Dorothy Shipley
Advisory Board, Constance Sidney Hall

Athletic Association: Secretary, Margaret Thompson
Outdoor Manager, Margaret Scattergood

Christian Association: Treasurer, Katharine Burr Blodgett

Self-Government Association: Secretary, Elisabeth Emerson
Executive Board, Caroline Stevens
Constance Sidney Hall

Equal Suffrage League: Secretary, Elisabeth Emerson

English Club: Janet Randolph Grace
Amelia Kellogg MacMaster
Monica Barry O'Shea
Glee Club: Business Manager, Sylvia Jelliffe

History Club: Secretary, Louise Collins

Philosophical Club: President, Monica Barry O'Shea
   Treasurer, Elisabeth Sherman Granger

Science Club: Secretary and Treasurer, Katharine Burr Blodgett

Trophy Club: Margaret Thompson
   Elizabeth Faulkner

"Lantern" and "Tipyn o' Bob" Board: Martha Winslow Willett
   Monica Barry O'Shea
   Sarah Fenton Hinde

"College News" Board: Eleanor Lansing Dulles
   Sarah Fenton Hinde
   Elisabeth Sherman Granger
   Katharine Burr Blodgett
   Virginia de Steiguer Litchfield
Banner Show

If Monic and I had not been ruthlessly censored in our youthful effusions by the arbiter of elegance,¹ we might have achieved '17's secret ambition: utterly to shock the college. But when Hel refused wine and cigarettes as dramatic possibilities, what could we do? We had to be content with dark hints and Mr. Granger's silk hat and other apparel, which did awfully well except when Betty's small sister in the audience shrieked, "There's Daddy's hat, there's Daddy's pants!" Hardly a "male" member escaped that comment. Nobody ever knew what he did that night.

In spite of our most rakish pretenses, however, we might have turned out a most moral production. Witness the whole night spent by the entire committee to save Lucia's character and get her to San Francisco in daylight, considering the fact that her companion was to be Monic—in fact, Monic in white spats (an inevitably immoral proceeding). Finally we hit upon a fast aeroplane and an afternoon flight, only to have John C. Winston foil our efforts by deleting from the program the vital words "evening of the same day." After that, naturally all pretense at morality was futile.

Of course, I did my best to liven up the studio scene with artistic life studies. (Betty always made an obliging model, having been known to stand on one foot, nymph-like, for hours.) But only two got by—those I showed Hel several days before, carefully preparing her mind for a week in advance, with elevating comments on the "steemulating signeeficance of the nude." I learned more from costuming Banner Show, I think, than from any other course in college. I believe that the ability to crush the brazen effrontery of a clerk who shows me material for 12½ cents when it can be got at Berg Bros. for 11¼, is something that will never leave me. And they say that a college education unfits one for domestic slavery!

Of course, considering who did Banner Show, no wonder it was what it was. Monic's lament after the triumphant performance is historic: "I don't see why fathers couldn't see it, especially married fathers."

Emily Crane Russell.

¹Hel. This is no afterthought—it was stated at the time.
Radnor Redeemed

So many and divers have been the activities of Radnor '17 that were I to attempt a rehearsal of them I should bring down upon my inoffensive head the wrath and indignation of the editors, to say nothing of my hopeful readers.

But “all roads lead to Rome,” and as food is the characteristic in which we differ from all others, that shall be the chief subject of my discourse. Far be it from me to say that Radnor '17 “lives to eat,” but “eat to live” is not the truth. The usual “What! prune soufflé again? This is the third time in a week,” dulls our ears as those of our classmates residing elsewhere; but we take vigorous action on this matter. Breakfast proving unsatisfactory, as it nearly always did, eleven o’clock showed Roomy and me systematically raiding in search of sustenance for the impending Latin. Midnight teas were a regular occurrence in Beth Porter’s room. Many an orgy of tea and gossip has gone on behind that innocently closed door. Many a time has Louise left our midst, fearing for her prestige and quieting power over the Freshmen. Heloise gazes fondly at another new picture, replying with never-failing calmness to eager inquirers, “Oh, dear child, no! He’s in San Francisco. No! that one’s gone to Canada. This is from Georgia.” Fanny keeps up a rapid fire of puns, which in self-defense no one listens to; Jane sits in dreamy silence waiting for the next poem “to come.” Roomy is discussing with anybody or everybody the merits of the Faculty; Reba automatically translates Latin verse, while Olga and Dora peacefully sip tea from Beth’s best blue cups. A tiny gray something slips from Fanny’s hand across the floor towards Dora. With a wild shriek, Dora leaps regardless for the mantle, and only returns to sanity (and wrath) after recognizing a small piece of tin and a string. She hastily departs, slamming the door behind her. Louise suddenly appears. “I’m very sorry, but this is the second time, you are all proctored.” A brief silence—and repeat!

Doris Marie Bird.
1916—An Image

By Janet Randolph Grace

A certain snow-Ball party, with a Fort, just outside the Library—and Pembroke West—(Is the Class Book censored? Writers on some subjects should be Warned.)

A procession-pageant—in which a remarkable conversational French in Purple, rather puts one over on medallioned hair, With regard to a yellow smock. . . . The classics, Frawnces, a ballet skirt. A diamond ring. Here one speaks of China. A weeping poet, whose complexion is amply protected From her own tears. A pleasing dash of the doubtful; a Ladylikeness withal; and a prevalence of dim spiritual Light requisite for athletic Halos. On the whole, a good, Neutral background for Hel Harris.

"Crescent"

N. B.—Aren't we some editors? Well, even we would be grateful for any light on this masterpiece.
THE pious atmosphere of Rock is said to be unequalled, but in spite of its virtuous surroundings 1917 has continued to turn out rather like ministers' sons. Early freshman year, in response to the charge that we were snobs, we gave a tea for the rest of the class. Among those present was Lucia, who enjoyed herself to the extent of eight cups of ice cream: it hurt us more than it did her. We were charter members of the Anti-Blot and Anti-Grouch Clubs, sponsored respectively by Presidents Thomas and Cox. The latter received a funeral wreath, after being drawn and quartered, hung and drowned in effigy, to compensate for her sore toe resulting from the swimming meet. The last thwarted attempt to put us into the straight and narrow path was Jane's party Freshman night, from which relays stole away at regular intervals to collect tooth brushes, while others occupied the warden with "Bump" and the "Jolly Miller."

Sophomore year we were more sinned against than sinning, in the dining-room especially. And here we learned very thoughtfully that "they also serve who only stand and wait." That year a genuine sweat shop for songs was created, from which the Skilled Italian Band developed. But its career was short lived; the fateful "Song of Sandwiches" was a death blow.

After that we heard the refrain, "Remember you're a Junior," so long that we actually began to believe it, in spite of the frivolous behavior of some of our elders in distributing Faculty hats as souvenirs during an English Club reception. When we saw a certain sorely tried gentleman tricked by the Freshman with an empty purse and string, we smiled loftily, concealing the decadence of our innermost souls.

Rock has always been noted for its kindness to beasts. In fact, the Endowment Fund Committee realized handsomely on the ransom of the hundred and sixty-eight forced to greet returning chapel-goers late one Sunday evening. Like the other halls, collectors are omnipresent and omnivorous (we do not claim this virtue as belonging exclusively to
Rock), and it is whispered that in Senior year our Endowment Fund Committee collected three times from one list.

Is it because of our evil past that we haunt the winding halls till ghostly hours? Even in Haverford it is known that figures swathed in long draperies are found mysteriously slumbering on one's floor in the morning. Of this same species are those who sleep, or say they do, on the roof between showers. But in one respect Rock cannot be equalled—in unique and original plumbing. It is so responsive, especially to cold weather! What is there in the whole course of college to compare with the early morning plunge from bed into a seething stretch of boiling water, often stretching clear across the room, and the loving pursuit by a steaming current on the way to breakfast? Nothing is more common than the resigned remark, "Oh, yes, both mine burst this morning!"

But in spite of such peculiarities, we are recognized by the whole class as worthy objects of envy. Our triumph lies in that famous song, "I wish I were a little Rock."

Rock, 1917.
From the Inside
(But not on the Inside)

On entering Rock from the Arch, take the opposite door to the one on the dining-room side, ascend the only steps immediately visible and keep straight down the corridor in the worn groove till the second door on the right. If entering by the campus door, turn immediately down the path to the right, which you can’t miss, follow around the turn of the corridor down a few steps where the track begins again to the seventh door on the left. Both these directions lead to THE SANCTUM, oh you who are ignorant and unknowing! Within this mystic shrine, whence the fragrance of many flowers ravishes the approaching neophyte, abides the reason why the \( h \)elements of Rock do not think that Heaven is their home. No, they prefer the personification of the opposite. And this proves, in spite of the reputation for piety which Rock enjoys with the rest of the college, that the heart of Rock is in—I tremble to use the awful words.

Now the habits of this deity are inexplicable but ever gracious, even to the refractory Freshmen who have been, shall I say \( h \)eliminated. Around the shrine are countless little pots and jars mysteriously connected with the hellenic rites, containing flowers of every possible beauty and variety. Tender hearts, too, are part of this religion. The initiate have the utmost regard for their little brothers of the animal kingdom.

Truly the sublime goddess, to whom my humble pen can never render just praise, will long be remembered in the hearts of her worshippers. Even those who judge without the passion of adoration will agree that her place here has been unique. To her inspiration are due many of those qualities in ’17 so endearing to the rest of the world, the mention of which would be superfluous. Ave, Salve, Vale!

[Monic (sternly): Betty, where’s the point?
Distracted Editor (in character): Oh, Hell!]

Elisabeth Sherman Granger.

N. B.—And yet they made me do that hellish Golden God.

Monica.
"Gosh, Oscar!"

Those are historic words! That year history was made in B. M. C. "Fernsey" could always speak for himself, so to our own part. An Ideal Husband is some experience! How many of you have waked up morning after morning to face an hour of heavy love making before your nine o'clock? We have! Indeed, if Margaret Henderson had suspected what scenes of passion went on behind the doors of 16–20 Pembroke West, Junior-Senior Supper Play would have been Nat's Waterloo, as Banner Show was mine! But triumph sat upon our standard; H. J. S. didn't say "Red Cross Nurse" to our love scene. And from the front row Mr. King blushed to think of May Day when he questioned my soul and my ability to make lov-e. To watch the same H. J. creeping across Miss Branson's room with Con Wilcox after him is a sight equaled only by that first look at Lady Chiltern's hat. No wonder Goring's moustache came off!

The problems of that play were infinite. There was the problem of Sal who wouldn't be fat, the problem of keeping straight the Granger-Savage toppers, the problem of the hock and selzer, the problem of which trivial buttonhole, the problem of Doris and the trou! We were always devising new expedients and it was only Con Hall who could cry out those glorious words, "I never change." Seel nearly broke up the show by bringing down the house every time she butled onto the stage in that red wig, and only Hel's soul struggles saved the day. And it was that day which perhaps most fully realized the ineffable content that '17 consistently feels, and which Oscar himself put into words for us:

"To love oneself is the beginning of a life-long romance."

Monica Barry O'Shea.
Side by Side

WHEN in the spring of 1915 we bade a tearful farewell to our departing Juniors, it was not with unmixed joy that we looked forward to your coming, 1919. The thought of Hat and Adrienne and Taftie and all the others with their dignity and verve and their unequalled grasp of affairs (our affairs!) replaced by a mob—for you were nothing less—of unknown, untutored Freshmen, was one to make even the bravest of us skeptical. But you came marching down Montgomery Pike and under Pem Arch a hundred strong, with ranks well closed and spirits calm, and we received you then and there as worthy members of the Odds.

Since then you have lived up to that first impression. We have found you as gallant on the field of battle as in your songs you pledged to be (the first class ever known to be in such a charming condition), even though we knew you longed to snatch the victory from us. We have fought against you and beside you and tried your steel. We have no fears for the future. We feel that in your hands the college will go on as ably run as even Hat could wish.

HELEN MARIE HARRIS.
DEAR SIR:—

Believing in reciprocity, we enclose an examination which we have prepared for you. We feel that you have no right "to resent any of these questions" which we consider "our masterpiece." The answers are due on Tuesday evening and will positively not be accepted after Wednesday noon. Please return all quiz books and scratch books to the examiner at the end of the hour.

Yours truly,

THE NEO DECADENTS.

P.S.—If this needs enlightening we should be glad to hold a further meeting to explain it.

Motto—This is not meat for minor Englishers or fools.

(It is suggested that a proper division of time should be about as follows: Question 2, one hour; question 1, five minutes; the remainder of the questions, the rest of the time.)

I. Taking the following extracts as examples, compare the authors with respect to their attitude towards examinations:

(a) "Cracks the Globe and feathers, feathers."
(b) "Our questions are a mortal brood
   Our work is ever lasting."
(c) "And fruitless knowledge clouds my soul
   And fruitful ignorance irks it more."
(d) "There is no Hell save earth,
   Which serves the purpose doubly well."
(e) "In helpless impotence to try to fashion
   Our woe in living words howe'er uncouth."

II. Enumerate the books you omitted to bring to class this semester.

N. B.—We shall not hold you responsible for this, because we can only speak at second hand.

III. Critise the author of "Gosh, Oscar" and "Wow." Compare these terms in respect to their power of expressing lyric emotion.

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IV. Finally—
What would you do “with and for Algernon.” (Hint: what we did.)

V. Explain fully the following passages (taken from student’s note books):
(a) “Testament of a man with a beard.”
(b) “My head is like a wren.”
(c) “Villa Maester.”
(d) “Burgher’s of the North.”

VI. What did God see when he looked in Blake’s window?

VII. Discuss the form and content of the following: Alice Maynell, Katherine Tynan, Christina Rossetti and Mrs. Browning.

VIII. Discuss the Spirit of Earth in Autumn, with special reference to Meredith’s alcoholism.

IX. Discuss the idle singer with an empty head, and tell what he did for Laus Veneris.

X. Discuss “The Hymn to Color,” with special reference to the harmony of Baudelaire’s hair, Swinburne’s hair, and the Purple East.

XI. Penultimately: With special reference to the Ballad of Hell discuss: Why did they Burne Jones, why did not Swinburne and where did Byron?

XII. And now really finally(?)!!!
How old was Swinburne when he nearly died? How old were you when Swinburne died? Which was the younger, or Shelley?

XIII. For how long would you be willing to be insane to have written “Lacrimae Musarum?” Give reasons for your answer with special reference to the other Asylum Poets.
Junior Year

Tennis Singles
Championship won by 1918.

Captain—C. Stevens
Manager—M. Willard

First Team
M. Thompson C. Stevens
R. Levy

Second Team
T. Smith C. Wilcox
C. Stevens

Individual cup won by M. Thompson.
Class Champion—M. Thompson.

Tennis Doubles
Championship won by 1917.

First Team
M. Thompson M. Willard
C. Stevens C. Wilcox
J. Pauling T. Smith

Second Team
J. Pauling E. Granger
M. Willett B. Greenough
E. Russell E. Holcombe

On Varsity
M. Thompson M. Willard

Hockey
Class championship won by 1917.

First Team
Captain—M. Thompson
Manager—M. Scattergood
L. Brown V. Litchfield
C. Stevens M. Scattergood
M. Willard H. Harris
N. McFadden J. Pauling
E. Dulles M. Thompson
F. Curtin M. Thompson

Second Team
Captain—G. Malone
Manager—E. Hemenway
A. Davis H. Kendig
L. Collins G. Malone
E. Hemenway E. Holcombe
C. Hall E. Emerson

E. Russell A. D. Shipley
S. Jelliffe

Third Team
Captain—E. Granger
On Varsity
M. Thompson H. Harris
J. Pauling L. Brown
V. Litchfield

Subs—F. Curtin
M. Willard

Swimming Meet
Championship won by 1917.

Captain—M. Scattergood
Team
M. Willard H. Allfort
M. Scattergood E. Faulkner
A. Davis V. Litchfield
E. Dulles E. Russell

College relay record broken by
1917—1 min. 15.4 sec.
College record equalled by M.
Scattergood in 68 ft. swim
on front—15 3.5 sec.

Water Polo
Championship won by 1918.

First Team
Captain—M. Scattergood
Manager—V. Litchfield
H. Harris C. Stevens
M. Willard C. Stevens
V. Litchfield M. Scattergood
A. Davis

Second Team
Captain—A. Davis
Manager—K. Blodgett
H. Allfort E. Russell
E. Dulles E. Faulkner
S. Jelliffe K. Blodgett
H. Zimmerman

On Varsity
Captain—M. Willard
A. Davis C. Hall

Track Meet
Championship won by 1917.

Individual cup won by H. Harris.

Captain—N. McFadden
Manager—K. Blodgett

Team
H. Harris V. Litchfield
M. Scattergood A. Davis
E. Hemenway E. Dulles
N. McFadden M. Thompson
M. Willard C. Stevens
E. Emerson J. Pauling

College Records Broken
High Jump—H. Harris—3 ft. 8 in.
Hop, Step, and Jump—H. Harris—31 ft. 5½ in.

Basket Ball
Championship won by 1917.

First Team
Captain—J. Pauling
Manager—M. Thompson
C. Stevens H. Harris
N. McFadden L. Brown
S. Jelliffe M. Thompson
J. Pauling

Second Team
Captain—G. Malone
Manager—A. Davis
E. Emerson M. Hodge
A. Davis E. Hemenway
M. Willard C. Hall
H. Kendig

Third Team
Captain—J. Hollis

On Varsity
Captain—J. Pauling
L. Brown S. Jelliffe
C. Stevens M. Thompson
H. Harris
Senior Year
Senior Year

The Importance of Being Earnest

Class Officers: President, Constance Sidney Hall  
Vice-President and Treasurer, Anna Snowden Wildman  
Secretary, Gertrude Evelyn Marie Malone

Undergraduate Association: President, Agnes Dorothy Shipley  
Advisory Board, Helen Marie Harris

Athletic Association: President, Margaret Thompson  
Vice-President and Indoor Manager, Virginia de Steigner Litchfield

Christian Association: President, Natalie Friend McFaden  
Vice-President, Margaret Scattergood

Self-Government Association: President, Caroline Stevens  
Vice-President, Constance Sidney Hall

Equal Suffrage League: President, Elisabeth Emerson
English Club: President, Monica Barry O'Shea
Members, Janet Randolph Grace
Sarah Fenton Hinde
Amelia Kellogg MacMasters
Thalia Howard Smith
Constance Grenelle Wilcox

Glee Club: Leader, Sylvia Canfield Jelliffe

History Club: President, Mary Robinson Hodge

Philosophical Club: President, Thalia Howard Smith

Science Club: President, Amelia Henrietta Dixon

Trophy Club: President, Margaret Thompson

“College News” Board: Managing Editor, Elisabeth Sherman Granger
Business Manager, Virginia de Steiguer Litchfield
Editors, Eleanor Lansing Dulles
Natalie Friend McFaden

“Lantern” and “Tipyn o’ Bob” Board: Editor-in-Chief, Janet Randolph Grace
Editors, Sarah Fenton Hinde
Margaret Iselin Henderson
## Upper Ten

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Score</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Thalia Howard Smith</td>
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<tr>
<td>Katharine Burr Blodgett</td>
<td>87.44</td>
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<tr>
<td>Marjorie Josephine Milne</td>
<td>85.73</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mary Robinson Hodge</td>
<td>85.33</td>
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<tr>
<td>Marian Rhoads</td>
<td>84.88</td>
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<td>84.40</td>
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<td>Esther Johnson</td>
<td>82.90</td>
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<tr>
<td>Agnes Dorothy Shipley</td>
<td>82.84</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mary Sylvester Cline</td>
<td>82.71</td>
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<tr>
<td>Henrietta Amelia Dixon</td>
<td>82.03</td>
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"Cock O' The Walk"

I very much doubt my ability to do justice to my subject, which I may as well tell you now is Athletics. The title really tells the whole story, and furthermore was suggested by Monica, so you must realize how impossible a standard I have to live up to.

The minute 1917 entered the athletic arena of B. M. C. persons well versed in the qualities of true greatness saw that we were bound to succeed. Our first year, following in the Freshmen paths of etiquette, we won only a few minor sports, but our superiority was not concealed by our well-behaved generosity. Gasps of wonder greeted our hockey team as they scampered down the field to the melodious strains of "Hockey, Hockey"—led by Hompe of the many-colored tams and the superhuman strength. Being modest we preferred to retire without winning a game. In water polo we were not quite so polite, for we took one game just to show Lil that in the water at least she couldn't frighten us, and also we wanted to celebrate the acquisition of Dan, our leviathan, who ever since has struck terror into the hearts of those unfortunates who did not matriculate in 1917. In basketball we exerted ourselves to the extent of getting into the finals, and there we yielded with scarcely a murmur because we realized the ignominy that would be the lot of those "dear, dear Seniors," if they had to drop their banner so near commencement.

Sophomore year we came back a thoroughly seasoned bunch of veterans. We took our athletics seriously and the result was that we won our major sports as nonchalantly as though we were Seniors or professional athletes. Under the able management of Captain Malone our second team was as successful as our first. But we did not win without some pains for our trouble—I seem to remember sore shins possessed by Nats and myself and scarcely avoided apoplectic fits on the part of Fran and Miss Applebee when during a hockey game one of our opponents resorted to handball. In water polo the Freshmen, by Flan's beautiful crawl and Teddy's long-distance throwing, hypnotized us into several ties. We ended up a most successful year by walking through basketball, for we had noticed how
well our banner looked on the Gym, the only trouble being that showers of shot greeted those who stood below to admire.

Our Junior year we were inclined to rest upon our laurels. We scraped through hockey on a little good playing and a great deal of brass and luck, ingredients with which we have always been well supplied. Water polo saw Teddy’s star in the ascendancy, which unfortunately we were unable to eclipse. Basket-ball as usual came our way, though with a good dose of scare, administered by our Freshmen. Perhaps the most important thing this year was the death blow we dealt to the system of training. After a night of carousing with that “Ideal Husband” of ours, Hel rose up early and ran and skipped and jumped us to the long end of the score in the track meet.

Senior fall we devoted our attention to hockey for the last time. In fact, we were so devoted that we lost sight of tennis altogether. But hockey satisfied us. No opponent’s ball crossed our goal line and “Lina” Stevens had taken time from Self-Gov. to instruct our forwards in the art of goal shooting. How puffed up at least eight of us felt when Varsity sent All-Philadelphia to defeat to the tune of 3 to 0. What we do in water polo remains a question for dispute. For my humble part, I can’t help thinking that, gray-haired as we are, we can squeeze to the top somehow.

We may now be too old and decrepit to keep winning fresh bouquets and medals, but we can look back and say that while we were in college no one was anxious to draw us first in any game, and though some may look upon us as old hens, no one can dispute the glorious fact that for four years we have been the “Cock o’ the Walk.”

MARGARET THOMPSON.
(That doggone dangerous girl.)1

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1 Editor’s note.
"Sweetness and Light"; or, What Art did for Us

If you have never felt the tingle and teengle of aesthetic experience, read no further. The rest will be no more than primeval star dust to your comprehension.

We want this to be perfectly clear. We're used to it and we know what it means, but we want you in on this too. And now to get away from the "sordid horror of our daily life," we will plunge into an exposeetion of the "cold steenging ecstasy."

"As surely as we are all born in oreeginal seen, we are all born weeth bad taste. However, with true humeelittee, the elasteecitee of muscular teesue, and what not, this comfortee state may be eeleeminated. The odour of sancteetee is as real as the odour of violets—no doubt about eet!"

This is simple and hardly needs comment!

"The Meedle Ages were not dirty, their minds were on weemen and not on what they were. It is a slow, warm pureefeeecation. Comfort is vulgar! If you do not read Theodore Dreiser, whom do you read? Eet ees life weeth a peen preek; eet ees life as you leeve eet."

As this stands, we admit a slight incoherency, but in justification we must admit that there were gaps in which we slept, lulled by the monotonous murmur of "eendeeveedual exposeetion." But now we come to the apotheosis of this matter, to the "Far Fetched and Dear Bought"—how dearly bought we only know! When that quiz was put upon the blackboard, we, who had passed beyond the Philistine stage, we merely asked with a faint quiver, "Do you see what I see?"—and turned on the "aesthetic eemotion."

The theme was again the Eternal Feminine. We were asked for our personal opinions and—we gave them! Though the subject demanded delicacy, we felt that we were delicate enough for anything. Need we say more!

Emily Crane Russell.
Elisabeth Sherman Granger.
A Mad Senior's Night's Dream

(A broad band of red outlines the picture-frame stage. At the back the Acheron flows past. The near bank slopes gently down to the foreground, which is in semi-darkness. Here and there groups of shades waiting.

Enter a large shade closely attended by two lesser shades. The large shade comes down center with a swinging stride. The lesser shades walk almost beside him.)

The Large Shade: Have you any plan yet? (Silence.) Ah turned one up last night. It merits consideration. Ah've not read it myself, so of course Ah speak at second hand. Oh, Ah meant to bring that book over today, but Ah forgot it.

(The second lesser shade giggles, pulling at the tail of the shirt of blue and white checked gingham which adorns it; but the first lesser shade turns and begins running quickly back the way they have come. A very tall shade leaves one of the groups and advances smiling. It is a beatific smile.)

The Very Tall Shade (slowly): Suppose a cannibal came to— Well (abruptly), I was over there—

The Large Shade (quickly): Yes, yes, Ah’ve been there and perhaps some of you have. (A nearby group of shades look blank, but make a note of it.)
Re-enter the second lesser shade, running. It carries a book. The large shade receives it, nodding.

The Large Shade: Now, it will be necessary to—to—to bouleverse. Ah really can't think of the English word.

(A plump shade, accompanied by the shade of a dog, steps up.)

The Plump Shade (decidedly): We must get away, we must. Look (picking up the dog). Look! (excitedly). I can no longer feel the pu-ush of the fle-esh against my hand!

(The dog shade gaps distressfully. As the large shade hesitates, a brisk shade about which plays a rosy glow steps up.)

The Brisk Shade (helpfully): Now if it were a lion of force, you could give it this. (It holds out the shade of a napple. A gentle shade joins them.)

The Gentle Shade: And have you found anything new? We've been here a long time. Since we came queens have died, young and fair.

A Small Thin Shade (shaking the hair back from its forehead and excitedly): Now if these rascally Republicans hadn't stolen all the armoured cru-eesers, we'd get away easy. In Virginiah—

(It is interrupted by the languid entrance of a lank shade supporting on its arm a golden bracelet.)

The Gentle Shade: Beauty is but a flower.

The Plump Shade: I feel the teeckle and teengle of an aestetic eemotion!

The Large Shade: Wow!

The First Lesser Shade (softly): Wow!

The Second Lesser Shade (softly): Wow!

(The shades crowd around the newcomer, all except one group, which consistently notes down everything.)

The Lank Shade: I don't know why you ask me. Everything I think of seems funny and trivial. Perhaps I can be more interesting another time. (He flounces away.)

(There is a splashing sound that gradually grows louder and down Acheron from the left comes a rowboat vigorously propelled by a sturdy shade. There is a murmur of
excitement in which the voice of the small thin shade is heard lamenting that its not an "armoured cruise-er from Virginiuh."

The sturdy shade makes a nicely calculated landing, carefully moors the boat and steps ashore deliberately.)

**The Skinny Shade:** Beautiful to behold!

**The Gentle Shade:** Brightness falls from the air!

**The Sturdy Shade** *(taking out its watch)*: I'm two and a half minutes behind my schedule. Have you found a way to get out of this fix?

*(The shades shake their heads.)*

**The Sturdy Shade:** The trouble is you lack organization. Promptness, Precision, Proportion! I'm under the suspicion that that combination will get you anything you want.

**The Gentle Shade:** I am sick and I must die.

**The Sturdy Shade:** Nonsense—Come, every one of you—write out in three lines your suggestions. Plan your answers, be specific.

*(The shades quickly hand in written slips.)*

**The Sturdy Shade** *(stamping each slip as it is received)*: There! Now each one of you take hold of this somewhere. *(He points to the band of red running round the picture-frame stage.)*

*(The shades hurry about, but there is no confusion, no disorder. They grasp it.)*

**The Sturdy Shade:** There! Simplicity, Soundness and System can achieve anything—even an Ideal Husband. Now just before you pull, take a long breath.

*(The shades do. Nothing happens.)*

**The Sturdy Shade:** Why—that's nothing but tape—push! push!

*(Nothing happens.)*

*(The Sturdy Shade steps over the footlights and looks at the enclosing band. He turns.)*

**The Sturdy Shade:** They've got us where they want us. We can't do a thing. I didn't know who was responsible—this tape is red!

**The Skinny Shade** *(triumphantly)*: Of course it's Red—you silly ass!

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MONICA BARRY O'SHEA.
PEMBROKE WEST has no great distinction—it's quite nondescript. Its charm, like that of the old darkey's second husband, lies not so much in what we "is" as what we "ain't." Here's Rock on our left as a living example of piety and tradition and song—and East on our right with Self-Government constancy and Undergraduate busyness—yet we go on our way securely unimpressed. En masse we don't even gossip like Merion, probably because we even want to gossip about each other. But the fact remains that we "bouleversé" tradition and divided we stand.

I heard a Freshman whisper, "All the Seniors in West have tea every day," but there's nothing in that either. By "all the Seniors" she meant Monica, and then anyhow there are those aristocratic Suburbs! Ruth describes us as sects-within-sects; it sounds bad, but I hope she means Margaret Henderson, etc., with the white mice; or Monic, etc., with the 1915 monkeys. Ruth's strong point is puns. She is ahead of all living women on the subject and almost up with Jimmy with two a minute—"Miss Willett, will it—will it?" "Miss Pauling, appalling, is it not?"

But West has its advantages. There is Miss O'Shea, from whom Mr. King assures us we have a very "unusual opportunity to acquire charm," and this year she is quite ready to devote herself to us, since every higher class has left. Here's Gertie, ready to cook for us day or night—though the young girl has been solemnly warned by one who has been here twenty years that "cooking destroys all feeling for the German language." And our sleuth-hound Ruth is ever ready for the trail. (N. B. She has never been able to discover the cause of all Catty's mysterious Friday trips to town.) Small matter that we think the seamless sweater rather intimate apparel—though I believe Hel's blue one has seams. The Iron Woman as always is rampant and uninfluenced and sits amid an horrendibus umbres of needles looking like the Sheep in Alice.

But there are more serious things too, preparedness for example. Even Dor herself couldn't find fault with us here. We are rarely proficient. Ruth, in spite of that famous confession, "I am weak, I admit it," is an expert in manipulating the long distance phone; then Red Cross Jeanetta, with tireless energy, arranges clothing for the army while Monic personally looks out for the navy. On the whole, Miss Pat says, "no students have ever been Seniors like this year's." Honi soit qui mal y pense!

ANNA SNOWDEN WILDMAN.
Job Libre

I love to sit in the semi-darkness
Among a lot of people
And listen to vocational quavers
That are all abstract sweetness
Except the title.
I delight to have my appetite,
That is keyed only to acquire facts,
Surprised with unanticipated appetizers
In the way of generalities
While time flies.
I love to think of the delightful ladies
So tactfully dressed and well bred,
At the top of the ladder, that they
Really cannot associate with the bottom.
And then too they are having
Such a good time.
They talk about the kind editor,
And the hat they wore on their first day's work.
Yes, indeed, if in their emotion
Their sentences do not become
Mixed.
And they make appeals, forgetting that we cannot help them.
As I listen from the semi-darkness,
Mute and passive behind the hat of the lady in front,
I feel that these are determined
To give me their ideals,
And I will never know how they
Hold their jobs.
I can only wonder!  Constance Grennelle Wilcox.
Pagan Pembroke; or The Way of the World

A Pictorial Panorama

Time: Any evening in the years 1913–17.
Place: The Pembroke Dining Room.
Dramatis Personae: About fourteen Hungry Heathens.

Act I. (Giving the donné of the piece.)
Miss Pat is seen enthroned at one end of the table. On either side of her Mart and Steve, then a long gap and finally a wary group clustered at the other end. The other table presents a misleading picture of consecutive amity. Lucia and Catty from across the table tug hopefully at a blue plate. From the center of the table a small chop smiles placidly. He has eluded them both. Second helps for all, three for Milly, who missed her second egg this morning. “Shall we go, or shall we sit?”

Act II. (The plot thickens.)
Scene the same; one year later.
The table no longer rests upon its legs, but upon twenty-four finger tips held high in air. Beneath the festal board one Hungry Heathen lies prone. At the head of the table sits a terrorized father. Years later the Suburbs said it, “He must be suitably entertained.” At the other table there is a perceptible rift in the lute.

Act III. (The climax.)
Scene the same; one year later.
Monic asks Anne to ask Lizzie for some more of something. Everybody is helped again. At one side of the table there is a clustering of heads. Some one is telling the latest Chew story (about Mary Shelley) “and he said, ‘Ah’m tired of telling you difficult
Along the table there is a stretching of necks beyond the natural limits, and a waving of hands that only ceases when the poison has been completely disseminated. We must all be in on everything. Not so the other table, where now quite apparently some (to quote the old morality) "act like devils, nothing amiable." The small becurled Heathen has finished the nth plate of ice cream, and as we rise to leave, Mart's gentle tones ring through the empty dining-room: "Isn't it strange how in Junior year men have suddenly come into our lives."

ACT IV. (Dénoûement.)

Scene the same; time the present.

To the outsider (Larie of immortal memory), the table has become a mere group of "roués," plus Mart the "disillusioned churchman." Major English Drama has got in its deadly work. "Of the two women representing the dishonest love of the king, Ida is to be the more admired, for the countess had a husband." (Chew asked Mart if she really meant this "curious" philosophy.) But all is not lost, for Milly's verdict is that "Shakespeare at least is pure." At the other table the Suburbs are now definitely developed and a long vista of white table-cloth protects them from inferior contacts. "Savage leaves out all Chew's put in." Yea, verily the old order changeth. Milly can still take her second egg, but for the rest—the romance of youth is fled, we are become Resigned Realists (following Fielding).

We Plan our answers and we are Specific.

Agnes Dorothy Shipley.
"YOU'LL write on 1920, Maria," said the editor-in-chief. And when I endeavored to show her that I could not write on a subject of which (or should I say of whom?) I know so little, one of the editors said, "Oh, that's all right; you can, and be sure to make it snippy."

But although we knew 1920 only slightly (what Senior class is ever very intimate with Freshmen?), there seems to be no particular reason to be "snippy" about them. Those of us who were in Rock had no particular love for them, I fancy, but that was partly due to a Certain Unfortunate Incident in connection with the Endowment Fund.

In Merion we lived quite amicably. And who will ever forget the profuse apologies for their Shower Song which they offered to our leading pacifist, with the slogan "Peace at any price." Early in the year the coloristic Zella and "Queenie" attracted instant attention to Pembroke, where nerves were shattered by hearing constant calls for "M. Cary." Though 1920 made various false starts, they really did pretty well considering their sisterly handicap. On the whole, that very decent vote not to invade Senior sanctums on Freshman Night is characteristic of their temper, and as the "mighty Seniors" go on their way "growing grey and growing fat," we say good luck to 1920.

MARY BARTOW ANDREWS.
The Hymn of Hate; or, The Tranquil Thirteen

THERE are so many subjects that must be avoided in reporting a typical Merion conversation that really the difficulties can scarcely be overstressed. For example, the war is suggested, and immediately Con, Thalia, Nats and Marian break forth into the original peace yell:

"Boom! Damn the fighters! Boom! Damn the U-boats! Whoa! Whoa! Whoa! Peace!"

Or again, the favorable, or unfavorable, qualities of the English Club, and instantly freezing glances congeal the speaker if by any chance Sally or Thalia are near at hand. The least tactful of persons could scarcely discuss bridge playing on Sunday with the president of C. A. nearby; and of course everyone knows that the shortcomings of the Politics department can never be included in any courteous Merion conversation.

With this by way of editorial explanation for certain glaring absences in the list of conversational topics, I introduce you to Merion 1917—a typical luncheon conversation.

MARIA (preparatory to asking for dues long since owing her or for better attendance at song practices): These flowers? Yes, they are good looking. (Rather apologetically; although if "they" must send her flowers we prefer to have them as attractive as possible.) Do you mind if I ask once more for that money for——?

AMMIE: Well, homely men can be awfully nice just the same, Lovey! (Lovey laughs, unconvinced.) And anyway, Crenshaw's voice——

MARIAN (sotto voce): Now that Tenney's in Rome, I'm sick of discussing professors. Where's that copy of Dostoevsky that I got out of the Lib for you, Maria? I thought that was exceedingly interesting.

ISSIE (interrupting in her own positive way): Oh! You do? Well, I don't!

NATS (as usual, pouring oil on the troubled waters, tactfully changes the subject): Sally, I missed you at basket-ball yesterday! Did Miss Crandall finally arrive at the tea?

—67—
AMMIE (still absorbed in her own thoughts): Ryu, don't you think homely men can be awfully nice?

DORIS (very much worried): I still have two books to do for Savage before finals, and there are only six weeks left!

(Sally raises her eyebrows hopelessly. Silence falls, and everyone moves up until only three of the thirteen chairs are being occupied, for Maria is retailing the latest in sleuth.)

MARIA: Well, '19 says—

AMMIE (returning at last to this interesting earth): Poor Waco!

(Greenie now dashes in, unbelievably late and asks: "Where do you suppose I'VE been?"
And, strange to say, every one groans while Mary Worley remarks squelching, "I CAN'T imagine! That man never said anything interesting enough to hold ME.")

CON: Well, honestly, that physics—Listen, Doris, take that salt away from Ee-ss-abella. I can't even see her now!

MARIAN: Oh, I found one awfully sleuthy passage in Clarissa. Did you see it, Sally?

SALLY (disconsolately): Oh, no! It's just my luck to have skipped that!

LOVEY: Have the German submarines sunk any more boats? (Which, on the surface, seems a laudable interest in current events, but, translated by the initiate, means, "Are you playing bridge tonight, Fiends?")

And now, complying with a Freshman's request that her mother be permitted to hear a typical college song, '17 breaks forth into: "One rainy day, in a crowded car, Yours truly sat inside," followed by '19's "My mother-in-law, she is dead."

Then just, to prove we are quite human, we sneeze three times for Mrs. Freshman: "Hish! Hash! Sussia!" which, when well done, is really quite impressive you know. And then we depart, singing soulfully, "How would you like to be kissed by Dou-ga-las Fairbanks?" and gloom settles over the dining room. Thalia, alone, continues to eat, muttering, "Now that Tom has gone, I needn't hurry. I really think if that man had stayed until Tom-morrow I'd have had (p)tom-aine poisoning!"

ISABELLA STEVENSON DIAMOND.
Sing Willow, Sing Willow

"THE intense Irish melancholy" that Mr. Francis Hackett said permeated The Rush Light was nothing to the melancholy that descended on that fatal nineteenth of April when it was announced that we had raised our coach to be a soldier. (Personally I shall always blame Hel for inspiring him—at the very first rehearsal he loved that authoritative triple knock of hers and the way she gripped her musket on "You'll not be seeing him again.") When we stopped emotionalizing to think, however, we realized it was quite in accord with the climactic career our Senior play had already had. In the early fall we had started pursuing one Noble Spaniard for which H. J. S. beat upon his desk. Hel stalked that fellow (the gringo) all over New York one weekend, and even after that we couldn't get trace of him. Then the special deliveries with Charles Frohman began. That was quite a rare correspondence—rarely expensive. We dallied with the Morals of Marcus and a few other costly manuscripts and then Con after chapel told us we were announcing the play at one-thirty. Climax number one! That's where we fooled her; we did it.

I can see now that we were too guileless in accepting all Savage's enthusiasm for our "war measure" as the bona fide stuff. There it was—that word "war." Everything went very nicely for a while. Then came climax number two—that Moth. I swore when Hel turned her back to the audience and opened out her arms she'd be a whole drop curtain, and Hel was a lady and didn't swear at me. But they were firm and I'd made the fatal mistake of divulging that Adeline Gibson was costuming my "Golden God," and they wouldn't even let me try for the Moth. So I'm going to do Goring in Gold.

Rehearsals were unique. Doris and Greenie reduced us to mirth every time they opened their platitudinous mouths, and Thal blew about the stage in a way that fascinated me till I forgot to practice the impossible—"the Golden God dances very beautifully by himself." Along here in the rehearsals came minor climaxes—as Savage said, "It's—er—
difficult, this reckoning with the authors.” But we forgave him all when he briskly alternated as “Thistledown Triumphant” and a Marquis, or voiced for Con the passionate wailings of Kathleen on “lov-v-e.” Things were going with a vengeance and we were on the crest when The Climax came. And here we are now, facing the production with no Lord High Executioner. No more shattered nerves from the bang of that dumbbell. No more bellow of “Wrong foot!” No longer will Nats clutch my shoulder à la Mable and whisper, “Oh, he’s so fierce,” and henceforth Steve can sit on her prompter’s chair (with a back) without trembling. And is it “sing willow, sing willow?” Indeed no—as P. T. said when he told her that “the one thing he hated to leave was the Senior play” “they too must show that they can be depended upon.” So following close in the tradition of the Ideal Husband, we are going to make this just as shiny a laurel wreath for “H. J.” and for 1917 as there’s paint in the pot. And, moreover, it was the “first time . . . in Bryn Mawr . . . 1917 did it.” Ha! Ha! and Cock-a-doodle-doo!

Monica Barry O’Shea.
Sentimental Scientists

It is indeed a Difficult task for one of scientific Bent
To find in the halls of that emporium of science cognomened
Dalton
Much trace of sentiment.
But even if One regards college life
Entirely from the Academic view point
And believes the afternoon just begun at five forty-five,
There have been some points on the horizon
That could not be overlooked.
To any one at all familiar with the Dalton of Year Before Last
Or even
Of the Year before That,
We need not mention the name of the especially distinguished
Student of Biology
Inevitably followed by a smiling professor
Who follows more and more as years roll on.
Surely that was a case of true sentiment!
Perhaps such are confined to the second floor.
Yes, even now has Daytime for Miss Pinney charms.
But no! Who's not heard Rumours of Chasing shirts for Trophies?
And everyone realizes what lions of infinite attraction are found
In barns——.
But why concern ourselves with facts so obvious!
We have been told the greatest scientists of old
Were sentimental.
Can it be that the Inmates of Dalton follow them,
Or is there some elixir in the dust of the dark halls
And creaking stairs?

HENRIETTA AMELIA DIXON.
Present Arms—Forward March

I HAVE often wondered whether it is worse to thrust a fairly respectable title upon an unsuspecting public and promptly proceed to betray the "beautiful trust" thus inspired, or to offer gems of thought with no title, and thereby betray oneself! Thought gems are indeed among the possessions of '17—for proof refer to the other pages of this same book—but I have seldom succeeded in grasping their intricate meaning—and so I am forced to select an inspiring title. I feel it is impossible to apologize sufficiently for the article that follows; therefore I shall ask Bryn Mawr's "noble four hundred" to occupy the reviewing stand at once, and their Faculty, even as they wait, shall pass before them.

I attended the Faculty Concert; I have also heard many rumors of travels in Guatemala and prospective ones in South America. Accordingly I first present to you the Brigadier General advancing upon a snow-white mule called "Petulance" and dressed as nearly as possible "to fit the medium" of any fourth century coin. "What am I offered," rings out upon the air, and we realize, shamefacedly, that Rhys knew what a hit he was making that night, and that he will probably continue to sell his own pictures quite blatantly even in the presence of the famous Hindenburg reserve! Miss Branson has been laboring for some months on suitable food for the cannon, and her best product now heaves into sight, puffing lustily. We have no difficulty in recognizing Dr. Chew. I doubt if he could conceive of any one not on the job at the present time! And when I tell you he resembles an Indian war chief, wrapped in a certain red blanket, I think, in decency, I can scarcely say more! Just by way of contrast, a small urchin with yellow hair streaming to the breeze and with many large safety pins protruding here and there from various parts of her small person, has been placed directly behind. Georgiana Goddard is "poodling" along nearby, the dog clutched firmly in one arm, and wearing the Great Refusal, halo fashion. The next division is indeed strange and, at first sight, one might imagine some nearby town had been evacuated at the approach of the enemy; as they pass by, however, we realize that
they are part of the Bryn Mawr faculty—Dr. "Geology" Brown and the famous Brown sextette. The national "gy-ard" too is with us and we are now confident that no river, however "un-navigubble," can ever bar their advance. Jimmy, because of the extreme importance of his task, is permitted to ride in a conspicuous red limousine, for he is substituting for Wilson and is putting all necessary correspondence into the best possible English. Dr. Grey's famous running costume forces him to adopt a mad pace, whether he so desires or not; and true to his belief that there is only one way to do many things besides punctuate, Dr. Savage advances quite calmly and confidently "according to schedule." "The flowers of American womanhood" (so-called on a certain memorable night in our Freshman year) will always be just behind the front, raising money as usual for some worthy cause or struggling to live up to Mrs. Smith’s multi-colored catalogue. Wherever they may be, the maintenance of the higher education will ever be their aim. As is only fitting, a certain popular professor will deliver daily lectures on "Who Will Win; or, Why I Don’t Fight," and even as he speaks, Llewellyn will gaze down into the smiling faces of the reason.

"Junior Banquet."
(Revised for the Occasion.)
I hate Class Book meetings,
They make me sick.

First there are the Joyful Meetings
When each of us comes in
Laden with manuscripts.
(There are very few of these.)
And we smile hopefully at each other,
Asking with cheerful good humor:
"What have you got?"
When they are read out we all sigh
And wish we were cleverer.
Would to God we were!

Then there are the Despairing Ones
When nothing happens.
Most of them are desperate towards the end,
But these are the worst of all.
No one has any ideas;
We've given up looking for them.
We know that "such things must come,"
To quote from a contributor,
So we wearily turn the yellow pages
And wait—
And wait.
And then there are the Determined Ones
With the pressing need "to do something."
And these are really very bad,
Because we all do do something.

I hate Class Book meetings,
They make me sick.

N. B.—This sense of the meeting is unanimous.

Elisabeth Sherman Granger.

The Rest of the Editors.
Senior Year

Tennis Singles
Championship won by 1920.
Captain—M. Willard
Manager—R. Levy
First Team
M. Thompson M. Willard
C. Stevens
Second Team
T. Smith C. Wilcox
E. Holcombe

Tennis Doubles
Championship won by 1920.
Team
M. Thompson R. Levy
C. Stevens C. Wilcox
M. Willard T. Smith

Hockey
Championship won by 1917.
First Team
Captain—M. Thompson
Manager—M. Scattergood
L. Brown V. Litchfield
M. Willard M. Scattergood
C. Stevens H. Harris
N. McFaden E. Emerson
A. Davis M. Thompson
F. Curtin
Second Team
Captain—G. Malone
Manager—M. Hodge
S. Hind H. Kendig
L. Collins G. Malone
E. Hemenway M. Hodge
C. Hall D. Shipley
E. Dulles K. Blodgett
S. Jelliffe
Third Team
Captain—F. Iddings
On Varsity
Captain—M. Thompson
H. Harris C. Stevens
V. Litchfield L. Brown
M. Willard F. Curtin
M. Scattergood

Swimming Meet
Championship won by 1920.
Captain—M. Scattergood
Team
M. Scattergood V. Litchfield
E. Dulles M. Willard
A. Davis E. Russell

Track Meet
Championship won by 1917.
Individual cup won by H. Harris.
Captain—N. McFaden
Manager—K. Blodgett
Team
H. Harris E. Emerson
A. Davis E. Dulles
M. Scattergood M. Thompson
E. Hemenway M. Hodge
N. McFaden

Water Polo
Championship won by 1917.
First Team
Captain—V. Litchfield
Manager—M. Scattergood
V. Litchfield M. Scattergood
M. Willard C. Hall
E. Dulles C. Stevens
H. Harris

Second Team
Captain—A. Davis
Manager—H. Allport
E. Holcombe K. Blodgett
L. Chase G. Malone
H. Allport A. Davis
S. Jelliffe

On Varsity
M. Willard C. Hall
V. Litchfield
Subs—E. Dulles
A. Davis
C. Stevens
M. Scattergood

World record broken by M. Scattergood in Hurl Ball—85 ft. 10 in.
College record broken by H. Harris in Running High Jump—4 ft. 4½ in.
College record broken by H. Harris in Hop, Step, and Jump—32 ft. 1½ in.
Epilogue

Once more we are called upon to epitomize our efforts in a few succinct phrases. Through many months a blight lay upon four bright young lives—lives spent in the constant endeavor to be funny at any cost. Now we realize that we have probably made a dismal failure, but we don't want to hear about it. We don't want anyone to rub it in. If even the boast of a slight success is permitted to us, we must refer it to the rosy glow pervading our horizon, and we would like to have you take us kindly by the hand (as kindly as possible, now) and say with the true spirit of friendliness, "God bless you—you need it!"

The Editors.
"Let us now praise famous men—
Men of little showing—
For their work continueth,
And their work continueth,
Greater than their knowing."

KIPLING.
"Let us have faith that right makes might; and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it."

_Abraham Lincoln_
"There's daggers in men's smiles."
_Macbeth_

"She and comparisons are odious."
_John Donne_

"I would roar you, an't were any nightingale."
_Midsummer Night's Dream_

"Good at a fight and better at a play."
_Sir Thomas Moore_
"The endearing elegance of female friendship."
*Rasselas*

"Le plus savant homme que j'ai rencontré."
*Yvette Guilbert*

"A very gentle beast and of a good conscience."
*Midsummer Night's Dream*

"As large as life and twice as natural."
*Alice in Wonderland*
"But ne'er the rose without the thorn."
Sir Thomas Browne

"A lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing."
Midsummer Night's Dream

"I am not a Virginian but an American."
Patrick Henry

"Thou were't my guide, philosopher and friend."
Pope
"The palpable obscure."
John Milton

"A young man with a toy in his head."
Heywood

"Tut, tut, child—everything's got a moral if you can only find it."
Alice in Wonderland

"My dear, my better half."
Arcadia
"That law preserves the earth a sphere,
And guides the planets in their course."
Samuel Rogers

"I love fools' experiments."
Charles Darwin

"A parlous day."
King Richard III

"This England never did, nor never shall
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror."
King John
"A prophecy of learning."

The Brides.

"His heart is worse than his bite."

George Herbert.

"I think we do know the sweet Eumenides."

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"The power of thought, the magic of the mind."

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