1919

Bryn Mawr College Yearbook. Class of 1919

Bryn Mawr College. Senior Class

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The Epic History of the Wars of 1919
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FREDERICA BURCKLE HOWELL

Other War Correspondents
MARY MORRIS RAMSAY
AMELIA WARNER
MARJORIE MARTIN

Publishing Syndicate
CLARA ELIZABETH HOLLIS, Manager
ADELAIDE LANDON
LOUISE HOLABIRD WOOD
# Epic History of the Wars of 1919

## Guide to War Activities

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Ante Bellum Preparations

For the benefit of the few who didn’t go to Tutoring School in September, 1915, let it be known at once that Tutoring School is not fundamentally an institution for the weak-minded or deficient. In the first place, there is no way for a moron to enter Bryn Mawr, and all of us got here. In the second place, consider the individual members and attainments of our student body and you will see that they are far from deficient—in fact, very efficient.

1917 was well represented by two of the famous “Big Beautifuls.”
1918 by their two best-looking and best known members, in fact two of the only four members who escaped “Peaches en masse” (see Self-Gov. minutes).
These celebrities from 1917 and 1918 added much to the prestige of our members, but it was 1919 who made the Tutoring School, or perhaps better, finished it.
Four of us are married.
One is engaged.
One suspected.

And one is carrying on a lively and entertaining flirtation with a well-known representative of English society, Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David, Prince of Wales!
You won’t find any of Tutoring School among P. T.’s Upper Ten, you see. They didn’t have time to do much for Athena—it was a case of Laus Veneris.
So much for the inmates of T. S. Now for the notable institution itself:
From the first, several facts must be kept in mind—for instance, that September is the hottest month of the year in Bryn Mawr, and that September, 1915, was the hottest of all the hot Septembers; also, that the Infirmary, Tutoring School’s main dormitory and executive building, has no screens and several million flies.
It was in the midst of this heat-and-flies that T. S. opened to the public and there we arrived, winter clothes, furs, etc., prepared for a Pennsylvania winter. Work, of course, could not begin until there had been a general rearrangement of wearing apparel, and an influx of fly-swatters and mosquito netting. After this, affairs proceeded serenely and comfortably until a telegram came from one Gertrude M. Flanagan. It was then that
Freddy began hanging disconsolately from one window after another, watching, watching for “Gurrt,” that everyone began watching for “Gurrt”—she was something to watch for. After several more telegrams and several delays she arrived, black hair, French maid, and all.

It took us (Freddy never has fully recovered) some time to regain our equilibrium. “Gurrt’s” arrival however was soon to be overshadowed by that of another, the Burglar. We called him Burglar, but who knows? We never knew what he was. P. T.’s Pinkerton detectives never knew. One thing, however, we did know: whatever he was, he was a terrible reality to us! There we were, a body of harmless creatures, living the sequestered life of students, far from masculine assistance (save the negligible protection of a bashful night-watchman), and that Burglar was persistent. He came one night, two nights, any number of nights! Win saw his shadow, Izzie spoke to him, Miss Swindler was doped by him: something had to be done! Miss Swindler bought a revolver. This hardly added to our security, for she insisted on pointing it at everyone but the Burglar. By this time also we had adopted organized action. If anyone heard any noise, whether Viv murmuring “Myron” in her sleep or the night-watchman’s snoring, she was to press the bell at the head of her Infirmary bed, and instantly every other member of the T. S. was wakened and dashing for the upstairs hall, the meeting place. This concentrated move was followed by a second formation: a searching party was immediately formed, headed by Miss Swindler and the fractious revolver, tenderly supported by the faithful Janeway with some one of her members in a sling, while Milly, clad in blue pajamas and chewing-gum-paper-pink kimono, Charlie-Chaplined along behind, brandishing a cane. Marjorie dragged from bed would generously proffer her “English walking-stick” (a cane with a neat spike on one end to be stuck into the ground, and a little folding seat on the other end to be sat on), Marj would offer this to anyone else who cared to join the posse—and then would return to her dreamful slumber.

The searching party in the meantime proceeded to search. They never found anything. Would that they had!

When I think that in spite of that persistent, obtrusive Burglar we all got into college, I have to pat ourselves and Miss Ryan (Mrs. Spillane as is) on the back; and when I think of our married members I wonder how much that Burglar had to do with convincing them of the need of a few Beaux of Stratagem.

AMELIA WARNER.
First Year
General Staff

Freshman Year

Class Officers: President, MARY LEE THURMAN
Vice-President and Treasurer, ELEANOR MARQUAND
Secretary, GERTRUDE HEARNE (resigned)
MARY TYLER (resigned)
FRANCES CHASE CLARKE

Song Mistress: WINIFRED LISPENARD ROBB (resigned)
ELIZABETH BIDDLE

Undergraduate Association Advisory Board: ELEANOR MARQUAND
Self-Government Association Advisory Board: ETHEL ANDREWS

Christian Association: Assistant Treasurer, DOROTHEA NESBITT CHAMBERS (resigned)
ELIZABETH BIDDLE

College News Board: Editor, ETHEL ANDREWS
We Met You at the Marne

Scene I

(Dark barn full of the choking smell of hay, lighted only by the fitful gleam of a bug light. Room: 4 x 4. Occupants: 120 people. Temperature: Top blown off the thermometer. One means of ventilation: A small loft door barred by six husky forms.
Huge Hill of Flesh: "Sh-h-h-h-h-h. Here we are the Freshman Class."
Chorus of Whispers: "Here we are............."
Voice Outside: "Are you a Freshman?"
Another Voice (quaveringly): "Yes."
First Voice: "How the devil am I to know?"
CRASH! *!**!**!**!**!**!**!**!**!**!*
(Someone has entered.)
H. H. F.: "Here we are."
Whistle from outside.
(Five brawny figures cautiously open the door. Stocky irate sentinel seen with wiry black pig tail protruding from a bush and gesticulating violently in the moonlight below.)
Pig Tail: You've got to be more quiet—I heard you say "Here we are."
Door closes softly.
Last Sound Heard: "Here we are."

Scene II

(Montgomery Highway completely filled by 125 husky forms.)
250 Feet: Tramp, tramp, tramp.
Whiz—bang—automobile in the ditch.
Column halts. Search party detaches to investigate.
Silence tense until they return.
Investigators: "I don't think they're Sophomores. There are two men and an old woman."
Column resumes its march.
ELITE NEW YORKER: "Will I be allowed to stop at Rock and get my hat?"
LOUD CHORUS: NO-O-O.
SHORT, PLUMP FIGURE WITH A SMILE THAT COMES FROM THE HEART: "I wonder if that Sophomore I escaped in the village is still following me."
THE BELLE OF FITCHBURG: "Mine chased me clear to Haverford."
FLAXEN-HAIRED SYMPATHETIC ONE (since engaged): "I really feel sorry for them. They probably aren't getting any dinner."
PIG TAIL: "They don't deserve any."
"I should say not. They read all my letters from mother!"
"And one climbed in my window when I wasn't looking!"
The Irish Radical from Denver: They're probably not a bit worse than you are.
SMALL UNOBTURUSIVE FRESHMAN (with intense excitement): "Well, if you think it's fair to have forty of them following one person. But" (triumphantly) "I fooled 'em!"
(And the Sophomores were sitting quietly at home.)

**Scene III**
(Scene: Red skirts and glare of torches.)
ROUND, BUSY FRESHMAN IN TOMATO-COLORED SUIT (breaking ranks and rushing up to leader, eyes tense with suppressed emotion): "Someone's trying to get the parade song. She's awful looking." (Points excitedly at Caroline Stevens.)

**Scene IV**

**Scene V**
(Scene: Pembroke Arch. Blue skirts and angry glances: You shall not pass!) Green vanguard arrives—very small and few.)
COMMAND: “Heads down, charge.”
(Casualties.)
Blue line bends and bends and bends and breaks.
Two lines re-form facing each other.
FRESHMEN: “Do you think they got it?”
“Oh, they couldn’t have.”
“Don’t they look sad!”
“I don’t know—there’s one smiling.

AUTHORITATIVE WHISPER: “Sh-h-h. Can’t you keep quiet. The rest of the college is trying to sing.”

CHORUS OF VOICES: “1919 parade song.”

'19: “Here we are the Fresh-mun Class.
Ready to do our best.
Hold the door, keep off the grass.
There’s nothing on ear-ear-th that we won’t do;
For tho the Sophs look down on us,
We’ll keep our spir-uts troo:
Then we’ll cheer for Bryn-Mawr—Rah ninetee-ee-n,
Ever gree-een-n but NEVER bloo-oo!”

Ta-da-da-da-near.”

FRESHMAN VOICE: “What’s that they’re singing?”

ANNA REUBENIA DUBACH.
ANNA THORNDIKE.
MARY LEE THURMAN.
ANYONE who had anything to do with the Freshman Show of 1919, either as participant or spectator, agrees that its name was well chosen. No one but the stage manager, however, can understand its intrinsic value. What does this word connote to her? Scenes slip through her mind like the pictures of a horrible motion picture film. First there was the midyear vacation of one week spent in a music room hermetically sealed and hygienically heated to 99° Fahrenheit, all the inspired resting their elbows on Miss Huntting, crouching on the piano stool, while Gat ragged in the background to try out the time, and Ethel Andrews gazed romantically through the scullery window at the red light in Dalton.

Later came rehearsals and try-outs. But there are several steps that precede rehearsals:

(1) The reading and censoring of the libretto by Miss Nearing and Miss Hel Harris, Guardian-in-Particular of Freshman morals;

(2) The conversation with President Thomas (purely one-sided, in fact almost a monologue);

(3) The race with Dean Maddison (in this race you see if you can run down to the gym and secure a pink slip from Miss Applebee before she can 'phone her not to give it to you. This is repeated not less than six times. The winner gets a scrap of paper.);

(4) The skirmish with Miss Watson (helpful hint: when she pounds the desk, pound it yourself), from which you emerge with yellow slips to add to the collection;

(5) The meekly received scolding from the Apple, who plans make-up gym classes at odd times on purpose to show the Freshmen her wonderful sense of humor;

(6) The argument with the immovable janitress who begins to close the gym at 9 P. M. so as not to hurry and strain her weak heart. Obviously she has none.

These preliminary tiffs having been fought to a finish, we get down to business. No one in the class has a sense of rhythm. It was at this time that Miss K. T. developed the well-known habit of thumping violently with her heel on the floor. It is hard to place girls in the choruses so that their artistic temperament is satisfied. Nothing really goes well at the rehearsals except Nan's and Ann's stupid expressions as policemen. They are a success as usual.
Having surmounted the difficulties of inopportune suitors, forcible removals to the Infirmary, the Merit Law, etc., and having severed all diplomatic relations with the Office, the Gym, Miss Nearing, and Others, in the midst of open warfare, the night of Dress Rehearsal is upon us. This is also preceded by herculean efforts with the stage, hindered by Becky with a large pail of paint, and by the army of “skilled” Italians. Dress rehearsal is wrongly named. The imported costumes are still boiling in the Infirmary; the chorus girls are scantily clad. Three events stand out especially from the horror of this evening: our struggles with the modest Amelia over certain aids to beauty; Feen’s loss of an essential part of her costume, causing the friendly electrician to remark to the girl nearest him, “Don’t let that happen tomorrow”; and the near precipitation of Beatty and the Ford (three-fifths reproduction) over the foots. The following morning achieves a greater agony. Pictures are taken, and owing to the ideas on ventilation of the photographer, who must have designed the Model School, the entire cast catch severe colds.

At last the night arrives. This is hazy. Lights, music, noise, and an audience unbending to an evening of joy; smaller glimpses of a cast imbibing spirits of ammonia, lemonade and milk, with touches of lip rouge; Vera hunting for her dog; Fritz suffocating as the sea-horse while Tip, through the only breathing hole, whispers hotly, “For the honor of the class”; these, and the impression that everything is all right so far, are all that is remembered of the night.

But Monday comes! Then we are reminded of the ushers who literally were bursting their buttons, of our general sense of indecency, of Gertie’s pink tights. We discovered that we knew too much to be good Freshmen. Everyone started to reform us. Miss Nearing did a great deal on campus, and the Shipley School helped by actually considering withdrawing from their well-known ad the words, “enjoys the educational and social advantages of a site opposite Bryn Mawr College.”

Marjorie Martin.
The Dream of a Fire Drill
The Awakening—only Baby Ben
The Blind Staggers Down the Hall
The Cheerful Cold Tubber
The Restraining Influence (?)
The Egg
The Mail-less Door
The Bierwirt During the Short Prayer, the Long Prayer, and the Other Prayer
The 9 o’Clock Tremble
The 10 o’Clock Sleep
The Dash to the Village
The 12 o’Clock Hell*
The Empty Feeling—12:30 Siren
Carrots
1:30-2:10—The 1919 Free-for-All
Taylor Again
4—“Homeward Wends Her Weary Way”
The Casting of the Garments
The Safety Pin

The Search for the Garter
The Rolled Stocking
The Slipping in the Door
The Intricacies of the Dance
The Descent of the Stocking
“Where are your garters, you ass!?!?”
The Unwashed Tub
The Dark Blue Taffeta
Lettuce
The Class Book Committee Wrangle
The Rehearsal
Make-up Gym
10 o’Clock Bell—the Day Begins
“Chewing”
The Muggle Party
The Daily Letter
The Putting OffTill Tomorrow
The Setting of the Alarm
The Collapse

MARY MORRIS RAMSAY,
AMELIA WARNER,
MARJORIE MARTIN.

* All classes except Mr. Chew’s.
Denbigh Forever

ACT I, 1915-16

Scene I. Denbigh, first floor.
'16 and '17 (returning from Junior-Senior Supper Play at 2 A. M., and not liking what they see) in chorus: "To put salt in a Senior's bed! It's never been done!"
Ad (irrevocably): "Wake them up!"

Scene II. Denbigh 43-47
Dot Packard (to Rebecca R.): "Get up and come down stairs."
Rebecca: "Go to the devil!"* (Lies down again)
Dot (gasping—to me): "Get up and come down stairs."
Me: (a flood of tears)
Dot (agonized): "Oh, Ad, what shall I do? What shall I do?"
Ad: "Oh, come on. We don't want them."

Scene III. Scat's room. Animals of all sizes, materials, species, and genders being removed from procession on floor to book-case by covering Freshmen.
Scat: "The elephant belongs on the bottom shelf.
Tip (hastily putting it there) giggles!
Peg: "It's a Hell of an honor to be president of a class like yours."
Scat: "The reindeer was always on the third shelf. (Exit in tears to put cold cream on her hands)
Kith Godley gives us one smile!

ACT II, 1916-17

Scene, Denbigh Sophomore Table.
Nan (feeling mellow): "Let's have a fiftieth reunion."
Me: "Let's bring back all our children. I'm going to have twelve."

* Her actual words.
EVERYONE AT ONCE: “And our grandchildren.” “Where would we put them?” “Can’t you see Tip with one on each arm. She has such a matronly air.” “And ssh-ing like a proctor when they yell.” “Nan will have only two wisps of hair with all her hairpins sticking through.” “Becky Hickman will run around in white spats flirting with our grandsons.” “Dorothea will have more than ever to tell about personal recollections of harem life.” “Oh, Pete, you’ll be Mrs. Yeitz then—Ouija said—”

Tip (pounding on the table): “I am not going to get married. Nan and Milly and I are going to have a pig farm in Virginia.”

ACT III, 1917–18

SCENE, Mary and Liebe’s room.
Rebecca: “I think pink underclothes are immoral.”
Me: “Well suppose you had a pink evening dress—”
Tip: “I think they are indecent.”
Becky H.: “Not so indecent as always having pure white ones always showing.”
Rebecca: “I think they feel loathly.”
Dorothea: “Now, confess. Would you wear them if you had them?”
Liebe (with eclat): “I have a silk shirt and I never wear it till all the others are used up.”
Rebecca: “They’re like the luxurious lazy South, and pure white muslin embroidered ones are like the cold, stern, sturdy North.”
Augusta (finally): “Anyone that wears pink silk underclothes is crazy.”

ACT IV, 1918–19

SCENE, Denbigh Senior Table.
Rebecca: “Let’s sing to Dosia.”
(We do. The other classes do likewise, ’21 forgetting as usual whether to go up or down on the last note, and doing both.)
Tip: “Do you know, literally we’ve never had anyone engaged in this hall. May I have the salt?”
Nan: “We’ve got to do something.”
Tip: “What about you, Roberta?”
Roberta: “Oh, he’s only a cousin.”
All (disappointed): “Oh!”
Pete: “Well, there’s Angela.”
Angela: “Oh, I’m eligible for the Beau-less. I never get any letters except from home.”
(Smiles from those who know.)
Somebody: “Liebe, I think you might.”
Liebe: “Can’t I write to friends?”
Tip: “Ye gawds, we must do something.”
Angela: “Ladies, I have it. One of us will coerce a first cousin into being engaged for a month. Then we could sing to someone.” (Coaxingly) “You could break it off afterward.”
Nan: “Let’s sing.”
Rebecca (with that desperate expression): “Don’t let’s.”
Tip: “Let’s have lots of harmony.”
Dorothea: “I feel just like singing.”
Helen P.: “Let’s sing Lantern Man.”
Rebecca: “Oh, no. We will sing—”
Nan and Rebecca (alto and tenor): “Listen, oh stars of the midnight blue.”
The Rest of Us (off the tune): “Of the midnight blue.”
(Rebecca shakes her head. Dead silence. Nan and Rebecca finish it.)
All: “1921, Curtain Song to Freshman Show.”
(Ferth loudly and clearly sings four lines of curtain song to Sophomore Dance, and then sinks under the table. The rest of the class finishes the proper one.)
All (with a sense of duty done): “Now we can sing.”
(Two hours later curtain falls on dining room inhabited only by Seniors and sleepy maid removing last salt cellar.)

Mary Morris Ramsay.

Editor’s Note: What would the Class Book be without a Denbigh write-up? Answer: What the class would be without Denbigh.
1916, Viewed By the College Thomson

As we came through the desert thus it was,
As we came through the desert,

Creatures dark blue, sinister, haunted our steps; made us talk in our sleep, struggled—yea, struggled grimly—mangled us with their claws;

As we came through the desert thus it was,
As we came through the desert,

Great scarlet goddesses loomed on high, glowing like Hell, trampled the vicious worms, bore us aloft amid torch light—yea, amid sparks that burned—and murmured: "That was a break;"

As we came through the desert thus it was,
As we came through the desert,

Calm, restful dreamy angels, sky-blue, our ladies of Beatitude, smiled gentle smiles; they were young once—sparkling with diamonds, waving ever a banner, unspottedly pure, never exposed to the elements' storms—they pitied, ah, pitied us.

Over the steps where they stood was emblazoned, "All hope abandon, ye who enter here." Onward we struggled four years—we stand on those steps, now we know—we grasp for the hope of the hopeless.

No we know what they suffered—while ever they smiled and drank tea.
Bravery Awards—First Year

Tennis Singles
Championship won by 1918.
Individual championship Cup—
M. Thompson, 1917.

First Team
Captain—F. Branson
E. Biddle M. Peacock
F. Branson

Second Team
R. Chadbourne M. Tyler
A. Thorndike
Class Champion, E. Biddle.

Tennis Doubles
Championship won by 1917.

Team
E. Biddle A. Thorndike
R. Chadbourne M. Tyler
A. Stiles M. Peacock

Hockey
Championship won by 1917.

First Team
Captain—G. Hearne
Manager—M. Peacock
M. Tyler G. Hearne
A. Stiles V. Coombs
E. Lanier G. Brodhead
E. Biddle F. Branson
M. Peacock R. Gatling
F. Clarke

Second Team
Caption—F. Howell
Manager—H. Johnson
P. France H. Reid
F. Howell H. Johnson
V. Morgan A. Landon
R. Driver H. Spalding
E. Marquand A. Thorndike
D. Peters

Third Team
Captain—M. Ramsay

On Varsity
G. Hearne M. Tyler
Subs—A. Stiles
M. Peacock

Swimming Meet
Championship won by 1917.
Individual champion, L. Peters 1919.

Swimming Team
Captain—E. Lanier
L. Peters H. Spalding
R. Driver E. Lanier
F. Howell A. Thorndike
P. Gatling K. Tyler

College Record broken by L. Peters in 136 ft. front
swim: 36.2-5 sec.
First class swimmer, L. Peters

Water Polo
Championship won by 1918.

First Team
Captain—E. Lanier
Manager—J. Peabody
E. Lanier F. Howell
F. Clarke M. Ewen
J. Peabody D. Peters
A. Thorndike

Second Team
Caption—F. Howell
Manager—C. Taussig
L. Peters K. Tyler
C. Taussig G. Hearne
E. Carus D. Hall
A. Stiles

On Varsity
F. Howell
Subs—E. Lanier
A. Thorndike

Gym Contest
Won by 1918.
Apparatus leader—A. Stiles
Clubs leader—H. Johnson
Drill leader—M. Krantz
Apparatus champion,
M. Mackenzie, 1918.

Track Meet
Championship won by 1917.
Individual champion, H. Harris, 1917.

Team
Captain—H. Huntington
Manager—M. Krantz
A. Stiles M. Peacock
E. Lanier R. Gatling
G. Hearne M. Krantz
E. Howes D. Hering
M. Gilman M. Tyler
E. Macrum M. Scott
A. Thorndike

Basket Ball
Championship won by 1917.

First Team
Captain—V. Morgan
Manager—E. Lanier
M. Peacock E. Lanier
V. Morgan J. Peabody
M. France A. Thorndike
F. Howell

Second Team
Caption—R. Chadbourne
Manager—M. Ewen
M. Ewen R. Chadbourne
D. Hall M. L. Thurman
F. Clarke R. Hamilton
C. Hollis

Third Team
Captain—E. Marquand

On Varsity
M. Peacock
Sub—E. Lanier
Second Year
General Staff
Sophomore Year

Class Officers: President, Mary Ethelyn Tyler
Vice-President and Treasurer, Marjorie Patterson Ewen
Secretary, Margaret vonTorney France

Song Mistress: Rebecca Reinhardt

Undergraduate Association: Assistant Treasurer, Jeannette Félicie Peabody

Athletic Association: Treasurer, Elizabeth Day Lanier

Christian Association: Secretary, Elizabeth Biddle

Self-Government Association: Treasurer, Mary Lee Thurman (resigned)
Mary Ethelyn Tyler

"College News" Board: Editors, Eliza Gordon Woodbury
Anna Reubenia Dubach
Frederica Burckle Howell

Business Board, Frances Chase Clarke
Clara Elizabeth Hollis

"Lantern" and "Tipyn o' Bob" Board: Eleanor Steward Cooper
We Beat You at the Aisne

(Authentic History of Second Parade Night—First Time Released)

1918 stood waiting for their Freshmen at Pem Arch with extra long apron strings, to see that their babies would begin their college diet in a healthy manner, and would learn to leave anything Red and Green alone. With the guidance of their former nurses (1916) they had chosen and planned and kept secret (perhaps?) their first real course that would initiate 1920 into college life. The Parade Song, although nameless and tuneless, was cleverly described in an animated correspondence between the three Blues. But alas! Luckless Les, letting her heart rule her head as usual, threw precaution to the winds and chose Nimble Nan for her roommate at Abernethy’s. Whereupon Nan and Pete, with the motto of “All is fair in love or war” by some means or other unknown to the world in general unearthed the mysterious topic of discussion of Les and Con Kellen, and with true mathematicians’ and physicists’ foresight (and Tip’s common sense) identified the tune. 1919, however, does everything thoroughly, and we therefore drew up plans to prove this discovery.

1920, unsuspecting, was greeted at college by an organized band of sleuth-hounds. Freddy, Liebe, Tip, Marj, and Annette, being the swiftest of the hounds, tracked far and wide 1920’s most prominent members, while petite people like Nanine were hidden dexterously under beds. How Nanine survived her experience Helen only knows. Here is her story:

The night before Parade Night Nanine, at dinner time, was carefully tucked away under Darthela’s bed. Slowly the night wore on, and yet no Darthela appeared. Nanine, stiff and cold, stuck to her post. At midnight Helen, to bring relief and a chance of escape, knocked on the door, and to her great horror found Ibby and Darthela in Ibby’s bed talking confidentially, while Nanine in Darthela’s room was trying to send an S. O. S. to Helen. A council of war then took place, with the outcome that Freddy was immediately taken violently ill, and Helen started on a search (only to Ibby’s room) for a hot water bottle. Both Freshmen were extremely sympathetic and insisted on getting up. Upon seeing Freddy’s white face, Ibby seized her head and started massaging it, while Darthela, singing at the top of her lungs, started down after Miss Lucas. Soon they were all gathered around the suffering patient and made her more comfortable for the night. In the meantime, the dejected Nanine, taking advantage of the fuss, sneaked to her room.

—26—
Ah but this is not all. In Hutchins' room in Pem East was a little instrument hidden behind the waste basket. This simple little thing Henry Stambaugh had persuaded its owner to part with (for $25*). In the next room were gathered other sleuth-hounds, each trying to catch what the Dictaphone was whispering. Many interesting family affairs they learned, but nothing pertaining to the object of the hunt.

While Hutchins and her companions left the room for a few minutes, stealthy steps were suddenly heard in their room, and a lot of rummaging. Then to the amazement of all the hounds, some inconsiderate beast started hauling in the extra wire of the Dictaphone. Tip rushed in to see who was spoiling their well-laid plan, only to discover Ben, the janitor, now detective, with a broad grin on his dusky face, triumphantly dangling the little Dictaphone. It took all Marj's diplomacy to persuade Ben to part with the harmless instrument, and thus the Green class was saved from a huge tax for an unlooked-for debt.

Then came the fatal day. Nan, the captain of hounds, was still uncertain about the song. News had been brought that '20 was to hold their rehearsal in the gym at 5 o'clock. A simple idea struck her. Why not put someone in the gym to hear the song? But who and where? If, being one of the hounds, was seized by ruthless Nan to explore with her the gym from the furnace to the roof. The lockers were too small, under the mats too dangerous, but there was a flue which had an opening into the gym, 12 x 16 inches. Nan at once took out the few screws holding the grating and without asking why or where shoved me on my knees and got my head and shoulders into the hole. But how to get the rest of me in was a problem and a discomfiture. Nothing baffles Nan. Hearing the janitress' voice, Nan hesitated no longer, but, placing her two huge feet on my small back, gave a mighty shove—and when I came to, I was gazing upon four blank walls going straight up to the roof. Then I heard Nan putting back the screws and muttering to me to climb up to the second story. The only thing in that whole damn place was the electric wires that hung down from the gym. The walls were not far apart and by grasping the wires and placing my feet on opposite walls, I managed, after desperate struggles, to reach the ledge which was about 12 ft. up.

Meanwhile, the janitress, who saw two come in and only one go out, knew that one of

* EDITORS NOTE.—We are surprised that the writer forgets the $5.00 taxi charges.
† "I" being Milly, of course.
us was in the building and proceeded to search. Having seen Nan on hands and knees in front of the flue, she concluded that I was in there. She therefore peered in through the grating and for fifteen minutes we two played hide and seek. After an age, '20 and '18 commenced to arrive for their meeting, and I, on the point of congratulating myself, was standing gleefully on the ledge, when I heard the janitress tell Luckless Les that Miss Peacock was in the gym and she thought in the flue. They tore off the grating and getting a lantern started to investigate. What was that on the floor? My skirt and watch, which had dropped off in my endeavors to reach the ledge. Getting a light, they threw its rays up the flue and I hugged the walls and nearly escaped. But I'm not as thin as a sheet of paper and one of them espied my form and asked me to drop down. Too disgusted, I took them at their word and landed on their heads. To quote from the News will tell exactly what became of me, "M. Peacock, '19, was discovered in the flue by an indignant janitress and immediately removed."

The sleuth band then planned this last trick. A big commotion was started in back of the gym. All '18 guards, with hockey sticks flying, rushed for that spot and left Miss Appelbee's open window unguarded. Nan again seized me and helped me through the window. The honors of being alone, surrounded by all Blues, I'll not describe here. Peeking into the gym, I saw '18 in there singing any old song. Then going out into the hall, I heard humming from upstairs. So bravely (?) I sneaked up. As I reached my goal, '18 saw me, but I had heard enough of the tune to know what it was. Thank goodness, they picked "Marching Through Georgia,"* since I being a mute, I could never have remembered a difficult tune. The details of how I got out would be a bore and painful to some, incidentally me. Enough said, Nan's first discovery was correct and grinning and shouting, the Glorious Green hurled its parody at '20.

Mildred Lehman Peacock.
Mary Elizabeth Caruso.

* Milly's impression of "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp." Yes, she's a mute, all right.
"I Wish I Were A Little Rock"

We were a small party of geologists, going through the Inferno, then elevated by a movement of the earth's crust to the fourth floor of Dalton. Beckoning us on to Nature's secrets, the Rock-ribbed Butte filled our minds and eyes with the aid of the cinematograph.

"Miss Bailey," said the Rock-ribbed Butte, "I think you have something to redeem yourself on. What do we see here?"

Agonized geologist thinks this is the river that flows through the mountains past her home and ventures her opinion, only to learn that this is a "layman's point of view." Has she been looking at the Susquehanna river all her life? She has not; she has been looking at a young stream working backwards from the ocean with corrading tooth.

Leaving the corpse tucked tenderly under the table, one more geologic monument for Time to weather, the rest of our little band went out and climbed into the hearse for the field trip.

Encouraged by the ring of hammers on the serpentine dike, the R. R. B. sportively asks Miss Holmes a simple question for a simple mind: "What kind of rock is this stone?"

Miss Holmes (patiently): "I don't know. I'm still grappling with dip and strike."

(Only scientists need send flowers.)

It was ever thus. One by one our little band dropped off. Liz Fuller died in agony impaled on a barbed wire fence; Dotty Walton expired from pure joy at the discovery of a stone more precious than any in the R. R. B.'s collection. Our Angela became an angel through no virtue in this world, but through sheer exhaustion. Becky Reinhardt sang her swan song to the accompaniment of the murmuring brook:

"I wish I was a little rock
A settin' on a hill."

T. C. Brown's theme of "Side by side with these giant pig-like forms" reduced Mudge to sheer imbecility, and Viv Turrish and Win Perkins were driven to matrimony as refuge
from the ever-present question of "Which is the molar of the Eocene Tertiary Oreodon Gracilis, and which is the Upper Eocene Veneri Cardia Marylandica Pelecypod?"

Beany broke her neck in the Grand Canyon. Leaving her there, our majestic guide still turns the light of her intellect on the final problem:—

"If all the world were bread and cheese
And all the sea were ink,
*How could there be Geology*
To make poor mortals think?"

*Anna Reubenia Dubach*
*Georgia Reily Bailey*
*Janet Alexina Holmes*
"Our Life's a Dream," or
Disillusioned by the Scarecrow

For some, such as Dosia and Sarah and Fran Fuller, Sophomore Play was a triumph, for others it was an adventure—but also, for some few, a series of disillusionments, quite upsetting.

In the first place, you'd never have thought to look at Savage that he'd need so much food. He might have gotten through rehearsals on his nerve, not to mention his embonpoint. But after smuggling him numberless sandwiches and large, leaky thermos bottles of tea into the gym, we watched him eat, and knew him for the man he was.

Then Martie disillusioned us in the way in which she got along with Savvy. Of course, if we'd realized she was practising for the Prince of Wales—. It really is a distinction for a class to have in its midst a potential future queen of England, so we pardon her all.

And Gordon—it is with deep regret that we go over that astounding, that trust-shaking and illusion-shattering conduct of hers. You don't remember? Gordon and Dr. Savage sat under an umbrella in the pouring rain—sat in a gutter outside the old infirmary and fired off a pistol as hard as they could shoot. Of course Gordon says they were practicing for the play, but suppose a Matteawan official had come along!

So were some young ideas shattered. But we gray-haired survivors smile gently now and bless the management and those successful members of the cast who let slide their own feelings to keep intact the illusions of the audience!

Frances Ekin Allison.
I KNOW very well that "the only little brain that I ever had has just gone back on me" (and gone forever I fear), but my feelings haven't yet—and the only thought that consoles my efforts to express them is that you know them anyway.

Of course "'twas always side by side we said we'd rush ahead" with '17, and so we did for two years, but we've gone along with you for three years now. When you were "growing wilder by the hour, ha, ha," and we were "drooping round the campus" in our dignity; when you were "showing us due respect"(?) and we were rather concerned over "the price that we had to pay;" when the Freshmen sang Yankee Doodle and you cheered them the way you did; then, and now, in spite of, and because of the conflicts, the plots, the sleepless nights and worse days (at times), and the famous Fight, we know, and hope you know, that "we're good fellows together ever," and all the rest of it.

And we leave you all our Seniorly burdens, you light blue Seniors, even our place in the swimming meet (confident that it will be exalted so that we won't even recognize it), and we

Requiescamus in Pace.
Psychology Test of Office Redtape

Record Booklet

Christian name: Office.
Parents: Mr. and Mrs. Mutch Redtape.
Address: Taylor Manor-on-Campus.

Special information:
Head circumference ........ Swelled 
Lung capacity ........ Large 
Age of walking ........ Not yet 
School Success ........ Except for 1 Tripos, very inferior

Age of talking ........ From birth
Social status ........ Very inferior
Sex ........ Predominantly feminine

Tests:
(1) Patience, or divided requisition test (2 of 3 trials, 1 year each). A requisition which
by its intrinsic nature should go through several different offices:
Q. (1) Which should it go through first?
(2) Which does it go through first?
(3) How often?
No answer yet obtained.

(2) Mutilated pictures (all of 10). Subject must be able to detect which pictures students
have moved.
Subject perfect.

(3) Coins (1 of all; time, 1 second):
$25.00 $10.00 $5.00 $0.50
Subject must choose instantly what will be adequate sum for fine. Busye Ness
Office oversteps limit. Record Ing Office chose $5.00. Gym chose $0.50. Gym
has lowest intelligence.

(4) Tie a bow knot (model shown, 1 minute).
Subject tied Gordian knot in 2 seconds, outshining the examiner.
(5) Comprehension, third degree. What is the thing for you to do:
   (a) If a student throws a course book at you?
       Replied correctly.
   (b) If a thumb tack is found in the running track?
       Raved incoherently.
(6) Let us suppose that two packages of costumes for Senior Play have been left in the Infirmary during fumigation. You have no idea how to get them up. You do not even know whether they have been in the nursery or not. Your requisition only calls for one package. It is five minutes before the play. Mark out the path of your action.
   Subject replied: "I refuse to discuss it."
(7) Rhymes (three rhymes for each word, one of three correct).
   (a) steps ............... Kleps
   (b) bad ............... cad ............... Madd ............... too sad
   (c) burst ............... curst ............... Hurst
   (d) dam ............... Pam
   (e) daft ............... Taft
   (f) hearty ............... smarty ............... Barty
(8) Absurdities (four of five).
   The Office tries to make everything easy for the students. We had an absolute, definite, fixed agreement, but we don't know with whom.
(9) Reaction time:
   (a) Tip ............... OLord OLord OLord OLord OLord. (1-5 sec.)
   (b) Martin ............... How long OLord OLord OLord How long? (1/4 sec.)
   (c) Chambers ............... Kismet and Allah, Down with the Turk! (2 sec.)
   (d) Peabody and K. Tyler: Petitions of Poland aren't in it. (1-10 sec.)
   (e) Hearne and rest of 1919: Merely a statistic. (10 min.)
   Result of Test: Office Redtape is a blithering idiot.
   Marjorie Martin.
   Eliza Gordon Woodbury.
   Helen Elizabeth Huntting.
The pomp of the setting sun was red,
Blazing red, a glorious passing;
Our eyes were dazzled.

Darkness and cold;
Shivering, regretful memories through the night.
Only now and then, to comfort us,
A red shooting star.

Then suddenly, in the east,
The rosy fingers of the dawn!
**Bravery Awards**

**Second Year**

**Tennis Singles**

Championship won by 1920.

Individual champion, M. S. Cary '30.

_First Team_

Captain—E. Biddle
A. Thorndike M. Peacock
R. Chadbourne

_Section Team_

E. Biddle M. Tyler
A. Stiles

**Tennis Doubles**

Championship won by 1920.

_First Team_

M. Peacock A. Thorndike
E. Biddle R. Chadbourne
A. Stiles M. Tyler

_Second Team_

M. Ewen E. Hurlock
G. Hearne E. Carus
F. Clarke C. Taussig

**Basket Ball**

Championship won by 1917.

_First Team_

Captain—G. Hearne
Manager—M. Tyler
A. Stiles G. Hearne
M. France M. Tyler
R. Gatling E. Biddle
M. Peacock A. Thorndike
E. Lanier H. Johnson
M. L. Thurman

_Second Team_

Captain—H. Reid
Manager—E. Carus
R. Chadbourne M. Moseley
M. Scott V. Coombs
H. Reid A. Landon

**Gym Contest**

Won by 1919.

Apparatus leader—A. Stiles
Clubs leader—M. L. Thurman
Drill leader—M. Krantz
Apparatus champion, A Stiles.

**Track Meet**

Championship won by 1917.

Individual champion, H. Harris, 1917.

_First Team_

Captain—M. Krantz
A. Stiles G. Hearne
M. Gilmam M. Peacock
M. Krantz A. Thorndike
E. Lanier D. Peters
M. Scott R. Gatling
D. Walton M. Tyler
E. Macrum

**Swimming Meet**

Championship won by 1920.

_First Team_

Captain—L. Peters
L. Peters E. Lanier
H. Spalding A. Thorndike
F. Howell E. Carus
R. Gatling K. Tyler
G. Hearne

**Water Polo**

Championship won by 1917.

_First Team_

Captain—E. Lanier
Manager—D. Peters
E. Lanier F. Howell
R. Gatling G. Hearne
D. Hall E. Carus
A. Thorndike

_Second Team_

Captain—F. Clarke
Manager—C. Taussig
F. Clarke K. Tyler
L. Peters M. Ewen
D. Peters J. Peabody
A. Stiles

_Third Team_

Captain—D. Peters
Manager—E. Carus
M. Peacock E. Lanier
Sub—R. Gatling

_Helmet Ties_

M. Peacock
Third Year
General Staff

Class Officers: President, Eliza Gordon Woodbury
Vice-President and Treasurer, Eleanor Marquand
Secretary, Annette Stiles

Song Mistress: Anna Thorndike

Undergraduate Association: Vice-President and Treasurer, Eliza Gordon Woodbury
Secretary, Jeannette Felicie Peabody
Advisory Board, Eleanor Marquand

Athletic Association: Secretary, Elizabeth Day Lanier
Outdoor Manager, Annette Stiles

Christian Association: Treasurer, Elizabeth Biddle

Self-Government Association: Secretary, Margaret vonTorney France
Executive Board, Sarah Cole Taylor
Marion Renwick Moseley

Glee Club: Leader, Rebecca Reinhardt (resigned)
Rosalind Gatling (resigned)
Helene Vennum Johnson
Business Manager, Dorothea Nesbitt Chambers

Suffrage Club: President, Elizabeth Maus Fauvre

History Club: Secretary, Frances Chase Clarke

Philosophy Club: Secretary, Mary Lee Thurman

Science Club: Secretary, Margaret vonTorney France

Trophy Club: Treasurer, Mary Ethelyn Tyler
Secretary, Katherine Douglas Tyler

"College News" Board: Editors, Eliza Gordon Woodbury
Anna Reubenia Dubach
Frederica Burckle Howell

Business Board, Frances Chase Clarke
Clara Elizabeth Hollis

"Lantern" and "Tipyn o' Bob" Board: Eleanor Steward Cooper
Ernestine Emma Mercer
We Gave You Hell at Neuve Chapelle

From the beginning we'd planned to let our Freshmen run their own Parade Night according to their own ideas. The only part that 1919 was to have in the festivities was to be the donation of a tune for the song. And the responsibility for this donation was to rest with us, the undersigned (we being about the most unlikely ones in the class).

We do feel that we gave '21 the tune in an efficient and dramatic manner. Having ravished Fanny Riker and Grace Hendrick from their downies at 5:30 A.M. on the day college opened, and having planted them heretically on the sacred Senior Steps, we struck a simple but effective attitude, and burst forth into song. Like us they were mutes—but who could go wrong on Yankee Doodle?

Three long days passed. 1920 was demonstrating just how active an active class can be. No one in the world knew the song except Riker and Hendrick. Foot, imprisoned in Tige's room, was unable to communicate with them. Things looked very dark for us. What wonder that Tige's good resolutions on the subject of Freshman self-determination gave way under the strain? What wonder that she consented to having us run the show instead of them?—'20 simply forced her to it.

So we sent Hendrick out, ostensibly to take a walk down Bryn Mawr Avenue.
She was of course hounded by two able sophomore sleuths.
A little way out she was abruptly snatched from under their noses by a long arm protruding from a rapidly-moving Marmon.
In the ensuing ride Milly and Freddy learned those words!
Freddy's first trip through Tiges window clinched the matter. Under the patient but unseeing transom-wise stare of Mary Lou Mall, Foot and the rest of us began making copies of the song. And then came the alarm: Dot Rogers had heard the tune from her couch on the running-board of the Marmon; and now other Sophomores were gathering thick and fast about the car, ensconced in which were five wearers of the Green, clinging fast to the light blue upstart to keep her from repeating her ill-gotten information to her henchmen! Another trip through the window, and Freddy was off to the FIGHT, with plenipotentiary powers on behalf of 1919. Listen to her tale:

"Words fail me when I think of that most glorious moment of my life. One impression
remains towering above all others: the glory of punching people on the nose on purpose. It was a wonderful fight. Ask any negro gentleman in the village. Ask the tin-type man. Ask Milly's chauffeur. Ask anyone but B. Sorchan and the sheriff. The thrilling memory of kicking Dolly Bonsal in the face, and of butting and fisticuffing M. K. Cary at intervals all over her person will never leave me. And who could forget the bloody torn-ness of Gat and Helen Huntting after the fight, or the white skirt which Dot Rogers shed on the Pike? And was it not on this occasion (or rather directly after it, in her dealings with the sheriff) that P. T. proved what a very good sport she is?"

Yes, it was wonderful. And so, they say, were the minor squabbles which fairly dotted the campus. Not least of the wonders of the late afternoon was the realization that Dot, after all, had heard nothing. It would have been impossible from her position!

So the scene of activities shifted back to Tige's room. The last trip through the window was a triumphant one. The song was still ours, and they couldn't get it now, for the copies would remain safely pinned within Liebe's bloomers until just before the band began to play under Pem Arch. Of course there was the flurry when we learned that Gerry Hess had absconded with the bandmaster's tune-book, but as the wily old band wouldn't change the tune at the last moment (denying with much scornful laughter that Becky Reinhardt was Becky Reinhardt) we were safe.

Once more we had put one over on 1920! MARGARET ELISABETH BUTLER.
FREDERICA HOWELL.
Speech Made at the Fifth Team Banquet

No person in her sane mind has any question of the supreme valor and glory of the Senior Fifth Team. To consider that such an obvious fact needed further expatiation would be an insult. But there are other circumstances in connection with the career of the glorious Fifth that are not so generally known.

As a team we feel that we must make known publicly our appreciation for that share of our glory due to the intrepidity of our individual members. Did Dr. Potter say that we lead a sedentary life at Bryn Mawr? Perhaps the college as a whole does, but not so with the Fifth. Dr. Potter would eat her own words could she but see our forward line nimbly take the ball into the goal like so many daughters of Mercury. Special mention should be made at this point of the extreme heroism of the goal keeper*, who fought through the finals with a sprained finger. Nor do we forget the ardor of our lone full†, and the struggles of our halves to keep their insidious sticks from sending the ball in the wrong direction. Here too should be lauded the inexhaustable and irresistible energy of Captain Butler. Her spirit, her inspiration, her expert technical advice‡, and her unfailing reliability in rallying the team not only for the big games but for the rehearsals as well: without these I sigh to think how far short of its present fame the glorious Fifth would have fallen!

And now, before calling for a toast to that loyal supporter, Miss Constance M. K. Applebee, who is with us this evening, may I express my hope that each and every one of us will go on through the great world exemplifying the noble slogan of the Fifth: “Science does it!”

HELEN HUNTTING.

Editor's Notes:
* The writer herself.
† None other than K. T.
‡ See G. Hearne's book of technical tricks for seasoned hockey veterans. All the teams used to recite portions of this masterpiece before marching to battle. It is rumored that this practise brought to light many thitherto unsuspected morons.
Scene: A long, low-lighted room done in the style of Boris Kwytenuf I. Large fireplace back center. To the left a dust-covered piano. At the right, an antique Babylonian porch-swing hung by chains carven in lollipops and whiffenpoops rampant. Dim religious light from the Swiss poop-lanterns, a statue of the Great God Put-put, three green jade cigarette lighters from the palace of Kan-Chu-Fai-Kum XIX, and an illuminated flower-pot from Zengovia. The curtain rises on a group of guests seated in a large semi-circle around P. T. All look anxious and expectant.

P. T.: And what would the Faculty of Bryn Mawr College like to discuss this evening?

(A timid murmur runs round the room. Chew sighs heavily—he hates receptions. A few serried groups of Faculty look nervous and cling more closely together. The silence becomes strained. They clear their throats.)

P. T.: Well, suppose we talk about the Undergraduates. (Certain anonymous murmurs of applause.)

P. T.: Does the Faculty approve of encouraging the proclivity of students to Discussion?

Dr. Leuba: It is running a great risk, this club. They might conclude they had a soul.

Miss Dunn (meltingly, to Dr. Fenwick): But I have a soul. Haven’t you, Dr. Fenwick?

Dr. Fenwick: Certainly not! No good Democrat has a soul!

Dr. Patch: The feminine mind is really incapable—

Miss King: But oh, the rustle of young wings,

The flaming thoughts of youthful things,

Their words of love, and life, and death—

Dr. Chew (aside): My Lord, why aren’t yon out of breath?

(Claps his Swinburnian brow and sneaks toward the door.)

P. T.: Dr. Chew, where are you going?

Dr. Chew (stammering): I—it’s time for me to give Lewcy her medicine.
P. T.: I'm very sorry, but no one will be permitted to leave the room.

(Protesting murmurs.)

Miss Swindler: President Thomas, I object. I demand an explanation!

P. T.: I ought to announce—what was I going to announce, Miss Medicine?

Miss M.: The houses—?

P. T.: Oh, yes? Of course. I regret to have to announce that your houses—er—your houses—am I correct, Miss Medicine—it is their houses?

Miss M.: Yiss, Prisidint Thomas.

P. T.: I thought so, yes—your houses are being searched.

Chorus: SEARCHED?

P. T.: Yes, really, the number of articles which have disappeared—er—didn't they disappear, Miss Medicine?

Miss M.: Yiss, Prisidint Thomas.

P. T.: The number of articles which have disappeared is alarming. Miss Medicine, will you read the list?

Miss M.: Dr. Fenwick—one henna overcoat.

Dr. Chew (removing dark glasses): Thank God!

Miss M.: Miss Bascom—all consideration for Seniors.

Mr. King—his autobiographical clippings.

Miss Swindler: But I object to a search. Really, students—

P. T.: But, Miss Swindler, the search is being conducted along scientific lines by a group of our most acceptable undergraduates, especially selected by the Psychology Department, in combination with the Self-Government Association, the most careful and exhaustive statistics of the office, AND MYSELF.

Dr. Leuba (in great surprise): That is false! They have not consulted the Psich-o-logie Department! I am the Psich-o-logie Department.

Dr. Barnes: My Gawd, President Thomas, my closet has a spring lock!

Miss Donnelly (on tip-toe, clutching her gown): "The Mistletoe Bough," yes, "The Mistletoe Bough"—how very unfortunate!
MISS SWINDLER: I maintain, President Thomas, you have no right—

DR. CHEW (exaltedly): Freedom! Freedom! I dedicate my soul to the cause of Freedom!

(Alarums within.)

P. T.: Ah, Ada. Now, er—how many of us are there? Twenty-seven? Yes, twenty-seven. Well, well—er—let me see—yes: will thirteen and a half please go into the dining-room for some refreshments?

DR. HOPPIN (running for the door): Whoop, Jug, I love thee!

(Execut the thirteen and a half.)

P. T.: And what shall we talk about till the others return?

(Silence.)

DR. BARTON: Oh, thou gracious inspiration.

SEÑORITA DORADO: We have said nothing about Spain. I will teach you a little Spanish game, Corrida de Toros. Señorita Thomas, you be the bull—

(Enter Miss Applebee, in hockey clothes.)

MISS A.: Well, pretty darlings—

P. T.: Ah, at last. Er—call the others from the dining-room, please.

(Enter Dr. Hoppin, sniffing his ice cream haughtily.)

DR. HOPPIN: Yo, ho, ho, and a bottle of rum! (Confidentially, to Mrs. Lingelbach.)

Hush Lingy, we're setting up a still under the stairs!

MISS A.: No, you stilly ass, you're going to go in training, dearie, ipso facto—

P. T.: Yes, yes, I have decided you're to be more democratic. I wish to have you more sympathetic with the undergraduates, as you can see by our system in the search party this evening. So we're beginning to have your schedule more nearly approximate that of the undergraduates. (The passing bell of Taylor tolls.) First, your meals will be exactly those of the undergraduates (Taylor tolls for several).

MISS A.: And I'm going to make you—

P. T. (smiling at Dr. Hoppin): That you may fall in with the Undergraduate Dress Reform Movement, to cover the "sweet disorder in the dress," you know, I have determined on a Faculty uniform consisting of goloshes, regulation gingham gym suits, yellow and white mufflers, and hair nets. (Taylor tolls for Hoppie.) For social diversion we will have monthly receptions (Taylor tolls for Chew), and you will have—
Miss A.: Five—
P. T.: Yes, five periods of exercise a day. Now, Miss Applebee, you may go on.
Miss A.: Well, no more slacking, this is going to make you feel fine. Fenny m'dear, you are to hornpipe every morning at four o'clock.
P. T.: His usual hour, is it not, Miss Medicine?
Miss M. (a bit dubiously): Yiss, Prisidint Thomas.
P. T.: And Dr. Brunel, I think, will have quite enough exercise if he accompanies the choir in chapel every morning on his violin.

Miss A.: Flossie Bascom, you needn't think you can get away with such slacker exercise as riding. You may start at the fifth floor of Dalton and roll down the steps in a barrel three times every day, skipping the alternate floors. (Taylor tolls for Flossie). Dr. Huff, Dr. Tennant, Dr. Barnes, and Dr. Bissell, you may use the same barrel—that is, when Miss Bascom is not using it. (Taylor tolls heavily.)
P. T.: And we have arranged for Dr. Wheeler, Dr. Frank, and all the English readers to have jiu-jitsu lessons in the cloak-room of Taylor between classes. (Taylor tolls again.)

Miss A.: On the half-hour all those who have offices in the library will go three times up and down a rope attached to the tower. (Taylor is still tolling.)
P. T.: While Dr. Barton and Miss King demonstrate on a tight-rope between Ygg-Drasil and Taylor. In short, you will experience an existence which approximates that of the undergraduates. (Taylor cracks.)

(P. T. surveys recumbent heaps of faculty.)
P. T.: Why, Miss Applebee! They must be—I think they're dead—am I right, Miss Medicine? They are dead, aren't they?
Miss M. (simply): Yiss, Prisidint Thomas.

(Curtain.)

FRANCES EKIN ALLISON.
CORNELIA HAYMAN.

(Editor's Note.—The authors have offered two B.M. degrees to anyone handing in a complete list of the insinuations herein.)
The Quality of Mercy is Not Strained*

1918 was, on the whole, a small class. Of course it had its share of brains and political ability, but taken in its entirety it was small. Only, Teddy.

Teddy was the mighty water-polo, the water-polo team. She was, moreover, an exceeding good sport. The whole college was her friend. Even ’18 united for once and recognized her as a prime peach. And she succeeded in putting ’18’s banner on the gym twice.

The class that produced Teddy did not live in vain.

*Editor's Note.—Not by us, anyway.

There once was a land called the Cheer-o
Where they sold lollipops and soft beer-o
   With vaudeville stunts
   And swimming pool punts
We made money to help on our hero.
HERE are consolations for every walk in life: farmers take a trip to New York; millionaires hunt in Africa; and the college girl finds her comfort in the gymnasium. Thither she is led on her first day in college, and there, four years later, she dies officially. The gymnasium is our holy of holies. Yet, many as its uses are, it is most sacred as pure gymnasium. No one of us can ever forget the thrill of exaltation with which she, clad in a green wool-and-cotton suit, first drilled on its floor, a full month before upper-classmen were admitted. We learned to leap head first from horses, and to hang from the parallel bars by our teeth. Even while we were poor beginners, the priestesses of the gymnasium took a flattering interest in us: they called us by name, sometimes by more than one name. Later, after years of devotion, we were allowed to fence and dance. Fencing we found highly democratic, for in the robes we then wore, all figures were—well, one could hardly say reduced to the same level! After arduous cramming, folk-dancing came as a perfect balm for the tired memory. “Six and three-quarters steps to the northwest, twelve up, wink at your partner, slide eight feet, and repeat in reverse order!” Aesthetic dancing is beyond description: we could not wonder enough at the beauteous glory and glorious beauty of it all. Some of us, the elect, were allowed to enter the underground shrines, in one of which prostration was taught by a priestess with no joints; in the other, the latest methods of drinking perfumed water.

But the gymnasium itself was not the source of all our delights, for sometimes, in the early dawn while the moon was still shining, or when the raindrops came down to play with us, we went out into the open, and communed with Nature as displayed on the lower hockey field. To the martial beat of drum, one drum, we saluted earth, sky, and the faculty on the bank. Here it was our leaders could display their loving care, for if there was a single icy, slippery spot, it was there that we were told to run; and it was only where the ground was sodden and squishy that we knelt and rolled about, and so received a healthful mud bath. At times we broke spontaneously into song, especially when climbing the bank, or running.

Now there were other ceremonies held in the open air, some in honor of large balls, some of small ones, but into these the scribe has not been initiated. Suffice it to say that this cult of ours the name of which is Exercise, has gladdened all our days, taught us the heights and depths of human nature, and lightened us of all our half-dollars.

Ernestine Emma Mercer
THE Class Book was written, the last lingering cartoons were in, the proof was all ready to be dummied—when suddenly, “Look here, Freddy,” said Tip sternly, “we have no write-up of the Harmony Club.” Of course something had to be done. Anyone in '19 realized that when Tip says “Look here” in that positive tone of hers something has to be done.

So out came Feenie’s very amusing “Advice to the Roommates of the Lovelorn,” and down I sat, aided by our president’s strong arm, to grind out a “screaming article on a screaming subject.” After all it isn’t so hard to think of funny things to say about the Harmony Club. They do take themselves so seriously. But in that all the campus knows their idiosyncracies it seems a bit de trop to waste perfectly good space describing them. Beckie’s glare into space, Helen’s upturned eyes, Nan’s elbows on the table, K. T.’s soulful grin as she booms forth in her rich basso profundo, all these are phenomena well-known to all. I will not paint the lily.

May I not, however, voice an expression of thanks to this noble band for the many evenings that they have helped us to forget the lukewarm beets and roast beef of college life? Surely they have lightened our griefs and helped us forward on our chase of that great rainbow which is the aim of all of us—the successful rounding out of our long undergraduate career. Let us all join in singing:

God bless them, they need it ———
Helpful Hints to Daring Doctors

(Extract from our B. M. Medical Journal)

It has been observed in recent years that a certain doubt has grown up in the student body as to the correct methods of diagnosis and treatment of the sick. By pursuing the following simple rules all doubt as to the condition of health of a patient may be removed:

1. To test temperature walk rapidly to and from the Infirmary twice a day for three successive days. If fitful fainting occurs, you may safely assume the presence of a fever. (N. B.—The use of a thermometer is out of date.)

2. To test general nervous system, strike center of abdomen sharply with wooden mallet. If patient winces neurasthenia is proved.

3. If on applying mustard plaster to soles of feet the patient evinces general discomfort, thyroids may instantly be deduced.

4. Above all avoid too frequent making of beds. It is sufficient to go through the motions of straightening the sheet early each morning. The presence of breadcrumbs is both soothing and stimulating.

5. As to diet: the heaviest food is always the best. After a week's fast, nothing is more tempting than the union of a boiled potato and a damson plum. Serve nothing hot: it excites the stomach.

6. Experience in war hospitals shows that recreation is invaluable. It is particularly beneficial when taken by the nurses in the form of dancing in ground grippers to the strains of a mellowed phonograph. A cracked record is especially quieting. The patient listens for the crack, and thus the mind is pleasurably occupied.

7. After the diagnosis comes prescription, a simple matter. Eight camphor powders a day are infallible for every ailment from mumps to melancholia. (Note to patient: Try them on the dog.)

8. The Infirmary is especially adapted to the care of infants, the younger the better.

Angela Turner Moore.
Mary Morris Ramsay.
To Our Young Allies

Here's something in "The Varmint" about the superiority of the superlative over the comparative. That's you, '21.

Other classes may be brighter, or more modest, or handier at hanging banners, but there are some things in which you simply are the best, and the rest of us are Those Who Also Ran. In the first place, you were the biggest; then you became, and to eternity will remain, the reddest—and that's going some. You're the best in gym and swimming, of course, and as for dances—well, there was one night when the evens wished they weren't blue. And there are other things.

So when you die and go up to Heaven for your entrance examinations and St. Peter says, "What have you done?" all any of you need to say is "I belong to 1921," and he'll bow and say, "Step in. This way to our brightest haloes."
Bravery Awards

Third Year

Tennis Singles
Championship won by 1920.
Individual championship cup won by M. S. Cary '20.

First Team
Captain—E. Biddle
A. Thorndike E. Biddle
R. Chadbourne

Second Team
M. Tyler M. Peacock
A. Stiles

Tennis Doubles
Championship won by 1920.

First Team
A. Thorndike M. Peacock
R. Chadbourne E. Biddle
M. Tyler A. Stiles

Second Team
G. Hearne E. Lanier
E. Carus F. Branson
E. Hurlock F. Clarke

Hockey
Championship won by 1919.

First Team
Captain—G. Hearne
Manager—M. Tyler
H. Reid M. France
A. Stiles G. Hearne
M. Tyler E. Lanier
E. Biddle F. Clarke
M. Peacock R. Gatling
A. Thorndike

Second Team
Captain—E. Carus
Manager—M. L. Thurman
H. Johnson M. L. Thurman

Swimming Meet
Meet won by 1920.
Individual champion, A. Stiles '20

First Team
Captain—A. Blue
On Varsity
G. Hearne A. Stiles
M. Tyler E. Biddle
M. Peacock R. Gatling

Swimming Team
Captain—H. Spalding
G. Hearne E. Carus
M. Ramsay H. Spalding
E. Lanier A. Thorndike

Water Polo
Championship won by 1918.

First Team
Captain—E. Lanier
Manager—M. L. Thurman
E. Lanier G. Hearne
F. Clarke E. Carus
D. Hall J. Peabody
A. Thorndike

Second Team
G. Hearne E. Lanier
J. Peabody A. Thorndike

Third Team
Captain—F. Howell
On Varsity
M. Peacock E. Lanier
J. Peabody
Sub—G. Hearne

Track Meet
Championship won by 1920.
Individual champion, A. Stiles '19.

Track Team
Captain—E. Carus
A. Stiles E. Howes
E. Carus G. Hearne
H. Johnson M. Peacock
M. Tyler M. L. Thurman
M. Gilman E. Lanier

Basket Hall
Championship won by 1919.

First Team
Captain—M. Peacock
Manager—A. Thorndike
M. Peacock E. Lanier
J. Peabody A. Thorndike
G. Hearne

Second Team
Captain—M. Tyler
Manager—M. L. Thurman
M. Tyler E. Biddle
A. Stiles M. L. Thurman
P. France

Third Team
Captain—F. Howell
On Varsity
M. Peacock E. Lanier
J. Peabody
Sub—G. Hearne

Yellow Ties
M. Peacock E. Lanier
G. Hearne A. Stiles
Fourth Year
General Staff

Class Officers: President, Mary Lee Thurman
Vice-President and Treasurer, Mary Ethelyn Tyler
Secretary, Margaret von Torney France

Song Mistress: Rebecca Reinhardt

Undergraduate Association: President, Marjorie Martin
Advisory Board, Eleanor Marquand

Athletic Association: President, Annette Stiles
Vice-President and Indoor Manager, Elizabeth Day Lanier

Christian Association: President, Elizabeth Biddle
Vice-President, Mary Ethelyn Tyler

Self-Government Association: President, Sarah Cole Taylor
Vice-President, Marion Renwick Moseley

War Council: President, Eliza Gordon Woodbury
Treasurer and Director of Education Department, Helene Vennum Johnson
Chairman of Conscription Board, Dorothy Alice Peters

English Club: President, Eliza Gordon Woodbury
Secretary, Margaret Whitall Rhoads

Glee Club: Leader, Helene Vennum Johnson

Suffrage Club: Vice-President, Amelia Warner

History Club: President, Elizabeth Douglas Fuller
Vice-President, Frances Chase Clarke

Discussion Club: President, Theodosia Haynes
Vice-President, Celia Oppenheimer

Trophy Club: President, Mary Ethelyn Tyler
Vice-President, Katherine Douglas Tyler

Psychology Club: President, Anna Reubenia Dubach

French Club: President, Jeannette Felicie Peabody
"College News" Board: Managing Editor, Anna Reubenia Dubach
Editors, Eliza Gordon Woodbury
Friderica Burckle Howell
Advertising Manager, Frances Chase Clarke
Circulation Manager, Clara Elizabeth Hollis (resigned)

"Bryn Mawr Review" Board: Editor-in-chief, Marjorie Martin
Editors, Eleanor Steward Cooper
Ernestine Emma Mercer
Business Manager, Adelaide Landon
Assistant Business Manager, Ruth Jackson Woodruff

Sunny Jim
Annette Stiles
### Graduating With Honor

**Magna Cum Laude**

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<td>Ernestine Emma Mercer (European Fellow)</td>
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<td>Edith Macrum</td>
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<td>Eliza Gordon Woodbury</td>
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<td>Marguerite Olga Schwartz</td>
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<td>Margaret Gilman</td>
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<td>Louise Holabird Wood</td>
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**Cum Laude**

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<td>Helen Prescott</td>
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<td>Helen Elizabeth Spalding</td>
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<td>Georgia Reily Bailey</td>
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<td>Ruth Jackson Woodruff</td>
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<td>Enid Schurman MacDonald</td>
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<td>Alice Miriam Snavely</td>
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<td>Marguerite Else Berta Krantz</td>
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<td>Margaret Whitall Rhoads</td>
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### George W. Childs Essay Prize

Eliza Gordon Woodbury
PARADE Night once more! Ah, yes, but the difference! As we watched the younger generation dancing aesthetically around the bonfire how we longed to go down and muss up the pretty dears! We could have shown them what a real Parade Night was like. Remembrances of Tin Schwarz swatting Hel over the head, of Nan’s sleeveless green sweater, of the raucous hilarity of our wounded, enkindled our breasts with righteous indignation at the present pacificistic proceedings.

And yet, with all the other classes conspiring to make old ladies of us, what could we do? The obligations of “being Seniors” stationed and kept us under the bushes on the bank. Such are the trials of youthful-hearted old age.

MARY LEE THURMAN.
FREDERICA HOWELL.
"We Were All Censored Up, and Had Nothing to Show"

It is fortunate that we gave Senior Reception on November 23d, for if we had waited it might never have appeared at all. It was a case of "now you see it and now you don't" all along—and it was just about due for another "don't" when the screens slid apart, and the enraptured Freshmen beheld a sight they had never seen before (in the gym)—namely the Taylor busts.

To do the great drama full justice I must delve into its sources and reveal the great underlying principles which guided its authors. The show was generated by spontaneous combustion of great wits at the first meeting of the committee. Freddy christened it "Hi, Gene!" It contained a convulsingly humorous trick drill, a song on the joys of quarantine, and countless other hits of that calibre. In fact the only limit that we set to our soaring fancy was that there should be nothing a Freshman could not comprehend, for we were giving the show for them.

At our first meeting the bombs began to fall. Mudge had been confided in by sundry Juniors. Banner Show, scheduled for the week before us, was using all our original ideas. Drill, influenza, prominent Freshmen—Oh, yes! Senior Reception is dead; long live Senior Reception! Nor courage failed, nor ardor paled. We started all over again. This time to guard against plagiarism we chose a theme of which all save ourselves were ignorant: The Golden Age, or Bryn Mawr As She Used To Was. Of course the Freshmen would not understand, but we would enjoy giving it, and it was our last chance to amuse ourselves. We had as our central figure this time Liz Fuller sitting on a window seat in a pink chemise (for which Denbigh was to reprimand her), doing the week's exercise by twirling Indian Clubs. The only trouble was that we became so sentimental as we let our memories flit over lost joys that we met too long and too often, and over-war-worked quite seriously.

This reincarnation of the show was reaching a state of perfection when the war ended abruptly. Our trained minds were at once seized with a passion for reconstruction. We felt it our mission to stimulate reform of everything everywhere. We would begin with the downtrodden at our doors, our suffering fellow-students, and inspire them with visions of freedom by giving a scathing exposé of the existing practise of Those Higher Up of blindly worshiping the Great God of Unreason, Status-Quo. Enter Show No. 3: a temple scene.
Before the great idol (Nan) burns the undying flame which can be fed only with students' petitions, while an endless stream of worshippers, who shall be nameless, file in bearing costly sacrifices, such as flunked Seniors bound in red tape. (The latter detail was in conformity with the collegiate tradition that no show begin without mention of said tape.) Although a believer in free speech I dare tell you no more. But it was a masterpiece. One week before it was to appear the silver-tongued Tip was dispatched therewith to receive the required official sanction.

She was gone for some time. When she returned she broke the news to us as gently as she could. Our show was no more. It had left us as the better part of all shows must. We might have known it was too good to be with us long. R. I. P.

* * * * *

After an extensive survey we realized that the only things left untouched and guaranteed not to get their feelings hurt were the Taylor busts and the population of Mars. So we mixed them. That's all there was—there wasn't any more.

ELEANOR MARQUAND
"Peace, Perfect Peace"

(The Only Serious Article in the Book)

PIGS is Pigs, but even then—what a climax to a career of almost uninterrupted morality and dullness—to be asked to feature as "the only serious article in the Class Book!"

And, woe is me, on the subject of the greatest jag of my young life! Every drunk-on-Market-Street-that-Thursday-night forbid that I should say anything high-brow enough or pious enough to untie the tie that bound us on the 7th of November.

It was all so sudden—we went our gloomy academic round, we ate cabbage and prunes for luncheon—then without warning we were plunged into "the land of our dreams" by the news from New York that Germany had surrendered. In about four minutes, "less time than it takes to tell," the whole college was gathered at Taylor steps, singing till our throats were sore and the welkin rang and the grass was ruined. We believed the Great News and shouted; we thought it a ghastly joke and hoped against hope while we scoffed; we bellowed every song we knew and then several more; we gazed into space (I speak for my friends) and planned our wedding gowns; we clapped ourselves weak at the singing of the Marsellaise by Mlle. Mabille and at the speeches by President Thomas and M. Beck and all the rest of the faculty who hadn't escaped to New York; we cried from vague happiness and relief, and stopped with our jaws in mid air at seeing P. T. and Tip and a few other stoics dissolved in the same state.

Then came the lifting of the quarantine and the mad rush to town, and through all that afternoon and evening we touched elbows with our friends the gaily drunk, and blew whistles and waved flags and met our most wealthy and respectable relatives just as we were being picked up by impromptu parades of sailors. It was a bit depressing, to be sure, to come out of the theatre and learn that the armistice had not been signed at all!

But the Fates had decreed it, and after three days of suspense we knew that it was a fait accompli as Mrs. Lingelbach would say, when everything in the country that could make a noise made it, at 3:45 Monday morning, and sent us, in all stages of grotesque deshabille, to dance and sing around the great feu de joie on the athletic field. (Three French lapses are a bit de trop but they're too good to miss.) A few informalities lent zest to the
occasion. Mr. Fenwick, for example, with characteristic keenness in sensing the appropriate, was so inspired by “Dixie” that he bubbled over into a cake-walk, executed among P. T.’s feet with incomparable rhythm and solemnity. A little later, on the second floor of the Deanery, P. T. and I planned the Thanksgiving Service while she rattled the soap dish and made little ripples in the tub (à la Amy Lowell), and I gazed reverently at the transom windows of the Sanctum Sanctorum. To say nothing of the fact that at 6.30 half the C. A. Board called on Dr. Mutch and found him looking like St. Francis himself, in a corded bathrobe and a heavenly smile. Otherwise the 11th was a time of parades and noise, just as loud as, though a little less spontaneous than, the first Peace Day.

Not one of us will ever forget those days, and this feeble narrative is aimed at the enlightenment of our grandchildren. If the little dears glean from it a hopeless mixture of laughter and tears, of mad excitement and sober realization of a Turning Point in History, then I have not labored in vain!

ELIZABETH R. BIDDLE.
For President
Dr. Samuel Claggett Chew
Because he was the first to suggest a holiday on Peace Day

For Dean
Miss Constance M. K. Applebee
Because she is already the true undergraduate adviser

For Recording Dean
Dr. Marion Parris Smith
Because it is the only position that has an assistant

For Assistant to the Recording Dean
Dr. William Roy Smith
Because he is so good at assisting

For Lab Girl
Dr. Charles Ghequiere Fenwick
Because a bit of color would help to lighten the lab

For Janitor
Dr. Theodore deLeo deLaguna
Because of his neat and methodical habits

Frederica Howell.
Mary Morris Ramsay.

We Nominate on Our Presidential Ticket:

Sketches by Frances Fuller and Marguerite Krantz.
The Origins of 1919's Athletic Spirit

Scene: Class Meeting of 1919 in Pem East.
Time: Year 1918–19.
Characters: Pres. Tip, Captains, and a few lay members of the class.

Scene I. Fall, 1918
Tip (near the close of the meeting, after those with 2 o’clocks and lab have filed forth): “Now that we are Seniors we must win hockey again. We have got to come out and cheer more for the hockey teams and get more spirit into them. It’s perfectly absurd not to have more spirit about it. The lower teams are just as important as the upper ones—"

Someone in the corner, probably Mr. Ramsey (interrupting in a low voice): “You ought to watch third team—"
Tip (sternly): “Meeting please come to order. Miss Ramsay! Please don’t talk unless you address the chair. Did you have anything to say, Miss Hearne?”
G. Hearne: “We have got to—I mean, we really have to do much better this year. I mean last year we only won first, second, third and fifth team games, I mean—everything except fourth, and we can do lots better if everyone comes out. I mean, we gotta go get ’em!”
Tip: “More spirit; we have just got to win and keep the banner on the gym.”

Scene II. About February, 1919
Tip: “Now that we are Seniors and 1917 and 1918 aren’t here we must get our banner on the gym. We must get more spirit into water polo and swimming.”
E. Lanier (in her usual stern manner): “Of course captains mustn’t urge people to play water polo, but water polo is really an awfully attractive game, and if more people come down, perhaps Betty Fauvre, barely authorized, may be relieved of her job as a fullback. The second team has won every year, except once, and the first team always gets in the finals. So if Nan doesn’t sink in the shallow end we’ll lick ’em up this year. Ha! Ha! Ha!”
(A thrill runs through the class at such enthusiasm.)
F. Howell, H. Spalding: "Well, except for records made by Luky Peters and Nan we haven't done much in swimming meets, but at least everyone ought to come down and try for fifth class. It means a third of a point toward the championship."

(1919 awed and impressed.)

Scene III. March, 1919

Tip: "Now that we are Seniors we must win track and basket-ball. Last year we won first, second, third and fifth team basket-ball. We have never won a minor sport. Will the nominees for track and basket-ball captains please leave the room: Miss Hickman, Miss Haynes, Miss Bailey, Miss Wood, Miss Marquand, Miss M. Tyler, Miss Krantz, Miss Huntting, Miss Stiles, Miss Peabody."

(This is always a joyful occasion, when one can discuss the character of one's classmates until they are in shreds.)

Friend of R. Hickman: "I think Becky would be awfully good because she was awfully artistic at school."

A. Landon: "Miss Marquand would be a fine track captain, because she had so much spirit in her acting in our Sophomore Play."

C. Hollis: "I think Miss Wood would be very good. She has lots of executive ability. She was on the class book at school, and she was very good."

J. Peabody's Room-mate: "Feenie really would be a splendid basket-ball captain because she's president of the French Club, and she could give signals in French so nobody but the Seniors would catch on to them."

(E. Lanier fears that she will lose her place on the team.)

F. Howell (with brilliant idea): "I know what to do—let's have Feenie basket-ball captain, Tige track captain, Krantz manager, and Helen Huntting trainer—and Hickman, Marquand, Bailey, Haynes and Wood the team. Then they'll all be happy."

(1919 goes forth with renewed spirit)

Annette Stiles.
Elizabeth Day Lanier.

* European Fellow shrinks at this remark, for, unauthorized, she might lose her degree.
† Interim while A. Stiles, the world record-breaker, withdraws her nomination because she thinks she is too much of a star.
Little Rachel on the Professional Speaker,
His Habits and Customs

Esteemed Aunt:

At your own request I am inscribing below a number of personal reactions which I have been in the habit of recording assiduously every evening as they occur. The past winter has offered exceptional opportunities for me to witness the Professional Speaker, and below I have noted his name, date, everything I have heard about him, and reactions of hearers, managers and myself.


December 14. Our Coningsby. Previous to the series: Coningsby at Vassar, Coningsby at Wellesley, Coningsby over night at Mt. Holyoke. Invites self. (N. B.—The experienced have warned me against this type.) Rainy evening. Telegraphs he is on different train and must be met at Broad Street. Helene, official siren, lost in town. Substitute has to go in. Waits two hours in station. Coningsby looms on horizon, identified by legs (front curls concealed by cap). Sub frowns on proposed motor trip in storm to B. M. They miss train. Coningsby's only repast a Broad Street sandwich. (N. B.—This accounts for a great deal.) Bad half hour for Coningsby on Paoli Local. Helene, in evening clothes, at station. Coningsby, sighing with relief, plunges in cab beside her. Lecture. Autographs. The Million-Dollar Baby. (N. B.—This accounts for more yet.) Betrothal party leaves for Newark.

December —. Signaller Tom Skeyhill, author, Young Elizabethan. Also self-invited. English Club resigns in favor of History Club, who would have him address them on Gallipoli, but who are favored with Mars and the Muses, with selections from own work.
Conversational at History Club tea later. On second communication English Club regrets
that all its dates are filled.

Lecture. Kersley, horrified, finds self auctioneering. Hunted look in his eyes. Later
found searching the Lib corridor for his valise in demented manner by the Pink-shirted
One. Dorothea to the rescue. By motor to Montgomery Inn. Deep into politics at
breakfast. Two days later writes, explaining what he meant by it.

January 11. Ian Hay, an old friend. Bears up under Senior Tea, dinner, and reception
with fortitude. Long life to Ian!

February 28. Vachel. He says it doesn't rhyme with satchel, but I am assured the
Graduate Club knows better.

This history is brief; more could be said—has been said in fact. Later in life I intend
to study further into the Speaker to classify him with more accuracy. These brief notes
must suffice for the nonce.

I am yours respectfully,

Little Rachel.

ELIZA GORDON WOODBURY.
1922: A Study in Heredity

1922 first came into our notice through the manifestations of inherited traits as sleuthed out by the Major Psych class. Sister after sister has leaped into fame. Mary Tyler and Annette have become further illumined by reflected rays. Bates House still continues in control of the Clarke family. Dr. and Mrs. Speer have sprung from their old places in the background of the C. A. devotee's stream of consciousness and live for us in the saintly person of their giant offspring. As for Mister Antonio's little girl—well, she's carried on dramatically "For the Honor of the Family."

"By the laws of heredity's zwhy—"
How I Passed My Shakespeare

If I tell you something, will you promise not to tell—that is, not till June fifth, till I get my little A.B. safely locked in my trunk, half way to Memphis?

Yes, about my Shakespeare exam. Well, you see the course covered the work of three five-hour courses. The whole question was: which third to center on. I decided to stick to the text.

I crammed Hamlet for days and days, trying to put myself in Hamlet’s eccentric position, doing my best to get all the fine distinctions between his two Hun friends, Rosenkrantz and Guildenstern, etc., etc., ad infinitum. Then I looked at all the others* (except Romeo and Juliet and the Tempest), and considered myself reasonably safe. Of course I read a few pages of Sidney Lee’s Life of Shakespeare, and the first chapters of Bradley—but he couldn’t pick anything from that—there was too much. So I continued to stick to the text.

The last minute I got cold feet. What if he should ask something in the back of Sidney Lee? I wouldn’t have any facts to hang my imagination on. So I opened the book at random, and read: “The will was revised and on March 26th the document was signed—giving practically everything to his elder daughter Susanna, who inherited some of his own shrewdness. . . . to his wife he gave only the second best bed with the furniture. . . . he died on April 23d and was buried inside Stratford Church in front of the altar not far from the northern wall of the chancel.”

Well, imagine! when I saw the exam—four sub-divided questions! only one on the text! Gloom was my middle name! The one I knew came first. So I elaborated wherever possible, postponing the horrible moments. Of course I shone, except for a few minor errors, like putting the Hamlet passages in Romeo and Juliet, and mistaking the description of some foppish youth for a picture of the dead lovers at the Capulet tomb.

The question on A. C. Bradley had best be passed over gently—though it was not so kindly unmolested that morning.

But as to Sidney Lee—just guess what “he” asked! I could have hee-hawed right out loud when I saw: “Outline briefly Shakespeare’s chief activities from 1610 to the end

*There were two others (Ed.)
of his life.” Not that I had any idea what his activities were, but I knew I could drag the will into it.

Subtracting 1610 from 1616, I found I had only six years to account for. Then of course there are a few obvious remarks (one always gets them at prep school) about the peaceful years at Stratford, when he lived out-doors, enjoyed the sunny air, wrote the *Winter’s Tale*, or the *Tempest*—I wasn’t sure which, so I put in both for good measure. I hope Sidney Lee mentions these interesting details; I haven’t had the heart to verify them since. His elder daughter Susanna, who was a great comfort to her father in his old age*, and his uncongenial wife† played a strong part in this imaginative description. In the early spring of 1616 he fell ill (I thought it likely, since the will was dated in March, and he didn’t die till April). After I got him sick it was plain sailing: the will in great detail, the death, the burial (though that would not strictly come in the last years of his life), and finally—the epitaph! Marj Martin insists I copied it from the plaque hanging up in the exam room; but she maligns me: I remembered it from one we have in the study at home.

Long before I got to it I saw that the last question was three memory-passages, only one of which I knew. It was the first, and I really knew it. By that time my muse was nearly spent—also the allotted three hours. So I wrote very fast; my writing revealed haste. The one passage was put down verbatim and then—the time was up!

I don’t know what “he” thought, but my mark went up as 63. The 60 was clearly for ingenuity, by why on earth the superfluous 3? Possibly that was my knowledge of Shakespeare.

*cf. Will: “Some of his own shrewdness.”
† ibid: “only the second best bed with the furniture.”
Our Longest Sustained Effort

PRODUCING the *Beaux Stratagem* took nerve, nerve for the actors, nerve for the managers, nerve for the seniors who had never taken the drama course and were reading the play for the first time. The alternative was *Tamburlaine the Great*, with the possibility of producing Part I on Friday night and Part II on Saturday night. But that took too much nerve.

Though the English Professor offered his services in supervising the cutting, his eyes failed him at the critical moment. The managers faced the problem of reading selected passages aloud to him and then inquiring opinions. They cut the play themselves. Afterward everyone said the cutting was insufficient. When the managers were in doubt, they left it to the cast. This took nerve, except for Louise who never saw the point of her breezy lines.

The casting was not easy. It was curious how blandly candidates would enter into their parts (reading from the Library copies), enter especially into the cut parts, how oblivious the committee would appear until the spectators’ hair began to rise, to flatten again only upon shouts of “That’s cut. All right. THANK you.”

Then the properties: the managers’ thirst for a hound was finally slaked, their zeal for monkey abated only on consideration of details. Designs on the Community Centre were frustrated by telegrams from Johns Hopkins, a substitute Ganymede was taken philosophically. (Query: Does Ganymede—Property?) The SMELL was to have been a triumph. It smelt Pembroke East and all the region back of the stage, but never a whiff reached the audience on “Lord, Sir, they’ll eat much better smothered in onions!”

Controversy raged over the nightie question. The Arbiter, eyesight regained, was appealed to. Two nighties appeared on April 5. But Dorothea had thought they were not in period.

Ringlets were known to be in period. They came out on every Paoli local two days previous to the final performance. Helene was welcomed as little Mary Pickford all along Broad Street, until she had to put up an umbrella to keep off admiration. This dramatic spectacle was equaled only by the wounding of Archer with red ink in the teahouse before the dress rehearsal.
The dress rehearsal had only one accident, a "happy accident," when Beatty fell off the stage, cassock and all, with a huge crash, faithfully imitated by the stage manager on the night of the performance in the midst of a love-scene.

They said it was too long. It was too long that night. Few grasp that the reason was the shortness of the previous weeks. They criticised it. D. T. prefaced her criticism with Gospel reading from Jonah. We noticed that.

But all the families seemed to appreciate their daughters, and the college is critical anyway. One thing came of it, emphasis on the need for the Students' Building. The audience did not sit for four hours on the gym chairs for nothing!

Eliza Gordon Woodbury.

---

Yes, our sorrows have beggared description,
They've varied from psych to conscription—
And those exercise hours!
Well, please omit flowers,
We've been killed by the Apple's prescription.
Llysyrfran, as Her Wardens See Her

I

DEAR to all who have ever lived there are the mystic symbols of its name, whether the sound thereof echoes down the halls of memory as Lice Farm or Tin Lizzie Fran; a hall by any other name would not smell as sweet—for there no savory cabbage heralds in the noon. Far from the maddening crowd it lies—peculiarly far at 8.14 A.M.

How did it seem to a warden? The first few days it seemed fine. All we had to do was to go to Freshman Reception and other local tea-parties with our little charges to see that they didn’t eat more than we did. We sacrificed ourselves without a murmur in the line of duty. We became quite adept at locking up the great front door with the button-hook provided for the purpose. While others cowered with towels swathing their curls, we fearlessly extricated bats from their lurking places behind the pictures which generous owners had left to inspire us, and returned them to their native jungle without.

It grew colder and colder. We had measles and midyears, and somehow this continued business of setting a shining example seemed to pall. So we left, and in the spring the Freshmen’s fancies lightly turned to thoughts of love.

ELEANOR MARQUAND.

II

Alas, Llysyfran is no longer the same; the Freshmen who had to be taught the lore of college have departed; we are all old hands at crime. And the wardens, taking utmost advantage of their superior responsibilities, with premeditated viciousness exert their self-righteousness in the following ways:

(1) Overflowing bathtubs to give the Business Office the trouble of fining us;

(2) Leaving the doors open to show visitors the joy of tenement life;

(3) Hauling late-comers in windows from 11 o’clock on (The Head proctor excels in this—when her arm is worn out there is a steady stream of people entering through the side door à la dérobée);

(4) Keeping quiet hours well till 10.30, after which Yarrow East and West toss distractedly on their beds;
(5) Tearing down all prohibitory signs from the bathrooms and defiantly leaving our towels there (The Vaux animals on the walls are then pawned to pay the Lost and Found charges, and until the towels are recovered we steal the sheets for wash-cloths);

(6) Corrupting the campus in general (We conspired to breed sedition in the one hall which had no warden—water fights have taken place in Denbigh!); During the quarantine the crime wave went over the top. Among the alleged offenses may be listed:

(1) Malicious misunderstanding of clear (?!) statements;
(2) Wilful perversion of the words of those in authority;
(3) The wardens, being because of their responsibility less instead of more careful, gave promiscuous permission to sleep anywhere.

With a sigh of relief we leave Lllysfran in the hands of the graduates, hoping that they will uphold our standards.

Mary Ethelyn Tyler.
Rebecca Reinhardt.

There once was a class so precocious
In a manner that was quite ferocious
    That they did up three deans
By fair or foul means
Did you ever hear aught so precocious?
1919 Roll of Honor

Florence Wilson, married Ralph Colton.
Winifred Perkins, married Anton Raven.
Vivian Turrish, married Myron Bunnell.
Winifred Robb, married William T. Powers.
Winifred Kaufmann, engaged to Eugene Whitehead.
Helen Karns, engaged to Carol Champlin.
Sarah Taylor, engaged to Dr. James Vernon.
Frances Branson, married Daniel Keller. Daughter, Frances Keller.
   Lieutenant Keller was killed in action in the Argonne Forrest, September 28, 1918.
Marjorie Martin, engaged to Jerome Johnson.
Alice Rubelmann, engaged to Ben Knight.
Theodosia Haynes, engaged to Sidney Lincoln.
Dorothea Walton, engaged to Edmund Price.
Rosalind Gatling, married Gavin Hawn.
Kathleen Outerbridge, engaged to Frederick Foote.
Lucretia Peters, engaged to Gerald Wills Beazley.

And as for those old maids of Denbigh
Who pass time with, "Where can the men be?"
   Let them look on this list
   To see what they've missed,
   And then move to {Pembroke Merion} from Denbigh.
Bravery Awards—Senior Year

**Tennis Singles**
- Championship won by 1920
- Individual championship won by Z. Boynton, '20.

**First Team**
- Captain, E. Biddle
- E. Biddle
- A. Thorndike
- R. Chadbourne

**Second Team**
- M. Tyler
- A. Stiles
- E. Hurlock

**Tennis Doubles**
- Championship won by 1920

**First Team**
- A. Thorndike
- M. Tyler
- R. Chadbourne
- A. Stiles
- E. Biddle
- G. Hearne

**Second Team**
- G. Woodbury
- A. Blue
- F. Clarke
- L. Wood
- V. Coombs
- E. Hurlock

**Hockey**
- Championship won by 1919

**First Team**
- Captain, G. Hearne
- Manager, M. Tyler
- A. Stiles
- M. Tyler
- H. Johnson
- E. Lanier
- F. Clarke
- M. L. Thurman
- E. Hurlock
- A. Warner

**Second Team**
- Captain, C. Hollis
- Manager, R. Chadbourne
- H. Reid
- R. Chadbourne
- A. Blue
- M. Scott
- V. Coombs
- D. Peters
- A. Landon
- J. Peabody
- F. Day
- C. Hollis
- A. Thorndike

**Third Team**
- Captain, M. Ramsay
- On Varsity
- Captain, M. Tyler
- G. Hearne
- E. Biddle
- M. Tyler
- A. Stiles
- Sub: P. France

**Swimming Meet**
- Meet won by 1921
- Individual championship won by K. Townsend, '20

**Swimming Team**
- Captain, F. Howell
- K. Tyler
- G. Hearne
- F. Clarke
- F. Howell
- E. Lanier
- H. Spalding
- A. Thorndike
- D. Hall
- M. Ramsay
- M. L. Thurman
- E. Moores

**Water Polo**
- Championship won by 1919

**First Team**
- Captain, E. Lanier
- Manager, A. Thorndike
- F. Clarke
- K. Tyler
- G. Hearne
- E. Lanier
- D. Hall
- J. Peabody
- A. Thorndike

**Second Team**
- Captain, A. Stiles
- Manager, M. L. Thurman
- M. Tyler
- M. Ramsay
- M. Remington
- M. L. Thurman
- R. Woodruff
- R. Chadbourne
- A. Stiles
- Varsity Captain, E. Lanier

**Track Team**
- Meet won by 1922
- Captain, M. Tyler
- Manager, A. Stiles
- G. Hearne
- E. Howes
- A. Stiles
- M. Tyler
- E. Lanier
- M. L. Thurman
- A. Thorndike
- M. Krantz
- H. Johnson
- H. Hunting

Record for hurl-ball broken by M. L. Thurman, '19: 89 ft.

**Basketball**
- Championship won by 1919

**First Team**
- Captain, J. Peabody
- Manager, A. Thorndike
- E. Lanier
- M. Tyler
- J. Peabody
- A. Thorndike
- A. Stiles

**Second Team**
- Captain, E. Biddle
- Manager, M. L. Thurman
- H. Johnson
- E. Biddle
- M. Krantz
- M. L. Thurman
- D. Hall

**Third Team**
- Captain, F. Howell
- Varsity Captain, M. Peacock
- (resigned) E. Lanier
A Tribute to the Class of 1919
from the Class of 1919*

In the first place we are a wonderful class. We were wonderful Freshmen—everyone admitted it when asked. As Sophomores, well—"Of course, our Scarecrow was better than Mice and Men." And as Juniors we were insuperable, athletically, morally, and financially. Now that we're Seniors, we're sacred, that's all!

Inspired by Tip, our harmony has exceeded all classes in quantity. Emulating the fifth team the rest of us have "hung our banner on the gym" many times. Thanks to our husky scene-shifters, our plays have never lacked emotional appeal. Our intellectuals have raised The Standard, and the Submerged Tenth has raised money enough to run the college and the war.

Let us all join in singing, "Here's to our Juniors' Freshmen."†

Amelia Warner
Mary Morris Ramsay
Marjorie Martin
Frederica Howell

* Editor's Note: This is the first easy thing we've had to do.
† This is a wonderful article. The editors congratulate the writers.
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Non-combatants We Have Known
"To them that know her there is vital flame
In these the simple letters of her name."

Meredith
Family Page

"Jack and Joan, they think no ill,
But loving live, and merry still."
Campion

"Forever, Fortune, wilt thou prove
An unrelenting foe to love?"
Thomson

"My lady and my love, my wyf so dere,
I put me in your wyse governance."
Chaucer

"I arise from dreams of thee."
Shelley
"—old Philosopher, wisest man alive,
Plays at Lions and Tigers down along the drive."

Robert Graves

"The marriage of true minds."

Shakespeare

"Oh, Solitude, where are thy charms?"

Cowper

"whom lost I call Because a man beloved is taken hence, The tender humor and the fire of sense."

Meredith
"Near is he to great Nature in the thought."  
*Meredith*

"How full of heart for all."  
*Meredith*

"The Master Mind being there."  
*Meredith*

"Superbly shy."  
*Meredith*
“They laugh uproariously in youth; And when they get to feeling old, They up and shoot themselves, I’m told.”

Robert Graves

“Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given.”

Rupert Brooke

“So restless Cromwell could not cease In the inglorious arts of peace; But through adventurous war Urged his active star.”

Marcet

“My reed, my precious pipe!—Oft and oft I’ve charmed a savant with it from his books.”

Dana Burnet
"An arm to hurl the bolt with aim Olympian."
Meredith

"Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove."
Wordsworth

"Cruel, but composed and bland,
Dumb, inscrutable, and grand."
Arnold

"For these give joy and sorrow, but thou, Proserpine, sleep."
Swinburne
"Toda mi familia es anti-bull-fighters—Yo no!"
Dorado

"All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame."
Coleridge

"Group: Latin with English."
Bryn Mawr College Calendar

"Voice more sweet than the far plaint of viols is,
Or the soft moan of any gray-eyed lute player."
Rupert Brooke
“She was too simple for Bryn Mawr.”

P. T.

“Still to be neat, still to be drest
As you were going to a feast.”

“I think she had not heard of the far towns;
Nor of the deeds of men, nor of kings’ crowns.”

“Oh, gently on the suppliants head,
Dread goddess, lay thy chastening hand,
Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad.”

Gray
Advertisements
A "Good Anytime" Dessert

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