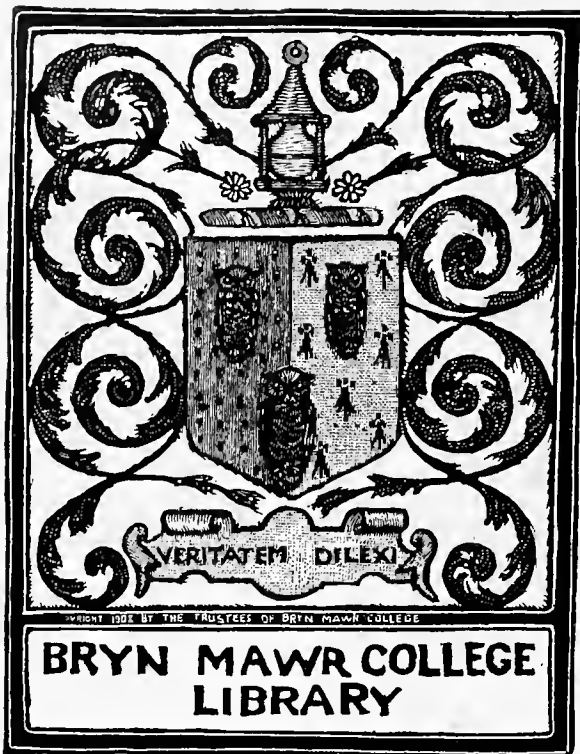


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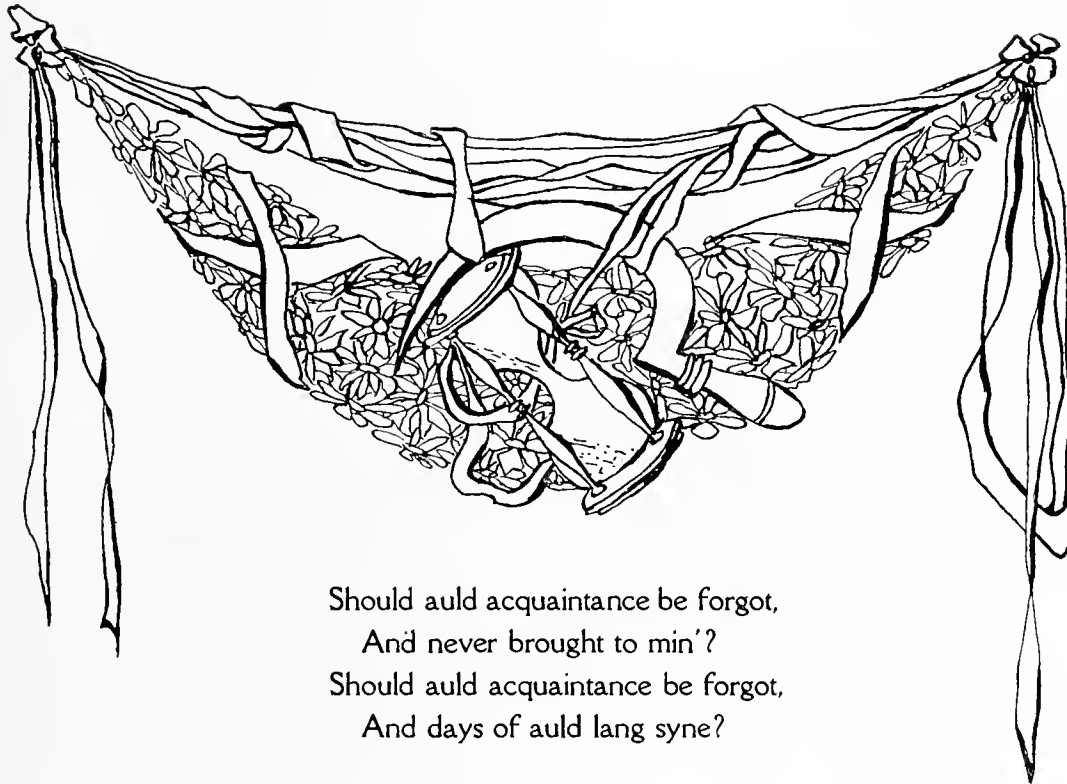


CLASS OF 1902


BRYN MAWR COLLEGE

371  
378.5229  
1902

PRESS OF  
The John C. Winston Company  
1006-1016 ARCH STREET  
PHILADELPHIA



Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And never brought to min' ?  
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And days of auld lang syne ?

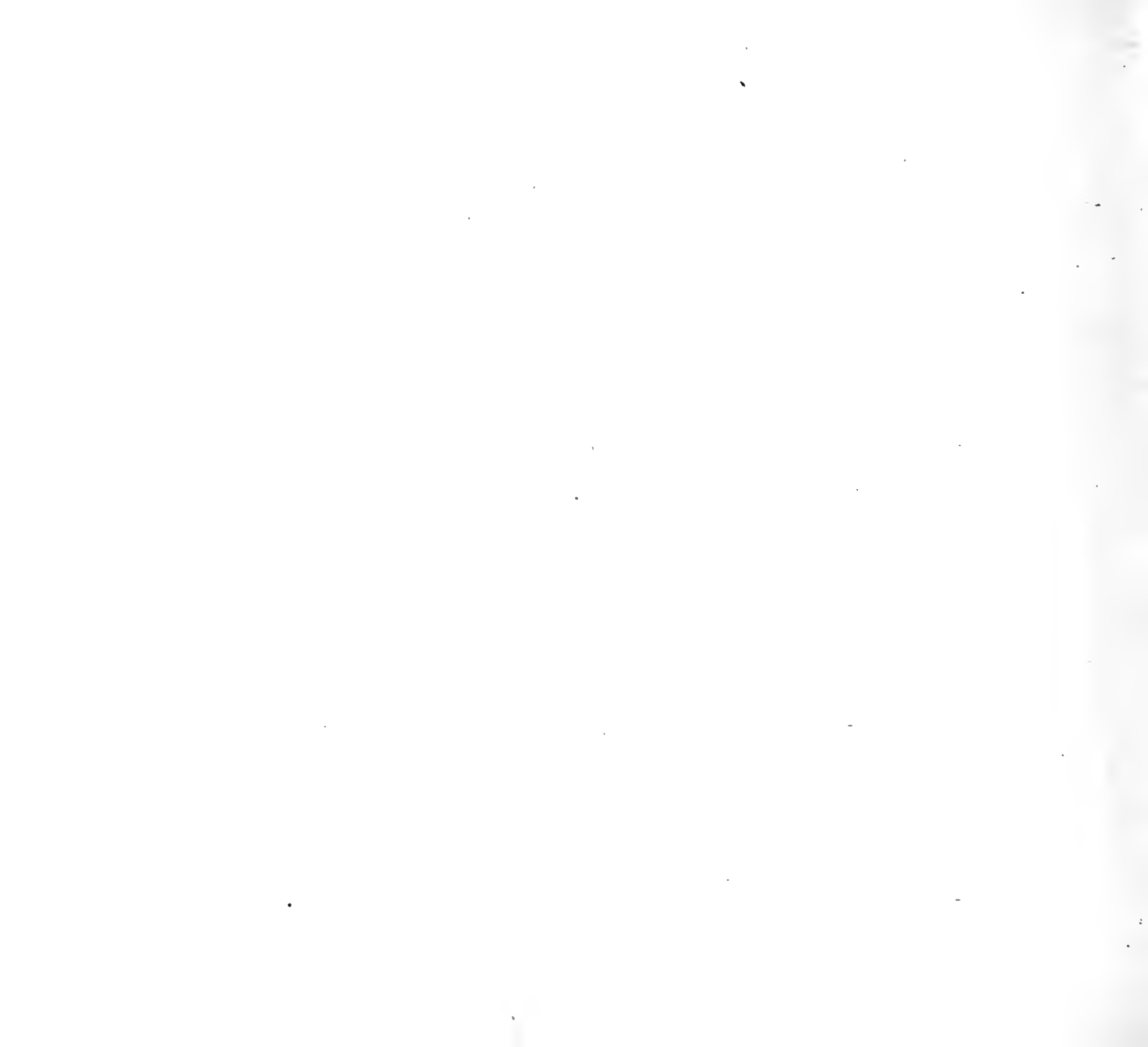


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**Freshman Year**

1898-1899

### CLASS OFFICERS.

#### TEMPORARY.

*Chairman*—ELIZABETH F. STODDARD.

*Secretary*—HARRIET C. MURRAY.

#### PERMANENT.

*President*—ELIZABETH F. STODDARD.

*Vice-President and Treasurer*—HARRIET C. MURRAY.

*Secretary*—E. CORNELIA BRUÈRE.

### OFFICES HELD DURING THE YEAR.

#### PHILISTINE.

*Board of Editors*—E. CORNELIA BRUÈRE.

# History of our First Year at Bryn Mawr.

With due apologies to Charles Dickens for certain paragraphs.

Class-mates, there should be an old story—none the worse for not being true—regarding a fine young sub-Freshman, who being asked if she could run Bryn Mawr College, replied she had no doubt she could, but she couldn't exactly say for certain, for she had never tried.

This story is not inapplicable to us. When we crept into Harriet Spencer's room and reported how we had all escaped vigilant Sophomores we were in as happy and important a state of mind as young ladies usually are on such momentous occasions. Frances Seth was elected temporary chairman, and we started on our rush, falling in behind brave Frances. We expected to find the halls blocked with furniture piled by the hostile "Soph." Instead, when we came out under Pembroke Arch, there was 1901 applauding us in the most friendly manner. On we went, singing something to the tune of "Marching through Georgia."

A few days later we met openly in Merion and elected Elizabeth Stoddard chairman. (She wore a pink dress that evening.) Grace told us whenever we did anything unparliamentary, and Elizabeth Congdon said, "I move we call each other by our first names." She spoke with a forcefulness that convinced everyone; and, as we all answered "aye" to the question, the ceremony of introduction was soon performed, or, I should rather say, the introduction was soon over without any ceremony at all.

As a result, perhaps, we walked in twos to lectures; we talked in twos on the campus; we went in twos to teas. At the Christian Union reception, we divided off in twos. Had the night watchman asked William Armitage, "Wot are they all a-walking round in happy twos for?" "'Cos it's their duty, I suppose." William would have replied "it's a part of the system; they are always a-doin' it all day long."

In twos and large crowds we flocked to the "Cabinet Meeting," on October 12th. Red Cross nurses received us and showed us our seats. Dorothy Farquahar, Leslie Knowles, and Edith Crane soon made us forget everything in the delight of the moment. A telephone bell rang on the stage. "Hello, hello!" "Who did you say you wanted, 1902? Yes, they are here." Our delight was increasing. Finally, Dewey stepped forth with a huge American flag. From beneath it he pulled our 1902 banner. "Hurrah! Hurrah!" We rose to our feet in a body. Shouts filled the air.

Fearing the Juniors had inflamed our patriotism to a point where we would consider everything American perfect and everything Spanish as bad, as bad could be, the Seniors gave us a tea in the Spanish Gardens, on October 18th. It was a decided contrast to the Cabinet Meeting, but none the less delightful. The scenic effect made it hard to realize we were in the Gymnasium. "Many of such entertainments would doubtless tend to smooth over any slight unpleasantnesses stirred up by the late war."

We had received attentions from the Juniors and Seniors only, but by October 21, 1902 was sufficiently imbued with the Bryn Mawr spirit to want to have a finger in the entertainment, so that evening, the evening of the long-expected Sophomore Play, we all dined in Pembroke, and cheered, and sang for the first time in public, "Come cheer and sing together."

Chiudle, Chiudle, Chiudle, Chiu,  
Hurrah for the Class of 1902!  
Chiudle, Chiudle, Chiudle, Chiar,  
B-R-Y-N M-A-W-R!!!!!!

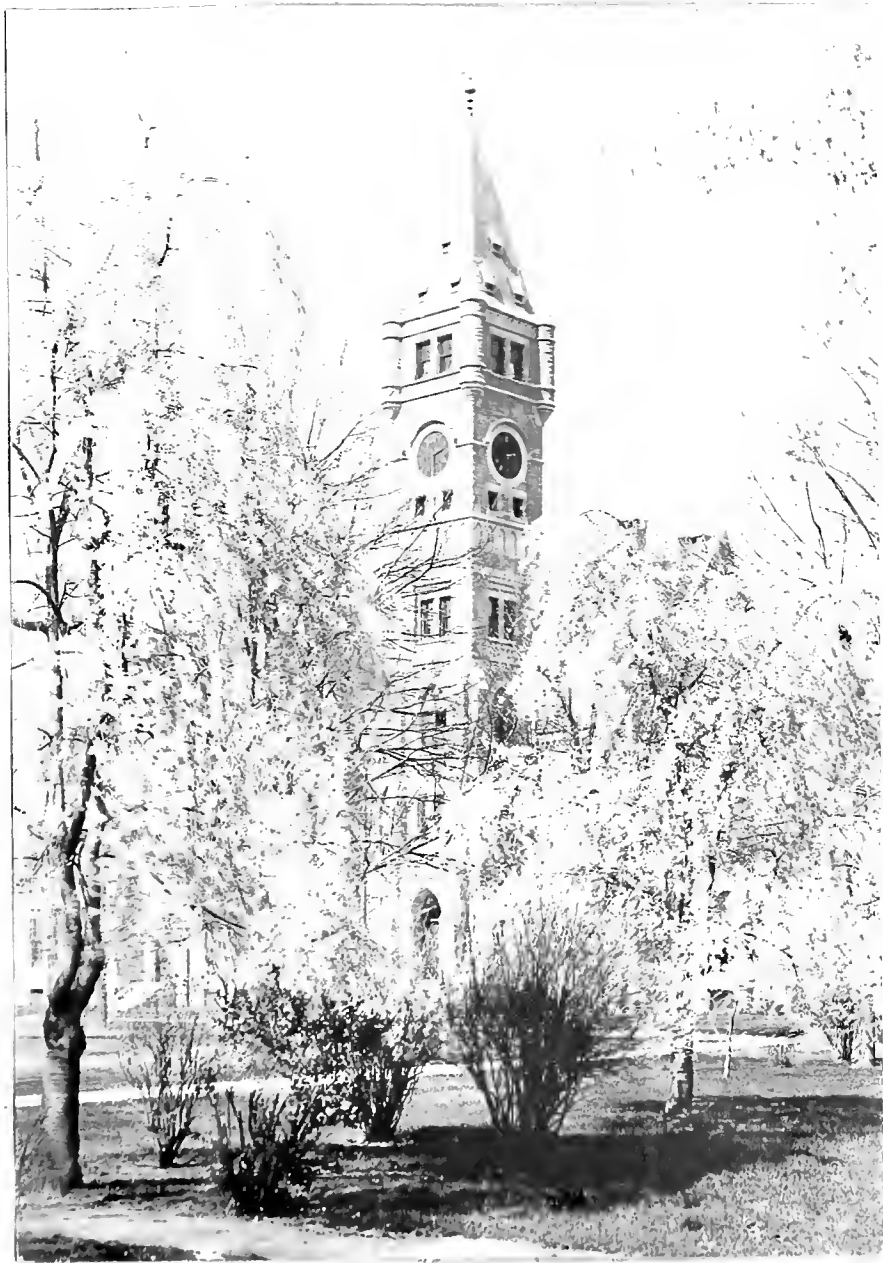
We shouted with such force that to the very last moment of my life I shall wonder how it happened not only that we were able to sing, but also that we have ever been able to talk in our natural voices since.

Sing we certainly did that evening, when we saw Edith Houghton, Pat Daly, May Southgate, Carlotta Montenegro and others of 1901, in *London Assurance*.

"Here's to 1901,  
She has done what Dewey done!"

did not nearly express our appreciation.

At the entrance of Lady Gay Spanker and her husband, we were more delighted than ever; and the wish to see what was going forward completely conquering Miss Hoyt's dignity, she stood up at the back of the room and applauded as loudly as any of us. Between the scenes, Edith Campbell and Lulu Brown retired from the Gym side to the inside of Dr. Smith's office, to retail the clever and enthusiastic remarks of the audience on what had preceded. The actors in the openness of their hearts listened, and Edith Campbell and Lulu Brown retired to the Gym side of Dr. Smith's office again with brighter countenances. Indeed everyone seemed quite happy except the prompter, who was too grand to take any interest even in Pat's "damn it!" when her hat came off.







As if one evening of pleasure were not enough for them to provide, 1901 gave us a fancy dress dance the next evening.

“There is a new class in Bryn Mawr, in Bryn Mawr,  
They’ve come from places near and far, near and far;  
And to them all we raise three cheers  
To banish all their youthful fears,”

resounded through the Gymnasium.

But by the second or third of November, our newness was rapidly vanishing. Then the other classes might, from their costumes, be mistaken for Freshmen had they not destroyed the illusion by behaving with so much less conscious dignity.

That evening, dressed in our caps and gowns, we stood waiting in front of Denbigh. The night was dark and warm. Not even a breath of wind stirred the ivy leaves. “Pallas Athene Thea” drifted over from Pembroke. Slowly the procession of Sophomores advanced, discernible only by the soft fantastic light of the lanterns each one carried. Still singing, they entered our hollow square. Each of us received a lantern as we sang, in return:

“Shining dimly through the shadows  
Of our Freshman night.”

“Freshman night” was meant in a poetical sense. In singing these words, we made the mistake of supposing 1901’s literary appreciation as developed as our own; but, instead of appealing to them as a charming literary license, it awakened an unpoetic response in their hearts. They made what they vulgarly termed a “Freshman night” of it. Namely, they hazed.

Now, readers, if you wish to peruse a sensational article on “Bryn Mawr Hazing,” stop reading this paragraph right where you are, and buy and read a Philadelphia Sunday paper next fall. I read one the second Sunday of last October. It said the hazing was growing much milder at Bryn Mawr. It pictured graphically how in 1904, Freshmen were taken out at night and left tied to trees in the Vaux woods. Do you believe this of 1907? I most emphatically do not. At any rate, most of the hazing to which we were subjected was of a milder sort and in one case I took an especial interest, because it happened in my hall. Corinne Blöse’s shoes vanished from her closet shelf!

But enough of this; the date of our play was approaching. In imitation of the upper classes, groups of Freshmen began to hang about the class-room doors. You could not squeeze in or out of a lecture-room without seeing three or four of us pulling down our belts as we conversed mysteriously and with a kind of conscious air, peculiar to those about to give a play.

The date, November 11th, came in due course with no disappointments to speak of. True, it was a

matter of doubt whether anyone but Sara Montenegro would remember her lines. It was equally uncertain whether the costumes would come from Van Horn's in time, and whether step ladders could be arranged so that the chorus might disappear behind the castle wall and appear again without breaking their necks. What of that? The audience were all coming.

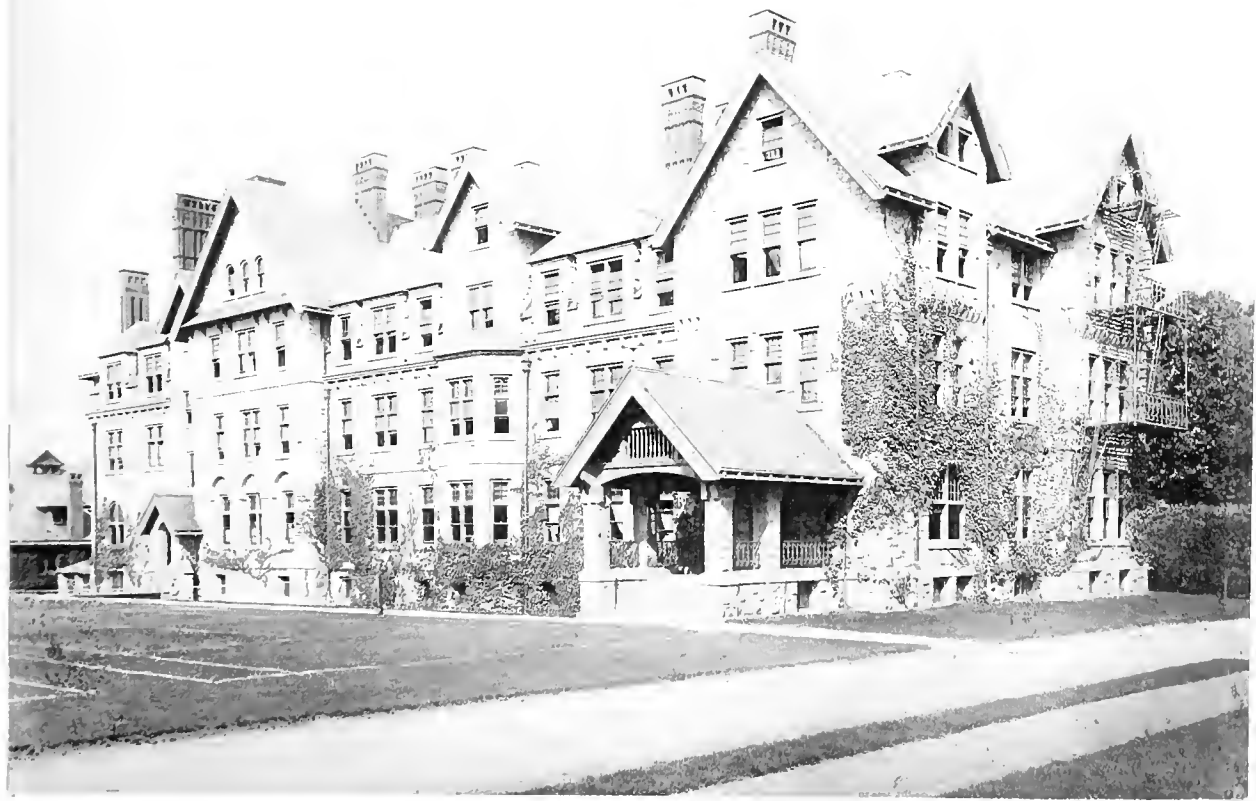
Every member of that audience came with a firm determination to have a good time, and everyone did. For this, thanks are due to their own state of mind, and to the songs that Claris Crane originated, and that the Princess A. B. (Elizabeth Stoddard), Heir of Ph. D. (Sara Montenegro), Prince Charming, Jr. (Patty Jenkins), Prince Knowitall (Harriet Spencer), Prince New (Joe Hartshorne), and others sang on the stage. Anne Rotan was encored again and again when she sang "I Arise from Dreams of Thee," and Helen Wilson's "Timid Little Thing" was hardly less popular. As for the jokes, they were as popular as the songs and even more plentiful, and came pouring out knocking each others heads so fast that one could hardly make the plot out—a great merit of this style of dramatics.

A few nights later we met in Denbigh and unanimously elected our chairman president. Cornelia Bruère was chosen secretary, and Harriet Murray, treasurer. The unanimity of this election was in reality merely the lull before the storm on a matter of much more importance to most of our sex—I will not say to most of our class—namely, dress. Indeed, I refrain from giving the details of a certain evening spent in the Radnor students' parlor, because so much feeling was aroused in deciding on our Gym suits.

We had each sufficiently recovered from our annoyance with the other eighty-six members of 1902, to be laughing when we started home for Xmas. We came laughing back after the vacation, expecting to continue our good time indefinitely. This illusion was rudely broken, one morning, when Miss Madison posted mid-year examination schedules on the Taylor bulletin board.

Mid-year exams! The idea seemed a fantastic one, and we looked at the board again with a firm determination not to be easily misled. No, we were right; the more we looked the more we were convinced of the accuracy of our previous impression. There was work written as legibly before us as if W-O-R-K were printed in huge red letters across the entire board. Out came the upper classmen's books. They red-inked first one page and then another, first one book and then another. Nor were we Freshmen to be outdone. We ran about in all directions, collecting bottles of red ink and note books galore, and spending much time planning studious coffee parties to meet late at night. Though we were not as concentrated and systematic and our results were not as good as those of the upper classmen, still, as we did it from the heart and enjoyed it more, I candidly confess I preferred our style of studying to theirs.

Successful or unsuccessful, when the next term began, we were able to demonstrate our lack of newness to the four half-breeds. We no longer arrived at our lectures the moment they were scheduled to begin. Freshman after Freshman entered the campus from one or other of the halls, and, looking up at Taylor



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L

clock, accelerated or decreased her rate of walking according to the time at which this or that lecture really began. We reached Dr. Lodge's classroom by twenty minutes past (nominally, our lectures still began at a quarter-past); but who now got to one of Dr. Andrews' lectures until it lacked but a minute of the half hour? Besides showing our superiority in this way, we gave the new members of our class a play in Merion parlor. They were so appreciative of "Ciceley's Cavalier," that we then and there stopped drawing distinctions between them and those who had been members of our class since October.

Our wisdom in dropping this distinction was shown when spring brought the greatest excitement of the year—basket-ball. They made as conspicuous flags and cheered as loudly as any of us. How we cheered, how we held our breath at critical moments, how happy we were when Elizabeth Lyon made the 'Varsity. Our captain, Helen Billmeyer, summed up 1902's past in the class games, at our supper on May 5th, when she said: "Since the score in the 00-02 game was 5 to 1, the Freshmen could not see why they hadn't won (one)."

Helen's response to the first toast on this occasion "set the ball rolling" most successfully. Anne Rotan was toast mistress; Grace spoke on "The Day's Work," and May Yeatts made us especially appreciate the advantages of being in Pembroke dining-room by giving in contrast a vivid picture of the Minor Latin class room. Cornelia Bruère flatly refused to respond, and Harriet Murray was not urged when she had explained that treasurers could only make speeches asking for money. So that between Helen's stories and Harriet's way of getting out of them, and May Yeatts' acting, everyone's good humor and the class's good listening, those inside the dining-room doors contrived to be very companionable. The outsiders felt as outsiders always do. They were indignant at being excluded. Anxious to know what was going on inside, they relieved their feeling by singing "The Princeton Tiger" to our tune of "Come, Cheer and Sing Together."

Soon a change once more crept over the spirits of Bryn Mawrters. A great deal of learning appeared to be going on if the number of students sitting on the campus with books in their laps afforded any test. Then, too, at night Elise and others abstracted their thoughts and themselves from ignorant matters, by the ingenious process of cutting dinner and smuggling olives and sandwiches into Taylor.

The final result of so much learning was that many went home, and sixteen were left to make '99's daisy chain. The day before commencement we picked daisies in the hot sun. When ten of us clambered out of the windows at four o'clock commencement morning, expecting to use those daisies, they had wilted! More daisies must be picked, and six Freshmen were missing. They were the six who slept in East. Nine of those on hand went to pick more daisies, while one went to Harriet Spencer's window. In a few minutes the ten reassembled. Nine had bunches of daisies, one had the report that Harriet had answered, "Yes, (yawn) right (yawn) a (yawn) way (yawn)."

the chain. Then, nine went to pick more daisies, and one to call Harriet. Again and again, this process was repeated, with the same result, until, somehow or other, the chain got done.

The day grew so hot that when it came time to form the commencement procession, at least ten of us felt like the wilted daisies we had picked the day before. But we must not miss '99's commencement exercises; so we stood meekly in line, in the broiling sun, for over an hour. At last, the procession began to move. It was a relief to be inside out of the baking heat, even if we were placed away back. The exercises began. Now, Dr. Edward Everett Hale was speaking. Those in front were laughing at jokes and applauding statements we could only half hear. The momentary relief we had felt at first getting into Taylor vanished. It was hot and close. We looked at each other. We looked at the stairs. We whispered a little. There was another burst of applause from those in front. One Freshman rose determinedly. Fifteen Freshmen followed quickly. Soon, sixteen absolutely happy and contented members of 1902 were eating ice-cream on the Pike, while the exercises that closed that happy, irresponsible year of our lives continued uninterruptedly in Taylor.

H. S. N., '02.





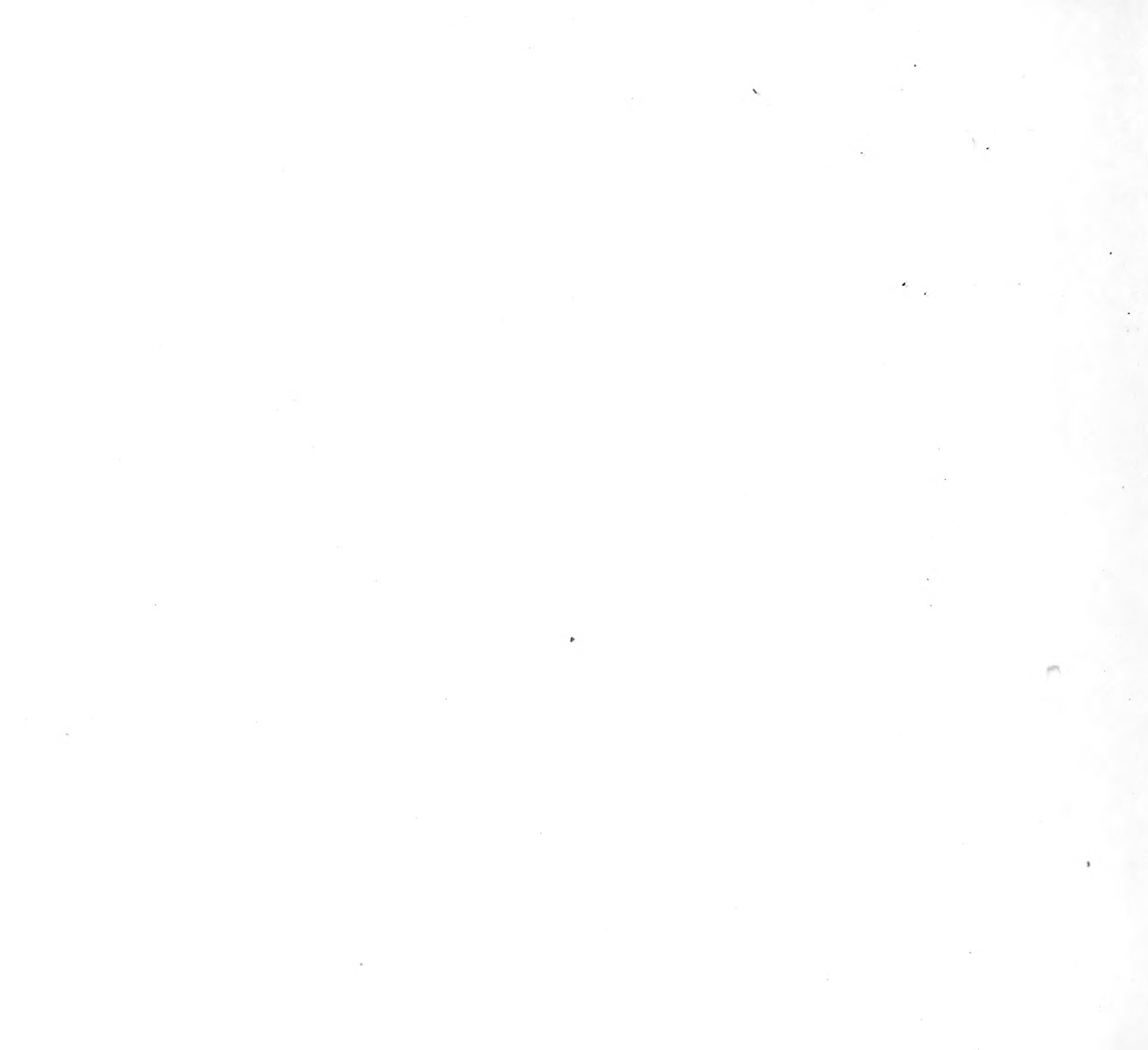






#### Freshman Types

We present to you here the portraits of three well-known members of the class of '02. They may be recognized at any time in Taylor, the gym, or on the campus, for the style of dressing the hair remains the same in spite of Bryn Mawr winds or critical Sophomores.



Sophomore Year

1899-1900

### CLASS OFFICERS.

*President*—GRACE DOUGLAS.

*Vice-President and Treasurer*—L. PAXTON BOYD.

*Secretary*—MARION C. BALCH.

### OFFICES HELD DURING THE YEAR.

#### UNDERGRADUATE ASSOCIATION.

*Assistant Treasurer*—ELISE M. GIGNOUX.

#### ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

*Treasurer*—HELEN M. BILLMEYER.

#### CHRISTIAN UNION.

*Secretary*—HELEN STEWART.

#### LANTERN.

*Treasurer*—LOUISE SCHOFF.

#### DE REBUS CLUB.

*Committee*—ALICE DAY.

#### PHILISTINE.

*Board of Editors*—ETHEL CLINTON.

*Business Manager*—ELIZABETH CONGDON.

*Asst. Business Manager*—GRACE DOUGLAS.

#### MONDAY DEBATING CLUB.

*President*—EDITH T. ORLADY.

*Secretary*—

*Treasurer*—H. JEAN CRAWFORD.





## Sophomore Year.

As I have been overhauling my Sophomore memories and *Philistines*, the remark of someone to the effect that Boston is not a place but a state of mind has occurred to me, again and again; and I have wished enviously that I could claim the witticism for my own, so that I might, without fear of plagiarism, make the statement that Sophomore Year was not a succession of events, but a mental condition. For it was not so much what we did in our second year of college that made it different from every other, as the sporty, bumptious, world-is-my-oyster spirit in which we did it.

With what enthusiasm we plunged into the giving of our play! I remember how we used to sit, even those of us who took no active part in it, cross-legged on the Gym floor or perched on bars and horses, through the long rehearsals, tingling with pride and delight. And the day after the actual performance—was there a Sophomore who did not have blistered hands and a raw throat? Even now, looking back at it from a five years' perspective, it appears to me a very charming bit of high romance; and I am sure the *Philistine's* praise was fully deserved.

"The class of 'nineteen hundred and two," says that judicial organ, "certainly deserves great congratulation. Their performance of last Friday evening was distinctly first-rate throughout, and furnished an adequate proof that even the most difficult of plays may be successfully staged at Bryn Mawr. 'The Adventure of Lady Ursula' is by no means an easy piece to act; nevertheless its many difficulties were successfully met and overcome by this ambitious class. The masterly way in which the problems of the Gymnasium stage were solved won the admiration of all who have ever been concerned in college theatricals, for it can truly be said that the whole performance was artistic and complete to the minutest detail.

"The occasions are certainly rare when a play has been given in which the parts have been so felicitously assigned. Miss Clinton as 'Lady Ursula' made a very winsome heroine. She looked her part to perfection, and her impersonation was throughout charming and naive. Miss Rotan's graceful and finished rendering of the hero's rôle was an unqualified triumph. In a long and difficult part she sustained a high level of acting, and, unlike most amateurs, was able to cut an important figure without ranting and overacting. Her costumes, too, showed the best of taste, and were both artistic and appropriate. In the humorous parts of the piece, Miss Yeatts as 'Mr. Dent' made a decided hit, and Miss Spencer as 'the Rev. Mr. Blimboe' fairly brought down the house. In fact, there was not a name on the program that does not deserve mention and praise, and the greatest credit of all is, perhaps, due to Miss Douglas, whose excellent management made the play go off smoothly from beginning to end without hitch or pause."

It was not until the sixth of November that the Freshmen's caps and gowns came, and we could give them their lanterns. Of that time-honored ceremony, I confess my recollections are sketchy. I remember that the words of the Greek hymn were almost impossible to learn, and the tune quite so, for myself at any rate; that the lanterns were uncommonly pretty, with dull green shades set in heavy iron framework; and that the night was very cold, and so dark we nearly lost the Freshmen who were waiting for us somewhere between Denbigh and Taylor. When we finally discovered them, we thrust our lanterns upon them as quickly as possible and scurried back to Pembroke Arch, where the upper classes had already assembled; and there, our protégés quite forgotten as they stumbled through the halls with their lights, we sang, "Here's to" everything in the college world, beginning, of course, with,

"Here's to the Dean,  
Is it bin or is it been?"

We had not yet exhausted the innumerable variations which can be wrought upon that couplet whose infinite variety time can never wither nor custom stale, when the Freshmen reappeared, and we nudged them into parting with their dear caps, while we sang, "Gracious Inspiration;" and then we all dispersed to our rooms.

But not, let me hasten to add, to study or to sleep. Far from it; for then followed the last of the cap and gown nights. It was, I remember, in a spirit of lofty altruism that the boldest of us started out on the night's campaign, undaunted by the warning cry of "No personal violence." Not for our own amusement did we relinquish sleep and study, but because "the Freshmen would never sufficiently value their academic costume if they did not have to guard it first," because "a little hazing of this sort did more to promote good-fellowship than a dozen teas," and because "we had never ceased to regret the neglect we suffered in this respect in our Freshman days." I am afraid 1903 never appreciated the favors we showered upon them that night. They were such guileless creatures in those early days. They did not know that the key of every bureau drawer in Merion was cast in the same mould; or that even a drawer with an individual lock may be easily rifled by pulling out the drawer above; or that the trick of hiding a gown in a couch pillow is as old as the corner-stone of Taylor. And with the rediscovery of each old trick, the pile of loot in the room which served as citadel grew, so that when morning came we marched out with arms laden. Then other Sophomores from Denbigh and Pembroke added their plunder to ours, and we strung them about the campus in front of Taylor with triumphant glee. And I know not which added most to our final hilarity, the disdainful airs of the Juniors, who even in Sophomore days had scorned such pranks, as they entered Taylor all gownless, or the aggrieved looks of the Freshmen as they filed by in gowns whose rents and tatters bore witness to three years' servitude.







But the Freshmen were forgiving, as is witnessed by their play, than which a more charming one never delighted Sophomore. Of the plot of "The Quest of the Lantern" my knowledge, at this late date, is hazy. I suspect it always was so, even on the night of its presentation. But there were some good rollicking choruses which still sing in my mind, and it was all very pretty and very gay, which is the most that is desired of a Freshman play. On the whole, I find the *Philistine's* memory better than mine.

"The most striking feature of this charming play," he says, "was the dash and vigor with which it was conducted—a dash that never flagged, and a vigor that seemed, and doubtless was, the result of genuine enjoyment and good will.

"Miss Phillips' Mephistopheles was one of the gracefulest bits of acting and singing we have seen at Bryn Mawr; the choruses were excellently trained, and the stage effects really wonderful.

"We are a little dubious as to the ethical accuracy of the play; for instance, we are inclined to smile whenever we recollect 1901's face when that honorable body beheld itself represented as a very guileless angel. We felt our brains rotate dizzily in our attempt to follow the flight of the Bryn Mawr Freshman through Hades and Greece and under the depths of the sea. But, perish the critic! We loved the play; and we thank its authors and managers and the jovial class of 1903."

I think we all found the presentation of Miss Thomas' portrait an impressive ceremony. We were, as a class, still at that primitive stage of our development when we gloried in cutting lectures and shirking English reading. But as, one after another, the women, alumnae and upperclassmen, whom we knew as the finest products of our Alma Mater, told us what Bryn Mawr and its president had meant to them, we gained a new knowledge of the value of our work there and a deeper insight into the spirit which moulded it.

The long winter weeks of this year held little that distinguished them from other years. There were, of course, the examinations, when the midnight coffee pot and the flunk note were less in evidence than they had been the year before.

About this time the College Omnibus, source of many jokes, made its appearance.

"Behold the Bryn Mawr omnibus,  
Its load of maidens inside;  
Those damsels on the roof who ride,  
And those who trudge along outside:  
If this shall guard, how safe we'll be  
Returning from the Symphony;  
Without such kind protection here  
We'd all be kidnapped soon, I fear."

And Bacchus, the frivolous, the indomitable, spirit incarnate of Sophomoredom, took possession of the campus.

“There was a young canine named Bacchus,  
Whose yelps in exams do much wracchus;  
He’s clever at tricks,  
He’ll run after sticks,  
And his diet is dew and cow cracchus.”

Early in the spring preparations for the May Day Fête began. First, crowded and enthusiastic undergraduate meetings in Merion Students’ Parlor; then, distracted members of committees rushing about, distributing a dizzying variety of parts. I was in turn a peasant boy, a dairy maid, a nymph and a cook, before I finally ended as Pluto. Then, into this chaos came The Man. I don’t know his name. I doubt if anyone ever knew it. He was simply The Man, the only one of his kind. He reasoned, explained, argued, raged, stormed, laughed—I suspect in secret he wept—while there revolved about him an endless and varied succession of rehearsals.

For an account of the great day itself I must quote a higher authority. The *Philistine* says, in giving a few weeks before a sketch of the plans later carried out: “To begin with, the halls will be streaming with banners; and on the green, in front of Merion, will be erected four May-poles, crowned with garlands. At three o’clock the pageant starts through Pembroke Arch, marshalled by heralds, two from each class who are clad in white and gold, and bear trumpets. Behind follow the three hundred revellers, undergraduates, graduates and alumnae, who are to participate in the games of the day. Drawn by oxen whose horns are festooned with flowers, is the May-pole, which these revellers have cut down in the early morning and are dragging from the woods strewn with boughs. Robin Hood is a prominent figure of the pageant, dressed in Lincoln green. Beside him, Maid Marian rides on horseback. Little John follows, and Will Scarlet, with Friar Tuck and Allan-a-Dale. Behind come the bands of foresters and the trained archers; then the shepherds, the milkmaids, the Morris-dancers with bells, the peddlers, cobblers, ballad-mongers, even the scholars, who do not disdain to watch if they may not participate in the revels.

“The pageant files down the road to the May-pole green, and, with cheers and singing, plant their May-pole wound with wreaths. Then the dancers take their stand at the four other poles, twenty-four at each; and, while the whole assembly sing a May-song, they weave the streamers about the poles.

“Then the programs of the classes follow. Three events take place at the same time in different parts of the campus, and each event is held twice during the afternoon that the audience may miss as little as possible. The heralds separate the crowds to different points of interest, where huge posters display what is going on.





“While not performing the different actors will wander about with the crowd. The students who have no particular part will become ballad-mongers, peddlers, cobblers, or scholars. The ballad-mongers will carry bundles of show bills, and distribute them to the crowd.

“At six o'clock the events conclude with a final dance of the milkmaids; and supper is served of old English dishes in old English fashion.”

My own impressions are that, after the opening procession, there were short periods of calm when one could compose one's draperies with Plutonian majesty and pose under the cherry tree with other stately figures, a few of whom recited long musical speeches of no particular meaning. Then, suddenly, these blessed periods would be broken in upon by the clanging of Taylor bell, when all the gods and goddesses, grasping at their fluttering togas, would race pell-mell, in most ungodlike fashion to a distant part of the campus, encountering on the way lords, knights, ladies, archers, hobby-horses, bleating sheep, and what not, all chasing just as frantically in different directions. I was obliged to hop on one foot during these races, as one sandal would not stay on, but it was a compensation to read in a Philadelphia paper next morning that “the classical costumes gave a firm note and an unconsciously needed relief to the scene.” There were fat, slow-moving ladies carrying camp stools, who had to be dodged during the periods of confusion, and during the periods of rest a sea of faces before us; and that is all I remember of “the *crème de la crème* of Quaker Society,” who came in such crowds to see us. And, at the end, when darkness, fatigue and hunger overcame one, there were some large, round, solid things called “cart wheels” to gnaw upon. The *crème de la crème* had eaten up everything else. But they had left \$6000 behind them, and what did anything else matter?

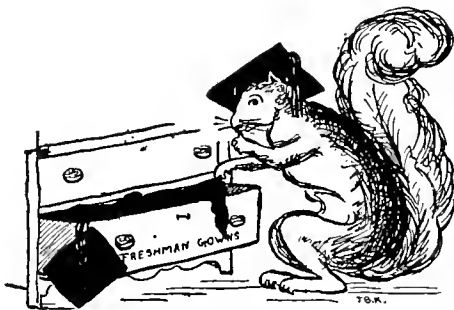
The Class Supper I know of only at second-hand, for I was one of the victims of the measles epidemic; but I suspect it was not the most joyous one in our class history. Even Sophomore spirits could hardly rise completely superior to the dread that one was coming down with measles the next day, or else that one's neighbor was, making her hardly a safe or cheerful companion. But perhaps this is sour grapes on my part. The toasts I have heard were good. It is not a poor joke that the laughter lingers in for five years, and I can still laugh at the mention, among other “College Animals” of “the little one that goes hoppin' about the campus, looking at the girls and enjoying itself.” And, doubtless, the pink lemonade was as exhilarating, and the good old songs as rollicking on this as on any other occasion.

But by commencement the fates were smiling upon us again, and the College Breakfast was one of the triumphs of our career. The whole class worked as it never had before, carrying great bundles of greens all the way from Dove's Mills to bank the Gymnasium. We were all either too tired or too hard up to go to the breakfast ourselves, but as the rumor got about that we stayed away to leave plenty of room for our guests, even this only added to our glory, and we hung over the Gym balcony and watched

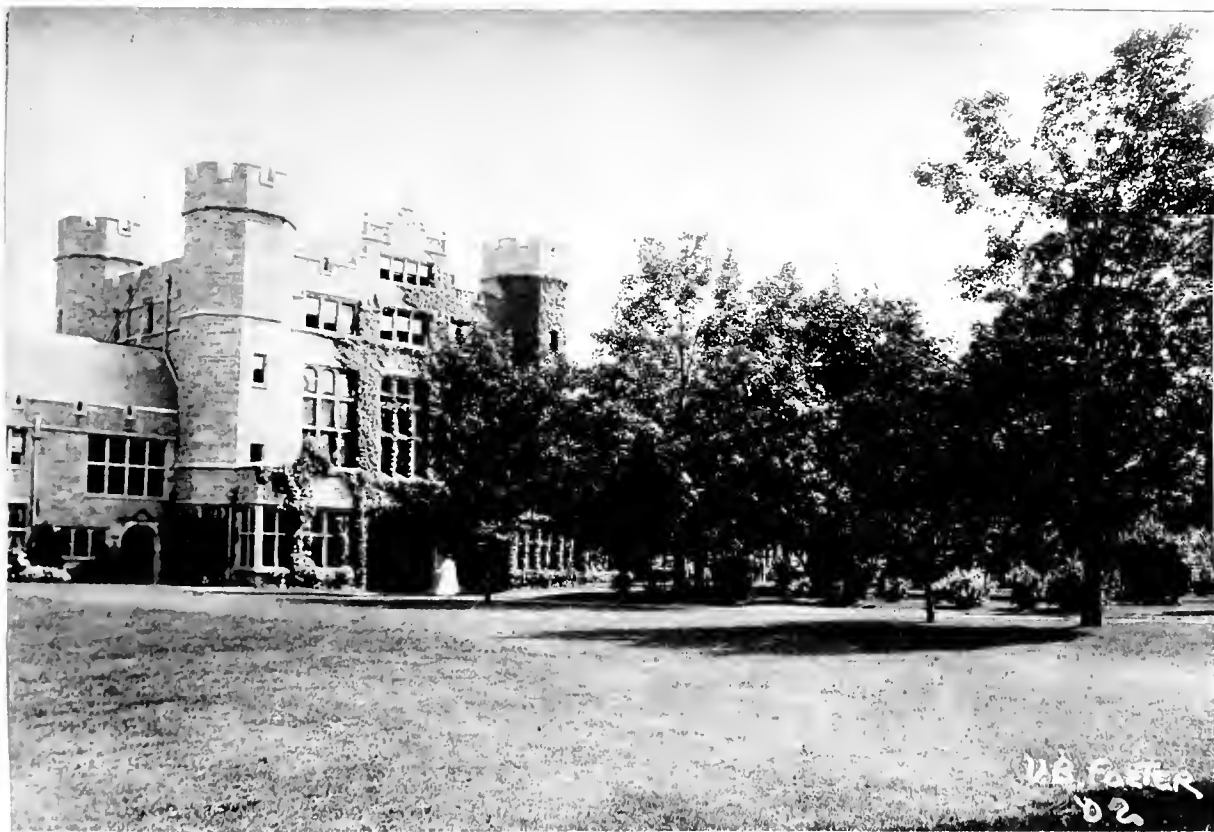
the feast with unqualified delight, while Grace Douglas, our president, and the toast mistress did the honors for the class.

For the commencement itself, there were, of course, endless laurel chains to be made—chains at which we worked from daybreak until dark, and kept green by putting them at night secretly in the Merion bath tubs, locking the doors upon them, and then climbing out ourselves over the tops of the partitions. The chapel was really beautiful when the decorating was done, and the ceremony, marshaled by Douglas, Rotan, Lyon, Congdon, Jenkins, Crawford, Boyd, Or lady, Stoddard, Plunkett, Spencer, Cragin and Clinton, went off as smoothly as could be desired. And then we all scattered for the long vacation, feeling that to be a Sophomore was to be “the very button on the cap of fortune.”

F. W. C., '02.









## The Peterkins at a Basket-Ball Game.

Mr. and Mrs. Peterkin, having heard of the famous Bryn Mawr Basket-ball, thought it would be an education for Elizabeth Eliza, Solomon John, Agamemnon and the little boys to see a game. So after much deliberation they proceeded to Broad Street Station, where Mr. Peterkin, hearing that it was cheaper, purchased a hundred-trip ticket. (There was no telling how many games he might like to go to.) But great was their consternation when they learned from the conductor that, though they had a hundred trips only one person could ride. Having arrived at Bryn Mawr, they sedately walked two and two, Agamemnon being left over, down to the Athletic Field. Mrs. Peterkin was clutching a bottle of lemon-juice mixed with sugar. It might be very useful in case they were thirsty. Mr. Peterkin was rather disgusted because there were no chairs. But fortunately the little boys were warm and took off their coats, so Mrs. Peterkin was not forced to sit upon the bare ground.

Mr. and Mrs. Peterkin did not appear much interested in the game, but spent their time conversing and congratulating themselves on the fact that Elizabeth Eliza did not have new-fangled ideas about a college education. Elizabeth Eliza was glad she didn't play. (The suits were so unbecoming.) Agamemnon and Solomon John, always anxious to improve their minds, but not having been introduced to any of the girls, followed the referee about all during the game and strove to learn the fine points of the play by aptly placed questions. (How stupid that they should have forgotten to provide themselves with handbooks on basket-ball.) The little boys, in their new India-rubber boots, were in their element, and both astonished and delighted their mother by their unusual politeness in getting the ball and handing it to the different players.

At the end of the game, the Lady from Philadelphia joined them, and Mrs. Peterkin remarked wearily to her: "It does seem a pity that they don't take the trouble to sew up that bag so that they wouldn't have the trouble of putting the ball in all over again." It took the Lady from Philadelphia some time to explain that the score had been 6 to 0.

H. J. C., '02  
R. A., '03.



Junior Year

1900-1901

## CLASS OFFICERS.

*President*—ELIZABETH CONGDON.

*Vice-President and Treasurer*—ETHEL CLINTON.

*Secretary*—MARION H. HAINES.

## OFFICES HELD DURING THE YEAR.

### STUDENTS' ASSO. FOR SELF-GOVERNMENT.

*Executive Board*—ELIZABETH F. STODDARD.

ELINOR DODGE.

*Secretary*—ELIZABETH CONGDON.

### UNDERGRADUATE ASSOCIATION.

*Secretary*—ELIZABETH CONGDON.

*Treasurer*—EDITH T. ORLADY.

### ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

*Secretary*—ELIZABETH T. LYON.

*Outdoor Manager*—HELEN M. BILLMEYER.

### CHRISTIAN UNION.

*President*—HELEN STEWART.

*Treasurer*—FRANCES D. ALLEN.

### LANTERN.

*Editorial Board*—GRACE DOUGLAS.

*Business Manager*—H. JEAN CRAWFORD.

*Treasurer*—LOUISE SCHOFF.

### DE REBUS CLUB.

*Committee*—ALICE H. DAY.

ELIZABETH F. STODDARD.

EDITH T. ORLADY.

### MUSIC COMMITTEE.

*Treasurer*—ELEANOR D. WOOD.

### COLLEGE SETTLEMENT CHAPTER.

*Chairman Committee on Saturday Morning Games*—

CORNELIA S. CAMPBELL.

### PHILISTINE.

*Board of Editors*—H. JEAN CRAWFORD.

ELEANOR D. WOOD.

*Business Manger*—ELIZABETH CONGDON.

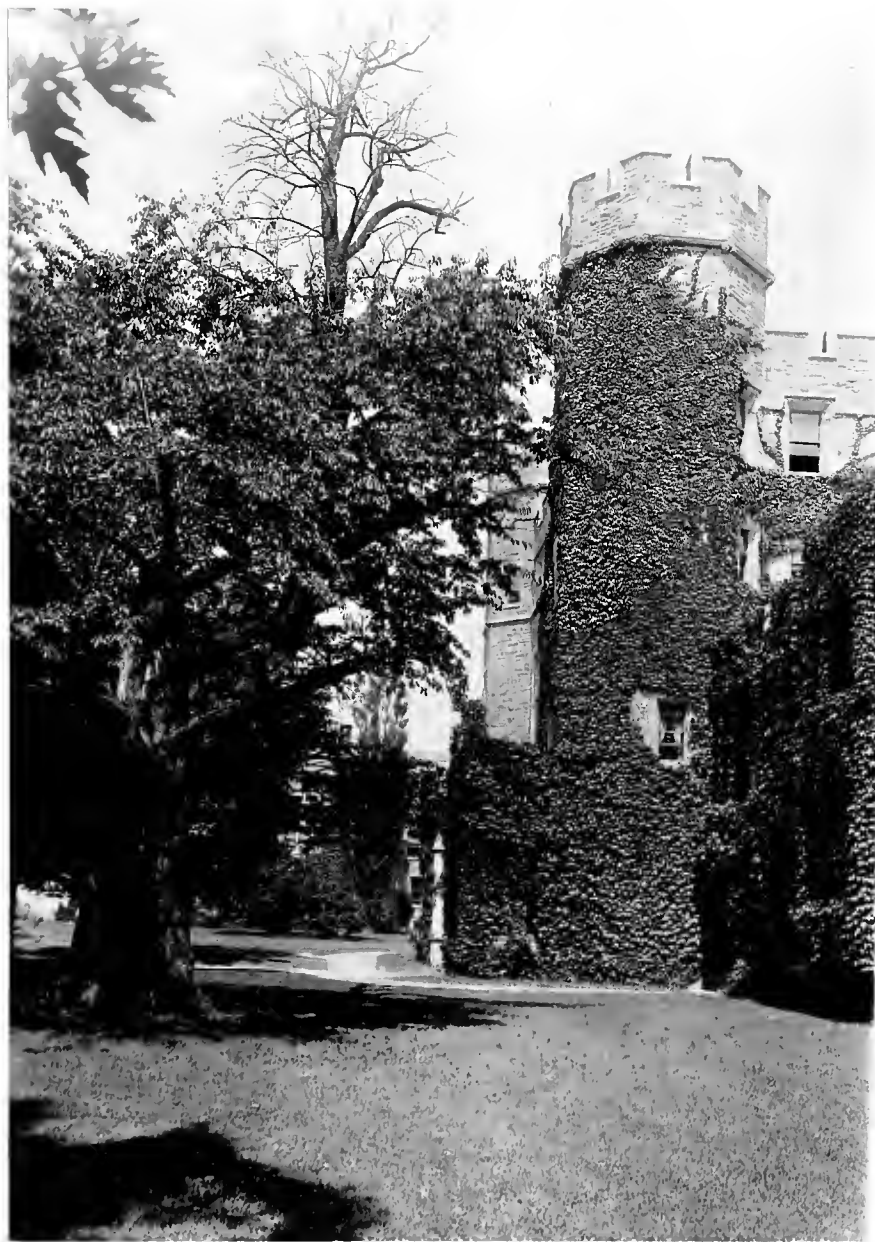
*Asst. Business Manager*—HELEN STEWART.

### MONDAY DEBATING CLUB.

*President*—EDITH TOTTEN.

*Secretary*—ELIZABETH PLUNKETT.

*Treasurer*—LOUISE SCHOFF.







## Junior Year.

Years ago there used to travel through Scotland a "half-penny peep-show" called "A' the World in a Box" in which "all the world was represented by Joseph and his Brethren (with pit and coat) the Bombardment of Copenhagen, the Battle of the Nile, Daniel in the Den of the Lions and Mount Etna in eruption."

However satisfying a revelation of world's wonders this ingenious collection may have seemed to ignorant villagers, I am afraid their better informed neighbors must have found it a thought inadequate to the promise of its advertisement and have been obliged to draw freely upon imagination and sense of humor if they would have a complete entertainment. But it was a merry audacity that prompted the too comprehensive name, and it won no doubt much amused indulgence. Having been set to write the "history of our Junior Year in 2600 words," I am going, like old Gubbins the Showman, to rely on the merry audacity of my purpose to carry me through criticism. Be indulgent, I beg of you, help me all you can with imagination and sense of humor and your own memories.

The very beginning of the year is vague in my recollection—faint impressions half obliterated. But I do not forget the pleasant sense of acquaintance with which we met one another, the comfortable air of assurance and ownership with which we went about the campus, the prosaic not unwelcome familiarity that note-books and lecture-rooms had for us. We were settled and sober now, responsible elders, worthy examples to lower classmen.

Were we indeed? Truly I hope that all in all we did our rank credit, but there is no denying we had our lapses from dignity. There were times—I well remember the Junior Carnival for instance, when we littered confetti from the Gym to Pembroke, not altogether from a sense of duty. And I have known penny trumpets less lusty in the hands of willing ten-year-old boys. My own trumpet was a poor thing that gurgled when it should have blared and made me spend lavish amounts of breath for very poor returns. But I had an adorable toy to console me—I never knew its name or purpose—a tasteful trinket done gorgeously in rainbow hues, with ribbons dangling unexpectedly. I was in the nursery again as I played with it; and I cannot remember to have observed the rebuke of a more sedate bearing in any classmate. Certainly my companion in the disorderly march (the secret of her identity shall go with me to the grave) conducted herself a thousand times more indiscreetly than I—decked out as Folly, and acting the part to perfection. As to what our guests the Freshmen might be thinking of us, I am afraid we were too entirely in Carnival mood to consider that point nicely.

It was in our Junior year, on the third of November—I am hurrying now very business-like to my chronicle—that the Bryn Mawr Basket-ball team and the Barnard team met and played their famous match game. For weeks before, we had been quite a roused and enthusiastic “student-body.” We had always, to be sure, when we saw the necessity, “admirable *esprit de corps*,” to adopt the phrase of a *Philistine* editorial. Preluding the Barnard game there had been many a class-meeting and gathering in the Gym with appropriate cheers and songs as their objective point. We must make a good showing before the strangers. I believe we did.

The *Philistine* gives an account of the Barnard dinner which but for the *Philistine*, I should have forgotten, since I had not the good fortune to be present. However, the *Philistine* unaided is sufficiently vivid.

“The Gymnasium was decked with blue and white to do honor to the guests from Barnard. . . . . The tables were arranged in a hollow square with a mass of chrysanthemums in the centre between them.” Probably quite a ravishing effect; the Gym was capable of amazing transformations if eyes would but be blind to over-head pulleys and dumb-bells along the walls, skeletons that had not the decency to hide in closets. “The gallery was adorned with a row of heads”—what were the censors about, I wonder, to let that bloody phrase pass? Outsiders not realizing our perfect harmlessness, as outsiders, if you recall, certainly did not on occasion, would think us in the midst of a reign of terror; but let us cheerfully hope that the various diligent readers of the *Philistine* in the various parts of the globe for once skipped over a passage.

We all know how the dinner progressed. Every one of us just here has a rush of agreeable memories concerning luncheons and dinners in the Gym. “In the pause which followed the soup course, Miss Kidder gave a skirt-dance, hoping that the audience could not hear the creaking of the board which accompanied every step.” Toasts were drunk in “cider”—why not pink lemonade as usual? Was the reporter keeping quite strictly to truth here, or did she indulge in a flight of imagination with a Bacchanalian wish father to the thought? I cannot repress the suspicion.

“We sang *Manus Bryn Mawrensium* and *Pallas Athene* displaying an unwonted knowledge of the words.” Clearly, the writer of this article is a kind of traitor, not of our class. Perhaps indeed a few of us were somewhat given to vague mumblings over our songs and a too docile reliance on the lungs of the leader, but why put the fact into print for the world to read it?

“The conversation was growing more and more animated when it was suddenly hushed by the opening strains of the *Pickanniny Song* and Miss Montague appeared on the back of the stage got up in a perfect darky costume.” . . . . We have all on occasion heard those opening strains and applauded the college pickanniny. For my part, I never enjoyed a professional half so much. “After the coffee was





brought on, Miss Wood as Pierrette gave her dainty *pas seul*"—which *we* claim, and I forbear to remark upon it because modesty forbids that we praise our own. "Finally Miss Miller was persuaded to sing, and memories of May Day and Allan-a-Dale crowded back upon us as we listened to Islington." Oh, the memories indeed—the most delightful and the quaintest reminiscences, too many to put into words, and belonging properly besides, I must remind myself, to a fellow historian.—"We pushed back the tables" (they were the athletes of our ranks, you remember) "and danced, ending with a gay Virginia Reel. It concluded perilously near to half-past ten."—Some of us may in the last year or two have carried latch-keys, have tasted genuine independence, have forgotten the gentle surveillance of self-government and the tyranny of half-past ten. If so, they had better brave the present body of critical undergraduates and return to Bryn Mawr for a little visit which may serve to remind them of many things, among others half-past ten.

The intercollegiate game took place in the Gymnasium the morning after the dinner. That was an occasion when the college might pardonably swell with pride. It is fair to say that our team was magnificent. Backs, Cragin, McCormick; centre, Miller; forwards, Sinclair, Emmons—a magical combination not to be forgotten.

The score at the close of the game was greeted almost coolly by the college—22-0. We had been surfeited with success. However we cheered our new college cheer many times over:

ἄνασσα κατακαλῶ κυλή,  
ιά, ιά, ιά, νίκη,

Bryn Mawr, Bryn Mawr, Bryn Mawr;

and sang our new college song with the enthusiasm of sincerity. The words ring in my ears now. I hope for the fulfillment of the prophecy—

"The years will pass away and we'll all come back again,  
Come back from near and far;  
And shoulder to shoulder we'll shout the glad refrain  
To the glory of Bryn Mawr."

After the Barnard game, the months flowed with an undisturbed current and might so have flowed to the end of the year but that the elements favored us with a distinction. How gladly Miss Scott sacrificed herself to create a ripple on the too calm surface of our student life I am not prepared to say, but I am very certain of our gratitude.

It was a chill windy day in February admirably suited to a cheerful blaze—but no, it is an ungenerous spirit in me—let me sacrifice this unequalled chance for a sensational description and quote from the eloquent, accurate, poetical, humorous, ironic, masculine *Philadelphia Press*:

“A little later than half-past twelve on the morning of the twenty-seventh a whistle blown with startling significance turned all of Bryn Mawr’s gentle womanhood out into the air with a single-minded purpose” . . . . . “The long low dormitories with their Gothic walls, in sleepy repose against the sky, made a picture as peaceful as a village church.” Pretty, unique comparison. I defy Descriptive English at its palmiest to show a lovelier bit. “In an instant all was changed. The chief of the Bryn Mawr College Fire Brigade, trumpet in hand, cried, ‘Hurry, girls! or we may be too late!’ ” Gloriously vivid and realistic. “Then the army of fluttering skirts sped at flying pace in a wild scamper across the wind-swept fields, laid bare by the frosty clasp of winter.”—A figure there for you! Cf. Shelley in the *Sensitive Plant*.—“To a little frame cottage nearly half a mile from the main buildings” . . . . .

I was unlucky; while the army of fluttering skirts was speeding at flying pace across the wind-swept fields, I was sitting with the rest of the Latin Class under the stern eye of a professor who didn’t understand, for whom the whistle had, alas! no startling significance. It was then I realized fully the importance of getting off Minor Latin before one’s Junior Year. Conning my page of Livy seemingly student-wise I sat through a painful eternity of suspense, feeling as never before the classical aloofness of Hannibal and his musty glories, my thoughts concerned with a more modern disaster than the panic of the elephants when they were led upon the quivering rafts and felt the ground suddenly uncertain beneath their feet. It has been three years since I saw a Livy; I may not be quoting with the perfect accuracy that I was capable of in the finals of 1901.

The Philadelphia papers will recall to you what I sacrificed on the morning of the twenty-seventh of February to some half-dozen elephants two thousand or more years old. “The Campus was made a kaleidoscope by small groups of rosy-cheeked maidens who played tag with the long lines of hose” . . . . . “Like fleet gazelles, the fair fire-fighters clad in dainty costumes dashed into the house just in time to save the professor and his family calmly eating luncheon.”—I would cheerfully have given all my Latin lore to see the wonder.—“‘Your house is on fire!’ shouted the Captain”—who speaks, in the reporter’s version, always extremely to the point, you observe. “The professor looked more puzzled than alarmed,” (the reporter’s conception of academic superiority) “but was dragged out and shown the flames coming from the upper windows. Then he was convinced.” Comment unnecessary. “The rank and file of Bryn Mawr’s fire-lassies, some of them with millionaires for papas, engaged in the work with vim. . . . . Cooler than cucumbers, the fire-women rushed valiantly into the burning house and threw trunks in every direction.” . . . . . “The courageous little women, blistering their pink fingers, succeeded in subduing their







stubborn enemy. Wet but glorious, the brigade . . . . . received with demure modesty the congratulations which the residents of the fashionable suburb showered upon them, for having proved themselves brave and heroic in time of danger." . . . . . "Then strolling across the wide lawn as nonchalantly as if they had been to a dance, they returned to the dormitories to change their shoes and to do up their hair."

From all of which one learns mainly this—that in Philadelphia at least reporting upon a girls' college is considered work for the humorist.

Conceive of the historian Gibbon or another of his master-kind at my task—he would linger luxuriously over Dr. Scott's fire through full three volumes. But how is one in my case to follow illustrious examples?—when one is under orders and the demand is for a dish of mental breakfast-food compounded of not more than 2600 words. I must get promptly forward, every day in the slighted interval harmoniously protesting with a choir of reminiscences, to the Junior-Senior Supper.

But here I am at a loss. To repeat what none of us can have forgotten in a single detail is presumptuous though thanks to the theme it may not be wearisome. There are left of the dead fires of the past always a few wonderful embers that glow undimmed to the end. Perhaps some sentiment unconfessed to ourselves "fans with silent wing," keeping the spark alive, perhaps youth jealous of its essence preserves some portions in lambent flames to mock time. The receiving of the class lanterns in our Freshman Year, the giving them when we were Sophomores, the Junior-Senior Supper at which we were hosts, pre-eminently that at which we were guests, the simple traditional ceremonies closing the Garden Party—these are the college celebrations, solemn under their cover of gaiety, that have had for all of us more than a passing significance.

I cannot find it in my heart to jest about the Junior-Senior Supper, but I shall try to do the equivalent, quoting light jottings from the *Philistine* who here as everywhere lives up to his part of frivolity.

"The two classes assembled in Merion and marched to the cheering strains of 'Come, Classmates All,' to the Gym where they were greeted with all the beauties that nature and science can contribute to dazzle the twentieth century eye. In addition to nature, fancy electric lights in the Gym! . . . . . Wires were stretched across from balcony to balcony forming a roof from which Japanese lanterns, lighted by electric bulbs hung . . . . . The three long parallel tables were charmingly decorated with stands of American Beauty roses and with fern leaves spread on the cloth, and candelabra with pink shades shed a soft light."—I see it all again very plainly. "Miss Congdon arose and proposed a toast to 1901 in which she discussed class spirit as the seed of college spirit . . . . . Miss Reilly responded to the toast by proposing a toast to 1902. Then we cheered our college and ourselves. . . . ."

"Miss Miller charmed us by singing the college favorite, 'The Bailiff's Daughter,' Miss Clinton in an admirably dramatic way rendered 'The Old-Fashioned Dipper,' while Miss Ream lent voice and frame

to heartrending 'Santa Lucia;' Miss Cross favored and edified us with the moral song of the 'wee pigs,' and Miss Plunkett delighted us with 'Arcady.'" Dear! dear! how it brings back the Past, a melodious past thrilling with the music of the Orpheus Club. Some day we must gather again on the long window-seat in Pembroke West to sing, "The Old-Fashioned Dipper," and the song of the pigs, and "Arcady," and "The Goups," and "General Grant," and the hundred and one other numbers of our full and unique and oddly unpopular repertory.

"Presently a tinkle was heard"—the Orpheus Club was an unpardonable digression from my history which I hope no one will have observed—"and the curtains were pulled aside, discovering MM. Beaucaire and the Duke of Winterset at cards." To let memory do its work here unrestrained would be madness. The committee meetings, the inspiration and decision, the subsequent polite almost obsequious but determined opposition, the feud barely averted, the dramatizing finally of *Monsieur Beaucaire*, the rehearsals and costuming! I pass resolutely by the most tempting fund of anecdote and gossip since the days of Pepys and Evelyn and simply record the cast without comment, though comment riots in my mind.

Monsieur Beaucaire	.....	Anne Rotan
Duke of Winterset	.....	Alice H. Day
Mr. Molyneux	.....	Caroline E. McManus
Sir Hugh Guilford	.....	Jean B. Clark
Duc de Mirepoix	.....	Ethel Clinton
Henri of Beaujolais	.....	Elizabeth T. Lyon
Jean	} Servants of Beaucaire.....	{ Jane H. Cragin
Francois		
Whiffen	} " " Winterset.....	{ Elise M. Gignoux
Henry		
Lady Rellerton	.....	Kate I. Du Val
Lady Mary Carlisle	.....	Grace Douglas

And the play, having an infallible star cast ended in a thunder of applause; and the loving-cup was passed and "Auld Lang Syne" sung, and we returned to our halls sobered and one or two of the more susceptible of us in tears.

The gravity that a gay livery may hide had abruptly disclosed itself to us. We were brought to somewhat grim reflection. Years before we had looked up to a mountain peak and fancied it radiant in glory; now we could view at close range the enviable summit and we saw the glory pale through a

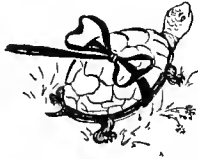




chill mist. The mist dipped down and touched us, and we would have shrunk back if we could to a lower zone of no regrets. We had long anticipated in prospective triumph the day when we should receive the guarded privileges of Seniors, but the day, come at last, found us with our sense of triumph tempered by reluctance. We stood on the steps of Taylor and sang our new class-song conceived in pride, and we were not wrapped in the expected mantle of self-complacency. We took from 1901 the coveted charge of the silver lantern and knew ourselves Seniors in power and responsibility; but achievement had been strangely robbed of its recompense of satisfaction.

We were realizing, a little late perhaps, that our Junior Year had been a golden mean, the state of purest satisfaction.—But we had entered Bryn Mawr in the name of progress.

S. M., '02.



## The 1902 Alphabet.

A's for Alumnae, which soon they  
will be,  
When they've traveled the road  
that leads up to A. B.



B's for the prodigy, Baby Bill-  
meyer,  
Though others are bigger, their  
marks are not higher.



C stands for Congdon, sur-  
rounded by beaux,  
She Phil's the bill always, as  
everyone knows.



D is for Douglas—"tender and  
true,"  
Stage manager, Editor, Presi-  
dent, too.

E's for Elise. She declares she  
hates men—  
Yet she's seen with C. Cibber  
again and again.



F's for "Our Freshmen," who  
never have blundered,  
The pride of their guardians, old-  
1900.

G's for the festive and swell  
Garden Party,  
Where ladies and gents go, and  
eat very hearty.



H is for Hockey—at last it is  
here,  
It was talked of and longed for,  
for many a year.



I's there are none, that we're able  
to find,  
We therefore conclude that the  
class must be blind.



J is for Jeanie, worshiped by all,  
The pride of the class when she  
plays basket ball.



K is for Kieffer, whose versatile  
pen  
Has given us posters again and  
again.

L is for Lyon, who lived in the  
flat  
With Lucie and Pattie—the fire  
changed all that.



M's for McManus, whose little  
pet pup  
Made affliction and Trial, and  
lastly broke up.

N stands for Nichols, phenome-  
nal maid,  
Who wrote out in French what  
in English was said.



O's for the Orals in which *savoir  
faire*  
Is important unless you would  
show your brain *leer*.



P is for Paxton of ethical mind,  
The source of her soul she is  
anxious to find.



Q is the Question (you know  
what is meant)  
Which will only be asked of the  
17 per cent.



R is for rollicking A. S. Rotan,  
Who argues a case quite as well  
as a man.



S stands for Seth, who took a  
rest cure  
In the gym, when her classmates  
she could not endure.



T stands for Toddy, a confidante  
nice,  
Who listens to secrets and gives  
sage advice.



U's the Uncertainty whether  
they'll pass,



V's the Vacation the fire gave  
the class.



W stands for Miss Wood, as you  
see,  
A most charming hostess for  
afternoon tea.

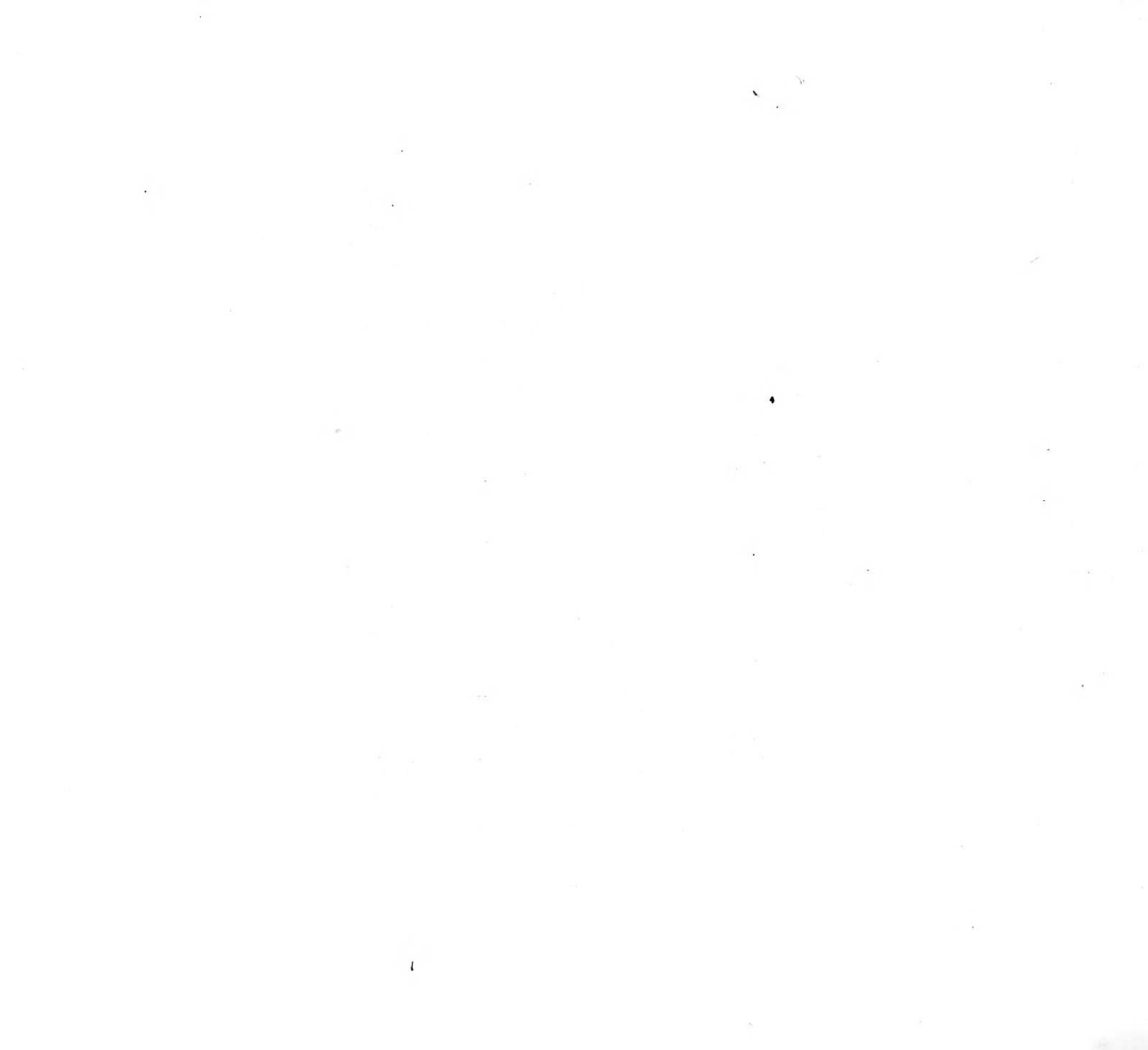


X is Xcel to the greatest Xcess,  
Which this class always does,  
and we wish it success.



Y is for Yates, who from col-  
lege has fled.  
Z's Zeus in Taylor (who long  
has been dead).

H. McC., '00.  
G. L. J., '00.





Senior Year

1901-1902

## CLASS OFFICERS.

*President*—GRACE DOUGLAS.

*Vice President and Treasurer*—L. PAXTON BOYD.

*Secretary*—FRANCES H. MORRIS.

## OFFICES HELD DURING THE YEAR.

### STUDENTS' ASSO. FOR SELF-GOVERNMENT.

*President*—ELINOR DODGE.

*Vice-President*—ELIZABETH F. STODDARD.

### UNDERGRADUATE ASSOCIATION.

*President*—ELIZABETH CONGDON.

### ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

*President*—HELEN M. BILLMEYER.

*Indoor Manager*—ELIZABETH T. LYON.

### CHRISTIAN UNION.

*President*—MARION H. HAINES.

### LANTERN.

*Editor-in-Chief*—GRACE DOUGLAS.

*Editorial Board*—SARA MONTENEGRO.

FLORENCE W. CLARK.

*Treasurer*—LOUISE SCHOFF.

### PHILOSOPHICAL CLUB.

*President*—EDITH T. ORLADY.

*Vice-President and Treasurer*—ELEANOR D. WOOD.

### DE REBUS CLUB.

*Chairman*—ALICE H. DAY.

*Committee*—EDITH T. ORLADY.

ELIZABETH F. STODDARD.

### MUSIC COMMITTEE.

*Chairman*—ELEANOR D. WOOD.

### COLLEGE SETTLEMENT CHAPTER.

*Elector*—CORNELIA S. CAMPBELL.

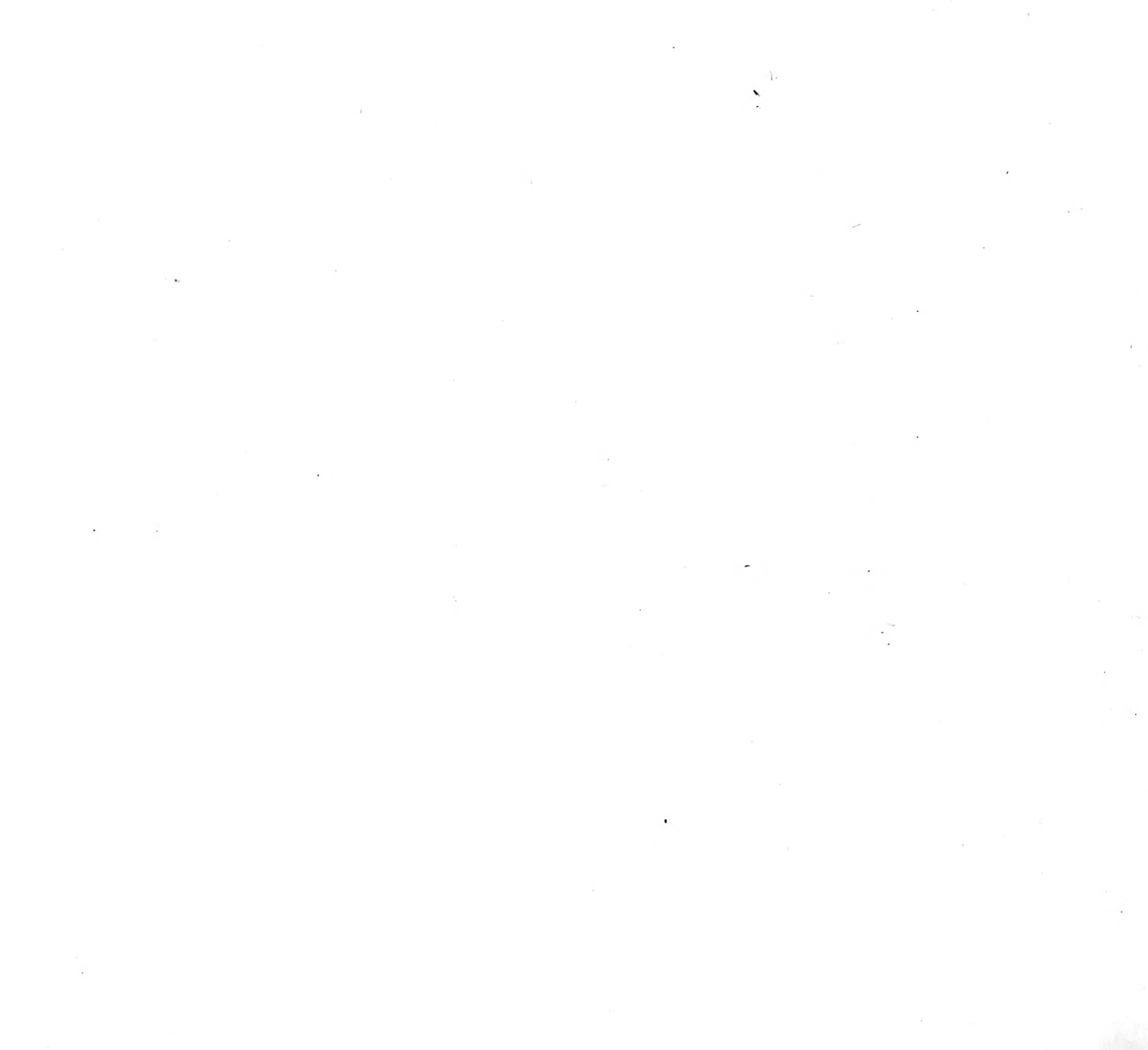
### PHILISTINE.

*Editor-in-Chief*—H. JEAN CRAWFORD.

*Board of Editors*—SARA MONTENEGRO.

*Business Manager*—ELIZABETH CONGDON.





## Senior Year.

Can it be that two long years have passed, oh 1902, since last I sat and chewed my pen in a vain effort to achieve wit and eloquence to lay before you? I wonder how many times I labored with the same laudable end in view, only to forget the whole thing when confronted by your awe-inspiring, descriptive-writing ranks? Then, however, I used to let the mouth speak as the heart prompted, cheerfully mixing metaphors and splitting infinitives, and trusting to luck to end up with the same subject I began on. How much better it was, though, than this long-distance communication!—which must, I am told, proceed along orderly and historical lines, and recall at least a few of the more important happenings of Senior year.

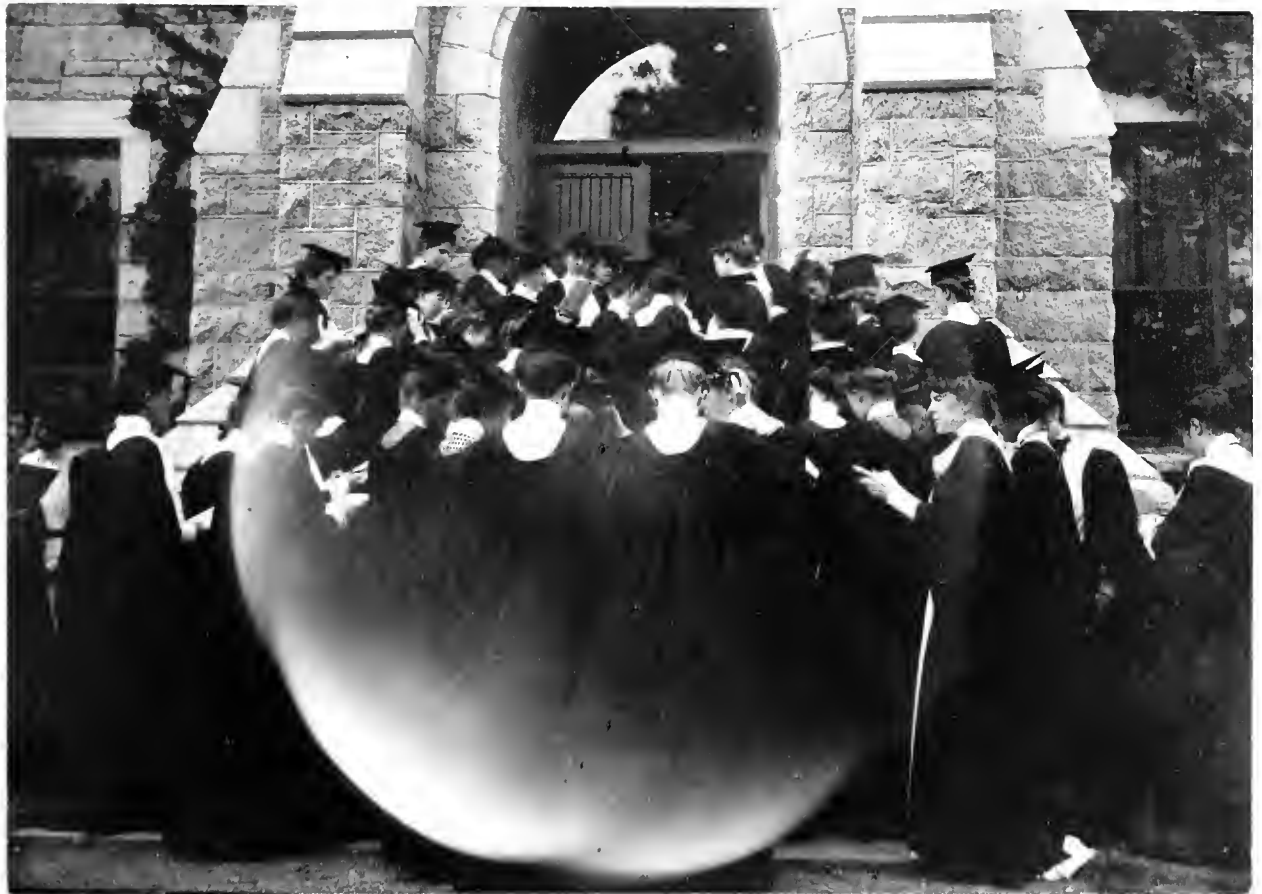
To me, however, “atmospheres” and feelings are always so much more interesting than mere chronicles of events, that I am tempted to dwell upon our psychic rather than our material phenomena. (That, I think, is rather good. I’m not quite sure what it means, but it certainly sounds like some of the things I failed to learn in the Psychology Course.) But this I’ve been sternly forbidden to do. My maunderings are objected to, and yet I am expected to be both humorous and sentimental. Heaven help the result! This much, however, no board of censors can eliminate from these memoirs—that to me the pleasantest thing to remember about our Senior year is the harmony and friendliness that prevailed among us. Does this sound trite, and should it perhaps have been taken for granted? But in many of the classes that I knew at Bryn Mawr, all the loyalty and class feeling seemed to exhaust itself on Freshman rushes and Sophomore plays; and after that the class members drifted apart, and crystallized into cliques, mutually critical and unsympathetic. With us, the first year or so was a time of more or less division and misunderstanding, but by Junior and Senior years we had come to respect and believe in each other. Out of tolerance and good will grew the genuine unity and cordiality that made our class so dear to us and so successful in organized work. Surely, no one will contradict me when I claim for us an ardent affection for the class, and a cordial liking between the members thereof.

Our class teas, I think, were both a cause and an effect of this feeling; and some of the pleasantest afternoons of the year were those on which we came in from exercise, cold and perennially hungry, and found the whole class assembled for tea and gossip—“some in rags and some in tags” (no reflections on Harriett Spencer’s or Jeannie Cragin’s basket-ball clothes), and some perfect ladies, like Eleanor Wood and Edith Orlady, in “velvet gowns.”

Our class meetings, too, were signalised by such hilarity and good humor that some members thought them sadly lacking in proper dignity. If such was the case, however, I have always felt that we gained much more than we lost; and I look back with great pleasure on those gatherings, ostensibly for business, in which we wandered far afield from the original motion before the chair, and cheerfully gossiped, criticised our neighbors or laughed over flippant jests and the irrelevant remarks of the unruly member from Texas, who, like the immortal Gus in George Ade's fable, could "articulate at all times, whether she had anything to say or not."

Early in October of our Senior year, field hockey was introduced at Bryn Mawr, and came at once into great popularity. 1902 responded nobly to the call for players, and Frances Adams was among the foremost to promote the game and soon became the star player of the class. If I remember rightly, the games during that year were not regularly organised, and there were no class teams formed. The playing was merely for practice, and was quite informal. Regular class teams, which competed as in basket-ball, were formed the year after we left.

Early in December the first orals were held; the French on December 7th, and the German a week later. For weeks beforehand no other topic of conversation could claim even passing interest from 1902. In season and out of season, at table, at lectures, at tea time and in the watches of the night we discussed orals. The nuisance finally became so great that some of us vetoed all mention of orals at the table, and a heavy fine (for the benefit of the Students' Building or the Library fund, or something) was imposed. This rule was considered a good one, and oral talk ceased—for at least two meals. There were, roughly speaking, two groups of opinion in the class as regarded the orals. There were those who refused to take the first oral, preferring to wait and see how the others fared, or who went on the theory that the standard was higher in the first, and that by waiting they might stand a better chance of a High Credit—or a simple Pass—in the second or third. The other group were those who hastened to take the first oral, hoping thereby to acquire *trudos* and commendation in the eyes of the Dean—there being a superstition in the college, amounting almost to a tradition, that Miss Thomas smiled upon those diligents who came early—and not too often. There was also a small minority, including myself, who preferred quick execution to slow torture, and wanted to get the thing over with. I suppose I may as well mention that there were a few who took the first oral because they felt capable of passing it. Sara Montenegro is the only one I can recall at present, and she was so disgustingly confident that we fled from her assured countenance as from the plague. If I am not mistaken, she got a Credit, and was furious because it wasn't a High Credit; or else it was a High Credit, and she stormed because they hadn't added a *summa cum laude*. But merely one thing must be added before we leave this painful subject, to wit: all the foregoing refers merely to the French. When it came to German, dear Sara came down to the common level. I translated some







few thousand Märchen with Sara myself, and she was refreshingly and unadulteratedly stupid; she was *nearly* as bad as I was.

Our orals were marked by the abandoning of the ancient custom of locking up in the chapel until the oral was over, the sufferers who had undergone the ordeal. A system of private-cell-chaperonage was introduced instead. I think I never felt so ridiculous as when our six marshalled itself in line and trailed across the campus amid the jeers of the assembled Freshmen and Sophomores and the respectful silence of the Juniors who knew it would be their turn next. But the new system was very popular, for it proved considerably pleasanter to spend the hours of durance vile in the comfort of a window seat or Morris chair, than to languish in the cheerless vault of the chapel, gazed down upon, like bears in a pit, by sympathizers or scoffers of all classes and degrees. Quite agreeable little parties these sixes made, for after having all compared notes as to the exact meaning of every single word in the given passage, and assured ourselves by reference to the dictionary that "Kahn" meant a boat and not a weapon of defence, and that "entgraben" was "to dig up," or some such thing, and not to vaccinate, as some maintained, our spirits rose and we drowned our troubles in the cup that cheers, or smothered them in welsh rabbits and fudge. The change worked havoc in some Senior brains, however, for the following epic appeared as an oral song:

"Come together, come, sweet six,  
Some fudges we would mix.  
Beckoning, leading o'er the green,  
Our chaperones are seen.  
There all day in Taylor gray  
All our knowledge shoo'd away.  
Come, dear lady, come, dear chap.,  
And lead us to our trap."

Some, however, were unaffected by the innovation and several of the oral songs were very funny. One verse clings in my memory because of the delightful puns therein contained:

"Oh, stay, our friends cry, stay and rest.  
Foolez vous? Pas du tout.  
Miss Ritchie calls us to ein Fest,  
Wir achten ihr Behest.  
Il faut savoir juste quelques mots,  
Or *Hier man fällt*, as you will know."

For in the fire we have, alas,  
Too many *Ircns* for this class.  
And when we think to get B. A.,  
Ah, nous sommes *Foulet*."

The second orals, after mid-year's, were not attended by the frenzied excitement of the first; though some of us enjoyed them almost as well. Before I leave the orals, however, I must pay 1902's tribute to the staunch friend who supported us in our griefs and woes, the impartial, but never unsympathetic, doorkeeper of the gates of Hades, who braced us up as we entered, and consoled us as we left—Miss Ritchie. What unmitigated torture must the orals be now with no Miss Ritchie to "warn, to comfort, to comr and."\*

The mid-years themselves kept us busy for a while, followed by an uneventful month ending in a burst of energy in early March. On the 13th of that month was given the famous Mock Trial, Boyd *vs.* McManus. This was not in all its actors confined to our class, but it was originated and carried out by members of 1902. None of us will soon forget that amusing play—the arguments, the witnesses, Paxton Boyd's costume, Carrie McManus' plaintive horror when asked to swear, Anne Rotan's bursts of oratory, and Harriett Spencer's impassioned eloquence on the subject of the dog's ferocity, her "bye Johnny" who "wasn't as schmall as he was six years ago," nor yet so "big as if he'd been bigger," and the trials of a wash-lady's career. The reporters, too, were well worth the price of admission, and that they did their duty well was attested in the next issue of the *Philistine*. I cull a few choice blossoms from "Clippings from Town Gossips:"

"The severity of the Lenten season was somewhat relaxed on Thursday evening, when several members of the smart set gave a Mock Trial. . . . .

"As I have so often said, in originality. . . . . lies the shibboleth of smart dressing. In this Miss Harriett Spencer was particularly successful. Coming as she does from old Irish stock on both sides of the family, she wore her rather extreme frock in a natural, unaffected way. Her chapeau was a triumph of the milliner's art.

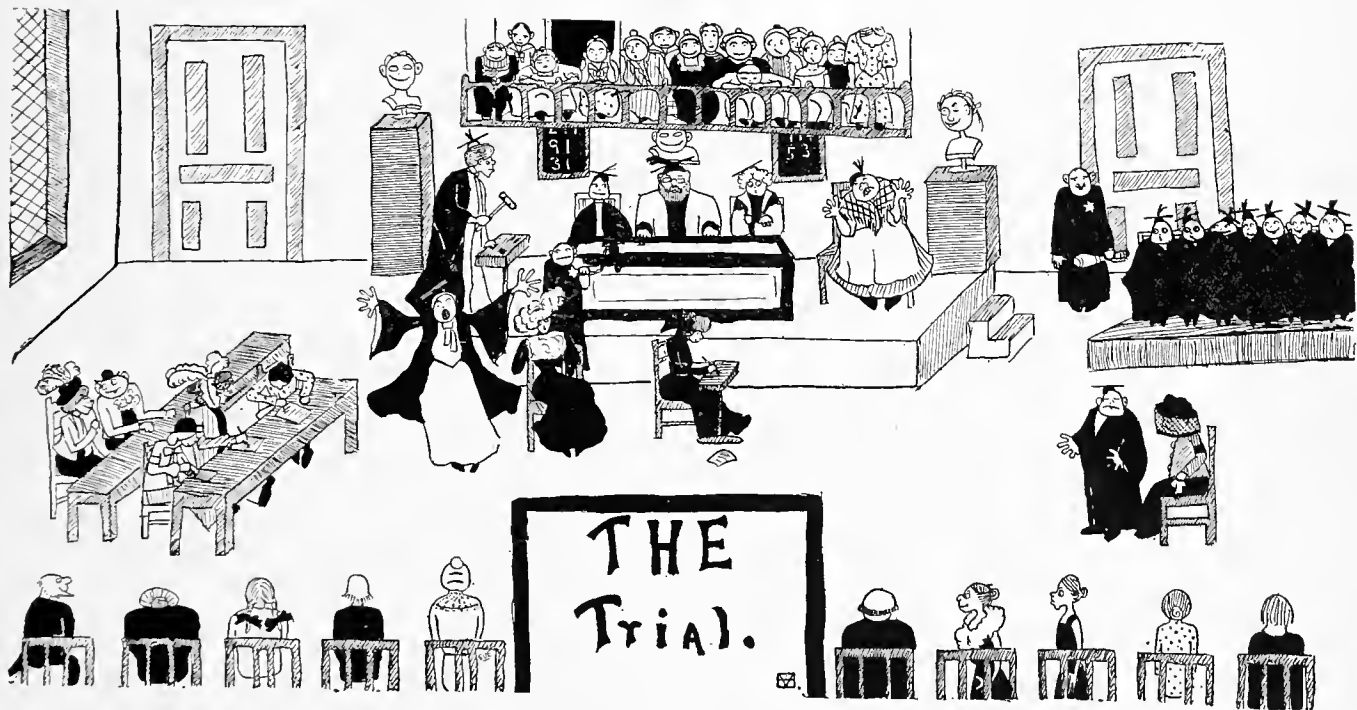
"Hats will be worn off the face this season, and slightly to one side.

"Miss Boyd's blond beauty was made the most of, as usual, and it was evident that no expense had been spared in her get-up. She wore a large Ramsey hat, garni with plumes, and a sumrery blue chicken-feather boa and chiffon muff built by the Maison Christian Moore."

During March we had the first of a series of three receptions given by President Thomas to the Seniors.

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\* Since writing this, we, in common with the college, and the whole body of Alumnae, have suffered an irreparable loss in the death of Miss Ritchie. I have let the words remain as I first wrote them, feeling that perhaps she would have liked to have it so.





To those of us who had penetrated into the deanery only on business, there was a great delight in meeting Miss Thomas and Miss Gwinn on a purely social footing, and the receptions were always thronged with appreciative guests.

All other excitement paled, however, after the night of March 16th; for on that evening at about half-past ten, fire broke out in the graduate wing of Denbigh and spread toward the center of the building. Surely none of us will ever forget the Denbigh fire, and the night of excitement we spent in fighting it. Yet all that I can recall, after dropping out of a window some ten feet above the ground and racing across the campus to where the flames were already bursting out of the Denbigh windows, is a pandemonium of struggle, excitement, hope and fear. The campus was alive with jostling figures, their motley array of curiously assorted garments—anything from sweaters and “gym” suits, or evening dresses and velvet coats, to bathrobes and dressing gowns—lit up luridly by the awful glare. A drizzling rain added to the pleasure of the occasion, and when in the dawning light of morning we finally did disperse, we were soaked through, and muddy up to the knees. What an outburst of indignation was heard the next morning when it was discovered that lectures were to go on as though nothing had happened! Rage was in our souls as we picked our way over the mud-stained heaps of heterogeneous matter which had been thrown on the floors of Taylor the night before—furniture and old shoes, sofa cushions and hats, draperies, bedding, clothes, books; a melancholy hair brush and a plaster Hermes or two were piled around the bases of the “Morgue” statuary; Cicero looked more than ever as if he had been out too late the night before, someone having adorned him with a rakish red tulle hat; Zeus was garbed in a pink flannel kimona, and looked much more comfortable than usual. Most of the professors, however, had the grace to dismiss their classes, or fail to appear altogether; and fooled, indeed, was the man who was conscientious enough to lecture as usual.

The strangest part of the whole affair was how very soon we got used to the sight of “poor crippled Denbigh,” to the new quarters over at Summit Grove, and to that poor forlorn old ’bus, with its ancient animals, weak-kneed and feeble in the last stages (no pun intended) of senile decay. Paxton Boyd has already immortalised those “dear ruins” in the deathless verses beginning: “Oh, frisky, frisky ’bus horse, who frisketh o’er the lea”—and ending much in the same strain.

One thing more must be mentioned before we leave the subject of the fire, and that is, that within three days a subscription amounting to some three thousand dollars was raised among the students and friends of the college, for those students who had lost all they possessed. This surely is worthy of pride and of remembrance.

In April, the European fellowship was announced, and much to our delight, was awarded to the one who, had the fellowship been given by vote of the class, would have received it unanimously—Helen

Billmeyer. This was an event to be celebrated. A dinner was given in Merion at which Helen was the guest of honor, and at which she received all over again the congratulations of the class and a large bunch of violets in token thereof. The speeches and songs were all impromptu and very amusing, especially Nan Shearer's "remarks upon owning a famous room-mate," and Jeannie Cragin's "poem."

With the coming of the bright spring days and the warm spring nights, came that dearest of all Senior privileges, the singing on the steps. What one of us would have missed a single evening of it? Not the veriest grind would leave before the end, and often we lingered until darkness had quite come, and the stars had begun to shine through the cherry blossoms and the feathery maple buds. Oh, the charm and beauty of it all! No one who has not been to Bryn Mawr can quite realize the joy of spring-time. It seems dreamlike and unreal—the memory of those hours when we sat keeping time to the old class songs, and watching the crimson glory of the sunset fade beyond the athletic field, and the moon rise over Pembroke towers, touching with its soft rays the white-clad figures pacing slowly up and down the green lawns of the campus. They drew us together, those evenings on the steps, and cemented the bonds of friendship and loyalty to each other and to the class as nothing else could have done. A sincere sentiment, far removed from mere sentimentality, fell upon us like the evening shadows. Slowly we began to realize what it had meant to us all—those years of comradeship, now so soon to end. A strong bond we have between us, 1902. Can we ever be wholly indifferent to each other, or to our common memories, we who lived and worked and sang together under a common name and for a common purpose, for four long years?

With the spring came also those "beginning of the end" entertainments at which genuine regret was mingled with our enjoyment; for they all signalized some "last time," and last times are apt to be sad. I wish that I had the space to do more than recall the Junior-Senior Supper—such a clever acting of dear familiar fairy tales—and the equally amusing "Extra Edition of the *Philistine*," given us by the Sophomores.

From May fifth to sixteenth, the basket-ball championship games were held, and every Senior turned out to see them. On Monday the twelfth, only 1902 and 1904 were left in the finals, 1902 having defeated 1903 in two straight games (scores 4-1 and 6-1), and 1904 having won two out of three games with the Freshmen. The result of this game was a decisive victory for the dark blue, the score being 6-0. Those on the team were Cragin, Spencer, Shearer, Balch, Campbell, Billmeyer, Gignoux, Adams and Boyd, and the scoring was done by Adams, Boyd and Gignoux. The game on Wednesday, the fourteenth, resulted in a tie—score 1-1—the only scoring by 1902 being a free throw by Gignoux. This was disappointing as we had hoped for a victory. But on Friday, the sixteenth, the team was in good form and won easily in a quick, well-played game. The score was 5-0, and the throws were made by Todd, Chandlee and Adams. There were several changes in the team, Todd, Chandlee, Clark and Congdon taking the places







of Campbell, Boyd, Balch and Billmeyer. But, although the personnel of the team was so considerably altered, its "spirit went marching along," and the snap and vigor of former games was retained in the last.

It was a joyous and triumphant throng of Seniors who carried Jeannie Cragin off the field on their shoulders and then proceeded to the Gym, where the precious old blue flag was hung in triumph from the window—there to remain until after commencement. And the satisfaction was all the more deep as we realized that the championship had been won, like all our college successes, by good, hard, persistent effort, by hours of practice, and by tireless diligence on the part of captain, team and substitutes.

By June first, those bugbears of the spring—the examinations—were over, and we had before us only a last week of merrymaking before finding ourselves out in the "wide, wide world." The merrymaking will have to be written with a question mark as regards the Senior class supper on June second, for I think we were all of us a bit too much impressed by the finality of the occasion to regard it as an evening of unmixed hilarity. However, the dinner was as lively and full of fun as all 1902's gatherings. The speeches were received and the songs sung with more than the ordinary enthusiasm. The old toasts were drunk—to "the Dean, God bless her," to the class, and with a foot on the table, to our Alma Mater; and with rather reluctant steps we descended the stairs and made our way through the darkness to the open space between the Deanery and the athletic field, where the class tree was waiting to be planted. I specify the spot with some exactness, for I should grieve should any of us go back and not be able to find the place where that poor forlorn anæmic little tree stood. Rumor hath it that the emblem of our growth has long since passed away—but this may be a base slander. I do know, however, that when I saw it in the light of day the next morning, I felt that the amount of sentiment expended had been out of all proportion to the cause thereof. There were some very solemn moments as each of us tearfully dropped on her shovel full of earth, while we sang, with unconscious irony, "Here's to you, our *joyial* friend." When the little tree had finally been persuaded to stand without wobbling, and a last few incoherent words had been heard from the class president, "Auld Lang Syne" was sung—the last funereal straw on the camel's back!—and we departed in groups of two and three, a very sober throng.

The next day we assembled at the Deanery at one o'clock and were delighted to find that the tables for luncheon were laid on the piazzas. Miss Thomas talked with us most interestingly, and invited suggestions and discussion about the plans for the new dormitory—"providing, of course," she explained "we are able to raise the money by next Thursday."

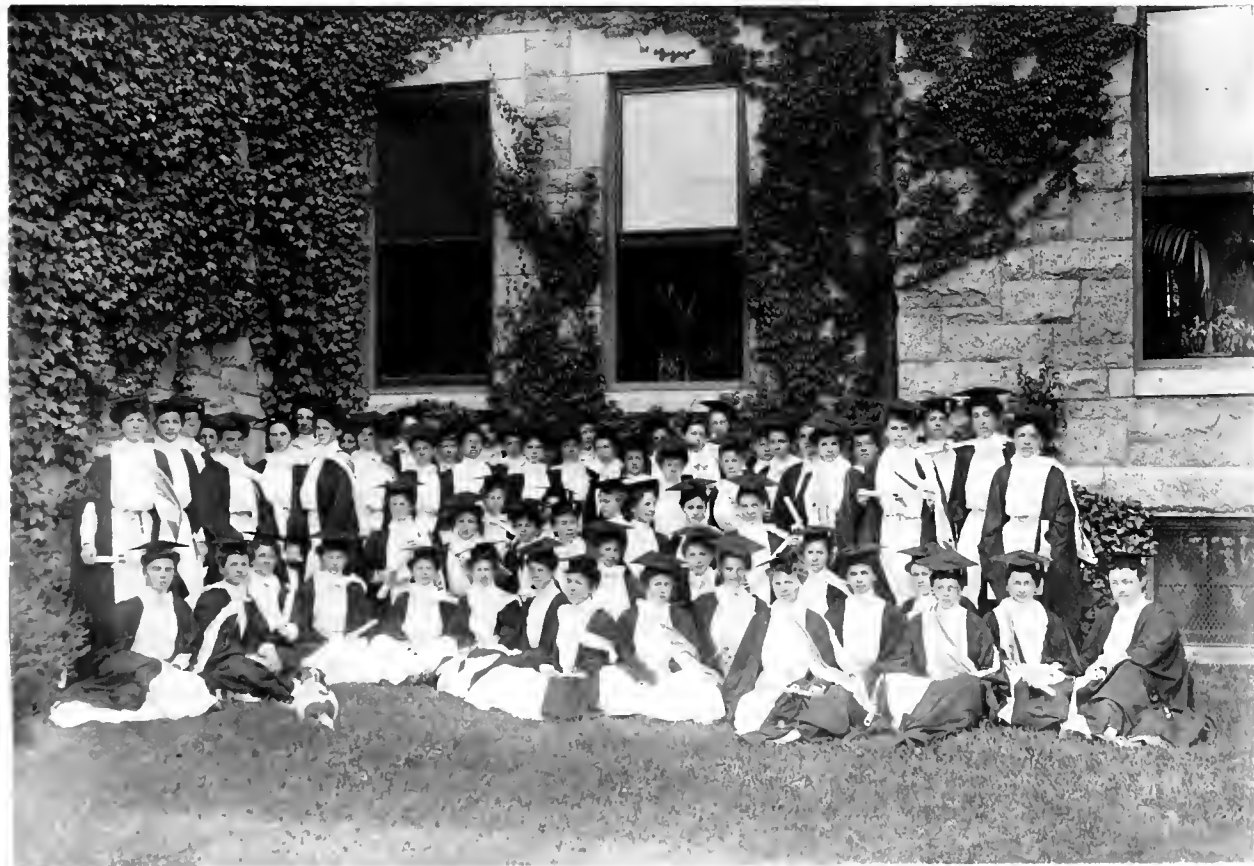
Tuesday evening saw a queer sight, for a most extraordinary medley of costumes and masks appeared in front of Pembroke and proceeded to mount itself on fiery (Byrnes) steeds, light itself paper transparencies and blow itself red in the face with tin horns. The procession moved across the campus to the hollow behind the Deanery, where a huge pile of barrels, boxes and other combustibles had been erected.

As we approached, the flames leaped up and soon a truly gorgeous bon-fire was burning. Into this, with whoops of fiendish glee, were cast note books, grammars, reference-books, and all the paraphernalia of study—never (presumably) to be touched again. “General English,” “Major Latin” and “Private Reading,” large stuffed figures, were burned in effigy, the charges against them having been read in stentorian tones and the sentence of death pronounced. A circle was then formed around the dying embers and “Auld Lang Syne” again harrowed our feelings.

The morning of the garden party dawned, true to tradition, fair and warm, and nothing happened to mar the perfect June day. The campus looked its best with its green turf, ivy-covered buildings and blossoming shrubs and trees hung with festoons of Japanese lanterns. Seniors in fluffy white gowns and with armfuls of roses marshalled their groups of admiring relatives and friends to “meet the Dean,” or to “find some food.” And when darkness fell, we gathered on Taylor steps with the Glee and Mandolin Clubs, to sing for an hour or so, until the time came for the ceremony of the evening—the presentation of the silver lantern to 1903, and the giving up of the Senior steps to the Juniors. The lantern, burning brightly, was given with a few appropriate words by Jane Cragin, as Senior basket-ball captain, to the captain of the Junior team, who replied with a little speech of thanks. Our class song was sung for the last time on Taylor steps, and then 1902 trooped slowly down, while the Juniors ranged themselves above and sang in their turn. The college hymn ended the evening, and with a sigh of relief we found ourselves free to depart, leaving 1903 in undisputed possession.

The suppressed excitement on Commencement morning was in a continual state of escaping the safety valve, for we knew that the announcement of the fulfillment of Mr. Rockefeller’s conditions was to be made and that \$480,000 had been raised for the college. After the giving of the degrees, amidst the greatest enthusiasm, President Thomas announced that the sum had been raised; and we listened with interest as she described the various methods employed to get the money—the May Day Fête, the large private subscriptions, the numerous entertainments given by students and alumnae, the calendars designed and sold, and, last but not least, the many small subscriptions from the alumnae which were the fruit of hard work or of self-denial. The bursts of clapping and cheering culminated in a hearty singing of the college hymn, and then we composed ourselves to listen to a most delightful address. Mr. Richard Watson Gilder spoke to us on books and reading, and a more charming sympathetic and delightful little talk it could seldom be our good fortune to hear.

The alumnae supper was held in the evening in Pembroke dining-room, and the Seniors, or, rather, the newly-fledged alumnae, were welcomed into that dignified body with kindness and cheer. The faculty were the guests of the association, as were Mr. and Mrs. Gilder and Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Mac Veagh; and we enjoyed very much the little skirmish between Mr. Gilder and Mr. Mac Veagh, in which the latter

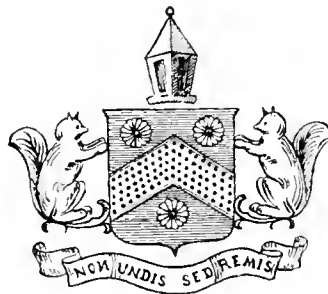




accused the former of having said to him, as they surveyed the groups of girls on the campus on Commencement morning, "Wayne, what a cruel law it is which forbids a man's having more than one wife!" Whereupon Mr. Gilder arose and said that, in speaking to us in the morning, he had omitted to mention "one of the most brilliant fictionists of our time, Mr. Wayne Mac Veagh."

Thus comes to an end this short and hasty chronicle of the Senior year of 1902. I am only sorry that lack of space forbids any but the briefest mention of each milestone that marks the way, for the rush of memories, stories and reminders that floods my mind is almost irresistible. I can only hope that to all of you, as to me, the recollections of our college life together bring a touch of tender feeling and a throng of happy associations that time and distance can never erase. And this will be my final word: Let us keep together, 1902. We were comrades and allies once, let us be friends and allies always. Cherish the old feelings of interest and loyalty to the class, and to one another; come to class reunions, and let us keep the bond between us always as strong and as sincere as in the Senior year of 1902.

G. D. J., '02.





## On the Bryn Mawr Campus.

A stranger one day wandered into the confines of an Institution for Learning, which has recently made quite a stir in moneyed circles. Many maidens dotted the campus in gay clusters and showed *Efficient Capability in Habitually Faking Cynically*. "It is quite evident the place *Has Much Brains*," the stranger murmured uncomfortably, but his interest revived when an *Exceedingly Dressy Woman* hove in sight. "*Loves Society*," he soliloquized, "*Has Ponderous Bows on her Curling Hair, Airs Her Thoughts* most freely and though *Exceedingly Childlike* is doubtless an *Honored Linguistic Specialist*. Such a *Mighty Talker* and one so *Faunty At Times* could not be otherwise. *Ever So Captivating*, though, I wonder who she is." At this moment he is caught staring by one *Genteely Disdainful*, and though an *Extremely Kind Person, Ever Docilely Behaved*, he becomes *Almost Hopelessly Decrepit* at the sight of the *Family's Brilliant Star*. A little later, however, he *Enjoys True Luxury* and again *Exhibits Firm Serenity* under the cooling shadow of a maple tree. Under the next tree, however, a *Languishing Pampered Beauty, Follies Her Companions* and *Acts So Ravishingly* that he *Keeps Smiling Felicitously* to himself. Just then a *Little Dear* of his acquaintance sits down under his tree. He *Can't Bluff* any longer that he is *Mathematically So Able* and that he *Fondly Takes Chemistry* because he thinks he *Has Scientific Notions*; so she notices his distracted air and though by nature a *Radiantly Happy Maiden who Has Brilliant Tendencies, Finds Writing Congenial* and likes *Everything Done Methodically*, she now becomes a *Maiden Perpetually Blushing* and *Employs Memory Rarely* to find an *Able Superintendent, An Omnipotent Athlete* with *Finely Developed Arms* to drag her too susceptible swain from that dangerous spot. In default of the athlete she shows that she *Has Abundant Wit* and *Makes Brilliant Fokes* and although she *Lacks Recklessness*, she *Keeps Discussing Violently* about an *Excellent Dictator* who *Enjoys Tasks* and *Judiciously Manages Boys* in an orphan asylum. This friend who is *Ever Mannishly Groomed, Misses Cultured Boston* and *Continually Shows Capability in Lustily Maintaining Whims* and in proving the *Encyclopedia Totally Overshadowed* by the ordinary Boston child. The stranger, thinking *Moderation Her Hobby*, yawns and sees a *Foeful Big Creature* go by who *Just Beams Kiddishly* at him and passes on. He feels that *She Mocks* him.

In the nick of time one who *Chants In Choruses, A Fine Singer* and a *Mighty Clever Worker*, whose only weakness is that she *Longs After Photographs*, approaches and yells, "1902, this way." And in an instant the maid who *Enjoys Classic Recreation*, the *Eternally Diligent*, the *Exceedingly Proper Girl*, the *Busy Woman*, who *Continually Eats Marshmallows*, the *Energetic Beau-Catcher* and even she who *Had Better Study*, each one *Shows Fine Agility* in getting behind Radnor and there *Fascinates Half Mankind* by her *Excellent Judgment* in practicing the class song. The stranger, overpowered, thoughtfully takes up his hat and disappears through Pembroke Arch.





## BASKET BALL SCORES.

### FRESHMAN YEAR 1899.

DATE.	TEAMS.	VICTOR.	SCORE
April 24 .....	1899 vs. 1901	1901	2-0
April 26 .....	1899 vs. 1901	1899	4-3
April 26 .....	1900 vs. 1902	1900	4-0
April 28 .....	1900 vs. 1902	1900	5-1
April 28 .....	1899 vs. 1901	1899	2-1
May 3 .....	1899 vs. 1900	1900	4-3
May 5 .....	1899 vs. 1900	Tie	2-2
May 6 .....	1899 vs. 1900	1900	1-0

### SOPHOMORE YEAR 1900.

DATE.	TEAMS.	VICTOR.	SCORE
April 25 .....	1902 vs. 1903	1902	6-1
April 26 .....	1902 vs. 1903	1902	5-4
May 4 .....	1900 vs. 1901	1900	2-1
May 7 .....	1900 vs. 1901	1900	16-3
May 8 .....	1900 vs. 1902	1900	4-0
May 10 .....	1900 vs. 1902	1900	2-1

### JUNIOR YEAR 1901.

DATE.	TEAMS.	VICTOR.	SCORE
May 2 .....	1901 vs. 1902	Tie	2-2
May 3 .....	1903 vs. 1904	1903	2-0
May 6 .....	1901 vs. 1902	1901	3-2
May 7 .....	1903 vs. 1904	1904	4-0
May 8 .....	1903 vs. 1904	1904	2-0
May 13 .....	1901 vs. 1902	1901	4-2
May 15 .....	1901 vs. 1904	1901	11-0
May 17 .....	1901 vs. 1904	1901	8-0

### SENIOR YEAR 1902.

DATE.	TEAMS.	VICTOR.	SCORE
May 5 .....	1902 vs. 1903	1902	4-1
May 6 .....	1904 vs. 1905	1904	3-0
May 7 .....	1902 vs. 1903	1902	6-1
May 8 .....	1904 vs. 1905	1905	10-5
May 10 .....	1904 vs. 1905	1904	4-2
May 12 .....	1902 vs. 1904	1902	6-0
May 14 .....	1902 vs. 1904	Tie	1-1
May 16 .....	1902 vs. 1904	1902	5-0

# ATHLETIC CONTESTS.

## FRESHMAN YEAR.

### RECORD MARKING.

Fifteen yd. dash—Edith Houghton, '01—time, 2 seconds.  
Standing high jump—Constance Williams, '01—3 ft.  
Running high jump—Marion Haines, '02—3 ft. 10 in.  
Standing broad jump—Frances Adams, '02—6 ft. 8 in.  
Ring high jump—Jane Cragin, '02—6 ft. 10 in.  
Vaulting—Edith Houghton, '01—4 ft. 8 in.  
High kick—Jane Cragin, '02—8 in. over head.  
Rope climbing—Fanny Sinclair, '01—21 ft. in 17 seconds.  
Hurdle race—Marion Haines, '02—2.55 seconds.

### SWIMMING CONTEST

140 ft. swim—Ethel Clinton, '02—50 seconds.  
Riding on boards, doubles—Kate Williams, '00; M. Jenkins, '02—67 seconds.  
Obstacle race—Jane Cragin, '02—24 seconds.  
140 ft. swim on back—Violet Foster, '02—60 seconds.  
Paddle and pulley—Kate Williams, '00; M. Jenkins, '02—2 minutes.

### FIELD DAY.

Hurdle race—Mary Ayer, '01—3 hurdles, 6 seconds.  
Walking race—Helen Hunt, '01—235 ft.—19 seconds.  
Putting the shot—Mary Ayer, '01—21 ft. 1 in.  
230 ft. dash—Mary Ayer, '01—11 seconds.  
Hop, skip and jump—Mary Ayer, '01—22 ft. ½ in.  
Throwing base ball—Fanny Sinclair, '01—137 ft. 1 in.  
Throwing basket ball—Edith Houghton, '01—76½ ft.  
Running broad jump—Marion Haines, '02—11 ft. 8 in.

## SOPHOMORE YEAR.

### RECORD MARKING.

15 yard dash—E. Houghton, '01—2<sup>3</sup>/<sub>10</sub> seconds.  
Standing high jump—F. Adams, '02—3 ft. 1 in.  
High kick—F. Adams, '02—13<sup>7</sup>/<sub>10</sub> in. over head.  
Vault—E. Houghton, '01—55½ inches.  
Running high jump—C. Williams, '01—4 ft.  
Rope climbing—E. Houghton, '01—17<sup>2</sup>/<sub>10</sub> seconds.  
Ring high jump—E. Dean, '00—6 ft. 11 in.  
Hurdles—R. Whitney, '03—4½ seconds.  
Standing broad jump—F. Wattson, '03—6 ft. 7 in.

### FIELD DAY.

Hurdles—M. Haines, '02—85 ft. in 5 seconds.  
Walk—E. Gignoux, '02—235 ft. in 18 seconds.  
Dash—M. Haines, '02—235 ft. in 12 seconds.  
Putting the shot—E. Jones, '01—20 ft. 4 in.  
Hop, step and jump—C. Williams, '01—20 ft. 7 in.  
Throwing base ball—F. Wattson, '03—157 ft. 11 in.  
Throwing basket ball—C. Williams, '01—76 ft. 6 in.

### SWIMMING CONTEST.

140 ft. swim—M. Green, '03—51<sup>2</sup>/<sub>10</sub> seconds.  
Riding on boards, singles, 140 ft.—E. Jones, '01—70<sup>4</sup>/<sub>10</sub> seconds.  
Obstacle race, 140 ft.—K. Williams, '00—1 minute.  
Swimming on back, 140 ft.—A. Kidder, '03—63<sup>4</sup>/<sub>10</sub> seconds.  
Riding on boards, doubles, 140 ft.—M. Jenkins, '02; J. Cragin, '02—2 min. 13<sup>1</sup>/<sub>10</sub> sec.  
Paddle and pulley—B. Phillips, '00; A. Kidder, '03—1½ min.

## JUNIOR YEAR.

### RECORD MARKING.

15 yd. dash—Frances Adams, '02—2½ seconds.  
Rope climbing—Fanny Sinclair, '01—21 seconds.  
Running high jump—Ethel Pfaff, '04—4 ft. 3 in.  
Standing high jump—Ethel Pfaff, '04—3 ft. 3 in.  
Vault—Ethel Pfaff, '04—4 ft. 1<sup>7</sup>/<sub>10</sub> in.  
High kick—Frances Adams, '02—13 in. over head.  
Hurdle—Ethel Pfaff, '04—3½ seconds.  
Standing broad jump—Frances Adams, '02—6 ft. 9 in.  
Ring high jump—Ethel Pfaff, '04—6 ft. 11 in.

### SWIMMING CONTEST.

Riding on boards, singles—Helen Army, '04—2 min. 14 sec.  
Riding on boards, doubles—H. S. Peck, '03; M. Rumery, '04—  
140 ft. in 2 min. 54 sec.  
140 ft. swim—Eleanor McCormick, '04—44 seconds.  
Swimming on back, 140 ft.—Marion Haines, '02—1 min.  
Obstacle race—M. Rockwell, '04—1 min. 25 sec

## SENIOR YEAR.

### RECORD MARKING.

15 yd. dash—F. Adams, '02—2<sup>1</sup>/<sub>10</sub> seconds.  
Rope climbing—L. Peck, '04—14<sup>1</sup>/<sub>5</sub> seconds.  
Running high jump—E. Chandlee, '02—3 ft. 9 in.  
Vault—E. Gignoux, '02—50½ in.  
Standing high jump—F. Adams, '02—3 ft. 1 in.  
Hurdles—J. Cragin, '02—3.25 seconds.  
High kick—F. Adams, '02—12 in. over head.  
Standing broad jump—C. Case, '04—7 ft. 1 in.  
Ring high jump—H. Raymond, '03—5 ft. 10 in.

### SWIMMING CONTEST.

140 ft. swim—E. McCormick, '04—47<sup>1</sup>/<sub>6</sub> seconds.  
Swimming on back—E. McCormick, '04—60<sup>1</sup>/<sub>6</sub> seconds.  
Riding on boards, singles—M. Jenkins, '02—57 seconds.  
Riding on boards, doubles—M. Jenkins, '02; E. Gignoux, '02—  
74<sup>1</sup>/<sub>6</sub> seconds.  
Paddle and pulley—M. Jenkins, '02; E. Gignoux, '02—1½ min.



## Our First Reunion.

Having been young ladies of exemplary habits for a year, is it great wonder that we flew back to freedom and hatlessness on the earliest possible stroke at which a "Reunion" might honorably be said to begin? Thus it was that a balmy Monday in the early part of June, 1903, found twos and threes of us rushing together and gossiping obliviously over "Bryn Mawr Coolers" at Whitman's, or Rasp Rolls at Sauters.' And then bustling over to Broad Street Station to storm in chorus at hard-hearted baggage masters who wouldn't get the trunks on the 1.15; and finally shaking our heads together at a deterioration in Bryn Mawr cabmen that we formerly should have believed a physical impossibility. But, in spite of conspiring fates having each and all gazed at the roots of Rockefeller with patriotic speeches swelling in our throats and at the windows of our rooms with anything but approval of the curtains, we are at length stowed away in Merion and Pembroke East in the rather unusual ratio of three to a single room, and eight to a double suite.

It is now that we feel a few pangs, and long for our own haunts that were all our own. These feelings vanish, however, upon investigation. For (Oh shades of 1902!) behold our dainty pink bowers transformed into hideous mustard-colored dens, and artistic green abodes become a gaudy blue! But we can't moralize on the shocking taste of the college, for Miss Patty Thomas is giving us (I mean the Alumnæ) a Tea, at the foot of the big cherry tree, and the people are arriving, and (but I shouldn't say it) the food is disappearing; and you know "Bryn Mawr Coolers" and "Rasp Rolls" produce but a fleeting effect. This is, indeed, a feast of reason, for, endowed with superhuman *sangfroid*, we speak to even the most pedestaled beings. It is thus we learn that 1903 objects to having our class song enclosed in the corner stone of the Library Building—our precious class song evolved from four years of thought and pent-up emotion. Of course, we object. Why should the commencement which inaugurates the spending of the half million be so marked out for glory, while that at which the sum was acquired is passed over unnoted? Is 1902 unique? Individually, it feels that there is far greater reason to rejoice in drawing a dividend than in paying it out for bills. 1902's song should, therefore, occupy a seat of honor in the tin box in the corner stone.

The Tea is over. Nothing has happened outwardly, but much is happening in those single rooms occupied by three, and the double suites consecrated to eight—much besides an intermittent effort to pass from afternoon tea clothing to Senior Bon-fire rigs.

There is this thing peculiar to reunioning classes, that, no matter how trivial the affair, they wish to miss nothing. Thus, in spite of memories of wet feet and tonsilitis, we and all the alumnae are in the front ranks rushing to the Bon-fire. The happy ones wear tattered academic caps and gowns, old relics, mere fringes of their former glory. And, again, others are, in the picturesque sense at least, uncostumed. Perhaps they have suffered as I. My gown (but why have I touched upon this mournful subject?) was banished in terrible disgrace the fall after leaving college, for introducing moths into the sacred precincts of our guest room closet.

The Bon-fire was said to be a great success. They always are. The faculty was there directing proceedings and marshalling the procession. The transparencies were there, too. And so were the dear old jokes. (Why doesn't some enterprising class burn them?) The weird array on the drive near Taylor is no surprise, neither are the black and white figures leaping about just within the torch-light-pierced edge of a darkness which beyond is quite unpenetrated. Accompanying the howling mass, we safely accomplish, through campus paths unknown and knee-high grass, what seems the descent of Mount Ararat, and together give the "Whew!" that greets the burst of flame from the oil-saturated pile. And wearily, too, we drag ourselves back up the mountain.

Later in the evening we sing our songs on Taylor steps, and little undergraduates gather around to listen in awed silence and think how remarkably cheerful we are for such old things. Of course, going to bed possesses no especial charm, so we put it off as long as possible, quite forgetful of the fast bound this-door-closes-at-10.30-rule. We are still sitting on the steps singing, "Just a Timid Little Thing" for the nineteenth time, when there is a shout, "Run, or you'll be locked out." Of course, we run. But one, from force of habit, runs to Denhigh and only recovers consciousness when looking down on an occupied couch, which is so nearly the same, and yet so different. The doors are all locked.

On Tuesday, President Thomas gives her luncheon to the Seniors. In order not to feel entirely out of it, we give a little picnic to ourselves. The picnic is an inspiration, but it does not keep our minds from straying back to our own Senior Luncheon and the tables set on the Deanery porches and each one looking her best, and everything delicious, and everyone thoroughly comfortable, except perhaps four. We remember hilariously, the sun getting hotter and hotter and the ices being so cool we didn't notice the heat until like a flock of birds, we started to arise, and then that ripping, tearing sound. The heat and the varnish were successful—but the damage was infinitesimal. It only meant soaking our back widths in turpentine for a day or so, and then for the next month having our gowns evoke an inquisitive sniff and a "Seems to me I smell turpentine. Do you?"

The Picnic is a thoroughly business-like affair. We fix a lunch for ourselves and then go to the downiest bit of shaded grass beyond Robert's Road we can think of, seat ourselves in a circle and picnic. On our way, many eyes roam longingly towards Harrington Cemetery, but Mr. Vaux is a terrible man, and we feel sure there will be eggshells, bread crusts and even (oh, horrible!) banana skins. The treat of the occasion is a pitcher of ice water brought by a very wise maiden. We are each allowed a quarter of a glass. It is perfect, flavored exclusively with Pem. East Water Cooler Ice. (Poor Pem. East suffered from a drought that afternoon.) The rest of us unwise virgins had expected to drink *à la* cow from the sparkling meadow brook. But, alas, there were tadpoles and many daddy-long-legs swimming about on the surface. So, though feeling like sawdust dolls, we desisted. Later, we climbed a tree and were dreadfully foolish—but we have engagements for the afternoon and must hurry back.

Tuesday afternoon at five, tea gaiety is at its height. There is a separate function being held under each campus tree; and an ice cream freezer hiding behind every bush. The really popular place is the avenue of maples reaching from Taylor to Low Buildings. We are all there, of course, beginning at one end and eating our way through to the other. It is probable that we haven't been invited to all. But what matter? it must surely have been a mistake. We go anyway, and, in consequence, feel like walking confectionary shops, incarnate Glocker's.

A dinner to ourselves had seemed an attractive idea. But, having culled a cake and an ice from every campus tree, is it surprising that enthusiasm for supper is feeble? Why do we not, as of yore, rush to the canned soup, iced lobster cutlet, breaded interrogation, limp, weary lettuce, and liquid ice-cream? Is it possible that we are growing old?

Nevertheless, we assemble thirty strong in the Denbigh Dining Room, and roar at the toasts, and roar out our songs. The general butt of the wit and merriment is, "If you aren't married or about to be, what excuse have you for wasting a year?" One doesn't expect singletons in a desirable, fascinating class such as ours, nevertheless, quite a few are strangely embarrassed and can't even conjure up a happy He. The dinner grows even more depressing for the timid, when someone (I am sure it was Jane Cragin) had an inspiration. Anyway, the toastmistress suddenly begins calling on everyone present to arise and tell a funny story. This was especially hard, as we had just heard all our best in the toasts. All survived, however. and a moonlight visit to our tree now appealed to the minds of the sentimental.

The evening was dark and foggy. The grass was very wet. But what matter, we trip out over the campus singing (could it have been planned?) "Not by drifting but by rowing," and, at length, find a tree (let us hope it was the tree), and in the foggy moisture again become solemn as we sing, "Here's to you, Grace Douglas, Here's to you, our jovial friend, etc." to all our absent members.

Wednesday morning we want to get up at three, but don't. We are so self-sacrificing! We want

to help the daisy-pickers, but somehow we don't. However, we do wonder how many have hung up their white linen skirts on trees and appeared in their black silk petticoats. Affairs of importance, too, are calling us to a class meeting. Our class song must go into the corner-stone. We wish it; Miss Thomas wishes it; and 1903 are the only objectors. The meeting is called in the smallest bedroom in Pem. East. It is packed like an elevator and the excitement is intense. Finally, all heads turn to the door as Gertrude Dietrich comes to tell us that 1903 doesn't object, and that there has been some mistake. We do not quite understand what the mistake has been, but we do understand that our song is to go into the corner-stone, without any expenditure of ill feeling between us and our one-time college mates. The song went in, and we hurried off to the College Breakfast. In the corridor two women were discussing the College Girl. "Isn't it strange," said the first, "not one in ten is properly clothed." "But, my dear," said the second, "what can one expect when they study so hard?" I hope they stayed for the Garden Party.

A Garden Party is the supreme moment in our college year for clothes. Here, each one in her own particular line surpasses herself. Oh, what horrors, the horrors become! And how fascinating are the charmers! The function is certainly misnamed, though I very much doubt if any alumna is sufficiently brazen to live down the elevating of hands and eyebrows that would follow its more apt designation, "Rubber Party." But this it is, indeed, and the hours from six to eight are much too short in which to see everything. Why, even the men are absurd. But I can't stop for details.

The right to walk in the procession at the Commencement and gather in preliminary hot bunches under the campus trees has always been looked upon as one of the principle advantages in being an alumna. Until 1903, any A. B. of B. M. C. wearing a tattered gown and ill-fitting cap could march in and get a seat just back of the graduating class. But no sooner do we acquire this happy privilege than it is snatched away. A tattered gown and a Freshman's cap are no longer *comme il faut*. \$23.50 gowns and hoods are now all the rage on the floor. So, 650 alumnæ and the press occupy a gallery built for fifty. Perhaps this is why Mr. Hamilton Wright Mabie's polished periods fell on few alumnæ ears.

But it was not so with the laying of the corner-stone. Few missed this. Immediately after the Commencement exercises, the classes formed again in line and with the addition of the alumnæ marched to the Library Site. Then they arranged themselves with the visitors on one side, undergraduates on another, graduating class, college men and masons, faculty and alumnæ, into a hollow square. From a temporary platform at one corner, President Thomas, Mrs. Andrews, Mr. Converse and Dr. Furness made ten-minute addresses. At the critical moment the president of the graduating class and president of the Self-Government Association bore down the great tin box. Then it was that the crane swung round, and, after a few dexterious strokes of the master mason, and a last little gavelful of mortar patted



into place by President Thomas, the huge block of granite was lowered into its place. And so the Library Building, the hope and desire of many long years, was beginning to be a reality.

But before leaving this subject, let us remember the scene as President Thomas makes her few flattering remarks preliminary to introducing Dr. Furness. And the great Shakespearean scholar, gay in his red Oxford gown and strange purple bonnet, lets his ear trumpet fall rapidly to his side. Or let us remember him even later, when he speaks, and every sentence seems like a Shakespearean lyric.

But the Alumnæ Supper, trunks in the halls, and tearing up of carpets is a thing of the past. And now we look forward to our triennial reunion, and wonder whether President Thomas's munificent offer of yore is still extant, and whether the 1902 Class babies will have an agreeable time together in the Infirmary.

H. J. C., '02.





1904



## To the Class Baby.

Years ago each baby princess  
When the day came for her christening,  
Had a host of fairies round her  
Each one leaving gifts all glistening.

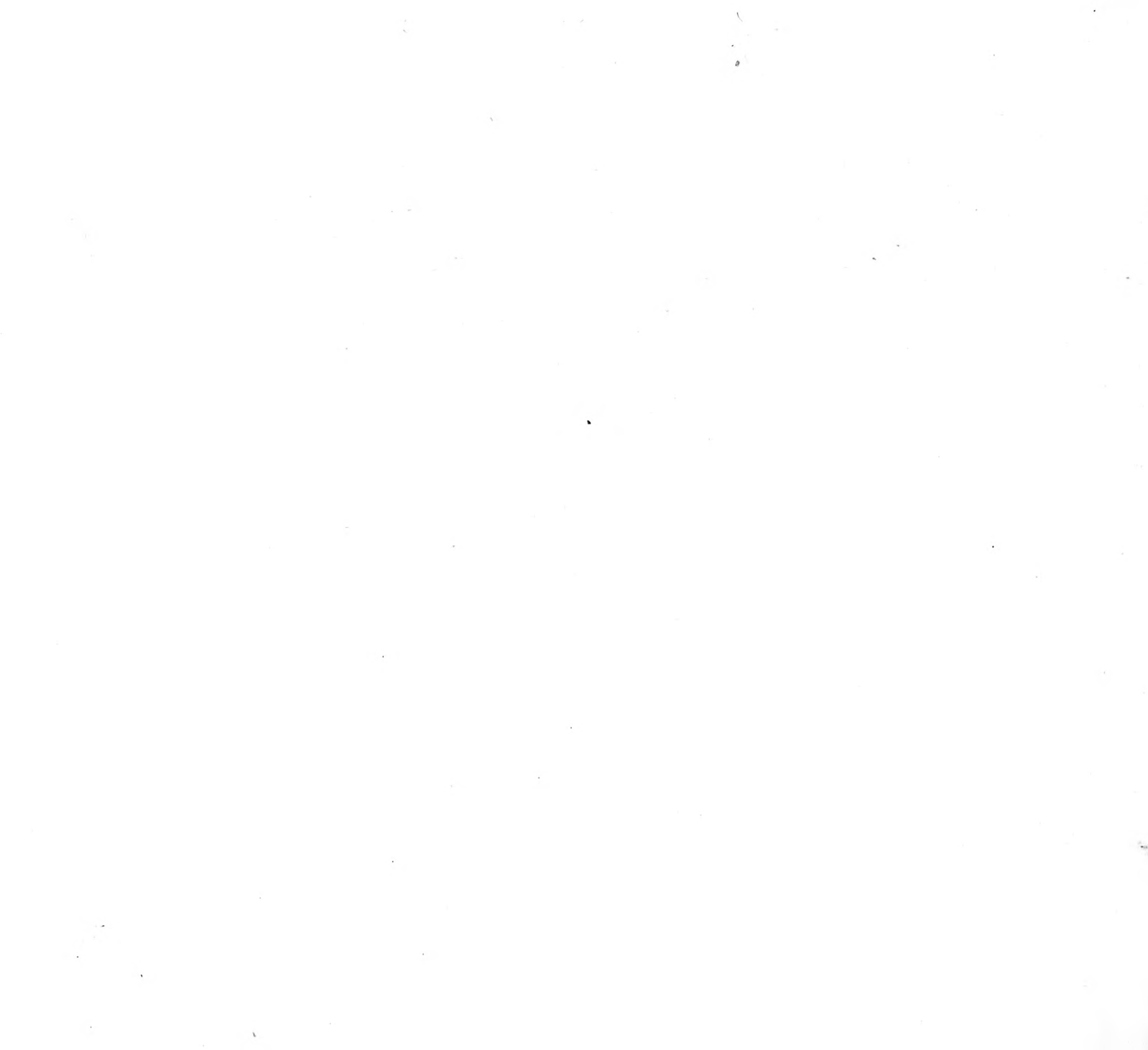
Jewels bright they heaped upon her,  
Flowers from Avalon's far shore,  
Grace and wit and beauty gave her,  
That all who knew her should adore.

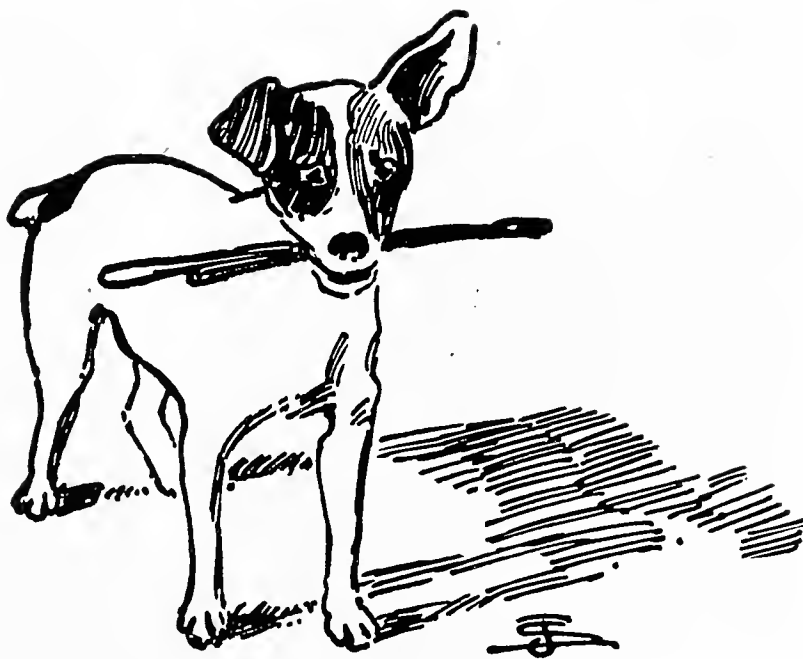
Fairies' days alas, are over,  
But we fain would take their place,  
And when Baby Ruth is Christened  
Dower her with every grace.

All the knowledge of the ancients,  
Gladly we bestow on you,  
Bryn Mawr's beauty, wit and learning,  
Be your gifts from 1902.

F. W. C., '02.







*Euhoe, Bacche!*

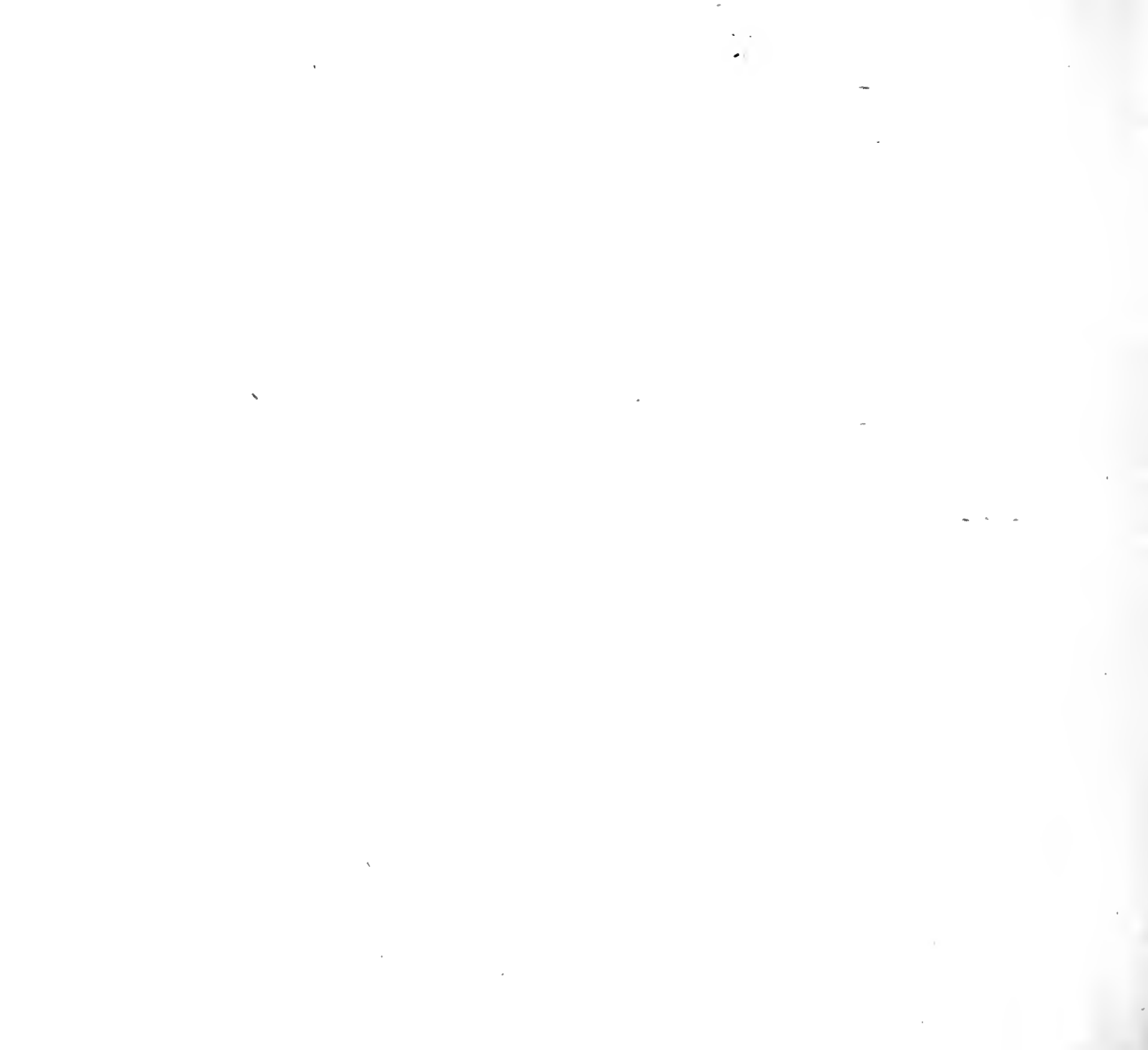












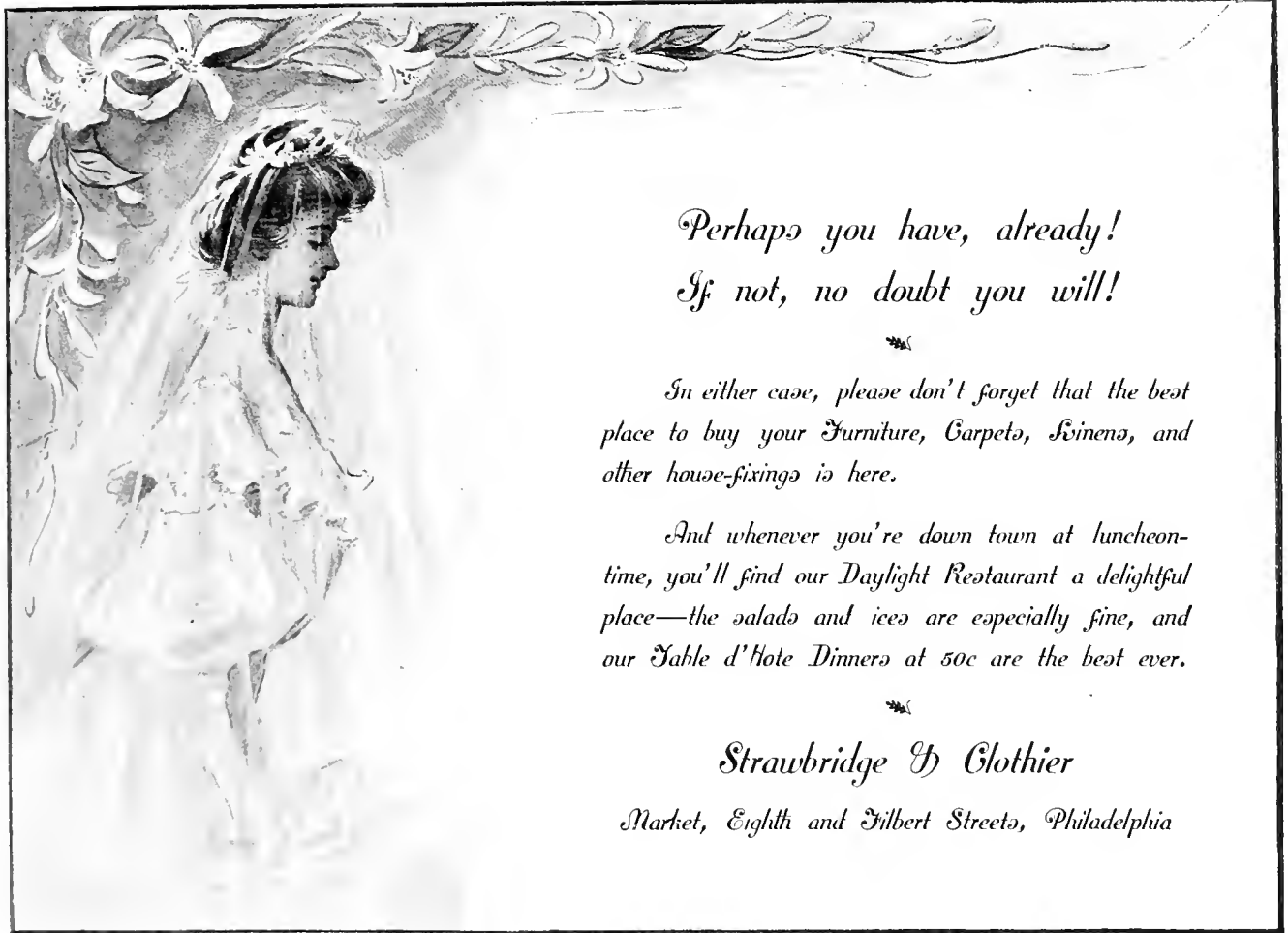












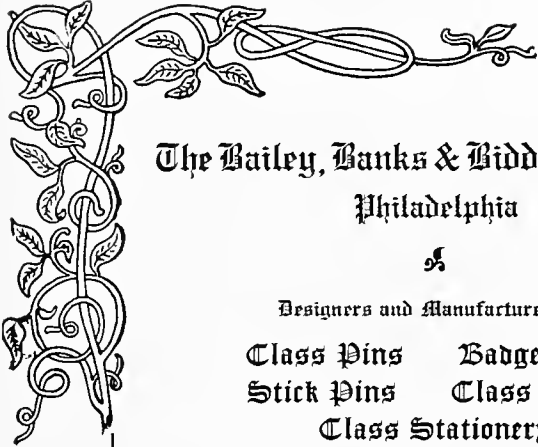
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