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The Light That Failed

or

We've Taken Our Fun Where We Found It

A Comi-Tragedy in Four Acts

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Dedicated
BY THE CLASS OF 1920
TO
Constance M. K. Applebee
AND
Hilda Worthington Smith

Bryn Mawr

378.7389

1920.

B. M. R. 2 April '58 Gift of Susan Savage Speers '51

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The Light That Failed

(A CRITICISM)

The comi-tragedy of *The Light That Failed*, produced under the auspices of 1913, is an interesting study of inheritance and an excellent example of the old time morality play; the only immoral element, Dr. Potter, we shall leave for a red class to criticize. It would have been easier for the critic if the author had omitted the fourth act, which is really little more than an epilogue, the only justification for which is the publicity given to the rather charming old English May Day scene.

The heroine is engaged in a struggle against the curse of being a light blue class throughout the play, while the conflicting emotions for '19 and '18 afford an interesting bit of character drawing. The heroine is possessed of many good qualities, of persistence, energy, and is above all a good sport, but she has one great flaw which is the cause of her undoing—an over-developed sense of humor. This sense of humor is apparently a family trait and proves beyond a shadow of a doubt that the sins of the parents are visited upon the children. Just as she is about to gain her objective, her sense of humor gets the better of her and frustrates her efforts. And yet it was the sense of humor which made her not care a damn for the opposing forces of man, nature and the elements during that perilous first act. The three seemed bent on her undoing. Hel circumventing the carefree young girl by the intricacies of college etiquette, the office by tying her down with red tape and the drives by sapping the vitality of the growing girl.

The outstanding characters in the first act were well cast and managed to keep the attention of the audience centered upon them, they were all picturesque characters and added spice to the play. They were set in splendid relief to the naïve and ingenuous young heroine, who, by her delightful disregard of all convention made many a dramatic moment, and kept the audience in a state of suspense. Good as the character studies were in the first act the play occasionally lapsed into mere horse-play which reached its height in a hand-to-hand fight in a public street. This fight, although bad from a purely dramatic viewpoint, gave the theatre a tremendous amount of publicity, described as it was all over the country.

A good deal of straight humor was added by the comedian, C. M. K. A., who, by his quaint drolleries and acrobatic stunts, called forth many a hearty laugh from the audience.

One of the chief faults with the structure of the play is that the climax comes in the middle of the first act when the heroine was voted fresh, after that great event with its wonderful staging and truly tragic moments, the action falls steadily, reaching a rather tragic dénouement when the heroine is forced to call in Billy Sunday to save her soul and lead her back to the trail. Most of the conspicuous characters leave at the end of the first act, and altogether too many new characters are introduced,

until the stage becomes overcrowded, while the showy red color scheme, at first picturesque, becomes tiresome, and the horse-play obtrusive.

The romantic element plays a large part in the tragedy, the love stories beginning almost immediately and ending in complications, add many charming scenes and lighten the rather heavy atmosphere.

The lyrics throughout were bad, the choruses rarely knew their songs, and when they did the words were hardly worth listening to.

Up to the climax the heroine manages to overcome the curse of being a light blue class, but afterward her power of resisting good fails her and she succumbs to her destiny. The play leaves one with an entirely satisfied feeling, however, after the charming and unexpected scene of pure comedy, when the heroine overcomes Nature and relapses into that delightful and original hoop rolling chorus.

MARGARET BALLOU

Dramatic Errors

Our author, 'we regret to state,
Does things that are not fair:
He brings in people who are not
At all essential to the plot—
And doesn't seem to care!

D. T. and this year's Freshman class
Have no large function here,
The Juniors are a blunder, too,
There's not a thing that they can do
To make the action clear.

Nelson adds color to the scene
And so we let him pass,
But those poor lab girls who must stay
In Dalton all the livelong day
We might delete en masse.

We wish the number on the stage
Were not so very vast,
For we should find it simpler far,
Since only very few can star,
To have a smaller cast.

DORIS PITKIN

Act 1.

Prelude to Act I.

At our first class meeting, it seemed as if all the important people in college came and spoke to us. Looking calmly back, we see that Les and Charlotte Dodge were there. They sternly impressed on us the importance of keeping the song a secret. In fact, the gravity of their speeches forbids us to quote them in a light article.

After the class meeting was over, Peg Hutchins drew me aside, and peering furtively around, whispered, "Of course, you know I want to see you about the song." I had guessed as much. I wonder now why all the Sophomores had not also guessed it, for no two people could have been more obvious conspirators.

We instinctively gravitated toward the graveyard, thinking it a retired spot, and commenced a preliminary examination of the tombstones. No Sophomores were lurking behind. We were just settling down to scan "Tramp, tramp" in an elaborate system of dead leaves and nut shells which we thought would give an illusion of undisturbed nature if Sophs appeared unexpectedly, when a carriage drove up. Two ladies got out. Acting on the first law of sleuth—that all persons shall be considered guilty until proved innocent—we assumed that they were Sophomores in disguise. For some time we watched them with a suspicion which they did not at all understand. I think our inspection of the inside of their pony cart, if they saw it, must have confirmed them in the obvious supposition that we were insane.

At last the song was composed, and we went back to the campus. Apparently the Sophomores had noticed more than we thought, for from the time I was seen with Peg, my room was subjected to thorough searching. The climax came when Edith Rondinella, showing an interest in me that has never reappeared, kept me out of my room by translating my Latin for the next day, while Cornelia Hayman systematically went through everything in my room. She even got a locksmith from Haverford to take the rivets off my trunk, when she couldn't find a key that would unlock it.

Milly Peacock led three passionate young scientists on a sightseeing tour through Dalton. After examining the curiosities of the geology department, they found themselves locked in. A thorough search revealed to Milly Carey an exit by the window and fire escape, quite feasible for Meenie and herself. But Queenie was too long to turn the corner. Milly stayed just long enough to absorb from Queenie enough of Robert's *Rules of Order* to last through her various presidential careers. Then she left Meenie alone with Queenie. Wasn't that nice of Milly!?* Then she descended the fire escape where Milly Peacock immediately joined her.

But these were not the only people who did not feel lonely during the first days of college. Our new theme pads and pencils were irresistible to '19, who smelled a rat even where none existed. Then they had to stay and explain the vagaries of the English department to us, and with their help most of us flunked. But just before Parade Night we weren't particularly interested in themes.

MARGARET LITTELL
DORIS PITKIN

*The editors are in doubt as to which kind of punctuation they should use.

“The Only Ones That Didn’t Care A Damn”

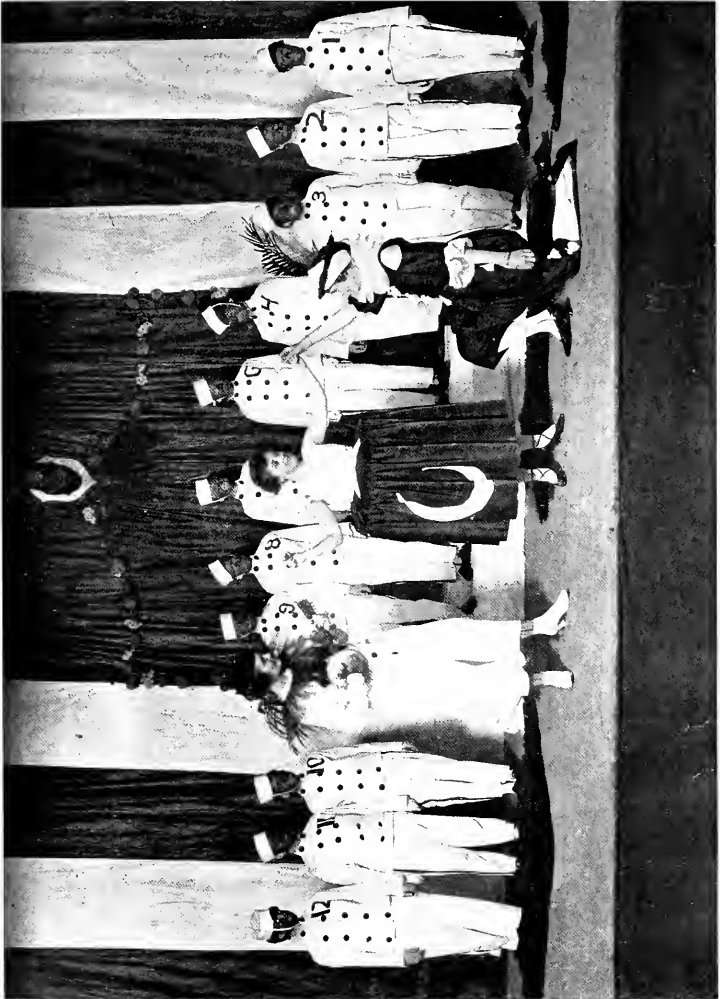
Four weeks after 1920 entered college we had become famous. Not through effort of mind or muscles did we reach this exalted degree, but only through full development of our natural animal spirits. A new era was ushered into Bryn Mawr; the fall of 1916 was marked by the most thrilling incident of the last decade. 1919 voted us *Fresh*. “In accordance with a tradition which for some years past it has not been necessary to revive,” they dubbed us beyond the pale of decent society and cast us into outer darkness. Can we ever forget the solemn portent of those days, when Freshman greeted Freshman with awe-stricken whisper, and when only a common bond of misery kept us from complete despair?

It was the fall weather, combined with quarantine, that made us so kittenish. In dining room or Pembroke arch, at hockey field or Senior steps, we did everything in the wrongest way possible, till Sunday afternoons buzzed with the tale of our sins. *The News* opened the formal campaign with a sentimental headline, “Our Peg Squelches Freshmen.” A series of properly shocked articles followed, and we were informed by the Honorable Editor that “Miss Verdant Greene has but little more time to put away childish things before she may be dealt with very stringently.” We should have become enraged, and have burnt the editors in effigy. ’21 has since shown us the correct reaction to such a rebuke. But our overdeveloped sense of humor urged us to give them something to be shocked about. By November the Dirty Seven had gained a decided headway in their desire to make the campus a snappy place to live in. Their repertoire included all things desirable, from picking up handsome youths in automobiles to swiping Peg’s B. M. sweater from the sidelines. The climax came with Sloanie’s and Peggy Dent’s mad plunge through flower vases out Hel’s window, and in the desecration of ’17’s banner by six common bath towels.

Our tale of crime was quickly told, and retribution was swift and sure. The red and green stood side by side in many firm interviews. In vain Mudge and Marty plead for us—our innocence and our childish pleasure; the hearts of the powers that be were not softened. ’19 took us to Sophomore Dance with smiling faces, and the next day sent us *The Letter*. Peg Hutchins staggered into the dining room with that tragedy queen expression, and reduced Phoebe to sobs at the disgrace she, the Secretary, had brought upon the class. No words can describe the blackness of the gloom that settled upon us. Peg, overwhelmed by the shock, departed to the Infirmary, leaving Phoebe and me to deal with the awful tragedy. With the help of the dictionary we answered ’19’s letter and then miserably awaited the class meeting.

The solemn session was opened by the reading of the letter. Phoebe did it well, although she choked over “uncalled for actions.” The class sat with trembling lips and tragic eyes, as one by one the Dirty Seven stood before them and apologized. I closed the meeting with an impassioned appeal for us to rise up from the ashes of our dead hopes, and to renew the freshness of our youth in the paths of peace.

*Title supplied by editors.



Where There's a Will There's a Way

Our education was progressing famously under '17's able supervision, when the time arrived for Lesson Two. It came in the shape of Freshman Show. They told us that you never know your class till you give a play. It would be equally true to say that you do not know the office till then. But before the play is over, you arrive at a working knowledge of its nature and habits—unless you have perished in the struggle.

The first hitch in proceedings came when Milly Peacock discovered our animal was to be a Jabberwock. As soon as it had been changed, the committee kept it a secret even from the class, although it did not require a brilliantly inductive mind to guess that "nimble little *Fox*" made an excellent rhyme to "lair among the rocks."

After that, our indefatigable committee made eight abortive attempts to compose a show that would not require:

- a. Too much effort for the class.
- b. Too much expense.
- c. Too much tolerance on the part of the Seniors.

Finally, P. T. made confusion worse confused by saying that we must give a Noah's Ark, waxworks, or a vaudeville. Some master mind—probably Lorna's—saw an opening at this point. The show, as presented to P. T., consisted of (a), song; (b), dance; (c), whistling stunt, etc. Then it was presented as a full-fledged musical comedy, while someone in an inconspicuous spot set up the appropriate letters for each feature. P. T., as we had been at some pains to find out beforehand, was not in Bryn Mawr at the time.

At the crucial moment, a new merit regulation deprived the choruses of their best voices. This difficulty was easily overcome by slipping the girls in question in as negroes, where detection, to say the least, would have been difficult.

The dress rehearsal was a long-drawn-out agony. The singers were flat; the dancers were everything they shouldn't be; the spotlight left the principals in darkness, and played erratically over the holes in the choruses' stockings and unpainted portions of the backdrop. Encouraging people told us that the worse the dress rehearsal went, the better the play would be; and then predicted enormous success for the next night.

Miracles occasionally happen. Minstrel Show was one, the Circus was another, but Freshman Show eclipsed even these. Gerry alone was worth the price of admission. Even one of *The News'* well refrigerated write-ups thawed a little when it came to her. Everyone who had seen the rehearsal was agreeably startled when the choruses began at the same time as the music. Jinks started by captivating the leader of the orchestra, and ended by enthraling the audience. She whistled not wisely but too

well, for she has never been allowed to do anything else. The enthusiasm that the cavemen called forth would have been a good argument for Ibanez; and if Maude Adams had asked, "Do you believe in fairies?" anyone who had seen Zin dance would have had to answer, "Yes."

The Light Blue had flashed in triumph from behind the footlights!

DORIS PITKIN

Leading Ladies

We sing of the mighty Red Seniors
Who made our young lives simply—well,
They were typified by those fair Graces,
The trio, Peg, Monic and Hel.

Oh! Monica flirted with Savvy,
Who thought that her writing was swell;
And as for athletics, they centered
In mighty Peg Thompson and Hel.

The class as a whole was quite bumptious,
As Monica showed us quite well;
And Peggy was not far behind her,
But greatest of these was our Hel!

Then sing of those mighty Red Seniors,
Whose exploits we still sometimes tell;
And those very remarkable ladies,
The trio, Peg, Monic and Hel.

DORIS PITKIN

One Girl's Influence

We were young and very unformed when we arrived here, but soon, to quote a famous line of Kipling's: "We learned about College from her." We learned, (or at least those in Rock did) that it was a place with two varieties of bath-tub—the ordinary, free-for-all kind, and Hel's Tub. It is really unnecessary to state that Hel's Tub was the first to grow that Shower immortalized in song and story. Verses covered the walls around it. Helen Marie herself began the custom with a little prose poem to the effect that "Ladies Will and Others Must." Then Longfellow contributed, "This is the bathtub prime evil," and after that poets became so numerous everyone lost count.

Sometimes, when our peace was broken by a splash and a scream, we knew that the Shower Bath Belle was ejecting a naked victim who had presumed to use Her Tub. Belinda was the only person who escaped vengeance, and that was certainly because the door was both bolted and barricaded. Inspired by a high resolve, Belinda waited within while Hel waited without. If hunger had not forced Belinda to vacate, Hel would probably be waiting still. I regret that the vagrant dog which Lorna tied in the tub had less fortunate experiences. I always like people to be kind to dumb animals.

But don't think Hel's refining influence was confined to Rock. Everyone on the campus soon knew her as well as they know that there were quarantine regulations. Of course there is the exception of Jule Conklin, who, when writing up a game with the alumnae in 1918, turned to Hel and asked innocently, "Name, please"; but cases like that were rare.

All our song committee were brought up by Hel in the way they should go, after we once sang a song commencing, "Oh Hel-lo, oh '20." and from that day to this our songs have been noticeably free from profanity.

Everybody remembers how Hel kept the Endowment Fund in the public eye. I have often wondered why they passed her over for Isabel Foster in this year's publicity campaign. She had unparalleled genius for the limelight.

Hel was such stuff as myths are made on. By 1930 people will be saying that she threw bathtubs into the corridor and carried the head of Juno about, to use as a missile. I won't say Hel couldn't have done this, but she never did. However, it is fact and not legend that the florists' boxes outside her door blocked the traffic every week-end. These degenerate days no longer know the meaning of a crush!

Space is wanting to describe Hel at basketball; at water-polo, with the water of the deep end just reaching her ankles; or, most magnificent of all, in hockey. Only a motion picture could do justice to her unique variety of gallop. But, after all, athletics were not her strongest point. She expressed her individuality better in fire drills. They gave scope to her idea of humor and opened up chances for pleasant personal relations with people.

One of our very pleasantest recollections occurs in connection with an apology, made after Hel had been locked out of her room. Hel, through long practice, had become as adept at receiving apologies as 1920 was at making them, but on that occasion she outdid herself in graciousness. I cannot understand why she did not immediately win over to the ranks of her admirers the hardened reprobates whom she encountered. Unfortunately, they remained in the group of those who detested her, for as everybody knows, 1920 could be divided into two distinct groups: Those Who Loved and Those Who Loathed. This classification included everyone in the class.

I can't see why Hel should have felt as she did on the subject of practical jokes. There is a tradition that '17 had once been fond of them, but the story may have been invented by their enemies. But at least in Hel's case, there should have been some gratitude, for without 1920's attentions, how could she have stayed on the map? For the matter of that, how could 1920 have stayed on the map without Hel?*

Now I come to a very sad phase of Hel's career. After she had gotten her A. B., a mad ambition for a higher degree possessed her and she rashly returned to the scene of her former glory. Alas, her throngs of satellites had gone. Even the continued devotion of Miss Nearing and those prolonged kisses that we heard through the door of the Prophet's Chamber (where Hel slept) were not like "The old, old love we knew of yore." Even Corny showed signs of falling off, and the sauldalled train had gone long since.

Hel, since 1918, has been an unlaidd ghost. Let us speak no evil of the dead!

CONUNDRUM

When '19 once again we see
'20 is glad as glad can be,
I wonder now—can someone tell,
Why don't we feel the same toward Hel?

DORIS PITKIN

*They didn't.

PERIODS OF EXERCISE

When we first came to B. M. C.
We only had to sign up three.
When now at exercise we rage,
We call that time the Golden Age.
Some distant day, the students sad
Will weep, "'Twas *only four* they had."

D. E. P.

Drives

She told us that every loyal Bryn Mawr student would *want* to support the Garrett Memorial, and that we as Freshmen, with our reputation to make ————. It was Miss Helen Harris herself who thus appealed to our highest instincts, cooped up in one of our very first class meetings. We were young and gullible, and with an enthusiasm as eager as it was pathetic, we rolled up our sleeves and dedicated ourselves to various high callings—dish washing, rousing our elders after closing their windows and turning on their thermies, opening beds, running in lingerie ribbons, boot blacking—I espoused the last, ruining my fingernails, and flunking my required science on the strength of it. And then, one sacred day, the Fire Fairy rose in Undergrad meeting and desired to commend the Freshmen for being the first to raise their quota. A little later the first flush of our enthusiasm had perceptibly paled when the above mentioned amiable lady informed Milly that the fund still lacked a few hundred dollars, and since we were the youngest class in college, the least that we could decently do was to supply the deficit. I, for one, flunked required English in helping to fulfill the obligation. Anyway, we consoled ourselves—the money is raised.

Our first act on arriving Sophomore year was to subscribe with passionate patriotism to the creation of a Service Corps. I don't know where we thought the money was coming from, but with the Alumnae looking confidently to the Undergraduate body, and the Undergraduate body looking reverently to V. K., we ignored all such sordid considerations. The campus burst into commercialism as it bursts into measles. This time I took in mending. To be sure, it left me no time to study Minor Ec., which I flunked, but then what was Ec. compared to a Service Corps? I have hazy recollections of stocking darning, an abortive public speaking course, marking the athletic field, (I contrived to smash the baby carriage in the process), and subscribing to Liberty Bonds like a drunken sailor. Thrift Stamps were exposed temptingly for sale outside the dining room doors, while Belgian babies and French fileuls were commanding tremendous prices, in accordance with the supply and demand theory that I was so painfully trying to learn. I bought, subscribed, adopted; and late in May, my family was besieged with frenzied telegrams for enough money to get home. What happened to my Belg. an baby I can't say.

I don't recall just what folly we committed ourselves to next. But I do remember signing a pledge for a vast sum of money—and then forgetting it.

Anon came the Victory Loan; and with at least one Liberty Bond unpaid for, I willingly subscribed, trusting that the Lord would provide. Apparently I had wearied Providence with a too blind faith. Anyway, one day in spring Darth asked me for my pledge. As always happens, it had slipped from my mind as completely

as the money had slipped from my checking account. So it happened that the next day I went to town, obscured behind a heavy veil, to hock a Liberty Bond.

History repeats itself. Again we are in the midst of an Endowment Fund. And when it is for \$2,000,000, it is on a truly grand scale. Let us be generous, however, and acknowledge that the Alumnae are doing the actual money getting. It is for us to display our charms to the public and make them believe that superwomen are a species worthy of maintenance. (How wise not to leave *that* part to the Alumnae.)

There are, of course, minor drives that flourish with unabated vigor, as when we follow the red line in Taylor. And that reminds me that I have signed a pledge—I forget how much.

ALICE ROOD

Swinburne to His Hockey Stick

O stick in my hand held so tightly,
O stick that I smite with and use,
Of fabulous fields I dream nightly,
Of spots where no coaches abuse:
I am sick of the pain and the passion
Where the first with the first team doth strive,
And I know it is not in the fashion,
But let us seek Team No. Five!

There no wrath of the rampant shall wake us,
Nor cries of the captain, nor team,
No powers athletic shall shake us
To break the delight of our dream:
Motionless, moonsmitten, marvelous,
No one shall think us alive;
Let us leave the first team with its laurels
For the lilies and languors of Five!

DORIS PITKIN

To Pembroke East

Aristocracies are always conservative, and Pembroke East is no exception. We shall not dwell on the aloofness, the dignity, the chill repose that stamps the cast of Vere de Vere, for these have been characteristic long before 1920 came on the scene. We prefer to treat Pembroke from an angle that has become very popular recently, the psychologist's.

If mental tests were not strictly *sub rosa*, we could show very interestingly how Pembroke exhibited Mediæval reactions by replying "hierarchy of the blessed angels," "the sin of gluttony" or "heresy" when we named certain less fortunate halls, for Pembroke has all the traits of the midmost of the Middle Ages. Nowhere does this show more clearly than in the way they look at the world. Stationary at the center stands Pembroke; around it revolves the rest of the cosmos. (We consider it more tactful not to mention the relative distances at which the other members of the system revolve.) They have never dreamed of evolution; they still await their Darwin, murmuring, "Because a thing has been it always will be."

We do not wish to seem personal in a scientific article, but when Miss ——— says: "Madame President, I move we go to chapel three times a week. You know chapel going is a tradition and we *ought* to keep it up." You have a case in point.

The mediæval position is most clearly defined in religious matters. While not exactly advocating an inquisitorial policy, their attitude can hardly be called one of complete toleration. (For data on the subject, see minutes of the class meeting February 19, 1920, and February 24, 1920.) They mortify the flesh by going to all religious meetings indiscriminately, and with a typical crusading zeal they rally around the Church Millicent.

Pembroke East recognizes its own peculiar interest, and guests of the History Club are always entertained there at tea in order to have a chance to study a phase of past civilization at first hand. We regret to see, however, that modern western ideas are already encroaching and one of their number takes a more than lively interest in journalism for women. But the mass of the people are still true to their traditions and it will be long before they realize that the world does not share their sentiment:

"Better a carrot in Pembroke than ice-cream in Rock, or Radnor."

FROM ROCKEFELLER

M. Carey's Chicken*

It was my firm and determined purpose to keep it a dark secret. I had been brought up under the shadow of P. T.'s greatness, and the prospect of entering Bryn Mawr stamped as her niece filled my soul with terror. "No one shall know," I swore valiantly to myself. "Then if I do anything dreadful, *She* will not be disgraced." Only her Secretary knows what passed between us in that first interview. "If I were *you*," she said from the depths of her red velvet throne, "I shouldn't lay too much emphasis on the fact that you are my niece." Oh innocent dream of childhood! I little knew the sleuthing instinct of Bryn Mawr. The first thing to foil my plans was *The News*. A quarter of a column on the front page revealed my illustrious heritage in full to the charitable college eye. For four days I managed to dodge behind the fact that I was one of three M. Car (e)ys in the class. But on Sunday the race between me and my identity began. I woke to find on my door a large parchment invitation to dinner at the Deanery. I could not refuse—that was evident—but how could I get there without being observed? And what could I say to Virginia Kneeland, who had asked me to a picnic at one o'clock? I finally made an embarrassed exit from V. K.'s room, progressed to the Deanery by way of Pen-y-groes and Yarrow, and slid past Ada's disapproving face into the dining room. After lunch I made the acquaintance of four winged animals, six clawed beasts, and two bronze peacocks in the garden, and was introduced to sundry pictures, whose painters I valiantly pretended to know. I was then wrapped in three rugs and deposited on the front seat of the Franklin. Our cyclone exit from Pembroke Arch almost caused the death of a fascinated group of my classmates, who stood staring after us with their mouths wide open. After missing Mr. Chandler's Saxon by an inch, we skidded into a group of dignified Seniors. I hesitated whether to bow grandly to Peg Thompson, or to crawl under the three layers of alligator-skin cover, and succeeded in doing neither. I breathed a sigh of relief when we reached the open country; it seemed safer. It was just five o'clock when the delighted choir witnessed my hasty exit from the Franklin tonneau. I staggered through their midst, followed by that unmistakable voice: "*Millicent*, don't forget to do your work *regularly*." The rest was lost as I tore madly down the path.

The next night found me one of a group of Freshman who were being fed muggle by Beany Dubach, while she amused us with her vivid analogies between the Faculty and the animals adorning her room. She was outdoing herself in her description of the appropriateness of P. T.'s Princeton Tiger, when she was clutched by a frantic hand from the rear, and Jinky's loud stage-whisper recounted my identity in full. Oh, unspeakable curse! Why was I born a member of the Thomas clan? The amusing but painful incidents of that year would fill a book. The Freshmen in Pem. had the inestimable privilege of eating with the *Prominent Alumnae*. I was always late

*Title insisted on by the editors.

to meals. At breakfast my hair was held up by three invisibles; at lunch I was covered with ink; at supper my collar was invariably coming off. And ever I could hear Miss Patty Thomas, in measured and monotonous tones, pointing me out to All Those Present as the President's Niece. One day, I returned to my room garbed only in a kimona to see Meenie escaping from the door with her hair in curlers—I entered to find Dr. Simon Flexner sitting on the window seat and P. T. measuring my wall for a desk. I did the only thing possible under the circumstances—rolled under the bed. Chapel was always a thrilling occasion. Every time She would come out with anything amusing or startling the entire audience would turn and look at me. What did they expect me to do? I was not responsible. At Senior singing every time P. T. was mentioned, I was watched to see if I would jump.

There are many other incidents which are stamped on my memory in letters of scarlet. I shall never forget my state of mind after the Fight in the village, for which I was partly if not directly responsible. The joy of combat carried me through Wednesday undisturbed, but the next morning I met Her coming to chapel, brandishing a newspaper, with fire in her eye, and I didn't stop running till I reached the Gym. Once my family visited me en masse. We migrated to the gym in a formidable procession, and my brother and I marched up the aisle just behind P. T. to the re-echoing strains of "Anassa Kata Kalo Kale," uttered loudly by my irreverent friends. I don't think my brother ever recovered. Oh! life was full of excitement in those days, and it has seemed very tame this year without her. I have been reduced to reading over and over again her letters from the oases of the African desert, and from Monte Carlo, and to listening to the innocent comments of Freshmen who know not the Dark Secret.

MILLICENT CAREY

IN THE SPOTLIGHT

If I were but a debutante
And lovely as could be,
I would not mind a tiny bit
If limelight fell on me.
But when my hair is three long strings,
And ink is on my face,
And *then* they take my photograph,
I call it a disgrace!

D. E. P.

CLASS OFFICERS

President—MARGARET GROSVENOR HUTCHINS
Vice-President—MARGARET MILLICENT CAREY
Secretary—PHOEBE HELMER (resigned)
ELIZABETH WILLIAMS

SONG MISTRESS—Lois Walcott Kellogg.

UNDERGRADUATE ASSOCIATION ADVISORY BOARD—Mary Hardy.

SELF-GOVERNMENT ASSOCIATION ADVISORY BOARD—Darthela Clark.

CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION—*Assistant Treasurer*, Gertrude Wye Steele (resigned).

Mary Hardy.

COLLEGE NEWS BOARD—Editor, Dartheia Clark.

ATHLETICS
1916-1917

TENNIS SINGLES

Class Championship, 1920

Captain—M. S. CARY

Manager—M. M. CAREY

TEAM

M. S. CARY

K. CAULDWELL

Z. BOYNTON

TENNIS SINGLES AND DOUBLES

Class Championship, 1920

TEAMS

M. A. CHASE

Z. BOYNTON

M. M. CAREY

M. S. CARY

K. CAULDWELL

M. HUTCHINS

Individual Champion—M. S. CARY

On Tennis Varsity—M. S. CARY

HOCKEY

Championship Won by 1917

Captain—M. M. CAREY

Manager—M. L. MALL

TEAM

H. HOLMES

L. SLOAN

H. KINGSBURY

M. A. CHASE

F. BONSAL

P. HELMER

M. L. MALL

M. M. CAREY

E. WILLIAMS

N. OFFUTT

B. WEAVER

SWIMMING MEET
 Championship Won by 1920
Captain—B. WEAVER

TEAM

K. TOWNSEND
 P. HELMER
 M. HUTCHINS
 M. S. CARY

M. L. MALL
 D. CLARK
 M. R. BROWN
 B. WEAVER

H. HOLMES

COLLEGE RECORDS BROKEN

68 foot on front.....K. Townsend, 14 3/5 sec.
 68 foot on back.....M. S. Cary, 17 3/5 sec.
 136 foot on front.....K. Townsend, 34 sec.
 136 foot on back.....M. S. Cary, 41 2/5 sec.
 Plunge for distance.....M. R. Brown, 55 feet

WATER POLO

Class Championship Won by 1917

Captain—K. TOWNSEND

Manager—M. M. CAREY

TEAM

M. S. CARY
 B. WEAVER
 K. CAULDWELL

M. M. CAREY
 M. BALLOU
 K. TOWNSEND

P. HELMER

OUTDOOR TRACK MEET

Class Championship Won by 1917

Captain, D. ROGERS

Manager, H. ZINSSER

TEAM

M. M. CAREY
 K. TOWNSEND
 M. S. CARY
 M. L. MALL

M. R. BROWN
 P. HELMER
 L. KELLOGG
 M. L. HARLAN

M. HUTCHINS
 H. ZINSSER
 B. WEAVER
 D. ROGERS

L. SLOAN

E. LUETKEMEYER

BASKET BALL

Class Championship Won by 1917

Captain—M. M. CAREY

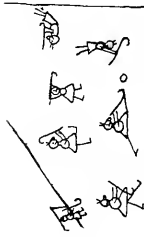
Manager—M. HUTCHINS

TEAM

M. S. CARY
 M. M. CAREY

M. HUTCHINS
 K. TOWNSEND

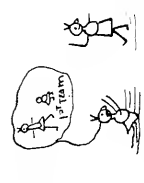
F. BONSAI



The heeey season deep beest-
 bring home adonisek plates!
 Dear, so's simply got to win
 So try to tottle faster.



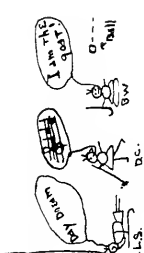
WE'VE WON THE
 MESSY RISE
 WE CANNOT SEEM TO STAY ON THE
 IT WOULDN'T DO TO FIGHT.
 WE SIMPLY MUSTN'T CHASE A GOAL
 IT WOULDN'T BE POLITE.



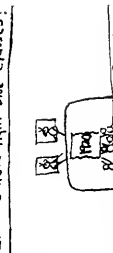
Oh, fellow friend, you've needed too
 To win till you are done.
 IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE WHETHER
 HAVE EVER PLAYED BEFORE.



WE CANNOT SEEM TO STAY ON THE
 IT WOULDN'T DO TO FIGHT.
 WE SIMPLY MUSTN'T CHASE A GOAL
 IT WOULDN'T BE POLITE.

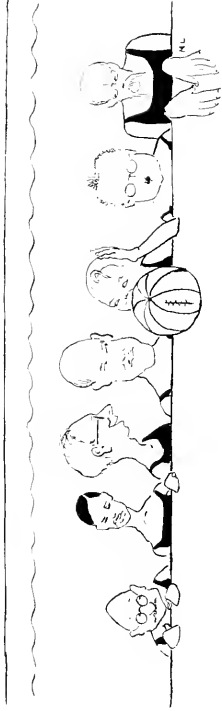


Oh why even ourselves at all!
 We're only silly asses.
 And why not disregard the ball
 Like other light blue classes?



Full slow and sad with looks demure
 Our banner falls again.
 How nice that it can stay some pure
 Unsullied by the rain! M.M.C.

Act 11.



Pooling The Faculty

or

When the Cat's Away the Mice Will Play

Overture

We must admit that we really were not canny enough for '19, or rather for Freddy—for no brain but Freddy's could ever have evolved the plan of waking Riker and Hendricks at 4 a. m. Monday morning and sending them to the steps of Taylor Hall to write the Song. But to begin at the beginning, we arrived en masse from Phoebe's Sunday night to find that K. Cauldwell and Leita had already hired the Ford from the man with the gold teeth, and were going through the usual steps of getting in touch with the band master and scouting out such people as Nan, Tip, Mary, Becky, etc. They must have enjoyed our intense interest in their whereabouts, for none of them were in on the secret.

Millicent was eating mocking bird's eye-brows *en famille* at the Deanery. We sent her a note on that silver salver and managed to extract her to confer under the bushes outside. Plans were laid for the following day, and we returned to Cartref, where about half the class slept over Mr. King's apartment and the other half retired to Mrs. Abernethy's to spend the night under Tip's bed.

Monday *Milly's Marmon* appeared on the scene like a thunderbolt. We tried in vain to block up Pem. Arch first with barrels, then with ourselves, but the *Marmon* went through regardless. From the moment that it appeared we realized that it foreboded no good and should be watched. With this in mind, we found *the* Ford and gave chase. Was it prophetic, that grim allegory of 1920 in a little Ford tearing after 1919 in *Milly's Marmon*? We spent Monday in close contact with '19. It is safe to say that not a member of the green put in an invisible that day, unobserved. Little did we wot that the song was already written and that all our random movements between Monday morning and Thursday afternoon were for nought.

Dolly and I hit on the brilliant plan of discovering the name of '21's chairman, by making a call on Mr. Clarke, the printer of *The College News*. Mr. Clarke had received strict orders to show *The News* to no one but O'Con under any condition, so when we presented ourselves as Miss Darthela Clark and Miss Katherine Holliday, respectively, he was inclined to doubt us. That was easily managed. We went to a pay station and got K. Cauldwell to telephone Mr. Clarke from Bryn Mawr and tell him she was Miss O'Connor and as editor of *The News* commanded him to let us go as far as we liked. Mr. Clarke outdid himself, he took us all over his plant while we grew more and more nervous as time went on, for O'Con was due at any moment to paste the dummy. But finally he showed us the copy. I almost gave myself away by falling over in a dead faint when I saw Teddy Howell's engagement announced, but Dolly had charmed the obsequious Mr. Clarke and we were safe. By the god of Mischance, which has always been the divinity of 1920, we saw every line of the copy but the article about Foot.

Our journey was not wholly in vain, as Mr. Clarke presented each of us with

yellow pencils and when the enemy discovered our escapade they almost changed the president.

Tip thoughtfully relieved Millicent from her membership duties in Taylor Monday morning, and in the meantime Foot, dressed as a Mother, in flowing veils, was rushed into the campus in Faff Branson's car, walked to Miss Orlady's office and with little ceremony was peacefully elected president.

The next dramatic incident was the kidnapping of Foot. We didn't actually do it but no one will ever know how near we came to it. P. T. later told Millicent in confidence that we would have been suspended, had we succeeded in our Pearl White escapade. It was really a dramatic moment when we sat in Phoebe's and K.'s room and planned for the Kidnapping of Marynia. The whole plan was admirably worked out. We were to wake Foot with the other Freshmen to explain sophomore rules and Dolly was to abscond with her by the back door of Pembroke and take her to Eleanor Davis' in our faithful but costly Ford. Still waters run deep. Patty Thomas was one of the chief connivers, and promised to leave the door unlocked. Now that I have seen Foot as the piratical maid and am acquainted with her voice and strength, I must say that Dolly would have had a rough ride to Chestnut Hill. Everything was in readiness, the Ford behind Dalton, when Foot's guardian angel—or was it ours—made us abandon our plan.

We spent the night in or around Foot's room. About ten. Hel stalked down the hall like a black spectre risen from the dead. It was ever thus.

Odd song leaders for years back rallied in Izzie Smith's room. Foot, worn and thin from the trials that had been sent upon her (of which Dolly was the greatest) was taken up tenderly, lifted with care and placed on Izzie Smith's couch. We suspected a conspiracy. I, with more audacity than forethought, manipulated an entrance and for a moment Hel and I were locked in loving embrace. Hel, like Grendel's mother, set the jaw that has been written about in song and story and kicked me from the room. I cherish the scar unto this day.

Wednesday morning found us a little dazed and decidedly dishevelled, all except Ibbie Williams, who, with a beautiful marcel and pearl beads, appeared looking like a perfect lady. Now comes the climax, the fight in the vill. Alice Harrison was one of the ring leaders in the fight and because she says she was never so mad in her life, I'll let her describe this disgraceful scene.

"There is a great deal of pleasure in hitting somebody hard. Dempsey may carry the thing to an extreme, but he has a great and satisfying profession. There is no doubt in my mind about that. I love it. I have only one regret in the whole affair, and that is that I could not puncture the *Marmon's* tire, twist and press as I would, with a hair pin. I cannot understand why automobilists are so nervously expectant of punctures. If you buy good fat tires they are impossible: although, of course, I was a little more handicapped than an ordinary nail in the road in trying to seem nonchalant under Milly Peacock's steady eye. I have often thought what a good

advertisement for the Goodyear people a tin-type of that scene would have been, if the tin-type man had only had the presence of mind. He was there.

"My impression is necessarily almost entirely just of my own feelings. I know from hearsay that the chauffeur hauled off and hit Phoebe, but at the moment I had just been scraped off the back of the car on one of those hitching posts which still stand there in front of the Bryn Mawr Trust. I lost, of course, my hold on Dot's middy blouse when I was left in the road and I had nothing to do with pulling off her petticoat. It was unfortunate that it should have fallen so plainly in the middle of the road, and stood up so starchily and stiffly by itself.

"Well, as I say, by the time I had regained consciousness, the car had stopped beside Ramsay's, but by hurrying, I was in plenty of time to get a good assailant, Gat. I was glad to share her with Milly, and it took both of us just to hold her. Indeed I have always believed that we never could have done it even so, except for my hair. It has never been like that before or since. It rose to the occasion and fell upon the enemy. It choked her, wrapped round her, made her sneeze, made her mad. It shocked and delighted the villagers. I used to wear big shell hair pins but Mrs. Tubbs is wearing them now. It behaved like a live thing, which indeed most of it was. Less of it is now, and that little is hard to arouse, which may have some bearing on certain references to the interests of Denbighites in this book.

"It necessarily blinded Milly and me too, so that we had to be called off like dogs when it was time to fall back in our supporting machine, triumphant. It was on our way home that Dot told us the crux of the whole joke on '19. She hadn't really heard the song at all."

After the fight came a few pangs of remorse. Millicent thought of the maternal aunt with a few misgivings and I turned over B. Sorchan's remarks in my heart. Mary Tyler's room was then barricaded, Foot spirited in and the song copied.

My impressions of Thursday are clouded and vague. That day was a nightmare—dull, grey and monotonous. We had reached a fatigue level. Gerry swiped the bandmaster's music and made up parodies to every song in the book, and when we handed the book back to him *it was open at Yankee Doodle*. Cruel fate to be so near and yet so far. The rest all happened hurriedly—a dash to the hockey field—whispers—alternating that we had it and didn't have it; and then came a special from Millicent, "Smile, whatever happens *and be good sports.*" They sang faintly, we cheered lustily. We are very glad that we did, if it had anything to do with that write-up in 1919's class book "To 1920."

MARGARET BALLOU
ALICE HARRISON

1918

We think a great deal better of you, 1918, than you do of yourselves. We admit that you did not shine in athletics, although you mopped up the pool pretty well with 1919 and 1917 and won many of the minor sports before large throngs of you left and married. Odd classes rarely marry, that is the chief reason why so many remain in college for intensive training in athletics.

Your attainments were on a higher plane than even the top of the gymnasium. You had too much sense of humor to spend your time and energy developing into a prize fighter. In after years will the crown of glory go to the women with the best developed brawn?—surely not in this day and generation. Here lies the chief distinction between the odd and even classes. One can easily imagine odd classes exposing weak babies on hillsides rather than be encumbered with the physically weak.

Just here we should like to express our gratitude to you for the way in which you brought us up. You departed pleasantly from tradition when you discarded the apron string method and allowed us an independent existence. To be sure we made breaks, but if we hadn't *The News* would have been deprived of many a snappy editorial, life would have lost the greater part of its zest for us and 1917 would have had little *raison d'être*.

You, 1918, produced *Beau Brummel*—an interesting comparison might be drawn between it and the *Beaux Statagem*, but perhaps we had better not. You, 1918, added a large part to Varsity Dramatics—and it is a matter of minor importance—you had the best history song that has ever been sung while we've been in college; we particularly appreciate it in the June of 1919.

Taking all in all, we should be honored to follow in your footsteps.

“They’ll None of ’Em Be Missed”

Parade Songs.
The Perennial Drive.
The Little Red Whale.
The Typewriter Next Door.
The Subscription Gatherer.
The Unscrubbed Tub.
The Visiting Celebrity.
The Tea House Bill.
The Required Quorum.
The Spiral Stair.
Hall Rules.
Carrot Soup.
Good sports.

I’ve jotted down some little things
That I could do without.
The fact they never would be missed
Is clear beyond a doubt.
They may not be the same as those
On Mr. Gilbert’s list.
But this is certain for them all—
They’d none of ’em be missed.

ALICE ROOD
DORIS PITKIN

Pembroke West

During the quarantine a horde of alumnae descending upon us chose Pembroke West for their abiding place, thereby turning out its inmates on the campus at large. This for the first time, brought them strikingly in contact with the rest of us, so that we were able to study the characteristics of this obscure and little-known people. That the college in general may know that Pembroke West exists, we publish these few facts about its inhabitants and recommend them as a very pleasing if somewhat self-effacing race.

One of these primitive people lives at the remotest end of the labyrinth of Pem. This may account for the fact that she is late to classes. But she must not be judged too harshly as she is partly under the influence of her room-mate, that riotous little heathen, Meenie Hardy, and furthermore, she is not so awfully homely when one gets used to her. She is one of the unsung heroines of history; for she did not prefer liberty to death, but toiled for many hours over us, and like Svengali, tried to hypnotize us into singing. And if we do not sing her praises as often as we should, it is merely out of consideration for those who might hear us.

Then there is Dot Rogers, who once in a while decides to stay at college and attend a class or two, thus giving us a brief chance to make her acquaintance. (We seldom see her, however, as she spends the greater part of her time in studying.) But she ranks with Foch in fame, for it was she who led the forces of 1920 at the great battle of Lancaster Pike in 1917 A. D.

Some of us still remember Hel. Cornie Keeble may remember her, and I am sure the florist does. Now, during the Sophie epoch, when Marian Gregg enjoys the benefits of two room-mates, does Cornie remember those former days of love and flowers and does she now feel like Hel(1)?

The wild and spicy elements of the hall consist of the ballet-dancers, Marian Frost and Dorothy Allen. The latter's corrugated hair reached Ibanez's heart, and he held up the bread line of autograph fiends while he indited a poem to her waves.

We always thought Lilian Davis was cut out for a physicist because, aside from her interest in the subject, she managed Jimmy Barnes so well. But when we saw her at Fellowship Dinner, we felt we were mistaken and that her destiny should lead her to the Greek department.

Of course people aren't apt to notice Zella, but then—we can't all be dashing; though she does dress quietly she occasionally wears dainty wee earrings and her hand is concealed by an elegant cluster of solitaires, a sign that the Zella-Zinsser partnership will not take to the road.

At the very beginning of the senior corridor in Pem is the Select Salon, the home of inspiration—where Harriet conceives our class drama, and Betty composes basketball schedules. This is presided over by Agnes looking like Mona Lisa and the

Blessed Damozel, while Hawkie, the Rough-rider, sits by the fire and ridicules the follies of the world.

Who has heard of Milly Carey? There is many a flower born to blush unseen—and she blushes often and very charmingly. Inconspicuous to the public eye as she is, she has, however, some few claims to commemoration. It does not matter whether or not she can sing, whether she is athletic, or even academically brilliant, one must not expect too much; but she is connected with the Christian Association, a perfectly respectable institution, and is intimately acquainted with Miss Applebee, and Dean Smith, a mark of distinction. Without her the class of 1920 would still be wandering on, perhaps, purposeless and with childlike innocence—as it was in the beginning. But she has followed in the footsteps of her August Aunt, and we may well be called Milly Carey's Chickens.

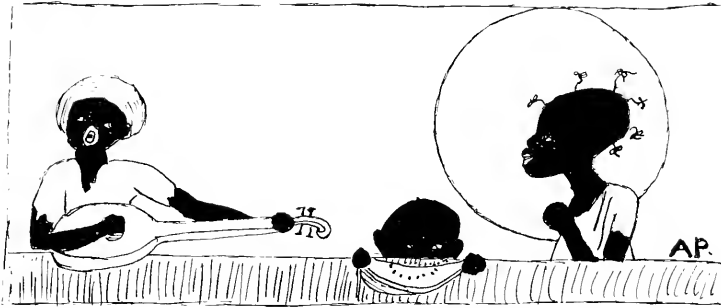
FROM RADNOR

The Student's Building

We regularly vote to have
A Building for the Student,
And yet we never start to act
But it becomes imprudent.

Upon the far horizon's edge
Our Eldorado gleams,
We often try to reach it, but
It still is in our dreams.

DORIS PITKIN



Minstrel Show

(As It Would Have Been Reviewed by An Odd Class)

Our Minstrel Show was the very best show that has ever been given in college. Everyone acknowledged it. Even we had to admit its complete success. In fact, although we have been supreme in athletics and in singing, there is nothing we have done so well as our shows and stunts; Freshman Show, Minstrel Show, The Circus and the Fellowship Dinner Stunt were all excellent, but the greatest of these was the Minstrel Show.

I *think* we had one rehearsal before the dress rehearsal. It was a sociable affair.

Gerry, with a certain motion which has since come to be called the Shimmy, was teaching Hello, Phoebe, K, Dot Rogers and Milly how to sing like the Brown Brothers in one corner; Meenie was making violent love to the cold and chaste Queenie in another and trying to make her passionate voice heard above the clogging of Dot Smith and Harr, while ten of the more portly ones of us, led by Mad Brown, were doing the Emily Kimbrough dance, as it should have been done.

The night came. "Let's give three cheers for the Dixie Volunteers" and forty of the blackest coons ever seen on the Bryn Mawr Campus came swinging down the

aisle, led by the Self Gov. Queen, Gertie Steele, and Hello. From that moment on, the show was a success.

Gerry sang and immortalized "When October Comes Where Will This College Be, *That Has Been Troubling Me.*" with unequalled sincerity and a quiver in her voice. Meenie, our gentle-hearted flower-like Meenie, then arose black as your hat, in a suit which would have been too large for Dr. Chew, and sang to the pale green Queenie, "Fancy Your Fancying Me," and even Queenie melted.

Mad, as Cleopatra, led in her chorus and put them through their stunts like the ring master with the elephants at the circus. The costumes of pale pinks and blues made the black amazons look more entrancing than ever. Everything went wonderfully with the possible exception that some one thoughtlessly turned on the moon for the Cleos instead of for the Harvest Moon scene and for a moment the air behind the stage turned blue with Lorna's words of remonstrance. As this book will be in the archives of the Trophy Club for many years, I think it will be as well to omit what she said, needless to add, only "Our Peg" could have rivalled her.

MARGARET BALLOU

TO MISSIONARIES

We're heathen and we're atheists,
And our benighted way
Is never brightened by the light
Of pure religion's ray:
We hope this proposition the more godly will not shock,
But why don't they begin at home,
And spend their time in Rock?

DORIS PITKIN

Mob Scene

An English Club reception should be expressed pictorially, not described any-how. In the upper right hand corner I'd put a crowd of eager, childish faces peering through the bannisters, their eyes beadily fixed on the ice cream. They could be very decorative. Then I'd make a great many stiff, upright lines to represent most of the guests. I'd draw Professor F. telling Miss B-ynt-n in one corner how much she resembles an autumn leaf, and I'd draw Professor Cr--sh-w way down in the lower left with Miss Sl · · n saying, "See, I burnt my finger a little in laboratory today."

Miss S.—"He! he! You didn't bandage it very well."

PROF. C.—"I know. Won't you show me how?"

I'd show Mrs. William Taft's daughter communing with herself alone, all alone in a desert. In the left foreground, I'd put one distracted looking man with red clocks on his socks and I'd show by impressionistic lines a semi-circular crowd alternately receding entirely and rushing in to beat upon him like waves upon a rocky shore.

"Don't you think there is poetry in mathematics?"

"I believe you know my aunt. She sold you some candy at a bazaar in Chicago."

"What shade of green were the gods? I should have thought olive green."

"Do you know that spot you described in the second poem you read reminds me so of our back yard. We've done such wonders with it."

"Did you write all those poems under fire? I should have thought you would have been too busy."

"There were two lines from Tagore which kept winging through my thoughts all the while you were speaking."

"Will you sign my book?"

"Will you sign my book?"

"Will you sign my book, will you sign my book?"

This is what the wild waves are saying. And all the while Mrs. Hedge stands at the dining room door saying scornfully, "Him, him and his harem, him and his harem. I think it's just disgraceful."

ALICE HARRISON.

The Irreligious Side of Gym Meets

I never took part in gym meets, so I am able to write of them with that calm detachment which Sloany or Mary Lou might lack. My prophetic soul warned me never to go and watch them. After Meet No. 1 both reason and intuition told me I would see something I wouldn't like at No. 2, and yet I went. I suppose Milly had terrorized me with some of those threats that she passes around before athletic events. I can't imagine any other reason for going.

A group of us sat clutching the gallery railing, recalling the cheerful traditions of the Blues. Every time one Indian club struck another, we set our teeth and prayed that it might not occur again. That gym meet, and not Major Philosophy, destroyed my faith in prayer. I watched while our drill demonstrated the possibilities of curves, while the Odds confined themselves to straight lines. It was more individualistic, but Mr. Bishop didn't appreciate it. We were convinced from the first that he wouldn't, yet we implored a merciful Providence to intervene. I omit an account of disasters on the horses and the parallel bars. I omit Mr. Bishop's closing speech. It is enough to state that I went out an atheist.

DORIS PITKIN.

We used to sit beneath the spout
Where nice warm water trickles out
And think a person was a fool
Who swam about the swimming pool.
But now Miss Applebee is on,
And those delightful days are gone.

D. E. P.

President Taft's Visit

(As seen by our publicity expert.)

President Taft was to have been met by a red-shirted band at the station, but the ladies, in an eleventh-hour reluctance, refused to "show." In its stead, a dignified little cluster of welcoming committee, in their caps and gowns, rusty and dusty from daily and constant use, met him at the station. All celebrities are ushered, in cap and gown, into the halls of learning, and the girls arranged a special treat on this occasion as a demonstration of filial regard. Miss Helen Taft and Miss Virginia Kneeland, president of the Students' War Council, representing Joy and Beauty, pranced to the station on long-haired steeds, togged in picturesque caps and gowns. In bold phalanx they came two abreast towards the rotund form of the ex-President. Suddenly the locomotive snorted and the whole apparition vanished down the road in a cloud of dust.

The first great shock to Mr. Taft came when he found that American college women shun suitcases as they do men—he had to carry his own to the waiting Franklin in which Miss M. Carey Thomas, president, drove him to the great dormitory, Rockefeller Hall, where he has his suite.

Bryn Mawr, with its subdued sense of maidenly retirement, its refinements of alcove and shy young womanhood, set off the jovial, benignant, Taftian expansiveness very queerly. From behind windows shrouded in concealing lace, faces peered out at the notable. As he strode about the campus, his thickset figure and massive, mobile face made an alien note in a setting that was all scholarly diffidence. (It was as if an apparition of some old demi-god had toured an Anglo-Saxon dovecot.) Against the half-glimpsed lure of posies in some student's nearby room and the bur-nish of copper tea-service, himself and his words sounded oddly out of place.

The subject of Mr. Taft's evening address was, "Why the United States Is At War."

FRANCES VON HOFSTEN

Cut Cards, Their Joys and Sorrows

Cut cards, what do those two innocent little words suggest? Everything, literally, from eating caramels comfortably in front of Susan's open fire, to pursuing Peggy frantically to the third floor of Merion, only to be told by Sloany that she was away for the week-end and the cut cards were uncollected. The joys of Chapel and Association meetings are greatly enhanced for the Cut Representative when she remembers how many Hall Reps. and people who have forgotten to register their cuts she can see without going from the front door of Rock to the fourth floor of Radnor.

Few secrets, even those deeply buried in her class-mates' hearts, remain unrevealed to the Cut Representative. It is not that she is inquisitive, somehow they just come and pour out their secrets to her. Those on probation especially are communicative. Rarely is there a Harvard Prom or a Princeton game that someone does not come to explain her apparently reckless cutting.

Nothing could be more irresponsible than the attitude of the Seniors for their last semester. Illuminating suggestions such as, "Why not let us have all the cuts we have not used during our four years, and go on a real bat?" come frequently to the ears of the harassed Cut Committee. We, unfortunately, have not been able to arrange for this to take place, but it contains a valuable suggestion for future Cut Committees.

DOROTHY JENKINS

Senior's Garden of Verses

A girl should always say what's true,
Announce when she is bidden to,
And say it softly at the table
Just as fast as she is able.

M. H. B.

Every night my prayer, I say,
I pray for dinner every day,
And every Sunday when I'm good
I get a grape-fruit after food.

The hall that gives you lots of sweets
With chocolate sauce and other eats
It is extravagant, I'm sure,
Because our dear Bryn Mawr is poor.

M. H. B.

Our Educational Movie

Passed by the State Board of Censors

A DAY WITH THE BRYN MAWR STUDENT

(In six reels.)

Promptly at 8:40

Our student approaching Taylor Hall for morning devotions. Note the architectural details of this handsome structure.

(Shift to interior. Student passes under arches of purest Gothic. Fine specimens of stained glass windows in the early Pullman style are seen. At rear, study of white roses, with man to give scale.)

Shift to platform. View of presiding officers of the college in a state of suspended animation. Three minute pause, the figure at right approaches pulpit.

Shift to students.)

One of the most inspiring spectacles afforded us is the sight of these young women at prayer.

(Close-up of Seniors. President of class is taking attendance and writing notices. Statistic fans are timing chaplain with stop watches.)

Close-up of Freshmen, hard at work on Latin and Biology.)

We will first follow our student to a class in History of Art.

(Miss King is lecturing on Renaissance Painting. Flash-back, showing scenes from the Decameron. Lights are turned on, revealing Miss Ballou, slumbering peacefully with her head on the next desk.)

Let us now accompany her to the laboratories.

(Girls at work with microscopes. Close-up of view through microscope, a blank. Flash-back, showing life history of paramoecium.)

The professors are well satisfied with their results.

(Shift to Philosophy class. Close-up of Smilax. Slow fade-out of smile.)

Spanish is a favorite subject.

(Shift to Spanish class. The professor lectures to the back of the room while the girls are absorbed in note-taking. Close-up of note book:

"Dear Jack:

Your invitation to the Prom came yesterday and I only hope that the quarantine will be taken off——"

Dream-picture of student at Yale Prom.)

Mid-day finds our student with her girlish appetite whetted for the simple but abundant food.

(Shift to dining room. Scene, large dining room. Over Venetian Renaissance fire place is deeply carved in ancient Chaldean, "Panem nostrum quotidianum da nobis." The aesthetic character of the furnishings is borne out by the china. Side tables groan under food. Students do likewise.

(Close-up of plate, show two particles of carrot and a square inch of beet.)

A hearty meal being concluded, our student sets out on a round of afternoon duties. We accompany her to the Office in pursuit of a requisition for the Gynasium.

(Rapid shift of scenes, showing the student directed from the business office to the lair of the janitor, thence to the book shop, the Gymnasium, back to the business office. A period of delay, waiting for the president. Student finally assisted home. Accelerated motion is used for scenes in the office.)

Our student's life is not all work. A view of the hockey field gives us an opportunity to watch her in her recreation hours.

(Scene, hockey field. Opposing teams in action. Roll-in, bully on 25-yard line, and corner shown in rapid succession and repeated ad infinitum.)

A great deal of interest is attached to the goals.

(Shift to Senior goal, showing goal keeper in tense attitude, with features assuming expression of extreme apprehension.)

The ball approaches.

(Close-up of ball. Shift, showing keeper accidentally hitting it into goal.

Shift to Junior goal keeper, sitting in the side lines, singing.)

Democracy is the keynote of Bryn Mawr.

(Dining room at dinner time. Girls in T shirts sit down beside girls in evening gowns. In many cases the student wears the picturesque gymnasium suit beneath a long coat. Conversation is general, obviously no social distinctions are made.)

The college is unable to furnish music with meals, but the students themselves supply it.

(Close-up of table. Mute is singing alone. Others make vain efforts to stop her.)

A favorite evening diversion. Bryn Mawr's association meetings give adequate training in statesmanship to the super-woman.

(Scene, Miss ———^o is seen conducting a Self-Government meeting in strict accordance with Roberts' Rules of Order. Chair interrupts floor, saying: "Miss ———, I heartily disagree with you. My own opinion is——")

The evening progresses.

(Shift to room F. The tired student is getting a much needed rest and finishing her sweater while a charming Czecho-Slovakian lady, supplied free by the College, for cultural purposes, lectures in her native tongue.)

[*Name deleted by interested editor.]

At 10:30 the day really begins.

(Scene in dormitory. The business of the day is completed. Tongues and garments alike are loosened. The corridors are filled with merry groups.)

Let us peep into a few boudoirs.

(A serious little group is seen discussing the events of the day, with that sincere introspection that is characteristic of the super-woman.

"Oh, do you know what Derry said in class today? He said——" deleted by the censor.

"My dear, if I don't get to New York soon——"

"Oh, have you heard what Cecil——?"

"Oh, dear, she didn't, really!——")

Light refreshments are served from 10:30 to 12:30.

(Scene, a study. Cans of condensed milk, chocolate, crackers, peanut butter and sausages are in rich profusion. The electric toaster adds a domestic touch. At last the hungry student is satisfied.

Close-up of half-empty muggle cup.)

THE END

NEXT WEEK

Ex-President Taft's Daughter, Starring in

MALES AND FEMALES

Will be shown at this Theatre

ALICE ROOD.
DORIS PITKIN.

If those who wrote the books within
The C. A. Lib could see
What we with Delly study there,
How shocked they all would be.

“The Editors Do Not Hold Themselves Responsible”

Miss _____,

President of Self-Government.

My dear Miss _____:

The informal written reprimand which you shipped me arrived promptly and in good condition. The penmanship was legible, the wording comprehensible. My intention was to preserve it intact for future generations, but needing writing material in a hurry one day, I unwittingly seized the reprimand and used the margins and reverse side to jot down some extraneous material, which quite spoils the dignity of the whole. Could I trouble you for a replica of the document? I will gladly repeat my crime or confess another in payment for a fresh copy.

And now that we are in correspondence, may I not avail myself of this opportunity to express my appreciation of the well-chosen title with which you mask your system of kindergarten discipline. “Self”-government—“self”-government. A paradoxical use of the term, but justified by precedent, I grant you.

Yours faithfully in the spirit,

MARGARET HAWKINS

To the Public:

Fellow-sufferers, awake, you have nothing to lose but your chains and you

have the world to gain! Friend Tolstoy says the only power government has, it gains from self-hypnotism. You gaze and gaze till, stupefied, you obey. Self-hypnotism and self-government, self-government and self-hypnotism—what a pretty jingle!

This self-government of yours wraps round your limbs like swaddling-clothes, impeding your steps. *Unswaddle yourselves and walk!*

Self Government Hall

My dear Miss _____:

Your note of the last instant finds us still in good health and able to enjoy life. We are glad to enclose three other copies of your reprimand and trust that will suffice. We always take pleasure in doing our best to comfort those whose simple lives, free from all temptations, never bring them before us. You are not the only one who, thus situated and anxious to be noticed by us, has committed a theoretic crime. As you have so aptly put it, this is kindergarten discipline, carefully adapted to its recipients.

Trusting that your love of the lime-light may never force us to consider you seriously, I remain

Your loving friend,

ALICE C. HARRISON

“Those Sister Classes”

We were wild, we admit it, frankly wild, because '18 never cultivated us and wild by nature. Freshman year 1917 treated us like little foundlings, guided by the now antedeluvian principle of spare the rod and spoil the child. Our Juniors were oblivious, blissfully oblivious to tradition, college etiquette and us. And 1920, bubbling over with infantile enthusiasm, ran wild all over the campus after the manner of Pameia, while 1918, a veritable Mrs. Wright, ran Dalton or Miss Crandall according to their taste.

They smiled at our breaks and were awfully amused at '17's righteous indignation. Sometimes I think they let us make breaks in order to see the mighty Seniors assert themselves. At any rate freshman year passed without our having more than a speaking acquaintance with our juniors.* We admired their cleverness, but they were in the clouds and we of the earth earthy. While they became absorbed in producing that Herculean monstrosity, the War Council, we gasped a little wearily and went on with our childish pranks.

But it was not until nearly May that the realization came to us. We did not know our sister class and we had only three weeks to cultivate a passion. Artificially nourished, a little flower of attachment sprang up over night. We ran around to tell the world of our passion before it was too late and hastened to assure '18 that we adored *even* them. We got awfully chummy about ten o'clock at night on the lower hockey field when the stars were out—and—you know.

Then almost after the manner of Hel and her sandelites, V. K. began to draw them to her. The golden-haired comet was almost eclipsed by a little Weenie one who silently kept off the grass and heard Lord Loam say her part. Gradually a little secret order sprang up, composed of the gods, V. K., Les and Veronica; the Titans, a few of the select in our class. The rest of us remained less than the dust.

Now that the gods are gone and are busy with the making of man at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, we are left weaving myths about their mammoth mind and golden glory for the young ones who sit at our feet. Are we really quite forlorn?

*Always excepting the Boons.

There once was a thing called Self-Gov
Which none of the students did love;
They smoked and they lied
And drank till they died
Unseen by the Powers Above.

ANONYMOUS

Radnor and Co.

George Moore says that humor is the curse of English literature. Taking G. M. as truth, and considering this is literature, (with the quotation marks), I intend to treat 1920 Radnor with all gravity. And why not? Are they not the one half where originality is taken seriously, where every one strives mightily to produce something "new," some "original party" or "idea."

Radnor began well Freshman year. They excelled in newly invented tricks to torment upper classmen. Only they could think of such delicate attentions as cigars under the pillow of Peg Thompson, or 5c and 10c perfume on her underwear. The bannisters in Radnor were often greased, the bath tub cubicles locked from the inside. And one great night, Freshman night, some genius thought of hauling all Sophomore and upper classmen beds out into the hall, arranging with a few bureaus, chairs and cushions, and perfect taste, a very beautiful dormitory. This gave Radnor the germ of its idea. From there on it became communistic, and resultantly clannish. Radnor gives parties en masse, goes to parties en masse, votes en masse, and, finally, lives en masse. One refers to them in spirit as "Radnor en masse" (or Radnor & Co.).

There is the Radnor Hash House where the worshippers of the Great God Muggle gather every evening at ten. There is the Y. M. C. A. where they pass pleasant and communistic hours, the Dressing Station where they perform the undeniably duller duties of college life—the eternal scramble after clothes at 3:09 a. m., the yawning search for athletic clothes at 4:10 p. m., and the frantic dash into some "charming dinner frock" at 6:41 p. m.

Have you ever been to an "original" party in Radnor? Let this be advice for the uninitiated, never dress—or I mean, dress well. The first thing you know is that T. D. announces a water-polo game. You find to your horror that guests and hosts are alike scrambling opposite each other on the floor. Though you're dead broke and this is your only unspotted dress, you fall heavily to your knees and pretend to swim. Then as the night wanes you forget your clothes and the fun begins. Radnor has lived up to its rep for originality. For on T. D.'s closet door your name is struck off the list of those not yet invited.

FROM MERION.

A Socialistic Experiment

It was a quarter of seven and everyone was getting very hungry. Lucy's voice could be heard through the open door leading into the kitchen, loudly directing Miss Scott in the dishing up. It was very comforting to Sam who was in the living room, holding Wallace de Laguna on his knee, and very unwillingly answering questions. It was part of the agreement that if they all put their funds together and lived as one family, in order that the race of professors might continue to exist, they should share responsibilities as well as blessings; so it was now as much Sam's duty as Delly's to answer Wallace's questions more intelligently than Wallace could answer them himself. It didn't add to his comfort, either, that Crenshaw was helping Lucy in the kitchen, even though her commands to him sounded very stern. Lucy's pride in keeping not only the housekeeping for the whole crew, but also each individual under her thumb, he knew well. Mrs. de Laguna had held out against her longest, but even she had only lasted a week. What Lucy said went! Mrs. Wright was placidly darning dear Charlie's socks by the lamp, Miss Sabin was setting the table, humming a sweet tune gently, and from the pantry issued Miss Swindler's whistle. She was fixing the salad. Mrs. Beck was rather airily making the baby a very lacy new dress. Miss Bascom entered suddenly from her afternoon's walk, and having said good evening to every one present, sat down to draw off her boots.

"Do you, uh, consider that such a garment is really necessary for Jeanne Baptiste, Mrs. Beck?" she asked, and the dust of rocks was in her voice as she made the accusation. It was an old bone of contention.

"Necessary for her soul, yes, certainly. It is bought, since you question, out of Miss Luetkemeyer's oral money, and you know as well as I do that Henri and I do not consider tutoring money to come under the head of common salary, and therefore it's my own. Why don't you tutor someone in geology if you wish a new riding suit?"

There Dr. Chew felt it about time to assert his authority as head of the household, and besides he felt he could not tell Wallace any more about Grimm's law of final syllables, so he interrupted with, "Stop it, you big boobs! You're both too hungry to argue that out now," and was rather relieved when Delly and Prokosch came in together, arm and arm, just then.

"I hope we're going to have honey for supper because it's so good," said Delly joyously, and went out into the kitchen to see what there was for dinner.

"Now don't upset that, Teddy," Lucy could be heard to expostulate, "or I'll tell Grace. Go ring the bell for supper at the Leubas and Barty; they're all upstairs. That's a good boy! The others always come just in time to eat," and she sailed in triumphantly bearing the roast.

Sure enough, in a second or two the whole family were gathered around the board, so that Delly's delight in the bell was cut rather short. The Davids and the

Barneses came in together, arguing quite audibly the question of Sam's not allowing enough for pocket money. Derry, Gray, and Fenwick came sneaking through the window. They had been playing hockey and didn't want to dress for dinner. Miss Donnelly came hurrying in last of all, apologizing right and left for her lateness. Somehow she always seemed to miss the preparation of meals.

"Shall I say grace?" asked Barty, and was already beginning, "Oh, Lord, I thank thee for this lovely roast, these pickles, and thy tasty mustard," when Leuba rose suddenly to his feet.

"Stop it, George, this is mere foolishness. As a specimen you are excellent, but I cannot enjoy a dinner with such a prelude. I ask you, Sam, to forbid it for the sake of the children."

"Well, don't get so excited about it. You'll give us all indigestion. Here, I'll say grace myself," and he began feelingly, "Oh, Lord, please help the Endowment Fund. You certainly owe us that much. Please call D. T. to the Supreme Bench, or at any rate call her. Let P. T. stay in Bagdad, and, oh Lord, don't let our cat have so many kittens next time, because then we have to chloroform them* Amen."

When he opened his eyes he saw that DeHaan had taken Barty's roll and that Baby Gray had drunk all the gravy, but he didn't say anything. A Ruler must overlook a good deal.

ALICE HARRISON

*This incident founded on fact.

Christmas comes but once a year
And only lasts a day.
The Quarantine is yearly too
But makes a longer stay.

D. E. P.

ATHLETICS
1917-1918

TENNIS SINGLES

Class Championship Won by 1920

Captain—M. S. CARY

Manager—K. CAULDWELL

TEAM

M. S. CARY

Z. BOYNTON

K. CAULDWELL

DOUBLES

Class Championship Won by 1920

TEAMS

M. S. CARY

Z. BOYNTON

M. M. CAREY

M. A. CHASE

K. CAULDWELL

N. OFFUTT

Individual Champion—M. S. CARY

Class Champion—Z. BOYNTON

On Varsity Tennis Team—Z. BOYNTON

HOCKEY

Championship Won by 1919

Captain—M. M. CAREY

Manager—M. L. MALL

TEAM

M. L. MALL

M. A. CHASE

M. M. CAREY

L. SLOAN

M. S. CARY

D. ROGERS

M. L. HARLAN

B. WEAVER

P. HELMER

D. CLARK

K. CAULDWELL

ON VARSITY

M. M. CAREY

B. WEAVER

SWIMMING MEET

Championship Won by 1920

Captain—K. TOWNSEND

Manager—B. WEAVER

TEAM

P. HELMER

E. STEVENS

M. S. CARY

M. R. BROWN

K. CAULDWELL

B. WEAVER

H. HOLMES

K. TOWNSEND

COLLEGE RECORDS BROKEN

68 foot front.....K. TOWNSEND

68 foot back.....K. TOWNSEND

136 foot back.....M. S. CARY

WATER POLO

Class Championship Won by 1918

Captain—B. WEAVER

Manager—K. TOWNSEND

TEAM

P. HELMER

B. WEAVER

K. CAULDWELL

H. HOLMES

M. M. CAREY

K. TOWNSEND

M. R. BROWN

On Varsity—M. M. CAREY, P. HELMER

OUTDOOR TRACK

Championship Won by 1920

Captain—H. ZINSSER

TEAM

H. ZINSSER

E. LUETKEMEYER

T. JAMES

M. L. HARLAN

B. WEAVER

M. K. CARY

D. ROGERS

L. SLOAN

M. R. BROWN

M. LITTELL

P. HELMER

M. M. CAREY

L. KELLOGG

K. TOWNSEND

K. CAULDWELL

BASKETBALL

Class Championship Won by 1919

Captain—M. L. HARLAN

Manager—B. WEAVER

TEAM

K. TOWNSEND

M. L. HARLAN

M. M. CAREY

B. WEAVER

K. CAULDWELL

On Varsity—M. M. CAREY

CLASS OFFICERS

President—MARGARET MILLICENT CAREY

Vice-President and Treasurer—DOROTHY WONDERLY SMITH

Secretary—CHARLOTTE KEHL COLMAN

SONG MISTRESSES—Lois Walcott Kellogg and Helen Wootman.

UNDERGRADUATE ASSOCIATION—*Assistant Treasurer*, Eleanor Bushnell Davis.
Advisory Board—Mary Hardy.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION—*Treasurer*, Betty Weaver.

CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION—*Secretary*, Mary Hardy.

SELF-GOVERNMENT ASSOCIATION—*Treasurer*, Alice Cunningham Harrison.

COLLEGE NEWS BOARD—*Editors*, Darthela Clark, Margaret Howland Ballou,
Elizabeth Helen Leutkemeyer. *Business Board*—Mary Gertrude Porritt, Helene
Zinsser.

LANTERN AND TIPYN O' BOB BOARD—*Editors*, Doris E. Pitkin, Margaret Littell.
Business Board—Zella Detmold Boynton.



Act 111.

Paradise Lost

From Merion the closetless, Pembroke the holy and gloomful, from the guzzle club of Radnor, the jampots of Denbigh, and Rockefeller which continually did flow, we gathered to the land of liberty and light,—to Llysyfran the licentious, (as the Office considered it).

There were many oddities in Llysyfran, in fact, it was a house plumb full of oddities. There was Miss Ford, an oddity with a capital O. With what tender care she cherished us could be seen from the many notices tacked up in conspicuous places around the house.

“All towels left in bath room will be confiscated.”

N. B.—The number of towels sent weekly to Lost and Found was two dozen, but we didn't cease tubbing. Pocket handkerchiefs and sheets came into vogue as towels.

“Anyone overflowing a tub will be fined \$10.”

“All bedroom doors must be shut.”

“If the bathroom doors are not kept shut, they will be locked between the hours of 9 a. m. and 6 p. m.”

N. B.—We stole the keys in self defense.

Then there was Miss Ford's more than Victorian delicacy. No matter what dreadful or petty crime you had done, you saw a little note pinned to the bannisters, “Miss Ford would like to see Miss Sloan at 9.” Miss Sloan would discover that she had dropped a handkerchief on the walk.

Other oddities, (we always except the student inmates) were Mamie and Lane, our maid and janitor respectively, joined in the holy chains of matrimony. Lane was the dark, slim, interesting type. He must have been delicate or temperamental, because he could not carry our trunks upstairs. We staggered up under them instead, after having removed the trays to lighten the burden. There was no “taking up the white man's burden” in Lane's philosophy.

Mamie was our “dear, black foster-mother.” In fact, she told us that she regarded us as her children. Perhaps that is why she lightened us of sundry stockings and underwear.

We learned how to make beds from Mamie. This was her infallible receipt: 1, a sheet; 2, a blanket; 3, a quilt; 4, a spread; 5, a blanket; 6, a couch cover; 7, a blanket. The second sheet, when searched for, was found neatly folded under the pillow.

Fire drills, after the rigor of other halls, were things of beauty and joys for ever. We claimed, on the top floor, that we could not hear the bell, so when we did hear the faint, soothing tinkle of the cow bell which was used as a fire gong, we lay in bed, hoping that a panting aide from the first floor would not disturb us too soon. We

never wet our towels, we were never properly clad, yet with solemn eyes we would assure each other that "Llysyfran was a death-trap." "Absolutely no hope if it catches." "Absolutely none." This last with a pleased melancholy, as if we already foresaw our wax funeral wreaths.

Llysyfran's nicest oddity was its roof, a little square, uncovered piece of roof on the very top of the house, reached by a trap door, up through the garret. Never can we forget the terrors of dropping through the trap door, into space, and clinging with our hands while our feet sought frantically for the topmost rail of the banisters. This only happened when a sudden shower drove us in at about 2 A. M. Sometimes we would watch in agony the rain drops spattering against the panes, thinking of the mattresses and bedding we had left on the roof. Then we would dash back when Taylor bell had freed us, but usually too late.

In spite of the gymnastics required to reach our roof, and our difficulties with night gowns and slippers as we crawled, nothing could have been more soul satisfying than our hours of wakefulness and sleep up there.

Well, from all this bliss we were ejected by the powers that dwell in Taylor and sent forth upon the campus, to Merion the closetless, to Pembroke, the holy and gloomful, to the guzzlers of Radnor, the jampots of Denbigh, the leaky pipes of Rock, lands which seemed to us bare and profitless after our pleasant and free land of Llysyfran.

MARGARET DENT

MME. RIVIÈRE

She did not know of Merit Laws
As students found too soon,
Nor adding in one's average—
But this she learned by June.

She did not know that fifty-nine
Was not a passing mark:
But certain seniors did not choose
To leave her in the dark!

She did not know that lecturers
Should on their subjects dwell,
And nobody would tell her that
Because she talked so well.

She did not know that *orange* hair
And *pink* tams are a crime!
Nor will she ever learn it now
Unless she reads my rhyme.

DORIS PITKIN

“Milly’s Freshmen”

Prologue:

Act I—The sanctuary of the little T. G.’s room. Blue velvet furnishings supplied by P. T. Three identical pink hyacinths in a row on mantelpiece.

The writer feels that she should apologize for her knowledge of this drama. But perhaps you will excuse her impolite actions when you realize that she has lived next door to the “nobility,” and while she has never “slept with the nobility,” she has been on picnics with her and knows something of her trials and tribulations.

During the Spring of 1918, Milly wore a worried expression, like one who is prepared for the worst. She agonized over the C. A. membership books and learned by heart the names of the entering Freshmen. No doubt she would fit the names to the faces later in the year.

In the fall of 1918, Milly’s Freshmen arrived. She blushed with them over their mistakes, rubbed their bruised shins and dosed them with soda mints. Gradually, they began to regard her room as a sanctuary, and Milly was dubbed “The Little Tin God.”

Night after night, there was a steady pit pat down the hall (the old carpet of the back corridor would not stand the strain—at Christmas time we had a new one). I did not feel that I had gotten the most out of my college career unless I knew what went on behind those closed doors, and so, I hesitate to say it, I peeped through the key-hole. (How could I know that these weren’t smoking parties?)

ACT I.

COOK—“It isn’t that my religion is affected, Miss Carey, it is merely that I no longer believe in God.”

MILLY—“O, I’m so sorry. I was afraid that Dr. Gilkey might cause an upheaval in the minds of the very young, but Ballou seemed to think it very good for you. I think, Dorothea, that if you will reconsider Dr. Gilkey’s remarks from a different point of view, you will find a subtle meaning in his statements which is quite contrary to the more obvious one.”

HOB DY—“Milly, do you mind if I leave a little early tonight? I have planned to serenade Miss Thurman.”

MILLY—

“She doesn’t tell the world of her passion,
She thought all along that we knew’” . . .

RHOADS—“Milly, I have the most awful confession to make. I’m so afraid you won’t let me play goal on Varsity. You see, I broke training this afternoon. It was not intentional. I was making marmalade sandwiches for the 10c Community Center tea—I forgot and licked my fingers.”

MILLY—“How dreadful! The very reputation of the college depends upon our winning the game.”

SPEER—"Miss Carey, do you honestly believe that there is such a thing as forgiveness?"

MILLY—"Marnie, I have never had occasion to find out. Miss Ballou tells me that 'a soft answer turneth away wrath.' She says her experiences at table have proven this 'golden rule.'"

TYLER—"Miss Carey, would you mind giving me a little advice as to the manner in which meetings should be held?"

MILLY—"Certainly, what type of meeting interests you most? My experience has been varied. Suppose I begin with class meetings. To procure a full attendance, pass around illustrated cards at lunch time. The meaning of these drawings is obscure: the curiosity of your classmates is aroused and they are forced to come, to discover what the business before the meeting is. If the business before the meeting is a discussion of tennis captain, urge your classmates to talk freely but to avoid completely the point at issue. (In the case of tennis champion, it would be well to dwell upon the candidate's merits as a self-government president at the Bryn Mawr School.) And last of all, if you wish the class to vote according to your own ideas, let the vice-president take the chair, and state your views in a firm and decisive manner."

CORNELIA KEEBLE

Now I lay me down to sleep—
From fire drills my slumbers keep;
If my alarm clock goes off late,
Oh, wake me, Lord, at 5 to 3.

From the Critic's Seat

As I have, as far as possible, carefully avoided all class parties, I may not be considered a proper person to judge them. But there have been a few of these clubby gatherings that I have attended, through loyalty to my friends who have had to make funny speeches or take part in a stunt, and who were depending on me, (carefully coached beforehand) to give the signal for applause at the "screaming" parts.

As far as I have been able to ascertain, it is against the spirit and tradition of class suppers to serve hot what is elsewhere considered essentially unpalatable when not hot, and to serve cold what is elsewhere, by the laws of custom, decreed unfit for food if lukewarm. To be concrete, I have never visited a family where boiled potatoes were deliberately set in a draught to be cooled, or where it was considered a delicacy to eat ice cream in the rummy state. Yet who of us can recall a class dinner without these distinctive touches?

In case I am criticized as materially minded, lacking in that most necessary Class Spirit, and wanting in sisterly love, fellow-feeling, social enjoyment and all the other things that are the *real* purposes of class parties, let me, in passing, mention a few hindrances to this spirit of uplift. Take the wit and humor that is intended to create the jovial atmosphere. During several speeches, stunts and impersonations that it has been my misfortune to attend, I have casually surveyed the faces of my classmates. If attempts at pleased expression, flickering, electric-button smiles, and in three cases, actual gloom, are indications of the humorous quality of the performances, then truly they must be masterpieces of wit. It is only fair to say that I have really and not forcedly laughed at a few parts of a few speeches and stunts, but from the point of view of efficiency, is it justifiable to take up the time of those who create and rehearse the entertainments, when the children of their brains are received by the others as step-children or orphans?

JULIA COCHRAN.

To Denbigh

Denbigh is one of our better halls. Its inhabitants are few but mighty. They have not shone in athletics as did their forbears, Peg Thompson and Teddy, but no doubt they could all have won yellow ties, had they so desired. Denbigh doesn't believe in exercise, and athletics, after all is said and done, is merely one of the lower forms of exercise. Denbigh doesn't believe in class spirit. They hate the rah-rah attitude characteristic of most odd classes and of a few childish enthusiasts of their own class. They take part in few of the college activities and are rarely seen. I am told that they are sometimes at make-up exercise classes but can nearly always be found in some sequestered nook in the library. They go to bed at ten sharp in order to reach the Lib early enough in the morning to get the leather chairs. In mid-years when the Lib becomes crowded, they descend to the catacombs under the Lib. About 4:15, when the rest of the world goes out to play, Denbigh retires to the New Book Room. You never see them at Chapel or at games. If armchairs were provided, they might come, but it's a part of Denbigh's creed never to stand when you can sit, never to sit when you can lie.

Times have changed in Denbigh. The ghosts of Ad Showell, Tuddie, Andy and Molly Boyd happening back one night, wandered into a room on the upper crust to find a Self Gov. meeting in progress . . . in vain they sought for some after their own kind—in vain except for Ad, who, wandering into a room below, found it papered with pictures of gentlemen. Here was a room after her own heart. On closer inspection she reads Hugh Walpole, Siegfried Sassoon, etc. She sighs, she had never had that kind. In despair, she floated away into the dim past.

But I don't want to give you an unfavorable impression of Denbigh. Those who know them say they possess many kindly qualities and are very approachable, when approached in the right way. One way is to suggest a new hair tonic. They are inspired with a passion for beautiful hair and spend many hours each week comparing various kinds of herbs.

Another group in Denbigh sighs and thinks of the good old days when the inhabitants used to tie alarm clocks out of windows. And so Denbigh lives peacefully on, apart from the wear and tear of college life, smiling upon the follies of the commoner clay and rejoicing in their two helps of meat for dinner.

Here's to dear old Denbigh,
Where they sit by the fire and nod,
Where Jule speaks only to Alice,
And Alice speaks only to God?

FROM PEMBROKE EAST

Artificial Stimulation

MILLY—"Now this is the first game of the year and we simply must beat them up. We've simply *got* to get our banner on the gym. Bickie is disabled and can't play, so 1921's morale is absolutely gone. Of course we have lost eight people off the team since freshman year and several others are disabled, but we must not let a little thing like that interfere. We have four people on Varsity."

SLOANIE (*scientifically*)—"I don't see why we can't move the whole second team up."

AMOEBA (*drawing*)—"If the forwards could only keep the ball once in a while, it would be *so* encouraging to the fullbacks and we wouldn't get so out of breath."

KINGSBURY (*decisively*)—"I cannot keep up with Cecil and that is all there is to it. But, Agnes, if you 'diag' back to the goal, I'll attack her when she first gets the ball."

MILLY (*gently*)—"Birdie, if you don't mind, I think it would be better to change you and Mad in the first half—that is, if you get tired."

KINGSBURY—"Now, Millicent, I wish you wouldn't call out to me in the middle of the game, it rattles me."

MILLY—"Very well, Birdie . . ."

SLOANIE (*after long thought*)—"I've come to the conclusion that the trouble must be with the forward line. We don't seem to make any goals."

AMOEBA AND BALLOU (*the cheerful fulls*)—"If you could make just one, it would be all right, because we might be able to keep them from scoring."

MILLY—"You forwards have simply got to make some goals. There's absolutely no reason why you can't. Now we're just going to rush in and scare them half to death in the first few seconds."

DOTTY ROGERS (*dreamily*)—"If only we hadn't lost Phoebe and K and Leita and Dolly and Nancy and Polly and Midge and Ibbie and . . ."

MARY LOU (*continuing*)—"If Zinsser and you were only not disabled . . ."

ZINSSER—"And if Cecil would break her neck . . ."

ZELLA (*ecstatically*)—"We *might* be able to make a goal."

MILLY (*lying valiantly*)—"That doesn't make a darn bit of difference. We're better now than we were freshman year and we ought to wipe up the ground with them."

BALLOU (*truthfully if not tactfully*)—"The old refrain."

MEENIE (*pathetically*)—"I might get between Luz's legs—I can't get around her."

ALICE HARRISON (*who is snubbing from 4th, rubbing her eyes and waking up*)—"Where am I playing and which way do I hit the ball? I'm not used to playing with anyone but Jule."

MILLY—"I hate to take you from 4th. Alice, they'll miss you. But Belinda can take your place. Everyone else is disabled or otherwise engaged."

BETTY WEAVER (*cheerily*)—"Oh, I'm sure we can win. If we don't win today there's always another chance."

DARTHELA (*carried away by the thought*)—"I'll sing 'Good-bye Girls' just as Cecil is about to make a goal and it might rattle her."

TEAM (*unanimously if not magnanimously*)—"It ought to."

MILLY—"According to statistics, 55 out of 57 able-bodied people in our class are playing hockey. Doesn't the weight of that percentage mean anything to you? (*Slapping Birdie affectionately on the shoulder.*) Come on now people . . . Go to it."

MARGARET BALLOU

MILLICENT CAREY

The Athletic Championship

Sing a song of championship

Fought for every year.

Almost got it often

So far and yet so near!

'19 hung its banner

After every game,

But when the points were posted

We led 'em just the same.

Never won a Major sport—

Yet '19's Senior year

At last we won the championship,

But how—is not quite clear.

M. H. P.

President Thomas Receives

Ill luck dogged the steps of 1920 since the first moment of our arrival in the midst of the I. P. quarantine, and by Junior year our character as good losers was well established. But there was weeping and gnashing of teeth when it dawned on us that P. T.'s projected jaunt in Egypt would deprive us of our natural right to five famous Senior Receptions. We vainly tried to cheer ourselves with the thought of D. T.'s small and earlies, and then appealed to Milly to use her influence. Apparently she used it to good advantage, because in due time invitations arrived.

Dressed to the teeth, we descended on the Deanery in a solid body. Irreproachable functionaries guarded our entrance and herded us down that interminable hall. We filed along, lock-step, broken only when somebody tripped over a rug, or collided with something as she indulged in an ill-timed stare at a bronze puppy dog or some other object of art.

We marched into the sanctum as though walking on chalked lines, moistening our lips and getting our hands ready. I recall a handshake that landed me some five feet to the right of P. T. and the line continued around, turning corners squarely, not unlike the Freshmen on Lantern Night, pausing when the leader paused, and dropping into our seats, lowering our skirts and making discreet low bridge signals across the vast dim spaces.

"And *what* has the Junior Class decided it would like to talk about this evening?"

1920 rose to the occasion.

"Do tell us about your trip, Miss Thomas," Margy suggested alluringly, from her perch on top of an immense chair. After that, the rest was easy. Except for a few courageous spirits, the rank and file sat, wedged tightly together in a trance-like state, which was broken only at Ballou's tactful query, bellowed from the vicinity of the fire-place:

"Then how did *you* manage to get a passport?"

Conversation drifted to topics of general culture, and we all were gazing at the ceiling while P. T. elucidated the brass trimmings, when the gong tolled from somewhere. The trance was dispelled as if by magic and the first twenty walked to the door with dignified self-restraint. As they hove out of sight we heard the lock-step accelerate and break in confusion.

Conversation languished from then on. I wondered how long the twenty would take because I was in what would normally be the next shift. Unfortunately, the next began with Fumi, whose wisteria robe had ravished the soul of P. T. And it was 9:20 when the last twenty-two were told off. There were barrels of food and I bitterly lamented that it was not an afternoon function when there would be some excuse for bringing a knitting bag. We all made the best of what we had at our

disposal, and as we staggered out, slightly under the influence of the ice cream, every hand grabbed blindly at the table. I tried not to get anything sticky. We all walked very erect and avoided any frontal pressure.

Meanwhile conversation had veered to P. T.'s favorite subjects and just as we returned it was shifting, by a transition that escaped me, from birth control to the independence of the college woman toward her parents.

"Allow them six months, or a *year*, perhaps, of your society," we were being advised, when a gong sounded throatily in the distance. Since a piece of cake kept coming up over the top, I sneaked out hastily, dodging a close-range adieu, and reached the outer air safely, except for dropping a beautiful green candy in front of a maid.

ALICE ROOD

"Please turn out your rings!" cried 'Nineteen,
"They're the grandest we ever have seen!"
Whereupon all the blue
Without further ado
Oddly enough, turned green!

L. H.

Psychologically Speaking

PROFESSOR (*to fortunate favorite*)—"Are the five ready with their reports on Hunter?"

(*Fortunate favorite indicates five students sitting around a peck basket placed before the class. Professor calls on the first of the five.*)

FIRST OF THE FIVE (*makes a mystic sign and at random draws several pink cards with notes from basket. Reading from these in a sly, swift monotone*)—"Title, 'Delayed Reaction in Animals and Children.' Apparatus for the experiment, three raccoons, Rose, Pearl and Lilly; two chimpanzees, Count Bashika and archduchess Hoodwinkle; one child, no name, numbered 'A' for convenience; one adult, called 'Addie' for short. The purpose of this experiment is——"

CLASS (*panting ensemble*)—"Too fast, too fast."

PROFESSOR—"Just a moment. Can you tell us anything about the Count? His habits?"

FIRST OF THE FIVE (*drawing another pink card from the basket*)—"He is at present touring America with the Organ Grinders; is dated for Bryn Mawr, although he does not speak."

PROFESSOR (*nods*)—"Proceed."

F. O. F. (*same swift, sly monotone, carefully avoiding all effort at intelligence*)—"The Count Bashika, finest specimen of Rhesus monkey, has been known to thread a maze nine miles long, at the same time distinguishing between a carrot and a sweet potato. Sir Oliver Lodge alluded to this. It is plain from this how ludicrous spiritualism is, when scientifically scrutinized."

CHORUS (*in high, irritated tones from the front row*)—"Was the monkey left-handed or right handed?"

YAWNING ECHO FROM THE REAR—"Is this important?"

PROF.—"Make it clear to the class; sift your material! You have said that Sir Oliver Lodge distinguished between the carrot and the sweet potato. Who has further notes on this?"

SECOND OF THE FIVE (*speaking in slow, measured accents without any expression or intonation*)—"The behavior of the Count Bashika was carefully noted for five days. On the first day he woke up at seven, ate breakfast at ten, tied a red string around his left forefinger at eleven, bit at the sweet potato with his right hand at eleven-ten. Sir Oliver called at noon and pronounced him capable of receiving spirit messages."

CHORUS (*in irritated tones from the front row*)—"Was the monkey left-handed or right-handed?"

SLEEPY ECHO FROM THE REAR—"Is this important?"

PROF.—"You see, the class does not comprehend. Repeat exactly what you have said."

S. O. F.—“Well, the point is that the red string on the left forefinger indicates that the monkey is color blind.”

PROF.—“I said, repeat exactly what you have just said.”

THIRD REPORTER (*coming to the rescue, and drawing on the board several intricate pictures demonstrating artistic skill but no point*)—“The purpose of the experiment is, as all have seen clearly——”

(*Class rises in a body. Each member raises the left hand above her head, taps three times on the head of the member ahead of her. They mumble in rhythmic chant*)—“The purpose of—this experiment is—as all have seen—the purpose—oh the purpose—Ah!” (*They kneel before the peck basket.*)

FOURTH AND FIFTH REPORTERS (*inspired, but vitiating the unaccented syllable sufficiently to make their message unintelligible*)—“In conclusion we have only to repeat what has gone before. Count Bashika has a delightful disposition. We know it! Why? He ate a sweet potato hanging on a red string and learned from the spirits that carrot soup was pink.”

ELIZABETH LUETKEMEYER



“The Quality of Mercy is not Strained”
By Us Either



*EDITOR'S NOTE: We should like to remark on some prominent member of the class of 1919, in accordance with the precedent established by them in the case of 1918, but unfortunately we shall not be able to do so, as '19 had no prominent person—except, of course, Freddy.

The Circus

Boom ta ra ra, boom ta ra ra—"In the night fall, our tents tall." Louder! Everybody sing. Not a ray of accompaniment did we have, but we had a fat lady, we had a snake charmer, and we had a wild woman. If we weren't a circus, what on earth were we? Anyhow, '19 knew what we were supposed to be, and seemed inclined to be unusually generous that night. I never liked Tip so much as when she said she had had a wonderful time. To be sure, the ambrosia and nectar banquet was indistinguishable from one of Pembroke's chilliest meals, and the daisies in the daisy cup were dirty daisies indeed; but we had a monkey who could dress and undress itself if the waiters weren't too shocked, and could scratch itself anyhow; and always we have Zinsser and Zella, our little nest eggs, ready for every stunt.

They say Junior-Senior Supper should be a little sentimental, a little emotional. Perhaps it ought. If we could have given those snappy little plays that we had picked out, and cast, and rehearsed with such care, we might have been able to dine with more dignity. They were passed by D. T. so cheerfully on her way to a train, but were just as cheerfully quashed by P. T. several weeks later from her sick bed in Baltimore. It has always amazed me that President Thomas should still have enough enthusiasm about Junior-Senior Supper Play to write a letter about it just after an operation. But, accepting facts as they are, if one has to be a black clown, one can't afford to shed tears of farewell.

ALICE HARRISON

“Fuzzy Wuzzy”

(A Love Scene)

We've fought with many odds at B. M. C.
And some of 'em was brave an' some was not,
The Bolshevik and Hel an' 23,
But you was quite the finest o' the lot.

We couldn't put a thing across on you—
You called us fresh because you loved the RED:
You heard our song from climbin' up the flue,
But you couldn't make us say that we was dead.

So 'ere's to you, 1919, an' your blawsted mighty green,
You're a poor benighted odd class, but the finest we 'ave seen,
We gives you your certifikit an' if you want it signed,
We'll come an' 'ave a romp with you whenever you're inclined.

We took our chanst among the other guys,
We 'eld our bloomin' own because we fought,
Our tennis left you rubbin' at your eyes,
But damn it, it was not a major sport.

And when you launched your forces in a drive
Before we knew you'd wriggled out ahead.
You're all 'ot sand an' ginger when alive
An' you die most awful 'ard when you are dead.

So 'ere's to you 1919 an' the days which is no more,
If we 'adn't lost some messmates we might 'ave bust your score;
But give an' takes the gospel an' we'll call the bargain fair,
So we 'and it to you '19, for you've licked us on the square.

My Athletic Life at Bryn Mawr

To be an athlete has been my sole ambition. Before I came to America I was noted as a good mountain climber, and nearly every day, with my friends, I used to walk up our neighboring hills. Among exercises I was especially fond of basketball. Often I played even three times a week, and if any one wanted a substitute, I was the one to whom she should come.

With such a love of athletics I came to Bryn Mawr. Hockey was quite new to me, but I endeavored to keep myself at least in the fifth or sixth team. And when I saw the red "tattered banner" hung from the gymnasium roof, I made up my mind that some day I would help my class to raise our banner. When the hockey season was over and the indoor apparatus began, and when I saw some of the college athletes perform acrobatic stunts, hanging themselves upsidedown from the parallel bars and wielding their limbs skillfully on top of the horse, I too strove to crawl on the horse. But some of the individual performances and the "pyramid" at the first contest were magic to me. As for swimming, when I was asked if I could swim at the first physical examination I answered, "Yes," meaning a few strokes. "Good girl!" exclaimed Miss Applebee, "you are the first Japanese student that can swim from the beginning." But later I discovered that in order to be authorized for the Bryn Mawr pool I had to take a few swimming lessons, and that to play water-polo was beyond my power. I still entertained a hope that I might be able to be a success in basketball, but I found that they played here what they call boys' game, and as the name signifies, in quite a boylike manner, compared to the way in which we used to play at home.

In vain have I attempted to add points to the class, by winning championship in tennis, by fighting hard in the fifth team hockey, and by being graceful at folk-dancing. And now whenever I think how once or twice our class missed the opportunity of hanging the light blue banner on the gymnasium, I fear that I am the guilty one.

FUMI UCHIDA

Class Officers

President—MARGARET LITTELL

Vice-President and Treasurer—MARTHA JANE LINDSEY

Secretary—VIRGINIA PARK

SONG MISTRESSES—Millicent Carey (resigned), Lois Kellogg, Geraldine Hess.

UNDERGRADUATE ASSOCIATION—*Vice-President and Treasurer*, Margaret Littell; *Secretary*, Elizabeth Williams (resigned), Darthela Clark; *Advisory Board*, Josephine Ursula Herrick.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION—*Secretary*, Katharine Wendell Townsend; *Outdoor Manager*, Betty Weaver.

CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION—*Treasurer*, Mary Hardy; *Junior Member*, Millicent Carey.

SELF-GOVERNMENT ASSOCIATION—*Secretary*, Dorothy Smith; *Executive Board*, Millicent Carey, Alice Harrison.

GLEE CLUB—*Treasurer*, Zella Boynton.

HISTORY CLUB—*Secretary*, Dorothy Smith.

SUFFRAGE CLUB—*President*, Zella Boynton.

FRENCH CLUB—*Vice-President*, Margaret Miller Dent.

COLLEGE NEWS BOARD—*Editors*, Darthela Clark, Margaret Ballou, Frances Louise von Hofsten, Elizabeth Leutkemeyer; *Business Board*—Mary Porritt, Helene Zinsser.

LANTERN AND TIPYN O' BOB BOARD—*Editors*, Doris Pitkin, Isabel Hart Arnold, Alice Harrison; *Business Board*, Zella Boynton.

ATHLETICS
1918-1919

TENNIS SINGLES

Class Championship Won by 1920

Captain—Z. BOYNTON

Manager—K. CAULDWELL

TEAM

Z. BOYNTON

K. CAULDWELL

M. M. CAREY

DOUBLES

Class Championship Won by 1920

TEAMS

M. DENT

M. M. CAREY

M. R. BROWN

Z. BOYNTON

K. CAULDWELL

E. STEVENS

On Tennis Varsity—Z. BOYNTON (Captain), K. CAULDWELL

HOCKEY

Championship Won by 1919

Captain—M. M. CAREY

Manager—M. L. MALL

TEAM

M. L. MALL

B. WEAVER

A. MOEBIUS

L. SLOAN

M. M. CAREY

K. CAULDWELL

D. ROGERS

E. LUETKEMEYER

E. WILLIAMS

H. HOLMES

H. ZINSSER

On Varsity—D. ROGERS, B. WEAVER, M. M. CAREY, K. CAULDWELL, D. CLARK

SWIMMING MEET

Championship Won by 1921

Captain—K. TOWNSEND

Manager—B. WEAVER

TEAM

K. CAULDWELL

B. WEAVER

H. HOLMES

K. TOWNSEND

M. R. BROWN

E. LUETKEMEYER

COLLEGE RECORDS BROKEN

68 foot front.....K. TOWNSEND, 13 1/5 sec.

136 foot front.....K. TOWNSEND, 32 1/5 sec.

WATER POLO

Class Championship Won by 1919

Captain—B. WEAVER

Manager—H. HOLMES

TEAM

K. TOWNSEND
M. BALLOU
E. LUETKEMEYER

H. ZINSSER
K. CAULDWELL
B. WEAVER

H. HOLMES

TRACK

Class Championship Won by 1922

Captain—D. ROGERS

Manager—H. ZINSSER

TEAM

H. ZINSSER
M. LITTELL
L. SLOAN
D. ROGERS

E. LUETKEMEYER
J. HERRICK
B. WEAVER
L. KELLOGG

K. TOWNSEND
M. L. MALL
K. CAULDWELL
M. M. CAREY

BASKETBALL

Class Championship Won by 1919

Captain—M. L. MALL

Manager—K. TOWNSEND

TEAM

M. L. MALL
B. WEAVER

K. TOWNSEND

D. ROGERS
M. M. CAREY

On Varsity—M. L. MALL

Act 13.
The Epilogue

We'll Tell The World—

Scene—The late Room A.

MISS PUBLICITY (*to victim*)—"We had better meet Ibanez with the Rock. Jazz Band, and have the May-Queen go representing Mary Nostrum. And don't forget to put pictures of the prettiest girls in bathing suits around his room."

(*Victim demurs.*)

"Can't help it, I have already had them publish in the New York papers what he will say in his first interview; he is to think the Bryn Mawr girls are beautiful. Decorate the cab with Spanish flags, and have Mr. Montyloo's dancing class do a sort of oriental barefoot dance in Rock. arch. I think he'll enjoy that."

(*Victim flees.*)

Eight reporters file in with cameras and movie machines.

REPORTERS—"We have come to shoot the water-polo game that is being staged for Amy Lowell this afternoon."

MISS PUBLICITY (*to secretary*)—"Go get Miss Kingsbury's cats and sprinkle them around the campus so Amy can chase them. That will make a good picture."

(*Telephone rings, and reporters file out.*)

IZZY MAD'S VOICE (*over the telephone*)—"Ah you theah? Is this Miss Fostah? Dr. De Haan has just communicated with me and he thinks it inadvisable for Miss Lowell to see the game this afternoon."

MISS PUBLICITY—"But we are counting on this for publicity, and we have already promised an account of it to the San Francisco Bulletin for their Sunday supplement."

IZZY MAD—"I am sorry, I hope you won't misconstrue me, but I fear Miss Lowell might put an account of it in one of her poems; and besides it has been suggested that since there are several players that tend toward enbonpoint, Miss Lowell might think she were being burlesqued."

MISS PUBLICITY—"O very well, Miss Madison; good-bye."

(*Turning to secretary*)—"As soon as they send in the pictures rush them through to the San Francisco Bulletin with a write-up of how Amy Lowell enjoyed the game."

(*Collaring a reporter who is passing by*)—"Go down and snap Miss Sabine dressed in Indian costume, gazing west to see the subscriptions come in—I have to run over and take a few pictures of Miss Carey representing athletic Miss America."

HELEN HUMPHREYS

THERESA JAMES

JULIA CONKLIN

1923

On some green isle, in deep green seas,
Where strange green things abound,
With borogoves and Jabberwocks
The Griffins Green are found.
We wish the Light Blue Fox that came
With '20's Freshman Show
Could linger with the Griffin here,
And did not have to go.

The Ingenue Parts

Jule began it all. Before her, all who were so fortunate as to be engaged, left college, while the rest of us, supplied with the office's statistics, calculated in per cents what chance of marriage remained. But Jule stayed on, and set the fashion in rings for Senior year.

Zella was the next. She really is our idea of the perfect ingenue, and we understand that her engagement deserves an entr'act to itself. After her fiancé, "as he *became*," had languished in Paris for a year or two, while Zella, for her part, used to ride from Philadelphia to New York just to see the name "Seldon" on the motor truck signs, the inevitable occurred, and we understood why Zella had left highly important business communications unanswered during the summer.

All the while, Marge Canby was craftily concealing her engagement—but we guessed it just the same. In fact, we guessed it almost a year before either Marge or Roger Taylor did, and Marge is very much annoyed when we tell her so. But then hers is such a delightful rôle that we pardon these little flashes of temper, and we agree with Marge when she says she is making a tremendous sacrifice in not marrying a millionaire, even if Mrs. Hedge did warn her that "money wasn't everything." As for the other details of the engagement, they are too perfect to be interesting.

We won't talk of those whom we believe are trying out for this fascinating part, but we conclude with a devout prayer that the number of ingenues may be increased before the curtain falls.

DORIS PITKIN.

Baby Gray and Baby Rea
Have come here and intend to stay.
If any more appear by June
Bryn Mawr will be a nursery soon.

D. E. P.

The Family Circle

Scene—*Pembroke Dining Room*

Time—*Any night at dinner*

LOIS—"Let's sing to Elizabeth Kirkbride. Class of '96."

ALL—"Oh-o-o-o."

LOIS—"Come on, we've got to, then to Freddy Howell, Nan Thorndike, and Becky——"

MEENIE (*humming under her breath*)—"Out of the past you are bringing—
Shadows from History."

MILLY—"Let's sing to Jane Smith."

ZELLA—"You ass, she's not even here!"

BALLOU—"Ha, ha, ha!"

DOT ROGERS—"Sing 'By the side of the field.'"

DOT SMITH—"Something not so collegiate."

ZELLA—"Oh, yes! Let's sing 'My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean.'" (*The dining room resounds with these romantic strains. Everyone casting dotted lines at Zella.*)

MARTHA—"Let's try 'Oh clever P. T.' on Miss Patty Thomas and see if she'll laugh."

MILLY (*earnestly*)—"She's an awfully good friend of P. T.'s. I don't know whether she'll appreciate it."

K. TOWNSEND (*visiting from Denbigh*)—"Let's call on the Freshmen for their first Oral Song."

1920 (*enthusiastically agreeing for once, except for Franny von Hofsten, who sympathizes with little sister*)—"1923, first Oral Song." (*1923 bravely ascends the steps and descends weakly, lapsing from the half-note intervals as they become exhausted; 1920 undergoing the feelings of a busted paper bag, relapses into mirth.*)

1921—"Oh me, Oh my, they'll get there by and by!"

CORNIE (*reflectively*)—"Ballou, my dear, what *do* you think—Mrs. Spillane——"

MIRIAM (*sputtering*)—"I wish you wouldn't talk German at the table."

ZELLA (*comfortingly*)—"Why, of course, you'll get through. It's as easy as dirt. I got through in three lessons."

MILLY (*tactfully changing the subject*)—"There were at least four people in chapel this morning. We are really improving."

ZELLA (*innocently*)—"What does one wear when one ushers?"

BALLOU (*cuttingly*)—"About what one wore last time. Why? Are you going to usher, Zella?"

DOTTY—"Listen, I hope you are all coming to hear Major Bles. He is recommended by Joffre, Foch, Wilson, etc., etc. Has been all over the world, was the first one to think of the League of Nations."

ZELLA—"Fenwick said he was fine. Really, Major Politics is the best course!"

BALLOU (*suddenly*)—"Let's sing 'The Sons of Erectheus.'"

MEENIE (*dreamily*)—"No, let's not spoil it—we never could sing it as well as 1918. Let's call on 1921 for something they can't sing."

LOIS—"They are considering Les for Venus."

ALL (*but Lilian, Meenie and Zella*)—"Oh-o-o-o."

MARIAN—"What are the requirements for Venus?"

CORNIE—"A daughter of the gods divinely tall and most divinely fair (haired). (*Bell rings, twenty announcements are made in an equally monotonous and incomprehensible tone.*)

EDITH—"Who's coming tonight, Ballou, for the World Citizenship course?"

MEENIE—"If P. T. were here we wouldn't have so many of those sordid Social Workers. She cares for the really intellectual side of life."

ZELLA—"That's one thing 'my beau' and I are going to do . . . read the same books and . . ."

LILIAN—"Miss Schenck, Miss Schenck . . . won't someone listen to me? Lo, Zella, please listen to me, I have an awfully funny . . ."

ZELLA—"Lilian, yes, baby."

LILIAN—"Now I'm mad, never mind."

M. K.—"Crenshaw only gave me 93 in chemistry and I'm *so* mad."

CORNIE—"My dear, I wish you could have tasted the creamed carrots we had at the Yarnalls' yesterday. They were wonderful, you wouldn't have known they were carrots. And the squash we had the other night at the Skinners' . . ."

MILLY (*perfectly seriously*)—"They don't have carrots at the Deanery."

MARTHA—"I am really scared to say anything at the table, I hear we're all getting written up in the Class Book."

LOIS (*with a brilliant idea*)—"Listen, why don't we have votes on the prettiest girl in the class, etc., you know how they do, sometimes, Ballou."

(*Table looks suspiciously at Lois.*) ALL—"Why, Lois, whom did you have in mind?"

CORNIE—"I move we adjourn for bridge, Bobs and Sophie are waiting for me."

MARGARET BALLOU

MILLICENT CAREY

Hockulty

The sun was shining on a field
Of puddles, mud, and snow.
In raiment pure the faculty
Were standing in a row (?)
The side-lines all with bated breath
Were waiting for the show.

“If eleven men with eleven sticks
Should play for half a day,
Do you suppose that they could beat
The Senior team?” said Gray.
“I wonder.” said Miss Sabin,
Who was passing on the way.

The team rushed out and face to face
They met the valiant Blue,
While Jimmy Barnes stood in the goal
And told them what to do:
“Go up there, Derry—git it now!
That ball is meant for you.”

First Bissell fell upon his knees,
The ball went whizzing by,
And Derry deftly with his stick
Then missed it on the fly.
“Pep up!” said Captain Carpenter,
“Go on, and don’t be shy.”

Brunel, the born wing, leaped along,
Gray shimmied round the ball.
Bert dropped his stick and gave a kick
That ended in a sprawl.
Confusion reigned and Crenshaw said,
“I’m mauling you, Miss Mall.”

Then Charlie Fenwick grabbed the ball
And down the field he stole,
And slopping through the treacherous mud
His foot it found a hole,
He put both arms around Darth's neck
And sat down in the goal.

"O Seniors," said the faculty,
"We've had a lot of fun.
Shall we all play again next week?"
But answer there was none—
And this was scarcely odd,
Because they'd killed them every one.

JULIA CONKLIN.

The Diary of an Association President

April, 1919—Entered office. Planned for radical reforms next fall.

October, 1919—Had meeting to make fundamental changes in constitution.

November, 1919—Had meeting to amend changes introduced in October.

December, 1919—Went to a Conference. I shall absolutely reorganize our association, and bring it up to date.

January, 1920—Had meeting to start reorganization. Began with constitution.

February, 1920—Found interest in association was dying. Had meeting (with required quorum) to amend constitution in order to keep the association in the public eye.

March, 1920—Found I had automatically called a meeting to change constitution. Went to Miss Sabin about it. She told me to read William James on *Habit*. I am glad my term of office expires soon.

DORIS PITKIN

To Rockefeller

It was a seething, sultry day in distant Timbuctu—far away in another region it was equally sweltering. But that has nothing to do with the tale: for the matter of that, the weather is immaterial.

Guinea-Belindy was nosing her way along through the nebulous gloom, when suddenly a bolt from the B'loo punctured her otherwise unoccupied cranium:

“The Wise Rabbit* shall not come!” decreed a voice.

Guinea-Belindy's eyes became glassy with suppressed passion and she scurried off to tell Throaty-Goaty.

“Oh, Throaty-Goaty!” challenged Guinea-Belindy, “the *Chosen* hath vetoed the Wise-Rabbit!”

Throaty-Goaty gurgled, shook herself, and shambled lankily down the corridor with Guinea-Belindy at her side. Soon they met Catty-Natty.

“Oh, Catty-Natty!” sniffled Throaty-Goaty, “the *Chosen* hath vetoed the White Rabbit!”

Screwing up her shoulders, Catty-Natty led them to the spacious habitat of Snaily-Haley.

“Oh, Snaily-Haley!” purred Catty-Natty, “the *Chosen* hath vetoed the Wise Rabbit!”

Snaily-Haley, blinking an ineffable curse, revolved with the harbingers of the cataclysmic news to her neighbors Doggy-Hoggy and Dainty-Daisy.

“Oh, Christian coves!” exhaled Snaily-Haley, “the *Chosen* hath vetoed the Wide Rabbid.” Whereupon Doggy-Hoggy exploded and disintegrated, while Dainty-Daisy led them on in high dudgeon. Around the corner they fell upon Carlotta, the Cootie.

“Oh, Cutie-Cootie!” minced Dainty-Daisy with a coarse gesture, “the *Chosen* hath vetoed the Wide Rabbid.”

Carlotta acquiesced, waving her marcel. Up lumbered Chasie-Chickie in a disjointed fashion.

“Oh, Chickie-Chasie!” twanged Cutie-Cootie, “the *Chosen* hath vetoed the Wise Rabbid.”

“Oh, listen!” gaped Chickie-Chasie, “Let's tell Cauby.” No sooner were the words spoken than the Cumbersome Cow was seen clattering up the steps toward them.

“Oh, Beauteous Bovine!” they chorused, “the *Chosen* hath vetoed the White Rabbid.”

Forthwith they luxuriated to room 17, where the Pink Elephant stood, anchoring the rug.

“Oh, Diminutive Dot!” serenaded the Cumbersome Cow, “the *Chosen* hath vetoed the White Rabbit.”

*Anglicé: Rabbi Wise.

“You don’t say!” swaggered the Pink Elephant deliriously, and the march of progress continued. Without further adieu they chanced upon Analeptic Annapest.

“The *Chosen* hath vetoed the Wise Rabbit,” ruminated the Pink Elephant with a diseased look.

“What’s this?” eschewed Burling-Birdie, lunging at the gathering.

“Oh, Absurdie-Birdie!” tweedled Annapest, “the *Chosen* hath vetoed the Wise Rabbit.”

Burling-Birdie flounced on with an inclusive gesture to invoke the Doric Oracle.

“Oh, Presagious Pitfall!” ogled Burling-Birdie, “can the *Chosen* prevent the advent of the Wise Rabbit?”

“WHO is the Wise Rabbit?” regurgitated Presagious Pitfall, with a witty remark, and set them all to thinking.

FROM PEMBROKE WEST

The Passionate Pagan

I am ready to fight tooth and claw
For a minister *I* never saw;
Don’t take it amiss that I always do this.
It’s the *principal* I’m striving for.

1921

You were a war class, 149 strong, when you arrived, 1921. We have not held it against you, because we don't think people responsible for the way they've been born; and we tried hard not to step on you when you covered the ground like locusts. Realizing that you were a war class, we appreciated it when you stood at attention as you held the door. We were glad that you swallowed that rule about being in bed at ten-thirty, for you never would have been sensible enough, at your tender age, to hit the hay at a normal hour. We watched you work and play, (mainly the latter) and then gave you good advice when you didn't get your merits. We also watched to see if some of you would make mistakes, but during the first year, '19's swaddling bands restrained you. We're glad you haven't been so sedulously maternal with this year's Freshmen.

I shall not speak of the red tams that ushered in the fall of 1918. Even you were able—very shortly—to see their less serious side. But I do want to expatiate on that noble self-abnegation with which you kept your banner off the gym, so that your sister class could hang its own there, and we certainly admire the way that you made up for lost time when they withdrew.

Now, at last, 1921, we are leaving you. Play your very handsome croquet next fall, hang out your banner again till you have to dye it to show that it isn't really pink—but a gory red, and when we are no longer here, remember that if we hadn't *really* liked you, we would never have published this article.

A Seance in the Deanery

"Who is in control?" asked President Thomas as the pointer slipped over the ouija board.

There was a moment of suspense. Then the letters swiftly spelled L-E-U-B-A! For a moment President Thomas was too dazed to ask:

"What would Dr. Leuba like to talk about this evening?" But Leuba, with that pleasant communicativeness that marks a spook, was already writing out:

"I am very happy here in heaven. We want you to know how happy we are."

By this time President Thomas had recovered sufficiently to put questions to the Guiding Intelligence. We give the result of the séance in the approved form:

P. T.—"Why did the entire faculty die during March?"

L.—"They could not bear to see 1920 break those sacred traditions that are the foundation of higher education, by rolling their hoops after the third oral."

P. T. (*there is a pathetic note of remorse in her voice*)—"I never should have left the college."

L.—"Do not be sad. We are very happy up here."

P. T.—"Why are you happy?"

L.—"Because we are placed in the spheres where we belong."

P. T.—"Where is Dr. Fenwick?"

L.—"In his astral condition he is not Charles but Carlotta, the Ladies' Maid. He lives in a boudoir decorated in pastel shades of his own choosing. He is very happy."

P. T.—"And Dr. Chew?"

L.—"Dr. Chew has found his true place as a historian and politician. He still retains some interest in poetry, however, and often has chats with Robert Browning, showing him how he could improve *Pippa Passes* by making Pippa a labor leader, working to ameliorate factory conditions."

P. T.—"Tell me about Dr. Gray."

L.—"Dear Mother Gray! She runs an orphan asylum here in heaven. It's by far the best and cleanest one here. She is very happy."

P. T.—"And our Chaplain, Dr. Barton?"

L.—"Dr. Barton was not yet ready for our high plane. He has entered another earthly existence. When he has grown to be a man, he will enter a weather bureau, where he may pursue those studies on the weather that he formerly developed during chapel prayers."

P. T.—"And what of poor Miss Sabin? She never believed in immortality."

L.—"Now she believes. She tries to tell everyone, so that they may believe, too, and be happy, oh, so happy! Every afternoon she devotes to members of the Society of Psychical Research, and she is dictating a four-volume novel at her slate-writing séances. It is called *Amiable Ethel or The Smiling Sylph*."

P. T.—"Is Dr. de Laguna helping her?"

L.—“No, he is a comic artist. He has made our vaudeville more popular than Psychic Cinema. He gives benefit performances for Monsieur Beck, who helps Mother Gray with the children.”

P. T.—“What does Monsieur Beck say to that?”

L.—“He answers, ‘Je vous remercie,’ and Dr. de Laguna replies, ‘Il n’y a pas de quoi.’”⁶

At this point there was confusion for a short time. When the ouija board was again under control, the message came:

“My psychology is the only true psychology.”

P. T.—“Yes, Dr. Leuba, I always realized that.”

Ans.—“It’s not Leuba—it’s Ferree!! I’m in control now and Leuba isn’t. He has gone to look up at Prokosch, who is in the heaven of heavens. His attendants are the only angels there allowed to talk German. Everyone else uses Hebrew. All the Seniors who passed their third oral and died from the shock sit around him singing, ‘Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten.’”⁶ He——”

P. T. (*evidently the subject is an unpleasant one*)—“Will you tell me about Miss Donnelly?”

F.—“She does not do anything. She is an Englishwoman. She, too, is happy. Here in heaven we are all happy.”

P. T.—“What experience is making Georgiana happy?”

F.—“She, alas, is not in Heaven!”

.

At this point, repeated questionings failed to elicit any answers and the séance closed. We are unable to furnish information concerning the psychic state of other faculty members.

DORIS PITKIN

⁶Relying on the almost supernatural culture of the senior class, the editors have not translated these remarks—as Dr. Chew would do.

To Merion

Evidence of Miss B———, Tenement Inspector Number 503

Monday morning, March 15, 1920. Visited Merion Court. At the end of a dark, dingy alley was a small tenement. A single room was occupied by members of four families. The furniture consisted of only two single beds and floor space to enable two persons to dress at the same time. All cooking is done over one open fireplace, and there is no running water in the room. The women take in red firemen's shirts to buttonhole. These shirts are often worn by the children and are used as covering at night.* It is difficult to give any conception of the dreary squalor of the place, which has to serve both as home and workshop, and which does not possess the most elementary requirements of either.

One young girl living here has daily to go to work in an artist's studio in a distant city. This is in itself deplorable. Coupled with such home surroundings, there seems to be little help for the girl. Others do perilous work in a factory where poisonous chemicals are handled daily.

FROM DENBIGH

*See article on "Shirt finishing in the Sweated Industries Handbook," published by the *Daily News*. The articles and illustrations in this little book are most valuable.

Behind The Scenes

THUS THE LITTLE MINUTES . . .

I

1919—Pembroke West.

MARGIE (*reading a letter*)—"I have the flower-basket next to my bed and the sweet odour of mignonette, daffodils, carnations, roses, narcissus, pansies, frisia, lilac, marguerites, tulips, hyacinths, lilies-of-the-valley, and maiden-hair fern comes to me. I appreciate your thinking of me. In regard to your proposed junior dance, I really fear that: (1) the hotels in Philadelphia would be too crowded to hold all the men, and (2) there would be no way of fumigating the men coming direct from the trenches. Because of these and other statistics, I feel it would be unwise.

Yours sincerely,

M. CAREY THOMAS."

(*Dismal sighs.*)

MARGIE (*gloomily*)—"Well, I suppose we might as well discuss our class rings, then.

BIRDIE—"I have a lapis lazuli pendant that is just the right shade."

DORIS—"Lapis lazuli is too dark."

BIRDIE—"Oh no, mine is light."

VOICE FROM REAR (*rudely*)—"Then it must be imitation."

BIRDIE (*in righteous indignation*)—"I will pass it around and show you."

DORIS (*not to be outdone, passes her dark one around*).

(*Furious discussion as to color of lapis lazuli.*)

GOATIE—"What about turquoises?"

STEVIE—"They turn green."

GOATIE—"Mine didn't." (*She passes her bracelet around.*)

ALICE—"Ah've seen some mo' turquoises that look jest lak malachite."

(*More furious discussion as to color of turquoises.*)

MARGIE—"Someone will have to consult the jeweler."

MILLY (*brightly*)—"I think Luky would be awfully good for that, she has such a way with men."

(*Pandemonium.*)

MILLY (*hastily and apologetically*)—"I mean, of course, that she is so good at getting engagements."

(*Riot.*)

FACETIOUS VOICE—"There's safety in numbers: I move we appoint a committee."

1920—Pembroke East.

Time—1:35.

(Lined up in a solid phalanx on the window seat, Rock is on time as usual. They smell a rat. During the opening remarks the rest of the class strolls slowly in, by halls, and take their accustomed places.)

MILLY—(banging on the table with the ancestral even hammer)—“Firbizness-forethmeetingsreadingminnusothpreviousmeeting.”

CHORUS—“Moveminnusmeetingpreviousreading be omitted.”

MILLY—“The next business before the meeting is a discussion of chapel. It really is absolutely disgraceful. We ought to set an example to the freshman class. We have absolutely no sense of responsibility. There were absolutely only four people there this morning! Something *must* be done.”

SLOANIE—“I move we take a sense of the meeting.” (She becomes speechless with mirth.)

BELINDA (showing signs of passionate indignation)—“Madam President, I strongly object to having a personal, fundamental, religious question made a class matter.”

MARY LOU (leaping to her feet)—“I don’t think we should go to chapel *for effect*.”

LOIS—“I think it’s a very bad example to the Freshmen.”

HAWKIE—“May I ask Miss Kellogg on what grounds she bases this statement?”

LOIS (jeebly)—“Well—on common sense.”

HAWKIE—“I move we abolish chapel.”

TERESA (amiably)—“Why can’t we have chapel only on Thursday?”

MONICA AND KITTY (together)—“Wonderful!”

BIRDIE—“I have reason to believe that that would be against Jane’s—er—Miss Smith’s inclinations.”

MILLY (desperately)—“The next business before the meeting is the election of the graduate reception committee.

STEVIE	}	“I nominate Miss Lindsey.”
DOT		
M. K.		
MIRIAM		

HOGGIE	}	“I nominate Miss Rood.”
MARGUERITE		
DORIS		
LAURA		
CHASIE		

TERESA
ARLINE
LITZY
FUMI

} "I nominate Miss Conklin."

SLOANIE
PEGGY
BOLEYN
MARY LOU

} "I nominate Miss Littell."

LOIS—"I nominate Miss Gregg."

HAWKIE—"I consider that Miss Gregg would be excellent. She was a most valuable member of the cut committee and is possessed of consummate tact."

SLOANIE (*giggling*)—"I think Margie would treat the grads well—she's terribly nice to me."

JULE—"Miss James is a wonderful president of the Spanish Club. Why, Ibanez was crazy about her."

MILLY—"The next business is the discussion of our class tree."

MARY LOU—"Let's plant it in a corner of the cloister."

BETTY—"Sort of play puss-in-the-corner with 19's."

ZELLA—"Let's plant it where 18's died."

KATO—"Let's plant it near 17's and perhaps ours will kill it."

MILLY—"Miss Humphrey, will you tell us the trees suggested?"

HELEN (*reading letter from the college architect*)—"The Juniperus Virginianus Glauca is of a conspicuous bluish colour, but is a variety of the red cedar, and is not sufficiently uncommon to appeal to the class——"

MEENIE (*interrupting*)—"If it's a red cedar let's not have it."

HELEN (*continuing*)—"Probably the best tree is either the Cedrus Atlantica Glauca, resembling the cedar of Lebanon. Or the Tilia Europaea Tomentosa. Now, which do you want?"

(*A long and ambiguous silence. The class for once without a come-back.*)

ALICE—"Ahem! Ah move we leave it to the discretion of a committee."

MILLY (*breathing a sigh of relief*)—"Well, I guess that's all. I want to say just a word to you about graduating——"

SING-SONG VOICE (*absent-mindedly*)—"I move we leave it to the discretion of a committee—oh!"

JULIA CONKLIN
HELENE ZINSSER
MARGARET BALLOU
MILLCENT CAREY



“Out of the Past”

As the bell tolled one, the Ghost of the Past took shape out of the shadows. The blue lantern that he carried cast a soft light around him.

“Come,” he commanded, and as I arose and followed him the time slipped away, back and back, back to the year 1920, when I read French and German at sight.

.

“Yes,” Dr. Fenwick is saying, “some fool faculty committee, and they put me on the damn thing! How do you feel about it, Miss Carey?”

(Milly gives satisfactory answer.)

FENWICK—“Miss Clark, this class is so large—I wish you would look after the roll call so that I won’t have so much work to do. And by the way, Miss Carey, will you take complete charge of every student’s report, and as you have nothing else to do this year, go around to each one and supply her with a subject. I can’t be bothered by all those little things. M-m I have a clipping here about the presidential campaign—”

(The desk totters under the force of his blows, and the Ghost gently pulls at my gown as a sign to follow him.)

.

DR. CHEW *(twirling his spectacles)*—“I will—ah—read you this passage. It won’t take long:

‘Hope springs eternal in the human breast,
Man never is but always to be blest.’”

(Taking into careful consideration the utter lack of intelligence of the students)—

“Ah—that means, of course, that man always has hope.

‘Know then this truth, (enough for man to know)
Virtue alone is happiness below.’

“Ah—that means man must be good to be happy. This is quite difficult, but if I—ah—explain it, perhaps you can grasp it.

“I want to speak about the Peruvian letters. A Peruvian is a man from Peru. They influenced Oliver Goldsmith—ah—he is the man who wrote *The Deserted Village*. I had better put that on the board so you will know how to spell it.”

(As it is now twenty minutes of one, Chew has to leave to catch the one-eight train.)

.

DERRY—*(pacing the floor, gesticulating vociferously)*—“This is the prolegomena, pro-le-gomena-a. I have given Miss Jones credit . . . and Miss Smith high credit . . . We will now take up the sovereign power of the state—and by the way, it is pronounced soverrin, not suvrun. Well, the suvrun power of the state—oh that reminds me: There was a little dog sitting on a station platform and when the train

had gone by he ran after it up the track and exclaimed gleefully, 'I've chased it away.'
(*There is a dead silence.*) Do you see the point, Miss Brown? Ha, you have no sense
of humor." (*Some fool freshman giggles.*)

DERRY (*bowing to the gallery*)—"Ah!"

JIMMY BARNES (*working out a problem on the board, mutters to himself*).

VOICE—(*timidly*)—"Dr. Barnes, oughn't you to add there instead of subtract?"

JIMMY (*fiercely*)—"Certainly not. Why don't you take mathematics? It ought
to be required for all freshmen. Now, let me see. Ah, I have it—we ought to add
here."

VOICE (*more timidly*)—"Tha—that's what I said." (*Jimmy snorts at her.*)

JIMMY—"I sure gotta hand it to you for a rotten bunch of mathematicians."

(*Expectantly*) "Does anyone know how to clear fractions?" (*Apparently no one
does.*)

JIMMY (*beaming with delight*)—"Well, I'll explain it to you. Miss Smith, if you
can't stop laughing you had better change your seat." (*After order has been re-
stored.*) "When I was at Johns Hopkins the janitor died, of the physical laboratory."

And I awoke to find the sun shining in at my window, with its rays on the Bryn
Mawr banner above my head.

JULIA CONKLIN.

"Without Benefit of Clergy"

If the Powers That Be refuse Rabbi Wise
How will our next choice appear in their eyes?
For we'd pay Billy Sunday his fare on a car
To grace the old Gothic of stately Bryn Mawr!

M. H. B.

M. L.

Exercises

Of course we would be nominated to write on exercise. We don't wish anyone to think that we don't approve of exercise. On the contrary, we have always admired Dr. Gray and would think it a very good idea to trot five miles a day if we found those little trunks becoming. We are annoyed by the current opinion that we never stand up when we can sit down, or sit up when we can lie down. It isn't so.

On the other hand, we are willing to state and defend the proposition that the thing can be made objectionable. In the first place it can become too pre-eminent. We don't like to make it the lodestar of our lives. Hockey would be all very well if they wouldn't play on such cold days that we spend the hour blowing our nose, blowing on our hands, and laying the quite brittle skin back around our knuckles. In more pleasant weather, we spend the time putting up our back hair and leaning on our sticks; that is, of course, except when we are running up and down the field, for whatever people may say, we do that every now and then, quite often, in fact. For my own part, I very much enjoy bounding springily over the turf, every muscle alert to escape falling flat in the slime, if I am not impeded in my stride by the effort to make the ball keep up with me. Of course there are always the little worries, wondering whether one's tie will fall all the way off, wishing one hadn't left one's sweater on, but on the whole, it is certainly enjoyable if other people do not bother us. It is a game we should like to play alone.

No team we ever played on ever won a game. That is a fact, interpret it as you may. But we were never bitter about it. The losers do not play so many games.

ALICE HARRISON
JULIA COCHRAN

OUR BANNER

Oh, take it up tenderly, brush it with care,
Away with the cobwebs long gathering there!
'Tis covered with glory from work in the Cause,
For flash lights have dimmed it, by Publicity's laws.

L. H.

Under Fire

Some fifteen miserable forms waited dejectedly in Rock sitting room, offering up prayers for final "ds" and "zs." The clock ticked on. "What time is it?" I asked, hoarsely. "Five minutes past eight. Are you sure, Lois, you told him it was in Rock?" asked Helen Hill, polite but always to the point. My God! I grabbed for an umbrella and bolted through the door, plowing my frantic way through slush and water. Soon I saw a trim little figure, pattering along under a large umbrella, and slowed my pace just in time to keep from upsetting the most supple larynx in America.

"Oh, Mr. Kink!" I panted.

"Yes, Miss?"

[Editors here were forced to cut out several pages of apologies and savory replies.]

"Well, now let's see what you have done. You have already lost eight minutes of my time. Of course it makes no difference to me—as I told the president in 1914—it makes no difference to me. Only you must realize that out of the eight thousand people who will come from all over the country to see these plays, at least five thousand of them will come because of my reputation."

"Oh! yes," I murmured reverently, arranging Titania's bower, and urging her into a sleeping position with one eye while I appreciated the five thousand with the other.

"I think I told you of the appointment that was denied me on account of one cerebral "r" in *The Hue and Cry*?"

"Yes, I think you did," I replied, but added hastily, "I always thought that was very interesting."

"The little vixen! She was Cupid, from the Middle West. She seemed really, ladies, to do it on purpose. I think I have told you before." I smiled in acquiescence. "A distinguished lady principal of a boarding school had approached me on the subject of lecturing before the French legation," the perfectly vibrated tones went on, "but when she heard this naughty little thing with her, 'Come my little jocund spor-r-rts, why, of course——!'" He ended with a dramatic shrug of his shoulders.

"Of course!" I echoed, motioning nervously to Bottom, with a furtive glance at the clock.

"This shows the importance of ar-tic-u-la-tion," he added in a tone of finality, and my heart rose at that tone. I moved toward the front row of the Inquisitors' Seats, notebook and pencil in hand, waiting for the rehearsal to proceed.

"Why, do you know"—my heart sank again—"the people who come to visit my classes say to me, 'Mr. King, how can you stand it?' I wonder myself sometimes; while I stand up there and pour forth beautiful art, the students sit blinking stupidly

at my pearls like great boobies." I managed to call up a sympathetic smile at his fishlike grimace and timidly handed him a copy of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

.....

Miriam's dulcet tones offered untold relief. "I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again." Oh! the refreshing music of those words. "To say, to swear, I love thee."

Mr. King was making queer dog-like noises in his throat, and the gleam in his eye told me the worst was approaching. He was going to do Titania!

"Pom, pom, pom," he announced. Then taking off his great glasses, he capered across the hall. Now watch *me*, please. Impressé. Miss Brown, impressé. See, I can make love to the very newel post," and suiting the action to the word, he flung his arms passionately about the astonished wooden owl, and vibrated and diminuendoed and pitched up and down the scale with untold fervor. Then he tried the fire irons and the door knob—over and over—until a suppressed rustle from above told me that all of Rock, had gathered at the top of the stairs to hear the latest proposal. At last, he came to Bottom. That was a dramatic moment when Titania laid his sleek, little, black head upon Miss Burr's substantial shoulder and cooed Shakespearian lyrics into her ear. At the tensest moment, Miss Burr naively broke the spell with. "Am I to take these advances with indifference, Mr. King?"

The question was ignored. "You must do that a thousand times, Miss Brown." I glanced apprehensively at the clock which was fast approaching 9:30. "It comes from a life time of practice, and spending my dear mamma's good money at the conservatoire.

"That pirouette, now! You see how graceful?" he demanded, picking up his coat tails and revolving across the room. "From a premier of the Ballet Russe. It's the little things that count. The Venus we had last time practiced walking for hours in front of a mirror. The beautiful Miss Helen Barber: you have heard of her, haven't you?"

"I certainly have," I replied, with a world of feeling in my voice. Off came the glasses again to allow ecstasy to shine forth undimmed.

"That was a case of my ar-tic-u-la-tion assimilated. Now, Miss Brown, impressé! Get the thrill into your voice. The same thing as when I say 'Soft you now, the fair Ophelia.' When Forbes-Robertson was playing Horatio to my Hamlet, he used to say to me, 'King, say that again—Gad! man, you have a temperament.' Of course I didn't tell him I could chop up my mother-in-law, and bury her under the floor before coming to the theatre, and then render that most exquisite love scene without turning a hair. *Ar-tic-u-la-tion*, that's all it is. But, of course, I can't go around telling that to everyone, or they'll begin to think I'm a crank on the subject. Now, Miss Brown."

At this point Taylor began striking ten, and the train of Theseus sat up and rubbed their eyes.

Well, you see, we haven't gotten through *one* page of this," said His Highness,

with an angry look at me over his spectacles. "My time's far too valuable to be wasted in this way. Not that it makes any difference to me about these plays—as I told the president in 1914. Why, I don't get enough salary here to pay my club bills. To cover the cost of my wine and tobacco, you might say."

Feeble apologies were offered up, as incense to an angered god. "*Old Wives' Tale* tomorrow night in the gym," I suggested softly.

"Very well: good-night." And, as he left, the door slammed peremptorily on the last of the tapered consonants.

LOIS KELLOGG

When we all have grown famous and gray,
We'll remember a long distant day,
When we gambolled about
In a curious rout,
To honor the Coming of May.

May-Day Try-Outs

Merion was filled with wild-eyed undergraduates. Snatches of pre-Shakespearian drama floated around the corners. A Sophomore with ink on her nose was behind a sofa, delivering a passionate soliloquy to a ghastly picture of somebody's martyrdom. Two Freshmen were partly concealed behind a table in the sitting room. One was kneeling on the floor, making mandolin love to another, who was muttering disjointed replies as she clutched a book. All these disturbing elements merely formed a background to my own thoughts. I stared wildly out of the window and tried to feel simple and girlish.

Haggard-looking wretches who had just been through the ordeal emerged from the torture chamber. I clutched one of them with my cold, wet hand.

"What was it like?" I whispered hoarsely.

"Like hell," she replied.

A moment later a strong hand seized me and I was sucked in.

Silence, so absolute that it fairly smote the ear—deadly chill. Skinner, in the foreground, gave me a brief glance and then turned away. A vast, deserted area stretched in front of me, and about a thousand faces that I couldn't identify stared stonily across the gulf and directly through me. Heaven knows I didn't expect anyone to kiss me, but nerves of iron could hardly have expected this. My mouth was dry and my tongue clove to the roof. I tried to speak and merest nonsense resulted. I tried to do my carefully prepared gestures, and my paralyzed limbs jerked spasmodically. From far away I heard a derisive snicker. I paused to wet my lips, and a voice from somewhere said, "Thank you, Alice." I groped backward, fumbled for the door knob, and staggered shakily out, with an increasing giggle behind me as a God-speed.

Alice Hood

We Are Seven

I met a little college girl,
 'Twas nine o'clock she said.
From out her bathing-cap a curl
 Stood bristling from her head.

She scanned a water-polo list.
 Then, with foreboding air,
She searched in every crack, but missed
 Someone who should be there.

“Fullbacks and Halfbacks, little maid,
 How many may you be?”
“How many? Seven in all,” she said,
 And wondering looked at me.

“And then where are they all, by chance?”
 She answered, “Seven are we.
Though two would rather work for France
 Than slave at B. M. C.

“And two are gone because they thought
 That home was woman's sphere.
By two Ibanez's being caught,
 Nor he nor they are here.”

“Although Ibanez's on the way,
 And he may yet arrive.
They are not here, is all I say,
 And ye are only five.

“If two the fields of France prefer
To taking a degree
In minor math., we would infer
That ye are only three.

“You stand beside the pool with me,
The game should have begun;
If two are married, you may see
That ye are only one.”

All this and more, not fit to hear,
I said when they did not appear,
Though Taylor tolled eleven.
’Twas throwing words away, for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, “Nay, we are seven!”

ANNE COOLIDGE

Character Parts

I. THE STOCK BROKER

It was Ballou's idea that I write this up. As my readers know to their own cost, Ballou has a genius for finding out one's weak point and making it known to the world at large. That is undoubtedly why she is on the class book. I suggested that in return she write up Bill—you know, the callow one from the coal mines with the educator shoes—but she didn't see it that way.

I am not, generally, an authority on visiting Englishmen. Having never considered myself worthy to become a member of the English Club, I did not dine with Mr. Walpole. I did not even go to the tea. True, someone asked me but I did not go. You see, the tea was before the lecture. If I had only known . . . I wouldn't have had a chance though, because Alice . . . but why don't they get Alice to write this? Who was it that lassoed the eminent guest and kept him in a corner for three quarters of an hour, while one of our near-English educators (one of our most awfully English ones) ate out her heart waiting to be introduced?

Yes, I went to the lecture. I was covering it for one of our local journals, so I went. Strange how big events often hang on slender threads. We may all recover, but there are some of us who will never be the same.

It was just like any other lecture, at first. The same audience of students, simply but tastefully dressed in hockey skirts, one or two friends of the college, and a scattering of the unattached professors who frequent our more informal social gatherings in search of a mate. Then the usual hush while Alice, looking very svelte, sophisticated, and *savoir-faire* in blue satin, laid one hand lightly and gracefully on the rostrum and made a neat little speech about England being so generous with her great men. Then the great man in question stepped forward, pink and rotund, and the die was cast.

As I write, with a portrait of my subject before me, it seems to me that the secret of Mr. Walpole's fascination lay in the reaction from that worst dill pickle of all J. B. Pond's 57 varieties—Dunsany! What a relief to find one highbrow Englishman whose clothes fitted and who didn't look like an effete iceman presiding at an annual convention—who, in fact might have been taken for a successful stock broker and who actually apologized for talking about himself! Poets who look poetic have no fascination for me, nor even dramatists who look dramatic, but when you get a novelist who looks like a stock broker—that's different! And if you doubt me, count the number of people who have borrowed your *Jeremy* since last November.

Well, I'm going to stop now. There is a lot more that might be said, but then, mine is not an impartial judgment. Besides, why paint the lily? If you were there, you were there—and if you weren't there, you can never understand! After all, it isn't the write-up that matters, but the nerve you bring to it!

DARTHELA CLARK

II. THE LICENSED POET: ARDOURS AND ENDURANCES

We were all quite silent as Robert Nicholls came into the room. He strode straight to the fireplace, shaking back a lock of golden hair from his eyes, and spread out his hands to the flames. After a few breathless moments it was the poet who broke the silence.

"Damn windy," he said.

Uncle John cleared his throat and tramped hurriedly out of the room and Aunt Maria, all in a flutter, got up to order tea. I glanced shyly up and my eye caught sight of his lovely magenta shirt and the corner of a silk handkerchief to match—I caught my breath and turned my eyes hopefully to his socks—but they were white cotton.

"After all," I thought, "I think that is better."

It was wonderful to see any one, especially such a very young man, so very much at his ease right away. Even before Aunt Maria had returned he had flung himself upon the sofa. "Hell of a trip out here," he said. Then catching sight of the piano, he darted across the room to strike a few chords on it. "Umpteen stations on the way out and all that sort of thing," he added over his shoulder. It was beautifully spontaneous.

Uncle John came back for tea but didn't pay much attention to the Poet,—he just sort of glanced at him lying on the sofa as he came in, and grunted something I didn't catch about "poetic license."

Aunt Maria asked him timidly if he preferred cream or lemon. "Don't catch your drift; snow again, to be typically American," he rejoined quickly. Uncle John set down his tea cup with a clatter; I don't think he quite liked it.

There was an awkward pause. The Poet limped over to the bookcase.

"What do you think of Walpole?" asked Aunt Maria, searching for conversation.

"Umpteen notions about Russia," he answered, turning a vase upside down.

Katie exchanged glances with Aunt Maria.

"Don't you adore Lord Dunsany?" she ventured nervously.

"Ice fiend," was all he said.

There was another pause. The Poet began to march back and forth across the room.

"I'm going home to beat my wife.
Please don't interfere,"

he sang.

I heard the library door slam across the hall and realized Uncle John had left.

"Ian Hay lectured here . . ." I began.

"Beith!" he roared. "I could tell him more about the war in three minutes than he has in all his damned books!"

I realized, of course, that this was quite true, so did not say anything more.

At dinner the Poet talked most of the time. He took some books in with him;

"in case the conversation grew dull," he explained cleverly to Aunt Maria. But he had a great deal to say about New York ladies. . . . Katie and I could scarcely touch a mouthful—and about what things in America brought back his shell-shock: those dreadful subways and fire engines and a Miss Woodbury whom he met at some girls' college. "She talked more nonsense in five minutes than anyone else could do in five years," he said. "Lots of females—My God, how they appreciate me! Sat at my feet, of course. Read them all sort of things. . . . Quite done up! Couldn't seem to find the door until some kindly greyish haired lady with eyeglasses and a near-English accent led me to a Petecs—whatever in hell that is!"

And then he talked a lot about ballet-dancers he once knew in London—he does seem to know the world *so* well! It began by his asking me if I was a relation of some chorus girl of the same name. I must say I was thrilled when he turned to me and asked me that so frankly. "The most beautiful back in England," he cried. (Katie told me afterwards that I blushed then.) "Damn fine legs, too,—damn fine, damn fine . . ." he mused in a sort of a reminiscent voice. I thought he was going to say something almost poetic if Uncle John had not begun coughing and spluttering into his napkin and making the most horrid hubbub.

After dinner it was the most exciting of all. He wrote in the front of our books—in mine he put a lovely poem called "The Full Heart," and then we all sat around while he lay on the sofa and read to us. He read out of my book, too; and I don't think I shall *ever* get over the chagrin of it—for none of the pages were cut!

LOIS KELLOGG

III. THE VISITING ENGLISHMAN

Siegfried Sassoon took his cup of tea and settled himself comfortably at ease in Miss Adair's arm chair, and gradually, as I became conscious of his personality, I grew more calm. From Miss Donnelly we had had a picture of him as extremely delicate, ethereal, the type that faints easily, rather like Shelley, all fire and air, and no sense of humor. Now the agony of suspense was over; and as I watched him drink his tea and consume with comforting eagerness the sandwiches and cake that we had provided, peace returned to my soul.

"Do you know," he said, smiling across the tea table, "this is very pleasant. I had expected to be met by a lot of dowagers."

"Haven't you something nice to show me?" he asked at last, "a library, or—or—something like that? Do you mind waiting while I get my snow shoes? You know, I couldn't understand how you Americans got around so easily till finally I met a man who advised me to buy a pair of snow shoes. So I bought the biggest ones I could find and now I get around famously."

Milly and I stared at one another. Inwardly I raged. What idiot had had the gall to snare this young innocent into buying snow shoes? Presently he returned.

"You see?" he said. With much misgiving, I looked down, and there, on the largest pair of human feet in captivity, I saw—rubbers.

As we were going down the steps he slipped on the ice, and for a mad moment I saw the English Club poetless until J. B. Pond provided another specimen. I grabbed him by—well, if he had been a monkey it would have been his tail. Since he was a man, it wasn't.

We warned him that he would think Taylor funny, and as we opened the door, the Gods and Goddesses seemed to turn and stare at him.

"Good Lord!" he gasped, "I see what you mean."

The brilliancy of the chapel distressed him. It did not seem appropriate to read poetry in such a glare. So Milly turned out everything except the desk light.

"Oh, no!" he cried, "the gentleman in the corner would never approve of this." Then with a chuckle, "It makes me look phosphorescent!"

If earlier in the afternoon I had cursed the Elys for not including at least one member of the English Club in their invitation to dinner, now, between 8:15 and 8:45, bitterness ate my soul as I paced the floor, biting my nails in desperation. And then, when they finally did let him come, just as the lecture was about to begin, behold, without purchasing tickets, the Misses Ely, swanking into the front seats, explaining loftily as they did so, that they were the people who had invited him to dinner.

"Do you know," he said on the way to Rock, after the lecture, "it's a funny show—my standing up there, talking to a lot of women."

Throughout his visit he was very much interested in Alice, and frequently expressed regret at not meeting her.

"Who's head of all this?" he asked.

"President Thomas," I explained.

"Oh, really?" he replied, "well, but then who is Miss Harrison?"

HARRIET HOLMES

IV. THE EFFETE ICE-MAN

It isn't what you expect, it's what you get in this world, and Lord Dunsany was what we got. Who would have thought from his pictures that we had ordered all that loosely hung naivety? But, then, we didn't know that we were going to get little Mr. Ruggles Williams, the shock-absorber, either, and many people seemed to find him alone worth the money. He asked me for the gate receipts before we had gotten to the lecture. Besides, a man who can look lonely and be rescued by three girls in one evening, has talent. He seemed to have had a triple presence—at least, for a very nice girl from Pem. East with big brown eyes, a very entertaining talker from Pem. West with big grey eyes, and a very alluring beauty from Denbigh, who once had a permanent wave, all told me after the reception that poor Mr. Williams had felt awfully left out and so she had talked to him all evening. The brown-eyed lady from Pem. East won the competition, I happen to know.

Well, it was lucky Dunsany did bring his nurse, even if President Taft hadn't been expecting to put one up, and had to make them sleep together. As it was, after all the dinner guests had arrived, even if the ice cream hadn't, his lordship could be plainly heard, running backward and forward, trying to get dressed. One pump, I learned afterward from Ruggles, was missing. One could hardly hear oneself speak. And then, of course, without Mr. Williams we should never have thought of putting that ice in the finger bowl for him to play with during the lecture, and without it the interest of the audience would have been cut in half. Some spent the whole hour trying to figure out what the little white things were that he was chasing around the table. It has since appeared in a Chicago newspaper that the best thing Dunsany has done in his country was done at Bryn Mawr, where he turned a pitcher of ice water upside down on his head and went on reading while the water trickled into his collar.

On the whole, he was a very sweet man, and when his poetry begins appearing in the *Cosmopolitan*, as he said it was soon to do, it will look very much out of its element.

ALICE HARRISON

MAY-DAY

Little plays with tickets,
Little cups of tea,
Make a big endowment,
For the Faculty.

D. E. P.

Bridge

(With apologies to Amy Lowell)

The cards splatter on the table
Like cracked grain flung to the chickens,
They slide,
Glide,
And are gathered into the hands of the players,
There spread in a fan
Of glistening red
Edged with dirty white,
Like the red gymnasium suits
With their soiled white guimpes.
Four pairs of hands arrange the cards—
Long hands,
Broad hands,
Hands stained with ink.
Spotlessly clean hands,
Hands of potential politicians,
Philosophers,
Physicians,
Wasted, deftly arranging cards,
Abilities squandered.
Flip, flip, flip—down goes the dummy's hand,
A blaze of color,
What useless riot of red!
Flip, flip, flip,
"A Jewish finesse—cheap and nasty!"
Flip, flip—flip!
On they go,
The red cards flash,
The black ones
Catch the glint from the electric lamp,
Throwing it on the wan faces of the maniacal players.
Flip, flip—flip, flip!
"Twelve-thirty."
"No matter, on with the game."
Flip, flip,
Flop!

BETTY WEAVER

Graduating With Honors

MAGNA CUM LAUDE

Upper Ten

Marie Litzinger
Isabel Arnold
Millicent Carey
Eleanor Marquand

CUM LAUDE

Nathalie Gookin
Miriam Brown
Alice Harrison
Doris Pitkin
Dorothy Smith
Dorothy Jenkins

Miriam O'Brien
Arline Preston
Catherine Robinson
Zella Boynton

Frances von Hofsten
Kathleen Outerbridge
Lilian Davis
Hilda Buttenweiser

Julia Cochran

EUROPEAN FELLOW

Marie Litzinger

SUNNY JIM

Betty M. Weaver

GEORGE W. CHILDS ESSAY PRIZE

Doris E. Pitkin



Sunny Jim

Come Now and Listen

(1920's Version)

Come now and listen to what we have done,
We're not the goats,
We're not the goats,
We are the brightest class under the sun,
We're not the goats,
We're not the goats.

Juniors we warn you there never will be
Any class after so clever as we;
If e rolled our hoops when we took Number Three,
We're not the goats,
We're *not* the goats!

D. E. P.



The Innovators

They told us that no class was ever really voted fresh. But we were. The éclat it added to '20's name was incalculable. We had achieved distinction in an absolutely novel line, and we spent the rest of the year trying to live up to our reputation.

They told us that every class finally got Parade Song. We didn't. We began then to realize that we were something apart, a sort of phenomenon where natural laws didn't apply.

They told us that every class gave a play—gave several, in fact. We never had any. The course of our history is strewn with the wrecks of ungiven dramas, and any member of the class can write skits or movies in her sleep.

They told us that no class passed its third oral. Once more we flung convention to the winds. They said no class ever rolled its hoops before May. WE DID.

DORIS PITKIN

The Lyric Quality

Ever since we first thanked 1917 for their party here, we have lived under the shadow of songs. As freshmen, our greatest nightmare was the fear of being called on for a song that we did not have. When fresh from signing the hundredth time we stood under the arch and heard the wind blow over the lea we determined that one day we would sing like 1917. But alas, waiting's very long. Who can ever forget the long, long time of straining and the jumbled and confused murmurs that arose when we were called on and our juniors stood opposite trembling at our song and wondering why on them should be thrust such a trust. Or the night when we decided to take our fun where we found it and announced that the freshmen would sing on Senior steps immediately after supper? At any rate we got their goat, for '17, fierce and red, declared it a darn poor joke, and Cou Hall, in tears, assured us that even music did not set us free that night.

And now that we are seniors and triumphantly we stand upon the steps waiting around for the mob, somehow we do not find that harmony, harmony sown as the flowers, is our strongest point. In spite of the repeated exhortations of a certain short, swift, stocky girl, with an incurable passion for writing notes on little pink cards, when we begin to sing we still lack a martial ring. But what's the use of worrying? It's not on such odds and ends that our joy in life depends. And when, by a stroke of fortune we do get a good song, how '20 adores the child of their brain! Anyway, what will it all matter when to end all our pains we get married and sing at dusk a lullaby?

DARTHELA CLARK

1922

And now '22, we are leaving you to the none too tender care of the Red. It hurts so dreadfully, because to us you will always seem so young, naïve and ingenuous. We had an almost maternal feeling for you Freshman year because you belonged to us. But this year the maternal feeling has changed to one of good comradeship. You have been so encouraging whenever we lost a game—an event which has become a commonplace *this* year. When we fell before the first two orals you sang lustily to cheer us on, but when we rolled our hoops at the third shot, you rose in a body and yelled.

We sang sentimental songs and acted like blooming asses, but all that was the smallest part of our feeling for you. *We* appreciated the fact that you as Freshmen originated the point system, and we admired you for doing away with that relic of the old régime, Sophomore Rules. *We* liked your Sophomore Play even if D. T. didn't. And we were ridiculously proud of you when you turned off the lights in the gym and sang '23's songs better than they did. When we are far away, we will look back on the unforgotten times we've spent with you, but it won't be only a looking back, because something tells us that we'll go right on being good friends till our fiftieth reunion and longer.

Au revoir. '22, next year we'll return to cheer *your* banner on the Gym. We expect much of you.

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Vice-President and Treasurer—MARTHA JANE LINDSEY

Secretary—DOROTHY LOIS ROGERS

SONG MISTRESS—Lois Kellogg.

UNDERGRADUATE ASSOCIATION—*President*, Darthela Clark; *Advisory Board*, Charlotte Colman.

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ATHLETICS

1919-1920

HOCKEY

Championship Won by 1921

Captain—M. M. CAREY

Manager—B. WEAVER

TEAM

H. ZINSSER

M. M. CAREY

M. HARDY

D. ROGERS

M. BALLOU

B. WEAVER

L. SLOAN

M. MALL

H. KINGSBURY

A. MOEBIUS

D. CLARK

On Varsity—M. M. CAREY (Captain), D. ROGERS, D. CLARK, B. WEAVER

WATER POLO
Championship Won by 1921

Captain—B. WEAVER

Manager—H. HOLMES

K. TOWNSEND
E. LUETKEMEYER

TEAM
M. R. BROWN
M. BALLOU
H. HOLMES

H. ZINSSER
B. WEAVER

N. B.—Further statistics not available when the class book went to press.





Dramatis Personae

Allen, Dorothy Blair.....	34 Plymouth Street, Montclair, N. J.
Arnold, Isabel Hart.....	17 Francis Avenue, Cambridge, Mass.
Ballou, Margaret Howland.....	Marblehead, Mass.
Bonsal, Frances Leigh.....	18 E. Mt. Vernon Place, Baltimore, Md.
Boynton, Zella Detmold.....	981 Madison Avenue, New York City
Brace, Elizabeth.....	105 East 22nd Street, New York City
Bretz, Marion Starr.....	1921 North 2nd Street, Harrisburg, Pa.
Bromell, Beatrice Brunswick.....	549 East 34th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Brown, Madeline Ray.....	13 Charl Field Street, Providence, R. I.
Brown, Miriam Burkloe.....	1212 John Street, Baltimore, Md.
Butler, Miriam.....	Glen Mills, Pa.
Buttonweiser, Hilda.....	252 Lorraine Avenue, Clifton, Cincinnati, O.
Canby, Marjorie Wistar, Westview and Wissahickon Avenues, Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa.	
Carey, Margaret Millicent.....	1004 Cathedral Street, Baltimore, Md.
Cary, Margaret Snell.....	605 Lennox Street, Baltimore, Md.
Cary, Mary Katharine.....	1104 West Avenue, Richmond, Va.
Cauldwell, Katharine.....	Hartsdale, N. Y.
Chase, Mary Ayer (Mrs. Preston Burlingham Boyden).....	Winnetka, Ill.
Chase, Martha Frances.....	Great Meadows Road, Concord, Mass.
Clark, Darthela.....	Stenton Avenue, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, Pa.
Clifford, Katherine Louise.....	Shore Road, South Portland, Me.
Cochran, Julia Newton.....	The Plains, Va.
Colman, Charlotte Kehl.....	114 South 15th Street, La Crosse, Wis.
Conklin, Julia Cecilia.....	Rosemary Farm, Huntington, Long Island, N. Y.
Coolidge, Anne.....	613 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.
Davis, Eleanor Bushnell, 106 West Moreland Avenue, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, Pa.	
Davis, Lilian Gould.....	112 Lenox Road, Schenectady, N. Y.
Dent, Margaret Miller, 308 West Springfield Avenue, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, Pa.	
Eberbach, Anna Getz.....	Colwyn Lane, Cynwyd, Pa.

- Eilers, Marguerite Elizabeth.
Sea Cliff, Long Island or 31 East 72nd Street, New York City
- Ferris, Hilda.....3409 Baring Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
Frost, Marian Louise.....1060 Central Avenue, Plainfield, N. J.
Gookin, Nathalie Clotilde.....13 West Walton Place, Chicago, Ill.
Greene, Dorothy (Mrs. Harris Woodard Alexander),
130 Fairfield Street, St. Albans, Vt.
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Griggs, Dorothy Maitland.....Ardsly-on-Hudson, N. Y.
Hales, Laura.....509 North Oak Park Avenue, Oak Park, Ill.
Harlan, Mary Leita.....9 West Biddle Street, Baltimore, Md.
Hardy, Mary.....518 Cathedral Street, Baltimore, Md.
Harrison, Alice Cunningham.....31 East North Avenue, Baltimore, Md.
Hartshorne, Mary Minturn,
449 Park Avenue, New York City, or Highlands, N. J.
- Hawkins, Margaret.....20 Columbine Street, Denver, Col.
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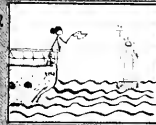




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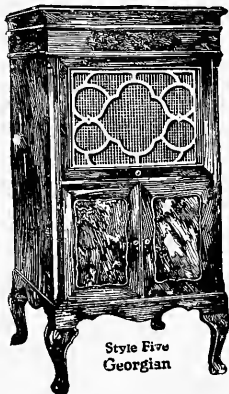
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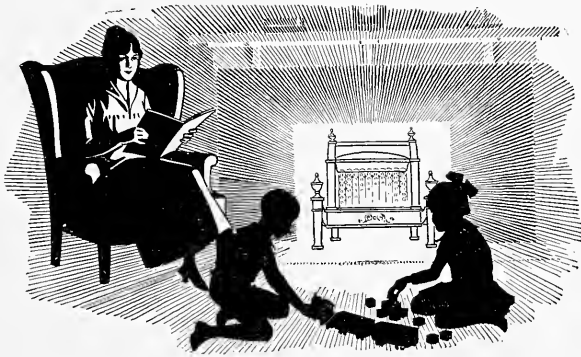


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