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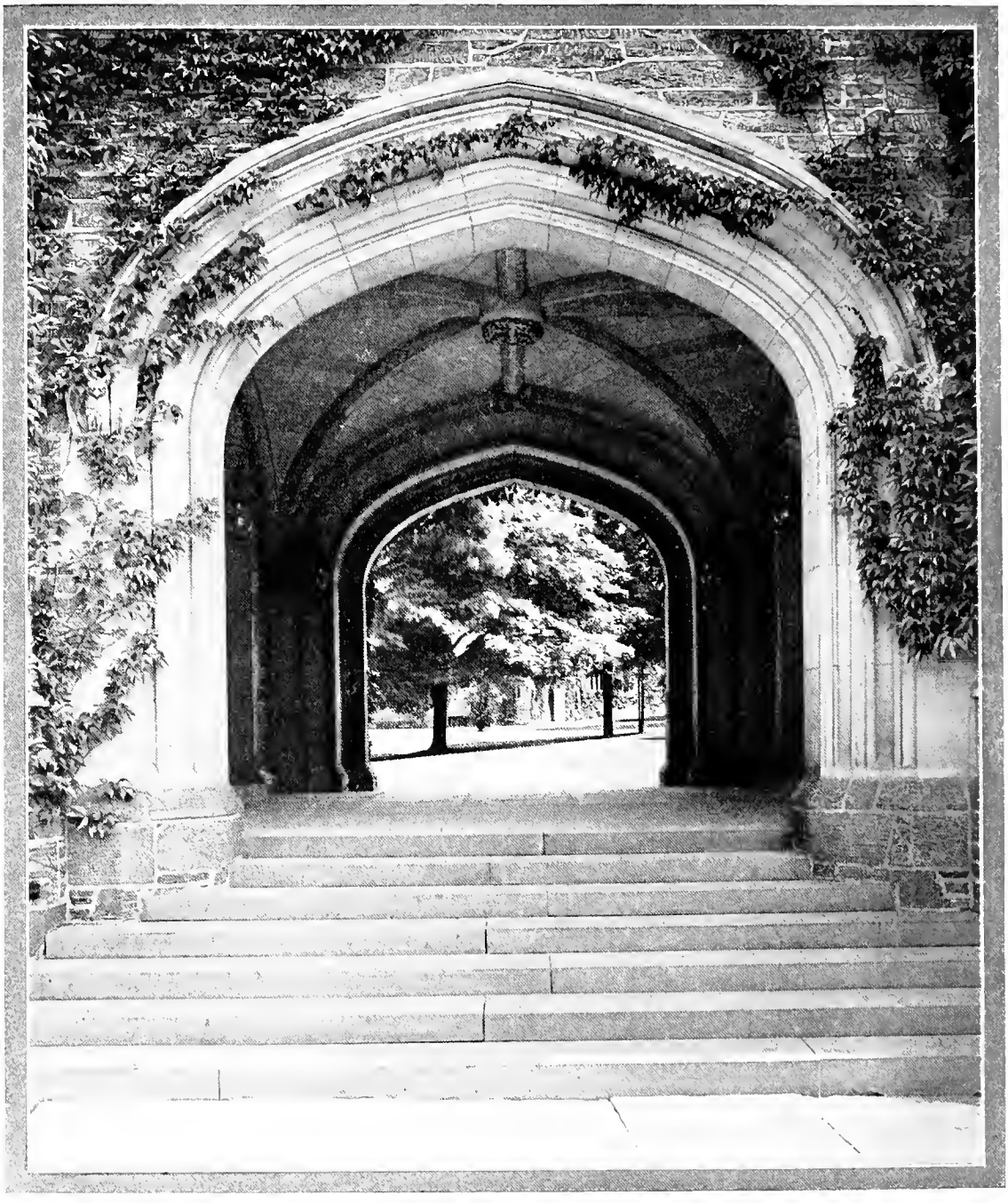

# The Classbook Of 1925

BRYN MAWR COLLEGE

Bryn Mawr
378.73B9
1925

To

# Gertrude Ely

whose kindness and friendly interest have contributed
so much to our pleasantest activities at College,
the Class of 1925
dedicates this book.

*The Editors do not hold themselves responsible for the opinions expressed in this issue*

# Board of Editors

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155359

# Freshman Year

MUGGLE
1922

# Class Officers

1921-1922

*President* . . . . . Elizabeth W. Austin

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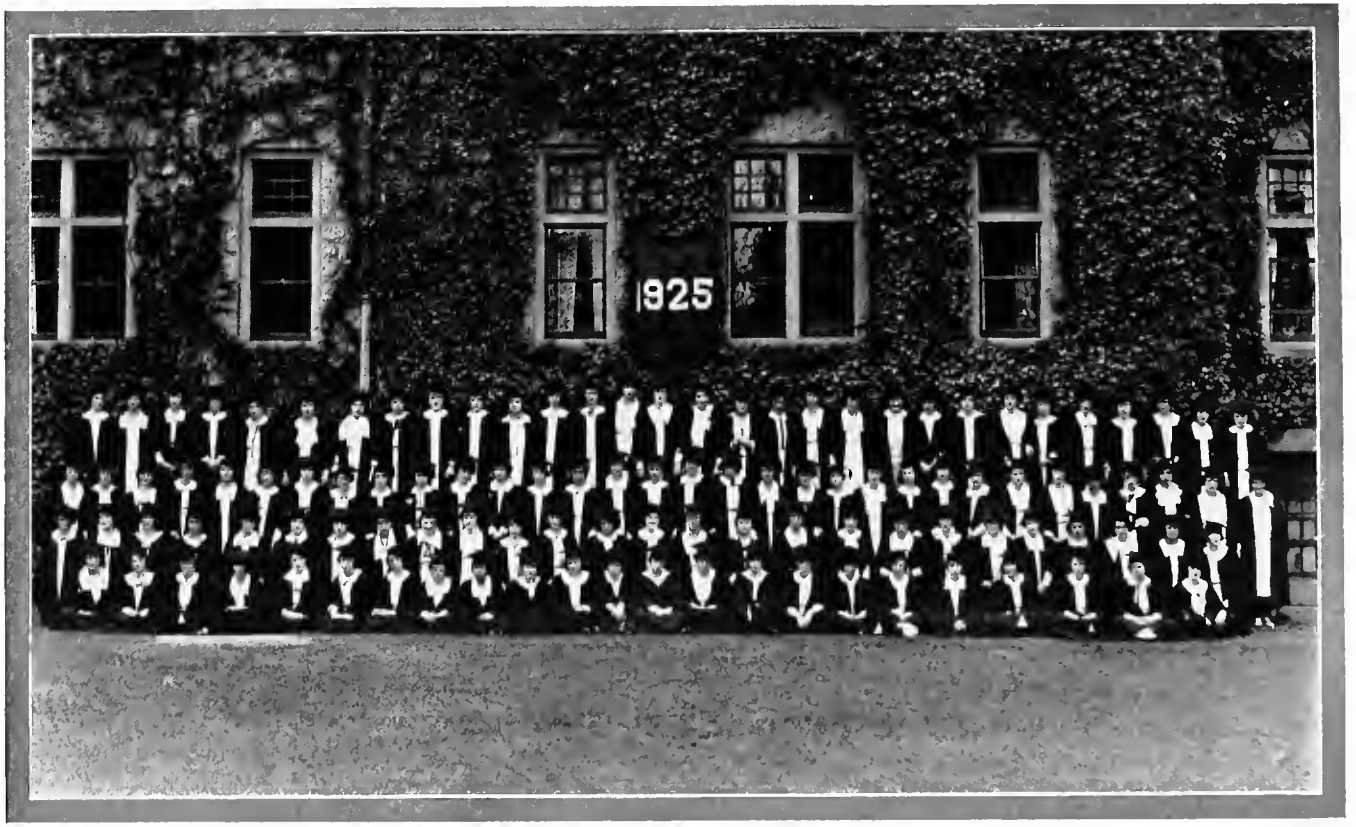
## SONG MISTRESS

Helen L. Smith


1925

# Imaginary Conversations No. 1
# Giving Girls Knowledge

G. G. "Come in." (Enter a Simple Student). "Oh Miss ———, what nice little tid-bit have you for me this morning?"

S. S. "Er, ah—Nothing special. I just wanted to ask you how long our report is to be."

G. G. "Mees ———, how long is a piece of string?"

S. S. ———

G. G. "Now about that dropped quiz,—and a very nice one it was."

S. S. (Softly) "Well 'nice' is hardly the—"

G. G. "Your answer about Venetian society shows a lamentable lack."

S. S. "Yes, there was part of the reading I didn't understand very well."

G. G. "Have you talked of this with your mother?"

S. S. "Nnno, I thought you knew more about such things."

G. G. "I recognize the value of experience and I————————————————* as I hope you have somewhat?"

S. S. (Embarrassed) "Y-Yes."

G. G. "But, on the other hand, the value of voluntary————————————————*, you understand?"

S. S. (In a whisper) "I think so."

G. G. "You are old enough now to know————————————————*"

S. S. (Hastily) "But about my quiz—."

G. G. "Yes, about that last more abstract question. Were you absent when I lectured about the Virgin Martyrs and————————*even in married life?"

S. S. (Looking down) "I was there but I didn't quite understand."

G. G. "Now in the *Decameron*————* while Aubrey Beardsley——*. Have you——*"

S. S. (Blushing) "Sometimes. But excuse me, I must go." (At the door) "Please—my little sister takes your course—please remember her innocence—!"

G. G. "The value of purity through mere ignorance———*" (Exit S. S. in tears).

*For censored portions see Appendix.

# One of the Thousand Nine Hundred and Twenty-Five Nights

Coll-ins the reporters, make way for the press,
While she her sad story relates.
The Barber was Cummings to cut off her tress,
But instead the Dean showed him the Gates.

"Watts this!" cried the Gardiner, who found him outside,
A-dropping his Potts in a twinkling,
And Quarlesomely said to his blushing Mc Bride,
"Of your meaning I haven't a Hinkling."

In packing his Gatchell his Pantz-er forgot,
Though he needed them Brad-ley en-Hough.
The Shipley-ves tonight, and though Gail there is not,
In that Lytle Brig 'twill be rough.

His Mc Bride and the Tinker they walked o'er the Lee,
A Constant-ly Hinton young man.
"It's Remak-able how you can Boross", said she:
With a Mallett he Piereed her and ran.

Gre-gory her body when found, And-er-son
Had her tenderly Fostered with Care—
-Ey carried her Shum-of the-way, and when Dunn
He Critted his teeth in despair!

"Oh, where can I Parker!" he wearily cried,
As he Saundered along in the drizzle,
"I Gless I Wil-soon make the coffin—she's died!"
The Carpenter brought him the Chis-el.

HELEN A. HOUGH

# The Freshmen and the President

The Freshmen once were told they had
To give a little show.
They wanted very much to make
Their first attempt a go.
But what the thing could be about
They really didn't know.

The Freshmen sent the President
A copy of their skit;
Expecting she would, (like themselves)
Consider it a hit.
How crushed they were to find that she
Had never glanced at it!

The Freshmen and the President
Talked for an hour or so.
The Freshmen wished to give their skit:
The President said, "No.
Why don't you give a circus or
A nigger minstrel show?"

"Or if it has to be a show
You might at least select
"Such scenes as would appeal to our
Superior intellect.
Such drama as the name "Bryn Mawr"
Would lead us to expect."

"With lovers known to history
You might our eyes enthrall—
Cleopatra and Antony
(in fitting costume all)
And Eloise and Abelard
And Virginie and Paul."

"In any case this play of yours,
As I perhaps have said,
To just two thousand words in all
Is strictly limited."
Then Ada showed us to the door,
We staggered home half dead.

The words in the new copy which
We handed to P. T.
In count were just one thousand and
Nine hundred ninety-three,
And all the while we knew the show
Was ruined hopelessly.

"I weep for you," P. T. then said,
"I deeply sympathize.
'Twas hard you worked so hard before
The plan came to my eyes."
And all the time she kept us down
To the restricted size.

When the night came the scenery
Was very nearly dry.
The electric moon was shining in
The lamp-black-darkened sky.
The written script did with the rules
Most studiously comply.

But when we got upon the stage
We burbled all we knew.
Stage-fright prolonged the dialogue
And made the show long too,
And that was scarcely odd because
We'd said the whole thing through!

In chapel Monday morning we were
Sure that she'd observe
How black had been our perfidy,
How terrible our nerve.
How wrong we'd been, the whole of
Our first version to preserve!

She rose and she commented on
The costumes in our play,
How much by means of scenery
We'd managed to convey;
How wonderful it was how much
Two thousand words will say!

# One Exciting Night

Produced by 1925

SCENE 1. Mob scene of cunning Freshmen facetiously putting spaghetti in the bedroom slippers of 1922 and 1924, scattering corn-flakes and statues in the beds, exchanging tooth-brushes, etc.

SCENE 2. Magnificent ball-room set of '22 and '24 calmly dancing in the Gym.

SCENE 3. Close-up of Elaine and Kay, the two conspirators, heavily masked, carrying a sucking pig. They hover outside 6 Merion.

Sub-title . . (Pig) "Ugh, ugh. ."

SCENE 4. The two conspirators dump out contents of Bee's bureau drawer, and place pig therein, upon Bee's best teddy.

SCENE 5. Close-up of teddy.

Sub-title . . "The return of the belated revellers. . . "

SCENE 6. '22 and '24 reeling homeward. Cut showing Elaine and Kay hiding on the roof.

Sub-title . . (Elaine) "Gosh, it's cold as Hell up here!"

SCENE 7. The crisis. Bee returns, sniffs, gazes around her room suspiciously. Suddenly she sees the half-open drawer, darts to it, and pounces on the pig and the teddy in a furious state of mind.

SCENE 8. Close-up of the furious state of mind.

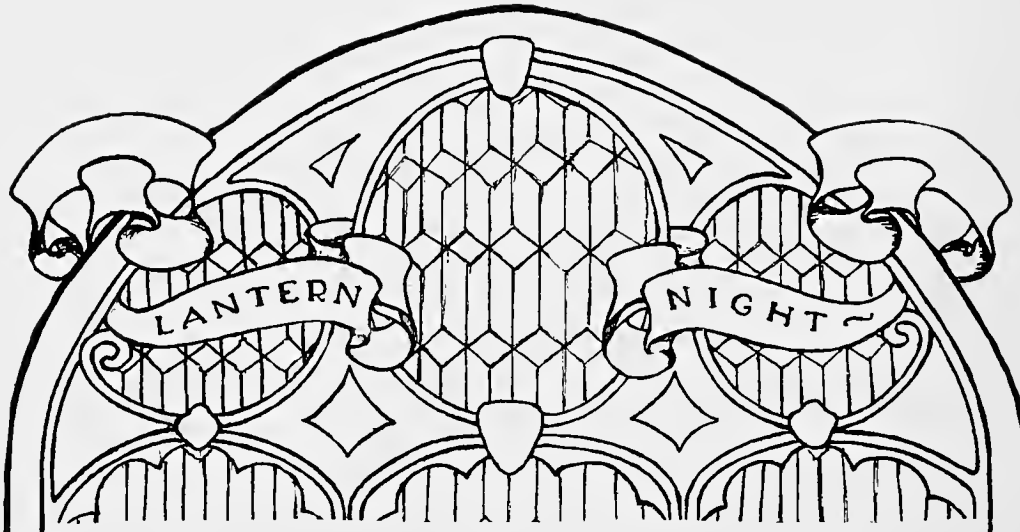
Sub-title . . (Bee) "! ! * ! ! ! : ! * * ! !————————"

SCENE 9. Caption. "Came the dawn . . . . . and with it came peace to three tortured souls on the bosom of the great outdoors . . ."

Slow fade-out of Kay, Elaine, and the pig sleeping on the roof.

---

One never realizes how good-looking one's clothes are until one sees them on one's room-mate.




A dark quadrangle,
Silent,
Its face open to the sky.
Cold grey cloister walls,
Hollowed,
Misty in the night.

Noiseless black shapes,
Dripping of water,
And the flat crowded roof
Noiseless.

"Pallas Athene. . ."
Through the dim arches
Song swells.
Mingling of many strains,
Beautiful drop and cadence of a chant.
Noiseless black shapes,
Swaying red flecks,
Dip and surge of lanterns.
"Pallas Athene Thea. . ."

Bobbing crimson flecks
That stab the night.
Slow swaying,
Silence.
Sudden clink-clank-clink,
Soft murmuring and scuffle,
Silence.

"Sofias Filai . . ."
Clear the red lamps swing,
Sharp and sweet the voices,
Steady the beat,
"Elpis megalay . . ."
Through the arches
The shadows seem stately.
The solemn melody
Sinks,
Then rises from without.
"Sofas Filai . . ."

EDITH H. WALTON.

# Athletics, 1921-1922

All-round Championship Won by 1922

## HOCKEY

Won by 1922

*Captain*—D. Lee

*Manager*—L. Voorhees

*Team*

E. Lomas
L. Boyd
D. Lee
M. Mutch
C. Remak
E. Smith
M. Gardiner
K. Fowler
E. Austin
L. Voorhees
A. Waterbury

*On Varsity*—D. Lee, M. Mutch

## WATER POLO

Won by 1922

*Captain*—K. Fowler

*Manager*—D. Lee

*Team*

L. Voorhees
M. Mutch
C. Remak
D. Lee
K. Fowler
E. Austin
E. Baldwin

SWIMMING MEET

## Won by 1925

*Captain*—D. LEE

*Team*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| D. LEE | K. FOWLER | H. KIRK |
| M. MUTCH | C. REMAK | E. BALDWIN |
| E. AUSTIN | E. HAYNE | M. BLUMENSTOCK |

*Second Place in Individual Won by* M. MUTCH

*Third Place in Individual Won by* D. LEE

College Record broken by 1925

TRACK MEET

## Won by 1925

*Captain*—M. CONSTANT

*Team*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| L. VOORHEES | C. GEHRING | E. GLESSNER |
| M. MUTCH | E. SMITH | M. CONSTANT |
| K. STEINMETZ | | D. LEE |

*Tied for First Place Individual*—K. STEINMETZ

APPARATUS MEET

Won by 1922

*Captain*—M. MUTCH *Manager*—S. ANDERSON

*Team*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| S. ANDERSON | K. FOWLER | H. SMITH |
| E. AUSTIN | D. LEE | K. STEINMETZ |
| E. BRADLEY | M. MUTCH | A. WATERBURY |

TENNIS

Won by 1922

*Captain*—E. BOROSS

*Team*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| C. REMAK | S. ANDERSON | E. BOROSS |
| E. AUSTIN | | M. BROWN |

*On Varsity*—C. REMAK

BASKETBALL

Won by 1922

*Captain*—E. SMITH *Manager*—E. AUSTIN

*Team*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| E. AUSTIN | L. VOORHEES | D. LEE |
| C. REMAK | | E. SMITH |

*On Varsity*—C. REMAK

# Sophomore Year

1923

# Class Officers

1922-1923

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*Vice-President and Treasurer* . . . . . Helen A. Hough
*Secretary* . . . . . Miriam G. Brown

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*Executive Board* . . . . . Helen A. Hough

## UNDERGRADUATE ASSOCIATION

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*Advisory Board* . . . . . Caroline V. Remak

## CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

*Secretary* . . . . . Elizabeth B. Lawrence

## ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

*Secretary* . . . . . Dorothy B. Lee (resigned)
Elizabeth L. Smith

## THE LANTERN

*Editorial Board*

Edith H. Walton  Lysbeth K. Boyd (resigned)  Constance Miller

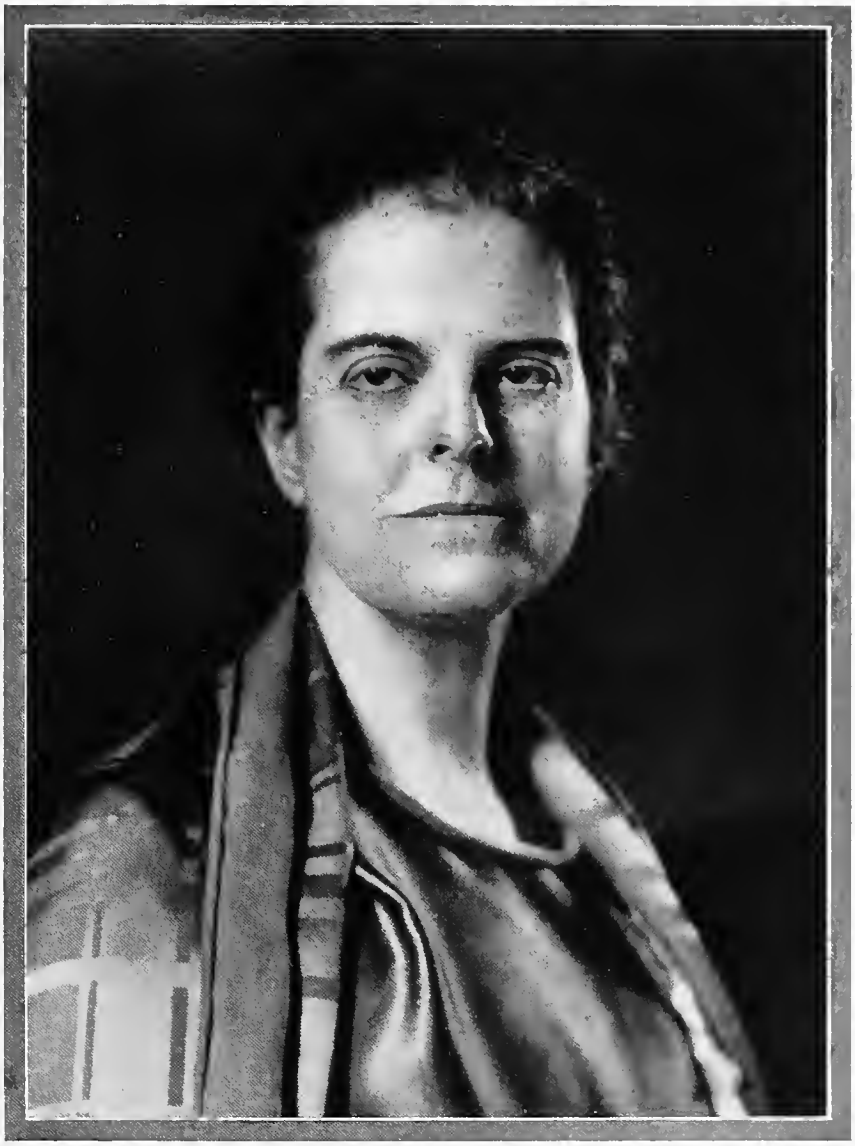
## THE COLLEGE NEWS

*Assistant Editors* . . . . . Emily F. Glessner
Helen A. Hough

*Business Board* . . . . . Mathilde Hansen
Margaret Boyden

## SONG MISTRESS

Etheline H. Hinkley



# Now It Can Be Told

One can tell some things
On verse's wings.

Others one can discuss in plain English prose, after the manner of Pater, Macaulay, Henry James, or the Editorials in the College News.

The subject in hand transcends both.
Therefore I sing of the Countess Cathleen
In contrapuntal vers libre.

Scene 1. Agreement.

First of all there was the informal class meeting
On the hockey field
When, between "Hireusousai soi deine"
And "Makarize, aitoumen"
The class agreed to give it. (It never pays
To be too agreeable!)

Scene 2. Employment.

This scene is laid in Merion basement
And the protagonist is banana oil
With black grease playing second lead.
If we were members of a Union
We would all be suing for damages
Because of injury to clothes and health
Incurred in a hazardous occupation.

Scene 3. Presentment.

While it was going on
We were congratulating ourselves on its success.
The "gold" in the spirits' sacks
Could not be heard to rustle like dried leaves
Beyond the tenth row back;
Cathleen did not lean against the black screens in her white satin frock;
The Angel did not step on a thumb-tack
With { his / her bare feet. / its }
We allowed the audience plenty of time to recover
Between acts.
(We even gave one student time enough
To take her mother to the station and get back again
Before we began Act Three.)
We didn't let Miss Kathleen Kelley's remarks from the front row
Or Dr. Leuba's flight
Disturb us.
Consequently—

Scene 4. Pronouncement.

—we were surprised in chapel Monday morning
When Miss Park talked about Women in Industry for twenty minutes.
And we were pained when, at ten minutes past nine,
She referred parenthetically to our play as "a splendid failure."

Scene 5. Resentment.

The Book-Shop reports
That the sale of Yeats' books has fallen off 100 per cent.
After all,
It was not his fault
That 1925 thought it could act his play. . .

# Menu

| | |
|---|---|
| Creamed Chicken | .50 |
| Baked Beans | .20 |
| Steak and Mushrooms | .90 |
| Shirred Eggs | .35 |

"Reading from right to left—"

# Imaginary Conversations No. 2

## Recitative on A Flat

*A timid scratch on the door.*

Miss Swindler, dejectedly—"Come in."

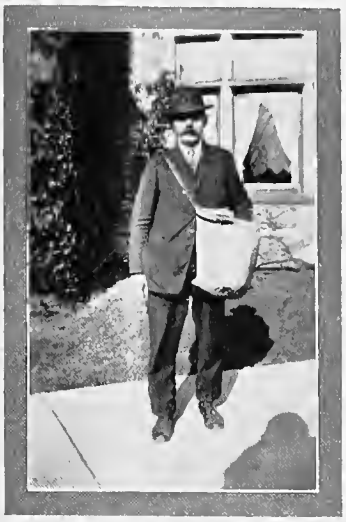
(*Enter flurried student with her finger between the pages of Terence. She stumbles over the piles of envelopes on the floor*).

Student—"Miss Swindler, I didn't quite get the scansion of this line." (Here she realizes that by mistake she has handed Miss Swindler the Handy Andy. Hastily retracting it, she stuffs it in her stocking.)

Miss Swindler (and here beginneth the recitative)—"Well, sit down Miss Stewlett, let's see what's the trouble I hope you're going to like Pliny I had an awful time getting Dr. Wheeler to give up Cicero I said to him for goodness sake why don't you tell me ten minutes ahead of time what you're planning to give your classes I never know what he's doing and I never can find him. I've never had such a poor class as this year's and as for cutting (here the voice drops to G sharp) it's frightful. This system is all wrong. (Back again to A flat). I always mark off anyway if I think a student has cut a lot I almost cut this morning myself I sat up till three o'clock last night talking to Miss Schenck and I thought I couldn't bear class to-day I made up about sixteen good reasons for staying in bed but then (voice drops to G sharp again) I had a conscience. (Here back to A flat) Anyway I've got so much to do I don't see how I can ever get it all in I've got to make a speech in Chicago on Friday and it's miles too long and I don't know where to cut it. Oh it's a terrible job and then all of these envelopes have to be addressed and mailed this afternoon they've gone and made me secretary of that fool Archaeological Society and so I've got to send out these darn invitations. Oh it's an awful job I've just come back from town and I'm dead tired. I had gotten a blue cape that was just what I wanted for the summer I thought it was just right but when I showed it to Miss Schenck she said it was too loud not that I think her taste is impeccable she wears a black hat that I've told her makes her look like a prosperous Jewess but anyway I took back the cape and changed it for another that I didn't like at all. I stopped in at the dentist's while I was there he doesn't know how to do anything but charge, that man, last week he put some novocaine in that didn't do any good. I nearly went crazy in the night and the next day I couldn't talk at all and that same day when I was walking down to Low Buildings I had to trip over the fool curbstone and sprain this damn ankle again. Oh and then they did what they always do to me—poured whiskey down my throat and if there's one thing I can't stand it's whiskey well, come again Miss Stewlett, I'm so rushed I don't see when I'll ever have time to do anything on my Anthology come down to tea some time, Miss Stewlett, I'm at home every Sunday . . . . .

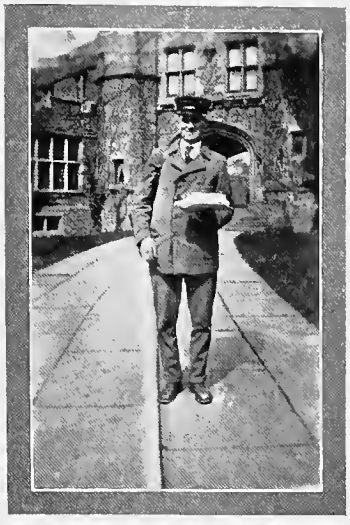
(With heavy sigh, depressed student departs.)

# We Nominate for the Hall of Fame---



The Campus Mailman

The Fruit-stand Man



The Postman

The Night Watchman

# How Travel Does Broaden One!

Hotel Bruffani,
Perugia.

My Humourous Maisie:

How I do wish you were here! We've had the duckiest time since we landed at Cherbourg just a week ago. We've done Paris, the Cathedrals, Provence, the Riviera, Genoa, Milan, Venice, Florence, Rome, and here we are in Perugia! Mother got the darlingest hat and we had the best time at Paris! Guess who we met in the Louvre,—why, Carrie Remak! We both just love Art! We stood in front of the Mona Liza for about half an hour. Carrie says she has heard from Dot that Hockey Camp is pretty good this summer. She says there's a wonderful crowd and that one of the English coaches is a perfect peach! Have you heard that Libby Austin and Aggie Clement are both getting married in the fall? Isn't that too thrilling! We can all go to the wedding. Carrie says she knows the best shop in the Roo Saint Honory. She says Margaret got seven dresses and a hat and a cape, and her mother got a suit and two evening dresses, and she picked up a darling blue and black ensemble suit with a hat to match—all for a few hundred francs. Paris is just the swellest place for shopping—heaps better than Milan; but Milan Cathedral is just grand! Whom do you think we met walking around the nave? Why, Crit and Leila! They said they'd come over on the boat with Rhys Carpenter and Rowley. I wish you could hear some of the stories Mrs. Newbold told; my dear, they'd make your hair stand on end! Who would have thought it of Rowley! Crit said Rhys skipped rope on the deck every morning. Isn't he just darling! I'm going to take one of his courses next year if I can fit it in. Crit and Leila didn't like the Cathedral. They said George Rowley said it wasn't too good. They knew an awful lot about Art. We sat up in the Kings' Gallery and talked and they said Nan might be good for Self-Gov. Well, of course, that was a new one on me. Then we fought hot and heavy over C. A. and Athletic Pres. I tell you I can hardly wait to get back to good old B. M.! But this is God's own country. Why, in Florence yesterday I picked up the darlingest little tea-set,—just the thing for our room! The pictures there are awfully pretty, and I didn't miss one. I did the Uffitzi in an hour and a half, and I could have done it in an hour if I'd had my spiked shoes. Venice was just lovely. We stayed there a whole day and we didn't mind the mosquitoes half as much as we thought we would. It was the tourists! Guess whom I met as I was stepping into a gondola,—I was so surprised I nearly fell into the Grand Canal! It was Chizzy, and we had the nicest talk. She had the strangest ideas about our Zizzy—I wish you could hear her!

I must stop now. Guess who's sitting beside me at the next table as I write this? President Park. Well, it's a small world after all! This is almost as good as being home.

Love to you and Sue, and tell Betty I think she's a big cheese not to write.

Yours till the flannel pants,

Peg.

P.S. I got the darlingest sauce pans in Paris! They certainly will brighten up the tea-pantry.

*The Mermaid of Southampton*

*five minutes before a Water Polo game at Bryn Mawr*

# From My College Window

## or

# The Masked Man

ALL was silent in the hall. I was asleep. Suddenly I was aroused by the hissing of my faithful thermostat. From long practice in the lecture room I was accustomed to fall asleep and awake quietly, so I lay like one dead—waiting—waiting—and not in vain. I became aware of a presence sitting on the window-sill. It had a mask on its face. I was not deceived. It was—it was a burglar! Reader, imagine my dilemma! Here was I about to be murdered—nay, *robbed* in my bed, and I could not call out, for it was quiet hours. What should I do? I lay like a cat stealthily watching my foe as he rummaged among the papers on my desk.

My report! He had it! I barely stifled my shriek and lay trembling. Why had not the maid hidden it as usual in the scrap basket? The villain turned and slowly looked around the room, till I felt within me the terrible gnawing of the *horror vacui*. He spotted a box of candy. (At that a ray of hope gleamed upon my tortured soul). He reached out a clawlike hand, fumbled a minute in the box, and bit a piece. Quick as a flash he turned to the window and leaned far out. Then I knew that my hope had been realized. He had taken a licoriced fig. My moment had come. Instantly I was behind him, urging him with a slight push out of the window, and a moment later I heard the thump below. I heaved a sigh, for I knew I had come out of it safely.

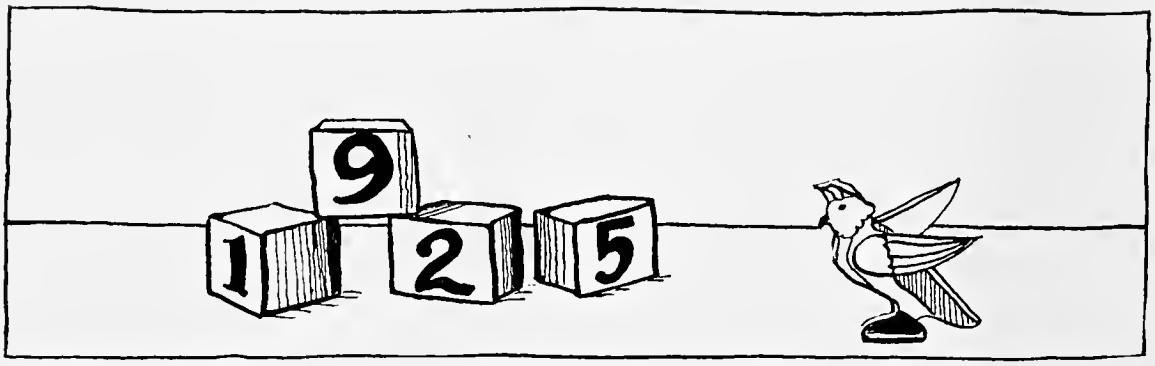
But, then, O Reader, settle my destroying doubts! Have I broken Self-Govment? Was that a social engagement?

---

I have vainly searched volumes of lore
To find out the reason wherefore
  At all kinds of meetings
  The popular seating's
Directly in front of the door!

Here, Reader, you can plainly spy
The Classmates of our maters,
Their outlooks obviously influenced by
Their Tennysons, Wildes, and Paters.

And here you see our modern crew,
(Oh, note it with abhorrence!)
For they their education drew
From Freud and D. H. Lawrence.




# Our Game Book

THERE is nothing like a good game or two at College to develop some valuable habit of mind in the Undergraduate, and to bring back the sparkle to eyes wearied with bridge playing. The student in most cases will not be conscious of playing the games suggested in the following lines. This element of uncertainty, however, is just the thing which gives a charm to the sport—as the element of uncertainty in rendering the second verse of the "Star Spangled Banner", or the Curtain Song to Freshman Show renders these performances so absorbing to the singer.

1. "Hunt the Slipper".

This is a very nice little game. It needs only two players, the student and her maid. The sport may be hard at first, but there is nothing like a good obstacle for developing qualities for success in life.

In the morning the maid hides the pajamas, negligee, and slippers of the other player, who, in the evening, tries to find them in ten minutes. If she succeeds, she gets a point. (But she will not succeed.) For every five minutes over the first ten, the maid scores one point.

We would suggest as good places to hide these articles, spots like the fire-place, the tea-pot, or the water-cooler. Once into the swing of the game, however, we are sure that the maid will think of many places less accessible.

2. "Keep the Quizzes".

This is played by a professor and any number of students. This makes it even nicer than the first, as it leads to the development of that team spirit which is so useful in later life for such occasions as Class Reunions, Community Sings, and Women's Auxiliaries.

The game is begun by the professor, who, in the argot of the sport, "drops a quiz." If he can do this when the majority of the class is busy with a play, or has a long report due, he begins with a head-start of one point. The game then consists in the professor's seeing how long he can keep the results of the quiz from the class. He may resort to any means he chooses to do this, although it is considered rather unsportsmanlike for him to leave for Europe. If the class succeeds in

obtaining their marks within a month, it scores a point, while its antagonist gets one for every three weeks he can keep them over that time.

Such a high record has been attained by Miss King in this game, however, that there is little chance for a professor like Dr. Gray to make his mark, energetic and active though he be.

3. "Gym-gypping".

In this game each side is sure of a foeman worthy of her steal. Here is found the zest which comes from playing for money.

The opposing sides are (1) the student and (2) the gym dwellers. The score is kept on a paper in the gym. An amateur player will sign up BB for Basketball, FD for Folk Dancing, SW for Swimming, etc. As the student becomes more expert, however, she signs up BB for Bad Bicycling, SW for Swearing, FD for Fast Driving, etc. Some players attain such proficiency that they sign up these symbols without their meaning anything at all.

We may add here that if one has become proficient in the game of gym-gypping, it is not necessary to write of this fact to Miss Taylor in a note somewhat on this order.

"Ah there, little one, you lost two dollars by not catching me last week! Come, come, Miss Taylor, this will never do!"

Besides being unappreciated by the recipient, performances like this are apt to prove rather expensive to the player.

---

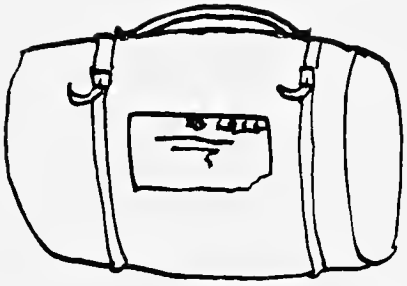
## OVERHEARD IN THE SHOW-CASE

Suitor—What, they don't let you motor at night unchaperoned?

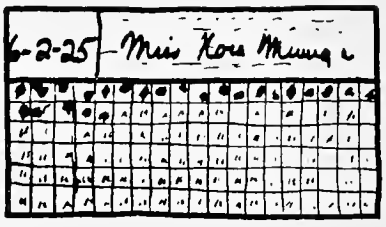
Suited—Well, they do, if you're engaged.

Suitor—I call that putting the cart before the horse!

# Tremendous Trifles

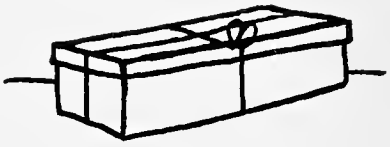


*The battered laundry case. Covered with hundreds of cancelled stamps, and fervent prayers for a speedy return.*




*The 50 trip ticket—not transferable. Notwithstanding this uncomfortable fact, the writer within the last three days has been respectively Hilda Carnish, Leila Barber, and Sarah Cottingham.*

*The notebook (containing all notes for the semester) which inevitably disappears just before exams, and which is advertised for by hysterical notes in the Lib.*



*The floral tribute from Jeannette's, daintily done up in the trusty grey box with the green cord. More excitement receiving one half dozen daffodils and a great deal of tissue-paper from one's C. A. girl!*

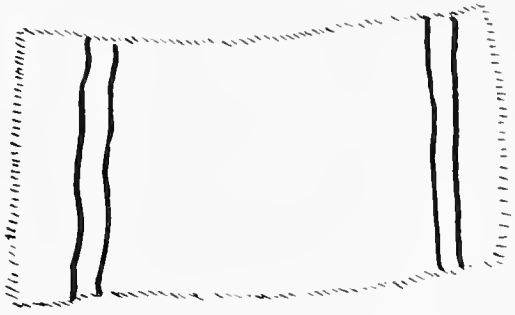
*The mouse trap which has most customers right after that cake from home. (Most times, however, the mouse gets the cake, the cheese, and takes the trap home for the kiddies).*

*The Maxfield Parrishes—The pictures that make the whole College kin. "The Dickey Bird" is the prime favorite to date, with "Blowing Bubbles" running a close second.*

*The good chocolate sauce with which we garnish our ice-cream, tablecloths, and dress fronts.*

*The squirrel—the only animal among the campus fauna that doesn't want to come in the college rooms.*

*The change which nobody possesses when one wants to phone. The best way to get it is to offer two dimes for three nickels.*



*The community towel for use in fire-drills. Wet it and pass it back to the next one, after the lieutenant has felt it—suffocate or not, there's no need to have everybody's towel ruined in the ooze of the fire-pails!*

# Since We Are Very Young----

1

*What* is the matter with Mary Jane?
She's frowning with all her might and main
And won't eat her luncheon, canned peaches again—
What *is* the matter with Mary Jane?

*What* is the matter with Mary Jane?
The Infirmary says she hasn't a pain
And there's canned babies' eyeballs for dinner again—
What *is* the matter with Mary Jane?

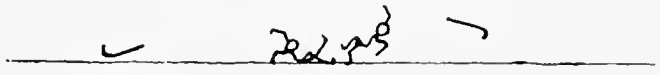
2

Sam, Sam,
Samuel, Samuel,
Samuel Claggett Chew
Took great
Care of his kittens
When they could scarcely mew.
Sam, Sam,
Said to his kittens,
"Kittens", he said, said he,
"I'm a tall, stout man and a trifle bald
"With bone-rimmed specs to see."

Sam, Sam,
Samuel's kittens
Opened their sky-blue eyes.
Sam, Sam,
Samuel's kittens
Looked at him with surprise.
Said Gentle Slum
To the Stuyvesant cat,
"Stuyvy," he said, said he,
"If he weren't so bald and so 'trifle fat'
"He's the man I would Chewse to be."

# The Odiossey

When I was a Freshman, I was captain of a hockey team.
Maybe others remember that team.
It was the fifth.
Our first match game was on a wet day—
Maybe others remember that day—
The Apple blew the whistle, and both the centre forwards
Sat down together in the same large puddle.



When I was a Sophomore, I was captain of a gym team
That was a very nice team indeed—
The fourth, I think.
In the meet I spoiled it all by standing on my head
On the bars, for a very long time.
I was showing off, but they thought I was stuck there.
And a murmur arose which injured the effect.

I came back from Hockey Camp no longer an amateur.
I was captain of the second hockey team.
Wasn't that splendid?
I went again the next year and came back demoted—
But is there sympathy for premature blossoms
That flutter down, down to the social hockey field?
No! Instead of "Dean deah", I now am "Fines redoubled!"

BETH DEAN

# Athletics, 1922-1923

All-Round Championship Won by 1923

## HOCKEY

Won by 1924

*Captain*—E. Smith

*Manager*—K. Fowler

*Team*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| A. Waterbury | C. Cummings | L. Voorhees |
| M. Brown | E. Lomas | K. Fowler |
| H. Smith | E. Glessner | C. Remak |
| V. Lomas | | M. Gardiner |

*Substitutes on Varsity*—L. Voorhees and M. Gardiner

## WATER POLO

Won by 1923

*Captain*—E. Baldwin

*Manager*—K. Fowler

*Team*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| L. Voorhees | K. Fowler | S. Carey |
| E. Lomas | D. Lee | C. Remak |
| | E. Baldwin | |

## SWIMMING MEET

Won by 1926

*Captain*—K. Fowler

*Team*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| K. Fowler | M. Constant | A. Waterbury |
| E. Lomas | E. Baldwin | M. H. Pierce |
| M. Blumenstock | H. D. Potts | L. Barber |
| C. Cummings | | M. M. Dunn |

*Tied for Third Place Individual*—E. Lomas

*College Record Broken For Plunge*—LEILA BARBER

## TRACK MEET

**Won by 1925**

*Captain*—M. CONSTANT *Manager*—E. BRADLEY

*Team*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| E. GLESSNER | E. EVANS | M. CONSTANT |
| D. LEE | S. ANDERSON | M. M. DUNN |
| C. REMAK | K. STEINMETZ | V. LOMAS |
| E. BRADLEY | L. VOORHEES | H. CORNISH |

*First Place in Individual*—K. STEINMETZ

*College Records Broken in Running Broad Jump and Hundred Yard Dash*—K. STEINMETZ

## APPARATUS MEET

Won by 1924

*Captain*—M. Brown *Manager*—M. Mutch

*Team*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| M. Brown | D. Lee | L. Voorhees |
| A. Waterbury | M. Mutch | M. Shumway |
| K. Steinmetz | K. Fowler | S. Anderson |

## TENNIS

Won by 1923

*Captain*—E. Boross

*Team*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| C. Remak | E. Boross | M. Bonnell |
| M. Brown | | H. Herrman |

*On Varsity*—C. Remak

## BASKETBALL

**Won by 1925**

*Captain*—C. REMAK *Manager*—E. SMITH

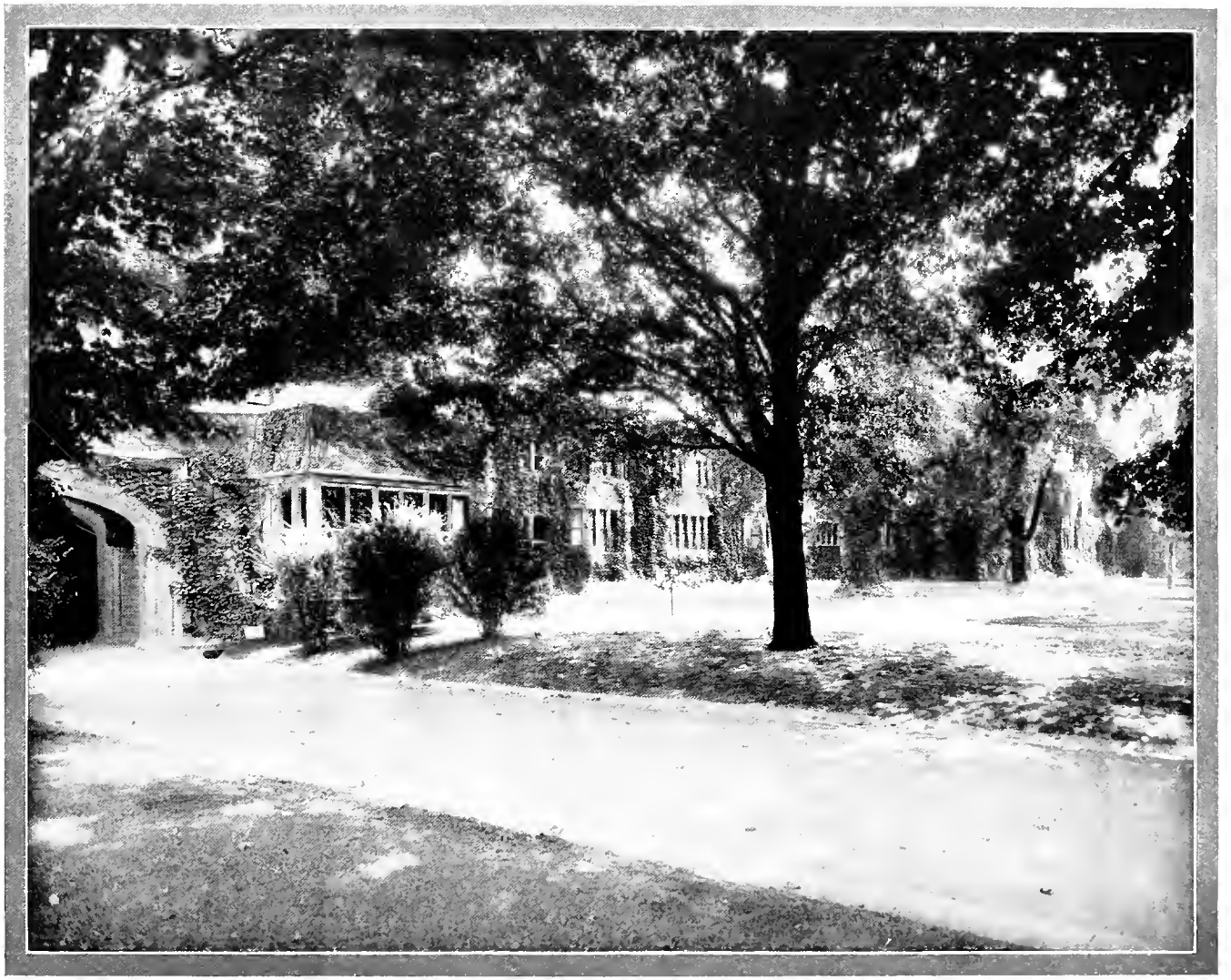
*Team*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| S. ANDERSON | | M. MUTCH |
| C. REMAK | L. VOORHEES | D. LEE |

*On Varsity*—C. REMAK and L. VOORHEES

# Junior Year

# 1924



# Class Officers

1923-1924

*President* . . . . Susan S. Carey (resigned)
Virginia W. Lomas

*Vice-President and Treasurer* . . . Virginia W. Lomas (resigned)
Dorothy B. Lee

*Secretary* . . . . . Elizabeth B. Lawrence

## SELF-GOVERNMENT ASSOCIATION

*Secretary* . . . . . Elizabeth C. Dean

*Executive Board*

Helen A. Hough  Eleanor V. St. John

## UNDERGRADUATE ASSOCIATION

*Vice-President* . . . . . Elizabeth L. Smith
*Secretary* . . . . . Leila C. Barber
*Advisory Board* . . . . . Rachel A. Foster

## CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

*Treasurer* . . . . . Elizabeth L. Lawrence

*Advisory Board*

Susan S. Carey  Margaret Stewardson (resigned)
Elizabeth G. Mallett  Elizabeth C. Dean

## ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

*Executive Board*

Caroline V. Remak  Katherine S. Fowler
Miriam G. Brown

## THE LANTERN

*Editorial Board*

Edith H. Walton  Elizabeth C. Dean

*Business Board*

Laura B. D. Garrison  Margaret E. Gardiner

## THE COLLEGE NEWS

*Editors*

Carol Cummings  Helen S. Grayson

*Business Board*

Margaret Boyden  Marion W. Nagle

## SONG MISTRESS

May Morrill Dunn

*Assistant Song Mistress* . . . . . Clara L. Gehring

# BRYN MAWR THEATRE

## THIS WEEK'S ATTRACTIONS

BARRIE'S CHOICE

Billy Smith

IN

*"Peter Pan"*

WITH

Mrs. Smith as Wendy

See Peter teach Wendy to fly

James H. Leuba

IN

"Dante's Inferno"

*(By Dante)*

*What the critics say:*

*"I think this is all wrong, and you're mean to put it in!"*

*Briggy*

"OUR OWN ELLY"

Eleanor Bontecou

IN

"Broken Blossoms"

OR

Through the Keyhole

*The most pathetic story ever told*

The Comedy that took four years to be appreciated

Samuel Arthur King

IN

"A Voice from the Passed"

*featuring the Perfect 36*

THE DELAGUNAS

in

"Orphans of the Storm"

Special Organ Accompaniment—"Seeing Delly Home"

*COMING NEXT WEEK*

CARL TON BROWN in **"The Wanderer of the Waist Band"**

# In Autumn

In Autumn when the hockey sticks
She took the last of her matrics.

In Winter when the swimming meets
She faced the chapel's empty seats.

In Spring when all the tennis racket
She took her trunk as if to pack it.

I sent a question to the Dean.
I asked her, "Tell me what you mean?"

The Dean of Women answered me,
"You see too much of X. Y. Z."

I sent to her again to say,
"I shall petition that I may."

She answered with a meaning eye,
"If granted, let us see you try!"

She told me once, she told me twice,
She gave me lots of good advice.

She gave me such a beaming grin,
And what a temper I was in!

She took a kettle large and new,
And said, "Here's tea from M to Q."

But someone came to her and said,
"Your canine, Shandy B., has fled."

She said, "I cannot give my tea
Unless you bring him back to me."

She spoke it loud and in his ear.
He said, "You needn't come so near."

She spoke it low, with faltering ring.
He answered, "Go to Mr King."

# THE MAY DAILY

WEATHER—RAIN TIME OF NEXT PUBLICATION—DOUBTFUL

## Model Sacrifices Wealth To Love

**Obscure painter conquers military magnate in young girl's thoughts.**

In a special interview to the "May Daily", Miss Campaspe, alleged wife of Apelles, is quoted as saying, "After all, love is enough. I thought I could live with Alexander until he tried to paint my portrait. This made me realize that I had never loved him. Then Apelles kissed me, and my soul awoke."

## Sir Oliver Lodge Condemns "Old Wives' Tale"

Sir Oliver Lodge confided to the May Daily his belief that "*Old Wives' Tale*" is psychically untrue. "I believe it impossible," he said, "for spirits so long poured out of this earthly bottle to have the strength to kill anyone. There is only one possible solution, i.e. that Sacrapant was already half seas over."

## "It Will Be a Success," Says Mr. King

**Producer gives optimistic opinion**

Mr. S. A. King, director and producer, leapt out of bed this morning exclaiming, "It will be a success!" The words were echoed around the campus by hundreds of glad voices, for the oracle had spoken; there could be no further doubt. It is well known that without the invaluable assistance of Mr. Samuel Arthur King, May Day could never have been achieved.

*Adv.*

## Divorce Hinted At As Result of Midsummer Night

It is whispered through Fairyland that a disagreement has arisen between a couple in exalted circles. Mrs. X. refused to be interviewed concerning the man in the case, but her small representative remarked in a ringing voice, "My mistress is charmed by him."

Mr. X., when questioned about the co-respondent, is reported to have said, "He is a perfect ass."

## St. George and the Dragon Given With Helpful Co-operation

**Influence of Russian Players felt**

The old English play of St. George was rendered with unique spirit. The players forgot themselves and consequently the audience will never forget them. St. George's lines were beautifully pronounced by King Alfred, and his in turn by the noble Doctor, while the cursed Dragon in spite of his sore throat roared a hearty accompaniment.

## Question of Jail in Students' Building Mooted

The recent prevalence of undesirable vagrants, such as dancing bears, jugglers, strolling singers, worms, etc., has raised the question of whether or not to put a jail in the new Student's Building. An eminent authority is said to find in the presence of so many traffic disturbances an argument for his immigration bill.

## W. C. T. U. Files Protests Against Bacchantes

**Sealed hearing to take place**

"You are corrupting the mind of innocent American youth!" they cry. "You are sowing seeds the roots of which will make St. Volstead turn in his grave." They are also reported to have seen in the union of Indians and Bacchantes the future abolition of all intoxicating tobaccos. A sealed hearing is to take place at some future date somewhere.

## "Marion, You'll Soon Be Marryin' Me"

**Idyllic union predicted**

When ye stalwart knight Robin Hood wooed ye mayde Marian ye skies smiled and ye trees whispered behind their leaves. Ye noble King Richard blessed ye f a i r mayde and ye MAY DAILY predicts an union soone.

**Only one criticism heard**

The only criticism expressed on this occasion was that of Max Reinhart who is said to have muttered, "Too much horseplay." Jealous, no doubt.

### WANTED

1000 old scissors, knives, broomhandles, etc. Apply to any stage manager.

SAFETY PINS by owners of costumes.

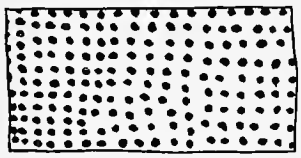
COMPETENT INDIVIDUAL, Protestant, refined, not over thirty-five, to make two hundred and eighty paper flowers for prominent actress.

MORE CUTS by Casting Committee, Inc.

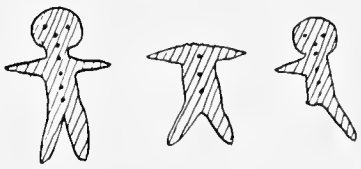
NINE SETS of RED FLANNEL UNDERWEAR by Flowers.

ONE DOZEN BEARDS, preferably tawny, to make Faculty look "just like men."

# Comic Section of the "May Daily"

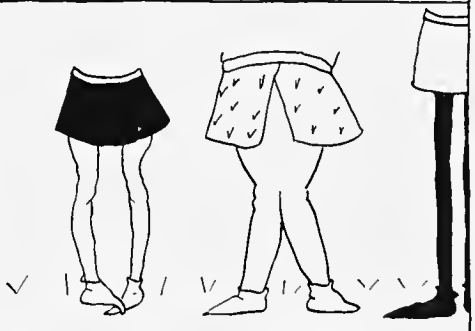


Stage Setting for "Alexander and Campaspe" in Merion Sitting Room. Black dots represent audience.

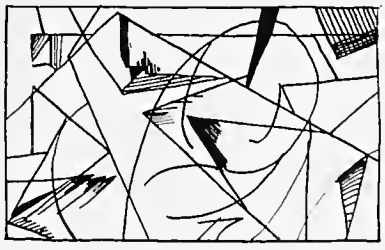


The Gingerbread Men—

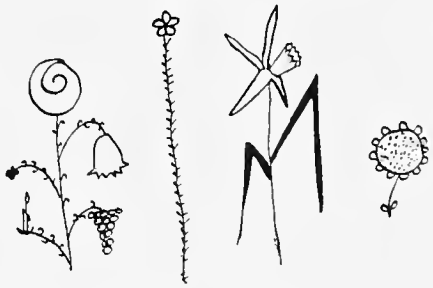
The Lunch Table That Day



The Facultys Part



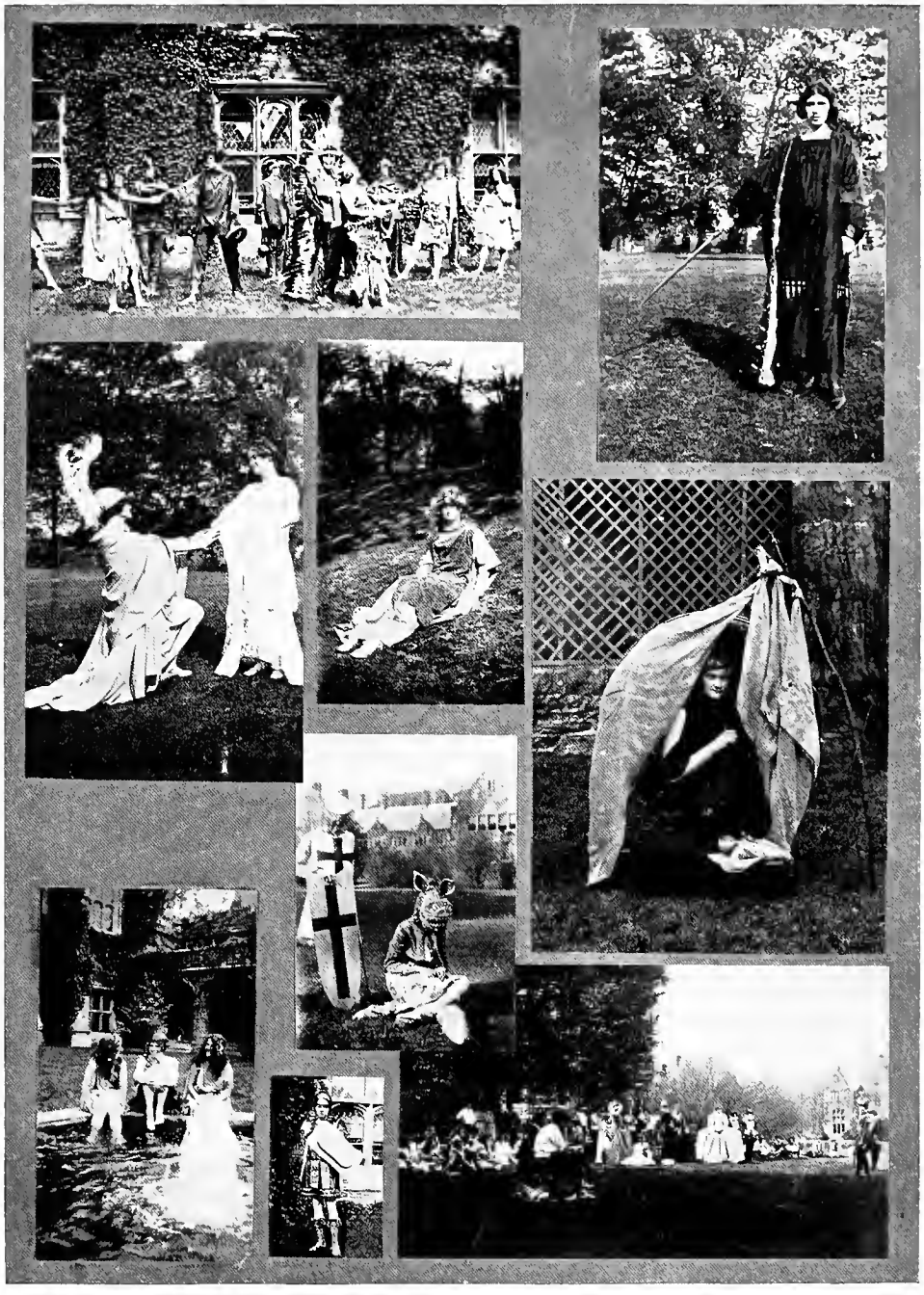
Not Cubism- East House

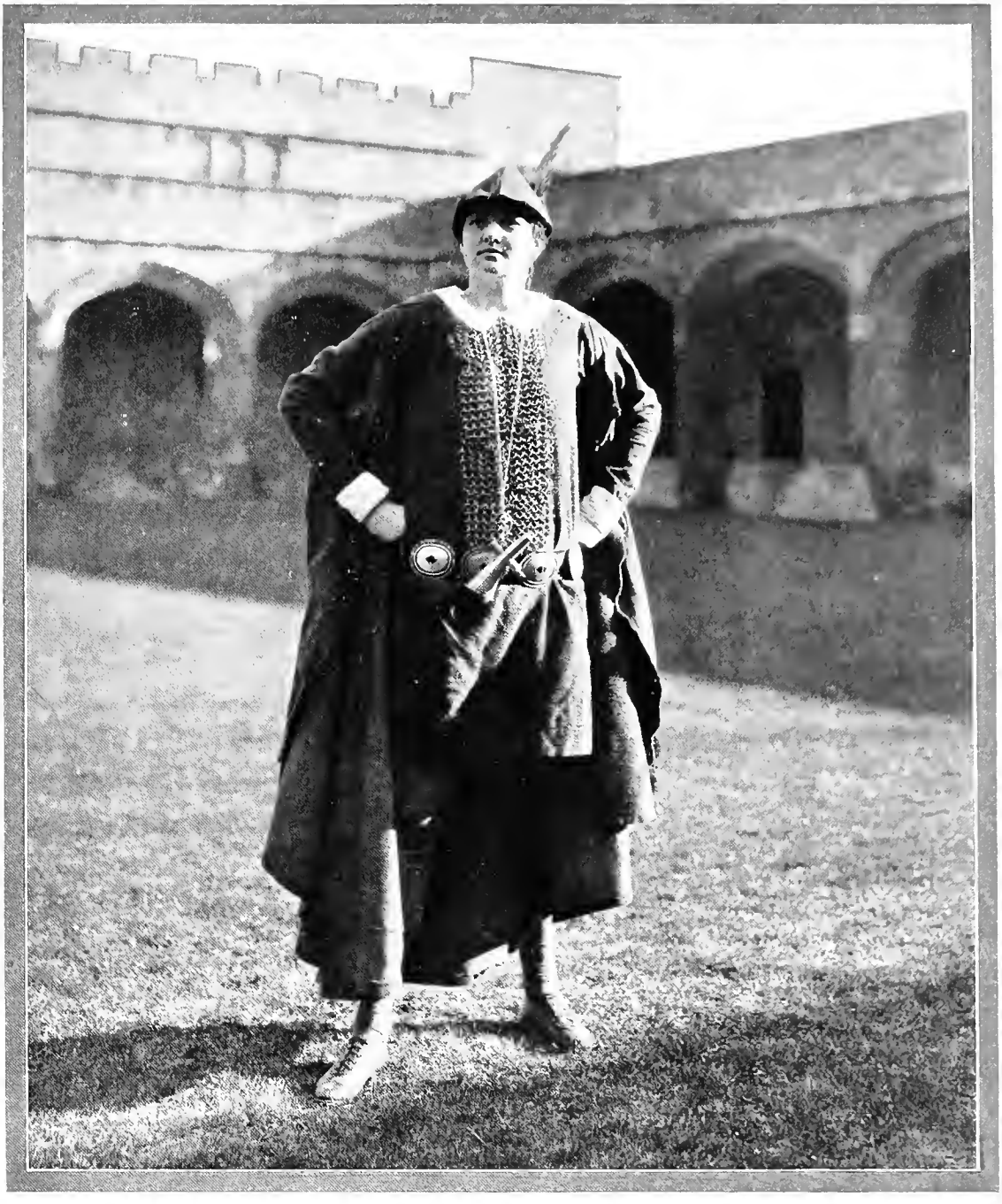


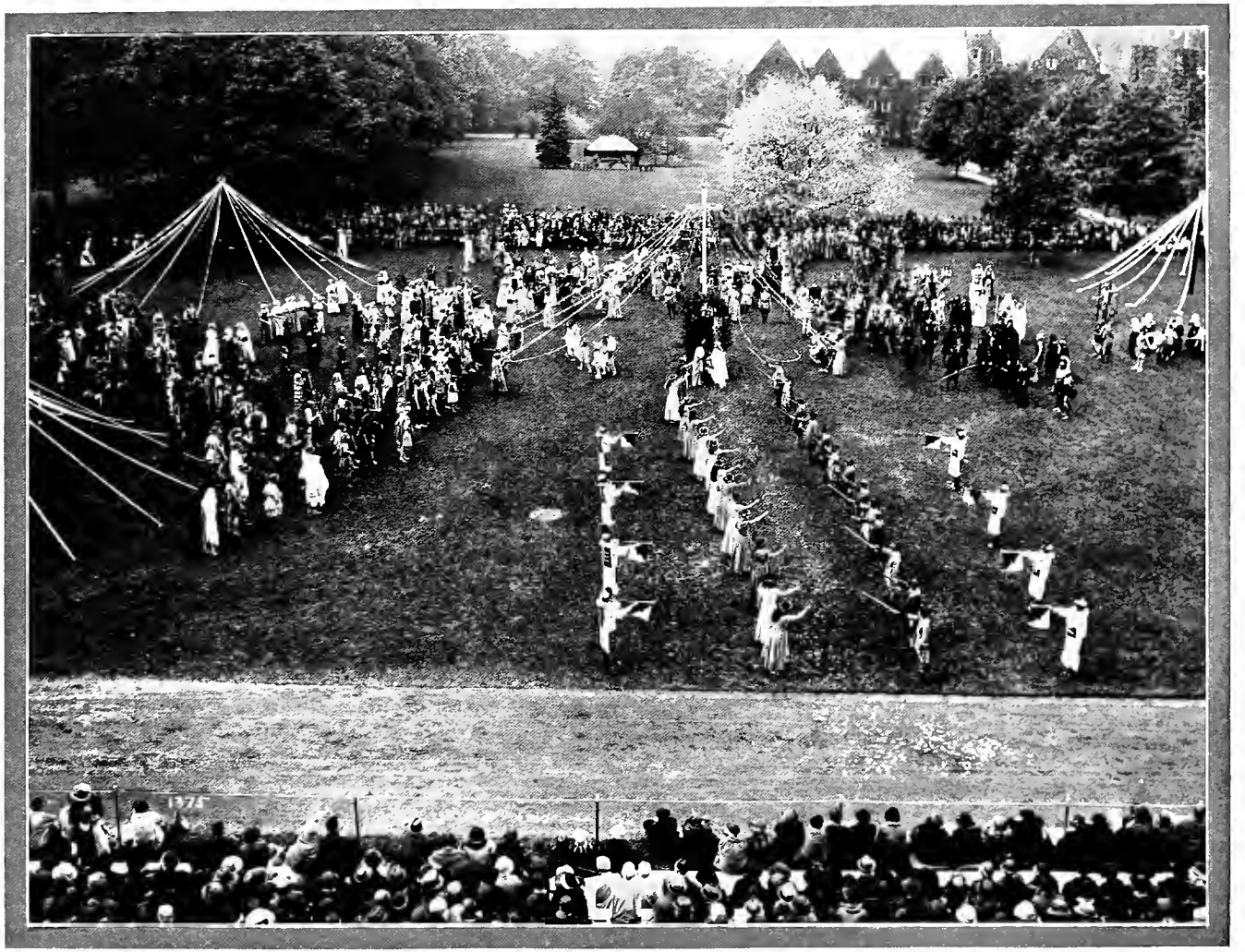
The Paper Flowers

A.M.E

# Rotogravure Section






1775

# Athletics, 1923-1924

All-Round Championship Won by 1924

## HOCKEY

Won by 1924

*Captain*—E. Glessner

*Manager*—E. Lomas

*Team*

E. Bradley
S. Carey
D. Lee
E. Smith
K. Fowler
V. Lomas
E. Lomas
C. Remak
E. Glessner
L. Voorhees
M. Gardiner

*On Varsity*—D. Lee

*Substitute on Varsity*—E. Glessner

## WATER POLO

Won by 1924

*Captain*—E. Baldwin

*Manager*—K. Fowler

*Team*

L. Voorhees
K. Fowler
C. Remak
E. Lomas
D. Lee
S. Carey
E. Baldwin

*On Varsity*—D. Lee and L. Voorhees

## SWIMMING MEET

Won by 1926

*Captain*—K. Fowler

*Team*

K. Fowler
E. Lomas
D. Lee
E. Baldwin
M. Blumenstock
M. M. Dunn
L. Barber
H. D. Potts

## APPARATUS MEET

Won by 1924

*Captain*—M. Brown

*Team*

D. Lee
M. Brown
E. Lomas
C. Cummings
M. Shumway
S. Anderson
K. Fowler
E. St. John
E. Bradley

## TENNIS

Won by 1926

*Captain*—E. Boross *Manager*—C. Remak

*Team*

C. Remak S. Anderson M. Bonnell
E. Boross H. Herrman

*On Varsity*—C. Remak

*Individual Championship*—C. REMAK

## BASKETBALL

**Won by 1925**

*Captain*—C. REMAK *Manager*—S. CAREY

*Team*

S. CAREY L. VOORHEES M. CASTLEMAN
C. REMAK K. FOWLER

*On Varsity*—C. REMAK

# Senior Year

1925

# Class Officers

1924-1925

*President* . . . . . Caroline V. Remak
*Vice-President and Treasurer* . . . . . Elizabeth L. Smith
*Secretary* . . . . . Miriam G. Brown

## SELF-GOVERNMENT ASSOCIATION

*President* . . . . . Helen A. Hough
*Vice-President* . . . . . Eleanor V. St. John

## UNDERGRADUATE ASSOCIATION

*President* . . . . . Leila C. Barber
*Vice-President* . . . . . Virginia W. Lomas

## CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

*President* . . . . . Margaret Stewardson
*Vice-President* . . . . . Susan S. Carey

*Advisory Board*

Adele A. Pantzer Elizabeth C. Dean

## ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

*President* . . . . . Dorothy B. Lee

## THE LANTERN

*Editor-in-Chief* . . . . . Edith H. Walton

*Editors*

Elizabeth C. Dean — Barbara Ling

*Business Board*

*Manager* . . . . . Margaret E. Gardiner
*Advertising Manager* . . . . . Laura B. D. Garrison

## THE COLLEGE NEWS

*Business Board*

*Manager* . . . . . Margaret Boyden
Marion W. Nagle

## SONG MISTRESS

May Morrill Dunn

*Assistant Song Mistress* . . . . . Clara L. Gehring

## GLEE CLUB

*President* . . . . . May Morrill Dunn
*Business Manager* . . . . . Helen Henshaw
*Stage Manager* . . . . . Maris Constant

## LIBERAL CLUB

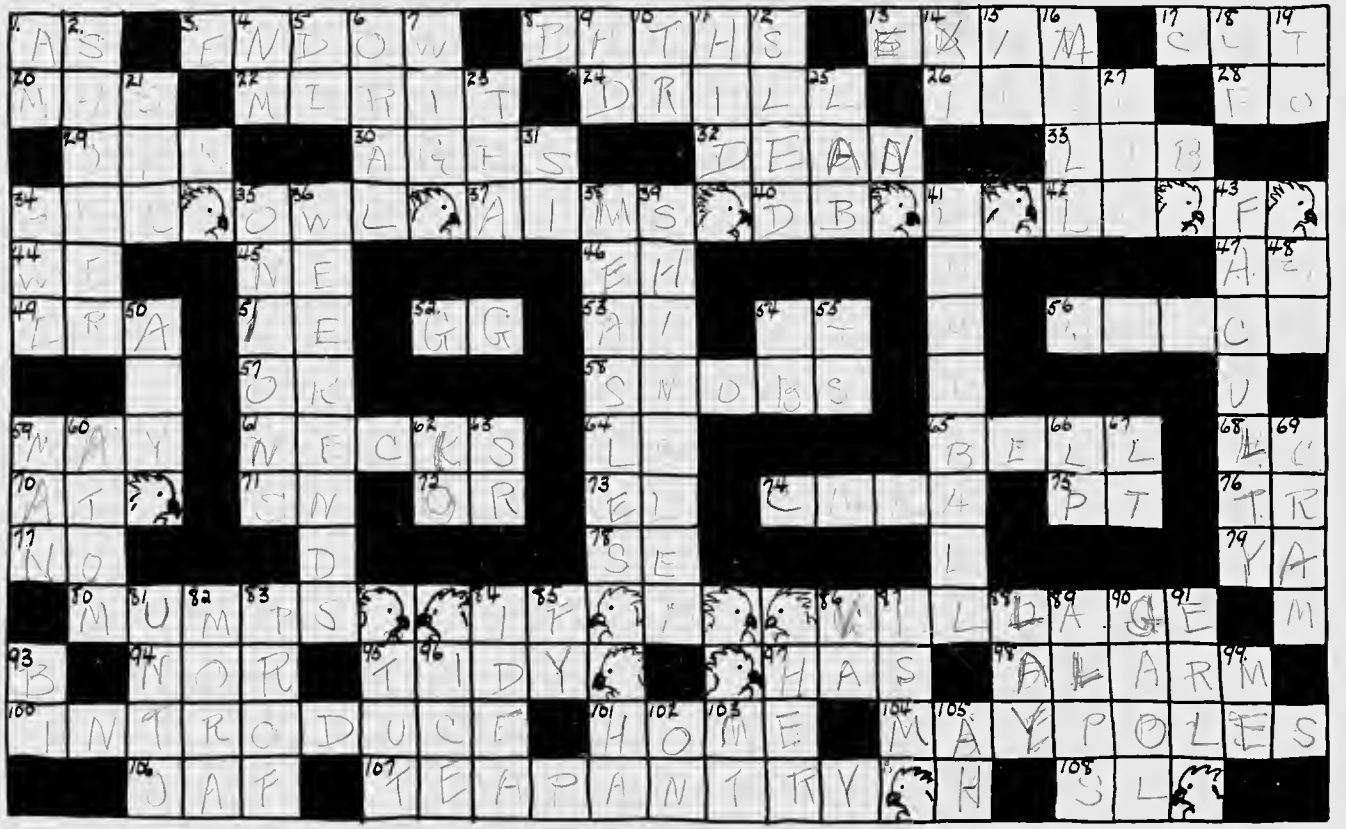
*President* . . . . . Helen S. Chisolm

## FRENCH CLUB

*President* . . . . . Helen S. Grayson

## SCIENCE CLUB

*President* . . . . . Eleanor de F. Baldwin (resigned)
Katherine S. Fowler



Cross Crossing Cautiously!

## HORIZONTAL

**1**—Preposition
**3**—What all good Bryn Mawrtyrs should do when they die
**8**—Daily necessities (for particulars see P. T.)
**13**—Silent contest between professor and student. (Professor usually wins)
**17**—Collegiate way to play truant
**20**—Initials of Latin professor
**22**—25's most valued possession Freshman year
**24**—Organized assemblage of illy-clad females
**26**—Image of a divinity
**28**—A place to which we all eventually went
**29**—A tree
**30**—Periods of time
**32**—Synonym for Omniscient Person
**33**—Beautiful example of Gothic architecture used as background for P. T.'s portrait
**34**—Awk
**35**—B. M.'s favorite bird (next to the cockatoo)
**37**—Ends
**40**—23's European Fellow
**42**—Doctor of Divinity
**44**—Us
**45**—Point of compass
**46**—Exclamation of interrogation
**47**—Preposition
**49**—Epoch
**51**—That is (abbrev.)
**52**—The one for whom "Hark The Herald Angels Sing" was written
**53**—Snappy comeback of chorus in a Greek tragedy
**54**—Preposition
**56**—The little minister
**57**—All right (abbrev.)
**58**—People we can do without, intellectual or the other kind.
**59**—Girl's name
**61**—This might mean the parts of animals which connect their heads with their trunks, and then again it might mean something which no lady does
**64**—Low Grade (abbrev.)
**65**—The best part of Taylor, architecturally speaking
**68**—A mark
**70**—Preposition
**71**—South Narberth (abbrev.)
**72**—Correlative
**73**—Elevated (abbrev.)
**74**—Initials of a campus celebrity having the nickname of a firm-fleshed, round pome fruit, varying in size, shape, and degree of acidity.
**75**—Former benevolent despot
**76**—Same as 10 vertical
**77**—Negative
**78**—Point of compass
**79**—Affirmative (German)
**80**—Stage of existence wherein head and neck are one
**84**—24's Junior Play
**86**—Ramsey's, Gaffney's, Bank, P. O.
**94**—Correlative
**95**—What our rooms are not
**97**—Possesses
**98**—The worst part of a boudoir watch
**100**—To present
**101**—The point at which all vacation trains and telegrams for money converge
**104**—Fixed points in the midst of chaos
**106**—Simpleton
**107**—Midnight rendezvous
**108**—Abbreviation for "slide"

## VERTICAL

**1**—Part of verb "to be"
**2**—No Mayday held without one of these
**4**—Abbreviation for S. W. state
**5**—Prefix meaning "down"
**6**—Written examination responsible for the most impious songs of every class
**7**—Artificial covering for the head
**9**—Betty Smith's chief care
**10**—Famous American statesman
**11**—Concealed
**12**—A vehicle which made many customers for the Infirmary
**14**—Greek letter
**15**—Anno Domini (abbrev.)
**16**—To fashion
**18**—Not down
**19**—Toward
**21**—The Lord High Elocutioner himself
**23**—A Chinese beverage in high favor with the Main Line Misses
**25**—Where all bad scientists go when they die
**27**—A cover
**31**—If (French)
**34**—Reverent fear
**35**—The Rock Chef's favorite flavoring material
**36**—The best parts of the college year
**38**—A condition which prolonged our Easter vacation Freshman year
**39**—Spent all our former marcel money getting this
**41**—Famous autumnal sport which we could not sign up
**43**—The Bryn Mawr undergraduate's chief pride (and care)
**48**—Noise made by genus proctor
**50**—The wildest thing about College
**54**—What it's all about
**55**—True Stories (abbrev.)
**59**—When it isn't part of 43 Vertical, the rarest thing on campus
**60**—Ultimate particle
**62**—Sporting term for complete oblivion
**63**—Senior (abbrev.)
**66**—A grade which is about as flattering as a H. F.
**67**—Abbreviation for "Lieutenant"
**69**—To put a whole semester's work into a nutshell
**81**—To (Scriptural)
**82**—Delay (Latin)
**83**—Member of 43 Vertical
**84**—This was scarcest during Short Story time
**85**—Word expressing disapprobation
**86**—Southern state (abbrev.)
**87**—Doctrine or theory
**88**—Ballad
**89**—High mountains
**90**—Place of imprisonment
**91**—Mr. König's first name
**93**—Science chosen by those with strong olefactory nerves
**95**—Free and easy manner of referring to a recently unearthed monarch
**96**—Substance found in college water glasses
**97**—Possessive pronoun
**99**—The one who matters
**101**—Initials of Bryn Mawr's contribution to the Philadelphia Orchestra
**102**—Not off
**103**—Abbreviation for lofty elevation of rock
**105**—Exclamation

# Women's Page

## YOUR BABY AND MINE—*Conducted by G. G. K.*

Dear Editor—I am five feet three inches tall, have red hair and twins, a boy and a girl. They are perfect little devils, Editor, and as bright as they come. However, will you help me choose names for them? They are twenty-five years of age apiece, and I think it is about time that I should think of these things. Cordially,

*Mrs. X. Y. Z.*

Dear Mrs. X. Y. Z.—I feel as though I know you already! Dear, yes! Children are a responsibility, but they are joys, too.—no matter what Mrs. Sanger says. And here are some lovely, lovely names for the tots.

If your small daughter is possessed of great beauty, striking intelligence, and an overstuffed dog, call her "Georgiana." If she has mastered the principles of articulation, and has that voice with a smile, call her "Lucy." If she reminds you of a sylph among the aspens on a windy day, let "Eunice" be her cognomen. If, on the other hand, she is a little below grade in human intelligence (you know how these things do happen) call her "Amphyllis," or "Mina Proctor."

And now for the brother of little Georgiana. (I really think you ought to christen her that.) If he inherits your Titian propensity, don't you think "Rufus" would be appropriate? Then again you may care for "Fonger." (No, no, not fungus, my dear.) "Theophile" is good, if you like these modern cave-men. If your offshoot is a perfect lamb (as I am sure he is,) call him "Samuel Claggett."

## NURSERY HINTS

Every tired mother who has kiddies of the college age knows how aggravating the tots can be at times. This is because the youngsters have nothing to do. But now I have solved the problem. No longer do I have headaches or dizzy spells. I can even do my own housework—all because I have thought up lovely occupations for the peevish undergraduate. Here are two of my favorite suggestions.

Turn the children loose in the nursery with just heaps and heaps of bright-colored tissue paper, paste, and wire, and tell them to make paper posies! The results may be quaint, and a little abortive, but the game will tire out the young barbarians sufficiently to make them tractable. Then there is always the chance that the little dears will eat the paste or strangle each other with the wire, thus alleviating all further headaches for the mother.

Here is another pastime for Kollege Kiddies. Teach them to tat! My little Edwardina tatted the most beautiful antimicassar for me while she waited for interviews, physicals, and for the Infirmary to open. The most popular tatting design is made by setting and turning single, side-righting, and casting off.

## DOROTHY DIX'S COLUMN FOR GIRLS

Dear Dorothy Dix—I am a Freshman, (as they call it here), have a frank, open face, and am young, strong and willing to work. I am violently attached to a Senior, and have taken her out to supper (as they call it here), every night for the

last two weeks. Now, Miss Dix, here is my problem. She is very sweet to me at supper, but when she meets me on campus, she doesn't speak to me. Will you tell me how to act to make her less indifferent? I'll do anything, for I am young, strong, and willing to work.

*Goldilocks.*

Dear Goldilocks—First, Goldilocks, have you confided your trouble to your mother? Remember, your mother is your best friend and will never desert you. But I shall try to help you for the present, dear.

Continue taking your Senior out to supper for the next two weeks, but without her noticing it, sign her name instead of yours to the check. When the first of the month comes around, you will find that her indifference is entirely cured.

## SOCIETY AND FASHION NOTES

There has been a quaint fad among our ladies of Faculty Row concerning hats. (Dolly may mention here that the fad is not half so quaint as the hats.) A most stimulating contest is on among these ladies as to who shall wear a single hat the longest. On dit, however, that the dowagers in question are really laudable souls, who refuse to abandon possessions of long standing. In other words, they believe that a hat may be down, but it's never out.

There is only one accepted way of wearing one's headgear, according to these arbiters of millinery. The hat must be firmly tilted aft, at an angle of forty-five degrees, so that the entire brow and forelock are exposed. In this way the ladies obtain the airy informality of the hatless younger generation, with the restraint and conservatism of our winsome British cousin, Queen Mary.

## DÉBUTS OF THE WEEK

Dr. Brown's examination marks are coming out this time next year.

Dr. Fenny's shirt-tails will come out at the next Faculty Hockey Game.

---

Alita—Do you take the Development of the English Donnelly?

Alowa—No, I take History and Appreciation of Horace.

# Graduating With Honor

*Magna Cum Laude*

Emily Pepper Watts
Allegra Woodworth
Anne McDowell Shiras
Catharine Kirke Gatchell
Gail Gates
Christine Ritchie Stolzenbach
Edith Howard Walton

*Cum Laude*

Katharine Stevens Fowler
Janetta Wright Schoonover
Katharine Elizabeth McBride
Barbara Hyde Ling
Mary Alice Cheston
Helen Anastasia Hough
Clara Louise Gehring
Adele Amelia Pantzer
Miriam Grubb Brown
Frances Eddy Briggs
Mary Lorene Lytle
Elsie Lana Evans
Wilhelmine Dunn
Ethelyn Hampton
Caroline Stockton Quarles
Merle Whitcomb
Maris Sinclair Constant
Mary Louise White

*European Fellow*

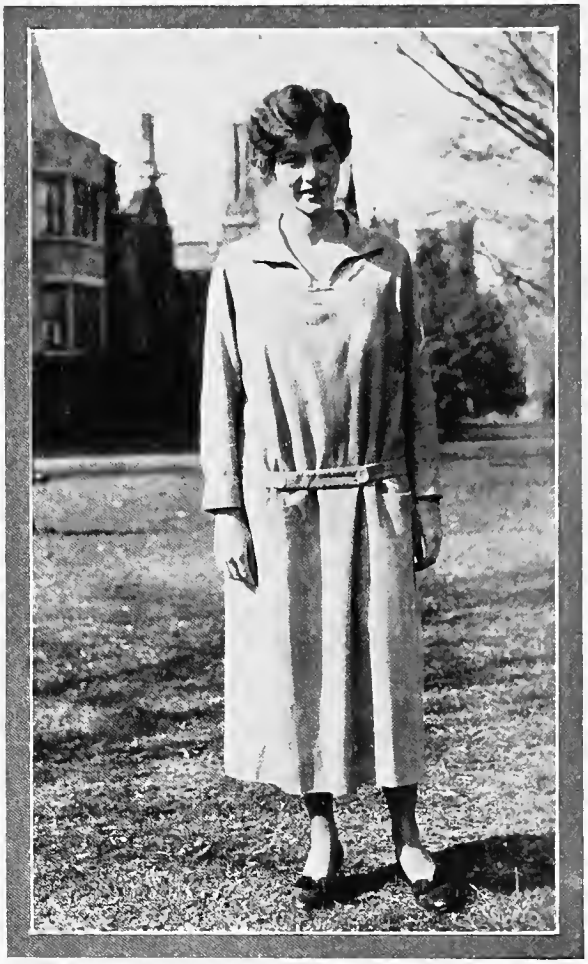
Emily Pepper Watts

*George W. Childs Essay Prize*

Edith Howard Walton

*Sunny Jim*

Dorothy Blackburn Lee



# V-R--TY DR---T-CS

AS one looks back on the history of Varsity Dramatics, it is interesting to note that the scheme has always been a war measure. For instance, Varsity Dramatics came simultaneously with America's entrance into the European War in 1917.

From the moment that the Legislature meeting in the Chapel unanimously voted in its sleep to lay the "Romantic Young Lady" to rest beside "The Liar", and to give a Varsity Play, a strange new spirit brooded over the campus. It was the spirit of intrigue. People who had hitherto led unsuspecting and unsuspected lives suddenly developed talents worthy of the family retainer of the Borgias. Young fire-brands arose from the ranks to proclaim the rights of the downtrodden masses, who, being unable to act, would never have the chance to prove it again. Aesthetes could be heard in the dim watches of the night vibrating their thanksgiving for deliverance from these same masses.

The Committee (for one had sprung into being) lived in happy ignorance of all this, or, at least it lived in only partial enlightenment. For that desirable state was speedily reached in which no one communicates with anyone else except by means of writing or a third person.

The choosing of a play was a comparatively simple matter. It was only necessary to find one which would be a good exponent of the new campus disease, the Grand or Gregorian Manner. People suffering from an acute attack of the G. M. may be seen approaching the Daily Bath with a tread worthy only of one approaching the nuptial altar. The best exponents also have a strong tendency never, no matter what the provocation, to turn their backs on the audience.

The try-outs went on in much the usual fashion, except that they were being run in conjunction with the 1905 Infirmary, until somehow or other the news got around that the "School for Scandal" contained a drinking scene. From that time on, the halls in Merion were crowded with people in all possible stages of intoxication—all desiring to try out for "drunks." That their enthusiasm did not really carry them far enough was, however, apparent later on.

This was when Mr. King gave his interpretation of Sir Harry Bumper "slightly under the influence". We should have liked to have seen his conception of someone "greatly under the influence." The next step would have been delirium tremens.

From this time on, there was a flexibility about the casting which was piquant in the extreme. We can safely say now that any feeling that Varsity Dramatics was autocratic has long since been disproved. Almost anyone had a part, and no one had it for long. Parts have been passed as flaming torches from hand to hand at almost incredible speed. A spirit of spontaneity and informality was certainly assured by a little haziness on the night of the dress rehearsal as to just who was playing what part.

The greatest success was of course impossible, for the Committee was still on speaking terms on the night of the performance. True efficiency can be reached only when one may say with Machiavelli, "You have gained a Committee, but I have lost a friend."

"SUNNY JIM"

# Athletics, 1924-1925

## HOCKEY

Won by 1926

*Captain*—E. Glessner

*Manager*—E. Lomas

*Team*

S. Carey
H. Smith
D. Lee
M. Brown
V. Lomas
E. Lomas
K. Fowler
C. Remak
E. Glessner
E. Smith
M. Gardiner

*On Varsity*—D. Lee, K. Fowler, M. Gardiner

*Substitutes on Varsity*—E. Glessner, E. Smith

## WATER POLO

Won by 1926

*Captain*—E. Lomas

*Manager*—K. Fowler

*Team*

E. Lomas
K. Fowler
C. Remak
E. Glessner
D. Lee
S. Carey
H. D. Potts

SWIMMING MEET

Won by 1927

*Captain*—K. Fowler *Manager*—E. Lomas

*Team*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| L. Barber | D. Lee | E. Lomas |
| M. Blumenstock | M. M. Dunn | K. Fowler |

APPARATUS MEET

**Won by 1925**

*Captain*—E. BRADLEY *Manager*—M. BROWN

*Team*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| E. BRADLEY | E. MALLETT | S. ANDERSON |
| M. BROWN | E. St. JOHN | M. SHUMWAY |
| D. LEE | K. FOWLER | H. SMITH |

*First Place in Individual Won by* S. ANDERSON

TENNIS

Won by 1926

*Captain*—E. Boross *Manager*—M. Brown

*Team*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| C. Remak | S. Anderson | M. Brown |
| E. Boross | | H. Herrman |

On Varsity—C. Remak (*Captain*)

BASKETBALL

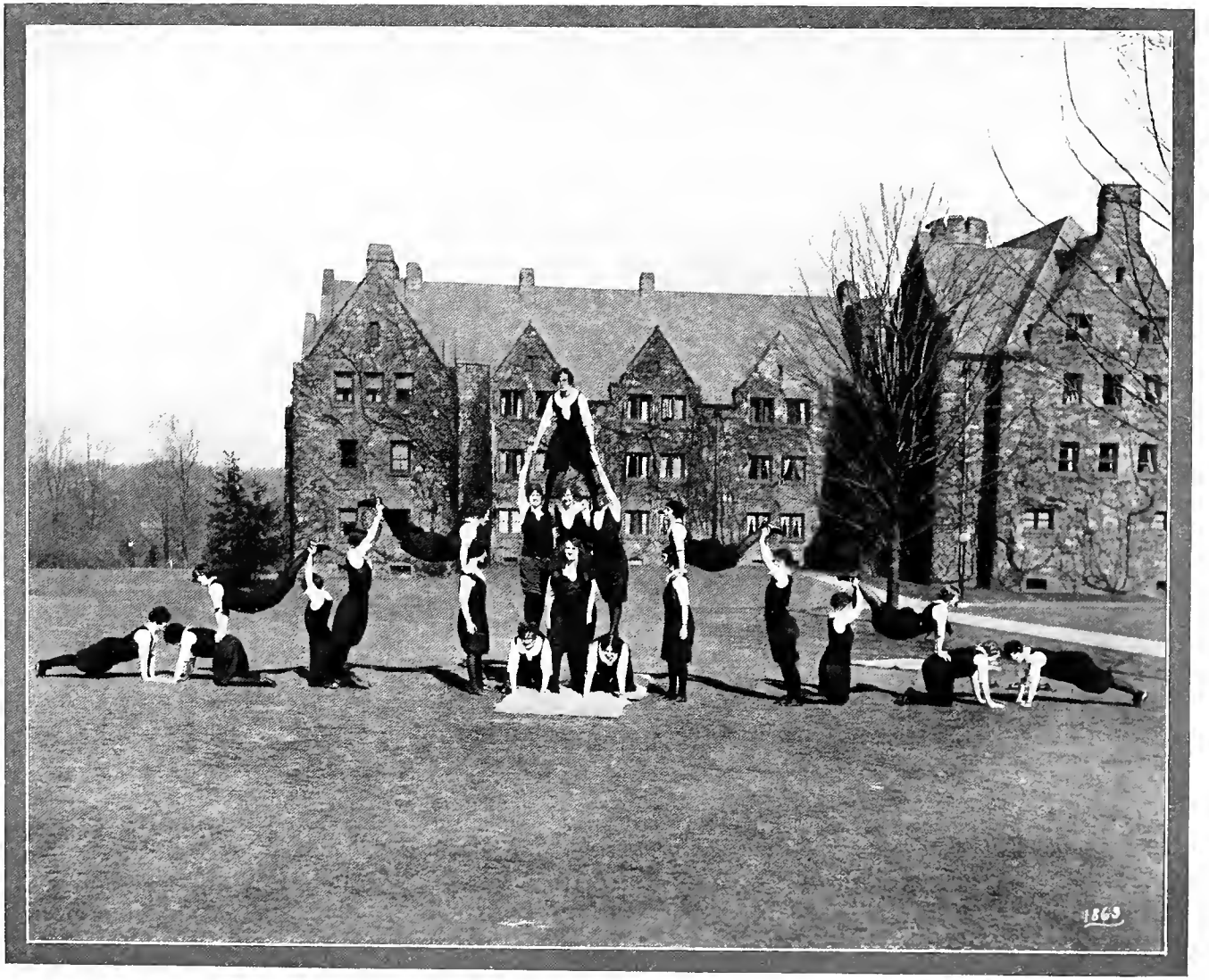
*Captain*—D. Lee *Manager*—E. Smith

*Team*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| E. Smith | D. Lee | S. Carey |
| C. Remak | | M. Castleman |

On Varsity—C. Remak

Substitute on Varsity—D. Lee


1863

# "--One Red Leaf, the Last of Its Clan--"

A HUSH spread over the vast consultation room, and all the children stopped fidgeting.

The President arose.

"We are gathered together," she said, "to diagnose, and, if possible, to suggest a remedy in the case of the lowest person in a class. Why should there be a lowest person? The Dean and I have been discussing and investigating this matter, and the Dean has a report she would like to read."

The Dean arose and choked.

"In every class there has been a lowest person," she began in a strained voice. "This alone is unusual. In 1904 there was one from Philadelphia, and in 1912 there was one with red hair"—

Here she caught sight of the littlest Faculty sitting in the back row doing his Harmony lesson. Startled at this inattention she sat down, covered with confusion.

The President spoke. "Suppose we take the lowest one in this year's class, for example."

One of the Faculty remarked threateningly, "Her mother is a friend of mine."

"Let's take the next one," said the Dean, brightly.

"She has too much charm," said the Star Vibrator, tapering off the "m".

"Oh, well, take anybody," said the President.

"Take any one, take nine," said the littlest Faculty, rapturously.

The Psychologist in the front row removed his glasses.

"I think," he said, looking in Pillsbury's *Essentials of Psychology*," that there is some trouble at the synapses between the associatory neurones."

The youngest Faculty ventured a timid remark. "Um hmmmm. Maybe she has no executive abiilty," he said reminiscently.

The Philosopher, rousing a seapussy from his lap, placed his hand at his waistline. "Maybe she has too much. She has obtained the greatest result with the least effort."

"What a fresh remark!" said the Musician.

"That's a solution," said the President. "The trouble is that the lowest person is too clever. And we can't cure that. Shall we adjourn?"

And the audience kindly remained seated until the academic procession had passed out of the building.

# Pipe Down, Bryn Mawr!

*Dramatis Personae* . { Horace, behind the piano
Mr. Willoughby, behind Horace
Mr. Surette, behind a statue
150 students
24 sheets of music

*Scene*—Wyndham Music Room

(The room is crowded with students, who perch on the floor, the window sills, and the chandeliers. The choir, accustomed to sing in Chapel, is somewhat self-conscious at facing such a large audience, and tries to retire behind the geraniums in the windows. Miss Ely, sotto voce, "Oh, my geraniums!"

As the curtain rises, Horace has doled out the twenty-four mimeographed sheets of music (Willoughby fecit) and the 150 students are rending a Creole song with enthusiasm and very English accents.)

150 voices—Po' li'l Lolo she gwine die—(Piano stops).

Horace—No, no! Sing it allegro ma non troppo—that is, with more of a swoop. (Illustrates.)

150 voices, (with pleased buzz)—Just too sweet!

(Horace, not knowing whether this refers to himself or po' li'l Lolo, retires into the piano and playing resumes).

150 voices, (allegro ma non troppo, that is, with a swoop) Po' li'l Lolo she gwine die—etc.

Mr. Surette (from behind statue)—Bravo!

Hor.—Now Miss X. Y. Z. is going to play the Angels' Serenade on the bassoon, accompanied by Miss Gehring at the piano. (Applause) (Miss X. Y. Z. serenades vigorously for at least sixty measures, and then looks panic-stricken, and stops. The angels have deserted her.)

Mr. Surette (loudly)—Bravo! (Mrs. Surette attends to *him*).

(After a short silence, however, the basson has resumed playing, faltering at first, but swelling loud and clear, and the angels redeem themselves. Tremendous applause from audience.)

Hor.—And now the choir, led by Mr. Willoughby, is going to sing a Bach Chorale.

(The choir emerges from the geraniums with many titters, and shifts bashfully from foot to foot. Mr. Willoughby places himself at the head of his forces.)

Mr. Surette (from behind statue)—Oh, Mr. Willoughby, why can't we all join in the Chorale? Most of us know it, don't we?

2 voices from audience—Of course we do!

Mr. Surette (jovially)—Then we're ready when you are, Mr. Willoughby!

(Audience clears throats. Horace turns face away and looks strained).

Mr. Willoughby (apprehensively)—All right—one, two, three, begin!

(The choir sings in four parts. The audience, not to be outdone, sings in six or seven, not counting four improvised tenors. Fifteen minutes later the Chorale comes to a lingering close, with the audience two laps ahead of the choir.)

150 voices—Just too wonderful!

Mr. Surette—Can't we do that over again a little better, Mr. Willoughby? (Mr. Willoughby looks dejected.)

Horace (hastily)—Do you think there's time, Mr. Surette? We have several numbers on the program, still.

(Mr. Surette yields the point, and retires behind the statue. The choir looks exhausted and retires among the geraniums. Miss Ely, sotto voce, "Oh, my geraniums!")

Hor.—Now Miss A. B. C. will sing a French song for us. (Applause).

(Miss A. B. C. arises, smiles, blushes, and sings the first ten verses of a song entitled "Les Petits Pois.")

Mr. Surette—Bravo! Encore!

(Miss A. B. C. smiles, blushes, and for a time it looks as though the second ten stanzas of "Les Petits Pois" are imminent. Horace, however, arises hastily, and the danger passes.)

Hor. (to audience)—Now what would you like to do?

150 voices (crescendo)—*You* play for us!

(Horace looks hunted, but all egress is blocked by Mr. Surette behind the statue and the choir behind the geraniums. He performs. Thunderous applause and several encores.)

150 voices—Just too divine!

Horace—Is there anything anyone would like to sing?

Mr. Surette—What about going over that Bach Chorale, Mr. Alwyne?

Hor.—I'm afraid there isn't time, Mr. Surette. It's after ten, and we all have to go home.

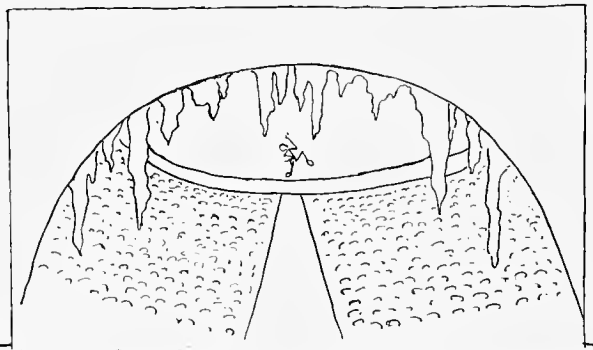
Miss Ely (sotto voce)—Bravo! Bravo!

(And the curtain falls very hastily.)

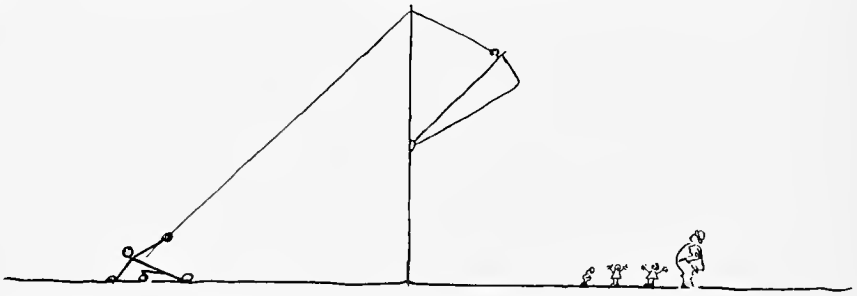
---

An innocent Freshman named Kit
Took her mother to Fellowship Skit
  And after one ear-ful
  Her mother said, "Fearful!"
And fainted away in a fit.

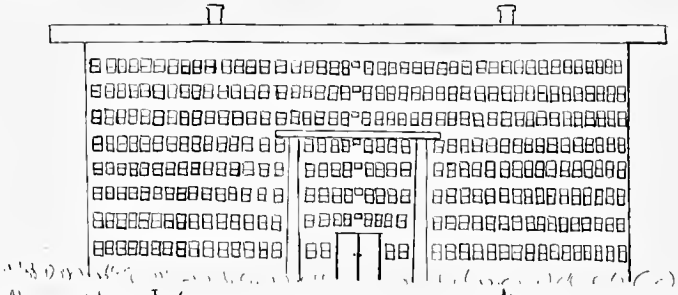
# That Students' Building



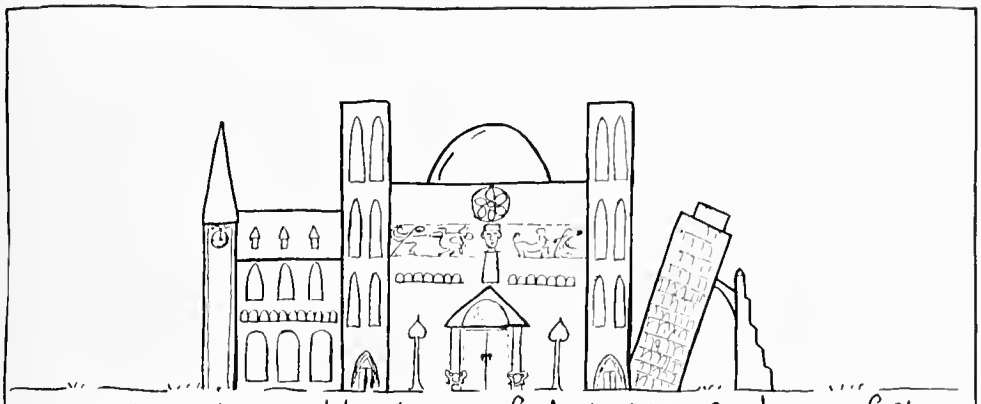
Miss Park's Idea of it—"It has a cave-like appearance from beneath—"



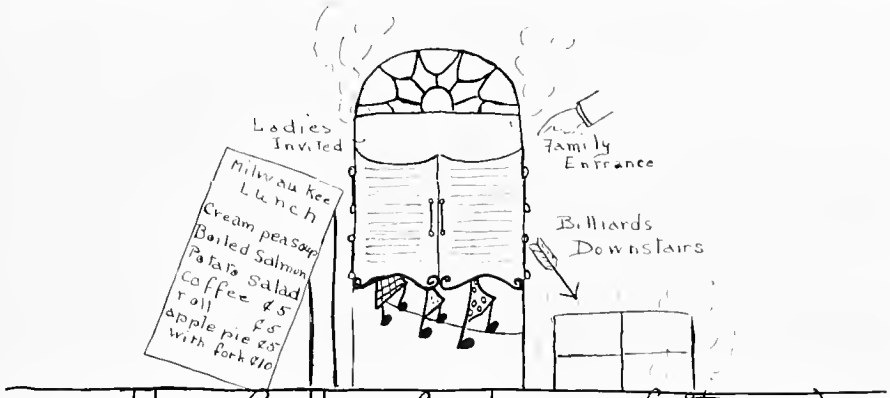
"It just melts away when no one is in it ——"



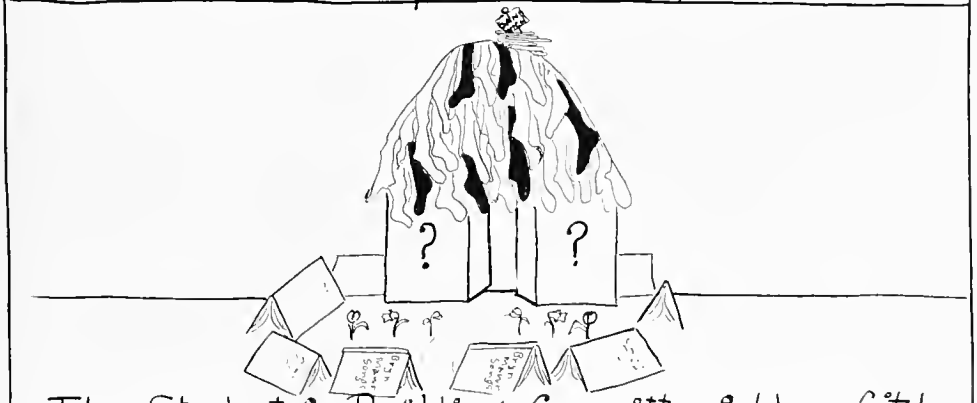
The Alumnae's Idea of It-(windows represent rooms where Alumnae can stay)



The Major History of Art Class's Idea of it—




The College's Idea of it—and




—The Students' Building Committee's Idea of it!

EGM

# Mr. and Mrs. Haddock at Bryn Mawr

MR. AND MRS. HADDOCK, with little Mildred, arrived at Bryn Mawr on the 1.15 from Broad Street, and had a lovely ride, stopping at West Philadelphia, 52nd Street, Overbrook, Merion, Narberth, Wynnewood, Ardmore, and Haverford, before they finally reached their destination which was Bryn Mawr. Mr. Haddock's niece had invited them to visit the College, for she wanted to ask Mr. Haddock to donate to the Endowment Fund, anyhow.

On the way from the Bryn Mawr station, the visitors saw a rotund Italian who had a stand on which was candy, apples, gum and peppermints—or maybe it was apples, candy, peppermints and gum.

"Candy, apples, gum and peppermints—anyt'ing you want", said the Italian to our friends.

"Your stuff looks stale!" said little Mildred, critically. This caused the Italian to faint, for it was the first time anybody had ever stopped to answer him.

"Come, Mildred," said Mrs. Haddock, trying to distract the child's attention. "Look, here are some college girls!"

Four tall young women with slightly soiled tee shirts and laundry cases, were approaching rapidly on foot. Each young woman's head was tightly wrapped in a colored bandanna.

"It's a college fad," exclaimed Mr. Haddock's niece, noticing her uncle's surprised looks, and hoping that bandannas would not hurt the Endowment Fund any.

"But why should they wear bathing caps?" asked Mrs. Haddock, who was a little old-fashioned.

"*Pour le sport*, I suppose," said little Mildred sarcastically. She was a little proud of her French, I'm afraid, for she was a bright child and large for her age.

And so the conversation flowed on until they entered Rockefeller Arch.

"My, these buildings are pretty!" said Mrs. Haddock, gazing admiringly around at the battlemented and ricocheted towers.

"Pseudo-Gothic," mused little Mildred appraisingly. "Pretentious, I'd call it." But fortunately no one heard her. And so the conversation flowed on until they reached the Library.

"You *must* see the Library!" said Mr. Haddock's niece, herding the family through heavy doors and up a wide flight of steps. They emerged in a large room with red and gold rafters and a terrible echo. This reminded Mr. Haddock of a

place he had seen abroad the summer before, and so he started to tell a long anecdote in a rather rumbling voice. Immediately heads popped over the tops of the desks and shushed him.

"Sh-sh-sh," they hissed sibilantly. Then the heads saw by the strained countenances of the family that they were visitors, and so withdrew hastily, so that Mr. Haddock continued his anecdote undisturbed.

"This is a portrait of Miss Thomas by Sargent," said the niece, pulling aside some faded green curtains.

"Oh," said Mrs. Haddock.

"Look, Mildred," said Mr. Haddock, hastily drawing Mildred away from the fascinated contemplation of a lady with a tremendous lawn jabot, and some overwhelming red roses. "This is a portrait of Miss Thomas by Sargent."

"Interesting, if true," remarked Mildred. "Mother, how do you suppose that girl over there keeps her stock—"

"You *must* see the Cloisters," said Mr. Haddock's niece, nudging little Mildred rather neatly in the ribs. And so the conversation flowed on until they went downstairs, and came out into a large, grassy plot, patronized by students and birds, but rather more by birds.

"These are the Cloisters", said Mr. Haddock's niece.

"The—what?" asked Mrs. Haddock.

"The Cloisters," said Mr. Haddock's niece.

"Look, Will," said Mrs. Haddock, "these are the Cloisters."

"Look, Mildred, these are the Cloisters," said Mr. Haddock to Mildred.

"My, they're pretty," said Mr. and Mrs. Haddock.

"Very pretty—and very draughty," muttered little Mildred from between clenched teeth. But evidently her cousin had not heard her, for she only said,

"You *must* see some of the other buildings."

They emerged from the Cloisters, and started to walk around the paths.

"What's the atrocious building with the clock and the tower?" said little Mildred.

"That's Taylor Hall," snapped Mr. Haddock's niece. (Yes, children, I'm afraid she snapped.)

"Fancy that," said little Mildred, "so that's Taylor Hall is it? Ha, ha, ha!"

Fortunately her attention was just then diverted by the sight of Shandy, the Dean's dog, which came up gnawing the bone of the last visitor. After aiming an unsuccessful kick at him, little Mildred rounded Taylor and stopped short.

From the open windows of Denbigh came the sound of a great many voices all shouting at once. Snatches of the hubbub floated across to them.

"Whom do you want to nominate for the Junk Committee?" boomed Carrie's voice.

"Yes!" shrieked some voices.

"Whee!" shrieked others.

Mildred listened attentively for some time, and then turned to her cousin.

"Bedlam?" she asked politely.

"No," said Mr. Haddock's niece. "It's 1925 having a class meeting."

"Oh," said little Mildred, well satisfied.

And so the conversation flowed on until they walked past Merion. Mr. Haddock's niece propelled the family rather quickly by the Hall, for she was afraid her uncle would want to go through it, and she thought the pictures were a little naked, even for one who had gone through the Louvre.

So she called their attention to the gymnasium.

"This is the gymnasium," she said.

"Look, Will, this is the gymnasium," said Mrs. Haddock to Mr. Haddock.

"It would be a good-looking building if it didn't have that red rag hanging from the roof," commented little Mildred, pointing to '25's crimson banner of flame. But again her remark was ignored.

"And now I want you to come to my room, and have our college drink—muggle," said Mr. Haddock's niece gaily.

"How nice!" said Mrs. Haddock, and even little Mildred showed interest. So the quartet wended its way through dark corridors, decorated with fire-pails and scuttling kimona'd figures, until they came to the scene of the entertainment.

This was a typical Bryn Mawr room. A bright fire, which cost $1 a day, and which Mr. Haddock's niece had ordered from the housekeeper before ten that morning, blazed in the hearth. Above this, the banners of Haverford and Bryn Mawr were crossed lovingly. On the wall hung boxing-gloves, snow-shoes, moose-heads and other boudoir accessories, and ranged neatly on the table were all the College News'es from three years back, with a copy of the Lantern, (also from three years back.) Above the window-seat hung a red lantern, the glass of which was broken, because three years back, Mr. Haddock's niece had been in choir, and before Christmas the choir had sung Christmas carols at the Faculty, and Mr. Haddock's niece had dropped her lantern, because she never had been strong after the scarlet fever when she was five years old. So that is why the glass of her lantern was broken.

"What are those round things with the different colored rags tied on them?" asked little Mildred.

"Whoops, my dear!" said Mr. Haddock, laughing very heartily.

"Sit down," said Mr. Haddock's niece, bustling about, and preparing to open a can of cow with the fire-axe. Soon she was mixing the muggle.

"My, that stuff looks terrible!" said little Mildred, watching the performance. Mr. Haddock wanted to reprove his daughter, but his conscience would not permit him, for indeed the stuff did look terrible.

Then little Mildred tasted the brew, and looked disappointed.

"Don't let her fool you, Daddy," she whispered. "It's only cocoa—and not even good cocoa at that!"

So the Haddock family balanced their cups in one hand, and Mr. Haddock's niece plied them with butter-thins and olivenaise, and looked like a virgin martyr, and all were very uncomfortable indeed.

Then Mr. Haddock's niece looked even more like a virgin martyr, and broached the subject of the Endowment Fund, and Mr. Haddock said of course he'd be glad to donate, being a good member of the Kiwanis Club, and interested in all kinds of social uplift work, and so he wrote out a very comfortable check indeed.

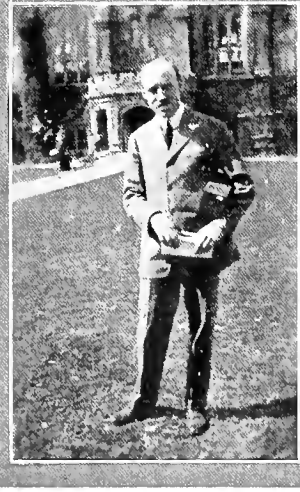
Then little Mildred saw the olivenaise and butter-thins coming around for the sixth time, and facetiously said that she wanted to go home on the Toonerville Trolley again.

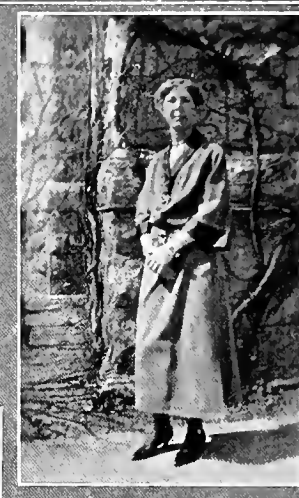
"Thank you so much. We have had a wonderful time! I certainly did like those—Cloisters," said Mrs. Haddock, whose feet were a little worn out, even though she did wear Ped-e-mode shoes like the lady in the advertisement in her Ladies' Home Journal.

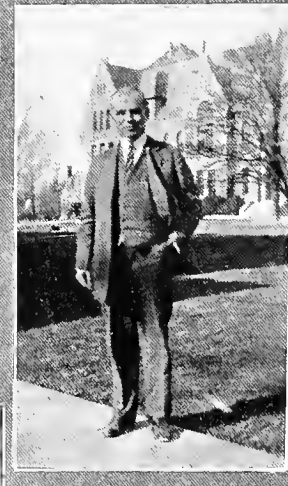
"We certainly did! Remember me to all the girls!" said Mr. Haddock jovially, winking behind Mrs. Haddock's back, for he had been indeed what is called a gay dog in his day.

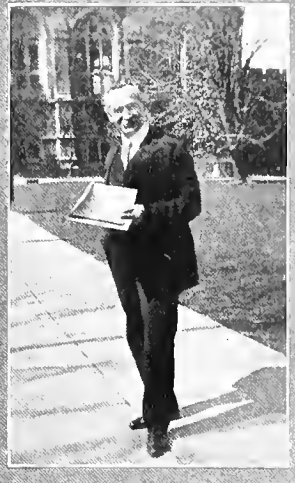
"Thank you—for practically nothing," said little Mildred, evading her cousin's finger nails.

And so Mr. and Mrs. Haddock and little Mildred caught the 4.38 to town, and after a lovely ride through Haverford, Ardmore, Wynnewood, Narberth, Merion, Overbrook, 52nd Street, West Philadelphia, finally landed in Broad Street.









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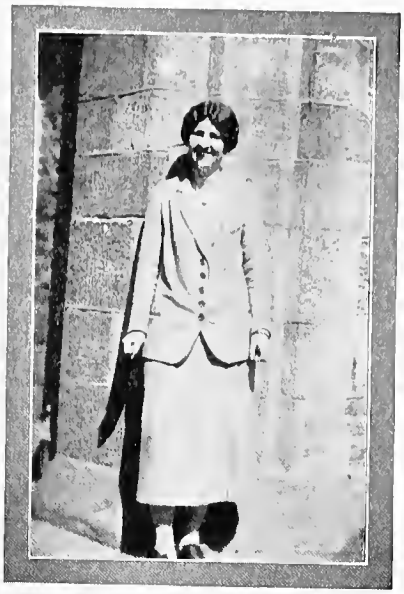

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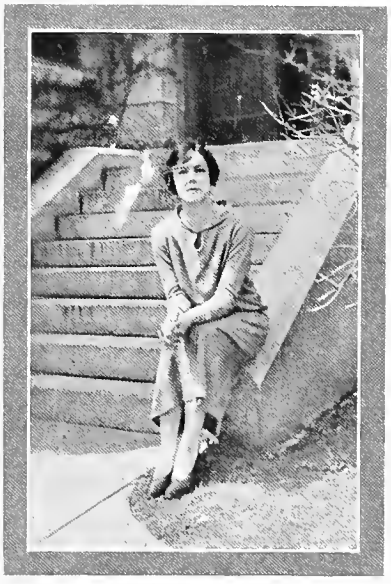

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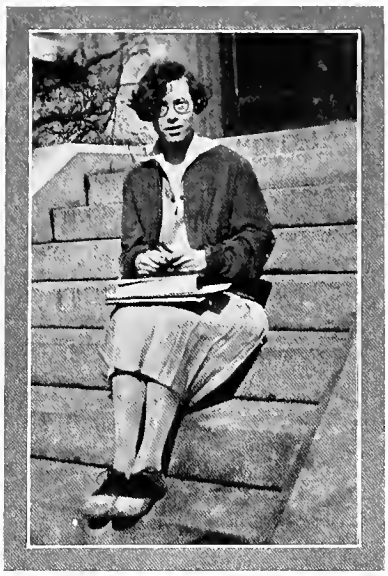

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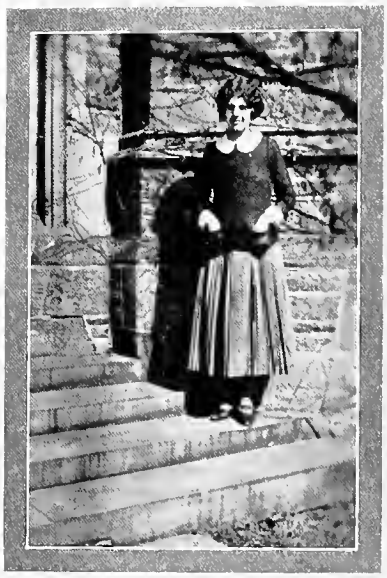

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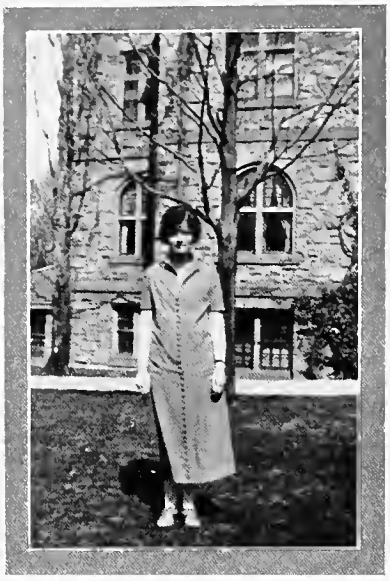

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