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November 1908

Tipyn o' Bob

Contents

		PAGE
Penelope	Mary F. Nearing, '09	1
The Silver Age	Grace Branham, '10	2
Applied Socialism	Ruth George, '10	7
The Wisperthal	H. W. Smith, '10	8
Ritualism	Marion Crane, '11	9
The Red Gown	Elsie Donaldson, '09	11
To Pan	S. C. Allinson, 10	16
Editorial		17
Dulci Fistula		19
Alumnae Notes		20
College Notes		22
Athletic Notes		24
Songs		25

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Tipyn o'Bob

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PENELOPE.

There, maidens, bear away the gusty torch;
Already the blue lips of new risen day
Blow their chill breath against its yellow flame,
My thankless night-long task is almost done,
Withdraw and leave me here alone awhile.
How heavy are their eyes, how wearily
Their sandals trail along the dusky floor.
But soon in fragrant sleep their cares shall fade
Even as this orb that nightly vanishes.
Thus day by day do I build up my hopes,
And see in fancy my dear lord's return
And with each thread inweave a silent prayer

To wise Athene, goddess of the loom.
The while throughout our gates a fearful din
Of clattering shields and song and ruffian shouts
Affrights my women and upbraids my son.
But when the darkness fills our shadowy halls
And I begin by stealth to ravel out
The long day's work—then sorrow fills my soul
And murmurs, "Woe to thee, Penelope!"
And hollow arches answer "Woe to thee!"
So! it is ended ere the sun is up,
And I may steal away and rest awhile;
My fingers are all numb and thick with sleep.

MARY F. NEARING, '09.

THE SILVER AGE.

In an old, dark, high-ceilinged library, among a heap of dusty books which had been pulled down from the empty shelves before her, a girl sat reading. She must have started with some such purpose as cataloguing, for on the floor beside her lay an open copy book and a pencil, but her original intentions, whatever they were, seemed forgotten, so absorbed was she in the manuscript in her lap, one of these elaborately bound blank-books which are sometimes given girls for diaries. It was indeed her own autobiography that had arrested her in her task. Alexine Martin was reviewing a gayly-spent youth, in most respects a very pleasant youth, though the record seemed hardly to please her. The colour flamed slowly toward her forehead as she read until, in a passion of vexation, she slammed the limp book to, letting it drop to the floor as she got up. "It's disgustingly vulgar to turn oneself inside out, even in a diary," she muttered and tried to smile contemptuously. She turned again to the cataloguing, but could not turn her thoughts. As though it were a loathsome object, she stooped and picked up the book, took it over to a chair by the window and set her eyes resolutely to the first page that presented itself. "My sixteenth birthday" was written across the top and, lower, "What an event in every girl's life!" Alexine smiled. "This winter I am to come out and I am awfully frightened about it, though, as Aunt Louise says, there is no reason why I

should not be a success. My people are of course quite the best sort, I've loads of money left me by mamma (which father says he wishes I had not), and the newspapers this morning announced the début of the charming heiress, Miss Martin."

"Charming heiress," Alexine gasped, "the blatant self-consciousness of it!" There was more in this strain, a little alleviated by abundant conversations with interesting people whom she had met. Any one but the writer would have seen that the girl was putting herself into the rôle of heroine and allowing herself impersonal liberties, but to Alexine it was only the minute record of the life of a self-important girl and she regarded it with hot scorn. The unconscious revelation of selfishness, blind and hard, of self-confident lack of perception, shocked and shamed her. There was a furious entry about a "lying dressmaker" and another about having cut a certain Miss Thorne at the "Turlingtons," "The pretensions of that nobody!" After this there was a year of silence and then the last entry, "Father is dead. It is morbid to blame oneself, but I feel partly responsible. He caught fresh cold after his fever the evening he took me to the Turlingtons' dance."

"I suppose it was that which changed me," she thought, "the responsibility and having to be less of a child." For half an hour she sat in the chair, her head bent and her face quite pale after the blood receded. She hotly accused herself, but after a while her brain freed itself from emotion and filled up with an unusual train of thoughts. It was connected with the sense of a book she had read, a book about all the suffering in the world and the share each of us has in causing as well as bearing it. Her share of causing, so monstrously disproportionate, seemed to take on material bulk before her eyes. She vaguely fancied herself a silken flower-decked creature with a limitless trail of sorrow. She wondered how many silk worms had died that she might wear the dress she had on, how many "lower" animals that she might have food. Everything around her spoke of toil and service, the carving on the furniture, the fine stuff of the hangings, the knick-knacks, carpets, pictures. Her new sensitiveness gave them a voice, and with that voice they accused her pitilessly until all her wealth became hateful to her. The fineness, softness, brightness of her life reproached her with the coarseness and dulness of other lives. Her leisure meant their toil, her cultivation their ignorance, her ease their suffering.

"How can I pay, how can I pay?" The words beat to and fro in her mind until they became meaningless. A vision of poverty—poverty as the rich idealise it—presented itself, and she reached out eagerly for it. Sacrifice of some sort, sacrifice of everything enticed her. A mendicant nun, living poorly on other people's charity, bearing their discomfort and sorrow, so she saw herself and took a humble joy in the fancy.

Some one knocked at the door. A maid, spotless and most respectable, announced some visitors. Alexine broke a violent impulse to beg the woman's pardon for having so long usurped a shockingly false and undeserved position; but, contenting herself with merely refusing her help, she went to a wardrobe to get out a dress. The shimmering coloured array within repelled her. Her mood demanded something coarse, but she could find nothing more sober than a heavy grey silk. Her rings she laid aside, but through sheer æsthetic habit fastened an antique pearl necklace around the collar of her dress. . . .

As she pushed aside the curtain before the drawing room door, two gentlemen, clergymen by their dress, came toward her. The elder, an old friend of her mother's whom her father had tolerated for her sake, smiled at her, and with pardonable worldly pride introduced his new curate, Mr. Earle.

Mr. Worldly-wise (as old Mr. Martin had been fond of calling old Mr. Chiswick) started a conversation so inconsequential that a child might have seen he was "up" to something. Alexine waited patiently, at odd times glancing amusedly at the curate who, though before her coming he had had eyes for nothing but her beautiful room, now had them for nothing but herself. To him she was utterly charming, though how much of that charm was due to the setting, Mr. Evan Earle had not yet questioned. Her grey dress, her pearls, her smiling, thoughtful eyes, the slim distinguished figure against its rich, dimly-coloured background, caught and reflected by the long mirrors again and again until it faded in the distance, enchanted the æsthetic young priest, and he thought, not without envy, of sires and fine purple and king's houses.

When his attention wandered back to the conversation, Mr. Chiswick was just getting at the real object of his visit. It was a charity—not a fashionable one—which some second-class people in the poorer part of his parish were undertaking, and Mr. Chiswick, with that tact and caution with which the rich must be approached on these subjects, was saying in that hollow ecclesiastical voice of his:

"I have something particular to say to you, my dear. I hope you will forgive me for broaching such matters during an afternoon call, but one must of course remember one's parochial duties even with old friends."

Alexine reflected quickly. She still wanted "to pay" even now that the sentimentality of her emotion was gone. How much, was what she now asked herself. Everything seemed little enough in proportion to her debt, but still she counted the cost.

"Some members of my parish—not friends of yours, Alexine, but still very worthy people," continued the minister with unmeant satire, "are interesting themselves in a most commendable charity. We are come, my dear, to bespeak your time and talents."

"And," Earle added quickly, watching Alexine's face, "to engage your sympathies."

"You want money, Mr. Chiswick?" Miss Martin said bluntly. "Well, you shall have what you want." Mr. Earle was taken aback. Harshness in a woman seemed to him brutal. His ideal, delicately and softly feminine, floated before his inward eye. Miss Martin, he reflected, is rather austere. But it is a sad fact that women as they grow older are inclined——

"But, Alexine," exclaimed the older man, shocked in his turn by her apparent commercial deficiencies, "I would not have you promise blindly. You have not yet heard——"

"No, so I haven't. But, please, Mr. Chiswick, I should like to give a good deal." Her resolution remained firm, though she was disappointed in the agent for her sacrifice.

"It is a very painful subject," pursued Mr. Chiswick, not to be cheated out of his narrative, his tone struggling between a pardon-me-before-ladies expression and a becoming pathos, "in fact it is a home for the incurable poor."

"O please don't call it that," Alexine smiled. Mr. Earle regarded her, uncertain whether this was mockery or levity, neither of which he considered appropriate.

"That is its name, but if you could suggest anything more suitable——?"

"I could indeed, Mr. Chiswick. Would it occur to you," she said as they waited silently, "to call this house 'A Home for the Incurable Poor' ?"

Neither caught her drift, but it was the younger man who, discreetly letting her remark drop, said, following his own thoughts:

"You, of course, in common with most delicately nurtured women, have a repugnance to sordid misery." His words, although he was unconscious of it, stung the girl.

"I remember you in especial," intoned Mr. Chiswick, "had a prejudice almost pagan in favour of health. Sickness or mutilation quite repelled you."

"I am older now," Alexine said seriously.

Mr. Earle blinked. This was not his idea of the flashing surface brightness of the woman of the world. She had slain his last prepossession.

"Miss Martin," he began with the authority her face gave him, "what did you intend to imply by that remark about your house not being called a home——?"

"For the Incurable Poor?" she took him up, thankful for the opening. "Just this. I think it a suitable place for your charity. We need not change it at all. The garden is very pretty in the spring."

"What do you mean," exclaimed Mr. Chiswick in an unnaturally natural voice, glancing quickly at her to see whether she was mocking him. Finding her quite serious he gasped horrified, "What in the name of all that's ——, what in Heaven's name are you thinking of?"

She sighed a little, very patient.

"It's not in the least suitable. Nowadays people build hospitals for such purposes," he said with finality.

"O yes, I know. Red brick with long bare white wards. But this is pretty and would a little make up to them what they have been so unjustly deprived of."

Mr. Chiswick let the theological insinuation pass.

"But how could we run it? Perhaps you will give up your fortune?" suggested the clergyman sarcastically.

"Certainly," said Alexine a little weariedly.

"And you?" Mr. Earle chimed in coldly.

"Will learn to do something. Nursing, perhaps."

"What would your poor dear father say?" Mr. Worldly-wise was playing out.

"Father, I think," said the girl, "would like me the better for it."

GRACE BRANHAM, '10.

APPLIED SOCIALISM.

An interesting piece of research work would be a collection of the possible motives of those who have so generously, not to say prodigally underlined and annotated the volumes of our public library. And, by the way, is the idea of a public library that everyone shall feel that he has a library of his own, or that everybody shall feel that we have one library in common? However that may be, the collection which I propose would include primarily the possible explanations of all such pencil marks as are absolutely baffling in their significance to the average mind. Some varieties of underscoring are illuminating enough as they stand. When we meet an attractive bit of description, for example, or a satisfying piece of philosophy, or a peculiarly happy agreement of incident with characterisation, we probably do not need to be told why these are underlined —though I trust I may not appear so ungrateful as to suggest that we resent having them so pointed out for us. But where the explanation is less obvious, a simple note to indicate a possible solution might save our minds a tremendous amount of perplexed digression. For example, if one read at the beginning of a book: "In this volume are underlined all paragraphs which begin with the letter M," he would be free to pursue his story in comfort. Now that would be very interesting, too, because, of course, if at any time some one were obliged in her college course to pick out all the paragraphs beginning with the letter M, she could immediately select them, merely by observing the pencil marks; this advantage must appeal especially to the illiterate. And time fails me in which to mention other principles, equally good, upon which my own investigations would lead me to believe that the pages of many of our public volumes have been underlined and otherwise distinguished.

The work which I suggest would serve, moreover, to immortalise the efforts of those who have so hopefully and unassumingly undertaken to better the reprehensible grammar of our standard authors. Many people nowadays seem to prefer, for instance, that a verb shall agree in number with the noun nearest to it, rather than the old-fashioned subject and predicate arrangement. When one has preferences of this sort, there

is no more subtle way of conveying them than by underscoring the objectionable word and inserting an exclamation point. Our library books are full of just such delicate hints of personal preference, which, if incorrect, are at any rate original, and the least we can do is to recognise the unselfishness of such annotations. The faithful hand that scribbled so profusely in other people's books may even now be dust; at least, will in all probability never turn those leaves again—since the book is not hers; but an eternity of readers may continue to reap her harvest.

RUTH GEORGE, '10.

THE WISPERTHAL.

There's a quiet little valley set about by purple hills,
Where the river Wisper tinkles to the Rhine.
There the fairy folk are dancing, when the vale with shadow fills,
And in the sky the first star lanterns shine.

Yes, they're dancing in the valley in the little Wisperthal
While the winds of twilight wander down the lane;
Dwarfs go trooping, giants stooping,
Slender elfin maidens drooping,
While the little pixies scamper through the grain.

In the valley of the Wisper
Wan witch maidens meet and whisper,
Footsteps soft as summer rain
Rustle through the fields of grain.
Red-capped gnomes behind them prance
In a merry antic dance.
Trolls are lurking by the wall
In the little Wisperthal.

By the slender grape-vines climbing
Dainty rainbow colored sprites
Fold their wings and on a tendril sway.
Hark! a humming! Goblins coming!
On a hollow nut shell drumming
As among the tall green grass-blades
Their procession winds its way.

In the valley of the Wisper
There's a murmur and a whisper
Where the lapping wavelets sing,
And in every grassy ring,
Where the dusk is gathered thick,
Fairy feet are pacing quick;
Elves are dancing, one and all,
In the little Wisperthal.

H. W. SMITH, '10.

RITUALISM.

In these days of definition and of fine distinction there is in our vocabulary a decided dearth and inadequacy of general terms. Our words of exactness are all hedged about by temporal or technical bounds, and our broader terms have lost their meanings in obscurity. We stand in need of a set of generalisations, clear-cut in the understanding of all.

In this connection, it is perhaps inconceivable that the word "ritualism" should be offered as expressing a definite tendency in the whole of life. To the casual thinker, a ritualist is a man who worships by rite,—by means of a chanted liturgy, and through symbols of light and colour. But this ecclesiastical significance limits the term unnecessarily. A rite is in the last analysis an action or thought brought within the convenient limits of a form. By this definition the most fundamental processes of life,—bodily movements, speech, relationship,—are rites, and we are all ritualists, in the word's first sense.

I remember once to have read some verses setting forth the sensations of a soul released from the limitations of physical rites, and per-

mitted to return to its old habitation. It might look upon the bounded fields, the narrow trodden path, and into the small low room, with curtains drawn to shut out gathering darkness; but being beyond space and time, it might not enclose itself within these limits. The firelight flickered comfortably between four walls, and in the circle of its warmth and light sat a pleasant company of good comrades. The sacrament of life was being expressed by physical rites, and in the presence of these limitations, infinity seemed a terrible and a lonely thing. It may be that part of our natural dread of death is this fear of the infinite, without "the bonds of flesh."

This fear is the chief element in the character of a developed ritualist. He has no elemental desires after freedom. He wishes to be bounded and hedged in on every side. He is insular: he loves the little lanes and coppices of a small and well cultivated country. Walled gardens and the limits of green fields please him, rather than pathless forests and bleak moors. He has no love for the aimless expanse of the sea, swinging back and forth in the ceaseless restlessness of tides. He prefers the orderly progress of rivers between banks.

By the same token he is not happy in great cities. Someone walking with me on the crowded streets of an American city once said, "This is a terrible place. It is so lonely." He was a ritualist, frightened by the barbaric individualism of the crowd.

Your ritualist is not an individualist. He lives unhappily in the self-assertive and revolutionary atmosphere of modern republics. At heart he has a wish for some old-world court, where men were knighted, and where each knight, clothed in the bright insignia of youth and courage, might bridle his restless energy by an allegiance to some common cause. The true knight—and who more truly a ritualist than this priest of the chivalric code?—was never found in a disordered mob of revolutionists. He was ever a royalist, wearing the armour of the king's soldiers, and dying to defend a banner,—a thing of silk and cloth-of-gold,—the symbol of divine authority.

The spirit of ritualism is authority. Laws and traditions are but the convenient limits of form for thought and action. Ritualism has given us the Ten Commandments, and all the unnumbered laws of courtesy.

But though the ritualist, in the guise of gallant courtier, may kiss

the hand of his lady, he is still a man of great reserve. He restrains and conceals himself by the very forms in which he expresses himself. It is because of this contradiction in his purpose that he is misunderstood. We are slow to admit that the English, as a nation, are less reserved than the French, with their gay demonstrations of courtesy and affection. It is easy to forget that these demonstrations are only rites, for the general expression of personal emotion. To the French there must ever be a great indecency about Anglo-Saxon sincerity. Someone has said of the French people, "On se cachait de souffrir par bonne education." The education is a sort of ritual by which emotion as well as pain may be hidden, and through which a man may learn the shame of laying bare his heart before the world.

In the eyes of the barbaric world the ritualist is the apostle of an empty form, giving to formless infinity the tribute of a cocked hat; or at worst he is an idolater, representing the magnificence of the boundless by the embroidered robe of a priest. But he is by his very nature incapable of these great presumptions. For him the processions, the shining lights, the rising clouds of incense,—all the rich and intricate details of ritualistic worship, are not sensual excesses. They are beautiful and orderly limits set for a mighty primitive emotion. Possessed with an elemental terror for the formless, he fixes his worship of it by a code of action. Guided by the old fear of the limitless and eternal, he builds a temple and an altar, and within four walls he offers to Infinity his "sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving."

MARION CRANE, '11.

THE RED GOWN.

Joanna Bailey stood before the mirror and looked at herself, for perhaps the first time in her life, with real perception. She had just returned from the matinée, an unwonted extravagance, but it was her husband's present to her on the first anniversary of their wedding. The play, *Hedda Gabler,* had made a great impression on Joanna. She was still in her street dress, her hat was on, and she held her gloves in her hand. Her black eyes and thin white face stared back

at her from the mirror, and she remarked scornfully to her reflection, "You are timid, stupid, and ugly. Your brown coat is unbecoming and your hat is awkward. You have never scraped up courage to do an independent act in your life, to say what you think, or to be what you are." Then the dull years of her life began to pass through her mind. She saw herself as a shrinking child leading a quiet, colourless existence, completely subdued by her severe father, and having no friends but a few of the elderly scholars that frequented the house. She lived again through all the dreary time of her father's illness, the agonising details of his death, her subsequent loneliness, and, finally, her marriage a year ago to a friend of her father's, a man twice her age. And then she saw every weary day of that long year, her husband's dulness, meanness, and absorption in his work, the petty economies that she had to practice, and above all the deadly boredom that hung over her like a pall. Finally she emerged from her reverie, threw down her gloves with a laugh as sharp as the click of their buttons against the china tray, lit the gas above the dressing table, and proceeded to dress for dinner.

Sitting down before the mirror, she began to arrange her hair. For a long time she brushed mechanically, being absorbed in reacting the play she had just seen, then, suddenly breaking away from her thoughts, she again became aware of her reflection in the mirror. With a start of astonishment she realised that she strongly resembled the actress who had taken the part of *Hedda Gabler,* and that by slightly lifting her chin she increased the resemblance. The thought of making up like Hedda flashed across her mind, and as she pictured the astonishment of her husband, she laughed out loud. Each moment the idea got stronger hold upon her. When she had brushed her hair smooth and arranged it high on her head, she saw with pleasure that it caught the light almost like lacquer. From among the discarded finery that wealthy relatives often sent "poor Joanna," she unearthed a deep red evening dress, which until now she had always considered pretty, but far too gay for her. Shaking out its shining folds and the vines of dark velvet leaved nasturtiums with which it was trimmed, she put it on and looked at herself with approval. The deep red made her face and arms appear marvelously white and her hair black and glossy. She burnt a bit of cork in the candle flame, deepened the black of her eyebrows, and then

looked about the room for a substitute for rouge. For the first time the primness and meanness of its arrangements maddened her. She hated the cheap white painted furniture, the blue rugs, the coloured prints on the walls, and the window boxes filled with scarlet geraniums. But, as her eyes rested on these, she remembered that they would serve her purpose perfectly. Crossing the room, she picked a few of their scarlet petals and squeezed them against her lips. Then she turned out the gas and groped her way to the door.

Made brave by the mere idea of her own audacity, she started downstairs, gaining greater self-confidence at every rustling step. Going into the library, which was quite dark except for the warm glow of the fire, she sat down to wait for her husband. The firelight shone on the glass doors of the bookcases and on the framed photographs of Pompeii and Herculaneum that hung on the walls, but it graciously concealed to some extent the spare furniture and threadbare carpet. As she sat in the circle of firelight, she was amazed at her rebellious thoughts. She felt the passions that had never had a chance to assert themselves, begin to stir and quiver into being. It was as if she had never lived until this moment, as if the play had quickened her numb understanding into tingling life. The intensity of her own feelings terrified her. She had hated her bitter, wretched life, but never with half such violence. Suddenly, in an agony of impatience, she began to walk up and down. If her husband would only come and put an end to her waiting—and yet did she not rather dread his coming? How would his familiar stooping figure, his spectacles, his interminable talk about his research work, or, worse still, his economies, affect her in this unusual frame of mind? I cannot listen to archeology to-night, she thought, as I have listened to it every night for years. To-night at the mere mention of pottery, I know I shall scream; and she laughed nervously as she sat down once again before the fire. Looking into the flames, she saw Hedda writhing there in a hundred snake-like attitudes. Suddenly she was startled from her thoughts by the sound of a step, a fumbling at the knob, and turning quickly she saw her husband enter the room.

"Well, did you like the play, Joanna?" he inquired as he bent painfully to sit down in his chair.

"I saw a great actress," she answered quietly.

"That's good. Money's hard to get, but we must celebrate our anniversary, Joanna. Eh? Eh? By the way, such an interesting talk as I had this morning with Speers about those Chaldean tablets I was speaking to you about."

"Dinner is ready, I think," Joanna interrupted, and led the way into the next room. They sat silent through nearly the whole meal—not an unusual proceeding by any means. The professor was deeply sunk in thought, Joanna had determined to hold herself in check, but could not help noticing, with intent misery, how her husband crumbled his bread with fingers far from clean, spilt his soup, and worst of all drank his water in noisy gulps.

Finally he looked at his wife over his coffee cup and noticed her unusual dress. "I hope you are not getting extravagant in your clothes, Joanna," he remarked sharply. "We are very pushed for money. I think, for a time anyway, we shall have to do without a servant."

A wave of incontrollable anger swept over Joanna. She got up and grasped the top of her chair with both hands. "If you dismiss the servant, I tell you plainly you may dismiss me, too. I have had enough of poverty, of thankless working to make two ends meet. I will leave you. I will go out of this house and never set foot in it again. Do you imagine I care for you? Do you think it matters a jot to me whether I ever see you again?" She looked at him with eyes dull with anger. "I hate you," she said coldly, and turning walked slowly into the next room.

In a moment, after he had had time to recover his senses, she saw her husband coming towards her. "Joanna," he called, "are you mad? Are you ill? Has anything happened to-day? Take care! take care!" he cried, as he reached the door; for he saw her raise the skirt of her red gown with one hand and shove a log into place with her foot, causing a brilliant shower of sparks to shoot out into the room.

She faced him angrily. "Do you think I care whether I burn to death?" she demanded. "Do you think I should not be glad to die in any way?" She looked like a beautiful demon as she stood with her back to the fire, her arms spread wide and resting on the mantelpiece, her head thrown back, her eyes glittering, her lips curled, and her body tense.

In a dismay that was pitiful the professor sank into his chair. For

an eternity, it seemed to Joanna, there was silence in the room, broken only by the tick of the clock. Her mind was benumbed and she could not think. Presently a vague feeling of fear stole over her. "What have you done? What have you done? What have you done?" the strokes of the clock seemed to her to reiterate. What had she done? Killed her husband, probably, she thought with dull indifference. How thin his hand looked as it lay on the arm of his chair, and how the veins stood out on it. His head was sunk extraordinarily deep between his shoulders; his hair was very thin and grey. She noticed every detail mechanically and impersonally—even to the glitter of the fire on his spectacles and watch-chain. What was that dull sound that broke the stillness? A sob? She listened, another? She was frightened and trembled from head to foot. She felt as if she were floating out into some strange dark sea full of danger and mystery. Was it already too late to regain the shore? Perhaps there was still time.

A wave of remorse swept over her. She threw herself on her knees beside her husband; she pressed her lips against his hand; she took his head in her arms, laid her cheek against his forehead and poured out a flood of protestations.

"You surely did not believe me? You surely did not think I was in earnest? It was only a very, very poor joke," she sobbed. "I had seen *Hedda Gabler* and wondered whether I could act. Forgive me for even seeming to be cruel. I must have been able to act better than I thought I could. How funny that for a moment you really believed me in earnest." She caught her breath and went on, "But now we can both laugh over our little joke together, can't we?" Stopping exhausted, she waited with dread for his answer. At his first word she knew that she was safe. There was a quaver in his voice, but also a note of relief.

"Joanna, you are a good enough actress to make a big fortune on the stage, but don't you try it on me again." Finally he was completely reassured and climbed the stairs to bed. Joanna listened to his faltering steps as he went up. She heard him pause at the top. "Don't stay up late," he called down, "you'll waste the wood, and I can tell you fuel's very dear in these days."

Joanna sat before the fire with her chin in her hand and faced the truth. She realised that her last chance of ever living a life worthy of her had passed. She knew now that she had not the strength to break

the fetters that bound her. She saw the endless vista of dreary years stretching before her—years devoid of pleasure, purpose, or hope. Her weakness had been revealed to her and she knew that she could not conquer it.

The fire burned low, the last flickering blue flames died down, the last red coal faded. When the chill morning light crept in through the curtains, she was still cowering before the dead fire. She saw that it was morning and stood up stiff and trembling. Her red dress looked old and faded in the merciless morning light and her passion of the last night seemed very far away. She dragged herself to the stairs and began to climb them wearily. "You coward, you coward," she murmured scornfully to herself as she went up.

Elise Donaldson, '09.

TO PAN

Alone of all the ancient gods, O Pan,
Eternal art thou, everlasting. Sing
Thy praises every age alike, O king
Of flocks and weary shepherds: part a man
And part a brute, with face of sun-burnt tan,
Shaggy hide, sparkling eyes. Around thee spring
Freshest blossoms, tenderest buds, vines that cling
To crags and wave their leaflets like a fan.
Poseidon lifts his dripping head no more
Above the tumbling foam. The sparrows fleet
Of Aphrodite fair are flown, and o'er
Olympus, gods no longer roam and mete
Their fates to men. The woods, the shore, the dale
Still echo to thy pipes, and ever will.

S. C. Allinson, '10.

EDITORIAL.

A new year has come for us; for one-fourth new in every sense, for the rest of us new in the different aspects of familiar problems. For there are always "left over" problems. And it is of one of these that we propose to speak at the outset, believing it has a first claim because it concerns the reputation of the College as well as the profit and pleasure of ourselves.

It is: as to our treatment of the various speakers who, during the year, at the invitation of the College authorities, of the religious organisations, and of the several College clubs, come to address us. We ask them for our benefit and not for theirs. Yet when we go to hear them we do it as though we were conferring a favour instead of receiving one. And they, expecting to address Bryn Mawr College, find themselves before an audience not half so large or so eager as that which crowds the side lines at a hockey game.

In brief, we vie with one another in getting the lectures and then do not attend them; at least only that bare handful attends which is driven by loyalty to the organization in charge.

There is the consideration of hospitality, which we, the trustees of the reputation of the College, owe to its guests. But quite aside from this there is the consideration of ourselves. What does our selfish interest demand? For enlightened self-interest may be given free rein in such questions.

Here are twenty or twenty-five men and women bringing to us from the outer world some word of learning or experience. They are not novices; nor mere students. They are men of note who have claimed the attention of the public. They have some message to give, and their themes are various. Have they not a right to an hour here and there out of our evenings? Can we not get more than an hour's profit for what we give?

"Oh, but the subject was the 'Spanish Drama,' and my course is Economics and Philosophy!"

An empty plea indeed, for no subject can be wholly detached from our required undergraduate course. From any subject intelligently dealt

with in lectures we cannot help gaining some useful hint or suggestion. Themes that differ as widely as *Non-mystical Religious Experience, Charities as a Profession, Representation in Art, Shakespeare's Predecessors* and *Esperanto;* or that range from the *Ninth Ward in Philadelphia* to the *Holy Places in Palestine* have some ground in common. Wherever there are roads there are cross-roads.

And it is no slight privilege to get the personality and the accent of men who are doing and thinking for the world at large, the personality which no book, written by them or about them, can give us.

But then there is the matter of time; we are busy, too busy. Now take the hours and moments that we spend in sheer idling, add them together, does the poor lecture hour touch a fraction of the whole?

Yet we stay away—unless drawn by a fellow feeling for the presiding officer or by the announcement that the address is to be followed by a reception.

"Les absents ont toujours tort." Not always, for in this very instance they have some right on their side. We grant that there are too many lectures and that the subjects are ill-assorted. There is no effort to combine forces and the forces are wasted. If we remedy these two defects; if the speakers are few and the few are given every advantage, then that which has become an obligation will again be a pleasure. The time will come when at every lecture two shall have to sit in one chair, instead of one being forced to "keep up appearances" by occupying two.

S. P.

All contributions to the Tipyn o'Bob should be handed in before the thirteenth of each month. Former contributions may be had on application to the Editor-in-Chief.

DULCI FISTULA

Loudly barked the sausage:—
  Mary trembled first;
Then she said, "It's Fido,
  Now I know the wurst!"

ELEANOR CLIFTON, '09.

THE HOCKEY SKIRT.

The Freshman neat knew that she'd find
  Her skirt a source of bliss.
And thought, how sad to be a grind
  And so its uses miss.
And in her young and ignorant mind
  She saw it hang like this.

She waited for the skirts to come
And welcomed loud the day
Which brought her tidy person some-
Thing short in which to play.
She tried it on but felt quite glum —
The skirt hung down this way.

She wore it regularly all fall,
As B. M. custom is.
To play a game or make a call.
A day 'twould rarely miss.
And now it has no shape at all,
But hangs right down like this.

CHARLOTTE SIMMONDS, '10.

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

'92. Annie Crosby Emery (Mrs. Francis Greenleaf Allison) was here for the laying of the corner-stone of the new gymnasium.

'97. Friedrika M. Heyl is warden of Merion Hall.
Anne Heath Thomas is assistant to Dr. Everitt.
Mary Gertrude Frost Packer has a daughter, born in July.

'98. Anna Delany Fry is Assistant Bursar of the College.

'99. Lilie Loshe is a reader in English.

'00. Maud Mary Lowrey is Secretary to President Thomas.
Grace Bowditch Campbell was married to Sidney Gorham Babson on the seventeenth of October.

'01. Eugenia Fowler has charge of Low Buildings this year.
Fannie Sinclair Woods has a second son, born on October sixth.
Caroline Daniels is engaged to Philip Moore, a graduate of the Institute of Technology.

Lelia Dyer visited College in October.

Marianna Buffum was married to Perry Hill last June.

'03. Gertrude E. Dietrich was married to Howard Knox Smith, of Washington, on September 29, 1908.

Dorothea Day was here for the opening of College.

'04. Phyllis Greene was married to Clifford Spence Anderson, of Worcester, Massachusetts, on October fifteenth.

Martha Rockwell has visited College recently.

'05. Isabel Adair Lynde has announced her engagement to Frank Dammon.

Alice Meigs was married early in July to Arthur Orr, who is in the diplomatic service in Berlin.

'06. Grace Wade was married to Earnest Levering, of Baltimore, on October second.

Susan Delano McKelvey has a son, born early in the summer.

Mary Richardson Wolcott has a daughter, the class baby, born this October.

Helen Haughwout was married to William E. Putnam, architect, in June.

Frances Simpson is to be married in December to Dr. George Pfahler, of Philadelphia.

Alice Colgan has announced her engagement to George Bommsteter.

Lucia Ford has been made secretary to Miss Jane Addams.

Jessie Hewitt is teaching at "The Villa," Athens, Georgia.

Helen Brown was married to Herbert Gibbons last summer, and is now in Turkey.

Visitors during this month have been: Helen Williston Smith, Esther White, Dorothy Congdon, Louise Fleischman, Laura Boyer, and Margaret Scribner.

'07. Anabella Richards is doing graduate work in Physics and Chemistry at Bryn Mawr.

Elizabeth Pope is teaching English at Wellesley.

Cornelia Meigs has started a girls' school in Keokuk, Iowa.

Recent visitors have been: Alice Hawkins, Margaret Putnam, and Mary Fabian.

'08. Lydia Sharpless, Helen Cadbury, Jacqueline Morris, Melaine Atherton, Louise Hyman, Louise Congdon, Anna Welles, Edith Chambers, Olive Kelly, Sarah Goldsmith, Ethel Vick, Annie Jackson, Emily Fox, and Marjorie Young have all visited the College this fall.

Lydia Sharpless is teaching at Wyckham Rise.

Martha Plaisted is an instructor of English at Sweet Briar College, Virginia.

The engagement of Edith Chambers to Edgar Rhoads has been announced.

Ethelinda Schaefer is to be married to Alfred Castle in November.

Mary Stevens Hammond has a daughter, born in June.

Caroline Alexander McCook was married to John Junius Morgan on October sixth. They will live in London.

'09. Margaret Latta Groebel has a daughter, born in August.

Emily Lawrence was married to Roland Smith on the seventeenth of June.

'10. Gertrude Erbsloeh was married to Otto Müller on October the seventh.

COLLEGE NOTES.

The new members of the Faculty this year are: Dr. M. Katharine Jackson, Lecturer in English Literature; Dr. Lillie Deming Loshe, Reader in English; Dr. William H. Allison, Associate in History; Mr. Asa Russell Gifford, Reader in Philosophy; Dr. Virginia Ragsdale, Reader in Mathematics, and Mr. Chester Albert Reeds, who is Lecturer in Geology.

On the morning of Wednesday, September thirtieth, the work of the twenty-fourth academic year began, at a quarter to nine o'clock, with a larger entering class than has yet appeared under the "twenty point rule." The preparatory schools are evidently equal to the emergency of the rising Bryn Mawr standard.

Tuesday evening, September twenty-ninth, saw the Freshmen gathered for their first meeting in the unknown depths of the Baldwin School building, where Mary Peirce was elected chairman by the unanimous

vote of an unusually large assembly, quite uninterrupted by the Class of 1911. The Sophomores, however, were compensated on Rush Night, September thirtieth, when certain of them enjoyed a protracted and unmolested sojourn in the Freshmen's line. Their brethren, picturesquely attired as Pierrots, in peaked caps and crisp ruffs, lent a note of dancing white to the uproarious occasion.

The Association for Self-Government held its first meeting in the Assembly Room on October first. The constitution was read and the students were addressed on the nature and aim of the association.

On the following day the Undergraduate Association held its first meeting, and on October fifteenth a second. At the latter new arrangements for Lantern Night were proposed by 1911, and the association voted to assume responsibility for the payment of the sum necessary to secure better accommodations for spectators. It is expected, however, that this expense will be met, in large part at least, by charging ten cents admission to the ceremony in the cloister.

The first College fortnightly sermon was preached on September thirtieth by Dr. Barton.

The Seniors have been particularly blessed with mild Indian summer evenings that make singing on the steps an irresistible pleasure rather than a necessary ceremony.

The first Christian Union service was held in Chapel on October seventh. Leone Robinson spoke on the Purposes of the Union.

The reception given by the Union to the new students was held in Rockefeller Hall on October second. After President Thomas' address of welcome, Leone Robinson, President of the Christian Union, spoke very interestingly of the past work of the Union and its plans for the year. This was followed first by Miss Applebee's address on athletics, and then by talks on the Self-Government Association and the Undergraduate Association, by the respective presidents of these organizations, Frances Browne and Mary Nearing.

On October fourteenth Dr. Floyd W. Tomkins, rector of Trinity Church, Philadelphia, preached the College sermon.

The marriage of Miss Helen Schaeffer to Dr. William B. Huff took place on the eighth of August, 1908.

The Senior Reception to the Freshmen took place on Friday night, October sixteenth, in Rockefeller Hall. The drawing room, decorated

with autumn leaves and garlands of honeysuckle, made a festive setting to the rainbow-hued throng. The evening was whiled away delightfully, with conversation, refreshments, and a varied assortment of stunts produced by the local talent of both classes.

ATHLETIC NOTES.

Hockey is, as usual, all "the go" this fall. The credit belongs to Miss Applebee, to the weather, and to the new inspiration which has come from England in the persons of three Newnham players. The Freshmen are most enthusiastic; they have not yet, of course, elected their captains, but Karin Costelloe, Elizabeth Pinney and Carmelita Chase are acting as temporary managers.

In the other classes the captains are: 1909, Mary Nearing; 1910, Marion Kirk; 1911, Leila Houghteling.

The tennis matches for class championship are just closing, so that in most cases the class teams are not yet decided upon. The captains are Marie Belleville, Elisabeth Swift, and Molly Kilner, and Elizabeth Johnson is manager for 1912.

On Thursday afternoon, October fifteenth, the laying of the cornerstone of the new gymnasium took place. From a platform erected at one corner of the half-finished building the speakers addressed an audience composed of the Directors of the College, many of the Faculty, the subscribers to the fund, other guests and all the undergraduates in cap and gown. President Thomas was unable to speak on account of a cold, so Miss Applebee in her place opened the proceedings and afterwards introduced each of the speakers. Mr. Alba B. Johnson next spoke on behalf of his eleven fellow donors, making an especial point of the need of our exerting an influence not only for physical but for moral improvement on those beyond our walls. Marjorie Young, 1908, as the President of last year's Athletic Association, then gave a diverting account of the former gymnasium and of the struggles of the Fund Committee to raise the $21,000 necessary to starting starting a new one. Cynthia Wesson, 1909, pictured the advantages which the new building will bring and represented the present Athletic

Association in thanking President Thomas, the donors and Miss Applebee for making the new gymnasium possible for us. Mr. De Forrest and Mr. Soule, the two architects of the building, and Mr. Barnes, the contractor, were presented to us. Miss Young then sealed in the corner-stone the subscription box and various pictures and papers of interest. While the stone was being soldered, the students sang one or two songs; and after Cynthia Wesson had tapped the stone in place with the trowel which was used at the laying of the Library corner-stone, the students cheered. Then refreshments were served in front of Radnor; and we had time to realize that the promise of last spring has come true;—that the old gymnasium is gone forever, and that the new one has reached its second story.

RUSH SONG, 1912.

Tune: Princeton Cannon March.

Work hard for Nineteen-twelve
We are the class that's going to win;
Though youngest of the lines
We can fight with lots of vim.
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Make light blue win the night,
Don't let the others bluff you out.
We're the best
Let the rest
Give a guess at the zest
In the class of twelve.

Words by Elizabeth Pinney.

REPLY OF 1911 TO 1912.

Tune: Princeton Cannon Song.

Here comes our baby class,
All in their little baby line;
It's a mighty nice young tune they've got,
Don't you see, we also think it's fine.
Hah, hah, hah.

Now, dears, perhaps you'll learn
  To look out for your Sophomores;
And the next time you tell
Things in confidence,—well
  Just close the doors.

1912 CLASS SONG.

I.

Words by Lorle I. Stecher. Music: Handel's "Lascia ch'io pianga."

Bryn Mawr we worship thee as an oak tree,
Mighty and everlasting, majestic, benign.
We come from East and West, thy priestesses confessed,
Thy spirit we adore.
Spread thou thy branches, as in past ages;
Grant us thy benediction, thy class of 1912.

II.

Spirit eternal, guide thou us ever,
E'en though we be far distant from thy sacred shrine.
In midst of noise and strife, recall to us our life
In thy protecting shade.
Keep for us ever friends thou hast given;
Grant us thy benediction, thy class of 1912.

1912 CHEER.

Te solam amamus,
Te solam laudamus,
Pro te laboramus
Bryn Mawr, 1912.

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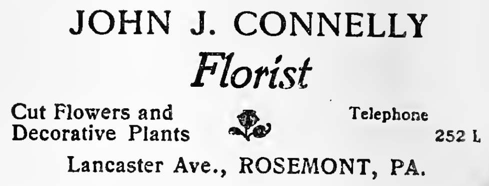

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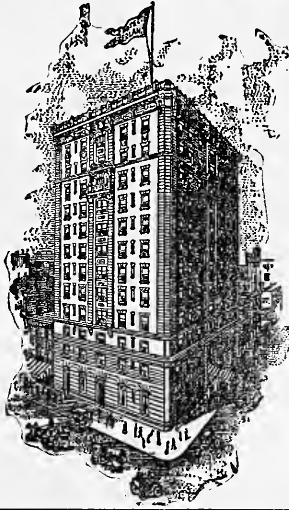

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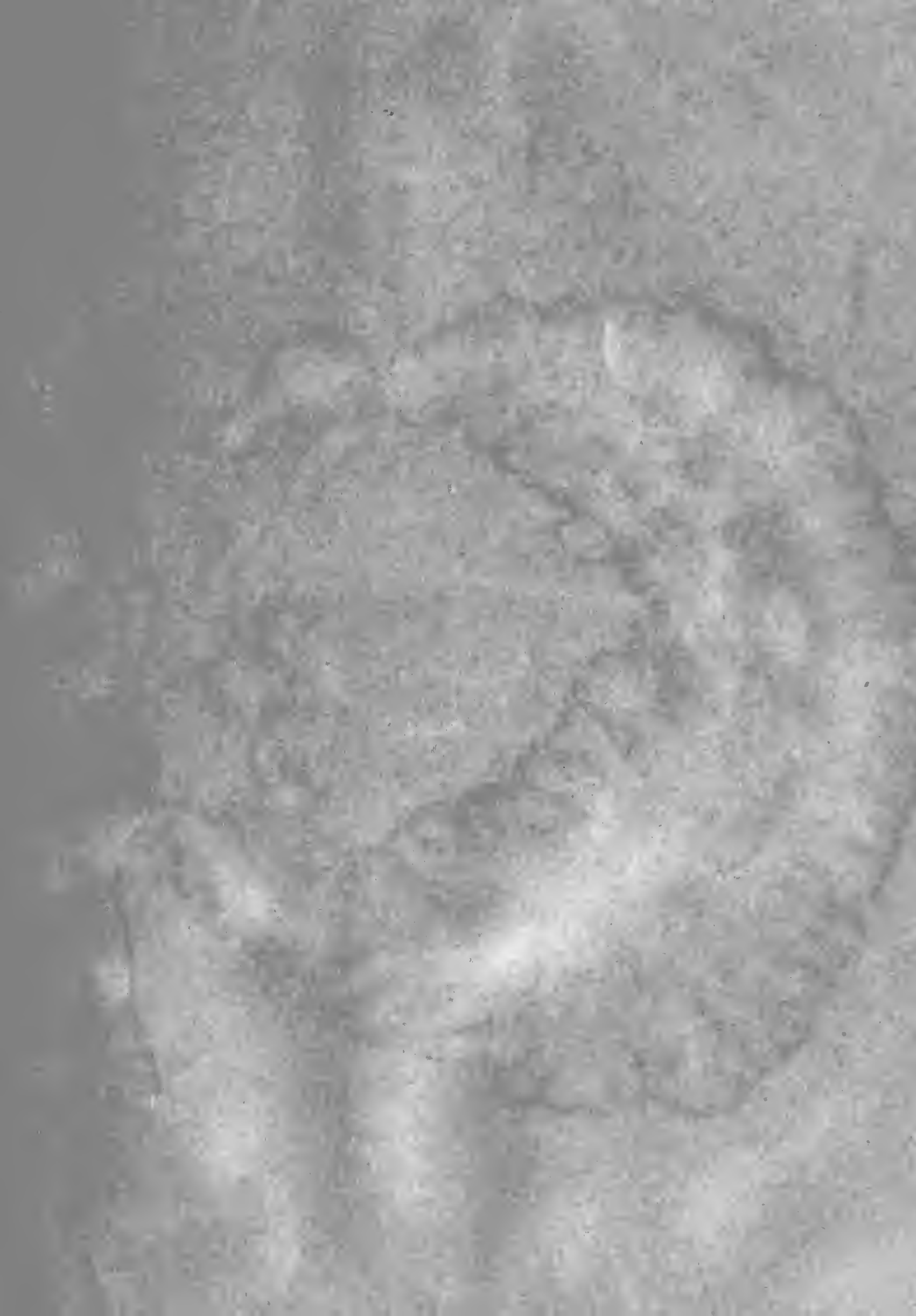

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Contents

		PAGE
In Defence of Prejudices	Marion Crane, '11	1
Snow On the Mountain	Shirley Putnam, '09	4
The Choice	Helen Townsend Scott, 09	4
A Fetish	Barbara Spofford, '09	11
Autumn	Agnes Lawrence Murray, '11	12
The College Equal Suffrage League	Mary Whitall Worthington, '10	13
The Value of Mr. Whiting's Music Course	Ethel Parrish, '01	15
A Happy Life	Charlotte Isabel Claflin, '11	16
Editorial		16
Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme		18
The Junior Banner Play		19
Dulci Fistula		21
Alumnae Notes		24
College Notes		25
Athletic Notes		29
Songs		30

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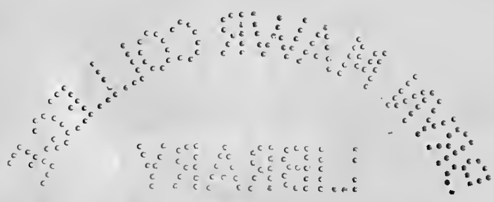

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IN DEFENCE OF PREJUDICES.

It is the fate of most of us, especially in the days of our youth, to be attacked by our solicitous elders for our prejudices. The young are accustomed to accept the criticisms of age with a silent good grace born of respect for experience, and, for this reason, we have come to look upon our prejudices as nothing more than indications of ignorance, even as actual sins which must be conquered. But in the course of struggle with some of my most deeply-rooted antipathies and preferences, I have turned heretic, and have charged experience with a certain large and dampening indifference which is an untrustworthy censor for eager activity of any sort. Under cover of this heresy, I have developed a defence for prejudices.

We are all familiar with examples of the prejudice proper,—the whimsical dislike or preference, which, having no foundation in universal reason, arises wholly from our confidence in our own judgment. I myself have a formidable list of antipathies which increase materially the difficulties of my existence, but which I nevertheless foster with great energy. For instance, I am violently opposed to card playing, on grounds not moral, but entirely personal. Although many of my acquaintances are eager partisans of this gentle sport, I continue to regard it as involving an effort of thought quite opposed to the spirit of recreation, and I refuse to acquire the skill which might make me an ardent advocate of bridge whist. Because of a somewhat similar mental inertia I am always seen to flee precipitately before a person who is noted as a propounder of puzzles, conundrums, enigmas, and all of the similar small mental irritants which pass the time so pleasantly for many good people. These, however, are among my more reasonable prejudices, if I may be permitted to qualify them so paradoxically. I will confess that my eyes are offended by the sight of dainty, French-heeled, pointed slippers; that I cannot bear under any circumstances to listen to anyone who is reading aloud; and that I am infuriated by the mere idea of untying knots in a bit of string. My preferences, on the other hand, are not less decided. I am an immoderate admirer of a certain very vivid blue, and insist on wearing it and surrounding myself with it, even to the exclusion of other shades of the same color. The odor of new books, and indeed, of fresh paper of any kind, has a strong attraction for me, and I am prepossessed in favor of certain words, which I use on every occasion merely for the sake of their sound. But it were useless to enumerate further, since every free and independent person can complete or alter the list for himself.

It is in relation to the individual that prejudices do their first service, —by distinguishing one individual from another. Even presupposing the possibility of a colossal indifference to "the pairs of opposites," what, in the resulting absence of antipathies and preferences, would become of the pleasant pattern traced by different tastes on the universal sameness of human nature? Instead of a kaleidoscope of ordered like and unlike, the universe would be Nirvana, where individuality cannot survive. To a prejudiced world, the very thought of this featureless harmony is horrible, and heaven is a congenial environment whose limits can never be too intangible to exclude individual antipathies.

On the other hand, man wishes to be neighbour with those whose tastes agree with his, and because of this desire, prejudice becomes a social organizer, in a large sense a director of friendship and love. And, as it performs a social use, so also it serves an economic end. If all the world should suddenly be seized with an antipathy against untying knots, there would be at once an economic waste of string, under the blades of millions of ruthless pocket-knives.

Besides these very definite services of our prejudices to the general organization of society, they are found to perform a great use in its highest development. Consider our convictions,—political, moral, spiritual,—what are they but opinions, theories, supported by evidence of greater or less weight, but made our own by an internal assurance which to the doubter is nothing less than prejudice? History proves how mankind is civilised, inspired, by conviction. Political conviction is patriotism, which, making heroes out of the common sort, sends them to brave, remembered deaths. Allegiance to principle, even though it be a mistaken principle, strengthens a man to endure physical torture, and the bitter pain of misunderstanding. Loyalty to spiritual ideals is a worker of high miracles. It transformed Joan of Arc from a humble peasant maiden into a splendid victorious warrior and leader of men. Out of a careless, dissolute youth, it fashioned St. Francis of Assisi, and gave to the Church his gospel of poverty and good works as an everlasting heritage. With the fatal broad-mindedness of our day, we look upon such a man as a mistaken fanatic. If St. Francis had lived in this generation, we should have branded him for his ignorance in serving any one system of doctrine, and for his failure to realise that to live without possessions and solely for others is to be impractical and one-sided. But St. Francis was canonised by a grateful world before it had acquired the capacity for looking on all sides of a question. Nowadays, alas, most men are "open-minded": no strong conviction can find even a temporary abiding place in the average consciousness, and, as a consequence, the age lacks high spiritual inspiration.

Prejudice, as the determining factor in conviction, is individualism, faith in ourselves. Let us but enlist this sublime egotism in some great social cause, and we are enabled to lift high a new ideal for all the world, by its unwearied strength.

MARION CRANE, '11.

SNOW ON THE MOUNTAIN.

Snow on the mountain;
Clouds curling upward
Trailing the night
O'er meadow and pinewood,
Slowly revealing
Cliffs gleaming white.

Snow on the mountain;
Breath of the river
Muddily swirling
Through valleys ever,
Rising in mist
Where clouds are unfurling.

Sun on the mountain;
Rocks once snow covered
Now are grown bleak.
Clear sky where hovered
Mists, now quick lifting
Sundering river and peak.

SHIRLEY PUTNAM, '09.

THE CHOICE.

In the green hill-country of Western Maryland is a settlement of Friends. The spirit of tranquillity characteristic of the members of this little community seems to pervade their dwellings also. The low gray houses, comfortably reposing in sheltered angles of the hill-slopes, are draped in the spreading boughs of apple-trees; all day there is a pleasant hum of bees from the tall holly-hocks in the gardens, and the grain in the ample fields is of so vivid and warm a gold that the sun seems to

shine up from the midst of them rather than down from the placid sky. On a lofty hill stands the home of John Rossiter, distinguished from the rest by an air of isolation and turbulence. The peach-trees at its door are the prey of winds that sweep high over the farms nearer the valley, and the summer rains spend their first fury upon its garden.

John Rossiter himself had always been moved by forces unknown to his neighbours. He had the strong will peculiar to the Rossiters: a decision once made he never changed, and if doubts of his conduct ever troubled him, he kept them shut in his own heart. This strength of character was combined, however, with a quality his neighbours considered a dangerous weakness. He had a singular tendency to yield to the impulse of the moment, and the impulses that assailed him were, to the sober people among whom his lot was cast, amazingly childish and unreasonable.

It was on a visit to a neighbouring town that John Rossiter saw the violin. His marriage to Patience Wayne, a former playmate, was soon to take place, and he was occupied with purchases that should make life in his great bare house more easy and pleasant. The rainbow gleam of the sun on a glass vase in the window of an antique-shop caught his eye, and, turning to see what it was that had sparkled so bravely, he saw the violin. It hung at the back of the deep window, above an array of glass, worn books, and dim old jewelry. It, too, was evidently old, for the smooth wood was so dark that he could barely distinguish the fine tracery of the veining. In its gracious curves there was something strangely suggestive of the harmonies it might yield, and John Rossiter, gazing at it, felt a sudden piercing desire to possess the silent thing. The violin could be of no possible use to him, reared, as he had been, in sober Quaker fashion, and accustomed to no music but the ripple of bird-songs, and the melancholy note of sheep-bells. He had heard, however, of other music. His mother, who had died when he was a child, had not been bred as a Quaker, and she had told him, while his father drowsed at the fire, of tunes like fairy-laughter, that filled one's heart with joy. She had ended all such tales, to be sure, with talks about the vanity of such things, and the sinfulness they fostered, but her warnings had quite faded from his mind, and he remembered only the eagerness of her lowered voice, and the dreamy smile in her eyes. Now he stood before a thing that could give forth just such sounds as she had told him of, and

he felt, of a sudden, that his life had been bare and silent. Everywhere in the world was music; he alone had been shut off among the vague sounds of nature,—the wind in the trees, and the long hum of summer noons. There was a streak of frivolity in John Rossiter, and, as he gazed at the violin, his imagination began to weave for him pictures that would have amazed the people of the gray meeting-house in the hills. He saw the fairies his mother had told him of, dancing in the moonlight, and heard their airy singing. Then his mind flew to the east, and he saw veiled forms rhythmically swaying in a cloud of perfumes, to the fantastic strains of unknown instruments. He realised that he was being tempted by the devil. It was the devil who gave to the worn old violin the charm of a world of brighter hues than the one he knew. He could not use the violin, however; for him it would always be silent, and surely his soul could not be stained by its mere possession. At this thought, a wave of pleasure surged over him. He began to talk under his breath, arguing the matter with an eager satisfaction, as he felt his uneasiness lessening. It was a small thing for the majesty of Hell to occupy itself with, an instrument that had been relegated to a shop of old trinkets that no sensible person desired. Perhaps there was no music in the violin; he could see that one of its strings was broken and had curled up as if scorched, and that there were cracks in the wood. There could be no more sin in it than in a flask, all the wine of which had been drunk long ago. To own the broken and neglected thing might even be a positive benefit to his soul: it would be a reminder to him of the vanity of pleasure. When his mind had reached this conclusion, John Rossiter turned, and with firm steps entered the shop. He inquired the price of the shopkeeper, who stared curiously at his long, straight coat and broad-brimmed Quaker hat, and placed the small sum on the counter with a gesture that had in it a kind of exultation.

On the journey back to his home, John Rossiter made no attempt to conceal the violin. He had done what his soul now found no fault with, and the dread of public opinion was not in his nature. Sensible people did not pry into their neighbours' affairs, and for the thoughts of people who were not sensible he had only contempt. As he walked up the road from the station, John felt entirely at peace. In the sky the sunset-colours had faded; blue shadows had begun to gather over the wheat-fields, and a multitude of crickets were singing. Altogether it was a

pleasant world, and to-night he would see Patience. They would walk up a certain lofty hill, from the top of which one seemed to gaze into a sea of moonlight—at this point he gave a sudden groan of annoyance, for, coming down the hill at a quick little trot, he saw Patience's aunt. Friend Susan Wayne was not one of the people John called sensible. She was a tiny old lady, with sharp, bright eyes, and a high, eager voice, and she had a reputation for curiosity and tale-bearing. When she saw him, she made a quick little rush toward him, and stood, holding him by the lapel of his coat, in a flutter of shrill questioning.

"Well, John Rossiter, and so thee has returned. Is thee coming to our house this evening? Did thee buy the blue plates Patience wanted?"

She turned with an inquisitive stare at the bundles with which he was laden, then cried out sharply:

"Why, John Rossiter, what a queer package under thy right arm! If thee were not a good Friend, I should say that was a sinful instrument of music—why, it is a violin!"

The old lady dropped his coat-lapel, and stared at him with horror and excitement in her eyes.

"Yes, Friend Susan," said John, in great vexation, "it is a violin."

He had no time to explain matters, even if he had wished to do so, for the old lady, with a gasp, turned from him and trotted at full speed down the hill.

John Rossiter was up and busy in his garden early the next morning, watering his flowers. The irregular lines of the far-off hills had disappeared behind a mist that made it difficult to tell where the chill softness of the gray sky ended. The air was full of cool fragrance, and the plant-leaves were weighed down with their treasure of dew-drops. In spite of these suggestions of past and coming rain, John Rossiter went with careful steps along the trim beds, and poured superfluous showers from a great watering-can upon the already dripping blossoms. He had spent an unquiet night, and was still too disturbed in mind for his usual work; he knew, moreover, that there was a chance of Patience's going along the road below the garden, and he felt that he must see her. The thought of his purchase of yesterday had haunted him, the night before, through hours of unaccustomed wakefulness. Friend Susan Wayne had recoiled in horror from him and his possible explanations, and, that evening, Patience had refused to see him. She had sent word, it was true, that she was ill,

but he had heard the unusual sound of arguing voices from the back part of the house, and had walked home in the blue dusk depressed with a sick premonition of coming evil. He had no prickings of conscience about the violin; what worried him was that he now saw how different his neighbours' view of the matter would be from his on. He seemed curiously unable, moreover, to frame an explanation of his conduct, even to himself, and this fact made him realise, with a shock of surprise, how powerless he would be to justify himself to others. Now, however, he was too tired for any thought but an idle wonder why it was that, behind the Stars-of-Bethlehem in his garden, like Quakers in gray, there had been planted a row of Bleeding Hearts.

"John! John Rossiter! come to the wall. I wish to speak to thee."

The sound of Patience's voice made him put down his watering-can in haste and run to the wall, below which she stood, slender and gray, like a Star of Bethlehem.

"John, why did thee buy that violin?"

Patience was given only to the highways of speech.

"Why?" He suddenly felt himself helpless and awkward, like a reproved child, in the gaze of her questioning eyes.

"I saw it in the city, in a window of old books and glass, such worn, broken things, Patience, no one would have wanted them."

"Well?" she prompted.

"The sun was shining on it, and I thought of all the people to whom it had once given joy."

"John Rossiter, has thee lost thy senses?" she exclaimed in amazement; but it was his turn to question.

"Whom has thy aunt told of the violin beside thyself, Patience?"

"My father, and he has told the elders. It was his duty," she added, in reply to the anger in his eyes, and he noticed, for the first time, the firmness of her delicate mouth.

"My money is my own," he answered, with heat, "and if I spend it for a useless thing, the neighbours are not injured."

"But, John!" she protested, "thee knows a true Friend may have no music in his house."

"There is no music in the violin, Patience. It is old, a shell of soulless wood, and though it was once put to a sinful use, there can be no wrong in it now."

"But thee bought it for the music that used to be in it, John. 'The people to whom it had once given joy!' That joy was sinful, and thee is indulging thyself in a sinful pleasure in keeping it in thy house."

"And thee is worrying thyself over a trifle, like thy silly aunt."

Her face paled. "I can never marry a man who cares for the things of the world," she retorted, "or who speaks against my relations."

"Patience!" But she was walking swiftly down the road, and he was too vexed to follow her.

All the years of his past life seemed scarcely so long to John Rossiter as this one day, so badly begun. The storm the mist had prophesied came soon, with a heavy fall of rain, and a wandering wind that lashed the dripping branches against the window of the room where he had taken shelter. He had hung the violin in this same room, and now he sat gazing at it, faintly outlined in the shadow. He was filled with a kind of grim amusement at his situation. The most serious trouble of his life had been brought upon him by this inanimate thing, the fancy of a moment. Patience had refused to marry him, and, in all probability he would be called upon to explain his conduct in to-morrow's meeting; for the next day would be the Sabbath. The only possible thing to do would be to acknowledge his trespass and burn the objectionable violin. When he thought of doing so, however, he grew hot with anger. His conscience told him that he had committed no sin, and the habit of truth-telling was strong in him. Should he utter a lie in the meeting-house, where for years he had sat in prayer? Should he, a man, submit like a child to a decision with which he did not agree? The violin, desired yesterday because it represented the poetry and charm of a different world, now seemed precious to him, because it stood for the independence of his manhood, for his right to govern his life in his own way. As he looked at the battered thing, he felt a kind of exaltation, in which even Patience was forgotten; and thus he sat all that day.

The meeting-house stood in a hollow, beneath an arch of branches so thick that there seemed always a green light upon it. All around its stone severity was a delicate tangle of shooting and clambering weeds, and the robins built their nests under its mossy eaves. On the following morning, the yard before its door was filled with agitated Friends, excitedly discussing John Rossiter and his strange purchase. Then a hush fell upon them, as the subject of their talk, pale, but with his head

held high, went past them into the meeting-house. John's entrance was the signal for a general ingress, and soon the men were seated on one side of the building, the women on the other, all silent in the green light that came through the unshaded windows. For a time they sat in a stillness that, to John Rossiter, seemed to throb like a great heart. Then an aged Quaker rose, and stated the sad fact that had come to the notice of the community: that a young Friend, who sat even now among them, John Rossiter, had bought in the town an instrument of music; he must certainly know that such a thing was unsuitable for the house of a true Friend; what had he to say for himself? John Rossiter arose and stood, with the eyes of the community upon him, facing the aged Friend. The exaltation of yesterday had departed from him, leaving him curiously weary and indifferent. What use was there in trying to explain? They would not understand, any more than Patience, who sat rigid, gazing straight before her. One thing he kept repeating to himself, however, the sole definite thought he had: he must not yield, like a child—he must not yield. Then he began to speak, the long echoes repeating his words in varied tones of exclamation and comment. "It is even as Friend Matthews has said. I have bought a violin, so old and broken, Satan himself could bring no music from it. It does no harm to my soul,"—yesterday's anger was rising in him,—"and if it did, that is my own affair, and not my neighbours'."

There was a rustle of excitement all over the meeting-house at these words. Then Friend Matthews arose.

"Thee refuses to destroy this devil's toy?"

"I refuse to be reproved and directed like a child."

"Thee knows what happens if thee rejects the bidding of the people? Thee must leave the church of thy fathers, and be among thy fathers' people as one dead in his grave."

John looked about the meeting-house. On all sides the faces upturned to him were full of hostility and indignation. He looked out of the window, upon his distant house standing solitary; then upon Patience, but she sat as if cut in stone. Turning, he walked in silence out of the meeting-house, to his lonely home on the hill.

HELEN TOWNSEND SCOTT, '09.

A FETISH.

One of the faults on which a very great many people appear to pride themselves nowadays is a certain fascinating unconventionality. With our great publicity, we are acquainted with the manners and customs of successful men and women almost as if we knew them personally; and when we see them in many cases cast convention to the winds, we take the detail for the substance, and imitate what is most obvious, the unconventionality. For it is the unconventionality of small things which is in vogue, the startling remark, the striking effect, the outrageous joke. Unconventionality in vital things is genius, but unconventionality in form is cheap. That defiance of conventions which prevails is, for all its admired boldness, less hard and less brave than conforming to received standards. Quite dashing, for instance, do many people think unconventionality in morals, and argue that some bold spirits in every age must forge ahead. But when people reason in that way, and dissent for the sake of dissenting, it may be safely inferred that they accomplish no road breaking, but merely achieve bad manners. Telling lies, for instance, is regarded as rather untrammelled and spirited:—the "good honest lie" is a war-cry which few dare to challenge. Speaking broadly, it is cowardly to lie if you gain anything by it, and to find no other means of entertaining is stupid. It is not by such easy unconventionality, which is not pioneering but degenerating, that progress is made.

Under other forms beside, unconventionality spreads its snare. The Bohemian life, the type of unconventionality of form, is but the reverse side of the shield which artistic novices and masters turn to the world. It was once considered indispensable to the true artist's life, the necessary apology for genius; but now that it is pursued as an end in itself, as the *dolce far niente* of nothing at all, it is being gradually abandoned even by those whom it befits. Bohemianism is the chaff of art, and not its kernel. And so it goes, throughout the various phases of life. The unconventionality which appeals to people in general, that of the surface, is worth nothing. Unconventionality, pursued as such, is the most conventional of things, because its defiance of certain forms is as fixed as the form itself; while the real unconventionality is unconscious, and is quite incidental to the pursuit of objects and ideals. When it makes for

progress, it hews its way through blind faiths and cherished hypocrisies, and its reward is never from without. We know, all of us, what we call conventional, and our definitions would only be a string of examples. But in setting up our own standards of what conventions to defy, we stand in danger of being ineffective and rude. A meaningless form may fill a void which would ache in its absence, for, while true unconventionality is hard, pseudo unconventionality is tawdry. We are most of us average people,—indeed it is our secret belief in our own differences that makes us average—and the great body of us has inherited certain forms and ways of thought, certain crystallised experiments, which we keep for mutual convenience. Let us then use the shorthand of life without too much questioning over time-saving devices. As it is beneath all of us to pursue unconventionality for its own sake, so it is beyond the scheme of most of us boldly to break out into the open.

BARBARA SPOFFORD, '09.

AUTUMN.

I wander in the leaves and wind-bent rushes,—
  The spirit of the falling of the year.
A fever glow my cheeks with colour flushes
  Which e'en the wind, sharp-piercing, cannot chill.

I am the unrest of youth, half-felt yet real,
  The longing for a broad horizon line,—
For hill top spaces, whence the vague ideal
  Is seen in purer air, in clearer light.

I am the impatience of old age, acclaiming
  The end of life which now is close at hand
Like dying embers, blown to a last flaming
  By the same wind which leaves them dull and gray.

Borne on in whirl of dead leaves ever turning,
Spirit of longing unfulfilled, I roam.—
Till snows of winter still my fever's burning,
And I can rest, my yearning satisfied.

AGNES LAURENCE MURRAY, '11.

THE COLLEGE EQUAL SUFFRAGE CHAPTER.

The fortieth annual convention of the National American Woman Suffrage Association was held at Buffalo from October fifteenth to twenty-first. Though the convention as a whole was very important and significant to anyone interested in obtaining the suffrage for women, it was more especially important to us because, at this meeting, the College Equal Suffrage League was, for the first time, established as an organized association of college women. It was to attend this first meeting of the Equal Suffrage League that Mary Worthington was sent as a delegate from the Bryn Mawr College Chapter. Representing Bryn Mawr also were President Thomas, Dean Reilly, Miss Garrett, and two graduate students, Miss Eleanor Rendel and Miss Ray Costelloe.

The delegates to the convention had their headquarters at the Lenox Hotel, and the meetings were held, for the first few evenings, in the Y. M. C. A., but, owing to the large attendance, on and after Saturday, October seventeenth, they were held in a much larger hall.

We were in time for the meeting on the evening of Friday, October sixteenth, when the twelve resolutions included in the Declaration of Rights ratified by the first woman suffrage convention at Seneca Falls, in 1848, were spoken on by twelve different speakers, each speaker taking up one resolution.

On the morning of Saturday, October seventeenth, the first meeting of the College Equal Suffrage League was held, including representatives from different state college equal suffrage leagues and two delegates from two college equal suffrage chapters. There were eleven states represented by delegates. Mrs. Hand Wood Park presided in place of President Thomas, who could not use her voice. The meeting was entirely executive. A constitution was adopted and officers were elected.

President M. Carey Thomas, of Bryn Mawr, was elected President of the College Equal Suffrage League.

The Twentieth Century Club then gave us a delightful luncheon, and at three o'clock there was another meeting to hear the report of the delegates. The reports were very encouraging, considering that these equal suffrage leagues have been organized so very recently.

There was an enormous audience on Saturday evening—college evening as it was called. The whole hall was crowded. It seemed as if Buffalo had turned out to hear what college women had to say about the suffrage. I wish I could give you some idea of the speeches; they were most admirable. Mrs. Hand Wood Park presided over the meeting. Dean Sophonisba P. Breckenridge, of the University of Chicago; Professor Frances Squire Potter, of the University of Minnesota; Miss Lexow, a graduate of Barnard; Miss Ray Costelloe, a graduate of Newnham College, England, and President M. Carey Thomas spoke. It was a most enthusiastic and appreciative audience, and, judging by the murmurs of admiration that I heard round me, was fully persuaded of the effect of a college education. This meeting made me feel more than did anything else that I heard at the convention that the suffrage was coming, and it was as ineffectual to try and stop it as to try and dam the onrush of the waters at Niagara.

It was also encouraging to find, on coming back to Bryn Mawr, that the interest in the suffrage has increased this year. The membership of the College Equal Suffrage League is, as far as can be estimated, about one hundred and forty, which is a very large number for the beginning of a year, when last year's Seniors have withdrawn their names and this year's Freshmen have not yet rid themselves of their conservative prejudices.

The first formal meeting of the chapter was held on Saturday, November seventh, when Mrs. Philip Snowdon, of England, addressed a large meeting on the suffrage movement in England. Most of you heard her; those of you who did not, heard of her, for she made a most admirable and spirited speech. She explained very clearly the position of the English Suffragettes, though she herself is on the Executive Committee of the more conservative suffrage association, the English "National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies."

A thing that some of us note with encouragement and pleasure is the [illegible]

formation of an Anti-Suffrage Society. We feel that if only we can get up an interest in the subject, if we are not met on every hand by a dead load of indifference to one of the most important subjects that our generation has to deal with, that joining the Bryn Mawr College Chapter of the College Women's Equal Suffrage League will become as general and accepted a thing as joining the Athletic Association or the Christian Union.

MARY WHITALL WORTHINGTON, '10.

THE VALUE OF MR. WHITING'S MUSIC COURSE.

There is no longer any doubt concerning our appreciation of Mr. Whiting's recitals since the first of the five concerts has taken place and was so enthusiastically attended on November the twentieth. As an introduction this letter is no longer necessary; as an explanation it will be of interest.

TO THE EDITOR:

That there will ever be a department of music at Bryn Mawr, with a place in the college curriculum, is doubtful. It is, moreover, open to question whether such a department can profitably be attached to a college.

The demands of a technical training in any art are so exacting that students who have talent enough to wish seriously to pursue music or painting will find their best opportunity for such an education in the foreign or American art and music schools.

There is, however, a borderland where an academic and artistic education can meet, where the former has something to gain through an intelligent understanding of the latter. Most of the universities have courses in æsthetics, in which the history of art is taught, and a knowledge and appreciation of the principles of painting, sculpture and architecture can be gained.

Believing that an acquaintance of this kind with what is best in music is a no less important part of a liberal education, Mr. Whiting has made himself the foremost American exponent in this field, and has designed a course that effectively meets the needs of college students

who, while they neither play nor sing, are yet eager to hear music and to learn to discriminate on another basis than that of "knowing what I like." For good listeners, unlike geniuses, are made, not born, and no one who has been fortunate enough to early acquire a taste for the best music can fail to recognise in it a source of deep and lasting enjoyment and inspiration.

Mr. Whiting gave his college course last winter for the first time at Harvard and Princeton, where the recitals were enthusiastically received by large and attentive audiences of undergraduates. Let us hope that his welcome from Bryn Mawr will be no less cordial.

ETHEL PARRISH, '01.

A HAPPY LIFE.

Now counts Antonius, in placid age,
His threescore blameless years, and, looking back
On days bygone and seasons safely locked
Within the guarded treasury of the past,
Fears not the Lethean waters now at hand.
In memories like his no day is dark,
None weighted with vain grief; he never saw
The hour that he would fain forget. Ah, thus
The good increase their span; 'tis living twice
To live a life remembered with content.

From the Latin of Martial by C. I. CLAFLIN, '11.

EDITORIAL.

Never, I have come to believe—through hearsay partly and partly through experience—is the charm of collegiate life felt so keenly by us as before we have come to college and after we have left. The vision of the alumna and sub-freshman alike approaches in harmony an "arch-

type" of college of an almost perfect ideality; while we who are in college, inhabiting the vision and realising the ideal are—most of us—but partly aware that there is any charm at all.

In the pre-collegiate view it was the romantic aspect of college that formed the substance of this ideal. What the post-collegiate attraction is *we* naturally cannot tell yet, but since the charm is more potent at a distance it is, in all probability, some variation of the same idea. For Romance has a fatal habit of disappearing when one gets close to the form it envelops. "Travelling in Italy!" What opening prospects of romantic adventure! And yet we or our friends come back quite sophisticated, and we or our friends who did not go feel sure that we could have managed much better. Battles and weddings, which everyone believes in his heart are the most romantic things in this world, somehow to soldiers and married people seem quite practical. We can almost imagine knights-errant with rescued maidens on their saddle-bow jogging along much as do ladies and gentlemen whose automobile has broken down. It is discouraging to think that Fair Rosamond may have reached out her hand for the queen's poison-cup without a notion of the dramatic pathos of her situation, and even sadder to consider that it is possible that Cœur de Lion, the very King of Romance, fought valiantly with the cross upon his shoulder, languished in dungeons, was rescued by minstrels, rode home to England a wanderer and disinherited, all without the glimmer of an idea that he was cutting a most romantic figure. Emerson says somewhere (in effect) that every ship is strange and wonderful except the one we happen to be sailing in.

The supple evasiveness of Romance almost tempts us to believe it the aureole of unreality, something not to be seen with eyes or touched with hands. Fortunately for us, however, some persistently imaginative people have proved this position quite untenable, not only by finding our precious, intangible romance, but by finding it anywhere and everywhere. They contend that with a small effort of the imagination shop-girls may make princesses of themselves and bank-clerks poets. At times, we think, they must have rather a struggle to keep up the delusion, there is so little reality to back them.

Romance is possible even when founded on fancy alone, but with a foundation of material loveliness it should be inevitable. In this we are peculiarly blessed. Our surroundings lend themselves to our most

ardent imaginings. We do not mean that college is another Camelot or that our "casements" open

"on the foam
Of perilous seas, in fairy lands forlorn,"

but here, more than in the world at large, life is "old world," bound up with traditions both scholarly and æsthetic. Our days are spent as poets have desired to spend theirs, amid quiet landscapes and beautiful buildings, the noise and trouble of the world far removed. In scholars' gowns we listen to discourses on Science and Philosophy; we read Horace, and Homer, and Euripides; at twilight we may hear the fountain splashing in the cloister quadrangle or watch the moon float up behind dark and turreted towers. But what do we gain though we live in conditions as romantic as those of the Princess Ida's college, if we do not realise it? Let us take care that, through a literalness of mind, romance does not slip between our fingers, leaving us without that most pleasurable habit, the conscious recognition of the drama of life.

G. B.

LE BOURGEOIS GENTILHOMME.

Although Bryn Mawr has seen Shakespeare, Pinero, Rostand on its stage, 1911 is the first Sophomore class which has attempted to reproduce Molière. They chose *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme,* and we cannot imagine any one of his plays that would have been more delightful to watch and to remember having seen.

The humour of the play was brought out with the greatest delicacy, without a touch of burlesque, the lighter scenes gave the true illusion of courtly grace and charm. The "team work" was admirable, every part being well adapted and sustained. We admire especially the two actors who had to change in a flash from one rôle to another, Miss Prussing and Miss Russell, who took the parts of *Cléonte* and of *Covielle,* his valet. Miss Prussing was the most successful of any of those who played the men's parts in conveying an impression of ease and courtliness while retaining, at the same time, her masculinity. As the Turk she maintained this force and added to it the unruffled gravity and dignity of an

Oriental monarch. Turning to the highly comic characters, a vision flashes before us;—now we see the good "bourgeois" nodding on the gilded throne, his turban on one side, his ermine robe trailing over the footstool, quite worn out after the ceremony; now we feel the permeating good nature of his smile as he apes the dancing master. The beauty of Miss Case's acting lay not in her versatility, but in her constancy to her true character under every guise. The play left with us many pictures; the first scene, with its delightful music and dancing, or the later picture of the dinner party "a trois," where the figure of the beautiful *Marchioness Dorimène,* played by Miss Delano, gave a dignity and grace to the scene which was not dispelled even by the intrusion of the determined and suspicious *Madame Jourdain.* This part was convincingly taken by Miss Houghteling. The fourth actor in this scene, Miss Friend, gave a well studied rendering of the penniless and conscienceless French Count.

The most lively scene apart from that of the coronation rites was the one in which the two sets of lovers, servant and master, maid and mistress, pursued one another about the room. The only fault that we might find with the two latter is that neither Miss Taylor as *Lucile* nor Miss Scott as *Nicole* seemed "bourgeoise" enough to be the daughter or the "servant-woman" of *M. Jourdain.* They were too refined, too charming. We were especially captivated by *Nicole's* merriment over her master's vagaries. The exponents of fencing and philosophy, even the two lacqueys, contributed their share to the excellence of the whole.

With the beautiful scenery and music we forgot the awkwardness of the chapel setting with which 1911 had to contend; and we realised that it was only able management and constant enthusiasm which enabled the Sophomores to produce a "classic" in so short a time with such satisfying results.

S. P.

THE JUNIOR BANNER PLAY.

For the sake of the Junior Banner Play, and greatly to our astonishment, the Assembly Hall, on the evening of November thirteenth, contained quite comfortably the four undergraduate classes, besides a galleryful of 1908, and a liberal sprinkling of visitors, to say nothing of

the stage itself. *Miss Hobbs,* a modern comedy in four acts, was well worth this miracle of increased capacity. Dramatic incident centred around *Miss Henrietta Hobbs,* interpreted by Miss Dorothy Nearing as a most attractive specimen of the "emancipated woman." We were never quite sure as to the single-heartedness of her convictions, but we sympathised most deeply with her final inconsistency, since *Wolf Kingsearl* was endowed by Miss Denison with a cosmopolitan assurance which was irresistible. As Henrietta admitted in the beginning, he had most decidedly "a way with him." Miss James gave to the character of *Percival Kingsearl* the explosive and somewhat awkward vehemence peculiar to "young love." Also she was, in voice and bearing, a very convincing and eminently satisfactory young man who was quite deserving the adoration of his charming wife, in the person of Miss Babcock. We found Miss Murphy, as the hungry maiden aunt, entirely funny from the bob of her gray curls to the point of her opportune speeches, and we were captivated by the shock-headed innocence of *George Jessup* and the ingenuous affection of *Millicent Farey,* as exhibited by Miss Tappan and Miss Howell. The scenery was received with applause, especially "The cabin of the yacht 'Good Chance,' " with its portholes and its ingenious hatchway. It afforded appropriate background for *Captain Sands,* melancholy, but weatherwise, in oilskins. The whole comedy, with its modern setting, and its light, amusing scenes, was pleasantly suited to the limitations of rehearsing time within which a Banner Play must be given.

After some degree of appreciation had been expressed, the "odd classes" withdrew, in order that the Assembly Hall might be reduced to its more normal capacity for the presentation of the Banner to 1912.

M. C.

All contributions to the TIPYN O'BOB should be handed in before the thirteenth of each month. Former contributions may be had on application to the Editor-in-Chief.

DULCI FISTULA

PRACTISING FOR PALLAS ATHENE.

When hovering night beats a rapid retreat
From the worn-out sandals of Dawn's cold feet;
And the teardrops fall from the sniveling sky
I start from my bed at a raucous cry—
'Tis the screech of dawn.

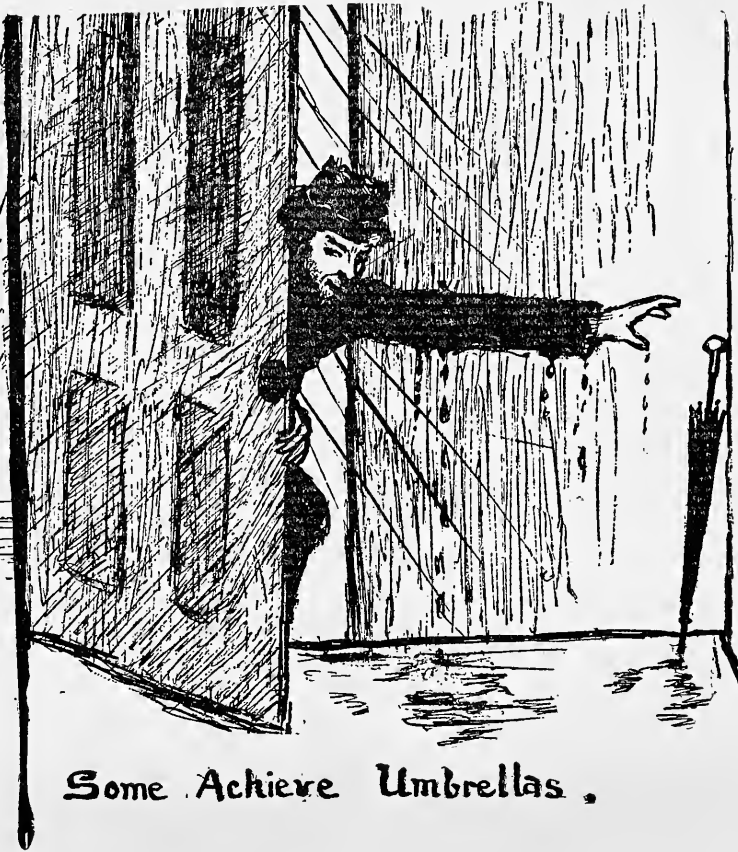
I crawl from my couch with a feeling of hurt,
And fish with a cold benumbed hand for my skirt.
I put on my clothes as I'd dress for a fire,
And thus sally forth in uncanny attire
At the screech of dawn.

I come in to breakfast with one open eye,
While my whole psychic ego for bed heaves a sigh.
I gulp tepid coffee and rolls cold as oysters,
Then wrap up my napkin and dash for the cloisters.
Oh, the screech of dawn!

As I draw near the building noise deafens my ear,
The clash of great discords in tongue that sounds queer,
With spirit quite chastened and feeling forlorn
I, too, join the line and I screech in the dawn.

MARGERY SMITH, '11.

Some
are
Born with Umbrellas,



Some Achieve Umbrellas.

And Some Have Umbrellas Thrust upon Them.
P. Baker, '09

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

'89. On October twenty-sixth, Miss Martha G. Thomas and Miss Anthony gave a luncheon at the Students' Inn in honor of Miss Lena Lawrence, who was about to sail for Europe. The other guests were Mrs. Ladd (Anna Ely Rhoads), Mrs. Taylor (Gertrude Allinson), Mrs. Collins (Julia Cope), Miss Leah Goff, Miss Katharine Shipley, and Miss Harriet Randolph.

Mary Miles Blanchard and Elizabeth Blanchard were here last month.

Helena Stuart Dudley led Sunday evening meeting on October the twenty-fifth.

'93. Mrs. Charles McLean Andrews (Evangeline Walker) came to Bryn Mawr for a meeting of the Board of Directors.

Miss Nellie Neilson has been granted leave of absence from Mt. Holyoke, and Margaret Morris (a graduate student of Bryn Mawr) is to take her place as head of the History Department after January first.

Bertha Haven Putnam is teaching History at Mt. Holyoke.

'96. Elizabeth Butler Kirkbride and Dean Reilly went to Pittsburgh as delegates to a meeting of the Pennsylvania Federation of Women's Clubs, and were entertained by the Bryn Mawr Club of Pittsburgh at the house of Margaret Hall ('99).

'97. Elizabeth Norcross was married last month to Henry Esterly, of Portland, Oregon.

Helen Strong Hoyt visited College on November the thirteenth. Miss Hoyt is teaching English at Rosemary Hall.

Marion Whitehead Grafton has a daughter, Helen Grafton, born on the fifth of October.

'98. Mary Sheppard and Sarah Ridgway have been back recently.

Bertha Wood is Secretary at the Misses Shipley's School.

'00. Mary Kilpatrick and Kate Williams have visited College this month.

'01. Jane Righter has been here recently.

'02. Edith Totten and Amy Sussman have visited College this fall.

Louise Schoff was married to George Edgar Ehrman on the seventh of November.

'03. Helen Jackson Raymond was married to Dr. John Christopher O'Connor on the seventeenth of November.

Eleanor Wigton Wallace was married to Henry Meech Loomis on November tenth.

'04. The marriage of Elsie Kohn to Aaron S. Raub took place on the fourth of November.

Katharine and Dorothy Dudley spent several days at College last month.

Recent visitors have been: Eleanor Bliss, Anna Jonas, and Anne Selleck.

'05. Bertha Seely, Helen Sturgis and Mabel Austin visited College last month.

'06. Edith Durand, Margaret Coyle, Ida M. Garrett, Mary Lee, and Mary Withington have been recent visitors.

'07. Bernice Stewart Mackenzie has a son, Stewart Arthur Mackenzie, born on October twentieth.

Eunice Schenck, Margaret Morison, Harriet Houghteling, Virginia Greer Hill, Marion Warren, Mary Ferguson, Bertinia Hallowell, and Elma Daw have been here recently.

Virginia Hill is teaching Latin and Mathematics at The Agnes Irwin School in Philadelphia.

Letitia Windle is working in the Organized Charities of Baltimore.

'08. The first informal reunion of the class was held on the occasion of the Junior Banner Play. There were present at the dinner in Dolgelly: Emily Fox, Mildred Bishop, Louise Hyman, Edith Chambers, Helen Cadbury, Anna Carrère, Adda Eldredge, Marjorie Wallace, Annie Jackson, Ethel Vick, Rose Marsh, Sarah Goldsmith, Nellie Seeds Nearing, Virginia McKenney, Agnes Goldman.

Dorothy Straus was here at the end of October.

COLLEGE NOTES.

The Christian Union meetings were led on October twenty-first by Hilda W. Smith, 1910, and on November fourth by Dr. Bewer, of Union Theological Seminary, who led the class on Isaiah at the week-end conference last year. His subject was "The Efficacy of Prayer."

Dr. Thompson, of the Philadelphia High School, and the Reverend Edward M. Jeffrey, of St. Peter's Church, Philadelphia, preached the college fortnightly sermons on October twenty-eighth and November eleventh, respectively. The experiment is being made of having the college fortnightly meetings, like those of the Christian Union, at half-past seven, in order that other engagements may be made for a quarter past eight.

Miss Mary L. Jones, head librarian of the College, is to give a series of three talks, on Thursday evenings, on "How to Use the Library." In the first one, November twelfth, she spoke of the resources of the library—including the number, arrangement and situation of the different classes of books—and gave also a brief history of its growth. Although she spoke chiefly to Freshmen, those of the older classes who were present found that there were yet some things they, too, could learn about the library, and both subject and treatment merit an even larger audience for the rest of the series.

The class elections were held by Seniors, Juniors, and Sophomores on October nineteenth, twentieth, and twenty-first, respectively, and by the Freshmen on November second. The results are as follows:

1909—President, Pleasaunce Baker; Vice-President and Treasurer, Alta Stevens; Secretary, Helen Crane.

1910—President, Katharine Rotan; Vice-President and Treasurer, Elizabeth Tappan; Secretary, Alice Whittemore.

1911—President, Amy Walker; Vice-President and Treasurer, Isabel Rogers; Secretary, Dorothy Coffin.

1912—President, Mary Peirce; Vice-President and Treasurer, Frances Hunter; Secretary, Jean Stirling.

The Officers and Board of the Trophy Club entertained the Freshmen on Thursday, November fifth, in Pembroke West. Dr. Scott, Miss Lawther, Dean Reilly, and Eunice Schenck, '07, spoke on various phases of college lore. The Trophy Club can boast one attractive innovation this year—the illumination of the class lanterns, provided for by Dean Reilly.

Accompanied by song, feasting and hilarity, the first French and German Orals have come and gone. All but ten of the fifty-four Seniors

passed the French on October twenty-fourth, and, though the German failures on the following Saturday were no less numerous than usual, —forty-two per cent,—they were not sufficiently bad to depress the spirits of those who are registered for the second trials.

Mrs. Philip Snowdon, of London, addressed a large meeting on November seventh, under the auspices of the College Equal Suffrage League. Her subject was "The English Working Woman and Her Need of the Ballot."

On Thursday, October twenty-ninth, in the assembly room, there was a political meeting, open to the whole college, which was addressed in three real stump speeches by three real stump speakers. Mr. Roland Morris, the prominent campaign speaker, represented the Democratic Party; Mr. Leeds, President of the Socialist Club in Philadelphia, spoke for the Socialists, and Mr. Thomas Raeburn White, a trustee of the College, represented the Republican Party. Mr. Morris was perhaps the most skilful speaker, while Mr. White had certainly, to his audience at least, the most convincing arguments; but there was one point common to all three speeches which afforded us solid satisfaction, and that was that they were given as if to an audience of men. The speakers all spared us such modifications and alterations "for the cloistered and feminine atmosphere" as serve only to obscure the subject and stand in the way of a practical judgment.

On Saturday afternoon, November thirteenth, Dr. James L. Barton lectured, under the auspices of the Oriental Club, on "The Awakening of China." He has recently been travelling and studying conditions in China, as head of the Congregational Board of Foreign Missions, and so had a great deal of new and interesting information.

Lantern Night came on November sixth under particularly auspicious skies. For the first time that week the blustering night winds fell, and "Pallas Athenæ" rose into perfectly silent air. All the library lamps were out before the procession came—even the moon was veiled in clouds—so as not to dim the soft, blue lantern-light that marked the line of the dark-gowned bearers and threw a gleam against the fountain

as the lines parted. Silence reigned over the battlements through the entire ceremony, which in itself is sufficient evidence that the new platform served its purpose, by enabling an audience of over a thousand to see and hear without a struggle. The amount received from the admission charge will probably cover most of the cost of this platform and of its erection.

Eight p. m. of November second, the night before the national elections, found us already on the way to our polls. Headed by a big brass band, a double procession of campaigners sallied out from Pembroke Arch, and, bearing torches and transparencies, singing their loudest party songs and accompanied by their most impressive party regalia, they marched down the road, around Radnor and back again. After a halt in front of Taylor, to sing "My Country," they took leave of the brass band and entered the Assembly Hall. The Republicans with their mascot elephant and their G. O. P. decorations filled most of the centre section. They were flanked on the one hand by the Independents with their dinner-pails and the Democrats with their sky-scraping ensign, and on the other by the bewitchingly gowned and eminently dignified Suffragettes, the Black-Hand Anarchists, the Socialists with their scarlet flags and the Prohibitionists, who had perforce to leave their Real Water-Wagon down-stairs, but who, with their symbolical camel and aggressive umbrellas, showed themselves none the less "a brave little band." The meeting was conducted by Rose Marsh, and called to order (occasionally) by a company of blue-skirted, brass-buttoned and tin-helmeted policemen of assorted sizes. The five stump speakers, representing the Republican, Democratic, Independent, Socialist and Prohibition parties, spoke for their candidates with wit and vigor,—nay, with boldness; for the songs and slogans, the bursts of applause and derision, the disconcerting comments of rival politicians, the Eternal Question of the Suffragettes, not to mention the well-aimed bombs of the Anarchists, might well have daunted campaigners of more than Bryanian experience. When the campaign was over, and time came for the actual casting of the ballot, the "parties" disbanded, and everyone voted seriously, so that the returns, which were read immediately afterward in the Assembly Room, should gives a pretty fair indication of the political convictions of the student body. Three hundred and twelve straw votes were cast, as follows:

Republican	234
Democratic	38
Socialist	29
Prohibitionist	11
Independent	0
	312

ATHLETIC NOTES.

The games for class championship in hockey started a little earlier this year than usual. On November fourth 1909 played 1912, winning by a score of 4 to 0; on November sixth they won again by a score of 7 to 0; 1910 lost in their first game to 1911 by a score of 3 to 2, but won the second and third games by 8 to 1 and 4 to 2. For the final championship between 1909 and 1910, only one of the three games has been played off, 1910 winning by a score of 4 to 1, on Thursday, November twelfth.

Varsity has already played four matches with outside teams—Belmont, Philadelphia, Lansdowne, and Germantown. Except for Philadelphia, which we tied, there was in each case a clear victory for us.

The line-up this year is: Howell, '10; Whitney, '09; Kirk, '10; F. Hearne, '10; J. Allen, '11; Wesson, '09; M. Nearing, '09; Denison, '10; Rotan, '10; Platt, '09; Worthington, '10.

The Athletic Association has decided that the Varsity players all wear brown corduroy skirts instead of the Senior colour.

Class tournaments in tennis have been finished off. In 1909 Whitney, Nearing, and Platt made the team; Swift, Simmons, Shearer in 1910; Emerson, Smith, Leeds in 1911; Faries, Corwin, and Julia Haines in 1912. In the tennis games for individual championship Swift won from Nearing, Faries from Emerson. Faries plays Whitney for the cup. The game has not yet come off.

SENIOR SONG.

(*Tune: Every little bit added to what you've got makes just a little bit more.*)

I.

When I was a Freshman, people said to me,
"Always try to be a celebrity;
Go in for the laurels that the Freshmen get,
And I'm ready to bet you'll be notable yet."
We went in for hockey and the upper class teas
With a languid air of nonchalant ease;
Then our loving Juniors bade us forge ahead,
"You're a long time dead," they said.

CHORUS.

Every little bit added to what you know
Makes just a little bit more;
That's the lesson we learned at school
That two and two makes four.
So learn by your blunders and profit by your breaks,
It'll be a panacea when your little heart aches,
That every little bit added to what you know
Makes just a little bit more.

II.

When I was a Sophomore, the world was mine,
I proposed to shine in every line,
To 1910 we gave a tragi-comedy;
They wept copiously,—and so did we.
We learned that college life is not a long May-day
And that tonsilitis does not pay.
A sadder and a wiser class, from basket-ball
We had a fall, that's all.

CHORUS.

Every little bit added to what you know
Makes just a little bit more.
That's the lesson we learned at school,
That two and two makes four.
We learned from experience by flunking every quiz
She was a hard teacher and the moral of it is
That every little bit added to what you know
Makes just a little bit more.

III.

When I was a Junior on the cold world thrown
1907 had flown, we were left alone,
We entered into sporting life with all our vim,
We learned how to swim and to beg for a gym.
Then Fortune with compassion on our lonely state
Gave us 1911 as a new playmate.
We welcomed them with joyous and affectionate din,
We'd grin "go in and win"——for——

CHORUS.

Every little bit added to what you know
Makes just a little bit more;
That's the lesson we learned at school
That two and two makes four.
So learn by your blunders and profit by your breaks,
It'll be a panacea when your little heart aches,
That every little bit added to what you know
Makes just a little bit more.

IV.

Now that we are Seniors and must lead the line,
We whine and pine for auld lang syne.
Heeding not the precept of propriety,
From orals we flee unanimously.

We've learned to walk the distance to the dining room door,
With tooth-pick heels on a slippery floor.
The height of our accomplishment is mighty low,
Now this is what we know—

CHORUS.

Every little bit added to what you know
Makes just a little bit less.
That's the lesson we're learning now,—
A funny one, I confess.
We all spoke Parree French at our prep school,
We've all been eating pretzels, but the faculty crool
Says, "Every little bit added to what you know
Makes just a little bit less!"

DOROTHY CHILD, '09.
ELEANOR CLIFTON, '09.

SENIOR ORAL SONG.

(*Tune: Take Me Out to the Ball Game.*)

Every Senior is Oral mad,
Has the fever and has it bad,
Just to learn to say "Schinz, bon jour,"
Accent pure, manner sure.
On a Saturday we must go
Just to give them a chance to mow
And when they find that our brains are dough
And show us the door, we'll say—

CHORUS.

Take me out to the chapel,
Take me out to the crowd;
Buy me some peanuts and cracker-jack;
I don't care if I have to come back.

Then it's root, root, root for the Seniors,
If they don't win it's a shame,
For it's one, two, three strikes, you're out—
In the Oral game.

L. Robinson, '09.
Eleanor Clifton, '09.

1910 *ORAL SONG TO* 1909.

Oh, Nineteen-ni—wi—wine,
Come close your bo—wo—wooks,
You're bound to pa—wa—was
By sheer good lo—wo—wooks,
Come a roo di roo di roo.

When you put o—wo—won
Your best white dre—we—wess
The profs will sa—wa—way
"They're smart, I gue—we—wess."
Come a roo di roo di roo.

They'll say to you—oo—oo
"It seems to u—wu—wus
To examine this cla—wa—wass
Is superfluou—wu—wus.
Come a roo di roo di roo."

"Just read a li—wi—wine
If you're not too wa—wa—warm.
Don't go too fa—wa—wast,
'Tis just a fo—wo—worm."
Come a roo di roo di roo.

And then they'll sa—wa—way
With astonishme—we—went
"Say, ain't this cla—wa—wass
Intellige—we—went!"
Come a roo di roo di roo.

And Jessen will sa—way—way,
"Their looks are su—wu—wuch
I knew right o—wo—woff
They must be Du—wu—wutch.
Come a roo di roo di roo."

And Foulet will sa—wa—way,
"A single gla—wa—wance
Sufficed to sho—wo—wow—
They hail from Fra—wa—wance.
Come a roo di roo di roo."

Miss Thomas will sa—wa—way,
"How vain you a—wa—ware—
Speak: {Girls never fa—wa—wail
Here at Bryn Ma—wa—wawr!"
Come a roo di roo di roo.

RUTH GEORGE, '10.

GERMAN ORAL SONG TO 1909.

(*Tune: "The Dear Little Dutch."*)

Once a Senior went to Deutschland
All in the gay summer-time,
Visited Nuremberg, Wurtemberg, Heidelberg,
Took a short trip up the Rhine;
And everywhere the people did stare,
Her accent was simply divine.
They liked her so much, she spoke such good Dutch,
That Senior, 1909.
What, flunk in her Dutch? That Senior? Not much!
Why, she is 1909!

Soon the Kaiser (hoch der Kaiser!)
  Heard of this maiden so bright.
He and the Queen they gave her an audience,
  She was not phased at the sight;
With fluent ease she spoke to these;
  They listened in fits of delight.
They loved her so much, she spoke such good Dutch
  (She's 1909, all right!)
What, flunk in her Dutch? That Senior? Not much!
  She's 1909, all right!

CATHERINE DELANO, '11.

LANTERN SONG: 1912.

Largo:

Come we the Class of Nineteen-twelve
Unto thee, O Nineteen-eleven,
To receive the softly flaming lamps of Truth
Which with loving hands
Thou hast filled with purest oil.

Con moto:

O, may we ever faithful
In grateful loyalty
Keep the trusts thou givest
An ever burning light.

Largo:

O, e'en as thou, Nineteen-eleven,
So may we of Nineteen-twelve
Labor all with earnest consecrated hearts
That the light which shines
From on high will ever increase.

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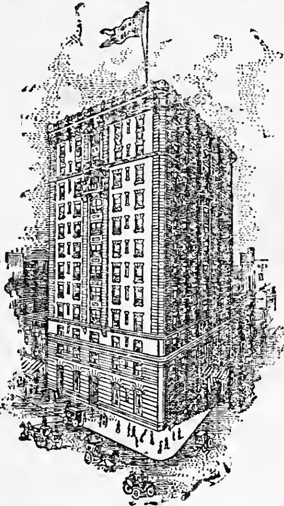

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Contents

		PAGE
Latet Omnibus	Grace Branham, '10	1
To a Screen-Maker	Marianne Moore, '09	2
Mac's Wife	Ruth George, '10	3
Serenade	M. Nearing, P. Baker, '09	10
The House of the Annunciation	Marion D. Crane, '11	11
Concerning Clocks	Katherine Liddell, '11	13
Mornings in Venice	Shirley Putnam, '09	17
The Self-Government Conference	Alta C. Stevens, '09	18
Editorial		19
Dulci Fistula		23
Alumnae Notes		27
College Notes		28
Athletic Notes		29
Song		31

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LATET OMNIBUS.

There was once a youth who discovered for himself the only question in the world worth while. So he took up his cloak and his staff and set out to find the answer. At the end of three days' journey he met a priest, to whom he put the question. "Ah," smiled the priest, "that is my business," and he stooped and whispered in the boy's ear.

"That is not the right answer," said the youth, and passed on.

And when he had travelled on a fair distance he met a man riding on horseback, and singing right loudly.

"Wait," cried the youth, "perhaps you can answer my question," and he put it to him. "Surely," the singer said, and stooping, whispered in his ear.

"No," said the young man; "that is not the right answer," and passed on.

In the course of his journey he met a woman, but though he walked long with her, he did not ask her the question.

Half way round the world he met a doctor. Him he hailed and again put the question. The doctor stooped down and whispered long in his ear. "That is the right answer."

"You are very learned," said the man who had been the youth, "but that is not the right answer." And he left the doctor looking after him.

He had gone almost round the world, when he found a philosopher sitting by the roadside.

"You sit by the roadside," cried the old man who had been the youth, "you at last have found the answer." So he again put the question. But the philosopher did not whisper in his ear; instead he said quite loud, "There is no answer."

"There must be," said the old man who sought the answer, and pondered long. Thereupon the answer came to him. And as he rose and walked on his way a youth hailed him, crying, "Sir, can you answer this question?" and he put it to him. "I have just found the answer," cried the old man who had been the youth, and stooped and whispered in his ear.

"That is not the right answer," said the youth, and passed on.

GRACE BRANHAM, '10.

TO A SCREEN-MAKER.

I.

Not of silver nor of coral
But of weather-beaten laurel
Carve it out.

II.

Carve out here and there a face
And a dragon circling space
Coiled about.

III.

Represent a branching tree
Uniform like tapestry
And no sky.

IV.

And devise a rustic bower
And a pointed passion flower
Hanging high.

MARIANNE MOORE, '09.

MAC'S WIFE.

If you had ever seen Mac, your first feeling would have been surprise to learn that he had succeeded in getting a wife. If you had ever seen Mac's wife, your surprise would have been somewhat dissipated. With the pleasing stimulus of the surprise element, however, fortune for a time indulged not only Mac's friends and neighbours, but even Mac himself; for the lady in question, after having put to shame all the queens of romance by falling in love with her lover a good three months before first sight—in this case an eminently prudent measure—kept her impatient bridegroom chafing for a glimpse of her during three months of trousseau-making, a coquetry inconsistent, one might suppose, with the utilitarian methods of the agency that had brought these two together.

Why in the world Mac, who was a serious-eyed, red-headed fellow—lank, ill-kept, self-sufficient, with a keen appetite for good literature, and a very dull one for fresh linen—why Mac should ever have so out-Romeoed Romeo as to have recourse to marriage bureaus was from the first a riddle to Mac's friends, and in a regrettably short time, I fear, to Mac himself.

Perhaps he had been driven to such a measure because he had begun to feel less companionship in the heavy volumes that he carried from the Colonists' Library; or because he had begun to feel that it would be pleasant to find his cut of round steak broiled by other hands;

or even because he had felt his desires for fresh linen quickened. At all events, the facts remain that, with the aid of a matrimonial bureau, he found a wife, to the surprise of every one; and that the discovery proved not very happy, to the surprise of no one. Jack Leeds, the postman, and one of the two witnesses of the marriage service, told the camp at first that he didn't know but what the girl might make Mac a smart enough wife. He allowed there was handsomer women, but looks wasn't everything, he said. But even after putting "looks" at their very lowest possible valuation, the camp was soon undivided in the judgment that poor Nellie was much less of an ornament than had been hoped to Mesa Plains society.

Not that she was unsocial—ah, no! In fact, she had a curious theory concerning the etiquette of calls which led her generously to assume the initiative in that social obligation. "I ain't been to see you yet, but you'll see me, all right," she would call reassuringly to the women of the settlement. And thus she continued to apologise profusely for her remissness until she was no longer remiss. Then she told everybody it was their turn, and she hoped they'd come soon and make a good long stay. She didn't like fashionable calls, she said, and warned people not to expect them from her. "Fashionableness" in her vocabulary appeared to be a synonym for brevity, and she soon demonstrated with considerable clearness her attitude of mind towards that quality, as applied to calls.

She used to come in to Mrs. Farrington's, the one house in the settlement, while the family were at the breakfast table. Well, now she had no idea they'd be eatin' breakfast. She had a mind to go straight home and wait—though she supposed she might as well set there and talk. Yes, indeed, she had had her breakfast, bread and coffee, that is. What was they payin' for strawberries now? Oh, pshaw, now! hadn't she told them she'd had her breakfast? But if they had just a small saucer she 'sposed she might keep them company, just to satisfy them. The berries was such oncommon fine ones. Mac he'd et his breakfast and went before she was stirrin'. He was a hustler, Mac was. He was goin' to bring her a pair o' shoes to-night. She would be glad o' that; then she could come to church at the school house a-Sunday (admirable stroke! for the benefit of Mrs. Farrington's mother-in-law, whose husband, now deceased, had been a clergyman). Thus loudly

apologetic and ingratiating she always stayed wherever she went—and she went everywhere—through breakfast, dinner and supper, protesting noisily and yielding patronisingly. Never did she bring a bit of sewing, never did she propose to do anything more arduous than to rock in the hammock, and never did she leave before sunset. But if there was any part of her domestic history which Mrs. MacMurtrie failed to disclose on these occasions, the omission ought never to have been charged to secretiveness.

Of course, if her husband never complained, and so far as records go, he never did, his neighbours might have been expected to keep their patience. To do them justice, they did indeed make her many concessions, but Nellie had no eye for concessions. If people were good to her, she thought that they wanted to be friends, not missionaries. If Mrs. Farrington brought her a loaf of fresh wheat bread, she thought it only right that she should take Mrs. Farrington a bowl of doubtful-looking pudding. In short, she did not know how to be patronised. Tolerated for Mac's sake, she nevertheless had to be put down many times for her own. She was hard to repress, however. Sometimes she seemed almost to see that she was being merely tolerated, and her great, pale eyes would grow strangely dark, and her uncouth mouth would soften. But a word of encouragement would restore her again to her strident jocularity. "I'm a good one, ain't I?" she would say, and this was as near as she could come to an apology for her wearisomeness.

She had come to Mesa Plains, I remember, just after the West-claim Camping Club had returned from its annual trip to Fort MacDowell, so that it must have been after she had been suffered for about a year that she added insult to injury by voluntarily joining the club on its 1902 trip. Mac himself since the first of these excursions in '85, had always driven his stage to the Fort with a light load of supplies and whatever passengers were not equal to a saddle trip. But apart from Mac, the camping party was rather a select organization—so far as the West is ever select—being composed of none other than the West-claim Camping Club and the West-claim Camping Club's approved friends. The nature of the accommodations, in fact, demanded the utmost intimacy. Therefore, it was with no light dismay that the women and girls of the party, and especially the two kind mothers who were to occupy the stage, saw that vehicle draw up for them with Nellie, jocular and obtru-

sive, on the front seat beside her long-suffering husband. For Mac's sake, however, they made no protest, and as Nellie seemed unflagging in her efforts to make this the most uproariously hilarious excursion in the history of the club, she was soon fitted into the party at least as comfortably as she had been fitted into dozens of other events in the last year.

It was at the end of the second day's dinner after the arrival of the party in camp that Felicia Farrington announced that the water barrel was empty. Rivesby Trent looked engagingly at Felicia and said he would go for some if he could get a healthy-looking young woman to carry home the canteens for him. At which Felicia blushed, and suggested that Nellie looked healthy, but she hoped they wouldn't dally along the way, as it looked like a stand storm out towards Saddle Rock. In the end, however, Felicia, melted under Rivesby's entreating glances and joined the water party, which had now been augmented by little Mary and Philip Farrington and Rivesby's young brother Kenneth, all of them, for some reason, inseparable from Nellie.

Half a mile of desert, almost untracked, lay between the camp and the springs. A hundred miles of desert, pricked with giant cactus like a huge pin-cushion, endless, unvarying, almost infinite stretched on every side. Ordinarily any spot within the hundred mile radius lay in as clear a light as objects in the half mile circle, but by the time Rivesby Trent had filled half of the eight canteens all the southwest desert to within five or ten miles was totally obscured by a pale yellow light.

"That's going to strike us, Felicia," said Rivesby, "if we don't hustle. You all had better run along, I reckon, with the babies, while I finish filling the canteens."

Felicia said she didn't mind a sand storm, and she would wait for Rivesby, but that perhaps Nellie had better start on with the children, as it was a life work to get the sand out of Mary's heavy hair when it once got in. So Nellie strapped two canteens across her stalwart shoulders, and with the children clinging to her hands, struck out across the sand, which was already being lifted in quick, scurrying lines about their feet.

In three minutes a strange darkness began to close round them.

"Felicia," said Rivesby, "this is a funny sand storm. What's happened to Nellie and the youngsters. They don't show."

"It isn't the sand, Rivesby; it's just dark."

The next moment the sand beneath their feet rose like a demon to catch them in its fury. Instinctively the two dropped to the edge of the spring pool, with their faces to its surface. There for two hours they fought for air, their heads under the jutting protection of the only rock in all that wilderness.

At about five o'clock, though for these two there seemed no longer any such thing as time, Rivesby touched Felicia's arm and told her the storm was lifted.

"We were caught in a 'devil.' If they missed that, they'll be all right," he said, answering an unspoken question. "They're sure to have missed it, too. They were five minutes away. They would be caught in the dark, probably, but they've had air. Nothing could happen to them. We'll see in a minute."

In ten minutes it was light again, and a cool wind fanned Felicia's dust-burned cheek.

"Ah, they're out after us," cried Rivesby, as a chorus of holloes and the quick thud of horses' hoofs reached them. A moment later, Felicia's brother Tom had leaped from his horse and was hugging Felicia madly. Suddenly he looked about him. "Where's Phil?" he asked.

Felicia shuddered. "We don't know," she said quickly.

"Oh, look here, Felicia," put in Rivesby Trent. "We'll have them in five minutes, I tell you. All they had to do was to lie down and wait till it got light enough to see the way home. They couldn't have been in the 'devil,' *possibly.*"

"But if they didn't lie down. If they got among the palo verdis, so that they couldn't see the tents—they *could* get that far within an hour."

The others had all come up by this time. Mrs. Farrington was clinging to Felicia's cold hand, and the girls were murmuring affectionate accounts of their last three hours of anxiety. Sarah Carr wet her handkerchief at the spring and began to bathe Felicia's face. The cool touch seemed to startle the girl again. "Phillie!" she cried, and broke from the group to follow half a dozen men who had mounted their horses and begun to explore the sage.

"Felicia! Felicia! don't leave me!" called the girl's mother, and the girl stopped as suddenly as she had started.

"Doctor Armistad says you ought to rest after your strain, Felicia. They say the children are certainly safe. We saw the 'devil' perfectly, and it couldn't have reached so far but that they would have been out of it if they had been even a *minute* ahead of you, and Rivesby says they were four or five, at least. We will find them among the sage. I dare say they have fallen asleep, and that accounts for not answering."

"Not one of them has ever been here before," persisted the girl. "They don't know one bush from another. People have been lost. You know it. Jerry Fairfax was lost and almost died in two days."

"That was for want of water, Felicia," urged Sarah Carr, looking pityingly at the other's white face. "Rivesby said they had two canteens. They can't die until they've used them. There's simply nothing to die of. They're all right so far, and we're *sure* to find them before the canteens are empty. Even with this heat Mac says they will have enough for a whole day—if they stay among the brush."

"Yes, if they *do,*" murmured Felicia; but she turned then and walked towards camp with the other women, all wandering long among the bushes and calling the names of the lost children until night fell. Then they wrapped themselves in blankets, for the night was cold, and waited for the morning. From the door of the tent they could gaze out over the white desert night. A tropical moon made day over hundreds of miles of unchanging sands and fell dazzlingly on the silent cluster of white tents. Somewhere in the light-flooded plains beneath that clear star-studded sky there slept or waked three lonely children and a woman; but from the farthermost edge of the desert the cruel, plaintive yelping of a pack of coyotes seemed to mock the search.

Towards morning the men began to return. Reaching the camp, they dropped heavily from their saddles and stood with the women about the camp fire, drinking black coffee.

"Where's Mac?" asked Felicia.

"Hasn't come back," said her father. "He won't stand many hours of this sort of thing. He'd better leave it to the well fellows."

After a time some one brought him in. Felicia carried him coffee and brushed a wisp of wet hair off his forehead with her handkerchief.

It was morning now. Those who had come in first took the best horses and started off again, carrying canteens which they were driven home to fill at incredibly close intervals.

"If they've drunk as much as I have, their canteens are empty now,"

said Tom Farrington, coming in at two o'clock in the afternoon. "I never lived under such a sun."

"They'll be even thirstier than we are, because they have nothing to eat," said Rivesby Trent. "I hope they're not trying to move round—poor little duffers! Sun's going to be cooler soon, though." And so, indeed, it was—all too soon, for the coolness brought the darkness, and hope seemed to sink with the sun. All night long the lights swung over the desert, but the hoof beats seemed no longer sharp and quick, but dull and weary now.

At one o'clock some of the men came in and slept till morning. At six o'clock they were refreshed and cheerful again, and the second day seemed to promise at least as much as the first had promised. But by eleven the mercury, which had stood at 110 at the same hour the day before, was 124. Judge Farrington said there had never been such a temperature in Arizona north of the Gila River. At three o'clock it was back to 110, and at seven a cool breeze passed over the dust-choked sage.

"Another day will finish the youngsters, I am afraid," Freddy de Koven whispered to Sarah Carr. "Mary, anyway. She'll wither up like a plucked dandelion."

"Oh, Freddy! You don't think that, do you?"

"Think it? I know it," answered the boy, for the past two days had killed his consideration.

The third morning they divided up to search Saddle Rock. It had seemed impossible at first that the children could have been able to get so far away, but unless all four had fallen asleep at once, it began to appear that they must have got out of the level circuit within the third day, as all that section had been traversed closely enough to bring them within voice range. The morning was rare and fresh, and coloured like an opal. At five o'clock the new party was ready to be off. The searchers would not be far separated, once they had reached the rock, but they would be continually hidden from each other by jutting projections. As before, the signal of hope was to be four shots in regular succession; the signal of discovery, six.

At the base of the rock the men dismounted and separated. For three hours they clambered in silence over the sharp, dangerous stones. Shortly after noon the men had begun to gather again at the base of the rock. Suddenly some one well up the side shouted hoarsely, and immediately a gun rang out. Four! In that vastness of silence it seemed as if it had

rent heaven itself. In ten minutes the men were struggling up from all directions. On a projection of rock Tom Farrington stood waving something in his hand—Mary's little sandal, without any sole! Then he dropped to his hands and knees to examine the rock.

"They've got to be near," he cried. "She wouldn't walk much further over these rocks without a sandal. Look what they've done to my boots. They're regular knives. But the babies are young cats if they climbed up here." Still on his hands and knees he crept to a jutting edge of rock, which offered the only possible means of attaining a smoother strip beyond it. The others watched him tensely. Suddenly he stopped and passed his hand over his face. But for as long as a minute he said nothing at all.

"You can't see anything, can you, Tommy?" called his father, tremulously.

Without turning, the boy answered him. "Can you get up, daddy? They're—they're here."

Sooner than the telling, the searchers had gained the height. There indeed they were, all upon the ground. Little Philip crying gently into a black rag of a handkerchief; Mary and Kenneth wide-eyed and silent, too weak to answer with so much as a change of expression the cries of joy from the men climbing towards them. And upon a stony level stretch lay Nellie, her face hidden in a patch of sage. Her husband and Doctor Armistad turned it to the light and unfastened her fingers from the stones and roots they had clutched. The lips were black. "Thirst," murmured the doctor.

"But the children—why not they?"

"And this, too," called Freddy de Koven, shaking a canteen. "It's still half full!" Kenneth Trent lifted his head from his father's shoulder.

"She wouldn't," he whispered faintly. "She said—she—didn't want any."

RUTH GEORGE, '10.

SERENADE.

The full moon is turning the grass into silver,
The owlets are gurgling low in the trees;
Softer than dove-notes murmurs the river,
Softer than love-sighs whispers the breeze.

Shall I awake thee, tenderly dreaming?
Never in dreams was night so fair;
Never, as now, came the moonshine, streaming,
Melting through mellow and mist-laden air;

Never in sleep did the spell of the hours
Blend every sound in a calm more complete;
Never in dreams came the fragrance of flowers,
Roses and jessamine, mingled so sweet.

Wake then, my love, for the dew-drops adorning
Their petals, must fall at the quiver of dawn,
And soon, on the windy wings of the morning,
The magic of night will be vanished and gone.

M. Nearing, P. Baker, '09.

THE HOUSE OF THE ANNUNCIATION.

"Blessed are the undefiled in the way." The low-toned words of the Sunday morning psalm reached me from the chapel as I sat in the visitors' common room of the House of the Annunciation. The level rays of the sun were filling the room with warm light; a bunch of yellow marigolds on the table before me brought bright remembrance of the old garden behind the Refectory. The little mission house was beginning its daily round of ordered activities, directed by the sound of the chapel bell, and I knew that its work would go on "without haste and without rest and without weariness." While the four sisters went about their allotted tasks, the one servant followed peacefully a time schedule, which, written in the neat hand of the Sister-in-charge, was posted on the kitchen door. Everywhere in the house there was the reign of order and of spotless cleanliness. At this very moment Sister Margaret, the housekeeper, came upstairs with a white duster to polish the immaculate floor of the long, old-fashioned hall, before I should walk its length to the Refectory.

The Sunday morning breakfast was eaten in silence. The twitter

of a bird in the garden, the step of Sister Dorothea, the little novice who waited upon us—these small, peaceful noises made the quiet more pleasantly noticeable. Sister Dorothea was hostess to my want as only a lady can be. Indeed, my whole comfort in the house had been looked after with the same understanding care. The house contained no ornaments, no superfluous draperies or rugs or furniture. And yet I was conscious of a certain clean luxury in this simplicity. It was all so carefully harmonious, from my room, with its blue wall paper and blue flowered muslin curtains, to the nasturtiums blazing on the little chapel altar, above the scarlet hangings for the Feast of St. James, Apostle and Martyr.

The whole house, in its external characteristics, was "an outward and visible sign" of the inward grace which gave it the convent atmosphere. First of all, it was filled, as the sun filled its rooms, with the warmth of normal life. The Sisters lived happily, with laughter in their eyes; they found joy in the effort after perfection. The cleanliness and ruled order of the household corresponded to the habit of each Sister's mind. I remembered continually the Lady of the Lambs:

"Her flocks are thoughts,
She keeps them white,
She guards them from the steep,

. . . . .

She is so circumspect and right:
She has her soul to keep."

But I knew that each soul was kept for the general good, rather than for its particular saving. Just as unnecessary noise had been shut out of the quiet house, so in the Sisters' lives the clamor of individualism had been stilled. The rule of obedience bound them to an inviolable communism, to a continual consideration of one another and of all their world.

Again, as the Sisters had eliminated all unnecessary goods from their household economy, so they had put away from their hearts all complexity of motive. They were still ladies, and they had turned all of the instinct of the hostess away from thought of themselves to the service of others. They lived in an enviable luxury of single-heartedness.

And so there could be no conflict in the atmosphere of this house;

it was in spirit harmonious. Each Sister had her duties of charity out in the discordant world. But each Sister bore her soul as the Greek boy Marius was bidden to bare his—"a white bird, a bird which he must carry in his bosom across a crowded public place, unruffled and unsoiled." Sister Margaret, bringing me a bit of heliotrope for my quiet room, brought in her face the peace of folded wings—the spirit of the convent.

Marion D. Crane, '11.

CONCERNING CLOCKS.

Of all the sources of mental unrest and confusion, a disease which blights so many lives, the greatest, in my own case at least, is that ingenious contrivance known as the clock. A clock affects me like a disturbing antagonistic personality. I feel as if in the presence of some officious being with a passion for cleanness and precision and promptitude, a fondness for enunciating unpleasant truths, and a merciless habit of revealing other people's weaknesses. Small wonder that I who have never been prompt nor precise nor clear nor self-confident in my life should feel ill at ease before such tactless, unsparing candor!

The only time-piece I have ever consented to own is an eccentric, asthmatic little watch, which breathes in wheezy fits and starts, stops to rest when it gets tired, and never by any chance holds the same opinion as other watches concerning the hour. For this sort of time-piece I can feel some sympathy and tenderness, but an orderly, well-conducted clock with a conscience I can never tolerate. If the offensive object is not too large, I bury it deep within some bureau drawer, muffling from my ears its measured, irritating tick tock; or at any rate I turn its obtrusive countenance to the wall. The moment I enter a room which contains a clock I am aware of its presence; even before I hear the ticking I ferret it out by a kind of intuition as some persons divine the proximity of a cat, while a clock on the mantel is enough to destroy for me the peace of the most perfect room, the pleasure of the most congenial companionship. Wherever I move, whatever I do or think or say, I can never escape its round, Gorgon-like stare, perpetually reminding me of my own failure to keep up with the flying minutes, possessing me with a sense of despairing impatience before the terrible, onward march of time, freezing my whole soul, so to speak, into stone.

I have not always felt this deep-lying antipathy to time-pieces. In common with most children, I formerly regarded these as delightful, mysterious objects, paraphernalia of a world beyond my ken. Well I remember the dining-room clock of my younger days, an old-fashioned red velvet affair, with brass trimmings, which held a stronger fascination for me than any of the other interesting objects in the room—the pictures, the soft, heavy curtains, the cut glass, with its sparkling diamond-shape edges, the silver spoons, which I loved to sort and arrange, even the bell under the table, which made such a funny little bump in the rug. All these lost their charm before the lure of that square, velvet-covered ticking box and its mysterious connection with the rising and setting of the sun, with the yellow street cars that jangled up and down the avenue, and with father's comings and goings. Old "Aunt Susan" used to come in from the kitchen before meal time to consult it; mother glanced at it as she smoothed her gloves and waited for the carriage; father did queer things to it on Saturday nights. They all understood the mystery; it said things to them, but to me its round visage was uncommunicative, incomprehensible, and its language, unknown but full of portent.

It was a proud day when I learned to "tell time"; a still prouder day when I was presented with a dainty little enameled watch of my own, which I thereafter took every opportunity to pull out and consult, my face puckered into a grave, worried expression, patterned after that of father on similar occasions. Thus did I innocently hold out my hands for their shackles, and provoke "the years to bring their inevitable yoke."

For since the day I received that shining plaything, innocent-looking bundle though it was, in its velvet nest, I have been listening to the minutes ticking themselves away. Oh, the ceaseless *tick-tock, chip-drop* of those falling minutes, falling from eternity like leaden bullets one by one upon our souls. *"Vulnerant omnes, ultima necat."* I have been running a losing race with time. All too soon the successive birthdays swing around and find me not perceptibly further along my road, and the labors I had thought to have finished, but half begun. I am constitutionally averse to hurry, so it may be that I am not a good runner. At all events, I am forever panting, out of breath, feverishly trying to catch up with the "flying and elusive shadow" that I pursue; and for all my haste, unwilling haste though it be, I feel myself miles and years behind—behind in experience, in emotion, in knowledge, in power, in achievement.

Yet how could it be otherwise? We who run races with Time must

realize that the odds are against us. With our clumsy bodies and our petty human strength, how can we hope to keep pace with the swiftest of all the things we know? We may fetter our souls, which should be above time, to the gross and material, and spend their divine power in the pursuit of an earth-shadow, but they will only be weakened by such degrading competition, and we will find that we are clipping our heavenly pinions to stumble along in the mud and sand.

"Let us leave haste to slaves," says Emerson. We should be masters of Time, and it is only by claiming our rightful superiority, and disdaining to struggle, that we can free ourselves from the tyranny of the racing watch-hands. It is only in this way that we can taste the fulness and sweetness of life—not life cut into sections by the strokes of the clock, forced into a routine by the circling hours, goaded and spurred to activity by the sting of the passing minutes, but life in its timelessness which is perfection.

We have all of us known those dear, bright moments in which we move neither forward nor backward, but simply live in the enjoyment of the present—when all eternity seems, as Carlyle says, "an everlasting now." These flashes of being are veritably limitless, for they have their existence in our souls, and come when we have forgotten time and space and change and everything else external and unessential, and remember only that we are divine spirits with the power to live and be happy. They remind us of those golden days that come sometimes in a Southern midsummer when all the color and beauty and vitality of the year reach their climax and then stand still; when the green of the earth and the blue of the sea and sky are at their deepest and richest, and the clouds and the air and the shadows are motionless. But not for long! A wind with an edge of frost soon sweeps across the summer world; the perfect moment melts away, and we drop back with a thud into our helter-skelter, heels-over-head, time-stricken existence. There are a thousand things to be done before to-morrow; we pull out our watches, make a rapid calculation, and dash on again in pursuit of the circling hands. And so we, who might have permanent, perfect happiness, spend ourselves in changeful, decaying unrest and

> "Lost in stormy visions, keep
> With phantoms an unprofitable strife."

To live is to strive no longer; to realize that it matters not whether we express ourselves within the next hour or the next century, so we express ourselves fully at the last; that it matters not whether our works be done when the clock strikes or when the Trump of Doom sounds, so it be done well in the end; and that perfect expression and complete accomplishment are both destroyed by haste. We are free and detached souls, "bounded by ourselves," and not by time and space, and remembering this our lives should be, not peevish and groveling, but self-poised and glorious like the rest of God's universe, for

"With joy the stars perform their shining,
And the sea its long moon-silvered roll."

In my Dream House no clock ever strikes, no watch hand ever swings onward to remind me that there is any moment but the present. But if I find that some notice of the passage of time is necessary to connect one's actions with those of other people, there shall be a sun-dial in the garden, its "simple altar-like structure, and silent heart language" rocking one to tranquility, and never luring one on to attempting impossible feats of strength and speed. Those living sun-measured hours would surely not be the same as hours ticked and tolled away by a garrulous clock—a thing of glass and metal, possessed, like some ghastly Frankenstein, of life but not of soul. They would of necessity be calmer hours, for they would bring us closer to the mighty tranquil life of nature—to action without haste, and accomplishment without turmoil. We would cease to struggle and come to float calmly on the width of the waters

"Or the stars come out, and the night wind,
Brings up the strain
Murmurs and scents of the infinite sea."

But so long as we continue to guide our lives by clocks, we shall not become like nature; we shall become like clocks. And the most we can hope is to become good clocks, ticking wisely away day in and day out, our successful deeds striking the hours with assurance and punctuality and our mechanisms needing repair and rewinding only at regular intervals. We may in time become able to look every impertinent time-piece

squarely in the face and feel that it has no longer outstripped us; but, after all, we shall be traveling, like the hands of the clock, forever round and round on the dial-plate of existence, and never onward to "the infinite sea."

KATHARINE LIDDELL, '10.

MORNINGS IN VENICE.

Now am I waking to another day
Of tireless roving in a sunlit dream
Through ways, like strip of sky with shifting gleam
Of red or amber, water ways where stray
The rippling lines of fretted stone or beam,
Where palaces are never washed away,
But stand fast, mirrored in the moving stream.

The waking dream still holds me in its thrall;
Now 'tis a church so inlaid with rich gold
That men forget God's worship and behold
Their fellow-man sublime in art. Here all
The kneeling gaze while incense wreaths unfold;
But glowing domes their rising prayers recall
From heaven, to pictured form and legend scrolled.

Or leaving painted arch and chiseled stone
I drift in wonder through the city. There,
Though crowds are passing, space is everywhere,
Though various the sounds, the blended tone
Is soothing music; in the thoroughfare
Unceasing motion, never haste is known
No earthy city, one of sea and air.

Once more I waken to a breaking day,
The light of sunrise darts along the shore;
Then quick the thought—a dawn alone! no more
Of day in Venice. Traveler I, who may
But press his restless quest from door to door,
Who brooks no charm that may his footsteps stay
And barters magic page for common lore.

SHIRLEY PUTNAM, '09.

THE SELF-GOVERNMENT CONFERENCE.

The regular annual meeting of the Women's Inter-Collegiate Association for Student Government was held at Mount Holyoke College, November 14, 1908. An informal meeting of the delegates was held in Wilder Hall, to extend to Mount Holyoke College a vote of thanks for its hospitality, and to allow the delegates to meet each other.

At ten o'clock an open meeting was held in the chapel, at which the President of the Inter-Collegiate Association extended a cordial invitation to the delegates of the fifteen colleges represented. Then she called on each senior delegate, in the alphabetical order of colleges, to give a brief account of the student government organization in her college. The following colleges were represented: Adelphi, Alleghany, Baltimore, Barnard, Brown, Bryn Mawr, Cornell, Holyoke, Randolph, Macon, Simonds, Swarthmore, Syracuse, Wells, Wellesley and Vassar.

The questions with which the different associations have to deal vary as greatly as the powers which they have behind them. Some of the colleges are co-educational, some are parts of universities that have thousands of students, and some have as many as a third of their students living off of the campus. The problems of such colleges are decidedly different from ours here at Bryn Mawr. And in most of these colleges the associations of student government have got their charters only within the last six or seven years, and have not yet been granted full power. It is no wonder that they find difficulties in the management of their associations.

After hearing from all the colleges, the open meeting adjourned

and the delegates were invited to lunch at "The Art Nook." This gave them an opportunity for informal discussion on all the different questions that they were having trouble to work out, and allowed each member to glean all the ideas she possibly could. There certainly was a clatter of tongues at that luncheon.

In the afternoon a closed meeting was held from 3 until 5.30. At this meeting it was voted to admit the organization for student government of Adelphi College, Syracuse University and Alleghany College into the Inter-Collegiate Association. It was also decided to have the next annual meeting at Cornell University. The President of the Cornell Association will be *ipso facto* the President of the larger association. The Vice-President and Treasurer will come from Randolph-Macon College, and the Secretary from Vassar. Informal discussion followed, and then the meeting adjourned.

In the evening the delegates were invited to a reception to meet President Wooley and the senior class. On Sunday morning we were taken over the many buildings, and to chapel service. Most of the delegates were obliged to leave at noon on Sunday.

Alta C. Stevens, '09,
Vice-President.

EDITORIAL.

One of the problems that confronts each of us in some form or other during our college career, and appears at intervals in the arena of general controversy, is that of the "cloistered" *versus* the "worldly" life. There are those who contend that college should be a preparation for life in the world, and should therefore be as much like the world as possible; that we should go out to the world all we can, and gain experience of the life we are to meet later; that we should bring it within the walls, lest the cloistered atmosphere make us unpractical. The other side holds, on the contrary, that although college should be a preparation for life, it is, after all, the time spent on the things of the mind that is the preparation which we most need, and which we cannot get anywhere else.

Now, if this latter view is the truer one, it is well to realize it before it is too late, first, because the issue is really a far-reaching one, and secondly, because as we go along from day to day we have to be making

small choices in favor of one side or the other, whether we are conscious of it or not. Let us consider, then, for a moment what is the significance of the academic life, the life within the walls. What has it, as such, to offer us?

First of all, it can give us the "habit of perspective." It is a very good thing to be set apart, for awhile, during a receptive time of our lives, from the Philistine atmosphere of the work-a-day world, in a place where we may absorb the experience of others, may learn from books what greater minds than ours have thought, and, best of all, may have leisure to think things over as we go along; to make generalizations, to draw conclusions, form opinions, and train our minds into the habit of looking for the reasons and relations of things—in a word, to do as Emerson advises, to "think of living." It will not be time lost. The experience of the world, the rough actualities, which some of us expect, will come along just as surely later, and will be no less instructive because of the delay. It is not those who have had their noses to the grindstone earliest and longest who are the most likely to be far-sighted.

When, after college, we do take our place, socially or professionally, in the outside world, we shall find a vast number of worthy people taking life very much as they find it, busying themselves far more with the machinery of things than with underlying principles or remote ends. This is not in the least amazing or alarming, and yet if we have got all that we might out of our intellectual training, we shall not find ourselves falling unquestioningly into line with those who go on their way through the universe "like smiling images pushed from behind." Think what a well-established tendency there is, for instance, for the respectable majority to think that because a fact or a custom or an institution has been so and so for a *long time*, that that is of necessity the best way; in fact, the only possible way it could be. People tend to accept awesomely, as immutable laws, things that may have been purely accidental in origin, while on the other hand matters which escape their notice altogether or appear to them as too familiar to be significant, may involve, after all, the most vital considerations. It is for us, who have been given an undisturbed opportunity of reviewing past ages in the light of history and science, philosophy and literature, to look at the present and the future with a comprehensive and comprehending vision.

It is instructive to notice in this connection how a general problem—

take woman's suffrage, for instance—is usually received and dealt with. In the practical-minded world there are probably fifty who ask, "Will it work—here and now?"—(and then, if the answer is negative, drop the subject)—to one who will ask, "Do we want it to work—ever and anywhere? And if so, why?"

It is rather a good thing to have some of us approach it from a theoretical point of view, and put to ourselves a few radical questions as to what principle it involves and what its general absence really implies. Is sex alone a sound basis for discrimination in privileges? Have women inferior minds and inferior ability in matters of judgment? If so, need it have been so? Need it be so in the future? Before we stake our final creed on the series of catchwords beginning with "women were never made for that sort of thing. Their place is," etc., etc., we may reflect a little over the many types of social organization, quite different from our own—matriarchal and patriarchal systems, polygamy, polyandry, etc.—which have grown up out of chance conditions and locations, in times when the races were bound down to their environments; we may then ask, perhaps, whether the system which we happened to inherit is necessarily the best that might have been or that could be; and further, now that we can determine our conditions for ourselves to a greater extent than in primitive times, whether or not we can direct our course of development towards ends that we really desire—provided that evolution and adaptation still go on.

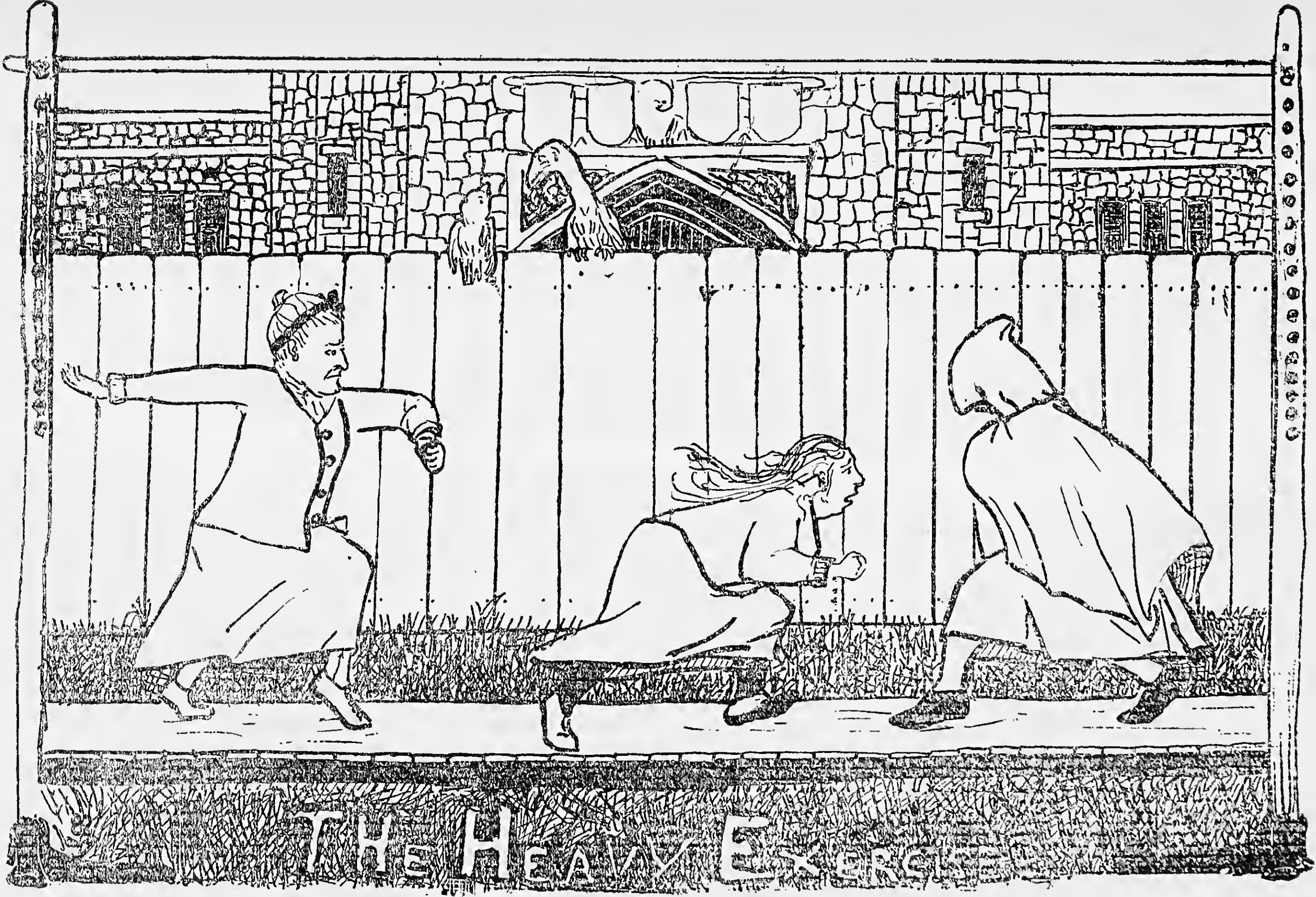
What if answers be not ready to order? It is a hopeful sign even to have the ability to wonder intelligently, for unless we have acquired "perspective" in the sense here used, it is easy to lose that ability—just as it is easy to let that natural independence of thought, and instinctive sense of fairness, characteristic alike of childhood and genius, be dulled within us or educated out of us by the artificial and eminently approved standards of worldly society. Which, by the way, did you prefer when you were ten years old, the well-brought-up little boy who deliberately let you beat him in a race and complimented you gracefully on your success (giving his companions the wink aside to explain himself) or his cruder brother, who ran his fastest, beat you, indeed, but then admitted that it wasn't easy, if it really wasn't? If you ever had a decided feeling on the subject one way or the other, you might extend the principle a little further, and account for your choice between Ibsen and Bernard Shaw.

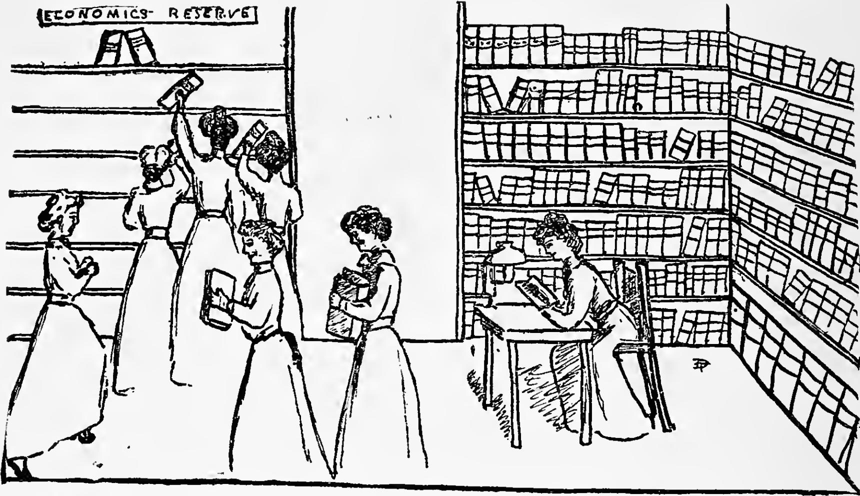
Varied and wide as is the field offered to the faculty of seeing and caring to see, thinking and caring to think, college can be no more favorable than any other place for the acquiring of that faculty or making it a habit, if it is to be simply a bustling community, so full of "worldly" distractions that there is only a minor place left for intellectual ideals. And right here we recognize a corollary value of the cloistered life, in that it gives us real regard and respect for the ideals themselves. If our own devotion to intellectual things has been at all faithful and constant during our four years, if we have ever been really identified with the student life, we cannot go out without some understanding of what real scholarship means and some reverence for scholarly ideals. Here in America where there is such a comparative scarcity of men distinguished in intellectual lines above the level of mediocrity, there is all the greater need for that atmosphere which fosters scholarship and encourages research. If our colleges and universities fail to produce it, what will?

Lastly, the cloistered student life can give us something to look back upon with unfailing pleasure. If we live it with whole-souled devotion, there must be about it an advantage of charm such as, in the realm of art, the "atmosphere of the workshop" (where the artist or artisan produces every detail of each work of art) has over the impersonal, unromantic atmosphere of the big machine-made world. It is notable how much more attraction college festivities and entertainments seem to have, even for many outsiders, than corresponding functions given in the "society world," where the functions themselves express the *raison d'être* of the society. And one additional charm of the former is due simply to the fact that there is something underneath it all—the students are banded together fundamentally for a more serious purpose, and the festivity comes as one pleasant phase of the life of an interesting community. Such a community life can scarcely come more than once into our career, and the more different it will have been from the rest of the world—in its customs, traditions and insignia—the more it has been truly a "life apart," the more charmingly will it linger in our memory.

P. B.

All contributions to the Tipyn o'Bob should be handed in before the thirteenth of each month. Former contributions may be had on application to the Editor-in-Chief.


THE HEAVY EXERCISE



A BALLAD.

I.

In Pol. Econ. each maid discreet
Takes fountain pen in ink-stained hand,
And writes, in terms compact, complete,
Of many a distant foreign land—
How may each savage negro band
Its economic wants assuage,
Yet has not passed, in its demand,
The fruit-grabbing, root-grubbing stage.

II.

And, cloistered in this snug retreat,
Far though we be from Bantu famed,
A similarity we meet
'Twixt fair Bryn Mawr and Afric's strand.
By "scarcity" our ardor fanned,
We rush, some volume to engage,
And curse, on finding none at hand;
We live in the book-grabbing stage.

III

You'll find a bond still more complete
When you this picture here have scanned—
At teas the hostesses you greet,
Ten, crowded round the ice-cream stand,
While they, in flowing sheath gowns grand,
Look on in mingled grief and rage,
And sigh, by this neglect unmanned,
"*We* live in the food-stuffing stage."

ENVOY.

IV.

Maidens, as flows Time's ceaseless sand,
May we progress, grow still more sage,
And pass beyond, in triumph bland,
The book-grabbing, food-stuffing stage.

PHYLLIS RICE, '11.

THE BEDLAM SANS MERCI.

Oh, what can ail thee, Freshman small,
Alone and palely loitering?
Thy classmates all are fast asleep,
And no bells ring.

Oh, what can ail thee, Freshman small,
So haggared and so wobegone?
The Horace quiz is safely passed,
And the match games done.

I met a girl by Taylor Hall,
More joyous than the dawn of day;
Her eyes were bright, her foot was light,
And her laugh was gay.

I held the door for her to pass—
Each day we met I did the same.
She took my arm and fondly called
Me by my name.

She gave me novels and declared
That mid-day naps are not a crime,
And oft in accents sweet she said,
"There's lots of time."

She took me to the Tea House once
And there she ordered food galore,
And there I ate what would have made
A feast for four;

And thereupon I fell asleep
And then I dreamed, oh, woe betide
A dream none could have thought to dream
And not have died.

I saw pale Sophs, and Seniors, too;
Pale Juniors, death-pale were they all,
Who cried, "The fiend; 'No reading done,'
Hath thee in thrall!"

I saw their starved lips in the gloam
Ope' wide to give their warning o'er,
And I awoke, and found me here
At the Library door.

And that is why I sojourn here
Alone and palely loitering
Though my classmates all are fast asleep
And no bells ring.

KARIN E. C. COSTELLOE, '12.

ALUMNAE NOTES.

'89—Miss Martha G. Thomas, Miss Reilly and Miss Kirkbride gave a luncheon for the Philadelphia Finance Committee of the Endowment Fund on Saturday, November 21st. They then held a meeting to discuss means of raising the few remaining thousands which are wanting to complete the first one hundred thousand dollars.

'98—Anna Hawes has been at College recently.

'99—Ella Lincoln Davis, Martha Irwin, Mrs. Rosenau (Myra B. Faith Frank) and Mrs. Kelley (Bertha May Cooke) took luncheon at the College last month with Virginia Petrom, '01.

'04—Genevieve Winterbotham was married to Mr. Frank R. Mowrer, the American Consul in Copenhagen, on November 18th.

'05—Alice Jaynes spent several days here, holding a sale for the new infirmary.

'06—Beth Harrington, Marion Houghton, Maria Smith and Ethel Pew were here for the Alumnæ-'Varsity hockey game on December 7th.

The marriage of Frances Simpson to Dr. George Edward Pfahler took place on the 21st of November.

Alice Lauterbach and Laura Boyer have been recent visitors.

'07—Grace Hutchins has visited College recently. Among those who played in the alumnæ game were Alice Hawkins, Letitia Windle, Katharine Huey and Anne Vauclain.

'08—Myra Elliot (who has just returned from Europe), Helen Cadbury and Emily Fox took part in the same game.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Miss Jones' second talk on "How to Use the Library" came on Thursday, November 19th, at half-past seven P. M. At eight o'clock, the same evening, Mr. Leonard C. Woolly gave a lecture, under the auspices of the Department of Art and Archæology, on "The Results of the Second Eckley B. Coxe Egyptian Expedition," excavations in Nubia.

If a Fairy Godmother Association were to offer the undergraduates four gifts, there is not the slightest doubt that they would beg four more musical recitals by Mr. Whiting like the one they enjoyed on Friday evening, November 20th, when he gave, with Mr. Schroeder, the 'cellist, a program of Brahms, Bach and Beethoven. This recital was particularly satisfactory, because of the few numbers and the ample time afforded for explanation and repetition on the one side and comprehension and enjoyment on the other.

On Saturday evening, November 22d, Prof. Hugo Münsterberg addressed a formal meeting of the Philosophical Club in Pembroke East. His subject was "Practical Applications of Psychology."

The regular meeting of the Christian Union was led on December 2d by Miss Hamilton of Kensington.

The third and last of the "Library Talks" was given by Miss Jones on December 3d, at 7.30. At eight o'clock Mrs. Bernhard Berenson gave the first of her three lectures on "The Study and Enjoyment of Italian Art." This one dealt with connoisseurship—the methods of study and identification as represented by Milanesi and Morelli—and was illustrated by lantern slides.

The second German oral came on Saturday, December 5th, and the second French oral on the following Saturday, December 20th. Twenty-eight per cent. failed the former and thirty-eight per cent. the latter, the

German being more successful and the French less so than in the first trials.

The College fortnightly sermon was preached on Wednesday, December 9th, by Dr. Robert E. Speer.

Mrs. Berenson's second lecture on "The Study and Enjoyment of Italian Art" came on December 10th, and the third and last on December 19th. These two dealt practically with the enjoyment of pictures and art galleries. The whole series has been most enthusiastically appreciated.

Dr. Jerould of Princeton (formerly Associate Professor of English at Bryn Mawr) addressed the English Journal Club on December 11th.

Under the auspices of the Science Club, on Friday night, December 11th, in Room G, Taylor Hall, Dr. Barnes lectured on "Some Solar Problems," taking his audience on an imaginary trip to the sun, and discussing the various phenomena that are most interesting to physicists and astronomers to-day.

On Saturday afternoon, December 12th, Mrs. Wilbourn and her daughter gave a musical recital for the benefit of the Students' Building Fund.

ATHLETIC NOTES.

The hockey championship is held this year by 1910, whose team won the final game from 1909 by a score of 4 to 1. On Monday, November 30th, 1911 won in the second team finals.

For the first time the various outside teams in the neighborhood have chosen star players from their numbers to form an all-Philadelphia team, and in an exceedingly good game, played on Saturday, December 5th, 'Varsity lost to them by a score of 5 to 1—a loss compensated in some degree by previous victories over individual outside teams.

As a result of the work of the Alumnæ Athletic Committee, a hockey team was formed, with the following line-up: A. Hawkins, '07; M. Houghton, '06; L. Windle, '07; E. Pew, '06; H. Cadbury, '08; Sandison, '06; E. Harrington, '06; E. Fox, '08; M. Smith, '06; K. Huey, '07; A. Vauclain, '07. 'Varsity defeated them this fall by a score of 9 to 1. It may well be expected that this game will become an event of annual

interest. The New York Alumnæ are forming a water polo team, and plan to challenge 'Varsity water polo.

Lacrosse has been started with unexampled enthusiasm on the part of an unusually large number of players. The teams are organised as follows: 1909—B. Spofford, captain; K. Ecob, manager; 1910—E. Walker, captain; E. Swift, manager; 1911—C. Delano, manager; 1912—Chambers, manager.

The zeal for lacrosse, as well as a certain tenacious interest in hockey, is partly due to the continued absence of gymnasium, and the pressing need of registering heavy exercise. The "new gym" is at last crystallised for us into a beautiful outward form, but the inside finishing is still very much in process, and no "drills" are in sight.

Thus it may have been with a well-concealed practical motive that 1909 and 1910 played one day a beautiful parody on their solemn hockey match, to wit: a game between the *Perfect Ladies* and the *Ladies of Bryn Mawr*. Both teams appeared on the field clothed in motley—principally in beauteous though discarded evening gowns, with huge hats and long gloves. One goal keeper wore a cap and gown and read a magazine straight through the game, irrespective of approaching balls, and the captain of the *Ladies of Bryn Mawr* sat between halves in a rocking chair and rearranged her costume, while both teams regaled themselves with chocolate eclairs. The *Ladies of Bryn Mawr* won by an unknown score, and trailed home, exhausted, but still beautiful, to register "hockey, 40 minutes."

Numbers of enterprising folk organise occasionally for "hare and hounds." Other people, who do not "go out" for any sort of game, are seen agitatedly running about the campus, singly and in small companies, at all hours of the day and evening, in order to register, "Running, 30 minutes." It may be that "heavy drills" will seem less irksome than of yore when the new gym is finally ready.

1909 ORAL SONG TO 1910.

Tune: "Danny Deever."

I.

"What are the Seniors prinking for?"
The wond'ring Junior cried.
"Your turn will come! Your turn will come!"
The wild-eyed Senior sighed.
"What makes you look so white, so white?"
The wond'ring Junior cried.
"I'm dreading the strange words I'll see,"
The wild-eyed Senior sighed.

CHORUS.

"For they're oralling the Seniors, and, full soon, they'll oral me.
They have chosen out the passage and they're lurking there in glee.
That passage where a thousand may well be stopped by Three—
And they're oralling the Seniors in the morning."

II.

"What's that, that whimpers overhead?"
The anxious Junior cried.
"The time has come! The time has come!"
The palsied Senior sighed.
"What's that so black against the sun?"
The anxious Junior cried.
"That's Nelson opening the door,
And I must go inside!"

CHORUS.

"For they're oralling the Seniors. Can't you hear the dead march play?
The Three sit in their giddy clothes, with minds made up to slay.
Oh! the Milk of Human Kindness is dried up and blown away,
And they're oralling the Seniors in the morning!"

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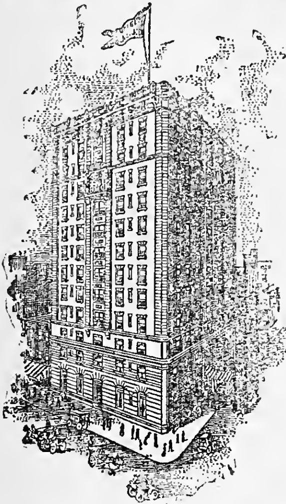

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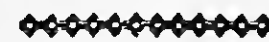

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Tipyn o' Bob

Contents

		PAGE
The Mother Problem	Ruth George, '10	1
The Prism	Amy Walker, '11	5
Her Place in the Family	Shirley Putnam, '09	5
Aliens	Agnes Goldman, '08	15
Cat's Eyes—A Fable	Helen T. Scott, '09	16
On Letter-Writing	Eleanor Clifton, '09	17
The Quiet Town of Market Bosworth	Ray Costelloe	19
Editorial		23
Dulci Fistula		24
Alumnae Notes		27
College Notes		28
Athletic Notes		28

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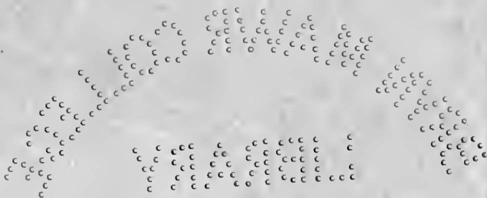

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THE MOTHER PROBLEM.

That is a bitter moment in a child's life when she comes to see for the first time that her parents are in league against her; that their one aim in life is to thwart her every desire; that, while the rest of their offspring is the object of their tender idolatry, she alone is abhorrent to them. It is sad indeed to realise that the reason sister Christiana, ten years older, is allowed to put on whatever dress she likes while you must always ask the permission which you never get, is due to nothing in the world but favouritism; that personal motives alone can account for the fact that Bobby and the others are allowed to stay out all night frog-hunting with Uncle Sidney, while you are tucked into a little walnut crib at sunset; and that the limits set upon the number of cookies you

may consume are simply part of a vast scheme to keep you down in the world. It is a bitter time, I say, not only because the child herself must undergo the pain of being misunderstood, but, more than all, because it is a sad revelation to her that even the best of parents, *her parents,* are as prone to error as the sparks to fly upward.

I, for my part, shall not soon forget the mortification of those weeks when it was gradually brought home to me that my own father and mother, whom I had never spared any pains to correct and advise and conscientiously set right on all occasions, were after all fallible, like other parents. I had been reading, I remember, a book called "*Patient Myrtle; or, the New Step-Mother.*" Without the guiding voice of that story I doubt if I should have been so quick to lay my finger on the cause of the trouble in my own family life.

I saw it at last, however, and for a few weeks I used every means, as Myrtle did, to win my parents back to the path of right. But they were set in their course, as only thoughtless, middle-aged parents can become. With aching heart, I made a study of their countless machinations and partialities. Every day, every hour of the day, I saw with pain that their aversion to me was even more pronounced than I had at first, in my innocent trust, suspected. I became cold and formal perhaps —every moment was pain to me. I suppose that my sweet and silent endurance was a reproach to them, for it seemed that, the more I restrained myself, the more dictatorial and unsympathetic they became.

Thus matters went from bad to worse ,and from worse to much, much worse, until, with the rare intuition of a child, I foresaw that a crisis was pending, and I was quite right.

Of course, the beginning of the crisis was when mother insisted upon getting me a little tan linen suit which had the dual recommendation that it would wash like a miracle and would never need to be washed at all. I explained to mother carefully at the time that I had no desire for the linen suit, whereas I was constantly feeling the need of a rustly pink silk like Emily Trevor's. Mother opposed me from the first. She said that I was too young for the pink silk. Thin subterfuge! I am three weeks and two days older than Emily! I reasoned kindly but firmly with mother. In the end, however, I was obliged to yield—besides spending all the forenoon in the closet for trying to snatch the linen out of her hands. I forgave mother, grieved and disappointed in her

though I was, but my heart bled afresh every time that utilitarian little blouse came up stiff and fresh from the laundry.

It had continued to come up, however, some half dozen times, I suppose, before that memorable occasion when its insulting reappearance seemed to me an affront past endurance. I had been out of doors for an hour or two, and, when I returned, mother was not to be found. Of course she should have told me before I went out that she and father were going next door to grandmother's for supper. It is a great annoyance when one's parents go off without leaving word where they are to be found. When I came in and searched everywhere for mother without success, I naturally became rather irritated, and finally I screamed heartily and passionately from room to room, stamping my foot. At last Christiana appeared in the doorway. In her hand she held the tan dress.

"Sarah!" she exclaimed with irritating mildness, "whatever do you think you're storming about, *now?*"

For answer I said—well, I really forgot *what* I said for answer, but Christiana looked at me when I had said it, and *she* said, "Sarah, you know mother told us if you ever talked that way to sister again, I should tell father."

"I want *mother!*" I screamed, though at that age, I think, we seldom know our real wants.

"Mother's gone over to grandmother's for supper," said Christiana. "Come now, I'm ready to dress you."

"Why didn't mother wait for me?" I inquired coldly, ignoring Christiana's second proposition.

"It's only supper for uncles and aunts," said Christiana. "We're to go to-morrow when Harry and Lydia come."

"I'd rather go when Uncle Sidney's there," I argued, and when Christiana only smiled rudely I hastened to add with heat, "And if you're holding up that silly dress for *me,* Christiana, you may as well go and finish your book."

Christiana, on the contrary, far from taking my well-meant suggestion, merely laid my dress on the bed and began to run my bath.

I dislike, above all things, being taken for granted. If Christiana had listened to me I might have yielded to her. As it was, I could not help feeling hurt. With quiet dignity I rose, stepped to the bed, took

up the linen, followed Christiana to the bath tub and resolutely plunged that distasteful garment into the half-filled tub, then sopped it down into a corner on the floor.

"I'm going to leave home, Christiana," I announced, triumphant, yet not unshaken by my own independence in administering what I felt must be a tremendous blow. Christiana looked at me calmly. "That's a very good idea," she said. "When do you think of starting?"

"Well, I'm packing now, Miss *Chrissie*."

"Oh, yes, of course you must pack," agreed Miss *Chrissie*. "And it's too bad your linen suit appears to have got wet. But of course you can wear your good muslin most of the time."

I could make nothing of this new mood in gentle Christiana. I had no gift for satire, so I pretended not to hear, and, running to my room for my little basket, I began to pack.

"You may tell mother," I screamed to Christiana with as much dignity as the distance would permit, "that I forgive her, and if she ever gets old to let me know."

"Now, that's very handsome of you, Sarah," remarked Christiana, coming to the door. She stood there watching me.

"That's a good idea, putting in your muff," she commented as I crammed my puffy white furs, redolent of moth balls, into a corner with my white muslin. "It'll be an excellent thing when you're walking the streets next winter."

"I may not be living next winter, Christiana," I said with great feeling in my voice as I recalled the moving conclusion of "Patient Myrtle."

"O, Sarah, what a sad, sad thought!" said Christiana, clasping her hands. "And you so young! What would we ever do without our little sunbeam?"

"Christiana Feversham, I *hate* you!" I screamed.

Dear reader, one should never be screaming sentiments of that sort when one's mother comes back for her embroidery silk.

I did not get off that night. In fact, I have not got off yet. But I have occasionally wondered whether the experience of that disagreeable afternoon was the cause, or merely the premonition, of what is now in me a well developed repugnance towards durable and substantial clothing.

RUTH GEORGE, '10.

THE PRISM.

Why may not man see God? we doubting cry,
Impatient of belief unproved by sense;
If He so loves us, why does He so try
Our faith, and not Himself to us disclose?
Belief were then so easy.—But He knows
The weakness of our spiritual sight;
That we, although we crave it, could not bear
The blinding brightness of the heavenly light;
But, that we may not fail in part to find
Himself, He makes His prism all mankind;
And through humanity His glory breaks
Into a million rays, of which each man
Is one, and in some little way partakes
Of the one flawless nature; for each soul
Itself distinct, may yet attain the goal,
If only he with constant care keep bright,
Shedding its gleam afar, his ray of light.
And if he look not to himself alone,
But turn to others, he will find in each
A ray, unlike in lustre to his own,
But, like his own, a part of the Great Light;
The source from which all emanate, pure white.

Amy Walker, '11.

HER PLACE IN THE FAMILY.

Her fingers pattered over the keys and her foot tapped the floor to the rhythm of the "Blue Danube" as she played it for the thirteenth time in succession.

"Marcia Dobson, stop this minute!"

She blushed and twirled around on the piano stool. The theological student stood above her.

"You play as if your life depended on it, while our pleasure, or mine at any rate, depends upon your stopping."

"Mr. Mason, did you ever hear of a dance without music?" she answered, but nevertheless she left the piano and sank back into an upholstered chair. Taking off her glasses, she narrowed her short-sighted brown eyes on the figures that hurried past her. Marcia's wavy hair was done in an unusually loose coil to-night, a few stray locks gave a soft line to her thin cheeks, her gray net dress was brightened by a daring pink rosette, which she had almost torn off several times during the evening; because, as she thought, "it is really so foolish for me to wear a thing like that." Not that her years reproached her—she was but twenty-two—it was rather her general code of life which had to be trampled down whenever it rose in her mind. The code was one of utility and it had reigned undisputed until a year ago. Then at a select set of dances Marcia had first come to admit the reality of pleasure. There she had met more than one theological student, and after two of the "Set Dances" she had lavished her teacher's earnings not only on a pink bow but on a blue rosette for variety. Marcia had taken unto herself the saying that "you might as well wear colors while you're young, you get reduced to black and gray soon enough, goodness knows!"

So she talked with the young divine about his trials and ambitions, but when he turned the conversation to praise of her music, she cut him short:

"But you mustn't feel that you have to say nice things about my playing just because others take it for granted. As long as people dance or sing hymns to my music it's all I should ask,—I don't expect them to listen. When mother had me take lessons it was only on condition that I should learn something that would do some good to somebody, and not get up a few show pieces that would just make her callers uncomfortable." Then seeing indignation in Mr. Mason's eye, she added hastily: "Of course with father it's quite different; he makes me sing him to sleep in his easy chair every night with Scotch airs or 'Over the Edge of the Purple Downs,' that's his favourite."

"May I come to-morrow night and try their effect upon me?" asked the theological student humbly.

"Yes indeed—yes—oh, except—well come anyway. I shall want her to meet you." And Marcia remembered that she had forgotten for

a whole evening what she had been trying to bar from her thoughts for the past two months. To-morrow, October fifteenth, Ned would be there at home with them once more; and with him,—but there her imagination drew back. She could not coldly outline to herself the woman who had taken the place with Ned of all that his family had been to him. (In this light only could Marcia regard her brother's marriage.) That the bride must be beautiful she knew,—in externals Ned never blundered, but she dreaded no less that these might have led him to overlook the temper with which, according to her traditions, a Southerner must always pay for her beauty.

When she had finally unlatched the front door and turned out the gas in the hall she stole into the library, where her father dozed in his armchair before the fire.

"Oh, father," she said, letting her evening cape slip to the floor, "you remember how angry we were when Ned married without letting us see her? And now we are going to see her, and I'd so much rather not!"

"Jealous, eh?" chuckled her father, patting the hand on his arm. "Well, do you want to know what I think? When Ned sees you after these four years with your hair on top, and your ribbons and your society ways, he'll be sorry he ever did it."

"I wonder if he ever will. Good-night, father."

"Marcia, Marcia," called her father after her, "your mother left word for you to get up early and see about those window-boxes. She was tired and thought you could do it just as well."

"Do it just as well," the phrase had become familiar of late, and the note of recognition in it soothed Marcia to sleep.

At dusk the next day the three, who had been sitting in the parlor upright and silent, suddenly started at the clatter of wheels. Leaning on her husband's arm, Mrs. Dobson waited at the open door with that extreme smile of suffocated joy which always greets a long-looked-for arrival. In another moment they invaded the parlor where Marcia waited. She had wanted to save Victoria the embarrassment of meeting all three of them at once. And now Ned was putting their hands together and saying: "My wife, Marcia, and your sister." Then, with an attempt at ease: "Why, Marcia, how giddy you have grown, haven't you? It's time I came home to chaperone you."

"Yes, Ned, why didn't you warn me that Marcia wore pink bows and had curly hair," laughed Victoria, hooking her husband's button-hole with one hand while she kept close hold of Marcia's fingers with the other.

In spite of the disarrangement of her dress after a day of travel, Victoria Selburn Dobson had a distinct air of elegance. She wore a sealskin coat belted in close at the waist, and a heavy black veil and long black train gave her a sombre but impressive appearance.

"Why, I do believe you're as tall as Ned!" exclaimed Mrs. Dobson, as her son helped his bride remove her wraps. And then she drew back to measure the couple in perspective and whispered to Marcia, "I wonder whom she's in mourning for, my dear." Mrs. Dobson's scheme of dress aimed not at effect but at durability.

"You like to be read aloud to? how charming, and I like nothing better than the sound of my own voice," came from across the room where Victoria was rousing the rather impassive Dr. Dobson to a glow of long forgotten animation. "And now I come to think of it," she went on, "*The House of Mirth* (Marcia shuddered) is right upstairs in my bag. I read the first chapter and the end while Ned was in the smoker."

And so the hour before dinner and dinner itself made way for the long evening. At table Victoria had managed to weld the broken and somewhat awkward remarks of the four into the semblance of a lively conversation. In spite of the family protestations that she should spare herself further exertions, she had insisted on changing her travelling costume for a pale blue satin evening gown trimmed with tulle, which mellowed the rather angular lines of her neck. Her one ornament was a large cameo pin, the gem of the Dobson heirlooms which had been hoarded for the child who should marry first.

The tray of coffee cups had been carried away from the parlour and the family was thrown upon its own resources. For the first time in her life Mrs. Dobson was discomfited by the idea that an evening should not be left to take care of itself; that some form of entertainment should be assured. After nervously rejecting the notion of asking Dr. Dobson to read *Mr. Pickwick* aloud, or of calling in little Susan Carey from next door to give the *Wreck of the Hesperus,* Mrs. Dobson was finally cut short in a suggestion that Marcia might play "something" by the entrance of the theological student.

"Ah, Mr. Mason, I knew it could be no one else," said Victoria, as the student bowed low over her hand.

"You must have an able prompter," he answered, with an ease that surprised Marcia, who was watching them. She had never heard him speak to women except with the hesitation of humility and diffidence.

Victoria was quick to catch the portent of an anxious whispering between mother and daughter. "We are to have some music, how delightful! there is nothing that I adore so much as really good music. What! you sing and play both, my dear? how remarkable. I always have to advertise for an accompanist when people ask me to sing."

"I didn't know that you sang, too, as well as everything else," said Marcia admiringly; "of course Ned has always written about your painting. Then you will have to be the musical daughter, as mother calls me, in my place after this. My only excuse has been to have some-one use the piano."

"No, no, Marcia, I am still in a strange land, you mustn't frighten me away like that. And besides I have been talking so fast ever since I came that you must give me a moment to rest my voice."

"Very well," submitted Marcia, who had an innate horror of apologies. "What shall it be? You choose, Mr. Mason."

"You know my favourite," he answered, his eyes upon Victoria, as she leaned back in the plush armchair, out of the glare of the lamp, her dark hair shadowing the lines on her forehead, a ready but bored smile on her lips, her hands toying with the crocheted tidies on the arms of the chair.

"Over the Edge of the Purple Downs" sang Marcia softly, a real pang coming into her voice at the refrain: "We must go back with Policeman Day."

When Mr. Mason turned the last sheet of the music he could not suppress a glance towards Victoria, as if to say: "And now! you!" But he was saved from expressing his impulse by Ned who, heaving a sigh of relief at the last "Pity us, ah, pity us," walked across to where his wife was sitting, bowed deeply and gallantly offered her his arm. "Now, Victoria, give us something lively—just by way of contrast, you know," he added with wavering jocularity as Marcia lifted her pile of music from the top of the piano.

"*Carmen* or a little French air, which hand do you choose?"

"A little of both, please," broke out Ned explosively, fired by his wife's vivacity.

And so, with many flips of her train and tosses of her head, Victoria began to sing. Her voice, though somewhat shrill, was spirited. At the close of the second song she swept back to the plush chair and refused to still the heavy applause with an encore. "Poor Marcia has to race so to keep up with me that she will be quite unfit to play for the hymns to-morrow night!" she explained, looking at her sister-in-law reprovingly.

Marcia turned towards the theological student with the idea of asking how his thesis was coming on, but seeing that his gaze had followed Victoria to the plush chair, she picked up her knitting from the table and sat down on a stool beside her father.

But it soon began to glimmer even in Mr. Mason's mind that entertainment was at a low ebb, and he finally feared that he must go, but hoped that social duties would not claim too many evenings from the new Mrs. Dobson during the coming winter.

As the winter set in he became a frequent visitor. And among others who helped to make Victoria's first season in the frozen North bearable were not a few of the subscribers to the "Set Dances." Why then did none of them take this as an opportunity of paying their respects to the daughter of the house? The theological student had once questioned her absence, but her father satisfied him by explaining:

"Marcia? Why you see she's so busy now that she is doing all that slumming work beside her teaching, that she has no time to give to her family;" this last in a tone of personal grievance.

And Marcia, meanwhile, never asked whether she was missed or how she was excused, she felt that any excuse would be quietly accepted. She knew that the unwonted popularity of the Dobsons' house, a popularity which flattered the elderly Dr. and Mrs. Dobson, could be traced, not to the arrival of the bridal couple, but to the coming of the bride.

Victoria had a way with her, a way which, in her younger days, had broken the heart of many a young Kentuckian and insured the lasting devotion of many a darky retainer. The years which had underlined her eyes and sharpened her shoulders had sharpened also her wit, and had trained her into an expert in the art of pleasing. Her mode of procedure was always the same: "Captivate people at first, and then you won't have any trouble in keeping them afterwards." And so, when, on

her first entrance into the Dobson parlour, her eyes had fallen on the crocheted tidies, she had launched into extravagant eulogies on sewing, in spite of the fact that she herself rarely engaged in so tedious a pursuit, thus winning her mother-in-law's instant approval. In the same manner within five minutes of her arrival she had secured Dr. Dobson's complete allegiance. With quick intuition she had translated Marcia's eye-glasses, an armchair by the fire, a copy of the *Congregational World* lying open on the table to mean readings aloud, and had proposed a change in subject matter that was eagerly accepted. In like manner had Victoria thought to attach Marcia to her by commenting on the pink bow. The effect here, however, had been to disconcert Marcia; she felt that if such an adornment on her dress was conspicuous, it must appear unsuitable. And Victoria's whole attitude of patronising tolerance confirmed Marcia in her dread that she must give to others the effect of being what she had struggled so hard to prove that she was not—a little gray mousy person, who would never amount to anything. Having once accepted this conviction she submitted to the humiliation it caused. The next time Mr. Mason called she stayed upstairs and darned stockings, moving her chair close to the open register where her own name could float up from the parlour if it should happen to occur in the conversation. But in the hour and a half before the front door slammed after the departing visitor, not even a syllable of her name came through the iron work. And so, a week later, when some of the men happened in for a little music, Marcia read a book instead of sewing and the register was closed.

As the months went by she not only shut herself away from the merrymaking in her own house, but she refused all the invitations which came in her way. With the spring she did not renew her subscription to the "Set Dances." After six months of almost convent-like seclusion she doubted her ability to hold even the theological student in conversation, and courage failed her to try. The gray net dress was reserved for functions at the school and was enlivened by neither the pink nor the blue bow. In her household as well as her social occupations she lost all enthusiasm. When her mother hinted that Marcia might leave the arrangement of the flowers on the table to Victoria, because she had an "inborn knack," as Mrs. Dobson put it, when her father asked Victoria to amuse him, Marcia acquiesced. Only once had she asserted herself,

when her sister-in-law had started to pick out the "Purple Downs" with one finger, singing the first line in her sharp, high voice, Marcia had snatched it from the piano and borne it off to her room. Her own playing had sunk back into the old channel of hymns and dance music, the difference now being that the latter was done by the hour, whereas it used to be done by inclination. For old Dr. Dobson was being superseded for the second time in his career. The first was when his own eyesight grew too uncertain to warrant the confidence of even the few patients who were faithful to an oculist of the old school, the second came when his shop, the shop now of "Dr. Dobson, Optician," was sold out to give place to a new office building. He was now waiting for some centrally situated office to turn up. Mrs. Dobson was waiting, too, waiting for her touches of rheumatism to go away.

Meanwhile Marcia worked, and the dull months piled up into even grayer years. She grew so numbed by the routine of her life that she felt hardly a sensation of joy or regret when Ned announced that he was going to take Victoria out to California "for a change." The change that this made in the family who were left was felt by two of them at least, to be a change for the worse. Dr. Dobson knew that there would now be no stimulus to keep him from taking naps, both before and after dinner. "And," as Mrs. Dobson said more than once, "it does make such a difference to have young people around with some go to them!" (Was it the youth or the "go" that she missed in her own daughter?) It certainly did make a difference even to Marcia. Perhaps she missed the spur to buoyancy which comes from having to support an intolerable situation. Perhaps she felt the burden of having to weave her father's somewhat fragmentary moments of enjoyment into a likeness of his former way of living. With Dr. Dobson one bad season had led to more of discouragement, the customers gradually deserted until he had no apology to offer when his wife called his attention to the weed-grown beds of phlox by the garden walk. His intellect had diminished with his vocation to the garden-weeding level, and Marcia had become the tablets of his memory. And while her husband warmed himself in the garden heat, Mrs. Dobson stilled her New England instincts for business by relieving Marcia of dusting the parlour and of sending out the circulars for the Sunday-school library. Then how did it come that Marcia with this unwonted amount of time on her hands could find no profitable way

in which to dispose of it? But time spent does not mean money earned, and the money trickled more and more slowly into the family savings bank. And then one day the movers slipped in and silently rolled the Dobson piano out of the front door. For a moment the savings bank was replete.

But finally there came a time of horror and mortification. The impossible had happened. Some one had been bold enough to declare that the Dobson house was no longer the Dobson house. The mortgage had been foreclosed and the house was to be sold at auction. Dr. and Mrs. Dobson had no imagination with which to add the terror of analogy to bare fact. To them this meant cold, darkness, no shelter. Without the house, the old house with its gray blinds and green rails on the front porch, they would be without a centre of gravity. To Marcia, as she lay awake at night shivering with the oppression of what was to come, the foreclosure seemed like the slow shutting in of iron walls upon a fast bound prisoner, that she had read of in a book of weird tales late one night. She could feel the foreclosure, it strangled her, took possession of her brain. From the suffocation of her thoughts one idea escaped. She must oppose this event, pit her strength against it. But she must not allow her father and mother to hope.

At first the only result of her lying awake and contriving was that she shipped twenty-four instead of twelve glasses of jelly each week to the wholesale grocers. But the few added dollars only transformed a few of what had become the frills of life into necessities again.

One day, however, the neighbours poked their heads out of the window to inquire into the hammering near the Dobsons' front door, but they drew back in horror when the object of the hammering came to view. It was a black framed sign with gold lettering which read, "Marcia Dobson. Dressmaking and Repairing neatly done." After that day half of the neighbours ceased to be neighbourly. The Dobsons had cast off their moorings from genteel society. The two old people, however, were quite unaware of their drop in station, as Mrs. Dobson was now too crippled to move from the house, and as Dr. Dobson was always easily answered when he asked about "that placard" by the assurance that it was the notice for the ice-man or for Adams Express to call. But the date of the foreclosure was not scared off by all this activity, its imminence drove Marcia to the loan offices and to the homes of all who

had ever had a business connection with her father. Every Saturday morning she started out with a cloth bag and a list of names. In spite of many such journeys her homespun suit wore well, occasionally in the circling of fashions, its style came uppermost; but it was always being taken in at different points to fit the shrinking figure of Marcia. "But still," she would console herself by saying, "if you've got to be out of fashion, you'd better be glad that you are small."

And yet it was a new fashion or rather a fad that answered Marcia's need. A small saw, boards, paste,—and only the pictures were necessary to manufacture these puzzles that were price-marked $1.00 or $2.00 in so many windows. At midnight after the day on which the expedient had occurred to her, she stole down into the parlour and lifted three huge volumes from the bookcase. They were filled with faintly coloured Japanese prints; a gift to Dr. Dobson, the oculist, and long the proudest of his literary possessions. Marcia drew some scissor from her cloth bag and snipped at the frontispiece of Volume I. Three weeks later, or the first of January, she rounded up the loan offices and paid in the interest.

At last, late in the next fall, one day before the twentieth anniversary of that first October evening, the Dobson family was ready to leave the house. Ready as far as packing the china and padding the parlour chairs was concerned. But the realisation of leaving had not even now taken hold of their minds. Dr. Dobson was dozing in the armchair, now doubly cushioned with hay and burlap, before a grate filled with ashes. Mrs. Dobson was knitting a washcloth for next year's missionary box. Neither had spoken since the pick-up supper. Suddenly a door slammed. They jumped and blinked. "Why, Marcia, how could you startle us so!"

She stood before them, rigid in a raincoat.

"Goodness, Marcia, you haven't kept anything from us, have you?" Mrs. Dobson could endure anything but silence.

Marcia was gathering strength. "Mother,—father," she broke out. Her father started from his reassumed nap.

"Yes, yes, my dear,—quite ready to be read to," he muttered.

"I—I'm going to—," and then the courage to sustain the dramatic part which she had made for herself deserted her. Instead of bursting out with the great secret she floundered weakly.

"Would you rather not be leaving this house to-morrow?" she faltered.

"Why, Marcia, what a question!" said her mother sharply; "if you'd lived here as long as *I* have!"

"Well, you're to keep on living here, mother," said Marcia, triumphantly, and to meet her mother's look of impatience: "Yes, because *I* am going to bid in the house."

Shirley Putnam, '09.

ALIENS.

Dreamer of a dream long dead,
Dream that once was fresh and new,
To the men that went before
Seeming like the hope that bore
All the beautiful and true,
What strange visions throng your head?

Think you then as they believed,
That the hope we smile to know,
Once that hope you realise,
Gives new meaning to the skies,
Gives to life a deeper glow,
Leaves at length the poor soul freed?

And the truth that seems to gleam
Day and night above our heads,
Making the dim pathways clear,
Warding off the lurking fear,
Is the radiance it sheds
But the trailings of a dream?

Dreamer, in the evening's chill
Let us hence our phantoms chase,
Seek, in one another's eyes,
Solving of life's mysteries.
Ah, the veils grow thick apace
For our dreams are with us still.

Agnes Goldman, '08.

CAT'S EYES—A FABLE.

There lived once, in a pagan time, a maker of images. All day an eager throng surged past his door to the market-place near by; women swaying with the weight of stone jars, balanced on their veiled heads, priests and merchants and whimpering beggars, in tumult and confusion. But the image-maker sat serene in his little shop, knives and brushes and jars of glowing paint strewn about him, his cat at his feet. The cat was as white as snow on a sunny morning, and when she sat contemplative, according to the custom of cats, it seemed to the artist that eternity lay in the depths of her golden eyes. "In thine eyes, Most Beautiful, is the wisdom of ages past, and the secrets of years to come," he would exclaim between brush-strokes, "I am sure thou wilt live till the dying of the stars." And in his ecstasy, he painted in the eyes of his idols the cat's gaze of wisdom.

One day, a rich man's servant came from the market-place, with fish in a basket. The cat was sunning herself on the threshold of the shop, and the servant saw that she was very white, and that her ears were like pink rose-petals. "Such a handsome cat will look well before the fire," he thought; "come, pretty creature!" and as inducement, he lifted the lid of his basket, and showed her the fish inside, all glimmering silver and gold. Whereat the cat arose, and followed him down the street. When the artist found that his cat was gone, he made a great outcry. "Now can I make no more likenesses of deity," he said to the neighbour that had come running in wonder at the laments of him, the silent one. "Would I were even now dead, for all my life is darkened!" And he sank down in despair upon a heap of half-finished idols, an odd confusion of incomplete forms and lifeless faces. But the people went away, looking askance at his huddled figure, and whispering to one another that he was surely mad.

Time went by, and the priests, who had soon gone elsewhere for their images, began to observe a growing restlessness in the multitude. "The eyes of your idols are blank; we will bow no more before blocks of soulless wood." Such was the complaint that, starting as mere whisperings of discontent, soon rose to a cry whose echoes reached even the

quiet of the temple. "Once there was one who made images with the secrets of life in their eyes," said the High-Priest to his perturbed companions. "Let us seek him out, for our treasure is dwindling away, and everywhere men turn to us scowling faces." But when they had searched all the city, they learned that, long since, the image-maker had died of want in the streets. The cat, however, purred, to the end of her life, in content by the kitchen fire.

HELEN T. SCOTT, '09.

ON LETTER-WRITING.

Letter-writing has always been a hobby of mine, but never was it so feverishly pursued as in childhood. I remember my earliest letters written on the kitchen table under the guidance of the maid. The writing-paper, generously supplied from her own store, was lined, sometimes pale-blue, always scented, and indescribably attractive to my undiscriminating eyes and nose. These letters must have partaken of a decidedly Celtic flavour, for Mary's strong hand guided my uncertain fist even as her strong ideas of correspondence etiquette guided my doubtful ones. It was she who taught me to write "I hope this finds you in health," while I was vacillating between "I like boxes of chocolates" and "I don't like sister." It was she who encouraged me to say "I can button my shoes" when I was certain that Uncle John would much rather hear "I can turn a somersault." But I was genuinely proud of the finished product and was grateful and satisfied when allowed to lick the stamp and envelope.

A year or two passed, and from a series of zig-zag lines a half-intelligible handwriting or rather printing was evolved. It was then that I spurned mature assistance and gave myself over to a correspondence as independent as it was varied and democratic. I wrote to everyone from grandma to our maid's sister who fascinated me with her jingling bracelets and presents of blood-orange chewing gum, a contraband luxury. These letters always began with a drawing, usually of little girls standing with ornate parasols, amid flowers which rose on straight, unadorned stems at curiously regular intervals, taking no heed of perspective. I always emerged from these artistic efforts with red face,

protruding tongue, and usually broken pencil-point. The body of the letter invariably began "I am a good girl," the announcement being either a meaningless reminiscence of earlier supervision or perhaps a foreshadowing of later convention, and the remarks closed with "I love you." I loved relations as such unquestioningly, and the very fact that I wrote to the other people showed that I must have loved them. To be sure, there were duty-letters written in thanks for Christmas and birthday presents, but then the presents themselves aroused sufficient affection to bring the salutation straight from the heart. A child's love is inevitably mercenary and blessedly unsophisticated. I hadn't learned, what I learned ten years later, that Mr. Jenkins was a bromide. I loved him because he made a splendid horse and could wiggle his ears. I didn't know that the maid's sister was unrefined; I loved her for her splendour and generosity. These letters had many periods indiscriminately placed and had no capital letters except in the signature, where greater experience allowed me a few easy flourishes. What remained of the page was covered with kisses masquerading as shaky circles.

How different were the letters of the next period, the model letters of the grammar school! The first step in the writing of these (things invariably go by steps in public school) was the careful ruling of a sheet of the best family writing paper brought to school in a geography on purpose. An inch margin on the left, a half-inch margin on the right, first two lines half-way across beginning at the right margin, third line half-way across beginning at the left, and so on till we all with trained unanimity began to write our addresses on the first short line. All preliminaries completed, a deep problem would confront us,—how to avoid beginning with "I." Egotistical childhood found this a stumbling-block. The difficulty was usually solved, at teacher's suggestion, by writing in our best round vertical hand "My school work is very interesting." Then would follow a number of very obvious remarks, sometimes varied by a deftly-turned compliment to teacher, the recipient of the letters. My number of affections was varying inversely with my years. We always ended these missives with a reserved "Yours truly," and woe to the child who spelled truly with a capital T or forgot the comma following the word. Sometimes we wrote letters to our families, and these, too, were distinguished by irreproachable handwriting, painfully adequate punctuation, and undeniable moral tone. I always tore mine up on the way home.

The next stage,—but I am coming too far down into modern times when that odious spirit of the school letter will creep in, when "I am a good girl" is said less naively, and love is a convenient commodity which may be showered upon all, except, of course, "tradespeople or social inferiors."

ELEANOR CLIFTON, '09.

THE QUIET TOWN OF MARKET BOSWORTH.

"How many people have to collect before you can read the Riot Act?"

"Ten."

"Do they all have to be men, I wonder? Oh, dear, have we got a crowd yet? I say, aren't you frightened?"

The speakers were sitting on an open cart, and in front of them five or six small boys had gathered and one old man. The cart was backed up against the wall of a yard at one side of the market place, and in front of it hung a large placard saying in bright red paint, "THERE WILL BE A WOMAN SUFFRAGE MEETING HERE AT 7 P. M." Near the corn exchange stood a policeman attentively looking in the opposite direction.

"Sister Anne, Sister Anne, does anyone come?"

"What can the others be doing. We can't begin without them—oh, here comes some more crowd."

A woman came up and looked at the cart and then at the clock in the corn exchange. It said four minutes to seven, and she decided not to wait, and walked away.

"Aren't you nervous? How shall I begin—'ladies and gentlemen' or 'friends'?"

"As you like."

"Don't be cross. I'm so nervous."

"So am I."

They both began to read the notes they held crumpled in their hands. Two more men came up and a young woman. The clock struck seven. The girls on the cart held a whispered consultation, and then the younger of the two climbed onto it and began to speak.

"Ladies and gentlemen," she said, "we are going to have a meeting on Woman Suffrage." She paused. Nothing happened. Then she went on hastily.

"I must begin by explaining who we are and what we want." Five or six men passing by stopped to listen. Three little girls ran up and pushed their way up to the front. A window opposite opened and a woman's head was stuck out. "We belong to the National Union," she explained. "We believe that by appealing to you we can move the government more effectually than by rushing the house."

The crowd showed signs of approval and moved up closer. Another group of men came up. Several more came out of shops near by and the policeman strolled over in the direction of the crowd. The girl was not nervous. She began to explain the policy and methods of the National Union; then she talked of Justice and Fair Play. While she talked the crowd grew and grew, and at the end of ten minutes quite two hundred people were gathered in front of her. She stopped and bent over to speak to her companion.

"Go on, Miss," shouted a man in the crowd. "We ain't tired yet."

"All right," she answered; "we're going on. We shan't stop till we get what we want." Then she began to give other reasons, and talked of taxation without representation.

"You don't pay no taxes," someone cried. "'Ow old are you?"

But she only smiled and went on to say that women cared as much as men for war or peace, licensing bills or old age pensions.

"You won't get a pension yet awhile," suggested a cross-looking old woman. "No, but I'd like to be sure you get yours," answered the girl, and the crowd grinned approval. After five minutes more she stopped, and the other girl got up.

"I'll go and look for the others," she whispered. "You hold the crowd till I get back." Then she made her way through and turned out of the market square, leaving the other girl alone.

The other was visibly nervous. During the last five minutes more people had come, and she saw over three hundred faces when she looked up. She clenched her hands behind her back and looked very serious indeed in the effort to control her voice. "Friends," she said. It was not loud enough; she could feel a movement of impatience in the crowd. "Friends!" This time they could all hear. "I intended to talk to you

about working men and working women, and to explain to you how the government interferes, and how votes are practically useful. But now that I see you, I know that it is absurd for me to talk. You *know* and *are* the things I only read about. You men *know* you wouldn't give up your votes, and you see every day how politics and bread and butter are mixed up together."

In her eagerness she lost her fear—lost herself. She went on, speaking so eloquently and clearly that the crowd stood silent and made no movements. She abused the existing conditions for women—she urged them to see that the only way to better things was to give the women a chance to help themselves. Suddenly she stopped. Something brought her back to herself—perhaps it was the passing of a cart—and she became nervous again.

"I will now ask the next speaker to—to—to speak," was all she could say. Then she looked down and saw that there was no next speaker! For an awful moment she stood undecided.

"The next speaker is not here," she heard herself saying. The market place seemed to be twirling round and round—still the crowd did not go.

"Is there anyone here who will speak," she exclaimed suddenly—it seemed to her an inspiration.

"Oh, no, Miss, you go on," said a friendly workman.

"But," she did not know what she was saying—she could only think of the word but, "but—but I have said—what I prepared—I mean what I did not prepare—" The crowd laughed. One or two seemed to jeer. She felt them passing out of sympathy, and with a desperate effort she pulled herself together.

"I will tell you a story," she said. "Once upon a time—"

The men who had scoffed moved away.

"We ain't babies," they said.

"Once upon a time there was a king and queen who had no children. They prayed God to send them a child. After a long time God sent them a daughter. Then there was weeping throughout the country, no bonfires were lit and no banquets held." She looked at the crowd very seriously. "Do you think that royal baby had the fair start a royal baby ought to have? That's the sort of thing that happens to women all their lives." Then she described the disabilities of women; their lack of encouragement

and incentive; the ridicule they meet with everywhere, and other difficulties. Again she forgot to be frightened, and again the crowd listened and were silent. And still the others did not come back.

It was after eight before there was any change in the scene. Then a wagon filled with noisy youths coming back from an excursion rattled into the market place. Their joy at seeing the meeting was shown by yells and screams of delight. They tumbled out of the wagon and began pushing up among the crowd, singing, shouting and jeering.

"Shut up," " 'Ere, dry up," "Shut your face," said the crowd. "Go it, pretty," "Votes for women," "Oh my!" jeered the intruders—and there was trouble. The noise and commotion grew. The crowd pushed this way and that. Hats were thrown into the air and sticks were waived. The girl on the cart was quite unable to make herself heard. "You stay quiet, Miss," advised a friendly young man. "They're only drunk and won't do no harm," and she laughed a little nervously and stayed quiet.

The policeman tried to overawe the rioters; the crowd tried to quiet them. But these things only added to the general confusion.

At this point the other girls came into the square; they could not get near the cart, so they took shelter in a neighbouring shop and looked on. The girl on the cart stood still. The policeman went up to her and said he would get her out if she liked, but she shook her head and waited for a chance to speak. Presently a lull came; instantly she called out:

"You senseless disturbers, have *you* got votes?"

"Oh, yes," they cried back, and many derisive things. They had votes all right. They knew all about that. Didn't she wish she were a man, and so on. But there seemed to be less vigour in their fun after that; one of them slunk home ashamed, and the others allowed themselves to be quieted by the crowd. When she could be heard again the girl said: "Thank you, friends, for listening to me so long and so patiently, and to these anti-suffragists so effectively. I will now take a collection in my hat."

The men laughed and fished in their pockets for pennies. The disturbers tried to raise ironical cheers, but these were drowned by real ones, and the crowd melted slowly away, leaving the girl sitting on the cart with a hat full of coins. The others came over and joined her. "It was a good meeting," they all agreed.

RAY COSTELLOE.

EDITORIAL.

Everyone has met in fiction, and possibly nowhere else, the touching picture of the college girl grown cold and unfeeling towards her own home, contemptuous of her early friends, critical of her father and mother, and, in short, unable to fit herself back again into the niche she stepped out of to enter college. Doubtless this is a sad sight—so very sad that some modern writers have undertaken to turn us a bright side. Will they think the college woman ungrateful if she fails to greet their new picture of her with a glad cry of recognition?

Meaning to be fair, we cannot but admit that the stories with which we have our quarrel suggest intentions as kind as possible. Their authors have simply set out to prove that, whereas narrow-minded people may presume that the college woman, by her education, has been changed into a pedantic bore or a dissatisfied prig, on the contrary she has changed *not at all!* Do not be alarmed, they assure the world soothingly. All her little womanly failings are just what they always were. Does she seem to be coming out from her college doors with some new purposefulness on her brow? Is she becoming introspective and philosophical? Are her eyes on ideals far away? Ah, never fear! See little Cupid just around the corner. How beautiful to find the dear old story repeating itself! Where are all her lofty ambitions now in the face of the sweet old primal instincts?

Or, there is the type of story in which the college girl is about to arrive somewhere as a guest; and consternation reigns; and the pretty daughters of the family, before her arrival, deplore the inevitable dowdiness of her wardrobe; and the most eligible young man of the community declares that he will be hanged, or something similarly heroic, before he takes her out to dinner; and a stupid and very infirm old anthropologist is invited to keep her amused. And then, ah happy vindication of the glory of womanhood, she arrives and turns out to be quite startlingly gay, appropriates all the men in the room, including the infirm anthropologist, and, in the eternal justice of heaven, bears off in triumph the Eligible Young Man who has been won, so far as the story discloses, by the flippancy of her conversation and the smartness of her gowns.

Briefly, the aim seems to be to prove to the public that the college woman is the cleverest person in the world about hiding her light under a bushel—a performance laudable for modesty, but not so commendable from the point of view of usefulness. The college woman has no objection, we may presume, to being held the acme of graceful and agreeable frivolousness under certain circumstances, especially as opposed to the feverishness of the culture club—Browning Circle type. But the point of our complaint is that the "butter-fly" is not the college girl's *best* role, and the urging of it is apt to be misleading, not only to the public but even to the college girl herself. Whereas if any one wishes to vindicate her, the nearest road would be to show what good college does do for women rather than what harm it does not do.

R. G.

DULCI FISTULA

THE LEG OF THE CENTIPEDE.

L'Envoi.

Do not mistake this for a lay,
It's nothing of the kind;
It's the neat, well-ordered chaos
Of my poor, disordered mind.

Upon the stroke of twelve last night
I killed a centipede.
Tho' you may not believe this true
It really is indeed.

We fought both long and hardily
The outcome was in doubt.
('Tis hard to kill a centipede
As you've perhaps found out.)

(Some people say a cat is hard
To kill, but I have found
A hundred legs are harder than
Nine lives, to bring to ground.)

I chased him up, I chased him down,
  I puffed with might and main,
I saw him rushing *to* and *fro,*
  Then back to *to* again.

"Ah! Ha!" would laugh the running-up-
  The-paper centipede,
(You see my German interferes)
  "You think you've got me treed."

When he'd be in as tight a fix
  As ever I have sawn,
Quick,—out would fly his 1,000 legs,
  And there, he would be gone.

A rousing bout we had of it,
  The wee sma' hours flew by.
The centipede excited was,
  And so, in truth, was I.

And then I grabbed a fencing foil.
  "No more will you raise Ned,"
I shouted at him very loud,
  And stabbed him thro' the head.

V. J., '11.

THE STUDENT AND THE BUTTERFLY.

The student and the butterfly were feeling very blue
They wept like anything to see such quantities to do.
"If we should work for forty days," they said "we'd not be through."
"If we had learned our lesssons and our lectures one by one
Do you suppose," the student said," we could have got it done?"
"I doubt it," said the butterfly, "and where would be the fun?"

Anne Walton, '08.

Cupid:
"Never mind —
I'll let you
land my
next!"

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

'89. The Philadelphia Committee of the Alumnæ Endowment Fund held an informal reception for the Senior Class on Friday, January eighth. Miss Kirkbride and Miss Reilly gave an account of the work of the committees which has already been accomplished in various cities. The first $100,000 is now complete, the Boston Committee alone having secured $57,000. It was suggested that a collector be appointed in each class as it graduates, to be responsible for the interest of her classmates in the Endowment Fund.

'01. Caroline Seymour Daniels is to be married to Mr. Philip Wyatt Moore on January twenty-eighth.

'03. Mary Montague has announced her engagement to Mr. George Mullins Guild, of Chattanooga.

Edith Dabney, from Seattle, and Doris Earle have visited College recently.

'04. Martha S. Rockwell announces her engagement to H. Wilson Moorehouse, of Philadelphia.

'05. Caroline Morrow, now living in Paris, has announced her engagement to J. Chadwick Collins, grandson of the late Sir Andrew Chadwick.

'09. Rhoda Seligman Lewisohn has a daughter, born in December.

'10. The engagements of Frances Stewart to Dr. Goodrich Rhodes, of Cincinnati, and of Sidney Garrigues to Edward Edwards, of Haverford, were announced during the Christmas holidays.

'11. Mary Case has announced her engagement to Keith Pevear, of Boston.

COLLEGE NOTES.

After Dr. Lloyd's sermon on Wednesday evening, December sixteenth, the Glee Club, which had furnished the Christmas music for that service, went on its yearly round, singing Christmas carols from hall to hall on their way to the Deanery, where the singers were welcomed and entertained, like the mummers of the old country, by President Thomas.

The Law Club and The Equal Suffrage League took the field in a very interesting suffrage debate on Thursday evening, December seventeenth. The suffragists of the League won a signal victory over their opponents, the "Antis."

On Friday, December eighteenth, Mr. Whiting gave his second recital to a well-filled assembly room. He played the first half of his program,—Scarlatti, Handel and Mozart,—on the harpischord, and the second,—Beethoven, Mendelssohn and Chopin,—on the piano, showing the difference between the two instruments and comparing the music composed for them.

On January sixth, Christmas vacation ended at nine o'clock. At half-past seven that evening Charles E. St. John, of the First Unitarian Church, of Philadelphia, preached the college fortnightly sermon.

At a formal meeting of the Law Club, held in Rockefeller Hall on Saturday evening, January ninth, Mr. Owen J. Roberts, of Philadelphia, lectured on "What to do with our criminals."

Professor Mahaffy, of Trinity College, University of Dublin, gave a talk in chapel on Tuesday morning, January twelfth, on the mixture of races in Ireland.

The regular meeting of the Christian Union was led on Wednesday, January thirteenth, by Pleasaunce Baker, 1909.

ATHLETIC NOTES.

At this time of going to press the windows, with their square, leaded panes, are just being put into the gymnasium, and it is expected that

classes will be held in a few days on the rough flooring inside. True, it has been suggested that the slender members of our community avoid these classes, lest they fall through the cracks into the swimming pool, but general enthusiasm is none the less high, for these desirable and hitherto unattainable drills. Meanwhile improvised classes are held in the upper corridors of the halls, and, in noisy hours, it is usual to come upon two or three devotees, "forming fours in front of one" with high-souled disregard for mathematics, or climbing imaginary ropes while the spectators cheer them on.

A more materialistic outlet for energy is provided by the Fencing Club, and those of us—notably Freshmen—who are unversed in the gentle art of "en garde" and "touché" meet every afternoon at 5.30 in Rockefeller basement, for elementary instruction.

It is hoped that the swimming pool will be ready for use before February first, in order that the Freshmen may be authorised and everything put in readiness for the swimming meets on the fifth and thirteenth of February. Also the Alumnæ Water Polo team has challenged Varsity Water Polo, and a game is planned for January twenty-ninth.

Track practice will begin as soon as the permanent floor of the gymnasium is laid, and the first track meet is set for February twenty-sixth.

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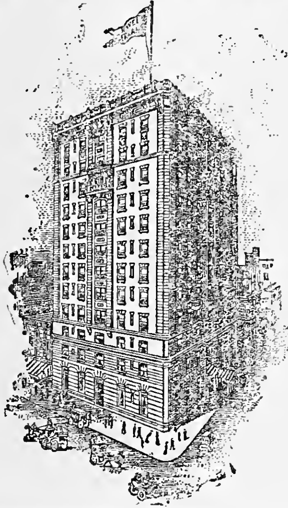

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Contents

		PAGE
Ibsen as an Iconoclast	Mary F. Nearing, '09	1
Ennui	Marianne Moore, '09	7
The Braggart	Carlie Minor, '09	8
The Moon	Katherine M. Kelley, '10	10
After-Light	Grace Branham, '10	11
To Rossetti's Picture, "Marianna"	Constance Deming, '10	18
To a Far Country	Helen T. Scott, '09	18
Editorial		23
Dulci Fistula		25
Alumnae Notes		26
College Notes		28
Athletic Notes		29

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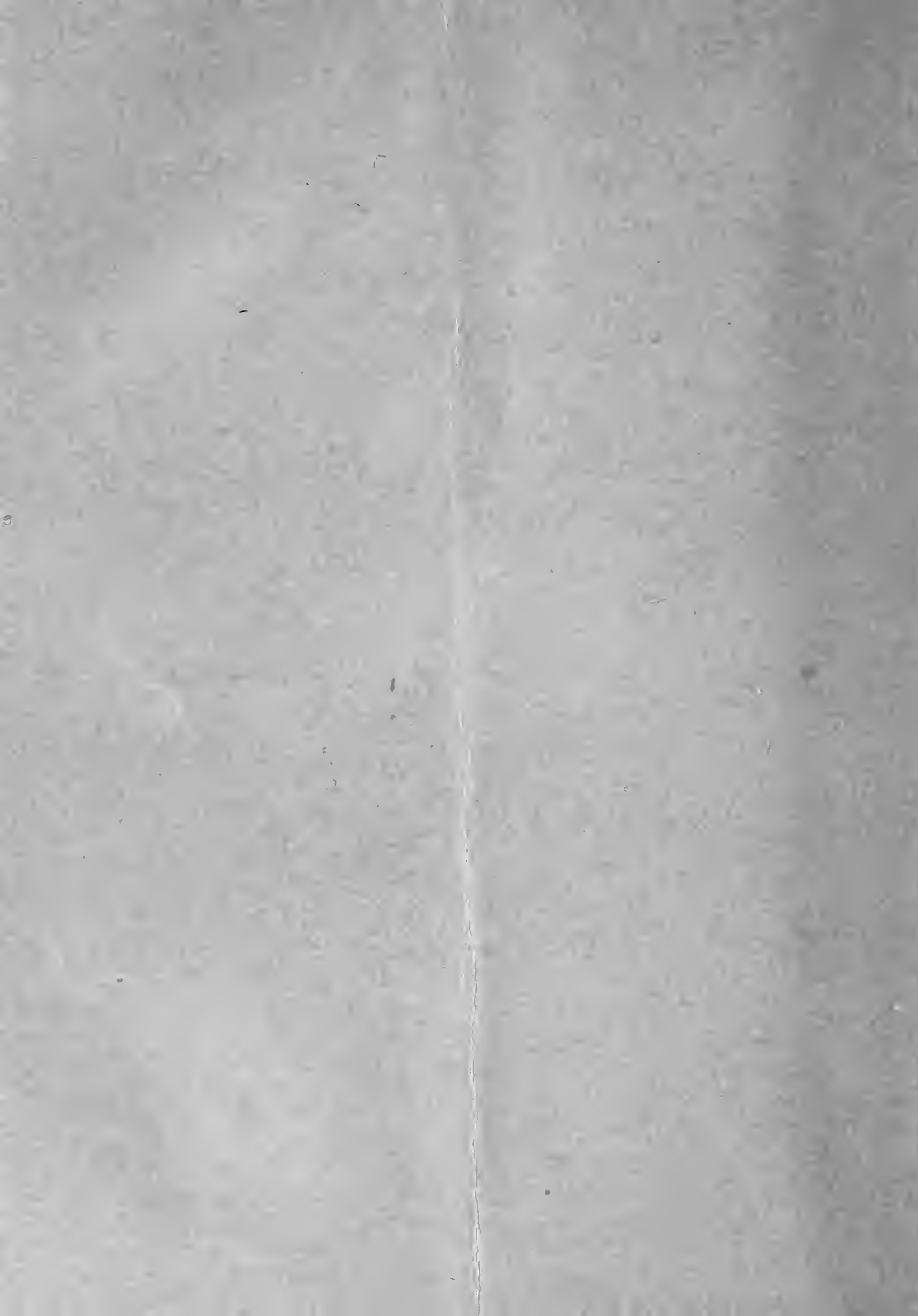

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IBSEN AS AN ICONOCLAST.

In a letter to his friend, George Brandes, written in 1871, not long after the publication of *The League of Youth*, Ibsen makes the following inclusive statement:

"The whole race is on the wrong track; that is the trouble. Or is there really anything tenable in the present situation with its unattainable ideals, etc.?" In this sentence is contained in fact the "quintessence of Ibsenism"; and it was with this working hypothesis that he set about his life task. If we divide revolutionists broadly into those who are merely destructive and those who are constructive as well, we are obliged to place Ibsen in the former class, in the company of such men as Socrates, Voltaire and Carlyle and perhaps also Tolstoi. He recognizes that the

race is on the wrong track and he takes pains to prove this, but he does not point out the right one.

Yet we should be wrong in treating Ibsen simply as a pessimist. It may perhaps seem that anyone who can write such a sentence as the above quoted or "The best thing that could befall our country would be a great national disaster," or such a play as *The Wild Duck* or *Ghosts,* must be rather far on the way to pessimism; and one cannot but admit that as regards the present situation Ibsen feels very little hope. What saves him from complete pessimism is his confidence in the future. It is his failure to justify this confidence, even in his own mind; his failure to establish any connection between the present hopeless situation and the social emancipation in which he believed that marks his failure as a reformer. In this lies the inconsistency of his work, that, having reduced the world to chaos, he expects a new and beautiful order immediately to be evolved therefrom; having pulled down his house and turned it into a stone heap, he expects to see it transformed before his eyes into a temple.

In the beginning, I think, he started out with the fixed purpose of raising society on a new basis, regenerating it. He was never content with merely destructive work, but was forced into this position by circumstances. Force of will made him an optimist, but temperament and environment made him an iconoclast and a skeptic. At times his will conquers, but to the end he reaches no satisfactory solution, offers no effective means of making substitution for the evils against which he inveighs with so much bitterness.

Let us look a little into the conditions of this heredity and environment from which Ibsen's outlook upon life is derived. The most striking thing in regard to his life is the fact that he is singularly unattached. He seems to take root nowhere, to acknowledge none of the ties that commit most men to some established part in the social system. Friends he had, it is true, but the basis of these friendships was chiefly necessity of one kind or another. Even among his best friends he maintained a certain aloofness. In one of his letters to Björnsen he writes, "It seems as if I were separated from both God and man by a great unfathomable void." In another letter we find, "My real thoughts and feelings always got expressed wrongly and as I felt this I shut myself in," and again, "I am conscious, in personal intercourse, of only being able to

give incorrect expression to what lies deepest in me and constitutes my real self; therefore, I prefer to lock it up."

With this predisposition to reserve and aloofness, Ibsen was placed in circumstances singularly unfavorable to the development of a more sympathetic side of his nature.

He was born at Skien, a little Norwegian town by the sea. His family had met with misfortunes so that he was obliged very early to leave home and find employment in the larger town of Grimstad. He seems never to have been deeply attached to his home or his family, and upon his going away, practically all connection was broken off. While at Grimstad he made few friends. Wilful, eccentric, liberty-loving yet intolerant, he found little sympathy among the phlegmatic townspeople, who feared his clever satire and disapproved of his indifference to convention. He on his part learned to despise and discredit everything that pertained to Norway. He found its people hopelessly narrow-minded, its institutions warped and deteriorated, its whole atmosphere oppressive. In these uncongenial surroundings he was obliged to spend the first half of his life in a bitter struggle for bare existence, which set him constantly at odds with everything. Thus cut off, partly from choice, partly by necessity, from all the channels of human sympathy, he never comes to feel the vitality of social relations. Customs, usages, traditions, often superstitions, which are to most of the world golden chains linking together man and man, generation and generation, in close unity, are, in his eyes, simply fetters chaining man to an outworn system, curtailing his liberty and hampering his free will. Thus we find Ibsen equipped at the outset with both the will and the stimulus to try to demolish the whole existing social order, but with no definite basis for reform.

His earliest writing is the work of the poet and dramatist, rather than the critic, and has little bearing on his work as a revolutionist.

Lady Inger of Ostrad, The Feast of Solhaug, and *The Vikings at Helgeland* are conventional in plot and manner. They are great simply because of the force and vitality which he is able to give to the most usual situation and the most conventional character. The later phase of his work begins with his journey to Rome in 1864. Up to that time, in the cramped and uncongenial life in Norway, he had felt unable to think clearly, or to get the breadth of view that is necessary for the fair-minded critic.

In Rome he found exactly the environment that he needed. Here

were breadth of horizon, freedom of thought, open-minded cosmopolitanism. From here he could see Norway in true perspective, and treat her errors with greater tolerance, if with no less real disapproval.

Ibsen's really important work began with the composition of *Brand,* in 1865, considered by many the greatest of all his writings; and it well deserves this position for this reason at least, that it is the summing up of all, both of his earlier and later work. With this and *Peer Gynt,* written in the next year, his earlier work as a romantic dramatist ends, and his later work as a revolutionary thinker begins.

At the outset we have the question confronting us, What is the meaning of *Brand?* What interpretation does this most significant of his works give of Ibsen's point of view? On our answer to this question our whole interpretation of Ibsen's later work depends. Mr. Bernard Shaw treats it as a semi-conscious satire on the indefatigable pursuit of the ideal—a kind of imaginative preconception of what Ibsen later worked out systematically as a theory of the worthlessness of whole-souled devotion to any cause or of idealism in any form.

It seems to me that in this Mr. Shaw is entirely mistaken. The poem is, of course, primarily a poem, and such of the poet's philosophy of life as is contained in it is more or less sub-conscious. It seems, however, unfair or at least arbitrary to take the attitude that because Ibsen wrote it he could not possibly understand what he meant by it; but that because Mr. Shaw is Mr. Shaw he is necessarily able to explain it, without giving Ibsen even a hearing in regard to it. Mr. Shaw succeeds in manufacturing a tolerably consistent Ibsen, but he comes rather far, I think, from hitting upon the real Ibsen, who, do what we can, cannot be made to fit our moulds of consistency. Even supposing that Ibsen did not know what he meant when he wrote *Brand,* it is only fair to pay some attention to his after judgments of it. "*Brand,*" he writes in a letter in 1891, "is myself in my best moments." Had he then spent twenty-five years in aiming his satire at what he still felt to be the best in himself? No one but Bernard Shaw, I should think, would be capable of that.

Shortly after the completion of the work, Ibsen writes of it: "The work is new, but the subject and mood have been weighing on me like a nightmare ever since many lamentable political occurrences at home first made me examine myself and the condition of our national life and think about things that before had passed me by."

A sentence written in later life, perhaps throws the truest light on

the meaning of the poem. "Discretion, which is really nothing more than a lukewarmness of blood that makes respectable souls incapable of committing a grand piece of folly." It might be argued that this was a passing mood than came and went without affecting the trend of his work. In a letter written to his sister in the later part of his life we find this sentence: "Underneath the crust of folly and forwardness I have taken life very seriously. Do you know that I have entirely separated myself from my own family because a position of half understanding was unendurable to me?"

"Underneath the crust" he is Brand, struggling, sacrificing all for the sake of an ideal. The trouble with the critics of *Brand* is this: Both Mr. Shaw and Ibsen's compatriots based their criticisms on the material, not on the method of the poem. The pious Norwegians find in it a homily on religion; Mr. Shaw sees in it religious idealism satirised. Ibsen's own words, however, preclude the possibility of considering it in either light. "*Brand,*" he says, "has been misconstrued, at least as regards my intention. The misconstruction has evidently arisen from the fact of Brand's being a priest and from the problem being of a religious nature. I could have constructed the same syllogism just as easily on the subject of a sculptor or a politician as of a priest." It is clear, then, that, however inconsistent it may appear, in the light of his later work, Ibsen's ideal is that of absolute devotion to the right cause involving the sacrifice of everything that stands in the way of accomplishment. Ibsen fails where *Brand* fails, in that he finds no solution for the problem he has raised. The priest sets himself the task of leading men on to salvation. But first they must leave all and follow him. One after another he destroys their old ideals, makes them dissatisfied with their old way of life, leads them away from home and church and village, up into the hills, and there the avalanche buries him. One is impressed by the similarity between the life of Ibsen and the symbolism of the poem. It is as if in a moment of poetic insight he looked from the height of imagination far along the road he was to travel until it was lost in darkness.

A brief survey of his later works will show how the analogy is carried out. His earlier plays satirise the follies and conventionalities and narrowmindedness of his countrymen. In *Peer Gynt,* the *Doll's House* and *Ghosts* he is demanding a wider outlook, more freedom. "That is the cursed thing about small surroundings," he says, "they make the soul small." As the "heathen fane" was too narrow for

Brand's church, so Ibsen finds the world of tradition too confining for the human spirit. Stone by stone he tears down the

> "Ancient monument, all sacred in its antique dress,
> Grand in its simple stateliness."

As he goes on, however, he encounters more and more opposition. A storm of criticism which has not yet subsided greeted the appearance of *Ghosts* upon the stage. He began to feel himself at war with the world, and this mood is reflected in *The Enemy of the People*. *The Wild Duck* is the most fantastic and yet the bitterest of all his satires, because in this he really seems to hold up to ridicule his own ideals. Gregers Werle is, after all, Ibsen turned fanatic and robbed of his sense of humour, while Relling, the embodiment of the spirit of compromise, becomes the sane man of the play. Like Brand, Ibsen is again dissatisfied, and abandons what he has built. "The only thing I love about liberty," he says, "is the struggle for it." And again, "What I love is the revolutionary spirit of man."

The Lady from the Sea is perhaps the most hopeful of all his plays, because in this there is some positive and definite point of view. The doctrine is laid down with more or less precision that, given perfect freedom, man will choose what is best for himself. But, though the effort is apparent, it is hardly convincing.

The truth is, I think, that little by little Ibsen lost his faith. The vitality of a Brand who would tear down to build again left him, and the hopelessness of present conditions weighed upon him to such an extent that he lost sight of the issue. In youth he was upheld by the sheer force of his will, but even then he lacked the strong foundation of an abiding faith. In some verses to Susanna Thoresen, his future wife, we read:

> "Throughout the crowded ballroom
> There's naught but gladness and mirth,
> Not one of them all that hath felt it,
> The weary burden of earth.
> Not one of them all that hath felt it,
> Not one that ever could guess
> How under the veil of rejoicing
> Lurks the horror of emptiness."

No one who has once felt that "horror of emptiness" ever quite shakes himself free again; and in reading Ibsen's later dramas one feels that all the while he himself is looking through and past his work, perhaps at the avalanche descending.

Even the means of salvation that he does advocate—that is, complete emancipation from old ideals and absolute freedom of the will—cannot be consistently worked out. He touches here and there upon its different phases, but he never meets the fact that two men with completely free wills could not live on the same planet together, to say nothing of some millions of men living in harmony on a small peninsula; one Brand may exist, but two are inconceivable. Nor does he ever face the fact that not one man in ten thousand is strong enough to stand alone on the strength of his own will and personality. In this he takes the purely revolutionary point of view. "Support," he says, in effect, "weakens men, makes them dependent, warps and stunts their growth." Is it not rather right to regard conventions, social laws as scaffolding within which the character, like a building of stone, grows little by little? When the building is finished the scaffolding may be pulled away and it will stand alone. Everything in nature, everything in the work of man depends on this system of protection, and an attempt to alter it is necessarily an attack upon the ordering of the universe.

MARY F. NEARING, '09.

ENNUI.

He often expressed
A curious wish,
To be interchangeably
Man and fish;
To nibble the bait
Off the hook,
Said he,
And then slip away
Like a ghost
In the sea.

MARIANNE MOORE, '09.

THE BRAGGART.

In the summer dusk the inn-keeper sat smoking lazily in the doorway of the Queen's Hotel, while on the broad steps of the dilapidated little place squatted a group of Confederate soldiers. Some were smoking, some chewing, and all laughing and chaffing each other. Three of them played poker by the light of a crooked dip at a little table set apart in the broad verandah, and the rest of the troop perched on the rail fence or lounged their weary length about the desolate yard. Young Grey was in his glory. He put his feet on the balustrade, tipped his chair to the extreme of safety and gave a mellow, contemptuous laugh for the benefit of the group on the steps.

"Well? What are you a-laffin fer?" asked one of the soldiers.

"Ter hear you all a-talkin' 'bout huntin' that a way. You don't know nuthin' 'bout it. The real way ter shoot partridges is not ter tech 'em. You go out with a good dawg, en you start a covey. Then you raise yo' rifle—"

"Rifle!" shouted a lank private of seventeen, whose thirst for anecdotes was matched only by his guilelessness in believing them.

"Yaas, suh, rifle. I don't call this here scattering bird shot spo'tesmanlike. En you take aim between yo' bird's laigs—"

"Well, suh!"

"En you fire. In cose you carry away all the tail feathers, en anybody knows a bird cyarn't fly ner run withouten his tail to balance him, en so—"

"Aw sho!" said the innocent one, and a storm of guffaws broke over his humiliated head.

Grey brought the front legs of his chair sharply to the floor. "You all needn't believe it," said he, sitting up very straight, "but I done it myself many a day."

"Ef you know so much 'bout shootin', why don't you jine the army and teach us how to do it, then?"

The stiffness suddenly went out of Grey's spine. After an embarrassing pause: "I've got a wife ter support en a farm ter manage"—this

with dignity. Then he squared his shoulders and flung back his head with the old nonchalance. "I ain't a talkin' much, but I reckon I done as much as any of you all."

One of the men at the table raised an eye-brow, and looked at him sharply, then plunged into the game again.

"I've killed seven of the damned Yankees myself—I tell you how I done it—"

A bugle rang out. The sprawling group leaped to their feet and made their way to where the troop was rapidly forming.

"You better look out. Hunter'll be along after a while," one called back, laughing.

"Ef he leaves sech a dangerous person es you alive," shouted another, "you must tell us 'bout them seven when we come back."

"All right!" cried Grey good-naturedly, and the little squad swung off down the darkening street.

He turned about and saw the three still at their game.

"Hi!" he said. "They've gone off and left you. You better had hurry."

"Thank you," said one in a clear cut voice, but they kept their seats.

Grey wheeled abruptly and took his way to the horse rack. As he tightened his mare's girth he watched the dark forms on the verandah rise at length and stroll out of the yard. They turned, however, not in the direction which the southern troops had taken, but towards a faraway bugle call which announced the approach of Hunter's men. Grey gave a puzzled little whistle and headed his mare for the lights of his own farmhouse, far off on the mountainside.

At two o'clock that night a heavy knock at the door roused him, and he went down to see what was wanted. A man in a blue uniform stood there in the flickering light of Grey's candle. "The house is surrounded. You had better come quietly," said the soldier.

"Wh-what do you mean?" gasped Grey.

"Reliable witnesses have testified that you confessed to killing Federal soldiers."

"By Heaven! What are you going to do with me?"

"What you did with them. We haven't much time to spare."

Grey's jaw dropped. Then a smile quavered over his face and he said in a broken voice, "Why, I was just a-foolin'. I never killed a man

in my life. They all knew that. You— Why I didn't kill no soldiers. You know I didn't."

"I have my orders," said the man curtly.

"What are your orders?" he whispered huskily. A light footstep sounded overhead. "What do they want?" his wife's voice came down to him.

He clenched his hands and, taking immense pains to keep his voice from shaking answered deliberately, "Nothing. Some gentlemen want me. I'll be back by morning."

The light footstep died away.

"May I get my coat?"

"I don't think you'll need it."

Grey opened his mouth to call, but his voice died in his throat. His face worked horribly, the candle-stick fell from his hand, and, bowing his head, he went out into the night.

CARLIE MINOR, '09.

THE MOON.

Oh, I am old as the worlds are old
And I am young with man,
I've counted the heartbeats of the earth
Since the universe began.

Through aeons of mist and darkness
Unknown to the past of man,
I've watched the shaping of cosmos
Since the universe began,

The rise and fall of dynasties,
The rise and fall of man,
Of all that has been through the ages,
Since the universe began.

The great gods in their glory,
Made in the image of man—
They pass as gods have ever passed
Since the universe began.

Of the love of man for woman,
  Of the love of woman for man,
I have seen and heard—and laughed at it
  Since the universe began.

There is nothing of earth that is lasting,
  And least of all is it man.
They live and they die as they've lived and died
  Since the universe began.

KATHERINE M. KELLEY, '10.

AFTER-LIGHT.

Mr. Gerald Beale was the centre of a crowd—if one may call a group of young people at an evening party a crowd. When a tall man with a distinguished face full of a certain whimsical sadness stands on a chair to deliver a camp-meeting sermon he is apt to draw attention.

"When salvation knocks at the door,
Take off the old coat, wear it no more,"

he droned, amid the continuous unreserved laughter which is the unfailing tribute of his acquaintances to an old humourist. "Take off the old coat, put on the new—" leaving the sentence in mid-air he jumped down from the chair to run after a lady who was just going out of the door. She turned as she heard him coming, and with a little cry of surprise and recognition held out her hands to him. "Gerald Beale," she said with great friendliness in her eyes and great sadness in her voice. Then, after a little, "How many years has it been?"

"Twelve" he got out quickly enough, but in a voice quivering with excitement. "Why did you find me *here*?" and—as she looked a little non-plussed—"making a spectacle of myself. I *felt* your eyes. You looked, Alice—you did, after all these years—you looked contemptuous."

"I didn't recognise you, dear Gerald. And always, you know, mimicry and that sort of thing have seemed to me—must I say it?—so ignoble. You remember that I've"—she smiled reminiscently—"lost the natural sense of laughter."

The phrase threw the past wide open. "That is what I was once beast enough to tell you. When can we talk?"

"Not now, or here. Henry is waiting for me. Come to-morrow,—the old house. Good-bye! good night!"

That night Gerald Beale walked home by a roundabout way and thought of many things, in especial of Alice Vaughan and certain passages they had together experienced. Twelve years ago they had loved each other. To him all the worship that had mingled with his love remained and, perhaps, some of the love also. Since then he had been attracted to other women and had married one of them, because, of them all, she chiefly reminded him of Alice Vaughan. Alice, too, had married, one Henry Talbot, a friend of his own, an amusing fellow with more wit than brain, whom he had rather despised. "Why had they not married each other?" The question asked itself bitterly, insistently. He remembered the old answer: Because we are too unlike.

He grew red as he thought of their first meeting and its likeness to this one. Fate seemed malicious as well as crude in her workmanship. That time he had been mimicking the bishop when a tall, grave girl had passed him on her father's arm, and in passing had glanced at him with sad, wondering contempt. He never forgot the look, and later, when they were introduced, he asked her if she disapproved of mimicry. Without smiling, she told him it should be beneath the dignity of a man, and immediately he fell in love with her candid earnestness. From such an unpropitious beginning a great friendship had sprung up between them, which on his side subtly changed and deepened "to the devotion to something afar," and on hers—from the heights she reached out her hand to him. Gradually they came to know each other. As he had expected, he found that her character possessed and dominated her, lending her a certain air of remoteness and spirituality. And he found also an unending and ever-deepening personality which no mask of manners, even had she vouchsafed to use a mask, could conceal, and which separated her from the world she lived in and governed her by different laws. For small things she had a supreme contempt, and in small things she included all the frivolities. All his youth long he had cared only for amusing women, women who danced and gossipped and flirted, and had believed that they alone made life possible. His own frivolity he made no attempt to conceal from her, yet rarely showed it

in her presence. Under the spell of her mystery and charm he laid aside unconsciously his flippancy and his paradoxes and talked to her seriously and, what is more, thought of her seriously. There were times, however, when his personality crept out, his irreverence, his habit of attudinising, and his egotism, and, what grieved her most, his want of "heart." She was too sincere not to look these things fairly in the face, though they condemned him. What was good in him—his sweetness of temper and brilliant capabilities—weighed light with her, but, though they did not reverse her judgment, they held her affection.

One night they were sitting together on the deck of her father's yacht. She had her head thrown back looking at the stars, so oblivious of his presence that he grew fidgety, and like a child caught hold of her hand to remind her. She came back with a sigh and he had the feeling of drawing her back from Paradise. "Gerald, dear boy," she said, "you do love the stars? They are the only things we have to connect us with —eternity." She spoke haltingly, with little breaks between the words as though obliging herself to say things she had rather not. "Infinity and eternity mean nothing until you look at the stars. Not that they make me feel small—rather the other way—only they put me in mind of my hampering body."

He laid his hand on her dress as though to stay a sudden flight. She was too engrossed even to notice the gesture.

"Don't fling off into eternity that way, Alice dear, it makes me nervous. Nice enough place for them that's used to it. Warranted," he went on, smiling at her, "to take ladies of a certain seriousness out of themselves. But 'remember, remember your own Jerry boy.' "

In a moment he became exquisitely uncomfortable and miserable at his own idiocy, but he could not have helped it and only wished that since he was making an ass of himself, he had been a little wittier.

His dismal attempt at levity revolted her. Her mouth tightened angrily, but her eyes grew bright with tears of sudden and intense pain. For whole minutes she said nothing, seeming always on the point of speech, but incapable of it.

Gerald wheeled round his chair and sat staring wistfully at her, so sorry he had hurt her, but making no attempt to ward off the blow he knew was coming when she should speak.

"You don't understand? You cannot understand," came at last,

passionately calm, "not now only, but never. Why did two people as different as we are ever—"

"But we have done it, Alice, Alice, think! That's certain, and I *don't* want to undo it. Let's make the best of it"—he was pleading with her—"and it will be a glorious best. You don't know what I would give up for you. Only give me a chance to live down my flippancy. You'll find me tractable enough."

She looked at him as he plead—almost forgivingly, but as usual she obeyed the incorruptible law of her own standards. "Marriage should not be a system of compromises, and neither of us can change our natures. There are not two important things in the world we agree about," she proceeded, justifying the rules she had laid down. "I do not believe there is anything we should both agree was important. We don't like the same places, or books, or people; we have nothing to found our marriage on."

"We have—I have—" he hesitated and was lost. "Of course love's an antiquated idea."

"It's not enough, we must have common interests. O, Gerald, you don't know how I hate to say it, but it's impossible for us to work it out together."

He did not answer immediately, trying to make out a case for their compatibility. But so accustomed was he to regard only her point of view that each thought plead their dissimilarity, her remoteness, his unworthiness, and he gave it over.

"It's no use, Alice dear," he said with the almost child-like acquiescence which he felt in her decisions and in hers alone, "we are compounded of different clays, that is, if you are clay at all. We should—as you say— be unhappy. After I got used to the glory of having you around, we should bicker. I might call your religion superstition and you might think my levity damnable. You are right. It is not a time for compromise and concession, we differ in things too essential." After this burst he sat quite silent and miserable.

Pity for him shook her resolution. "Do you not think we might? O, no, we cannot, cannot," she iterated, trying to convince herself.

"Alice, dearest, you understand what we are doing? We are deliberately disregarding the great thing and planning to pass our lives without each other."

"Yes, dear," she answered with pathetic but complete finality, "it means renouncement."

Since that night on Captain Vaughan's yacht they had not even seen each other. To Gerald the separation had seemed final and, notwithstanding his agonizing disappointment—fit. A year or so later, when he heard of her marriage to Henry Talbot, there was no fresh rush of bitter remembrance, this new development did not probe sore hopes. If she had married an Italian count or entered a nunnery the renunciation could not have been made more complete. But he was uneasy about her, knowing, as he did, the shallowness of Henry's mental flow, which he was afraid had deceived her. Talbot, of course, wasn't capable of taking the measure of her strength, but with his bright charm and superficial cleverness had been unable to resist—not that it was turned on him—her cleverness and charm. He could feel her charm—quiet as it was—but its deep roots in her nature, the Talbot Gerald knew could not be expected to perceive.

It was not long after their marriage that he began to hear the Talbots spoken of in the newspapers and among their friends as working philanthropists and prison reformers. Much of their time they spent in Russia "studying" what the papers called "conditions," but that they were doing more Gerald could not but believe, and he was afraid they would get into political troubles. She was content with her work, he knew, and he guessed that she had absorbed Talbot. Thenceforth he forgot the woman and remembered the saint.

That she was more in his thoughts than was quite fair to his wife did not occur to him. It was part of his nature to have some one to dwell within his inmost consciousness, and Alice took her place there naturally, passing over Muriel without a struggle. She—poor thing—realised her outside position and was at once too proud and too tame to make the effort to force open the reserves he had raised against her. She could not quite see that they had been raised not so much to hold her out as to enclose and protect another woman, but she was frequently aware of suffering comparison and of being measured against a larger conception of his which she grew to hate as an unjust standard.

Obscure as were her perceptions, she was more alive to the truth than he, who, though he fastidiously criticised her with condescending reminiscence, was utterly unconscious that it was because he regarded her

as an object—not part of himself—which he constantly pitted against a subject who was part of himself. "Muriel did not come into the room with enough *éclat,* Muriel did not quite understand that the great foreigner intended to be subtle, Muriel was not quite clear and bright when they were alone." Alice, of course, was the standard, but this Gerald, in all honesty, failed to recognise.

Some idea of his years of loyalty came to him as he sat in Alice's drawing-room waiting for a visitor to leave. The room was a little shabby, the rugs and curtains faded, the furniture old, useful and neglected without any sign of having been added to or rejected for years. The air of the room was genteel enough, dependent as it was on the old books and the old portraits; but the total absence of mirrors, gilt, photographs, cushions, foot-stools and the thousand shining, pretty things conveyed an expression of asceticism which gratified him as the logical outcome of Alice Vaughan's character.

When the visitor left—a coarse-visaged old man, uncomfortably dressed in ready-made clothes—Alice regreeted him and explained:

"One of the prison people, a man with as interesting a career as Jean Valjean's and quite as reputable."

"He seems terribly fond of you. I had no idea that Henry's work led to this sort of thing. Do all the old gentlemen come up to see you?"

"No," she said, disregarding his implication and with even a hint of sadness, "I only wish they would, then we might be able to do something for them."

"You are doing enough to make Henry famous. By the way, is he at home?"

"He left just before you came. He couldn't wait any longer, he said, even for an old friend, and hoped you would forgive him."

"Oh, yes, certainly; give him my regards," Gerald said vaguely, "but, of course, it was you I wanted to see."

There was a great deal they had to say to each other, much that he knew they both wanted to say which did not lie in outside talk, and he threw this out with a sort of embarrassed boldness. He hoped that she would take it up and so slough the conventional that they might talk as he had unconsciously been planning through all these years. She did not answer him directly, but the significance of his being there came over her and she settled back in her chair with the old radiant friendli-

ness and said, "Tell me about yourself, Gerald, and whether you are satisfied with—everything. Muriel, is she as pretty as she was? You two, I hear, have taken the town by storm and give the only parties in New York that are interesting. She used not to like that sort of thing; I remember Mrs. Darlington's saying that Muriel should marry a clergyman, and how delightfully terrified she was when Muriel told her she was about to take you. Are you responsible, sir, for making a great lady of a saint?"

"No more than you for making a saint of an idle youth. And the greater miracle is yours, because any woman is capable of any life, but a man is so hopelessly a saint or a devil. Yes, hopelessly, hopelessly. It's an empty life, Alice, void as the pit. Nothing to fall back on, nothing to look forward to except forever trying to entertain bored people and to try to be clever. Men who have done things come and talk and each one leaves a reproach. They have struggled and won, or, sometimes, struggled and lost, but at least they have struggled and had the satisfaction of a fight. While I have spent my life hanging on the outskirts of battle with a spy-glass instead of a gun."

"Hypocrite! You've deserved the gratitude of half the artists in America. Whenever I hear that some youthful poet or painter whom you have befriended is reaping prizes and fame, I am half discontented with my work. You are helping the fit to survive, I the unfit. Certainly the world owes you more."

He watched her as she said this and her sweetness filled him with regret. "It is like you to be consoling, so like, but my life has not satisfied you more than it has me. I have idled, I have flung away my talents one by one, keeping only the meanest, and, what is worse, I have flung away Muriel's."

He paused moodily and for a time neither said anything. He knew that she knew what he had just been asserting rather more emotionally than was usual with him was perfectly true and that she was mentally revolving the old situation and their silly, wise solution of it. If twelve years before she had not turned to confront her own over-sensitive scrupulosity and like a coward made terms with these phantoms, he would not so have accused himself. "My fault, my fault," she thought, "if Henry Talbot has made a name and a place for himself, what would not Gerald Beale have become?"

His divination of her thought gave him leave. "If you have made Talbot famous, you would have done as much for me and—something more. It was the cursed conceit of youth. I recollect myself, Alice," she had given him no look, "but we owe this much to ourselves. It *was* the cursed conceit of youth—but what could I have given you for all this? Perhaps I should have degraded your life as I have Muriel's."

In the final test she was freer from convention than he, and she said what he seemed to demand: "You would have made me happy, Gerald."

GRACE BRANHAM, '10.

TO ROSSETTI'S PICTURE "MARIANA."

Ah, Mariana, with the wistful eyes
Far-dreaming on the past, what vision dear
Holds their fixed gaze so steadfast and so clear?
No tear bedims their depths, yet in them lies
Dumb longing for the past that never dies.
How wan that throat and curving cheek and ear
Beneath the evening of that hair appear!
That brow, a pale white shadow doth arise.
Forever shall those listless hands lie still?
Shall Mariana ever lack the will
To lift the needle and to ply the loom,
Until her cheeks and lips have lost all bloom?
Shall memory forever give her pain?
And shall her page forever sing in vain?

CONSTANCE DEMING, '10.

TO A FAR COUNTRY.

Strange!—how now and then a personality impresses itself upon one, pervading the inner room of consciousness like some unforgettable perfume. Even in those first confused days of my Freshman year, Helen Mart seemed, in some indefinable way, set apart from all with whom I came in contact, even from those who afterwards became my close

friends. The others were for me, in that hurried time, all alike new and alien, indistinguishable as snow-flakes. With this one girl, however, I felt from the beginning a certain kinship; I understood her as one understands the friends of years. I saw her first at dinner, when I was feeling very much a stranger and intruder, in the old arched dining-room, pervaded with traditions in which I had no part. I had never seen any one who seemed so entirely alive. All her movements suggested energy; her eyes, which when fixed upon an object, had a curious trick of narrowing, looked out eagerly from her strong, odd face; when she put her hand on the table, she put it down clenched. Perceiving my scrutiny, she smiled, and at once we began talking, not of circumstances, but of ourselves,—hurriedly, as if to make up for lost time. Only after many such conversations, snatched in the few moments of leisure that our rather too-hospitable "upper-classmen" left us, did I learn that she was from a small town in the southwest, which I shall call "Antonio" for convenience,—"an impossible place, my dear, with not one congenial soul in it, and which I intend to leave for good when I get my degree."

"Where will you go?" I had asked, much impressed. "Some place east, I hope, for I should like to see you often."

"Perhaps," she answered vaguely, "far away from Antonio, at any rate—oh, very far!"

During the winter, I saw less of Helen Mart than I liked. Both of us were busy, and we made different friends, for she was ranked with the Junior class, while I was only just out of school. Now and then, however, in the intervals between our various occupations and distractions, we had an hour together. "Come and walk for a while," I said one day, dragging Helen from the midst of a chattering mob that had collected in the hall after lunch. "You don't want to go to your class-meeting. Let the rest wrangle over the question of having apples during the straw-ride, or lemonade after it. It's a beautiful moment; and you shouldn't waste it that way."

"'Burn with a hard, gem-like flame'—I didn't know that was your philosophy," laughed Helen.

"A hard, gem-like flame?" I asked, mystified.

"Oh, I forgot you were only a Freshman. I'm reading Pater," she explained.

"I thought you were reading for your essay on the age of Pericles?" I returned, not at all enlightened.

"So I am, and should be doing now; but the beautiful moment *is* tempting."

"Why did you come to college?" she asked, when we were some distance from the world of class-meetings. "Nobody made you."

"I came because I thought college was a place where one could think things out. Rather an absurd idea, wasn't it? Why did you come, Helen Mart?"

She did not answer for a moment, then spoke slowly, her narrowed eyes gazing into a distance that seemed beyond even the horizon. "Do you remember a poem in the collection of old Saxon verses you once said you liked, called the 'Seafarer'? It told how he suffered in his wanderings, alone, scourged by the wind, on a frozen sea; yet nothing could keep him at rest. I think I am like that Seafarer.

" 'Desire in my heart ever urges my spirit to wander,
To seek out the home of the stranger, in lands afar off.' "

"I understand," I said softly. "That was partly why I came, too—to find the new and unknown."

" '—all stir the heart of the wanderer eager to journey—' she went on, dreamily. "I wonder if you really understand that feeling? It comes upon me so strongly at times, that to stay in one place is physical pain. I have to go out and walk, until I am quite exhausted. How I long to see far countries, China, Japan, India!"

"I don't," I answered positively. "I've thought about them so much that they have become quite real to me, and far more beautiful than I believe they actually are. I almost hope I shall never see them."

"Well, at any rate, I shall not stay in 'Antonio.' I may never see China, but at least I am certain of that. Do you know, this feeling of mine about not staying in 'Antonio' is not so much a wish to go away as it is a sort of premonition? I am utterly sure of some day going to a far country."

"I hope your far country is nearer to me than 'Antonio'," I said wistfully. "I have a premonition, too—that some day I shall see a great deal of you, Helen Mart, more of you than either of us can think possible."

"That's nice," she laughed. "Oh, dear, there goes the two o'clock bell, calling me back to the age of Pericles."

Helen Mart did not return the next year, but remained at a western university, where she received her degree in the spring. I am a careless correspondent, but even my knowledge of that fact has never quite explained to me why I did not answer her letters. She finally ceased writing, and for a while I forgot her as utterly as if she had never come into my life. Then one night, awakening with a violent start, I realised that I was listening with every nerve—for what? The wind in the bare tree-branches, the creak of the furniture, the ticking of my clock, all that subtle undercurrent of sound one does not observe in the day, had united to form a tune, a crashing, restless thing Helen had often played, called "Jugglery." From that night, during an entire year, Helen was seldom from my thoughts. Her eager face would rise before my mind at all sorts of times; I lived over, in my dreams, the hours we had spent together; again and again, the night-sounds played "Jugglery." Whenever I began to write to her, however, so strong a feeling of the futility of such an effort at communication would come over me that I never went beyond the point of addressing an envelope. "It would be just like her to leave Antonio without telling anyone exactly where she had gone. I suppose they would forward a letter, though," I reasoned.

"Why in the world don't I write?" But time went by, and I did not write. I ceased gradually to wish to see her again, for somehow I felt that she was even nearer to me than she had been when at college, more entirely my friend. "Where is she, little Japanese god?" I asked the weird, gaping idol on my desk one night, curiously excited by the sense of her presence. "If I looked up now from your wise, ugly face, I believe I should see her, smiling at me—no, nobody here. You may mouth 'far country' all you please, little Japanese god, I *know* she is near, near!"

"Do you remember Helen Mart?" I asked my neighbor at dinner one evening. "I do intend to write to her, but somehow I feel that she will never hear from me that way."

"Why, yes, I remember her," said the girl in surprised tones. "Quite a friend of yours, wasn't she? I thought you knew that she died, a year ago."

HELEN T. SCOTT, '09.

IN MEMORIAM.

Clara Justine McKenney.

Died February the first, 1909.

Resolutions of the Class of 1910 of Bryn Mawr College concerning the death of Clara McKenney, February 1, 1909.

Whereas, Clara McKenney was a much-loved member of our class and whereas her death has filled us all with sorrow:

Resolved, that we, the class of 1910, in appreciation of those qualities of joyfulness and faithfulness which endeared her to us, desire to express to her family our most sincere sympathy; and be it

Resolved, that copies of these resolutions be sent to Clara McKenney's family and be inserted in the records of the class.

In the death of Clara Justine McKenney, the youngest member of our class, we have experienced a loss of the kind that cannot be remedied. Always cheerful and happy, loyal to her friends, faithful in the performance of every task, even after her strength had failed, she won a large place in our hearts during the one short year she was in College. Since then, during the two years of her illness, Clara's enthusiasm and unfailing interest in the class have made her more dear than before. The knowledge of her youthful courage, even in the face of death, will ever be to us an inspiration and a precious memory.

Katharine Rotan, '10.

EDITORIAL.

One of the founders of the so-called Sceptic School of philosophy declared that since we can be sure of nothing in this world, not excepting the evidence of our senses, we should hold our judgment forever in suspense, lest we commit ourselves to error. The idea is so congenial to youth and to "the modern spirit" that we find ourselves doubting whether its foundation can be dated in history. We feel that we are, as Mr. Chesterton says, "intellectually modest"; we are open-minded, and above all else, we are reasonable: we can be trusted to see both sides of a question.

But though we are, as a consequence, perhaps a little too ready to doubt the solemn authority of Church and State, we are still wearing the chains of a real superstition. We are credulous to a degree in our judgment of men and women. The words of others no wiser than ourselves have a weighty influence on our critical decisions. From them no one may find refuge, either in age or in position. Indeed, the older generations lack the protection of a certain degree of loyalty which we accord to our equals, so that they stand exposed, like impersonal marks for our random shots.

Among ourselves we acquire a superficial readiness at reading character. We classify zealously, distributing our limited acquaintance under general headings: "mathematicians," "poets," "Celts," "Anglo-Saxons." For individual distinctions, argument from sign has its place. Just as unreservedly as a four-leaved clover means good luck, or as a broken mirror presages death in the family, so an over-assurance of manner is an indication of conceit, and certain interests and convictions point plainly to a lack of moral or spiritual enlightenment.

In all of these judgments we have "an instinct for majorities." The people in our world are ticketed and pigeon-holed by a sort of intuitive and popular vote, whose impartiality is unprotected by the secrecy of Australian ballot. Left to ourselves we are less confident, but together we are strengthened by the presiding spirit of the crowd—an unaccountable dæmon who leaves no room for doubt.

We may disregard as self-evident the moral offences involved in such judgments—the infringement of the sacredness of another's personality, the cruelty of adverse criticism—for the young are always ready to sacrifice kindness on the altar of truth. But it may be profitable to consider that in taking for authority in our judgments the word caught in rumour or in careless conversation, we are allowing to flourish in ourselves a servile habit of mind which we are constantly trying to root out of our broader mental processes. Moreover, there is a fallacy in all unqualified statements concerning individuals, which we recognize by the light of an increasing knowledge of their complexity. We have, humanly speaking, no criterion for our judgment of individuals. Your next-door neighbour is a mystery far more inpenetrable than any doctrine concerning the moving cause of life. You cannot trace his development accurately, since so much of it has taken place behind the closed doors of his consciousness. Nor can you discover his nature by analogy, since you can compare him only to that equally unsolvable problem—yourself.

It must be conceded that conviction has, by its nature, no place in our judgment of others. Here is the application par excellence for the spirit of the "modern thought." In going about personal criticism we may take advisably the road which begins nowhere and leads to nothing. We may safely refuse the guidance of tradition and authority, and in our estimation of individuals, choose the circle for our symbol of truth. If indeed, we exert our "will to believe," and, choosing a stopping place on our circular path, are minded to construct a convenient philosophy of criticism, let us make it a place where we and our companions may live together for mutual improvement. If we must judge, let us do it with fear and with love, remembering that generous praise may at least be a spur to well-doing.

M. D. C.

DULCI FISTULA

OUR LADY OF NIGHTMARES.

(An Ode to English.)

Is this th' exam that turned a hundred mad;
That spread the foul contagion through our ranks
Of work and reading until 2 A.M.?
Is this th' exam that stopped the merry jest
Upon the cold, pale lips of those who weep
And tear their streaming hair and coffee drink,
And long to share dear Cleopatra's fate
Or with Falstaffian ease drown cares in sack?
Is this th' exam which now our class-mates sweet,
Those little dears who once in childish glee
Prattled of fudge and teas and hockey scores,
Changes to gorgons armed with poisoned words,
And in whose locks bound with a rag all wet
Lurks venom, on whose lips there lies a curse?
Lo nought can send this shadow from our midst,
And on the innocents the plague shall fall.
Then cease, ye 'larm clocks; Mary Anne, shut up,
Thou care-free fool, cease thy unseemly jests,
To-morrow on us retribution falls.

ROSALIND MASON, '11.

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

The General Education Board has voted to contribute $250,000 to Bryn Mawr College for academic endowment, provided that before June, 1910, a sum of $380,000 shall be raised by the College. Of this sum, $130,000 shall be devoted to paying the indebtedness of the College, and the remaining $250,000, which shall include the $100,000 contributed by the alumnæ, will make a sum total of $500,000 with which to increase the endowment of Bryn Mawr.

We cannot estimate how much of this new gift we owe to the impetus which the alumnæ have given in raising the sum of $100,000 for endowment. This amount is the first gift which has ever been made to Bryn Mawr for the purpose of endowment since the founding of the College. The $250,000 is the largest sum which the General Education Board has ever allotted to any single educational institution, and it rests with the College and its Alumnæ to meet the conditions of the gift, it rests with us not to let this opportunity slip by us.

Although the news of the gift of $250,000 did not reach the alumnæ until President Thomas announced it at the luncheon on Saturday after the morning's meeting, this news was the one fact which above all marked this especial annual meeting of the Alumnæ Association.

The meeting was held in Taylor Hall on Saturday morning, January the thirty-first. Mrs. Andrews presided. Reports of the Board of Directors, the Treasurer and the standing committees, were followed by reports of special committees, among which the finance committees for the endowment fund in different cities were heard from. The question of the management and form of the *Quarterly* aroused much discussion; it was finally voted that the board of management should be reimbursed from the annual surplus left over from the proceeds of the paper after the expenses had been paid.

The announcement of the election of three new members to the Academic Committee was made at the close of the meeting. Those elected were: Bertha Haven Putnam, '93; Louise Atherton Dickie, '03; Gertrude Dietrich Smith, '03.

The alumnæ who spent more than one day in College at the time of the Annual Meeting were:

'90. Marion MacIntosh.

'91. Jane B. Haines.

'92. Elizabeth Winsor Pearson.

93. Evangeline Walker Andrews, Louise Brownell Saunders.

'96. Pauline Goldmark, Elizabeth B. Kirkbride, Ruth Furness Porter, Elsa Bowman and Emma Linburg.

'97. May Campbell, Clara Vale Brooks, Frances Fink Hand, Mary Agnes Gleim and Elizabeth Higginson. Elizabeth Higginson has announced her engagement to Charles Cabot Jackson, Jr., of Boston.

'98. Juliet Baldwin.

'99. Evelyn Walker.

'01. Sylvia Scudder Bowditch, Katharine Lord, Eleanor Jones, and Eleanor Lord.

Miss Parris had a meeting of the New York students on Saturday after the Alumnæ Meeting to discuss means of raising the $100,000, which New York hopes to contribute to the Endowment Fund.

'02. Edith Totten, Helen Stevens, Alice Day, and Edith Orlady.

'03. Margretta Stewart.

'06. Anna Bess MacLanahan visited College before sailing for Europe on January thirtieth.

'07. Eunice Schenck and Katharine Kerr.

'08. Melaine Atherton, Margaret Morris and Jacqueline Morris (who has just returned from Europe).

The Finance Committee of the Alumnæ Association entertained the class collectors at dinner at the Inn on Friday, January twenty-ninth.

COLLEGE NOTES.

On Wednesday evening, January thirteenth, Pleasaunce Baker, 1909, led Christian Union meeting.

The mid-year examinations began the twentieth of January and closed on the thirtieth. Many of the students stayed at College during the three days' holiday after mid-years.

There was a large college audience at the Presbyterian church on the evening of January twenty-fourth, when Dr. Grenfell spoke there of his work in Labrador.

On January twenty-ninth President Thomas received President Taylor and the Vassar alumnæ,—who held their annual meeting in Philadelphia this year,—in the library. Afterwards tea was served in Pembroke East by Miss Martha Thomas for both Vassar and Bryn Mawr alumnæ and the Senior class.

The regular meeting of the Christian Union was held on Wednesday evening, February tenth, by Miss Hartshorne, who told of her work as a teacher in Miss Tsuda's school in Tokio.

A meeting of the Undergraduate Association was held on Thursday, February eleventh, to discuss the expediency of continuing or of giving up Sunday Evening Meeting. There is a feeling among many that it has grown to have no vital place in our college life, and, in spite of some opposition, the vote of the majority finally carried the motion to substitute Sunday evening hymn singing in place of the more formal meeting.

On Monday, February fifteenth, the annual election of officers for the Undergraduate Association was held. The officers for the year 1909-1910 are: Mabel Ashley, '10, President; Margaret Prussing, '11, Vice-President and Treasurer; Catharine Delano, '11, Secretary, and Rosalie Day, '12, Assistant Treasurer.

At a meeting of the Athletic Association on the same day it was decided that any student who returns to college after her class has graduated must formally change her class in order to be eligible to play

in interclass athletics. They may compete as individuals in the track and swimming meets.

On Saturday evening, February thirteenth, the Rev. Anna H. Shaw, President of the National American Woman Suffrage Association, spoke in the assembly room under the auspices of the Bryn Mawr chapter of the College Equal Suffrage League. She had a large audience, whose enthusiasm was unbounded, and whose laughter over her witty stories was irrepressible. Our only wish was that 4,000 instead of 400 might have been there to hear Miss Shaw's splendid plea for suffrage, her unanswerable arguments in its favor, and her equally decisive refutations of anti-suffrage objections which fell like jack-straws as she attacked them. President Thomas and Miss Garrett afterwards gave the members of the Equal Suffrage Chapter an opportunity of meeting Miss Shaw at the President's House.

ATHLETIC NOTES.

In spite of the fact that the Gymnasium is not promised for occupation for at least a week, the four classes have started track practice on the field behind Radnor, where great feats of broad jumping and fast running are already being accomplished.

The teams are officered as follows: 1909, K. Ecob, captain; G. Biddle, manager; 1910, K. Kelley, captain; M. Ashley, manager; 1911, H. Emerson, captain, K. Chambers manager; 1912, M. H. Brown captain, A. Morrow, manager. The first track meet is set for March fifth.

The prospective varsity water polo team was greatly disappointed at the time of the Alumnæ Meeting to find the swimming pool unavailable for their anticipated game. The swimming meet has been deferred until some time in April, and it may be that the Alumnæ will have another chance for their game in the spring.

Meanwhile we are all waiting for the grand opening drill in the new gymnasium. The Freshmen are to be discovered in out-of-the-way places, at out-of-the-way times, swinging Indian clubs in elaborate curves, and they will put up a brave fight for first place in the final contest.

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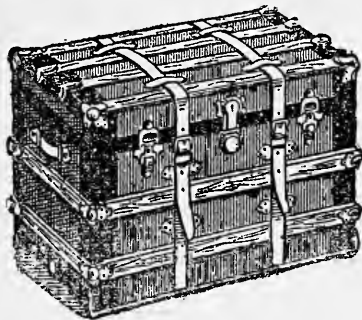

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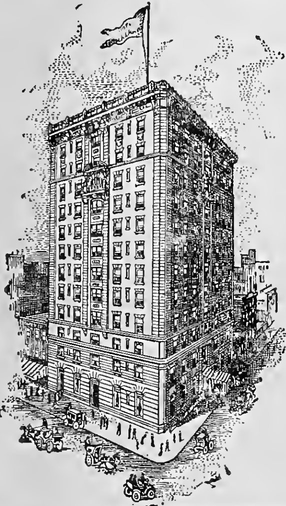

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Contents

		PAGE
A Modern Mystery Play	Katharine Liddell, '10	1
Easter Hymn	C. I. Claflin, '11	5
The Secret of Narcissus	Edith Mearkle, '12	6
His Wife's Ambitions	Madeleine Edison, '10	8
Nature and Poetry	Katherine Liddell, '10	11
The Parting	Shirley Putnam, '09	13
Waste Places	Elise Donaldson, '09	14
Editorial		16
In a Balcony		18
Dulci Fistula		19
Alumnae Notes		22
College Notes		23
Athletic Notes		24

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A MODERN MYSTERY PLAY.

May I be permitted to add a word or two to the discussion of an already over-discussed play? It may be that what I have to say has already been better said. I am afraid, indeed, that it would be impossible to say anything new about the *Servant in the House;* but not having seen any criticisms of just the same tenor as the one I should like to offer, I am going to venture, relying on the genuine and widespread interest in the play itself to inspire tolerance for my own irrelevant opinions.

And the strongest of these opinions is a conviction that this fine play is weakened into little more than a travesty of itself by an unsuitable interpretation of the central character. The attempt to portray on the stage an actual, visible reincarnation of Christ seems to me a dramatic

atrocity. Please understand that I am not criticising the play either on religious or literary grounds, but entirely on dramatic. There is nothing about it to offend the most deeply religious spectator. It is acted with sincerity and tenderness, reverence and dignity; one could scarcely demand more of a church service. As a piece of literature, also, it is delicately and effectively done, and is a very pretty allegory—a poetic presentation of a poetic and daring idea. Judged as a play, however, we cannot but feel that there is a great deal lacking in this production of *The Servant in the House.* It falls flat sometimes where it should soar into the skies, for example, in the scene where the Vicar and his wife recognise Manson as Christ; and it seems trivial in many places where it should strike home with tremendous and telling power.

The fault lies, I think, in the fact that there are certain very definite limits to the things that can be presented on the stage. An acted play is a poor vehicle for either religion or poetry, unless it be poetry and religion of a distinctly dramatic type. Anything which belongs by nature to the unseen spiritual realm becomes banal, prosaic and absurd when made visible and tangible. Shakespeare's *Dream* contains some of the most exquisite poetry in the world, but we must read it in the library at home to find this out; *Faust,* when acted, is little more impressive than a Hippodrome "spectacle," and the supernatural parts of *Hamlet* and *Macbeth* are welcomed by a large part of the audience as comic interludes. In like manner *The Servant in the House* shows much of the crudeness and triteness of an old English mystery play. It is all so pitifully inadequate to what it tries to accomplish. Mr. Hampden's Manson is, at best, merely a solemn caricature, and the ablest actor in the profession could scarcely make it more.

So we come back to the question, why attempt at all this impossible feat, the representation of Christ on the stage? The character of Manson admits of a totally different interpretation. Whether or not it is the interpretation intended by the author when he wrote the play is beside the question. Authors are not always good stage-managers. Manson is the Bishop of Benares, the long-absent brother of the Vicar who comes home and masquerades for a day as a servant in his brother's house. He is a strong, simple, spiritual man, the sort of man who "sees clear, feels deep, bears fruit well." His faith in the Chirstian ideals is the great vital principle of his being; to act according to these ideals is as natural

to him as breathing. His whole life has been a life of service, and he comes into his brother's disordered household, anxious to set things to rights there, and to bring those about him to a recognition of the great truths which he himself sees so clearly. And finally, he quotes Scripture freely as any religious man might quote it, not necessarily with the proprietary air of saying something original. Why, in the acted play, make Manson any more than this? Or rather, why make him any less? It is rather a pity to degrade a powerful character into a feeble caricature.

If the rôle of Manson were presented in this way, the play would gain immensely in strength and effectiveness. For one thing, it would show us the New Testament ideals—especially the ideal of brotherhood, which the play aims to set forth—in a graphic, practical, realistic way which would be many times more impressive than the fairy-tale way of the present performance. It would also bring out much more forcibly the contrast between these Christian ideals, and the ideals of ordinary society. It would give us, in a word, a practical application of Christianity. This the play, as it is now acted, scarcely does, for it is almost as far removed from the commonplace, everyday life about us as the Bible itself.

Furthermore, this representation of Manson as an embodiment of the Christian spirit rather than as an actual reincarnation of Christ would make the influence he wields over other people much more significant. As it is, Mr. Tyrone Power alone, who plays Robert, strikes the right note—a very difficult thing to do when it is Manson's external qualities which are emphasised throughout—and makes one feel that he has been touched and changed in spirit and in truth. All the others simply bow to Manson's authority as a God, recognising him partly by his garments, partly by his scriptural quotations.

But the greatest gain that the play would make would be in the very thing that one might suppose it to be discarding—I mean symbolism. What it loses in direct portrayal, it would acquire twenty times over in suggestiveness. Manson's Indian garments would be sufficient, as far as external things go, to indicate his resemblance to the Master—a resemblance veiled at times, but at the great moments of the play, flashing on us like lightning. "He has been sent to help us," cries the Vicar at such a moment, "Martha, this is God!" For in and through the simple, earnest man before him he feels a divine presence revealed to him for the

first time in a great, pure life. There should be something in the scene bigger than any of the people before us, a breath of the unknown and infinite and everlasting, a real flash of the divinity that stands behind and above us all. But this larger power is utterly lost when Manson is set before us as the visible representation of that divinity. All the splendor and inspiration of the scene is gone.

There is nothing in the text to interfere with the interpretation I suggest, and a great deal to support it. Those few words of Manson's concerning his costume, and later in reply to the Bishop of Lancashire's wish that he might nail him up—"I have encountered similar hostility before, my lord, from gentlemen very like your lordship"—are not to be taken literally any more than his speech about the church is to be taken literally. We might as well try to imagine a real material edifice "whose spans and arches are the joined hands of comrades," as to read into these other words of Manson's any more than a recognition of the Christian spirit in himself—the spirit for which he was being presecuted as the Master was persecuted two thousand years before.

There is a constantly recurring tendency in the dramatic world—something on the order of the "back-to-nature" and "simple life" agitations—deliberately to cast aside all the superior resources of the modern stage, all its more enlightened ways of securing effect, and to revert to the crude methods of its early days. Those deluded companies who try to present Shakespeare without scenery show us one side of this tendency; the present performance of the *Servant in the House* shows us another. The performance might well appeal to a pre-Elizabethean audience—as a mystery play it has its merits—but the present-day public would derive more satisfaction from a fine, moving, human drama. This the *Servant in the House,* as now acted, certainly is not, and I appeal for support to the many other theatre-goers who have found it "interesting and impressive, but not very much of a play."

KATHARINE LIDDELL, '10.

EASTER HYMN.

(From the Latin of Adam of St. Victor.)

Now the world, her life renewing,
New-born joys is widely strewing,
And their Lord arisen viewing,
　　All things with Him do arise.
The elements now all rejoice,
And do honor with one voice
　　To their God's solemnities.

Bright the nimble flames are glowing,
And the vocal winds are blowing.
Swift the swollen waters flowing,
　　Earth alone yet standeth fast.
Light and heavy hie apace,
Every creature to its place,
　　All's renewed again at last.

Now the firmament's at ease,
Smoother lie the troubled seas,
Softer steals the roving breeze,
　　See, our valley breaks to bloom!
Moist the ground and clear the sky,
Warm the cold, and green the dry,
　　For the spring is fairly come.

Now the chill of death is thawed,
And the Prince of this world awed,
His devices cast abroad,
　　His dominion overthrown.
For whilst he, with evil art,
That wherein he had no part
　　Strove to hold, he lost his own.

Life has conquered death amain,
Man for man doth now regain
What of old he lost with pain;
Paradise is won to-day!
And the dreadful cherub turns
From the portal where it burns,
The ever-shifting sword away.

C. I. Claflin, '11.

THE SECRET OF NARCISSUS.

Narcissus, the water-gazer, lay dreaming in the arm of the shore. Beside him, as though arrested by the gaze, the singing water eddied slowly; it was waveless and clear, but moving, so that golden ripples of light fled through it, stroking the sands under the stream. Caught by the waters that flow everywhere through the world, and drained from the hills of all countries into the circling mirror of his pool, the reflections of passionate dramas drifted past under his eyes. Each paused for an instant—an instant that held the acting of their several scenes—floated till the colors blurred into each other, and then trembled away into the mere pictures of weeping moss and summer leaves. He saw the loves of men—and gods; the dark eyes of the terrible brute-men in Africa—opal foam, like sighs on the Aegean—the shields of the Amazons, that shaped the sunlight into sardonic smiles, and the blue scarabs and the mystic asps, curved into brazen fronds, of the princes of Egypt. But with the growth of the morning the sun came to draw a veil over the visions, and turned the water surface to a pale, glistering steel. It became harder and harder to bear. The dew rose from the grass; the scent of the irises grew heavy as the flowers died. Presently, when he heard that the spring-voiced birds of the morning were singing no more, Narcissus turned his eyes for rest from the stream to the shade of a little tree, close beside him. Its leaves were fresh and fragrant still, though the heart had been laid bare within its decaying wood. "Sweet Daphne!" he thought, and smiled at the fancy. With an arm outstretched he touched a little shred of the hanging bark, and it came away in his fingers. He turned it gently, as if it had indeed been Daphne's garment,

and found on the satin of the inner surface, where it had been scored by the worms—embroidered on the hem of her robe, he called it—something that seemed an inscription. More in fanciful pretense than belief, he looked about questioningly for a key to the secret message. "Of course, something is intended," said Narcissus.

The noon hush had come down over the land. Little jewel creatures appeared by the stream, poised on the rushes, and darted from shadow to sun, buzzing with tiny jocularity. Rich leaved, tender eyed flowers opened beside the youth as the water surged through them; the rushes hissed and sang. Suddenly, deep under the waves he saw the symbol, half curving and half angular, carved in ripples of sand. "I was right," he said. "It is something the world wants to teach us; something, perhaps, that we once knew and have forgotten. Oh, how can we understand if we have forgotten?" Again, he perceived the sign in the veins of a stone, and in the arabesque of the limbs of an oak tree. For a moment even the thin vapor of the clouds seemed drawn into its shape. He longed to know the meaning of it. So simple, so generous and so eluding; it tantalised him! At last he turned back to the stream. "The water holds everything for him who will look," he said in his wistfulness.

Gradually the murmur of the waters grew into a voice, sweet and still, and the little knots of color that eddy in running water drifted wide and enriched the surface with entwining pictures, till voice and vision taught him the story of the word. Once, long before, there had lived a beautiful woman, dearly beloved by a poet. So dearly did he love her that when the hour came that she should die, she told him, in her pity for his great anguish, that he should not lose her entirely, but that, after she was dead, she would teach him deeper joy than he had ever known in all his love of her. So when she was gone the trees that grew from her ashes drew the message into them, and the water and the rocks came to hold it. The poet ceased mourning when he read it, and learned, indeed, that which made him as happy as had his love, and which held none of the sting of his weakness and longing for her. And so at last he went his way understanding and content.

Narcissus sighed. "I think I understand," he said. "Oh, the sorrow of it!" He rose and started on his way, half aimless, following the pointing of the long shadows that the wearied sun was stretching out among the closing flowers. "Oh, Echo, why can I not teach you how it is? It is not myself, it is the stream I love, and the grasses and trees and

the sky, and the lovely dreams—for oh, Echo, you do not understand that I have a soul that I love more than loving—the dreams that waken in me among them. The sea and the stars and the flowers—that I love more than any lover who passes among them—and oh, Echo, dear, the beautiful visions that wake my soul!"

EDITH MEARKLE, '12.

HIS WIFE'S AMBITIONS.

The noisy hum and subdued roar of the Madison Square Garden automobile show were fraying Mrs. Perry Haskell's nerves. She was not mechanical. She only wished she were. Beside, she was lost, and in that maze of machinery and men she had little hope of ever finding Perry Haskell, borne away from her by enthusiastic friends to see the "corking engine" in the new Excelsis racing car. Mrs. Perry Haskell, therefore, wandered forlornly, the long streamers of her green motor veil hopelessly tangled and pulling her hat awry, her small hands clutching a dainty beaded purse, wherein reposed two five-cent pieces and a subway ticket, her only hope—if Perry should permanently disappear—of getting home to the suburbs through the medium of many car fares. There was also a twenty-dollar gold piece in case of accident to the other coins.

She was terribly tired—her head ached from the noise and confusion, and her feet dragged wearily as she walked between the rows of limousines, broughams and racing cars with a feeling of utter aimlessness.

As I have said, Mrs. Perry Haskell was not mechanical. She would have preferred, for instance, to use Uncle Herbert's liberal bequest to "do over" Perry's den, send baby to the seashore for the summer and perhaps take a delightful, breathless glimpse of Europe and its wonders. Indeed, the dream of glory was still in her eyes when Perry entered the room that morning with energetic good humor.

"Get into some togs, Belle, and come with me to the automobile show. Fletcher Bruce is here with his car—wants us to see that new racer he's getting from France. Who knows! With Uncle Herbert's generosity we may get one ourselves. Eh! little wife? Just what you've always wanted!"

Mrs. Haskell sighed. She had always had a *penchant* for horses. Nevertheless, she ran to the neighbors for a veil, twisted it unbecomingly

about her small face, and effaced herself in a hideous ulster much too large for her slenderness. Then she deposited a swift kiss on one of the baby's blocks, which he happened to be sucking at the time, and hurried down, her queer veil streaming behind and the ulster flapping about her ankles at every step, to the front door, where Perry stood waiting.

Finally, perched in the tiny rumble of Bruce's yellow and black car (her husband wanted to see how the machine was run, so he sat in front) she had time for just one sigh of relief before her hands gripped Perry's coat collar convulsively as the car darted forward and whizzed off down the street. Familiar houses and shops whirled by, clouds of dust choked her, fine particles got into her eyes, causing her to wink periodically and shed a few mud-streaking tears, but not to loose her strangled hold. Her poor little figure lurched to and fro with the car, and bounced from the seat at each disturbing stone in the road. Suddenly she bumped her chin violently against the front seat as the car came to a dead stop. A boy waving a red flag ran up, leaping unceremoniously on the running-board. "I am put here by the City Automobile Club," he began impressively, "to warn automobilists that the police regulations"———

"Yes, yes, I know," interrupted Bruce impatiently. "Been here before. Thanks," and he dived into capacious pockets for a quarter. The car went forward at reduced speed.

"Suppose, as we have to go slowly anyway, you let me run it?" suggested Perry.

His wife smothered a scream. Perry had only recently became mechanical himself. Driver and amateur changed places, and there ensued a period of abject terror for Mrs. Perry Haskell, terror which varied only in intensity when the car came to a second wavering standstill before a burly policeman, standing in the middle of the road. Evidently he had noticed the strange gyrations of the machine in unaccustomed hands.

"You're license, sir," said he, politely.

Bruce attempted to expostulate, producing his own credentials of competent chauffeurship.

"I am teaching my friend," he began, apologetically.

"No good," said the policeman firmly. "Ye know the penalty of drivin' widout a license, and nobody ain't goin' to take no lessons runnin' a car like this through town and endangerin' the lives of pedestrians. I'll be troublin' you to step to the perlice station."

Mrs. Perry Haskell could stand no more. Lifting a pale and streaked countenance she fixed imploringly blue eyes upon the officer of the law, and clasped her hands.

"Do we *have* to be arrested?" she wailed. "Oh, please; we are having such a *lovely* ride!"

The officer observed her for the first time, and a grin replaced the majestic displeasure in his face. Such fear and dread of his authority mollified him at once. Besides, he had a sense of humor.

"Well, ma'am, I hate to do it, seein' yer enjoyin' the ride so much." Here he glanced appreciatively at the front seat.

"I'll let ye off this time, but the gent with the license must drive. The squad is changin' for lunch, and the new squad won't be here for five minutes yet. Ye have a clear road. Beat it!" and he turned away, still grinning. They "beat it."

When Mrs. Perry Haskell finally reached the show she felt as though she had been beaten herself. In her dazed condition she hardly missed her husband from her immediate vicinity until they had become hopelessly separated. Now she thought of the interminable journey home. Suppose she lost her nickels and had to present the gold piece as car fare? She shuddered at the conductor's probable expression.

Suddenly something peaceful about a neighboring stall attracted her, and her falternig steps turned toward it. A smiling and enterprising young man invited her to enter. With a sigh of pure joy she stepped behind the ropes and sank into a chair while the enterprising young man presented her with catalogues explaining the fascinations of the car he was exploiting. There stood the 1909 model. Would Madame care to look at it? Madame didn't care to, but she did—out of gratitude—and was repaid by quiet colors and graceful lines which were a balm to her spirit. Besides, the man said his car could not possibly be made to go faster than fifteen miles an hour.

She turned from it to see her husband shouldering his way towards her.

"Belle!" cried he blithely, "I've just ordered two French racing cars like Bruce's, which I want you to see. It will take nearly all the legacy to pay for them, but well"—and he looked fondly at his wife as one who grants a childish whim against his better judgment. "I hope, my dear, that now at least your ambition for automobiles is satisfied!"

MADELEINE EDISON, '10.

NATURE AND POETRY.

In Mr. Mallock's *New Republic* the following passage occurs:

"What a night it is to be sure! We all felt down on the beach as if we were literally breathing in romance."

"And I," said Mr. Rose, "have been explaining to them that had they lived in any other age they would have felt nothing of this; they feel it by virtue of senses that have only been acquired in ours."

The discussion had been concerned with culture, in its broadest sense, the influence which all the centuries that have gone before us, all that kings have wrought, and prophets have preached, and poets have sung, has come to exert upon our own perceptions; for example, our perception of Nature. White-capped waves on a lonely shore have become associated for all time with the "foam of perilous seas forlorn," and moonlight has been woven into the tissue of so many lyrics and sonnets and odes and rhapsodies that we cannot look at the shining lunar disk save through a film of sentimentality. Our emotion, in a word, has become so tangled up with the emotion of other people that it is almost impossible to tell how much is genuine and how much is merely second-hand, borrowed stuff, the flimsiest material possible on which to found a love for nature.

It seems to me, indeed, if I may disagree with "Mr. Rose," that it is not poetry which has made nature in any very deep and vital sense romantic, but nature which has made poetry possible and comprehensible. We are apt, in our carelessness, to think of a person who takes more than the ordinary joy in natural beauty as "literary," sentimental, his head crammed full of Keats and Wordsworth. We imagaine him gazing on fields and sunsets, and quoting a stanza from some sympathetic bard to express his appreciation, and we utterly overlook the fact that had not something in the pageantry of sky and earth called out to his soul, he might never have read, at any rate never remembered, a line of Keats or Wordsworth.

Take, for instance, the familiar words,

> "To me the meanest flower that blows can give
> Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

It is a pretty thought. Perhaps many of us have glanced at some bright-faced daisy or purple violet with these lines in our minds and a

vague feeling that the flower must stand for a great deal that is deep and impressive if we only knew just what. Others, perhaps, have passed it over indifferently. Poets say queer things sometimes; why bother about their high-flown ideas? But now and then it happens that bending over some fragrant blossom, the delicate toy turns on a sudden, and within our very hands, to something mysterious and inexplicable. We look at it as if we had never seen a flower before—in our hearts a troubled surge of wonder and questioning and longing and awe, and across our faces the brush of unseen wings from the invisible world that hangs so close about the visible. And then these lines of Wordsworth's flash back illumined and alive.

In my own case I know that much of literature would long have remained a sealed book for me had it not been for an early over-mastering passion for the sea. I was very young when I saw the ocean for the first time—too young yet to have absorbed any traditions of literature or culture—and the emotion of ecstasy and terror which swept over me at the sight of that wide, wide sweep of tossing blue were direct, powerful, and vital. I did not know whether I liked or disliked it. I only knew that it moved me, and that my heart was not big enough to hold the mighty vision. Something instinctive, inherited, perhaps, from a line of sea-faring ancestors, responded to the voice of the waves, and since then my pulses have quickened at the faintest far-off murmur of the everlasting thunder, an unexpected glimpse of blue through the trees thrills every nerve, the smell of salt water intoxicates me, and the ripple and sheen of a sapphire stretch is the most supremely satisfying sight in the world.

Small wonder that when I came at random upon that vivid phrase, "The lightning of the noontide ocean," I should have loved it immediately! Those few words, indeed, formed the key with which I unlocked Shelley. In like manner the "melancholy, long withdrawing roar" which swings through the haunting lines of *Dover Beach* sung themselves into my mind a long time before I understood their philosophy or their scepticism or their discontent:

> "Listen"—and the verse halts for a moment—
> "You hear the grating roar
> Of pebbles which the waves draw back and fling
> At their return up the high strand.

> Begin and cease, and then again begin
> With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
> The eternal note of sadness in."

Responsive to the sea's changing mood, I had often felt that same vague melancholy, and no one before Matthew Arnold had rendered it articulate for me.

So I cannot help feeling that a love for nature transcends a love for poetry just as really as nature transcends poetry. Literature may create in us a feeling for the beauty of literature, but it cannot create, it can only awake or interpret, a feeling for the beauty of earth and sky and sea. "Art for art's sake" is all very well, but I have no faith in "nature for art's sake." We should strip nature so far as possible of this vesture of sentimentality and literary association, and try to draw near with deep and genuine emotion to her springs of inspiration—her flame of color, and surge of life, and infinite diversity and unmeasured vastness. It is only then that she can enter into our hearts and speak to us her varied language.

KATHARINE LIDDELL, '10.

THE PARTING.

Nay, go not yet! the valley still is bright,
Each tree-top lifting from the denser shade
Floats in the moonlight. Far below our ledge
The outlet of the lake flows silently,
No dampness curls along its caving edge,
No mist, slow rising, shrouds that leafless tree
Or dims the clearness of the early night.

"Not yet!" say you? 'Twas I who said "Not yet."
I felt the darkness to be new come down,
I saw the dew of twilight on the moss,
No chillness told me of a night far spent,
But now the trees with later breezes toss
Now creeps a vapor, where the river went.
Stay you alone. The leaves are cold and wet.

SHIRLEY PUTNAM, '09.

WASTE PLACES.

The droning of the burial service seemed to Julia to have continued for an eternity. At last the hot, tainted air of the room filled with the smell of damp crêpe and the heavy perfume of flowers became unendurable to her. She threw back her heavy widow's veil, terrified lest she might faint. This revived her a little, and then the hideous details of the scene thrust themselves upon her; the hot, half-darkened parlor, with its gaudy flowered furniture and its cheap china ornaments; the standing crêpe-veiled and black-gloved figures; the sleek clergyman rolling his head from side to side as he intoned the sonorous phrases, and in the midst of all, the long, black box covered with lilies and supported on its thin nickel-plated legs. How barbarous the whole proceeding seemed! His sisters, however, had insisted on having a burial service, and it was quite indifferent to her. She knew he would have hated it, but it did not matter to him now. There was a moment's hush, and she looked about in surprise—it had seemed as if that monotonous voice would continue forever. It did not occur to her to pray; she glanced rather curiously at the bent heads and conspicuously clasped handkerchiefs and then followed with her eye a sunbeam that came through the half-closed shutters and fell across the lilies, glinting on the nickel plate of the coffin. There was a gentle rustling; they got up from their knees and moved towards the door. She let herself be led out to the carriage. The body was to be taken away and cremated. She had insisted on that. Clean, clean ashes were the best, she had thought, shuddering. He had thought so too, and had often said so.

She was in the carriage now, and the hearse was in front. The hot sunshine beat in through the window upon her, and clouds of dust drifted in from the parched road. Good Heavens, why did they drive the hearse so fast? The coffin bounced as if it might come loose from its fastenings. She fancied she could see through the boards; could see him in there jolting up and down. How that would have hurt him when alive. She stifled a cry as the coffin gave another lurch. "Tell them to drive slower," she almost shrieked.

They had come to the crematory. Four men were lifting out the

coffin. They nearly dropped it. She could only bury her face in her hands. She could not rid herself of the delusion that he was still in his last frightful illness, and that all this roughness must be mortal agony for him.

They had passed in the door with the coffin; perhaps they were burning him now. She saw him seared by that blast of fearful flame, shrink, cringe and writhing into terrible contortions, shrivel away before her sight. She realised suddenly that this was nonsense she was thinking, and that she must control herself.

The four men came out and got into the other carriages. Her brother stepped into the one she was in. He had been there before, but she had not noticed him. The line of carriages started back. She was worn out, and leaning back, rested her head against the carriage.

Presently a torturing thought came to her. The day that he died he had said to her, pausing for breath between each word, "Go down on your knees and thank God; the doctor says I shall get well." She had been so overcome at this that, to give herself time to recover, she had pretended not to understand what he had said, and again he had repeated the sentence, panting painfully at each word. She was seized with remorse. Oh, how could she have added that much more to his sufferings? How could she? She pressed her nails into her hands to keep from crying out.

The carriage stopped before the house. Her brother turned to her. "May I speak to you a moment, Julia?" he said. She nodded, and stepping out of the carriage, led the way across the lawn under the trees.

"I want to talk to you about your future," he continued in a tone made oily by embarrassment.

She glanced up in surprise; she had not thought about the future at all. Everything had seemed to end with to-day. She noticed with a shudder how purple his face was with the heat.

"I suppose that you certainly intend doing something to support yourself and the children?" he went on. Something in his voice showed that he was uncomfortable, but he looked down at her, demanding an answer.

It took her a moment to realise what he had said. Could her brother speak in this brutal way on the very day of her husband's funeral? He was evidently so afraid that she might expect to be dependent on him,

that at his first opportunity he had hastened to warn her to look for no help from that direction. Her anger was roused.

"Certainly," she answered, proudly. "I do not intend being dependent on any one. As soon as I can find employment, I shall take it. I shall certainly not be a burden to your generosity." There was a heart-broken quaver in the last words, but he had not noticed it.

"That's right; that's right! You are a fine woman. That's just the way you should feel. I am glad it's so. And you may depend upon me," he added munificently, "to do all I can to help you find a position. I should judge you capable of nothing very arduous," he went on, glancing at the frail figure beside him, at the thin neck which could scarcely support the heavy weight of veil that hung from her small, close bonnet. "Some secretary work or teaching would no doubt be the best."

They went into the house, where the air was heavy with the perfume of lilies. "Do have those flowers taken away," she said piteously to her brother as she started upstairs. Her black clothes were so heavy that she seemed hardly able to drag herself along. Finally she reached her room and stood before the mirror, pulling the rusty hat pins from her crêpe bonnet. One of her little girls ran in the room and caught her around the waist. Julia bent down to kiss her. The child threw her arms about her mother's neck and pleaded, "There's just one thing I want, mother."

"What is that, darling?" she said, caressing her.

"Mother, dear, can't I please have a black sash?"

Julia began to laugh hysterically. "Oh, how absurd; how perfectly absurd all this is," she sobbed.

Elise Donaldson, '09.

EDITORIAL.

Floral decoration; what a charming occupation for the young! and Bryn Mawr, the college in the country, what a field for the pursuit of this art! Meadows of violets at our doorstep, fields of daisies whitening our roadsides, branches of pink and white dogwood tossing at our window-panes. With the early southern spring we have at least two months in which we can enjoy and appropriate the bounties of nature. And now

in a few weeks our flower pots will no longer stand empty, our dining rooms and places of entertainment be draped in crêpe paper and bunting. A fireplace can submit, in May, to being blotted out under flowering branches, while the ugliness of iron railings and the beauty of stone carvings lend themselves equally well to the drooping tendrils of honey-suckle. The time will come when on our stage the villain may conceal himself behind a shrub of a natural and healthy green, when the lover may breathe a real perfume from the flower which his lady has found growing upon her balcony.

When we consider that our plays, our reunions, our class suppers, are literally saved up for the spring, that the dates for the occasions are engaged as long in advance as the passage on an ocean steamer, when we look back upon the season when the caterers have been almost permanently established on the campus, then we marvel at the resourcefulness of a country-side that can festoon each of these functions with garlands. We wonder at the fertility of a neighborhood which can produce enough daisies to fill out a chain two hundred feet in length. Is it our frugal foresight that assures us this unfailing supply of natural decorations? Do we cut the stems of the flowers gathered for the Freshman supper so that they are available at the Sophomore supper the following week? Do we float the young spruce trees in the swimming pool so that we shall not have to fell new thickets for the next stage performance? Not at all; why should we? There are always plenty more. We are never even driven to giving the florists an opportunity of telling us that they are out of what we desire. The college is, namely, circled by large estates, many of which are by good fortune allowed to keep their wild flowers instead of being patched up into lawns and hedgerows. The woods on these estates are kept generously open to all who love to walk upon the mossy ground, and poke with a stick among the dead leaves. They are open to every one, to the children from Lancaster Pike and to the wander-loving students. The only difference is perhaps that the latter have the greater freedom. Students are recognised everywhere as welcome intruders; they may strip trees of their branches and dig plants out of the earth with impunity. The country-side exists for the further beautifying of its most beautiful feature, the campus and buildings of Bryn Mawr College.

This is our view of the country-side.

What is the country-side's view of us? Is every sign which reads, "No trespassing," meant to imply prohibition to the rest of the world and "welcome" to us, as we seem to interpret it? Are we indeed the only class of citizens which is entitled to disregard the laws of property? I think not. We are certainly as bitter in resenting incursions on our property as is any one else who values his particular possessions. And yet we, the very same "we," are the ones who rob and pillage our neighbor's woods, and call it "getting the decorations." Because we do not know to whom each tree and shrub belongs we ignore the fact that it does not belong to us. If we are robbers and plunderers, does the country-side brand us as such? No, we believe that they are lenient, and brand us instead as Bryn Mawr students.

If we really wish to answer to that name we must recognise that tearing whole branches from flowering trees does not come under the head of our privileges; nor may it be classed as one of our unpleasant but necessary duties. A class supper may be quite complete without a dogwood setting. Flowers themselves suffer no harm by picking, but if we continue to dig them up root and blossom, we shall be depriving future classes of the pleasure of finding either plants or flowers in the woods. A hay field may benefit rather than suffer from the weeding out of daisies, but we must take care that the hay is not mown down with the weeds. If we could bring ourselves to recognise these facts, which have long clamored for our attention, we should be eliminating the humiliating suspicion that while the country-side is calling us "students" out loud, it is whispering "vandals" behind our backs. S. P.

IN A BALCONY.

In a Balcony was given, March sixth, 1909, for the benefit of the Endowment Fund. The play, with a plot which consisted only in the variation upon the dramatic moment, presented difficulties in the production, which were overcome, to the amazement of those who saw it. The sustained sentimental and dramatic conception was remarkable. Miss Elliott, '08, as Constance, not only satisfied the demand of beauty, particularly in the first scene as she stood against the balcony, but when it

came to the climax of the play in the second scene, her artistic power gave the intellectual lines a tense dramatic vigor. Norbert, played by Miss Fox, '08, was handsome and impassioned. He betrayed his sex, however, in the breathlessness of his gesticulation. Miss Schenck's rendering of the queen's infatuation showed a remarkable mastery of a difficult rôle. When she came in she was haggard and old. As realisation dawned upon her she became youthful, almost fervid. Miss Shenck achieved a counterpart to her effect in her assumption subsequently of the sinister.

The effect in the scenery, of darkness and height, was perfect, the Italian precision of it, assisted by the eaves-dropping and ghostly statue. The whole effect was enhanced by the fitful music.

Four hundred and fifty dollars was made. M. C. M.

DULCI FISTULA

LAB'S MISERY.

The curfew tolls the knell of 2 P. M,
 The lagging throng crawls slowly down the walk;
The pigeon three weeks dead, in Bi to-day,
 With scorn our finer sentiments doth mock.
Now down the three flights comes from chemistry
 The smell of acids rising to the skies,
And mathematics in her milder form
 In physics fills the dull with agonies.
Geology with crystallography
 To earth chains souls that long for Henry James.
And rooms all filled with Bunsen burner's light
 Now quench divinest genius' brightest flames.
The hand lens trembles in the weary hand.
 The microscope swims 'neath the streaming eye,
And lo, 'tis only twenty minutes of
 A weary sophomore lays her down to die.

Rosalind Mason, '11.

Annual Selection

The Revival of the Fittest.

AT THE FANCY DRESS DANCE GIVEN BY THE SENIORS TO THE GRADUATE STUDENTS.

Most potent, grave and reverend Seniors!
I fain would quote to you (whose wise demeanors
Rest on a basis of three learned years;
In whom required English wakes no fears);
The poet's saw, which sets, as is well known,
"The budding rose above the rose full blown."
Full blown have we been now for many a day,
Our petals fall'n or falling—well-a-way!
And hardly yet the ripened fruit you see,
Smooth without—harsh within—the Ph. D.
Yet in our veins some youthful sap yet runs,
Though we have looked upon so many suns;
And this it was that coursed so quick and light,
When first there came those tidings of delight:
The fairest flowers of the garden sought
Our company—exhilarating thought!
So here we are, radiant in borrowed plumes,
More radiant yet within, as each resumes
The giddy rôle which, very strange to say,
Has not been quite completely laid away;
Though fate compels us to be somewhat dry,
It is pure bliss to set traditions by,
And for one evening make believe to be
Buds—or, at least, fresh blossoms—on the tree.
To drop the metaphor—which scarce will bear
The weight of all that we would fain declare—
Seniors, we thank you for a joyful night;
We thank you, wishing that we only might
Return to you a little of the pleasure
Which you have given us without all measure.

HELEN MAUD CAM.

REACTION.

Philosophy's a pleasant thing
And one I'm not afraid of.
It makes me happy as a king
To know what souls are made of.

And when there's talk of space and such
I smile with calm delight,
I do not understand it much,
But then, some day I might.

ELEANOR CLIFTON, '09.

ALUMNAE NOTES.

'02. The engagement of Lucy Rawson to William A. Collins has been annnounced.

'03. Louise Park Atherton Dickey has a son born in March.

Ethel Bacon was married in St. Louis to Aaron Smith on March tenth.

Clara Herrick Havemeyer has a daughter, born early in February.

'05. In December, Margaret Nichols announced her engagement to Clarence Morgan Hardenberg, of Worcester, Mass.

Recent visitors have been: Elsie Henry and Edith Ashley.

'06. Louise Cruice and Helen Williston Smith.

'07. Eleanor Ecob, Anna Clarke, Mary Ferguson, Harriot Houghteling, Grace Brownell and Adele Brandeis, who sailed for Europe on Wednesday, March seventeenth.

'08. Dorothy Straus, Myra Eliot, Helen Cadbury, Emily Fox, Margaret Franklin and Louise Foley.

COLLEGE NOTES.

The annual Founders' Lecture was held in the chapel on Wednesday, February seventeenth. Mr. James B. Wood, a director of the college, spoke on "Reasons for the Existence of the Society of Friends."

On Friday, February nineteenth, Mr. Whiting gave the third of his musical recitals. The program consisted of a selection of folk songs of various nations, sung by Mr. Cecil Fanning. At the end, in response to enthusiastic applause, he sang a ballad of Kipling's, set to music by Mr. Whiting himself.

The regular meeting of the Christian Union was led, on Wednesday, February twenty-fourth, by Miss Applebee.

Mrs. Alexander gave an address, under the auspices of the Christian Union, on Thursday, February twenty-fifth, on the subject of "Prisons and Reform Schools." Mrs. Alexander is a probation officer herself, and was able to give much interesting information from her personal experience.

On Friday evening, February twenty-sixth, Mr. Charles Johnston gave an illustrated lecture on "A Tour Through India." Immediately after this lecture came the Seniors' entertainment to the graduate students, in the form of a costume ball in the gymnasium, where the spaciousness of the room and the remarkable qualities of the hard-wood floor proved a delight to dancers.

Under the auspices of the Consumers' League, Mr. Benjamin Marsh spoke, on February twenty-seventh, on "City Planning."

Christian Union meeting on March third was led by Charlotte Claflin, 1911.

On March sixth, Robert Browning's play, "In a Balcony," was given in the gymnasium by three alumnæ, for the benefit of the endowment Fund.

The Right Reverend William Neilson McVickar, Bishop of Rhode Island, preached the college fortnightly sermon on Wednesday evening, March tenth.

On Friday, March twelfth, Professor Woodbridge, of Columbia

University, addressed the Philosophical Club in Rockefeller Hall. The subject of his lecture was, "Consciousness and Evolution."

The third Senior orals in French and German were held on Saturday, March thirteenth. Thirty-two "regular" Seniors went up for them, and although of these nine failed to pass, no one suffered the discouragement of failing in both examinations.

ATHLETIC NOTES.

After hope had been so many times deferred that even the joy of renewed anticipation had well nigh palled upon us, the new gymnasium did at last open its doors for a grand introductory drill on Monday, February twenty-second. And it proved that during the long weeks before, enthusiasm had, after all, grown like a rolling snowball, if anything so cold can make a simile for our fervent joy. The three upper classes came out on the floor first, and afterwards 1912 was called down from the running track, and Miss Wesson, as President of the Athletic Association, told us that the Freshmen had pledged $800 for the leaded windows. When the resulting excitement had partially subsided, we had further drill altogether, with plenty of room on the floor for more than two hundred of us. Four members of the class of 1889, the first class to drill in the old gymnasium, watched us indulgently from the platform. Afterwards there were speeches from President Thomas, Miss Applebee and another short speech from Miss Wesson, with a grand *finale* of cheers for everybody, from President Thomas down to "Gym Kate," our faithful janitor. Even then we stayed on for Virginia reels and more than one enthusiast was seen running on the track or industriously sliding down the brass pole, long after the usual time for departure.

On March fourth, the swimming pool was opened. A picked squad of swimmers stood on the edge of the pool, and at the familiar command, "Fall in!" there was a tremendous and appropriate splash. Miss Applebee conducted a real drill in the water with marching tactics and dumbbells, and got the exhausted but joyful class out over the pool railing by the inspiring order, "Mount the parallel bars!" The Freshmen are still being authorised, and the swimming meets have been set for April.

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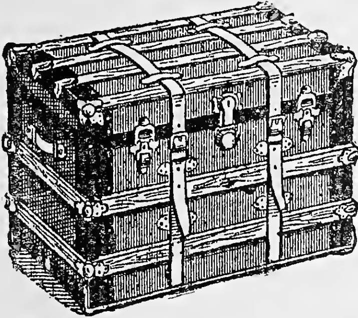

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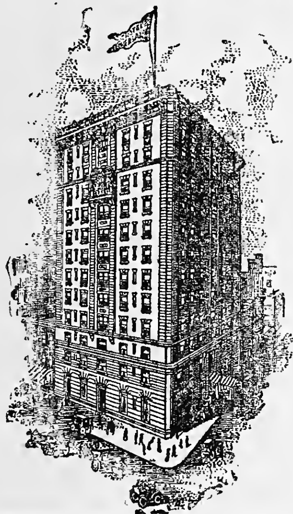

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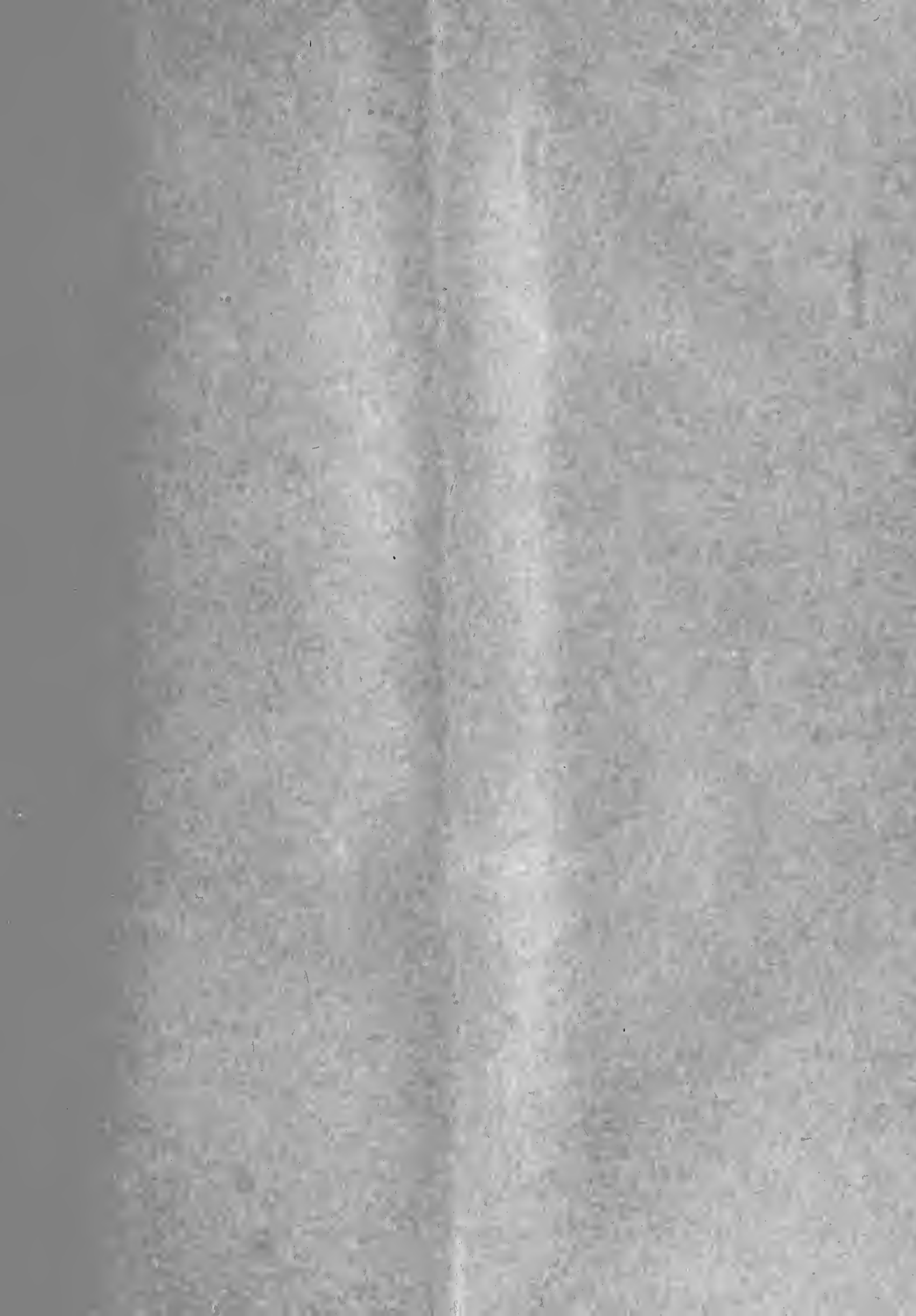

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Contents

		PAGE
In Memoriam—Algernon Charles Swinburne	C. I. Claflin, '11	1
By Eastern Windows	Marion D. Crane, '11	2
Sleep	Mary F. Nearing, '09	10
The Sun With His Great Eye	Mary E. Herr, '09	11
Magic	Helen Parkhurst, '11	13
A Red Flower	Marianne Moore, '09	14
Limitations	Agnes Goldman, '08	15
Mirage	Shirley Putnam, '09	22
Editorial		23
The Freshman Show		25
When Knighthood was in Favor		26
Dulci Fistula		27
Alumnae Notes		28
College Notes		29
Athletic Notes		31

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IN MEMORIAM

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

OBIIT April 10, *MDCCCCIX.*

Dead Master, living voice that sounds for aye,
Dead in the music of an April dawn,
Let none dare mourn thee!—"Whither now is gone
That fierce free spirit?"—such words let no man say.
Lone left at ending of thy long late day,
With sunset-purple more than royal drawn
Around thee for a mantle, pacing on
Victor, thou takest thy triumphant way.

One throne stands empty; lo, the kings are met
To crown thee, singer strong of death and birth
And all love's bitter-sweet; yea, these shall now
Praise thee,—who gavest praise, for painful earth
Whose pity burned,—and thine own Shakespeare set
The deathless laurel on thy sacred brow.

CHARLOTTE I. CLAFLIN, '11.

BY EASTERN WINDOWS.

It had been a very good day for Alison's trip to Natick. Mrs. Curtis opened a window in the little sitting-room, and looked out at the silvery April sky, and then down the quiet street. It was one of those less pretentious Brookline streets, which suggest prosperity within decided limits. The maple trees on either side of it stood up with a kind of expectant life, although they did not move in the cool stir of the air. Mrs. Curtis shivered a little, but she left the window open, and turned back to adjust a vase of daffodils on a round reading table. She was a small woman, too thin to be called slender. The lines in her face, and the downward droop of her thin lips, gave her a look of settled melancholy, but she took an apparent and extraordinary pleasure as she arranged the flowers. Her small light hands touched them skilfully, and as their stems took the right angle, she looked up to listen. A door closed, heavy steps sounded on the stairs, and Alison strode into the room. She was a tall girl with straight features and cool blue eyes wide apart. Her face was in a fine glow. "I walked out from town with Martha Kellogg," she said, stooping to kiss her mother. "It's very warm here." She looked quickly at the smouldering open fire, and opened another window wide, with one push of her strong hand. "It's such an energetic day. Miss Kellogg went with me to Natick." Mrs. Curtis sat down in the corner of the couch, away from the windows, and drew a shawl about her shoulders. She watched Alison eagerly.

"I thought of you when the sun went in, and wondered whether your spring coat would be enough," she said. Alison laughed, a bit scornfully, and Mrs. Curtis added, "But I know you're never cold. This *is* splendid weather for getting things done. How is Miss Kellogg?"

"Oh, she's very well." Alison launched forth into the story of her day's trip to visit a poor family in the country, one of the many families cared for by Henry Osborne's philanthropy. Alison had been his secretary since she had graduated, three years ago, from Radcliffe, and she had put all the vehement interest of her youth into his work. "Miss Kellogg thinks the Associated Charities ought to have these Natick people. She's afraid we will pauperise them, make our charity too agreeable. That was why she went with me. But I showed her how much we are doing by personal work,—even giving them books."

Mrs. Curtis followed Alison with happy eyes, as she noticed the daffodils and bent her fair young head over them. "It *is* necessary to know people, personally, isn't it, before you can help them?"

Alison straightened up and walked to the window.

"Miss Kellogg doesn't think so." There was a curious note of impatience in the girl's voice, and her mother shrank a little in her corner, trying to keep the interest warm on her face. "Or at least she defends her own work in the Associated Charities."

"Well—" Mrs. Curtis stopped; she was watching her daughter as if for a cue of some sort, but Alison did not turn. "She does do good work."

Alison said nothing. She felt intolerably confined in the warm little room; she longed to be out and walking again in the spring air with Martha Kellogg, who never by any chance agreed with her unreservedly.

She was perfectly familiar with this feeling of restlessness in her mother's presence. And now, as she went to her room, she began over again a perfectly familiar fight against it. She was by nature not unlike her mother, sensitive enough to understand that the little household, from the orderly row of pots and pans in the kitchen, to the litter of magazines on the sitting-room table, was conducted for her particular pleasure and satisfaction. In the midst of her present preoccupation she noticed a little pot of heliotrope on her window seat. Its blossoms filled the bare, shadowy room with a welcome fragrance. But in spite of herself her mother's self-effacement irritated her. She had long ago concluded, without attempting to analyse it carefully, that this unselfishness was lack of self rather than victory over self. Indeed, she was continually conscious that her mother's opinions on everything, from the weather to the spiritual state of society, were moulded according to her own. She had made no particular effort to understand this dependence,

but she had borne the burden of it more and more wearily, until her weariness had turned to something very like scorn. She told herself now for the hundredth time that two women could not live together happily; that her brilliant father, if he had lived, and though he had still remained unprincipled and erratic, might have saved the situation by his dominant masculine breadth of mind. "We would have forgotten each other in him," she sighed, "and he would have enjoyed it."

Alison's thoughts reverted to Martha Kellogg, with whom she had spent the day. Martha Kellogg, consulting visitor for the Board of Associated Charities, was a capable woman with a practical vocation for managing people's souls and cash accounts, and her aggressive ideas delighted Alison, who liked to be converted, or else opposed in her enthusiasms. Moreover, Alison felt, with a thrill of youthful joy, that she could "be something" to Miss Kellogg.

On that very evening at dinner she talked it over with her mother. It was part proof of the youthful haste of her judgment that she engaged her mother's sympathetic listening when she was in the mood for it, and she found no burden in her mother's agreement with her opinion on certain points. She began abruptly, as they lingered over their coffee in the little brown-and-gold dining-room. "Do you know, I think we ought to have Miss Kellogg here oftener."

"Why, Alison?" Mrs. Curtis was ready with her eager attention.

"We are so much at home here, in this little house, and Miss Kellogg must get hopelessly tired of the Oxford."

Mrs. Curtis assented. "I remember hearing her say how inevitably spinach and cauliflower came on at alternate Thursday nights—for dinner."

"Besides, I have a theory about unmarried women—" Alison looked seriously at her mother over the candlesticks.

"That they like—?"

"Other people's daughters," nodded Alison. "I can feel Miss Kellogg taking possession of me. She was tremendously concerned about that spring coat this afternoon."

"I hope you were more gentle with her than you are with me when I try to get you to wear things." Mrs. Curtis's voice was quiet, but her face had sharpened with an unacknowledged anxiety. She did not want to give too much even to Martha Kellogg.

"But mother, I couldn't say anything to her. I don't know her well

enough. Besides, she fairly made me wear an extra jacket of her own. But don't you think I'm right?"

Mrs. Curtis made a great call on her sympathy. Its response made her speak with sincere feeling. "I suppose even Associated Charities don't quite make up for what she has missed."

"That's exactly it, mother." Alison's hearty concurrence brought the color into her mother's cheeks. "You should see how she looks at me. And I have a feeling that I can make up a little for what she has missed."

This was unusually demonstrative for Alison, who as a rule concealed and repressed with the utmost care a certain soft and impressionable element in her own character. Mrs. Curtis was continually accounting for Alison's perfunctory caresses by her knowledge of this peculiar reserve. Now she looked up at the girl. Her white muslin gown was suited to her fresh youth. She had kept surprisingly her childish look and manner, in spite of her twenty-three years. The candle-light fell pleasantly on her bright hair and softened the decided lines of her face. "I have a feeling that you can, Alison."

As she spoke, Mrs. Curtis still looked at her daughter. It was not in vain that she had studied the wishes and thoughts of this girl for these many years. She saw now a new wistfulness in her eyes;—a look seeking satisfaction beyond the kindly walls which surrounded her. Suddenly by a miracle of understanding she knew the truth, knew that Martha Kellogg had found a daughter indeed, and that she herself had made somehow a fatal blunder in her motherhood. A great horror of wasted years, of lonely days to come, took hold upon her. But her habit of self-effacement was strong. As they rose from the table she smiled bravely,—even spoke again,—"I know that you can."

Alison felt, after her unwonted expression of feeling, a sort of abandonment, as if certain barriers to her enthusiasm had been let down. Contrary to her habit, she did not at once compose herself for sleep that night, but lay long awake making plans for Martha Kellogg. She thought over the possibilities of their future intercourse, and imagined herself in various happy situations under the strong guidance of the older woman. She woke rather late, and remembered before opening her eyes that it was Saturday. She and Miss Kellogg had planned an afternoon's walk in the Blue Hills Reservation, and she was glad to be greeted by an assurance of pleasant weather in the clear spring sunshine which flooded the room.

She was preoccupied during her hasty breakfast, and gave her mother little more than a brief "good-morning." As she was drawing on her gloves in preparation for departure, she turned to Mrs. Curtis, who had followed her into the hall. "I'll not be home before six to-night, mother."

"Oh, Alison,—why?"

"Don't you remember?—I'm going to Blue Hills with Miss Kellogg."

"But Alison, you had a hard day yesterday—and you look tired this morning." She finished with a quick glance at the girl's face.

"Nonsense, mother—I'm as well as possible." Alison drew her straight brows together almost angrily. She did not like to be pitied. "Besides, I can't disappoint Miss Kellogg—she's made all her plans."

"But, Alison, you were with her all day yesterday—and last Saturday—and I had thought—we might read together by the fire for one afternoon."

Alison's hand was on the door. "Let's do that on a rainy Saturday. Look at this sun. Miss Kellogg does like to walk. And, mother, may I bring her home to dinner?"

Mrs. Curtis had drawn back into the doorway of the sitting-room. "Very well," said said. "I'll tell Mary to order tomatoes for the salad." Alison did not notice her face, and shut the door on her words with cheerful emphasis.

The dinner that night was the beginning of a long evening. Mrs. Curtis sat quietly in her corner of the couch, and watched her daughter and her guest. Martha Kellogg stood for a long time with her back to the fireplace,—her strong, generous figure very straight, her head held, as usually, just a little too high, her keen blue eyes noting details as she talked. She was clearly appreciative of the room, with its shaded lamp, and the empty spaces which Alison liked. Alison herself was, without an effort, unusually gentle. Her mother had told her so often that she was like a man in the house,—had laughed anxiously at her heavy step, her positive ways, her preoccupied disregard for details. Now she was ready to heap cushions when Miss Kellogg sat down, and even to bring a shawl for her mother.

This was the first of many similar evenings, for Mrs. Curtis had finished her small, sympathetic part in the conversation with an invitation, "Miss Kellogg, we hope you will make this Saturday dinner a standing engagement with us. Alison, can't you persuade her?"

Alison looked at her friend eagerly, and Miss Kellogg's kindly face was full of gratitude. "Why, Mrs. Curtis, you must have seen how much I have enjoyed this evening. It is a great presumption, but I must certainly accept—" and she rested her hand affectionately on Alison's shoulder.

But, beyond her part as hostess, Mrs. Curtis's services were little needed to help matters between Alison and Miss Kellogg. The physical strength which they had in common made possible a succession of long tramps and canoe-trips, which were quite outside of Mrs. Curtis's ability. Alison was maturing rapidly in these days, and it was not without compunction that she left her mother so much alone. But she made her health an excuse,—an excuse which Mrs. Curtis of course accepted without question: she was shut up with her work for the greater part of the time; it was necessary that she get as much exercise as possible, and her mother agreed that she could not walk alone in the country. And so Alison and Martha Kellogg walked, over the shining hills, or sometimes down long miles of sea-beach, and talked of their work, and of many things. In rare moments of self-recollection, Alison remembered that she had set herself to be a "compensation" to Miss Kellogg, and she felt somehow that she must be succeeding, as her mother had prophesied. But for the most part she took a single-hearted pleasure in what she herself received of counsel and affection. Without Miss Kellogg she was lonely and dissatisfied, especially in her own house. She felt a perverse annoyance at the lack of friction within its doors, and though she had less time than ever to think of her mother, she drew involuntary comparisons between Mrs. Curtis's negative temperament, and the definite character of her friend.

Meanwhile the summer lengthened, and Alison planned her vacation for August. Miss Kellogg suggested a camping trip for two out of the four weeks, and Alison seized upon the idea. Her active youth invariably rebelled before the end of the month which she was accustomed to spend with her mother at a sleepy Cape Cod inn. But she stopped in the midst of her enthusiastic approval. "Mother doesn't like the idea of camping —I really couldn't go against her wishes."

Miss Kellogg considered. "Suppose I talk it over with her some day. I've been at Bear Creek so often that I can calm her fears, I'm sure."

So it happened that Mrs. Curtis received an unexpected call from Martha Kellogg. It was late in a sultry afternoon of mid-July, and the strong, still sunlight was shut out of the little house. Mrs. Curtis had been trying to read in the shadowy living-room, but her book was lying on her lap, and she looked with unseeing eyes at a branch of blazing field lilies on a low shelf before her. There was strength about her thin face, in spite of its sensitive lines, but to-day it was hopelessly sombre. She did not stir when the maid announced Miss Kellogg, and when she rose to greet the visitor, her face had not changed. The two women talked in desultory fashion of the weather, the suffering of poor babies in the heat. Miss Kellogg found her hostess unaccountably restrained; it was positively difficult to broach the subject of Alison's camping trip. But she came at it finally in her direct way: "By the way, Alison says you object to camps."

Mrs. Curtis made a last weary effort to turn the conversation. "Do tell me—have the Associated Charities finally decided to organise camps this summer? They are so good for poor children."

But Miss Kellogg persisted. "I'm thinking of my pet camp on Winnepesaukee. I know you would like it. We sleep in tents, with raised floors."

"I'm sure you're quite luxurious," assented Mrs. Curtis, with a faint smile. "But Alison and I are very fond of Provincetown."

"That's just the point. I'm very anxious to take Alison to Bear Creek for the first two weeks in August. But the child insists that you wouldn't approve"—Miss Kellogg leaned forward—she spoke with assurance in her generous voice, "I told her I should come and win you over."

Mrs. Curtis looked steadily into her lap. She had thought of the four weeks at Provincetown with a great hope which she hardly dared to keep. It was not disapproval of camps which made the constraint in her voice as she spoke. "I thought Alison had quite decided about her holidays."

"Yes—but you see we have talked it all over together—and we thought how splendid it would be if she could come to me for part of the time." There was a pause, and Miss Kellogg flushed uncomfortably. She felt that something was wrong. "I should be fully responsible for her," she went on, "and after all, she is a woman herself."

Mrs. Curtis stood up suddenly. Still she did not look at her guest.

Her voice spoke many things, especially anger and pain. "You are quite right—she is a woman now, and she must make her own choice."

Miss Kellogg rose, too. She knew that she had somehow blundered into deep water, that she had made a mistake. She included Mrs. Curtis in the great number of people who had outside places, but still real places in her motherly heart. She was sorry for her without in the least understanding how she had wounded her.

"Good-bye"—Miss Kellogg held out her hand. "I'm afraid I've bothered you—and I hope you won't worry about this at all."

Mrs. Curtis went through the formalities of the minute with automatic courtesy. When the door closed upon her guest she sat down again and went on staring at the lilies. It was not that the conversation had been remarkable. It was so much what she was accustomed to. But Miss Kellogg's happy ownership of Alison had been so perfectly apparent. She sat still now and thought of many things. She admitted to herself that Miss Kellogg was good for Alison, that she had grown more thoughtful and adaptable even in so short a time,—that she was less like a careless boy. She reflected that she had forced Alison to be aggressively independent, by her attempt to make herself companionable. But she was paying a great price for her mistake. The sun was low in the sky. A clock somewhere in the distance struck the half hour. It must be half-past six. Alison was late.

Presently the downstairs door closed. Mr. Curtis heard it, but she did not move. In a minute Alison was in the room. Coming from light into darkness she did not see at once her mother's silent figure, and when she made it out against the dark wall, she missed the usual greeting. "Oh, mother—are you asleep?" The girl started forward.

Mrs. Curtis did not turn her head. "No, Alison."

Alison was at her side, bending over her. "Why, mother, what is the matter? Are you ill?" Sympathy and shame seized upon her. Why had she not noticed before the deepening lines in her mother's face?

"No, I am not ill. Alison, Miss Kellogg has been here."

"About the camp?" The question came quickly, but Alison was looking at her mother with all her attention.

"Yes. Do you want to go? You must do what you like best to do." She looked up at last, met the girl's eyes bravely.

"Why"—Alison was struggling to understand. Her mother was willing—was giving her the choice. What sacrifice was this that she was

accepting? What had she already accepted? The meaning of her mother's silent desolation dawned faintly upon her. She drew her mother out of her chair and put a strong arm about her shoulders. "Of course I don't want to go. We are going to Provincetown, mother, together."

MARION D. CRANE, '11.

SLEEP.

Thou, who givest all things, give me sleep.
From the ground, let there creep
Delicate fragrance, circling round,
Earth mists rising without sound,
White and deep.

Let them wrap my spirit, fold on fold,
While a hand, icy cold,
Lies like dew from a rain-swept land
Round my brow, a thin cool band,
Time untold.

Let there be no music, sound of song,
No, nor word, but let throng
Cavernous murmurings, deeply stirred,
Of waters that my soul has heard
Ages long.

MARY F. NEARING, '09.

"THE SUN, WITH HIS GREAT EYE, SEES NOT SO MUCH AS I."

The garden was an old one. For several generations it had accumulated within its bounds the family's various preferences in scent or color, until it had come to typify the vast number of influences that met in the child who played there. From the last windy days of March to the first touches of November frost, the garden gave itself up ungrudgingly to the delectation of its principal human occupant, who impatiently awaited the warm weather and the unfolding of the wild-flowers in a certain sun-bathed corner. The preceding summer that occupant had herself made the latest addition to the small plot of ground given up to such flowers in the shape of two thriving "Dutchman's breeches." Jack-in-the-pulpits that had for her real personalities; blood-root and violets that dyed the grass to the depth of twilight skies;

> "Tender blue-bells, at whose birth
> The sod scarce heaved;"—

furry hypaticas, fragile anemones and pale Quaker-ladies supplanted in her affection the hardier tulips and daffodils; the slender narcissus and hyacinths heavy with fragrance. At this season, when the fruit-trees—cherry, pear, apple and peach—spread their blossoms to the breathless air in all the dazzling beauty of promise, the child would stand beneath the cherry-trees and gaze up into their brightness, a brightness shot with black where the branches hung bare of the snowy clusters; or would lie upon the moist earth under an apple-tree while the rosy petals, freighted with perfume of Eden, drifted down to her.

When the blossoms of spring gave way to the swelling fruit and May flowers to the lustier blooms of summer, the garden glowed with sweet-williams and fragrant verbenas; tall holly-hocks of richest hues, erect against the white wall of the house; giant sunflowers that turn with the march of the moving sun; honeysuckle, yellow and white, that the humming-bird loves to pilfer; purple iris and brilliant tiger-lilies; nasturtiums, phlox, fuchsias and ladies'-slippers; perennials and annuals, the

progeny of many a plant that had flowered and gone to seed in the gardens of venerable great-aunts or cousins.

There, in midsummer, the child grew to observe and delight in the lesser life around her; for a fountain gurgled in the garden's midst, where the birds took refuge in the heat of the day. Sometimes the stupid robins imprudently bathed in the late afternoon and had to mount to the top of the highest tree to catch the last rays of the sleepy sun. Plaintive orioles and officious cat-birds, as well as the vulgar sparrows revelled in the wealth of luscious cherries, and pears so laden with juice that they burst when they fell from the trees. Hundreds of golden-belted bees, slender wasps and morose yellow-jackets here replenished their winter stores; blundering June-bugs and toiling ants and myriads of other insects, attracted by the odor of ripened fruit, obtained here a honeyed draught. A truly delectable garden it was, and one that the child loved with all the ardor of a single passion.

The time came, however, when the place seemed small and confined; when the walls enclosing it obtruded themselves upon her notice and appeared to have grown in height; when the one door in that stretch of wall mocked her with its strong pad-lock and hinted immeasurable things. Then she longed to snip off all the flower-heads with the great shears, or wickedly clap her hands and frighten away the confident birds; she ended by pushing and poking the rusty lock and dashing it to and fro in an ecstasy of desire to break it open.

One golden afternoon the door unexpectedly stood open; but the doorway was blocked by an ashman's cart. She ventured around it and found herself in an ashy lane, along whose edges grew luxuriant weeds and tall grasses which the white dust encrusted. On the one side ran the wall of her own garden; on the other a high and ill-kept hedge. But she was concerned with the new and marvellous joys that the alley (for alley it was) afforded her; nor did the ugliness of the place disturb her. Funny little green excrescences that looked like cheeses grew on some of the weeds; and green burrs, tipped with a rusty pink, that proved to possess rare powers of adhesiveness, adorned the large-leaved dock. Not until the ashman had finished his work did she cease collecting the toys that the weeds furnished. She carried them back with her to the cool grass on her own side of the wall, which seemed, now that it had surrendered its secret, to settle back comfortably to its original height. Certainly, she would have had no desire to remain in that alley indefi-

nitely; the delight of it, indeed, lay partly in its very temporariness. Thereafter she was always on hand during the ashman's infrequent visits.

But gradually she came to feel the insistence of the hedge on the other side of the road; and she felt thatshe had gained but little by her introduction to the alley. She tried to postpone the inevitable desire to see beyond, but the hedge flaunted its height and the mystery of the other side clamoured for solution. At last she was driven to the indignity of standing on tip-toe upon the threshold of the garden-door, and for a brief instant she saw. Directly before her a field of ripe wheat waved its heavy-headed stalks to the gentle motion of the breeze. Beyond this, patches of shining corn that breathed forth visible heat; of tobacco, with its broad leaves; of unripe oats, silver-grey in the distance like water-willows; and squares upon squares of colors dwindled across the valley down to a winding stream whose course could be traced by the dark green of the trees that hung above it; and on the other side lay the blue hills and then paler hill until "earth and sky were one." The feeling that the sight gave her was as if she had suddenly comprehended all things.

When the ashman had locked the door and she was again in her own garden, only the color and contour of hills and valley lay in her memory. Sometimes, in after years, when she reached a bit of high land, she again had the rare moment of vision; but always the hills closed in upon her and there remained but the recollection of that wider prospect.

Mary E. Herr, '09.

MAGIC.

The sun danced in the heavens,
A bird sang on the earth;
A happy cloud went floating by,
But yet I could not reason why
The day was different.

The sky had often been as blue,
And far among the pines

The mingled song of wind and bird,
Like falling waters distant heard,
Had been as musical.

Perhaps an angel trumpet pealed,
And an old dream came true,
For like the suffering of saints, turned
To rapture, so the moment burned
Into an ecstasy.

HELEN PARKHURST, '11.

A RED FLOWER.

Emotion,
Cast upon the pot,
Will make it
Overflow, or not,
According
As you can refrain
From fingering
The leaves again.

M. MOORE, '09.

LIMITATIONS.

Mrs. Graham came into the smoke-filled library where her husband was seated in his favorite attitude with one leg over the arm of his chair, reading a book held off at some distance. He lowered the volume slowly to gaze at her with an absent stare that soon changed into an amused smile.

"Why, isn't that a new dress, Lucy?" he asked, as if he were saying what he thought was expected of him.

"Do you like it, Tom?"

"Why, I should think it must be a tremendous creation, though you always say that I am not much of a judge of clothes. I was brought up on Laura's dresses, and you know what plain things they are. However, this is very fine."

The color rose to Mrs. Graham's cheeks. She was never quite sure whether her husband was making fun of her. She had a feeling that at best her appearance amused him, and that, with his inevitable kindness, he was trying to mask a certain contempt under his words. Her reply, however, took him seriously.

"I am glad you like it, Tom dear. I hovered over the dressmaker at every step. Tom, I do love pretty clothes."

She opened and closed her fan with a little girlish flutter that brought a deepening of the kind look in her husband's eyes. He rose from his chair with a certain look of determination on his face.

"That's a new chain you have around your neck, Lucy, isn't it?" he questioned. "I don't believe I have ever seen it before."

"It's just a string of Roman pearls, which I have had ever since I was a girl. I—"

"You were going to tell me where you got it, weren't you?"

Mrs. Graham flushed again before she spoke.

"I bought them with my first teacher's salary. At the same time, you know, that I got my set of Rossetti."

Mr. Graham welcomed the last words. "Rossetti—that reminds me —Powers' new book on William Morris has appeared. Here it is. I just dipped into it and found it promising."

His wife turned the pages eagerly for an instant, only to look up with a shake of the head.

"I really can't be learned to-night, Tom. I don't look very old, do I? You can't imagine what it means to be going to a real dance again."

"And with an old beau, too. Didn't you often tell me about Captain Smith when we were first married?"

"He was a very intimate friend of mine, Tom. Aren't you a bit jealous?"

A swift annoyance puckered Mr. Graham's eye-brows. He threw it off with a slightly scornful laugh that was followed by his usual tolerant expression.

"Then, 'what a good little boy am I,' to let you off by yourself," he said. "If it is the thing for me to be jealous, I'll try to accommodate you, Lucy."

His tone said so clearly that he never could be jealous, that his wife became irritated, even while disturbed at her own vexation. She would have liked some symptom of the anxious husband, and could not resist saying with a little air of mystery:

"You know I am never quite responsible, Tom, when I am having a good time."

He looked at her again good-humouredly before he walked to the window.

"My lady's car stops the way," he called with a voice into which her sensitiveness read a note of relief. "It is rather nice of Laura to lend it to her 'poor relatives,' isn't it?"

"Oh, Laura is going to bed early."

Tom turned about rather quickly at the sarcasm in Lucy's voice; then, noticing that his services were required, he assisted her with her evening coat, and escorted her to the waiting automobile.

As the machine started on its long journey to the suburb where Captain Smith's regiment was encamped, Mrs. Graham prolonged the luxury of slowly sinking back among the cushions. Immediately she became conscious of the intense satisfaction that she derived from merely sitting in a carriage, and for the third time that evening her cheeks grew hot. The excitement of the past few hours had sharpened her faculties into an abnormal alertness toward her own actions.

"Laura never feels this way when she sits in a carriage. Tom doesn't either. But it has always been the same thing with me from the very beginning."

At the shock of the word, that distant beginning and its consequences

seemed suddenly to spring before her with cruel vividness and rapidity. It was not the first time that her uncompromising memory had played her such a trick. Often she had gone through the same pitiless repetition of details, although to-night the images were sharper than ever before.

"You needn't tell every one, Sally, that your father was once a floor-walker." Those words, uttered in her mother's slovenly drawl to her elder sister, seemed to mark the origin of everything that her life had since meant. It was the first crude realisation of those distinctions that had hounded her through the rest of her existence. With her mother's voice her figure also rose up, as Lucy used to see her early in the morning, in her cheap lace-trimmed wrapper, open at the neck where hung the locket containing the picture of her grandfather, the Alabama Colonel. She recollected all of her mother's pretensions, her love of finery, her fondness for sentimental literature—Mrs. Hemans and Ouida were her favourite authors—her ambition for her children, and her violent fits of temper when she was thwarted in one of her designs. From the beginning Lucy had admired and hoped that she might take after her, even while she recognised that her mother was not quite successful. For her unobtrusive father she had always had a semi-contemptuous affection, except when she saw him secretly chewing gum.

Any real dissatisfaction with her home, however, had not grown up until she had been several years at school. It was then that she came to know Miss Bartlett, her English teacher, who still called up a faint after-beat of excitement. In the light of her present knowledge she realized that Miss Bartlett had been a pretty, self-conscious girl, with over-developed aspirations toward refinement and culture; but in those days Lucy had felt for her "the desire of the moth for the star" and had come to accept her unconditionally. Because Miss Bartlett's favourite poet was Tennyson, Lucy, who always devoured any book that she could seize, read almost every word he had written. She used to pick up her teacher's handkerchief, imagining that she was Sir Launcelot, and Miss Bartlett the Lady Guinivere. Partly because Lucy was bright and impressionable, partly because of her flattering devotion, Miss Bartlett made a favourite of her, and often allowed her to remain after school to converse and confide in her. As a result, Lucy's homecomings seemed more and more a descent from higher planes. She blushed when she looked at the pillow of variously colored cigar ribbons over which she had once toiled for her father's birthday. One moment

of intense disgust flashed up with particular brightness. Her family had been giving one of their frequent evening entertainments; she had already looked disapprovingly at her aunt's gown of strawberry pink crêpe, when she caught sight of her stout uncle gulping down generous quantities of whiskey and soda, while he amused several listeners with jokes related in a loud, coarse voice. She recalled Miss Bartlett's words that "no thoroughly refined person would drink more than one glass of spirits during an evening," and a wave of agonising shame swept over her, that sent her, for the rest of the festivity, to an inconspicuous corner of the room.

Miss Bartlett soon left the school, while Lucy's feelings ran the course of all earthly passions; but the impatience with her home and herself, the craving for the better thing and the recognition that accompanied it, were to remain and to increase. It seemed as if the golden realisation must come with her entrance at college. College! Mrs. Graham suddenly pressed her eyes tightly together, and drew her handkerchief nervously through her fingers. In a flash she re-lived her first painful disillusionment, her growing wariness, the gradual hardening of the tender spot within her. At school she had succeeded, but she meant to succeed even more completely at college. With a natural eagerness for friendships, she sought out the girls who were always running from the athletic field to teas given by upper classmen. The law that operated against her she never thoroughly fathomed, even after she came fully to recognise its ruthless determining force. Such girls as she wished to know, smiled and spoke to her, but she was never wholly one of them. In her studies, where her powers of concentration and her remarkable memory made accomplishment easy, some lack, perhaps of intellectual distinctiveness, lost her the recognition of those who gave the tone to the community. But youth, and the innate craving for affection and admiration, made her accept the girls who felt honoured by her acquaintance, and whose narrow standards and cheap manners she despised. Yet in their company she was thoroughly at her ease. It needed all the deference that they willingly paid her, to deaden the sting that inevitably accompanied the realisation of how completely at home she felt in their society.

It was a symptom of her crudeness that it should have taken her nearly three full years to appreciate Laura Graham. About the time when she had hung Rossetti's Proserpine next to the Sir Galahad purchased

during her Freshman year, and had reluctantly discarded her Dartmouth banner, came the revelation of how very correctly Laura and her few friends represented the real thing after which she had so long been groping. The recognition of an inconspicuous kind that Laura received took its character chiefly from the fact that in a place where most people were more or less consciously adopting personalities, she was pre-eminently herself—a self of definite values and clear outlines, in spite of its many reserves. The desire for friendship with Laura Graham was an even stronger spur to Lucy than her pride. With a little encouragement she gave herself head and heart, for behind the calculating motives that so often guided her actions were the impulses of a half-smothered emotionalism. If she were made to suffer all the humiliation that a completely unconscious, thoroughly gentle nature can cause to a person in whom experience, shrewdness, and susceptibility alike have reared the defenses of suspicion, at least, she finally left college exulting in the knowledge that she and Laura had at last belonged to the same social group.

When she first returned home her family were too proud of her to rebel at her exactions or her attempts at improvement. To chafe inwardly at what she confessed to herself was their vulgarity brought only misery, while accepting them aroused the tormenting dread that she might return to their ways. Through a kind of involuntary compromise she sank into a moody reticence, quite alien to her nature. It was during this interval that she became acquainted with Captain Smith, a not unintelligent Westerner of easy manners, who had lived much in garrisons, and was fond of the society of women. He took a great fancy to Lucy, invited her to dances, sent her flowers, and gave her every opportunity of appearing the gay, spirited and charming person that she could never be at home. He would very probably have proposed to her, had she not, about that time, received a letter from Laura asking her to visit her over the summer. Lucy had gloated over that invitation with passionate intensity, and had put a secret fervour into all her preparations.

She remembered distinctly her first impression of the Grahams, her surprise that their house was not more conspicuously æsthetic, her constraint at their considerate but perfectly informal treatment of herself. Gradually, however, she came to accept all their standards and to cling affectionately to the reposeful ways of their life. Her earliest impressions of Laura's brother were among her vaguest recollections. He was the

first man who had shown her none of the gallantry which, in immediately emphasising the fact that she was a girl, resistlessly called forth her native coquetry; but she had found that he liked more and more in his unconcerned way to laugh and talk with her. The excitement that he elicited was so thoroughly subdued and pleasurable, that when he finally asked her to become his wife, her acceptance of him seemed so inevitably in the order of things that she scarcely realised herself how completely it represented the consummation of all her past hopes and aspirations.

That realisation had after all never come. As she looked over the seven years of her married life, there was no spot to which she could point and say: "Here came the rub"; yet definitely there were all the consequences of a mistake. These last recollections came flying past, vague in outline, but each carrying its sting. Whether her husband had gradually withdrawn, whether he had never expected more of her, she knew that beyond their common meeting ground, always illuminated by his kindness, was his own inner world where she did not belong and to which she never could penetrate. She had found him more of a recluse than she had expected, and quite impervious to the spurs of her ambition. Yes, she had met his friends—but they were busy with their own concerns, nor had she ever succeeded in attaining to any real significance in their circle. As she had felt her buoyancy and her spirits gradually flagging, her powers finding no outlet, she had fretted and chafed, but never found the barrier that she could break down with a triumphant blow. She would gladly have discovered some obstacle against which to throw her whole weight, besides that recurrent whisper: "I am not where I belong." After all she was bored beyond endurance, bored, bored.

She found herself repeating the word again and again as the machine lurched to a stop before the awninged pavement, and a servant opened the door. She was still in a daze, when the glare of the lights, the buzzing of voices, and the close air, heavy with perfumes, surged upon her. In passing out of the dressing-room she caught sight of her figure reflected from a mirror. Once before, at a ball many years ago, she had surprised herself in the same way, and had snatched a rapid glance of her own unsuspected glow of beauty. Perhaps it was still the same dance, perhaps the rest was a dream, perhaps—Captain Smith met her at the door.

"The music has begun. 'Tant mieux.' It's not every day that I have a chance to create a sensation."

Brass buttons! She had almost forgotten their dazzling brightness.

But that the women were ineffective she could tell now at a glance. Before she had tightened the grip on herself, Captain Smith had introduced her to some brother officers, and she was dancing a waltz with the insinuating rhythm stealing through her body. Time ceased to exist. The men were flocking around, while the bantering tones of her own voice came to her from a great distance.

"I knew you would come out here. When I saw you to-night for the first time in my life I forgot all about the others. I believe that the girl I invited is sitting in there somewhere. Maybe Howells will take care of her. Well, at any rate, it does not matter. You have come."

The touch of the cold iron railing pulled her up with a start. They were standing on a balcony over the garden, where the early blooming lilac bushes were scattering their perfumes. A balcony, and the lilac scents, and a soldier making love—once, when she was a little girl, that had been her secret dream of happiness. Was not that her dream still? To brush away the question and to draw the present closer, she looked into her companion's unfamiliar face. He was a boy still—that was the best of it—and he had completely lost himself in the mazes of her beauty. She felt a powerful impulse to express in some way her gratitude for his unstinted admiration, but she only prolonged the deliciousness of the moment, while he fixed his eyes upon her. Some one stood near them.

"I am sorry, Tyler, but this is my dance. Do you think I would miss out on the only one you have given me, Mrs. Graham?"

Before she walked away with her new partner she glanced over her shoulder at Tyler with a look the eloquence of which said so much, but promised so little. She returned to the ballroom, and now she had to split up her dances. The ladies stared at her, and one woman as she passed fastened upon her a gaze rigid with hatred. Perhaps it was some man's wife. A young girl looked at her pleadingly. That may have been Tyler's forsaken little maiden. Always the music kept on with the illusive rhythms that she loved so well. No, at last it came to its final stop, and she was standing in the hallway with her scarf on her head. She tripped over her skirt as she ran downstairs, and savagely gathered together the torn ruffle and train. Just before she stepped into the carriage she heard Captain Smith's voice beside her:

"Lucy, you don't know what you were this evening. But it's exactly the same between us that it used to be? Just old friends? And I may come to see you to-morrow?"

The door closed, and the machine was speeding along smoothly before she realised that she lay doubled up on the seat shaken by powerful sobs. Her half-smothered panting became more regular, until her tears fell unceasingly. No thought or question entered her mind, except the bare fact of her utter desolation. When at last her sobs began to subside, one hope seemed to emerge from among the crumpled remnants of her consciousness—the hope in Captain Smith's last words. She drew it to the light and scanned it eagerly, only to find it wanting and with sure deliberation to cast it aside. If she knew now what her choice should have been seven years ago, she recognised with equal clearness the finality of the choice she had made. The thing that Captain Smith offered her she could not take and find in it what he might have given her in the past. For the first time in her life she squarely faced and accepted the burden of her own unfitness, the weight of her final failure.

AGNES GOLDMAN, '08.

MIRAGE.

The pioneer of trackless snows,
Air-voyager where high wind blows,
The sage who every answer knows,—
Myself in each man's place I see
If time will wait for me.

No island is too far from shore,
No waste too boundless to explore;
No enterprise men faint before
Should be beyond my single power,
If life were not an hour.

SHIRLEY PUTNAM, '09.

EDITORIAL.

There is a growing tendency in these modern times for students to come to college for only one year or two—for a time less than the regular four years necessary for the attainment of a Bryn Mawr A.B. Although this tendency is perhaps less evident to us than to some of the older alumnæ, it cannot be ignored, for it means, not that there is now a larger proportion of those who are unexpectedly withdrawn from college by some misfortune, or even of those who, knowing it to be impossible to come for the full time, consider a short sojourn better than none; it means rather that there is an increasing number of those who simply never expect to take a complete course,—who do not care to spend four years in pursuit of the studies that lead to a degree.

This is unfortunate for two reasons. First it is a disadvantage to the college in general, especially to the class whose members drop out,—and secondly, it is a disadvantage to the deserting members themselves. Of course we understand that the college women of to-day are rather different, as a class, from those of ten or twenty years ago. Time was when it was so much harder for women to go to college, when there were so many more discouragements in the way of such a departure, that those who really went were those who most desired to go; and they cared enough about college and its privileges to stay four years when they got there. Now that the world smiles kindly on woman's higher education, fewer of us are forced into taking college thus seriously. But this explains rather than justifies the change in attitude that makes so many content to drop out after the first or second year. The disadvantage to the individual student still remains, whether she comes for "the life" or the work. If it is for the sake of study, she is a loser, because it has been established by experience and on the best authority, that a well-balanced and satisfactory college education cannot be got in less than four years; and since the courses of study are carefully planned on that basis, any student's career cut off before the fourth year is academically incomplete. If it is mainly for the social life that she comes to college, she is still the loser, for, as everyone knows who has

experienced four years of undergraduate society, nothing could be more different than is every year from every other. When a Freshman becomes a Sophomore it means a great change, but an even greater change awaits the student in the transition from under- to upper-classmanship; and if by her Junior year she feels that she knows pretty well what college society holds for her, she will be surprised to find that Senior year brings with it an atmosphere that is entirely unique. The variety of college pleasures, like its labours, is so distributed that there is not a single year one can afford to lose.

Then, from the point of view of the welfare of the college, such an institution as Bryn Mawr is certainly best represented by the faithful "regulars" who have at least hoped and tried to come for the full time. To those who are obliged for absolutely definite and inevitable reasons, to stop short of the goal, these criticisms cannot apply; but there are others who, in the beginning, when perfectly free to choose four years of college as their portion, plan instead only for a sample year or two, and then, through inertia or indifference, drift only to the limit of their plans. These will hardly be the ones to carry away with them that devoted enthusiasm which best represents their college. As to the individual classes, the harm they suffer from the depletion of their ranks is all too evident. No one can fail to appreciate, for example, the detriment to class athletics, and dramatics, caused by the constant readjustments which are necessary in order to fill up the gaps left by those who have dropped by the way.

It is not for us, however, to deplore this state of affairs if there is any remedy to be found, and surely some means of prevention, if not of cure, lie within our own hands. Can we not persuade our younger sisters and cousins and friends that college is a very good place to stay in for four years, and that four years is a very good length of time to stay there? Can we not assure them that they will not be as exiles, wasting the flower of their prime, but merely putting it off awhile, that it may be the fuller and more effective in the end? When we review our own early careers, and count up how many of us owe not only our presence here at Bryn Mawr, but our attitude toward our Alma Mater, our collegiate ideals, and even our courses of study, to the direct or indirect influence of alumnæ and former students, it would seem that we have, in our turn, an almost measureless control over the future of the college. We, as friends, teachers and relatives of the younger

generations of preparatory scholars, must pass on to them our own convictions, and instill, for academic application, the principle that "to travel deliberately through one's ages, is to get the heart out of a liberal education." P. B.

THE FRESHMAN SHOW.

Without wishing to overwork the symbolism of the class animals, we yet cannot but observe how happily the gauzy pale blue wings which we found on our programs for March twelfth suggested the performance to follow. The 1912 Freshmen are to be congratulated, it seems to us, in having produced exactly the sort of play that our sense of fitness justifies as an initial performance—a rather reserved little presentation, like the beginning of any dignified acquaintance, satisfying what we like to call "our artistic eye,"—further than that, non-committal. A pictorial effect, charming from beginning to end, a generous sprinkling of delightful dances and amusing songs, a general air of having a good time both above and below the foot-lights.

We anticipate eagerly the next appearance of the fatuously complacent little Man of Japan, of the ceaselessly inimitable Pig, of naughty, irresistible Mary and Willie, of the Peacock, and the Butterflies—indeed, we cannot begin to point out all the points of light which we discerned in this little "play of inscrutable meanin'."

R. G.

WHEN KNIGHTHOOD WAS IN FAVOR.

The Seniors presented to the Juniors, on the seventeenth of April, a musical comedy called "When Knighthood was in Favor." The words and music were original, almost all of the music being composed by Katharine Ecob, and the play, by its choruses, topical songs and opportune puns, achieved a delightful and slightly ironical effect of real comic opera. It also offered convincing evidence that local colour and local allusions treble the value of light opera. In this and its personal parodies and tone of more or less intellectual gayety it resembled the Gilbert and Sullivan operas. Than college life, and more especially than college life in Senior year, nothing offers a more adaptable subject for unserious reaction and humourous self-consciousness, and the Seniors repudiated any slights that may ever have been put on college girl "intensity" by their noble making fun of themselves. Yet it was by no means an allegorical representation of college life, but was put into artistic and plotted form.

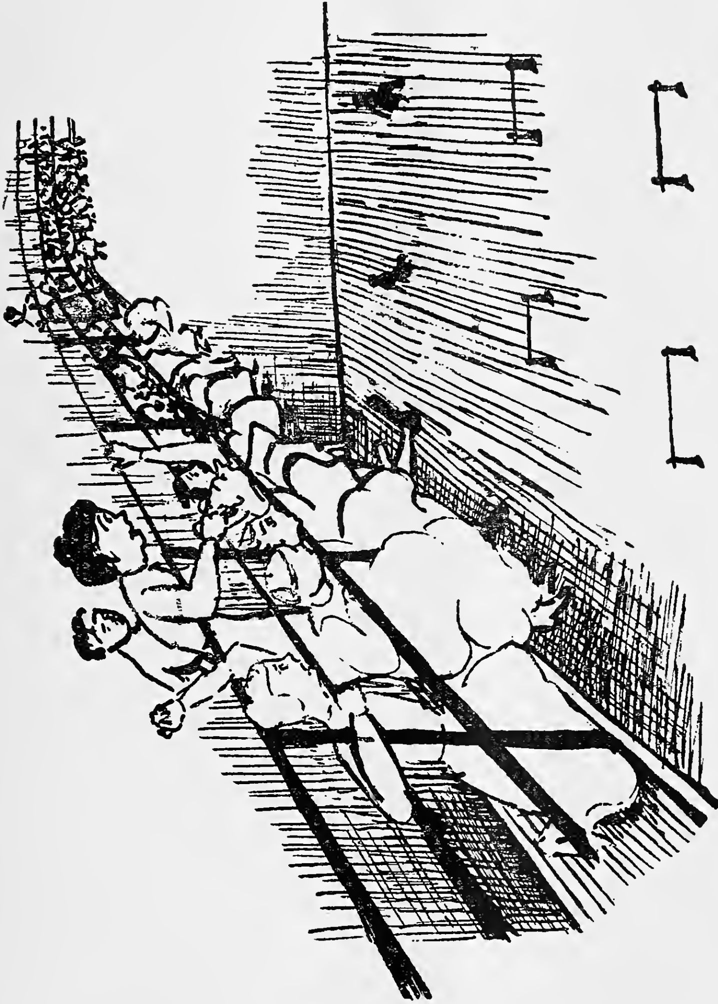
The play was written distinctly for an audience—an audience which might be expected to recognise the inspiration of "I could not love thee dear so much, loved I not others more."

But all of this did not occur to us as we sat delighted on our side of the footlights. Our feelings found better expression in,—

"If suddenly there came a fire,
Great big flames rolling higher and higher,
You bet we would stay
Stay and see this play,
Yes, you bet we'd stay and see this play."

G. B. B.

DULCI FISTULA



K. Costello

ON YOUR MARK—GET SET.....

SOPHISTICATION.

All tight-closed eyes are not a sign
Of cloistered contemplation;
All mouths stretched wide do not suggest
Enraptured exclamation.
Not every gaze that strays afar
Is lost in realms of thought;
You'll find that nine times out of ten
The clock is what is sought.
Not every tensely listening ear
Is held by lecture's power;
It may be thus pricked up to hear
The bell that tolls the hour.

ELEANOR CLIFTON, '09.

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

'96. Laurette Potts Pease has a son, born on Easter Sunday.
Abigail Camp Dimon and Hilda Justice have been at college recently.

'97. Margaret Nichols Smith has a son, born on Easter Sunday.

'00. Edith Campbell Crane visited college before Easter.

'01. Mary Southgate Brewster has a daughter, born on April first.

'02. Alice Day, Martha Jenkins Foote, and Elizabeth Stoddard visited college in April.

'03. Martha Root White was here on April third.

'05. Margaret Otheman visited college in April.

'06. Esther White and Mary Withington were here in April.

'07. Esther Williams visited college before Easter.

'08. Hazel McLane, Marjorie Young, Alice Sachs, Dorothy Mort, Margaret Franklin, Dorothy Merle-Smith, Mary Waller, and Lydia Sharpless have been recent visitors.
Hazel McLane has announced her engagement to John Clark, of Evanston, Illinois.

'09. The marriage of Esther M. Maddux to Dr. David Hill Tennent, of Bryn Mawr, took place on April the eighth in Ashland, Virginia.

'10. Josephine Ross has announced her engagement to Charles Miller, of Lancaster, Pa.

COLLEGE NOTES.

On Wednesday evening, March seventeenth, the Reverend Alfred G. Mortimer, of St. Mark's Episcopal Church, Philadelphia, preached at the college fortnightly meeting.

The Law Club held a formal meeting on Thursday evening, March eighteenth, at which Dr. Clarence D. Ashley spoke on *Woman as a Citizen.*

The award of the European fellowships was announced in chapel on Friday morning, March nineteenth. Margaret Bontecou ('09) was the Bryn Mawr European fellow, Mary H. Swindler was given the Mary E. Garrett European Fellowship and Grace Potter Reynolds the President's European Fellowship. The first ten of the Senior class were: Margaret Bontecou, Margaret Dillin, Helen Rumrill, Ruth Wade, Mary Goodwin, Anne Walton, Katharine Branson, Bertha Ehlers, Pleasaunce Baker and Shirley Putnam. On the following Tuesday it was announced that two special European fellowships for the year 1909-10 had been given, one to Margaret Dillin, the other to Helen E. Sandison, '06.

On the evening of that same day the Senior Fellowship Dinner was followed by the fourth of Mr. Whiting's recitals. The first half of the program was devoted to a Bach Prelude and Invention which Mr. Whiting played on the clavichord. This was followed by the more modern music of Debussy and Schumann on the piano.

The Freshman Show to the Sophomores was given in the gymnasium on Saturday, March twentieth. On the same evening Professor Scott addressed the Graduate Club on *The Use and Misuse of Mathematics by Non-Mathematicians.*

On Monday evening, March twenty-second, President Thomas and Miss Garrett gave the first of their receptions to the Seniors.

The regular meeting of the Christian Union was led on Wednesday, March twenty-fourth, by Jacqueline P. Morris, '08.

The English Club held a formal meeting in Rockefeller Hall on Saturday evening, March twenty-seventh, at which Mr. Richard Watson Gilder spoke. His subject was: *"Poetry as a Means of Grace."*

On Wednesday of the following week Professor Rufus M. Jones preached the college sermon.

After Leone Robinson, the president of the Christian Union, had given her report of the work during the past year, the officers of the

Christian Union for the coming year were elected on Thursday, April first. The results were as follows: President, Ruth Babcock, 1910; vice-president, Hilda Smith, 1910; treasurer, Ethel Richardson, 1911; secretary, Mary Morgan, 1912.

On Friday, April second, the Law Club held an informal meeting. Mr. Henry S. Drinker spoke on the *Commodities Clause of the Interstate Commerce Act.*

Katharine Goodson, the well-known pianist, gave a recital in the gymnasium on Saturday afternoon, April third. She played under the auspices of the Philadelphia Committee of the Endowment Fund, and the proceeds were to be devoted to the fund. The program was generously long and delightfully varied, and those who were there to enjoy the concert only regretted that the storm prevented so many others from coming to it.

On Monday, April fifth, the second of the President's receptions to the Seniors took place.

The Easter vacation lasted from Wednesday, April seventh, to Thursday morning, April fifteenth.

Thursday afternoon the unveiling of a tablet in memory of Maria L. Eastman by the alumnæ of Brooke Hall took place in the cloister of the library.

On the evening of the fifteenth Mrs. Marion Craig Wentworth gave a reading of Maeterlinck's *Ardiane and Barbe Bleu,* followed by a short talk on the author's message to women.

Mr. James B. Wood, a director of the college, gave a lecture on Friday evening, April sixteenth, on *Prehistoric Ruins in Yucatan.* The lecture was illustrated by lantern slides.

On Saturday evening, April seventeenth, the Seniors gave a musical comedy in honor of the Juniors.

Professor James W. Bright, of Johns Hopkins University, addressed a meeting of the Graduate Club on the same evening.

The third of the President's receptions to the Seniors was held on Monday, April nineteenth.

The Philosophical Club had its third formal meeting of the year in Rockefeller Hall on Tuesday evening, April twentieth. Professor Rowland Angell, of Chicago University, spoke on *"The Influence of Darwinism on Modern Psychology."*

On Wednesday of that week Dr. Charles E. St. John, of the First

Unitarian Church in Philadelphia, preached at the regular meeting of the Christian Union.

Miss Anna H. Davies addressed the College Settlement Association on *"College Settlement Work from the Practical and Theoretical Sides,"* illustrated by lantern slides.

ATHLETIC NOTES.

In spite of necessarily slight and hurried preparation, the two parts of this year's track meet, held on March thirteenth and twenty-sixth, were up to the usual mark of interest and success. 1909 took off 62 points, and won the meet. 1911 made second place with 46 points. The individual cup was won by Emerson, '11, with 34½ points; Wesson, '09, had 21 points for second place, and Platt, '09, made 20½ points for third place. College records were broken in the following events: 22-foot rope climb, Platt, $9^4/_5$ seconds; running vault, Emerson and Platt, 4 ft. 9½ in.; standing hop, step and broad, Wesson, 21 ft. 6 in. First places in the remaining events were held as follows: Dash, Emerson; hurdles, Emerson; running high, Biddle, '09, 4 ft. 3 in.; standing high, Biddle, 3 ft. 5 in.; shot put, Houghteling, '11, 26 ft. 11 in.; tug-of-war, 1910; standing broad, Emerson, 7 ft. 4 in.; three broad jumps, Wesson, 22 ft. 4 in.; ring high, Emerson, 6 ft. 8 in.; class relay, 1911.

The gymnasium contest, on April second, was attended with the usual frenzy of preparation. The Freshmen and Sophomores were to be seen threading the mazes of marching tactics at all odd moments in gym and on campus, and the contestants insisted that their very dreams were full of bar-bells and hurtling Indian clubs. The judges were Miss Stone, of Miss Wright's School, Bryn Mawr; Miss Swindler and Miss Hawkins, and the contest was awarded to 1911, although 1912 made the score a very close one.

Onlookers were literally up to white heat at the swimming meet preliminaries, on April sixteenth, but it was found on mature consideration that the ventilation is really excellent since the pool has been rebuilt, so that it was possible to bear the temperature with a better grace than aforetimes. 1909 and 1910 won the class relay, and records were broken by Biddle, '09, in the underwater swim, which she lengthened to 117 feet,

and in the 70 feet swim on front, which she did in 18 seconds. The swimming captains are as follows: 1909, G. Biddle; 1910, I. Taber; 1911, D. Coffin; 1912, E. Faries.

Basket-ball, like everything else, began rather late this spring, but at the time of writing is in full tilt. 1909, Captain, A. Platt, Manager, C. Wesson; 1910, Captain, F. Hearne, Manager, A. Whittemore; 1911, Captain, J. Allen, Manager, L. Houghteling; 1912, Captain, W. Scripture, Manager, A. Chambers.

Doubles in the interclass tennis tournament have also started. It is hoped that a tournament can be arranged with the alumnæ, who due to the inspiration of their Athletic Committee are remembering their old enthusiasm for athletics. News comes that they are practising basket-ball in Boston and New York, and an alumnæ-undergraduate water-polo match is still under consideration.

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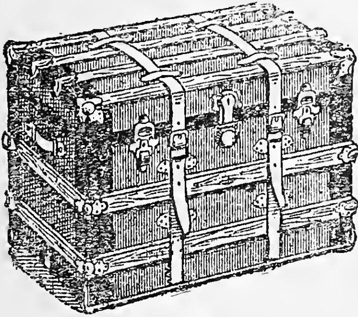

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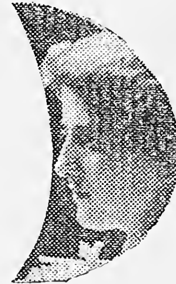

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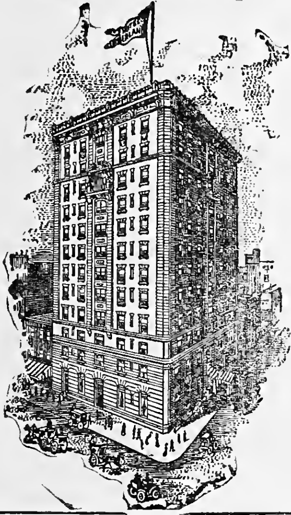

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Contents

PAGE

The Meadow-Lark . . . . Helen Parkhurst, '11 1
A Literary Career . . . . Shirley Putnam, '09 3
Elaine . . . . Mary F. Nearing, '09 7
An Increase in the Death Rate . . . . Helen Barber, '12 8
Progress . . . . Marianne Moore, '09 10
Wisdom and Virtue . . . . Marianne Moore, '09 11
Peace . . . . Dorothy Wolfe, '12 16
Editorial 16
The Medea of Euripides 19
His Excellency the Governor 21
Dulci Fistula 22
Alumnae Notes 24
College Notes 24
Athletic Notes 25
Songs 26
What College Can Do for Girls . . . . Eleanor Clifton, '09 28

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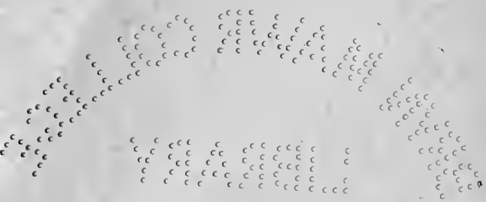

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THE MEADOW-LARK.

Hear the voice of swollen waters,
  Calling from the stricken shore,
Hear the winds lament together,
  Sobbingly, as ne'er before.
All the air drips with the sea-mists,
  All the earth is bleak and brown,
Universal chants of sorrow
  Rise, which thunders could not drown.

Mournfuller than winds or ocean
  Comes a song from far away,
Sweet and shrill across the lowlands
  Under summer skies turned gray,
From the regions damp and dreary.
  Of the reeds that never die,
From the swamp where white pools, blotted
  With the sedge-grass, silent lie.

In that voice, unseen and distant,
  All the loneliness we hear
Of the marshes, and the weary
  Desert places of the mere.
In that voice, unseen and distant,
  Singing even through the rain,
We can hear the wailing, throbbing
  Litany of joy and pain.

As a flame of sudden lightning
  Darts athwart a sombre sky,
As the flare of blood-red sunset
  Paints the eastern mountains high,
Breaks that plaintive call, which lingers
  Hauntingly upon the ear,—
Very sweet, like vesper anthems,
  Very piercing-high, and clear.

Telling of the sunlight fading.
  Wasting of the flowers away,
Helpless beating wings of insects
  Whose brief life ends with the day;
Telling that the leaves are falling,
  That the summer's nearly done,
And the flocking birds are calling,
  Circling southward to the sun.

HELEN PARKHURST, '11.

A LITERARY CAREER.

April twenty-fifth!—only one night between to-day and April twenty-fifth. The mail box would be emptied at seven in the morning and there would be no package addressed in her hand to Mr. J. Lothrop, Editor. The editor would open his letters—not one communication from Sarah Bradley, Simsbury, Connecticut. The June number of *Short Stories* would appear on the news-stands; on the title-page no letters would spell her name. And all the magazines, monthly and weekly, would keep pouring out year after year and still not one of those thousands of pages would have room for the two words: Sarah Bradley.

She crossed her arms on the window-ledge and watched the blurred arc-light flare and dwindle in the high swinging globe and whisk shadows across the white road. Some one coughed in the room just above her; a dog yelped at the further side of the house. No wonder that plots did not come to her, thought Sarah with a sigh of self-pity. If she had only lived in a city where scandals and intrigues and dramatic situations are the talk of the breakfast table; where houses are darkened, and hangings drape heavy shadows in the many-candled dining-room! The Parsonage in Simsbury had a china lamp in the dining-room and a brass one in the parlour; the muslin curtains were looped back so that the morning sun could seek in vain for dust among the bric-a-brac. Or, if not in a city, she would choose to have lived in a cabin on a mountain slope in Norway, or even in Vermont, high in lonely woods where thoughts fall with the dead leaves from the tree-tops. In Simsbury the chickens from the Crosbys' next door were always allying themselves with the brood of Bradley hens, so intimately in touch were the two houses. And the other side of the railroad track, past the powder mill to the open fields and the mill-pond, was considered a place fraught with unnamed perils. Why had she not taken account of the narrowness of her actual environment before she determined to devote her whole life to writing? She had lived in the same room with the view of the flat white street, she had listened to the same cackling of neighbours' hens under her window ever since she could remember.

When at fourteen she had renounced the intention of becoming a trained nurse, at the call of an inwardly cherished conviction that a place

was waiting for her in the field of English literature; when at eighteen she had declined the offer of a teacher's post; it was because of her instinctive feeling that if the ambition was there it must have a reason for being. Writing must be expected of her and, if expected, it would be forthcoming. As far as men believe that you can climb, just so high can you mount. Sarah was as dependent upon the faith of others in herself as was the Master Builder, who lost his balance at the top of the tower because the onlookers and he himself doubted his own sureness.

Until she was eighteen, then, Sarah had expected herself to be an authoress after she was eighteen. She had cleared away every obstacle, she had made all in readiness,—the pens and paper, the books on the shelves and even the dictionary on the stand in the corner. And here she had sat at her desk, in one of the stiff-backed chairs left over from the dining-room set, every morning during the summer months. Sometimes she went to bed early and then got up softly at midnight to tempt the magic hours into revealing the visions that day refused her. In the morning, after these nights of artificially induced composition, she would find that she had written some description of the arbutus in the swamp behind the powder mill, or of the smoke in the round-house down the tracks where the engines gathered. Once she had made a bold venture at an ironic treatment of Miss Simms, who directed the advanced infant class for the Simsbury children. But when she gave pictures of people they were always over-personal, and she would not have dared to send them to print for fear that rebounding publicity might return them to their counterparts. When she tried "places," they were always the places within the ten-mile radius, the details of which were so familiar that she could describe them adequately without taxing her imagination. She would find herself during the day reducing every encounter and incident to the terms of a plot, and yet these plots never quite found their own solution. Even a chance group outside the post-office, of the cross-eyed postmistress, the new sexton with the irritating drawl, and the small boy, heir-apparent to the grocery store, caught Sarah's attention and gave her an uneasy feeling that here was something to be worked out—a plot. Her own family—father, mother, younger brother and sister, seemed to be singularly uninvolved in interesting relations, and quite immune from remarkable adventure. For six months they had tolerated Sarah's absorption in a pursuit that had no results and scarcely a being, but the other day her father had said to her:

"Now, see here, Sarah. It's all very well to be an authoress, but that's no excuse for your not doing anything else. If you do intend to write, you had better finish up something soon. Your Uncle Joe said that if by the twenty-fifth of April you haven't handed him over that story that you were going to write, he was afraid that he couldn't give you a chance to get something into a magazine, as he is going out of business in May."

The twenty-fifth had been a long way off, then. Now, the week before the date had made way with itself and the day before had stolen by. The night, the last hours of the last night had come. And still the sheets were white and the pen stayed wet and new-dipped. Sarah set her desk lamp on the floor in front of the bookcase. *From a College Window, Across the Plains, Essays of Elia,* she ran down each page of contents, trying to fix her sleep-sodden attention by saying the names out loud. Not one of the subjects awoke a response in her uncreative soul.

She threw herself down across the foot of the bed, but not to sleep—it would be treachery to her life ambition to sleep before she had written. And then there crept from among her groping thoughts some words that a former teacher in composition had once used to stimulate the productiveness of her pupils: "Just find out what it is that has been engrossing your thoughts lately and write about that." Now Sarah was the possessor of one theory that she had brought to light from time to time and then stowed away again in her mind. Had not whole volumes been written about a single theory, and had not the theory sometimes set a spark to the whole fabric of literature? It was an explanation of genius that had suddenly come to her one day when the family had been grouped ecstatically around a painting of her sister's. Her ideas, Sarah thought, were as good as her sister's; she had often heard within her the stirrings of distant music and of eluding poetry. It was not that a note or a word ever made itself clear, only she felt the great wish for expression pushing her thoughts to utterance. And the theory of genius had shaped itself to fit her own case. Genius is only rapidity of expression. The conception is there,—if it is in the mind of an artist he can represent the idea in the glow of its freshness. But the inartistic mind has to push the idea past so many barriers, so many self-doubtings and conventions that the idea, when it takes outward shape, has become attenuated and commonplace. The painter of genius has a clear path from his spiritual vision of beauty to the canvas.

Sarah sat up with a start as the clock struck one. The thought that had "engrossed" her was certainly a thought, but even after it was developed the idea offered no possibilities in the way of a plot. One resource remained, the second suggestion of the school teacher: "Think of something that has happened to you, yourself; everyone has experiences, only they don't know them as such."

Sarah began feverishly to call up in her mind the calendars of past years. One absurd trifle after another dragged itself through her memory: "I had to take the class of oldest girls in algebra when the teacher was away," or "Rattlesnake seen on Prospect Mountain," or "Mr. Benton speaks to the sewing circle in China."

Wait! "Mr. Benton"—and next came into her mind some words which her mother had let slip that night after Mr. Benton's lecture. She was standing at the foot of the stairs on her way to bed; the lamp in her hand shone full on her tired face and eyes that were half closed, as if she were only recalling a memory to her own mind, while quite unconscious that she was betraying it to another;—"You do like Mr. Ralph Benton? so do I, Sarah. And once—but you see he was poor and was going to be a missionary—I should have been in his way; and your father and the parish work needed me."

Even the possession of this secret gave Sarah a feeling of guilt, she drew back from herself in horror at the idea of making it public. But on the twenty-fifth of April to see the white sheets staring at her from the desk! No—this one sacrifice of her first impulse might mean years of accomplishment in the future.

She scratched a line, then the title almost wrote itself at the top of the page: *A Mistaken Mission*. By three o'clock six sheets were covered, the story had woven itself; significant words and incidents had dropped into place from forgotten corners of her memory. The years of married life, the growing regret, the revivifying of the past at Mr. Benton's return. And the end was still regret, the renunciation of all interests save the desire to make things run smoothly.

The rattling of iron bolts and the crunching of coal in the furnace made Sarah turn to the window. The sky was a blank gray streaked with lines of black. She copied the last line and folded the manuscript into an envelope.

Then she dropped down on the bed and slept deeply till her mother's voice called: "Sarah, don't forget that it's Thursday and you are going

in town. Father is going to bring Mr. Benton out from Hartford with him; isn't that nice?"

"Mother,—father,—Mr. Benton." In Sarah's ears these words rang with a recent and shocking vividness. Her mother's voice had betrayed no recollection of the conversation late one night at the foot of the stairs. Had *she* a right to betray it?

When the mail box was emptied at seven in the morning there was no package addressed to Mr. J. Lothrop, Editor.

Shirley Putnam, '09.

ELAINE.

She turned from the window in weary wise
   And the purple, melting morning air
   Gleamed on the circlet in her hair,
But no light answered from her eyes.

Her page sat plaiting his scarlet cloak,
   A zithern dangling at his knee.
   "The day is weary long," sighed she,
"And weary dull are the castle folk."

"Come sing me the saddest song," said she,
   "That ever was sung or ever heard,"
   And straight he bowed his head at the word,
With zithern resting on silken knee,
And soon in a gentle voice sang he.

"The lady flings the knight a rose,
   He kisses it on bended knee;
Her eyes are fixed on him, he knows,
   Yet dares not look to see.

On broad, green slope and river wide
The noontide sunshine softly lies;
Along the yellow road beside
The knight to fortune hies.

The gray skies thicken, gathering rain
That trickles down among the trees;
The lady sits in dreamy vein
Weaving quaint tapestries.

The knight is in the court below
And with him is his bride. Ah, me!
One look from towered sill, and now
She weaves again her tapestry."

She gazed through the window, and when she spoke
"That song is hard to rede," said she.
But the page looked long and searchingly
And then smiled down at his silken knee
And fell to plaiting his scarlet cloak.

MARY NEARING, '09.

AN INCREASE IN THE DEATH-RATE.

For some reason or other it is the people who have the greatest measure of life before and behind them that are most interested in its conclusion. Children and old people are, as a rule, far too busy with the joys or problems of living to meditate very much about dying; it is the province of youth, that age popularly supposed to be full of life, to ponder and wonder about death. This seems to be a modern tendency, for in past generations it was the staid elders who dwelt upon the futility of human desires, who read *Baxter's Saint's Rest* or whatever gloomy books the times provided. The young people were frivolous, cheerful,

light-hearted. "You are gloomy and love to converse upon death," says the Young Man of the eighteenth century to Father William. Nowadays the positions would be reversed, and the elder man would be laughing at his morbid young neighbour. This sort of youth gives vent to his otherwise well controlled feelings by writing, and so it is that friends whom we never suspected of having a secret grief reveal on paper thoughts of distressing melancholy, of most mournful interest.

Before one realises that one has an individuality to lose, one isn't very much interested in death. Besides the emotional side, connected with the loss of kittens and flies stuck in tangle-foot, death viewed as a subject for literary treatment is very distasteful to most children. I remember when I realised this. It was in the first grade at school and we were discussing the autobiographies of birds that we were to write after recess. Eva, a tall, sallow-faced girl, quite old—perhaps eight or nine—was telling her story. "I think," said she in a detestable throaty voice, "that I'll be a little robin, and I'll tell how I learn to fly and everything—and then at the end I'll tell how I die." The affected melancholy of this person, the sympathy of her mawkish audience was quite too much for me. "Eva Dickinson," I fairly snorted, "*I'd* like to know how you can write about your own death. You don't know a thing about it!" A futile explosion; Eva smiled wanly and said in a superior manner that it made no difference in stories—she liked sad endings anyhow. I went off boiling inwardly at such "sappiness." How was I to know that she had discovered a theme that is employed by all young writers with greatest success?

The fascination of this subject is first manifested in the ghost and detective stories that appear in preparatory school monthlies. Then come Freshman attempts at composition. A member of the faculty of S—— College was heard to sigh over the alarming death rate in the Freshman themes, for the young authoresses had discovered that the one incomparable ending for all narratives is a good death scene. But this is only a foretaste of what is to develop. The mystery of the soul's departure is no longer confined to the end, but by despatching a character or two early in the story an opportunity is given for the ever interesting *post mortem* analyses of character, and no end of posthumous writings. It is even more effective to have the heroine quite dead before we meet her at all, so that her spirit may from the first cause all sorts of psychic entanglements. If the reader can be left in doubt as to how dead

and how alive the different characters are, if the whole atmosphere can be suffused with faint suggestions of spirit-life mingled with reality, as in Kipling's *They,* so much the better. If the author really cannot kill off anyone until the end, the main character must be shown from the first to be one marked for death, and the final taking off must seem so inevitable that it needs only to be hinted at. At the worst there are funerals of other friends to be described, with their effect on the emotions of the main character, whose after life is always under the shadow. Some way or other the Great Reaper and the reaped must come into the writings of melancholy youth. Indeed it may be only a question of time when the use of this theme will bring about a great economy of persons, and by means of recurring demises and resuscitations a long and powerfully moving narrative will be concocted with only one general utility character.

Or do we see a hint of another sort of development? Possibly the harrowing stories of Little Willie and Little Mary are an indication that the atmosphere of gloom that has passed from old age to youth will in turn move on and settle down upon childhood. Then nature stories will be told straight through to their inevitable endings, Blue-beard and Cock-Robin will be the favourite nursery tales, and the mysterious departure of the Baker in *The Hunting of the Snark,* with its psychic suggestion, will be the only part of that stirring tale that will arouse any interest in the morbid baby brain.

Helen Barber, '12.

PROGRESS.

If you will tell me why the fen
Appears impassable, I then
Will tell you why I think that I
Can get across it, if I try.

M. C. Moore, '09.

WISDOM AND VIRTUE.

The rug had been swept, the floor waxed, the candle-sticks polished and set with fresh candles.

"Annie! Bring the flowers in." Miss Duckworth walked to the mantel, ran her fingers down the smooth irregularities of the candles, finally turned and walked from the room. She came back carrying a pot of brilliant yellow tulips in a small round dish, the shape and color of an acorn-cup. This she set on the table, moved off to get the effect, then sat down and taking a book from the table, began to read. The bell rang. She glanced toward the adjoining room, read a line or two and getting up deliberately, walked to the door. She slipped on the rug, pulled it straight with her foot and opened the door.

"Come in, Uncle Jack. I'm so glad to see you." Mr. Duckworth entered in a slouch hat and heavy overcoat, an expression of pleasure on his face in response to that occasioned by his arrival, threw down his hat and coat; his niece revolved uneasily behind him. He bestowed a brief glance on her dress, and on the ornament, a greenish pearl set in jasper which she wore around her neck, then he followed her into the drawing-room.

The house was a flat, centering about a small hallway; against the wall was a carved bench contrasting oddly with the reddish panelling behind it. In the drawing-room, a room with a low ceiling and heavy window frames, divided by small mullions, a Turkish rug covered the center of the floor. Straight curtains of a silky texture and vague pattern hung at the windows. Miss Duckworth held one of the curtains aside and gazed out at the river. The apartment was high, overlooking on the one hand a great stretch of smoky city, on the other a long line of river bank. Trees lined either bank; a stretch of clouds was settling down over the trees, which already wore a furry aspect in the evening light. Ice was floating along in the stream, a paddle-boat shoving about in the middle of it.

Mr. Duckworth was the owner of a publishing concern, had a taste for books and a fair amount of polish. The fact of his niece's existence

had occurred to him and he had written to her that if she could set aside the Bohemian custom, as he understood it existed, of looking upon visitors as "enemies or a bore," he would come to see her.

"How are things going? It's cold in here." He followed the remark with a suggestive glance about the room and pulled out his handkerchief. It fell from his hand in a small cascade.

"Yes, a trifle; you asked me a question, did you not?" Miss Duckworth rose and turned on the heat. Her uncle was not an intellectual enough man to be forgiven physical inertia on the ground of mental activity, but she decided to get what pleasure she could from his conversation.

"What did you ask me, Uncle Jack?"

"I asked you how your work was going."

"Wretchedly." Miss Duckworth studied the carpet. "I feel a little bewildered."

"Yes, I've heard the tumultuous indolence of Bohemia has rather a peculiar effect on the inhabitants. Hardly a deadening one, though." Mr. Duckworth smiled.

"Bohemia is a very different sort of place, I imagine, from the sort of place you think it is. We can scare up a scandal or two to satisfy your craving for sensation, but it's purely from a willingness to be obliging. I could entertain you all night."

"I shan't force you to."

Miss Duckworth looked bored.

"See my cat." She pointed awkwardly to a pearl-coloured angora cat which was making its way about the room.

"Since when have you had that?" Mr. Duckworth took off his glasses and smoothed his eyebrows apart with his fingers, thoughtfully. "A cat is so suggestive."

"Of protracted domesticity? It *is,* rather. Baudelaire put the notion in my head." She laughed and opened the book she had been reading. "I think you would like it." She thrust the book into her uncle's hands. He glanced at it scornfully.

"Though it is the exceptional point of view, very much like your own, you might find it stale." The man puzzled.

"I think I generally agree with people."

"But in such a way that the implication is plain. Disagreement is a little too energetic a mode of self-defense to find favour with you."

Presumptuousness was not exactly the sort of thing to stimulate Mr. Duckworth to gallantry, nor was emphasis placed upon feminine professionalism. Pious women, clever men, and obedient children, were the order of things in his world; his curiosity, however, with regard to the profession in question, overmastered reserve.

"What made you go into this?"

"Painting, do you mean?"

"Yes, I shouldn't think you would be so consumingly bored." Mr. Duckworth glanced at the burnished lead candle-shades and the silver fire irons.

"Is that meant for sarcasm? Your significances mystify me. Funny thing about Bohemia," Miss Duckworth ran on without giving her uncle time for reply. "The experiences derived, exasperating as they are, you feel to be superior to the experiences to be derived at any other place. You probably don't see that they are. I expect you to agree with me, though, on a number of points—"

"I'm a little supercilious about what's expected of me."

"Well,—" a pause ensued, "if you come with me, I'll show you some pictures."

Mr. Duckworth rose, a smile played about his lips; instantly he suppressed it.

"I hate to show you these things. You won't like them and you'll feel obliged to."

"I shan't, I assure you."

A keenness for self-characterisation always roused Miss Duckworth's interest. "Say anything that occurs to you," she urged.

"An invitation to the gallows." Mr. Duckworth smiled. A few cryptic remarks came floating into his head and a remembrance of forgotten technicalities, but he dismissed them.

"Horrible place, is it not?"

Miss Duckworth held back a curtain and exposed to view a large room. A square patch of light fell on the floor from a skylight in the ceiling. The floor was dingy and cluttered with scraps and thumbtacks, pushed into the wood to the head. Easels stood about encroaching upon each other, groups of unframed pictures leaned against the wall. A set of drawings by Jerome filled the middle space of the main wall, there was a general air of invitation to zeal if anything were to be accomplished.

Miss Duckworth stood idly, jerked a portrait out from where it stood against an easel in the shadow, and set it in the light.

"Ah!" Mr. Duckworth moved up close, then stood off. The picture showed a girl in a white dress, an orange rock behind her, a brilliant patch of sea toward the left.

"Landscape portraiture is going out, but I rather like it. It looks windy that side;" Miss Duckworth glanced critically.

"Is that yours?" Her uncle looked with indulgent scorn at a cigarette which lay on the edge of a table.

"No." His niece brushed it into a waste-basket with a fastidiousness which argued sincerity.

"Almost too ascetic to be in character, aren't you?" Mr. Duckworth put his hands up to his face and lit a pipe.

" 'Angels are not happier than men because they are better than men,' but because they don't investigate each other's spheres." The stroke fell boldly.

"You don't separate pedantry from art, I see." Mr. Duckworth was above resenting the impertinence.

"No, my patron saints are job affairs."

Mr. Duckworth flashed her a frightened glance. He set up for a connoisseur, but she failed to make the application personal.

"This needs to be simplified." She held her hands up parallel and brought them down emphatically..

"Rather a puddle, I should say. It takes art to get art *out* of things like that."

"That's one of the best things I've done," Miss Duckworth said stiffly, annoyed at the ambiguity of the words and the shadow of egotism which they cast upon her. The picture showed a poplar tree, which looked like a banyan-tree, beside a roadway, which looked like a small stream; "and that's not bad," she pointed to a violinist in an entirely different style, a street musician, the hands and chin strikingly blocked, a clear, diagonal running from a flower in his coat to a glare of light on his nose. "The jaw's good, shaped like a sugar scoop, if you notice."

"How about this?" With the air of a dog which sees another dog of his own kind, Mr. Duckworth walked up to a picture of a man, named, according to Miss Duckworth's explanation, Thomas Dagley. The light struck sharply across the forehead, cutting into a number of small planes above the eye.

"Pretty, isn't it, the way the colour works into it there and that green eye. He's very clever, a curious combination of ambition and indifference." Miss Duckworth followed her train of thought with interest.

"You speak complacently for a person who is going into a decline. He looks shy."

"He is not, that's his art."

"What is that?"

"That?" Miss Duckworth bent down. "That is my signature." A small reddish device lay scrawled against a purple oblong. "It's an earthworm, rather like one, don't you think? Suppose we go." Her eyes reverted to the worm and a settled gloom appeared to descend upon her.

"Well, yes," Mr. Duckworth held the curtain aside, but glanced back at the portrait, "his hands sag down on his pockets too much and his elbows stick out. It's like a woman to construct the thing that way. Are you coming?" He glanced imperiously.

Too charmed with the comment to be annoyed at the insult, Miss Duckworth followed.

"Very good judges such as yourself consider enthusiasm a wild delusion, I know, and perhaps it is. But there's a fascination about it."

"I've no doubt there is," Mr. Duckworth mused. "I'm glad to see you encouraged with regard to your prowess. You are foolish to allow your ambition to be measured by attainment."

"Yes, do you suppose people who have anything to them ever do?"

Mr. Duckworth was silent. The clock struck, three—four, five, six, precipitately.

"I must go."

"Can't you stay? It was careless of me not to think of it before, but I've been so absorbed in what you were saying. Dinner in Bohemia is a different thing from a Bohemian dinner, but I think if you stay, I may sufficiently recover from my lugubrious mood to be able to make you wish to come back."

"I *shall* come back." Mr. Duckworth hesitated, his niece avoided his glance. He finally left. Carrying the Baudelaire to the bookcase, Miss Duckworth stood the volume in its place, then glanced at the door through which her uncle had departed.

"Gloomy, Janus-headed man. Wisdom palls upon him." A smile flashed across her countenance.

MARIANNE C. MOORE, '09.

PEACE.

In dream I drifted on a moonlit lake.
The stars were soft above me; the dim clouds
Were nodding on the surface of the flood,
Whose silvered blackness murmured drowsy songs.
Forbidding trees, in deepest shadow wrapped,
Blackened the edges of the rippling lake
And sighed in unison to unseen winds.
All else was still and calm as spell-bound sleep,
Save shoreward far, where faintest light flowed out
In rhythmic circles from a central dark:
There deer were feeding on the lily-pads.
The silence and the witchery of the stars,
The peace and wonder of the quiet night
Could not be broken.—Sudden came a flash,
A rifle-crack that roared from out the trees,
Shattering the shade among the lily-pads.

Dorothy Wolfe, '12.

EDITORIAL.

The Federal Government has recently taken up the problem of the *Conservation of Natural Resources.* The bureau aims chiefly at keeping conditions from sinking below their present level, and cannot afford to trouble itself with discovering new possibilities. Roads must be kept open, forests must have an unstinted growth, rivers must not be dammed or turned from their course. The "Natural Resources" are the wealth of the country; the mechanical resources are only adapted from them.

Those who are concerned with the cultivation of the mind, and the agriculturalists whose interest is in the product of the soil are working

for a like end, although in an inverted order of procedure. Those who educate us are stirring the natural productivity of our minds by artificial means. In other words, the facts and books and ideas are paraded before us in the same alluring manner in which decoy ducks are displayed, with the same purpose,—to attract other and living ones. Our own ideas,—or perhaps our own inklings, if ideas is too ambitious a term—will not bestir themselves unless they are prodded and dragged into the light; for in even the most alert-minded of us there is still a reserve of dormant ideas which are waiting to be roused.

This we take to be the purpose of education, to discover that which is latent, and then to keep what has been found from falling back into obscurity. The university takes two steps where the government takes one; the latter only conserves, the former discovers and then conserves. We can adapt to our purpose of defining the aim of college education these words of Mr. Benson's: "A man ought to take a measure of his forces and to determine in what regions he can be effective." Although it is seldom borne in upon us in so many words that we are here to find out about ourselves, the thought was presented to us on one occasion when the question as to what we got out of college was answered for us in chapel. The answer was—Resources. Now, although resources may be taken to mean a fund of diversion furnished us by the different books and pursuits which are here suggested to us, we take it to have the other possible meaning. The resources are within us and natural to us, and only if they are within us and our own can they be relied upon at all times.

Do we then argue: Leave a college student in a desert for any number of years and she will never lack occupation? Not quite—a desert environment is straining the point, and exile in a desert does not lie ahead of many of us. But deserts are not the only harbour of exiles; how often do we hear: "Banished to some country town—to some factory centre—to some mountain fastness twenty miles from the railroad—" and we mourn the fate of those wretches who are stranded; at the end of their resources. Does any of us, and we are speaking now to those who have gone through the better part of their college course, does any one feel that a kind of exile lies ahead her? that if she were forced to draw upon them she would soon come to the bottom of her mental resources? If she does mistrust the powers within herself she has failed to get from the college course that which it offered her, a store of personal interests

to fall back upon. For four years she has been listening and acquiring; so many ideas have been given to her that her brain has come to feel satisfactorily filled and perhaps she is even led into mistaking these ideas for thoughts of her own creation. What good, however, would it do the world if the great majority sat down and learned by rote the words and actions of the great men of the past and the lesser men of the present?

Creation is necessary and it is not impossible; although there is "nothing new under the sun," and though Matthew Arnold tells us that at some epochs creation is not even possible. For we do not take creation in the sense of genius, we are only asking for that which everyone is bound to have—"a personal reaction." What we must guard against is the danger of letting all that comes to us leave us just as it found us. Now is the time for change, perhaps for only a shifting of ideas, perhaps for an upheaval.

In the four years we have two roads open to us; if we take the first we shall find ourselves dependent, if the second, independent (because resourceful). In following the first road we listen till we are sated with facts and can fill the gaps in our own torpid minds with thoughts appropriated from others. This will leave us for the rest of our lives dependent, as far as our interest goes, upon others. On the second road we are also to listen; but then to do something more; to connect and piece together, to fit the past to the present, to mould our own ideas on those that we get, not to let the acquired ones lie as isolated and unmeaning facts in our minds. It is only if we choose this second road that we shall be gaining what there is no doubt we should all like to gain from college, that is an unfailing interest in whatever may come to us after we leave here, an interest awake and intelligent. For it is here that we are to learn about other people and things, but also about ourselves; we are now at last to "come into our own," to "find ourselves" (there are twenty phrases that express it). In a former number of *Life* this aphorism occurs:

> "The child seeks to know the world;
> The youth, human nature;
> The man, himself."

Although chronologically we are still in youth, we can no longer ignore the fact that we are soon to go beyond the irresponsibility of youth. If we have not by that time counted our resources, sounded our

abilities, taken a "measure of our forces," we cannot set out with confidence into the thick of the fight that lies ahead of us. And if any object that we are not destined to fight the world's battles they will have to admit that forces are needed as well in peace as in war.

The time has come when some of us are about to take the path leading homeward;—as a poet says:

"Homeward, which always makes the spirits tame."

But as we have not the excuse of being poets we cannot allow the idea of the homeward path to subdue our spirits. It will, indeed, be impossible for those who have taken what the college gives—an opportunity of discovering one's own resources—to be bored or at a loss, after they have left behind them the years of education.

"Most people," says Mr. Lowes Dickinson, "are better than their circumstances." But occasionally it happens that the circumstances have the upper hand. This is what we should say of college, that it placed us for four years in circumstances that are definitely better than we are. The circumstances are ideal, and we are only asked to harmonise with them as nearly as it is in our power to do, to accord with the purpose for which college exists,—that of showing us what we can do.

S. P.

THE MEDEA OF EURIPIDES.

The college has been waiting for a Greek play ever since it started to have any plays, and when Mr. Gilbert Murray appeared in person two years ago, we were still more anxious to hear one of his translations on the Bryn Mawr stage. We are very grateful to the class of 1910 for giving us what we have so long wanted and for giving it in so satisfying a manner.

The success or failure of a play like *The Medea* lies in the hands of two people: first of the one who plays the part of Medea, and secondly of the stage manager. It is for the stage management to subordinate every part, every action to the action of the central character. In a Greek play no other actor ever presumes, so to speak, to take the centre of the stage; that place is left for the one great figure. In this respect the lesser parts of *The Medea* were admirably played, no one encroached on the supreme rights of the heroine, every one around Medea seemed to be

hushed into passivity by the intensity of her passion. The weak remonstrances of her three friends, the self-absorption of Jason, and the indifference of the chorus,—these were all interpreted in harmony with the idea of centering the interest. The clear full tone of the different choruses proved an exception to the new tradition that the acoustic properties of the gymnasium make real music impossible. The idea of a chorus as made up of individuals rather than of statue-like oracles, was carried out in the varied and beautiful costumes and in the freedom of gesture. Miss Smith's version of the nurse's part was also modernised, with the result of making it more interesting to the audience, though more of a character part than one would perhaps expect in Greek drama. Ægeus and Creon, though they may have fallen short in dignity, were parts as difficult as any in the play; the rôle of elderly man is perhaps the least adaptable of all to actors in college.

The stage manager showed herself able and experienced, the action and the stage business was absolutely smooth and artistic. Miss Denison, as Jason, also displayed a clear grasp of the character. She was admirable in her self-restraint, in not making Jason more or less prominent than he was meant to be. In the long and unbroken speech of the messenger Miss Rotan showed an ability which gave her words a shuddering vividness.

In Miss Kerr's hands rested the chief responsibility for the success of the play, in the acting of the Medea, and it would be saying little to say that she did not betray her trust. She absorbed the attention of the audience from the moment when she stepped out between the white pillars in her deep red robe to the last instant when we gazed at her, towering and terrible in her serpent chariot. Her lines were not only entirely distinct, but they were said with great variety and power of expression, and even when she was not speaking she was still the centre of our attention. Our sympathies were stirred again and again, we never felt anything but pity for this passionate and lonely woman whose word for her husband was—"Evil," and for herself—"Miserable." The scenes with the children were especially touching.

It is hard not to speak at greater length about this play which has given us so much pleasure and which will leave with us the lasting impression of a great undertaking well carried out.

S. P.

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR.

If it were the unexpected that always happened, we should very soon learn to expect it. Certainly no one expects any degree of "finish" in a Sophomore-play-to-the-Seniors. Jolly, spirited and entertaining as such shows may be, they do not always happen to have the quality that gives smoothness. This something 1911 managed to attain in a degree that quite put the "seven rehearsal" restriction to the blush. We sat at ease and saw complication after complication arise within the four walls of that one delightful room, without ever fearing lest the participants would get in each other's way or miss their cues or spoil each other's effectiveness, or drop their characters, even for a moment. Furthermore, every detail, from the dainty parasols and white uniforms to the gnats that sallied casually out into the audience, conspired to create an "atmosphere." Each individual actor, too,—the radiant Ethel, the dashing Captain and the genial Governor, as well as the gay Comptesse and her victims, willing and unwilling—succeeded in giving such a distinct impression of her own character that the last scene, the final dilemma, became a climax of farce on the stage and hilarity in the audience.

P. B.

DULCI FISTULA

Post 'em!

There's
A
Reason!

THE WAY OF PERFECT HAPPINESS.

Not very long ago I was an unsophisticated child
Most youthful and most credulous, and very easily beguiled;

For I would never hesitate, when told a fact, to swallow it,
Nor would I call a statement false because I could not follow it;

For learned books I never showed the slightest partiality,
You see I never realised I lacked originality.

To scholars then no doubt I seemed, in fact I was, a perfect dunce;
This did not worry me, for I was blissful in my ignoraunce.

But when I chose a student's life, my mind, they said, awakened:
With joy it turned to introspect—and found that it was vacant.

With psychological intent it sought the "spiritual me"—
In vain, for even as it sought, just so, perhaps, it ceased to be.

So the search failed, and now I know my mind's a perfect blank; but then
If "know thyself" spells Happiness, I am the happiest of men.

KARIN COSTELLOE, '12.

A FRESHMAN'S PRAYER.

Oh, Editor, whose judgment clear
My budding genius soon may sere
And bring to nought these efforts here,
A small request I have to make,
Which you will grant for pity's sake,
When up this story here you take,
Whether you send it down to fame
Or merely cast it in the flame,
Do, I entreat you, spare my name!

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

'93. Evangeline Walker Andrews was here for a few days in May.

'99. Bessie Gertude Bissell spent a week here in May.

The marriage of Ethel Levering to James Marvin Motley took place in Baltimore on the twelfth of May.

'00. Mr. and Mrs. Frances (Louise Buffum Congdon) have come to live in Bryn Mawr.

Mrs. David Wilbur Horn (Lois Farnham) has twins, born in April.

Recent visitors have been:

'01. Evelyn Fiske.

'02. Lucia Davis.

'05. Margaret Nichols, Avis Putnam and Emily Cooper.

'06. Anna MacAnulty and Grace Neilson.

'07. Bernice Stewart Mackenzie, Letitia Windle, Brooke Peters, Elizabeth Wilson, Margaret Morison, and Virginia Hill.

'08. Louise Hyman and Virginia McKenney. Myra Eliot has been spending May in Bryn Mawr.

'10. Frances Stewart was married to Goodrich Barber Rhodes on April twenty-first.

Katharine Livingston Rotan has announced her engagement to Cecil Kent Drinker.

'11. The marriage of Ruth Perkins Vickery to Bradford Buttrick Holmes took place in Boston on May nineteenth.

COLLEGE NOTES.

The last of Mr. Whiting's musical recitals was held in the Chapel on Friday, April twenty-third, at eight o'clock. Mrs. Charles Rabold, who has a charming soprano voice, sang for us a number of selections, representative of Italian, Irish, Swedish, German and Norwegian Folk-Songs. Mr. Whiting expounded the program beforehand, and afterward had the German songs—examples of Brahms' most beautiful compositions—repeated. The fact that at the last of this course of recitals we find ourselves even more enthusiastic than at the first, should testify to the appreciation they have met with, and to the gratitude we would express to the alumnæ who gave us the privilege of hearing them.

President Thomas held her second reception for the graduate students on Monday evening, April twenty-sixth.

The College fortnightly sermon was preached on Wednesday, April twenty-eighth, by President Langdon C. Stewardson, of Hobart College, Geneva, New York.

On Friday, April thirtieth, Mr. S. Lowes Dickinson, Fellow and Lecturer of King's College, Cambridge, gave a lecture at the College in Chapel on "Social Ideals of Democracy."

At nine o'clock of the same Friday, the Freshmen held their class supper in Pembroke. Mary Alden was toastmistress.

The first of May dawned dark and stormy. Some even ventured to doubt that it dawned at all; but clouds cannot dim nor showers damp our Infinite Vivacity, on that favourite festival, and May first, 1909, takes its place with all propriety as the "Maddest and Merriest Day" of the year.

The concert of the Glee and Mandolin Clubs, which came on the evening of May first, was a most successful one, as the advantages of the new gymnasium were a very fitting coincidence with the careful training of the performers. The Glee Club was unusually large this year, and so was the audience.

The regular meeting of the Christian Union was led on May fifth by Helen Taft, 1912.

The Science Club held a formal meeting on Friday, May sixth, in the Chapel, where a large audience enjoyed a lecture on Airships, given by Dr. Wood, Professor of Experimental Physics at Johns Hopkins University—better known to some of us, perhaps, as the author of "How to Tell the Birds from the Flowers."

Junior-Senior Supper was held in the gymnasium on May seventh. At the same time the Sophomores held their class dinner in Pembroke. The play was repeated the following evening for the benefit of the Endowment Fund.

ATHLETIC NOTES.

The officers of the Athletic Association were elected in an annual meeting on May fourth, as follows: President, Elsa Denison, '10; Indoor Manager, Frances Hearne, '10; Outdoor Manager, Helen Emerson, '11; Secretary, Kate Chambers, '11; Vice-President and Treasurer, Elizabeth Fairies, '12.

The final swimming meet was held on the evening of April twenty-fourth. 1909 won the cup for championship with forty points, 1910 took second place with twenty-eight points, and 1912 third place with fourteen points. Biddle, '09, was first of individual contestants, with thirty points, and Wesson, '09, and Evans, '10, tied for second place, with ten points. Owing to a change in the length of the pool, the record swims on back were changed from 70 to 69 feet and from 140 to 139 feet, respectively. Biddle did the 70-foot swim on front in 18 seconds, breaking the college record. Evans broke a college record in the plunge for distance, making 47 feet 9 inches. Records were made by Seeds, '11, in 69-foot swim on back, 21 4-5 seconds, and by Ashton, '10, in 139-foot swim on back, 48 seconds. 1910 won the class relay races.

In the water polo preliminaries, 1910 won from 1911 and 1909 from 1912, and the score in the final game stood 12-1 in favor of 1910.

Tennis has, as usual, proceeded pleasantly in the green setting of the Bryn Mawr spring. The individual championship was won by Anne Whitney, '09; she intends to come back next year to defend the cup for a final claim upon it. 1909 won the tennins championship in doubles.

The score of the match games in basket ball was as follows:

May third—1910 *vs.* 1912—17-4.
May fourth—1909 *vs.* 1911—9-5.
May fifth—1910 *vs.* 1912—17-8.
May sixth—1911 *vs.* 1909—3-2.
May eighth—1909 *vs.* 1911—12-2.
May tenth—1909 *vs.* 1910—13-6.
May twelfth—1909 *vs.* 1910—7-6, 1909 winning the championship.

JUNIOR-SENIOR SUPPER SONG, 1909 *TO* 1910.

Tune: Allah.

Now our four years are over,
  Years more fleeting than dreams,
We must wake to discover
  The future that beckoning gleams.

Although the fair days are behind us,
In memory lingering near,
The friendships that loyally bind us
Grow closer year by year.

You who follow soon after
Juniors, 1910,
Forget not through play and laughter
Seasons will vanish again.
A long Senior year to you Juniors,
A year that is slow to take flight;
Be this the farewell from the Seniors,
Our parting wish to-night.

Words by SHIRLEY PUTNAM.

1910 *JUNIOR-SENIOR SUPPER SONG TO* 1909.

Tune: "On the Shore."

I.

Happy the days that are,
Swiftly they speed.
Stay, flying moments, stay,
Our bidding heed.
Those whom we love are here
Gladdening our day,
Night quickly comes again,
Past is our play.
Years passing swiftly by,
Gladsome and gay,
Years ever fair and free
Like summer's day.
Years ever free
Like summer's day.

II.

Those whom we love must go
  Drifting afar,
Fair may their pathway be
  And bright their star.
Yet though o'er hill and vale
  From us they've passed,
Firm friends abide we e'er
  E'en to the last.
Love binds our hearts in one,
  Love fond and true.
Memories sweet will come
  Our joy renew.
Love binds our hearts,
  Love ever true.

Words by CAROLINE BESSIE COX and ETHEL BIRD CHASE.

WHAT COLLEGE CAN DO FOR GIRLS.

She comes to college, *Jüngste Aller Damen* and with *Marks Mighty Good* from the hands of an *Extraordinarily Fair School Teacher,* who *Minds Nothing Arduous* and *Forces Simple Brains* with *Didactic Nonsense* until they are *Mildly Peripatetic.* She *Has Studious Job* of a *Literary Sleep-Lover* and, a *Hard Thinking Girl,* is *Known For Brilliance* and *Marvellous Brains.* She *Mourns English Barbarisms* and is *Firm, But—Mighty Conscientiously Shy.*

Sophomore year she feels that she has a *Man's Loud Voice Wasted* and is a *Musical Genius Blighted.* She joins Glee Club, becoming a *Gleeful Chorister* as well as an *Alluring Concert Singer* who *Murmurs Charming Madrigals* and *Hushes Boisterous Carollings.* In college dramatics she *Makes Everybody Happy,* appearing successively as a *Graceful Light Waltzer* skilled in the *Pas de Ballet,* a *Dandy Minstrel Coon* who *Diverts Everyone Melodramatically* with a *Cannibal War-whoop Glorified,* and, finally, as the *Essential Manager.*

Junior year,—where once she *Attacks Languages Wrathfully,* she becomes a *Singularly Jocose* and *Merrily Beaming Maiden* with a *Most Eternal Smile* which *Kills Gravity Entirely.* She is *Always Effectually Procrastinating, Affects Easy Courses,* and *Joyfully Manufactures Bluffs.* She has *Frequent Candid Fits,* but is beloved for being a *Considerate Waker,* though a *Midnight Wanderer.* In the athletic line, she *Frantically Hurdles* and has gained the titles of *Cunning Monkey* and *Clear-Minded Windmill.*

Senior year, she *Eloquently Blows Metaphysics* and has a bad case of *Mysticism Painlessly Developed* and *Hindooism Taken Seriously.* She *Has Classical Interests* and from being a *Modestly Enquiring Hellenist* is known as one who *Just Juggles Greek.* Once *Slightly Priggish,* she now *Handles Doubtful Books* and has developed a gift of *Brilliant Satire.* In short, she is a most *Esoteric Damsel* and *Has Deep Reflections.* She has been *Growing Slimmer.* In fact her new dress, made in *Mode Parfait, Displays Infinite Slimness.* But she *Looks Robust* for she is the *Best Sleeper Ever* and *Eats Anything.* Though once *Ever Retiring,* she is now an *Itinerant Lively Galivanter* and wears *Most Effective Hats.* She is *More Commonly Remote,* some say, *Ever Home,* others, *Ever Visiting West-Point* which is more probable, for she *Likes Juvenile Lovers* and, among the *Many Freshmen Near,* there is a *Most Engaging Boy* who is *Always Catching Hearts.* As for getting back to lectures she is *Always Elegantly Hurrying,* but invariably *Arrives Post Mortem.* However, she *Ranks Awfully Well* and has a *Mind Clearly Record-breaking,* in fact, I've heard it said, a *Mind Superhumanly Developed.*

E. CLIFTON, '09.

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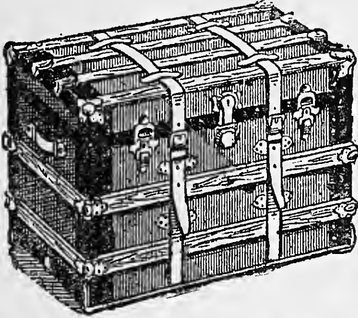

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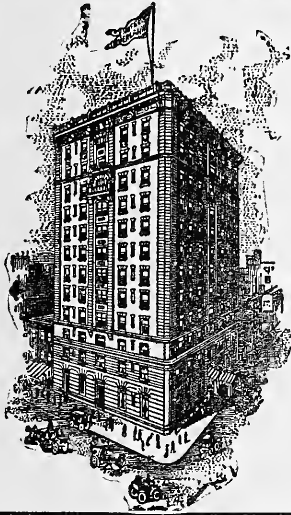

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