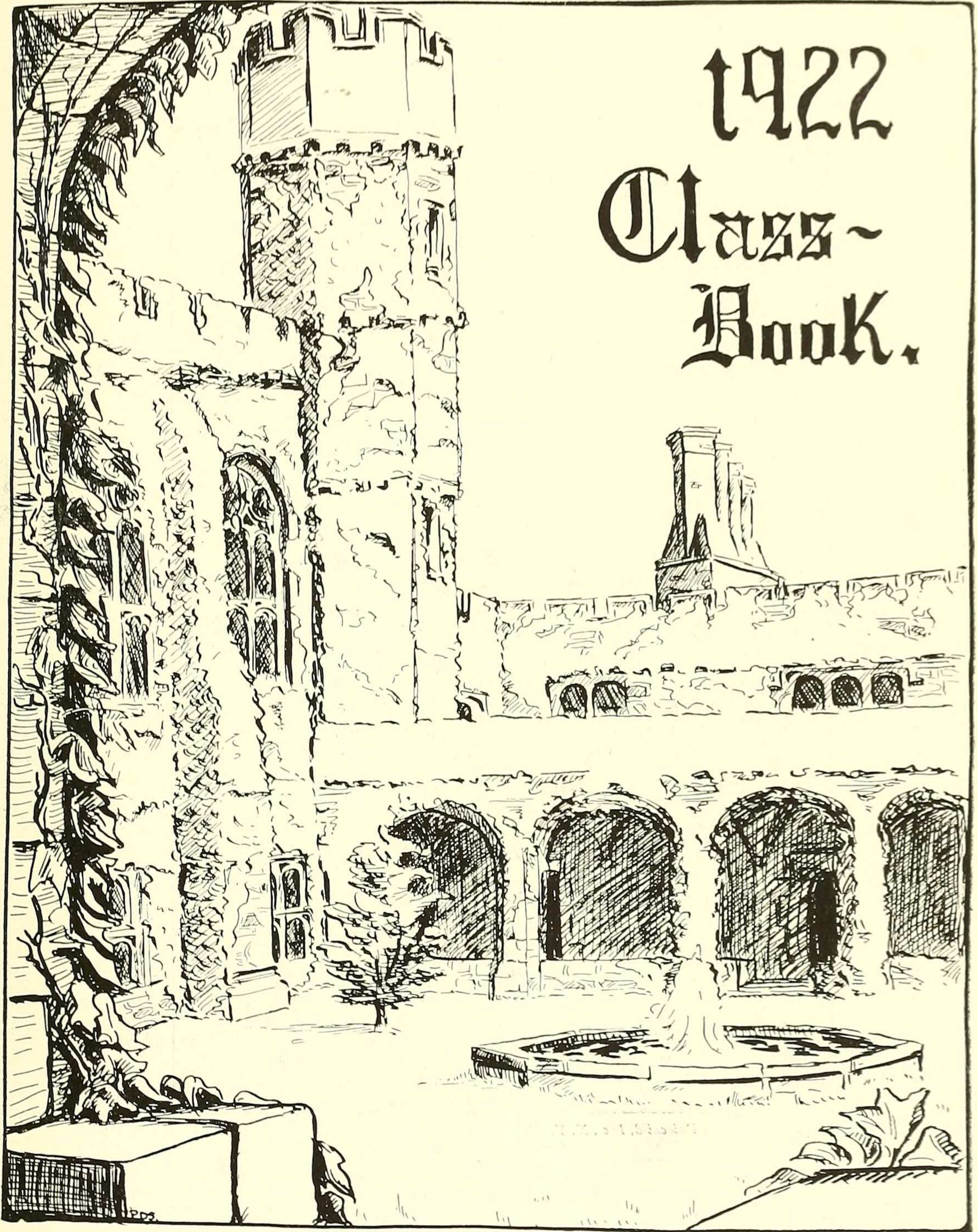


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1922 Class- Book.





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Honorary Member of the Class of 1922

Apologia

Pro Vita Sua

An Anthology



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Proposed Roads to Freedom

P. T. was right when she called us a peace class; from the earliest beginnings of our career a tendency toward universal peace could be discerned. Looking about us in a world where class struggled against class we were moved with an intense pity for suffering humanity, and pressed on toward a Utopia untrammelled by class consciousness and cut-throat competition. Even rising at six to do calisthenics for our country could not break our spirit, but hope was nearly dead when, lo, on November eleventh there came a rift in the clouds. Peace in Europe! The allies at least were back of us. Was the world ready for our message? We looked at "Twenty-one" and doubted.

Others might have used force, but we belonged to the philosophical radicals, and launched our Three Great Reform Bills with mature deliberation. Some say we were too proud to fight; whatever our reasons, our method was successful. In spite of unequal odds we soon persuaded the community of the self-evident truth that all men are created equal and should have equal opportunity. Under the goad of our righteous example the boss system crumbled, and the Forty Points took their place in history. This achievement might have seemed a sufficient complement to our initial and most characteristic act, namely, the Abolition of Serfdom, but our zeal can not be said to have decreased with age. We were ready for action when our opportunity arrived, and had the community running smoothly on a gold and topaz standard, thereby doing away with the annual fluctuations, by the time the question of the four-day week came up for discussion under the terms of the social contract as opposed to the policy of *laissez-faire*. In this, as in previous controversies, we gained our point in principle and fact.

Such has been our work of progress, and while we are aware that it has not always been appreciated, we cannot say that we are not satisfied with the economic consequences of the peace.

Freshman Year



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THE BRYN MAWR REVIEW—Vinton Liddell, Barbara Murlless.



Freshman Show

FRESHMAN SHOW! What a night of nights! How we stay awake and cut and flunk over it! How we thrill and emote during the performance of it! How, the following days, we wear our corsages until they look like herbs and simples! How, all year, when called upon to sing, we wail out the curtain song in close—nay, compact, harmony; the vaguely indefinite curtain song, having nothing to do with the show—but with references to “the sea” and “the lea,” or “distant shore,” “true evermore” or even “night and delight,” sure to make it a success and to cause departing seniors singing it three years later to expire with grief.

Our Freshman Show was glorious. As far as details go, I remember it in the vaguest fashion; but I’m sure it was glorious.

Preparations, unofficial, began after Christmas vacation, when everyone who had seen a musical show brought back “ideas,” some of which were good and some of which, along with their promoters, had to be handled as carefully as infernal machines. There were intense meetings of the committee, accomplishing nothing; and there was a politely uncomfortable meeting of the same committee with P. T., wherein that lady set forth the rules of Freshman Show (with all of which we were perfectly acquainted) and wherein the committee, each waiting for the other to speak, looked agonizingly pleasant, and wondered when it should try to go. We were to have no conversation in our show—absolutely *no* conversation. (It is clear P. T. never wrote a Freshman Show.) She had some balmy notion that a performance is simpler to put on if it is all danced and sung. (It is still clearer that P. T. never heard us dance nor watched us sing.) So we wrote a scene in rhythm—a chef d’œuvre—and thought ourselves deliciously sinful.

Rehearsals were pandemoniac gatherings in the gym. I believe we were allowed four official rehearsals for the production. These gatherings were composed chiefly of absences. Such as came, sat on the floor talking violently. There were continual misunderstandings as to hours and we learned to smile in the face of such interruptions as the model school bounding in to do model gym, or an obscure class

in folk-dancing wishing to learn "Peascod" or "Pork and Beans" or whatever its impossible name may be. For the rest, rehearsals were conducted in the Pem East music room under the head of chance meetings. There was, to be sure, a fifty cents' fine if one chanced not to meet, and Valeska Wurlitzer fought, bled and died trying to teach wildly galloping choruses to one-two-three-kick along the practice room corridor, than which a more inconvenient spot is not to be found.

There comes, at last, the great night. The previous evening, after extracting sophomores from behind banners, from down ropes, and from out radiators, we have a dress rehearsal so unspeakable as to promise a successful show. Betty's scenery is charming but has refused to stay up, no one knows her cue, half the costumes have been in quarantine and the other half asphyxiating their wearers by infirmity fumes. Now comes the moment itself. There are rumors that '21 is desperate; others, that they have guessed the animal; others, that they are waiting till the eleventh hour to effect a dastardly "coup." I go into the small room of the gym and start savagely applying make-up to a row of faces—make-up that remains in pink blotches and blue lines for days. What a joy it is to give certain anti-powder-and-pink-underwear enthusiasts an especially lurid countenance! After the operation, they blink at their apparition in the one small mirror and wonder if it's wicked to admit they look well. Someone rushes in, all eyes, and gasps, "Barbara Murless is barricaded in her room by '21! There is a pitched battle going on in Pem East." Someone else hurries up the steps, dashes against the door, which, in her excitement, she forgets to open, and falls into all the make-up. It is Margie. She is in evening dress and triumphantly indicates the jacket of Murless' costume which she thinks she has hidden by wearing the sleeves as trousers. The battle is at its height. Word is issued to rescue the besieged. Most of '22 as well as all of '21 think she is the animal. A detachment whose faces already blaze with war-paint and whose costumes can bear hard use, march to the rescue. The battle ceases. The audience trails in. Some of us peek through the curtain and squeal with joy at sight of faculty in mandarin coats, '21 in evening array and juniors' and seniors' legs dangling expectantly from the race-track. Cecil, who has been under the delusion that we're of such Irish tendencies as to keep our animal in our parlors, and has spent the past four weeks walking into freshmen's rooms, is there, all teeth. The audience grows impatient and we gather to sing the curtain song. It is a great hit, for most of us keep on the key and the persistent mutes have carefully been sent on distant errands. The lights go out and the show begins.

For the rest, I remember a multitude of things too jumbled to relate. Peggy Kennard as the museum custodian has some slight difficulty with the nether part of her costume; Em is knocked down by the first "specimen," a Bryn Mawr "Charlotte" on roller skates; Prue tries to restrain a wildly uncontrolled orchestra; and Conti plays the part of a Christian ass (this last is considered rather shocking, and, perhaps as a judgment on our sinful levity, the donkey head falls off during the first act); '21 confidently sings to a blue devil, which is quite as it should be, and looks very proud when Murless swaggers out in the blue devil uniform. Cecil

is more teeth than ever. But Vinton, biding her time in the hall with a large knitting bag, quietly dons the contents thereof and crawls onto the stage as the blue tiger. Oh, triumph! Yes, gentle reader, there are blue tigers. Someone on the animal committee knew someone who had seen an article in some magazine in some dentist's office about a blue tiger of India or Thibet. After the animal episode there comes the grand finale in the form of the League of Nations, in which Lib is especially noticeable as Britannia ruling the waves (of the sea, not of her own three hairs). We sing "Thou Gracious Inspiration," our friends tell us how great we are, and we return happily tired to bed on good terms with the world.

CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER.

The Suppressed Débutante

Synopsis: Twenty-four hours before her début war was declared. The next morning she began to "brush up" matriculation Latin and a few other articles in her mental wardrobe.

AS she sat in the "lib" she tried to shut her past from memory. Her eyes were on her book but her mind wandered disconsolately over the ceiling, twined about the chandelier, and hopped nimbly over the golden globes. Suddenly the tragedy of her past threatened to overwhelm her. With a tremendous effort she thrust it into her subconscious, where it lay seething and bubbling while she soothed her outer consciousness.

That evening the tympanic melodies floating into her room from the Victrola stirred within her a deep and disagreeable memory. Thanks to the faithful censor, she knew nothing of it. She merely said, "I hate Victrolas; I hate anything made of wood," and began to shout the multiplication table. That same evening she gave her evening dresses to "junk" and hurled her cigarette case down the register. Her outer consciousness was all serene. After writing a letter in Greek to her family and composing a few sonnets, she went to bed refreshed and exalted. She had cast memories from her and delved deeply into wisdom. But shades of Freud!—no sooner had her eyelids closed than the seething cauldron of her subconscious bubbled over. The debutante, no longer suppressed, took possession of her. Rising hastily, she seized a bit of tulle and some earrings and pinned an ivy plant jauntily over one shoulder, and fled into the hall. Her friends found her jazzing madly—a wraith-like figure in the moonlight. Spellbound they watched her—all save one, who hastened to summon a psychoanalyst. A few moments of whispered consultation sufficed to give him the details of the case. "There is a gap between the personalities of the suppressed débutante and the student," he said simply. "Only one cure will be effective—she must Bridge the gap." And he handed her a pack of cards.

ANNE GABEL.

The Crew of the Awak

“HE’S off again!” cried Captain Rabbit as he pulled the sleeping cabin boy, a little tike named Anderson, from under the table. “Such conduct for a mess-room!”

A. Marickus Rabbit, captain of the good ship Awak, was a sea-dog of the old school, much given to reminiscences of prom-days. He was very punctilious as to points of etiquette, and I may say without exaggeration that he had never been seen wearing shoes with straps, either on or off the ship. Of a far different type was young Anderson, who was bunking with the captain in the hold. He was a great trial to the captain on account of his untidy habits, and I have often descended to the hold, only to find the captain sorrowfully picking up after Anderson. Captain Rabbit had come across this strange youth, swimming around the South Sea Islands and had thought the lad showed perseverance.

Our first-class cabin passengers were one K. Haworth, of Spiritualistic bent; Punk Stewart, bohemian artist and vagabond; Sir Val. Wurlitzer, dilettante, dance demon and a devil when roused; and his boon companion, Landesman, a jolly curly-headed chap. Chaplain Bliss was the sky-pilot of this excellent craft. The reverend man spent most of his time in his cabin, preparing his sermons from the articles of the *Weekly Bulletin*.

One evening the crew was assembling for mess.* First to arrive was Chief Engineer Fisher, a swarthy seaman of ruddy complexion, who, all appearances to the contrary, had had quite a past. Close on his heels came the ship’s purser, known to his familiars as “Bun.” “Fisher,” said the purser, “will you coöperate with me in organizing a little committee for the promotion of Badminton on board ship?”

Fisher stared past him with a wild light in his eye. “Can you tell me,” he cried, “who the first electrician was?”

“Why, certainly,” replied the chaplain, who had entered during the conversation, “Noah, because he made the arc light on Mount Ararat.”

Fisher sighed and turned his attention once more to his food. “Let’s sing a rousing sea-song,” cried Gunner Tyler, who shot into view, ripping out a volley of oaths.

“I have just thought it would be nice to sing a rousing sea-song,” said First Mate Liddell with an air of originality. As we thundered out the chorus of the old Viking hymn, “Swept along on the whirlwind,” I happened to notice Fisher, who under pretext of æstheticism had not joined in the singing, but was quietly and methodically stowing away oyster stew.

“What should a minister preach about?” inquired the chaplain. “About ten minutes,” replied Gunner Tyler, giving vent to an obscene oath.

Suddenly a shudder shook the sturdy little craft from the bowsprit to the rudder. A gym meet, a swimming meet, and a track meet had all met on the self-same day, hour, minute, and spot. It was too much. The Awak was floored.

* Cf. Webster’s Dictionary: “A portion of liquid or pulpy food.”

"We are wrecked!" screamed Midshipmite Gabell, hurling his little body through the hatchway.

"What?" cried the crew.

"We are wrecked!" gurgled the captain, draining the Yale bowl to the dregs.

"What?" cried the crew.

"We are wrecked!" cried Liddell.

Their honest faces brightened.

"We are wrecked!" cried the crew. Light had dawned!

* * * * *

When the ensuing hubbub had quieted down, the crew found to their dismay that the first-class cabin passengers had been blown away. Everything had gone by the board. The sea was as calm as glass, and slightly astern Bosun Aldrich might be discerned rowing about in circles and crooning gently to himself, "Oh, Zion, haste, thy mission high fulfilling." When we hailed him, he drew alongside and asked in a sheepish manner, "Do you think it would be all right for me to come on board?"

We helped him up, and continued on our way. We had scarcely been under way five minutes when from the crow's nest little Gabell piped forth in a voice of strangled joy, "Goody, goody. Ship ahoy! A sail!" Removing the hairpin from the thermostat, we brought it up on deck and sighting along it soon made out a queer little craft making its way towards us. On the sail we deciphered the name "FIBI REN." As soon as the boat was near enough, our gallant captain accosted him.

"Who are you, and what is your business?"

"My name is Norcross and I rents pants," came the answer.

"Can you cook?" bellowed the captain, who was decidedly tired of our diet. Up to this time we had had no cook and had barely subsisted on raw tomatoes and the hash which had somehow managed to accumulate.

As we later discovered, Norcross was a model of domesticity, and although we were destined to lose him in a few months, our regret was tempered by having the captain carefully explain to us that he was happily engaged elsewhere.

Once more in an undernourished condition we found life unendurable and put into Honolulu, where we obtained a first-rate Cook, whose only vice was a passion for playing cards, which he indulged whenever the chaplain was not sitting on the deck.*

* * * * *

Days passed, weeks passed, months passed. The Awak sailed on. When last seen it was a mere speck on the horizon. It is expected in port June 8th, when the Navy Department has decided to scrap it with the rest of the vessels of its class.

FROM RADNOR.

* Joke.

The Round-Up; or, Where is My Wandering Boy To-Night?

AS the bedlam subsided someone ventured, "I move the question."
"But I don't think we have a quorum."

"Well, where's Rock?" muttered an unclaimed voice from the corner.

"I just saw Dot Wells and her sophomore shadow tottering for the 1.38. June Warder was puffing behind, clutching the remains of a corsage and yelling peremptorily, 'Dot, why don't you wait for me?'"

"Well, I met Garry on my way to class meeting, and, apparently unaware that it was December, she told me blushing that a suitor was coming out and that they were going to pick violets."

"I bet I know where Olive is."

"You're right. She's in the lib getting ready for finals, and"—bitterly—"she had to get there early or she wouldn't get all the books."

"Wonder where Mecky is?"

"When I was over in Rock posting a notice I heard shrieks and went down to see what the rumpus was about. Batch, as dummy, was energetically entertaining herself with her entire repertoire of songs, and just as I came in I saw Mecky give her a disgusted glance, fling her cards across the room and stalk out.

"I tried to persuade Gulie to come to class meeting, but she heard the telephone ring and tore off, much excited. E. must have been feeling the effects of mental exhaustion, for she kept on vaguely dealing cards.

"I tried to stop Sylva as she was dashing out campus door—she said she couldn't wait because she was late for lab with 'Crenny.' I told her to cut for once, but she just looked at me reproachfully and sidled past."

"Tuck's gone home."

"What's the matter? Did she sprain her ankle?"

"That's not the half of it," groaned a voice from the corner. "She sprained my back. I was with her when it happened."

"Well," said Marge in a resigned tone, "I guess the meeting will have to proceed as usual without them."

FROM ROCKFELLER.

In winter I stay up all night
And study by electric light.
In summer quite the other way,
I stay in bed almost all day.
And does it not seem hard to you
When there's so many things to do,
And I should like so much to play,
To cram all night and sleep all day?

E. T. A.



Daily Strength For Daily Needs

THE class of 1922 was founded by M. Millicent Carey, and it has been only through her constant care in meeting deficits in our endowment that the organization has survived. If there was ever a class that needed daily strength, it was the embryonic dark blue class who started their college career "revelling in humility"! In our first class meeting, Milly told us that the most terrible thing that could happen to us would be to have the odds vote us fresh. She told us that 1920 had been thus stigmatized, and we were led to believe that they had practically never recovered from the effects. With this hideous example of the sins of our fathers ever before us, we quelled our instantaneous instinct to lick the Red and virtually licked their boots in our tremendous reaction. No Freshman class has ever made fewer breaks than we. Before every function Margie would get a list from Milly of the breaks that were possible, and during each ceremony warnings would be hissed through the crowd as to what we were not to do. We never did anything wrong. The trouble was—we never did anything at all! Milly had said that the whole college would be watching us for the first few weeks, and if there was one thing we feared more than being voted fresh, it was the unwelcome attention of this strange and incomprehensible body. If they were watching for breaks, they watched in vain. Milly's lists were irreproachable.

Milly was not only our social guide but she was also our athletic inspiration. She instructed us in the holiness of hockey and in our eagerness to excell in order to justify our existence, we held many tense meetings. At these we were told that

“Milly said” that we had just as good a team as they, or “Milly said” that we must never once stop fighting. When Milly said, 1922 did, so although our fighting was perhaps a little primitive, we managed to beat 1921 in our Freshman year, a feat never thereafter repeated in any field of sport.

Sophomore year we were still reliant on Milly’s pre-contest harangues and it was always with her words burning in our ears that we staggered forth to do battle. “1922 if you don’t win to-day every one of you has a yellow streak down the middle of your back.” If it had not been for these exhortations from The Omniscient, we might never have had the experience of winning our way into every finals, only to find when we got there that our “Red Complex” was too strong for even Milly’s indomitable motive power.

It was Milly who told us that we must sing better than any other class, and who smiled at us when we continued to sing worse. We went to meetings even unto the third degree because Milly always went, and inspired by her example we formed the major part of every assembly—literary, political, or academic.

With no disrespect, but merely to indicate the intensity of the passion with which we so inadequately repaid our tutelary divinity, we recall a night of Cherry Blossom era when ’22 has been singing under ’20’s windows. ’20’s answering song becomes faint—almost inaudible;

Reenie: “What’s the matter?”

Liz: “Shut up, you fool, can’t you hear? Milly’s voice is breaking with sobs.”

GRACE RHOADS.

EMILY ANDERSON.

I wish I had a little team—
A lower one, of course—
'Cause it would look so strange on bars,
So funny on a horse.

I wouldn’t ever let it sleep.
I wouldn’t let it eat.
I’d work that team for a little class point
And make it win the meet.

J. R. B.

1919

How can you decide whether the Senior Class with which you entered college was the best? You have no standards of comparison. The practical Freshman determines the real work of a Senior Class by asking these simple questions:

1. How do they compare with the Freshmen?
2. Have they a Tip?
3. Has their banner a permanent wave?

Your answers to these questions will show whether or not you knew 1919. All of the fundamental qualities that Seniors should have were developed in so high a degree in this class that its superiorities were an open book.*

* We did not know the class of 1919 very well, so we took the liberty of borrowing an Ivory Soap advertisement to check them up.

In Memoriam

IN our painful progress through this vale of tears, only gradually have we learned the supreme value of peace and a restful atmosphere. Before the Odds and Evens smoked (entirely metaphorically, be it understood) the pipe of peace, and buried (without undue disturbance of the precious sod) their hatchets, side by side, time was, when, after a due season of chastening, calculated to arouse in them some partial sense of their own unworthiness, the Freshmen avenged the aforesaid chastening in one fell swoop. This organized revenge was Freshman Night.

The bitter March wind, the gusts of freezing sleet, in no way dampened our ardor; we lusted for just revenge. On 'Twenty-two had descended the dire command to wear academic gowns to all classes. Our attitude in regard to tubs was marked by an enforced servility. Our beloved canes had been wrenched from our hands, our red tams from our heads. Moreover, the sincerity of our humility had been probed by divers mental tests. But our Day of Reckoning was at hand.

First came the carousing in Pembroke, the greedily devoured army-meat and war greens, attended by raucous bursts of laughter and bellowed songs. A proscribed tam was flung rakishly upon an antler horn—mute testimony to our abandoned spirit. The gifted Weenie Stewart writhed through the intricacies of an orgiastic hula-hula especially for our delight. In unrestrained ecstasy we crowned her with lettuce leaves. Enflaming speeches were in order, and original poems of inspiring quality. With wild huzzas the banquet adjourned to the campus to pillage and to wreck.

Our trail was marked by a series of superb dummies; Holly and Tom in close embrace, Foote in her rotundity, the sinuous Cecil, Goggin the glorious. Clothes-lines of green skirts and red tams flapped skittishly between lamp-posts. Withering and contemptuous sentiments were chalked on every walk. Carelessly lolling on Senior Steps, amidst a plentiful drive of hail, we sang unseemly parodies, and abandoned this pursuit only to brighten up the atmosphere of our several halls.

Such was Freshman Night. Like other unbecoming institutions, it has been suppressed. In an atmosphere of equality and peace revenge is out of place. Freshman Night is dead.* Requiescat!

DOROTHY WELLS.

* Need we say this was written before May 13th.

Horse Play

I HAD always wanted to learn how to ride, and when I came to college and heard that there were horses in the gym, my ambition knew no bounds (leaps and bounds, I mean). Of course I was disappointed when I discovered that the horses were practically inanimate. I say practically with intention, for my experience with a gym horse was such as to convince me that there was still some life in the old girl yet. A gym horse is like no other horse on earth; wild horses, circus horses, clothes horses, Charlie horses, up to this time had held no terrors for me, but the first time I looked a gym horse in the mouth, I knew that Fate had it in for me. I was told to mount. I looked about for the stirrups, but as there were none, I concluded it was something in the nature of bareback riding and gripping the pommel firmly between the thumb and forefinger, I managed to crawl into a sitting position on the horse with sufficient alacrity to escape the notice of Miss Applebee, who was conducting the performance. During the ensuing hours, I learned that the rider (or rather the would-be gymnast) was supposed to rise and fall more or less rhythmically on different parts of the horse at different times (a vestigial remnant, I suppose of the old-fashioned posting). Well, the rise and fall of the Roman Empire had nothing on me, especially in regard to the fall. I bit the dust of the arena with pain and, as I did so I could have sworn that the horse kicked me. I could not stand that—not for a minute. I reached out and grabbed it by the leg. O Tempora, O Mores! O Death, where is thy sting? It was Miss Applebee's leg! Of course there was nothing for me to say, and if there had been, there would have been no time in which to say it. The ensuing moments had evidently been requisitioned by Miss Applebee, and I withdrew, rubbing my knees and vowing never to enter the gymnasium again. Vain delusion! As I had proved such a social failure at the horse, I was sent to the bar to make a name for myself. At the bar I assumed all kinds of undignified positions. Like a kindergarten, we spent our time making baskets and cutting. However, I learned a great many things I never knew before, and under the stress of great emotion have written the following in appreciation of my good intentions:

Gym meet, and ne'er a star,
And one clear call for me.
Oh, may there be no moaning of the bar
When I roll up on thee!

I know my knees are bent, a sad disgrace!
My swing takes me too far.
I dare not look my captain in the face
When I have crossed the bar.

EMILY ANDERSON

How the Blue Devil Became the Blue Tiger

HEAR and attend and listen, for this befell and behappened and became and was, Oh, my best Beloved, when the Class Animals were wild. The Green Sea Horse was wild and the Blue Fox was wild and all the animals in the Time Before were wild and fought with one another in a dreadfully wild way. But wildest of all wild animals was the Scarlet Moth, who had a 'Satiableness of curiosity as well as a Horrid Temper. The Scarlet Moth had a 'Satiableness of curiosity to find out what the First Singing of the Blue Fox's Child meant, and sent the Big Ceaseless One to find out. (For you must know, oh, Best Beloved, that the Big Ceaseless One didn't find out, but *somebody* did, and so the Scarlet Moth sang a song just like the First Singing of the Blue Fox's Child—only the words weren't the same.) Now the Blue Fox's Child's Beautiful Blue eyes were opened and it saw what a Wild World it was in and how Wildest Wild the Scarlet Moth was, and it was careful in all the Time-That-Came-After.

Later on in Time, the Blue Fox's Child gave a party to the Scarlet Moth, and the party was a nice party, with Songs about the Dream Palaces and about pretty Bubbles and about the Valley-that-is-beyond-the-Moon and about lots of other beautiful things. Oh, Best Beloved, it was a lovely party!

But the Wild 'Satiableness of curiosity of the Scarlet Moth couldn't wait to see what Wild Animal the Blue Fox's Child would bring to the party; and so it called the Ceaseless One to it again and said, "Oh, Ceaseless One, go down to the little Green Hollow that is over the Hill and lie down and make believe you are a rock and perhaps the Blue Fox's child will sing a song about the Wild, Wild Animal that is coming to the party to-night." But you see, oh, Best Beloved, that the Blue Fox's Child's Beautiful Blue Eyes were open wide. It only kicked the Ceaseless One when it made believe it was a rock and told it to go home to its Mother.

* * * * *

The night of the party came soon and all the wild animals were waiting for it to begin. The Blue Fox's Child was painting its face so that it would look most beautiful of All, and Surprise the Scarlet Moth and the Blue Fox and the Green Sea Horse. A Messenger came running in a great hurry with hardly any breath left and said to the Blue Fox's Child, "Go up to the Big-Hall-that-is-called-Pembroke and save the life of your Wild Animal from the 'Satiableness of curiosity of the Scarlet Moth—and most 'specially save your Wild Animal from the Horrid Temper of the Scarlet Moth." So the Little Blue Fox's Child ran as fast as its little short legs would take it to the Big-Hall-that-is-called-Pembroke and the Blue Fox's Child's Beautiful Blue Eyes opened wider at the dreadfully wild fight it saw. And it knew even better than before that it must be wild too. It knew, oh, Best Beloved, that if it wasn't wild, it would go where all the little Dead Bunnies go. So it started to fight and show its little white teeth and tried its very best to keep the Scarlet Moth out of the Cave where the Blue Devil was hiding. (For you must know, oh, Best Beloved, that that was the name of the animal that the Blue Fox's Child was going to bring to the Party.)

The Scarlet Moth tripped the Blue Fox's Child with its foot and hit its head against the wall, and said, "You shall not use force! You shall not use force!" (Now Force, Dearly Beloved, is a Horrid word and does not mean the porridge you eat for Breakfast, but it means Anything-that-Is-Rough-and-Hurts.)

And the Scarlet Moth was Rough and Hurt the head of the Blue Fox's Child. And when the Blue Fox's Child tried to take its Animal to the Place where the Party was, the Scarlet Moth held it by its knees, and the Blue Fox's Child had to walk, dragging the Scarlet Moth with it. Soon the Blue Fox came to save its Child and everyone used Very Naughty Angry Words. Then it was time for the Party to begin. And this is the funniest part of my story, oh, Best Beloved, so hear and attend and listen, because in the Time-that-is-now, there are no jokes like the one that behappened and befell at this Party. The Scarlet Moth thought all along that it knew that the Blue Fox's Child was going to bring the Blue Devil to the party, so it made up a Song to the Blue Devil, to make the Blue Fox's Child angry and to show the Blue Fox's Child that the Scarlet Moth's 'Satiableness curiosity was still among the Animals. And the Poor little Blue Fox's Child began to cry, and big tears rolled all the way down to its little feet because it did so want to surprise the Green Sea Horse and the Blue Fox, and most of all it wanted to surprise the Scarlet Moth, and it thought that all its fun was going to be spoiled. But when the animal came in—what do you suppose, oh, Best Beloved? It wasn't a Blue Devil at all, but it had four lovely legs and was Big and Blue and it Roared out Loud and Scared the Scarlet Moth so that it Ran away and hid because it was so ashamed of its 'Satiableness Curiosity and its Horrid Temper.

You see, when the Blue Devil saw how sorry the Blue Fox's Child was when its surprise was all spoiled, he changed into a Beautiful Big Blue Tiger with a Beautiful Big Blue Roar that scared the Scarlet Moth *Dreadfully*. And so the Blue Fox's Child was happy in all the Time-that-Came-After because it had fooled the 'Satiableness curiosity of the Scarlet Moth.

ALICE NICOLL.

Class Minutes

Motion—To spend ten dollars for flowers for Cornelia Skinner for Freshman Show.

Discussion (*A. Lee*)—I think Cornelia Skinner is worth more than ten dollars.

(*Lib*) I guess twenty-five would just about do it.





Athletics, 1918-1919

All-Round Championship Won by 1919

TENNIS

Won by 1920

Captain—K. GARDNER

Manager—F. ROBBINS

Singles Team

K. GARDNER

F. ROBBINS

M. TYLER

Doubles Team

K. GARDNER

M. TYLER

D. DESSAU

J. PALACHE

P. SMITH

A. FOUNTAIN

On Varsity—K. GARDNER, F. ROBBINS

HOCKEY

Won by 1919

Captain—E. DONOHUE

Manager—H. GUTHRIE

Team

A. NICOLL

E. ANDERSON

R. NEEL

M. TYLER

H. GUTHRIE

E. DONOHUE

F. ROBBINS

M. KRECH

G. RHOADS

A. ORBISON

P. SMITH

On Varsity—M. TYLER

Substitutes—H. GUTHRIE

A. NICOLL

G. RHOADS

WATER POLO

Won by 1919

Captain—R. NEEL

Manager—F. BLISS

Team

F. BLISS

A. NICOLL

M. KRECH

O. HOWARD

F. ROBBINS

R. NEEL

E. ANDERSON

On Varsity—E. ANDERSON

SWIMMING MEET

Won by 1921

Captain—E. ANDERSON

Manager—F. BLISS

Team

E. ANDERSON

A. DUNN

O. HOWARD

F. BLISS

E. HOBODY

A. NICOLL

D. COOKE

N. JAY

F. ROBBINS

E. DONOHUE

College Records Broken

68-foot swim on back—E. ANDERSON

136-foot swim on back—E. ANDERSON

Second Place in Individual—Won by E. ANDERSON

TRACK MEET

Won by 1922

Captain—R. NEEL

Manager—K. STILES

Team

E. ANDERSON

B. MURLESS

F. ROBBINS

B. CLARKE

R. NEEL

H. STEVENS

H. GUTHRIE

A. NICOLL

K. STILES

College Records Broken

Running High Jump—F. ROBBINS

Third Place in Individual—Won by F. ROBBINS

BASKET-BALL

Won by 1919

Captain—L. GRIM

Manager—A. NICOLL

Team

F. BLISS

L. GRIM

F. ROBBINS

B. CLARKE

A. NICOLL



Sophomore Year



Class Officers

President

KATHERINE LUCRETIA GARDNER

Vice-President and Treasurer

MARION RAWSON

Secretary

BARBARA CLARKE

SONG MISTRESS—Cornelia Otis Skinner, Phoebe Wrenn Norcross.

UNDERGRADUATE ASSOCIATION—*Assistant Treasurer*, Margaret Tyler;
Advisory Board, Marion Rawson.

SELF-GOVERNMENT ASSOCIATION—*Treasurer*, Katherine Lucretia Gardner;
Executive Board, Constance La Boiteaux.

CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION—*Secretary*, Margaret Bailey Speer.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION—*Secretary*, Alice Mary Nicoll.

THE COLLEGE NEWS—*Editors*, Frances McDowell Bliss, Barbara Clarke, Marie
Farnsworth Willcox;

Business Board—Cornelia Marcia Baird, Mary Douglass
Hay.

THE BRYN MAWR REVIEW—*Editors*, Vinton Liddell, Prue Durant Smith;
Business Board—Alice Mary Nicoll, Eleanor Custis
Bennett.

“The Still, Sad Music of Humanity”

WHEN we came to college we had never heard the term *Mutes* and were no more sensitive about our singing than the rest of the class, especially as any qualms we may have had on the subject were effectively dispelled on Parade Night by the organized encouragement we received from 1920. Moreover, we felt that we had scriptural authority for our particular form of vocalization. Does not the Bible say, “Sing we merrily to God in our strength; make a cheerful noise unto the God of Jacob?” It took the combined influences of Dr. Leuba and Cornelia, advocates respectively of agnosticism and segregation, to make us realize that while a noise might be cheerful, the innocent bystander was not necessarily so.

Cornelia's separation of the sheep from the goats was not the first organization of the Mutes, for in Freshman year we banded ourselves together and even went so far as to plan an operetta, the presentation of which was prevented only by Audrey's remark that she was afraid she would be too self-conscious to sing before an audience. This was a great blow to art at Bryn Mawr, and delayed the winning of the war considerably, for we were going to charge admission.*

Then Cornelia decided that all the class needed was a little organization to make Senior Singing a Mecca for music-lovers, and divided her charges into four groups. Where she got the name for the Buds of Promise is not certain—she probably hit upon it because they issued promissory notes. We mention them here because some of our members were later recruited from their ranks, but of the Harmony and Second Harmony Clubs nothing need be said. Even Cornelia seemed to consider them unimportant, for she displayed infinitely more interest in the Mutes, who responded to her enthusiasm by always arriving punctually and *en masse* at Senior Singing. It was fortunate that they did, as otherwise there would have been no *masse*.

We had our first meeting in my room. It was also our last, and I think it was about this time that Cornelia decided to leave college. She had sworn she would train us, and there was but one honorable path for her to take. She left me still leader of the Mutes—though why people who cannot follow should have a leader is rather puzzling—and whenever the fact occurs to me I experience a certain shame, for our organization has undoubtedly become disrupted. Some of us have so far merged with the proletariat as to whisper the words of songs while our companions sing them, and one or two of our members have even been accused of doing more than whispering. Perhaps this fact accounts for the following couplet, which I found stuck on my door.

“Swans sing before they die; 'twere no ill thing
Should certain persons die before they sing.”

VINTON LIDDELL.

* It was suggested at the time that larger sums might be obtained by letting people pay to get out.

Yarrow Unvisited and Visited

FROM Taylor tower we have seen
The concrete paths unravelled
And trod the walks and wooden steps
That often *they* have travelled,
And when we reached the hockey field
Began to freeze our marrow.
“Whate’er betide, we’ll turn aside,
And pay a call at Yarrow.”

And is this Yarrow? This the home
Of Charlie’s henna coat?
Where G. G. carries on the race
Punctilio to promote?
Here Crenshaw poses as the man
Who has a naughty past
And Draper dandles dainty Dan
While “Mother” smiles at last.

Here Apple with resounding voice
Holds forth with wit exceeding,
And Taylor sees the food is choice.
On which the herd is feeding.
DeHaan throws chalk at Dr. Pell,
Computing sums and angles.
’Tis lucky then that Taylor bell
Drowns out old Yarrow’s wrangles.

And here it is Ferree and Rand
In research spend their leisure;
Sometimes they seek the moron’s trail,
Sometimes myopia measure.
Here Flossie hides her soapstone dikes
Inside an old wheelbarrow
Ah, yes, I know, where’er I go,
Thy pale grey image, Yarrow,
With me will stay, what’s yours to-day
Will still be your’s to-morrow.

ISABEL COLEMAN.

The Belgian Refugee

To Albert—King of the Belgians.

Personal.

DEAR AL,

You sure missed out this trip, my boy; I'm scratching you off a line to tell you about the dates I've had since you ran away from me; and I've had, as they say, a screaming time. To-day I flivvered out from Philly to visit Bryn Mawr, which the people there tell me is one of the seven wonders of the world, and which is the neatest little bunch of architecture I've seen. They keep a great many girls in seclusion there for four years. I want to tell you about my get-up, because I think it was my duds that gave me such a hot-dog welcome. They all wore black gowns and ratty black hats. I put on my nobby toque, which you say looks like a whatnot, and my sky-blue cape with the silver fox collar, and I made quite a snappy model in this academic crowd. They greeted me with a Greek chorus, which ended with a cry of "Queen of the Belgians"—this of course was the only part I understood—you know me, Al.

As I stood on the steps of their library, a girlie who seemed to represent them all came forward and slipped me a bouquet of flowers, and another queen said a mouthful in a shy way with a dimple in her chin.

They took me down to what they called the hockey field where a lot of flappers were fighting for a ball. Whenever one of them got it they wouldn't let her keep it, but tore at her to take it away again. I didn't get the big idea, but they seemed to lap it up. I said to a short little person who stood beside me, "Do you play this game?" She answered me brightly, standing on tip-toe, "Oh, yes, but I'm not playing now." I saw my line wasn't getting by because I couldn't make myself heard above the click of the cameras. Everybody was Kodaking as they went. I must hit the hay now.

Y. R. H.,

Lizzie.

SERENA HAND.

1920

We made inarticulate efforts in our songs to express our affection for you, but after all how could we tell you how much we appreciated your every achievement? Your historically clever oral songs are only one phase of your never-failing wit. You are the only class we have known who applied its sense of humour to every situation, and that you were equally willing to apply it to yourselves is shown by your inimitable class-book. The sister-class interest became with you something more than a sentimental convention. We have tried to live up to your expectations and if we have accomplished anything, it is due to your encouragement.

Well! An Outline of History

IN the first stir of Bryn Mawr civilization, Denbigh, it appears, took the lead. There, out of the prehistoric darkness dawned the classic culture. The historian thrills as he reads the glowing names of those who made that age illustrious. Research amongst the records of the Trophy Club has disclosed that in Denbigh Lucy Martin Donnelly first learned to know her Wordsworth; it is rumored that here Georgiana had an "expeerience"—though the scientific historian might reject this as legend rather than fact. That was the age of Classical Antiquity.

The Dark Ages followed, illumined by only a few great names, Helen Taft, "Peg" Thompson, "Tip," but with 1922 came the Renaissance. The æsthetic and literary revival, heralded by a tendency to delve in old manuscripts, culminated in the apotheosis of smoky tea, and fell into decadence with the cult of green silk pajamas. In spite of the impetus given to natural science by the Orbisonian School of biology, we find one great figure, Octaviana, still zealous in the cause of Mother Church. She incited small quotas of her heretical contemporaries to assist at the formation of a "quorum," a rite peculiar to a curious old religious society. But since her ascetic zeal led her to arising and shutting everyone's windows at seven o'clock no one could object to her reactionary tendencies. Politically, these tendencies were shared by Anna Domina, who upheld the Grand Old Party, expounding the Divine Right of Republicans.

A renewed interest in personal adornment was manifest. It is known that one Milady Voorhees never took less than an hour to prepare herself for her daily appearance at the breakfast table and that she never passed mirror, glass or window-pane without furtively seeking to adjust her headdress.

We find no manuscripts of more value in shedding light on the contemporary life of this age than the notes of Niccola, apparently taken during her lectures—but what a mass of extraneous material! We can only conjecture the probable subjects of these courses amid the maze of rhymes, sketches, conversations. We find also several valuable portraits of the prominent schoolmen of the day.

One of the great mystics, Brownus, presents a curious mixture of the practical and spiritual. She advanced the art of advertising and efficiently managed great publications,* and yet she felt keenly the mystic yearnings later voiced by Shelley. It was even declared by a well-known teacher, apropos the romantic spirit, that "Shelley and Miss Brown found the world too small for them." We have another philosopher during this epoch, Orlianna Haggertius Pellus, who was so carried away by her speculative flights that she was once found unconscious on Taylor steps, and upon reviving declared that a devil had bitten her finger. Even closer psychic contact with the spirit world was granted Constantia by means of frequent trances. According to her own account, a grim spectre confronted her in the corridor during a summer holiday, exacted a tooth from her, and departed without further violence. She could never refer to the incident without a shudder.

Like Plato at the feet of Socrates, sat one lone student at the foot of the

* This one, for example.

Harvard Master. Indeed, the Master's whole time was divided between Dannie and Annie. On the whole a genial and fairly pleasant Humanist was Peek (variously pronounced Pike, Pinch, Peck). The merest suggestion of *singing*, however, transformed her, even as the diabolical compound transformed Dr. Jekyll. The sunny features twisted and contorted and it was a case of "One Man Out of His Humour."

Amongst this group of Renaissance scholars fierce controversies raged—from simple political, philosophical and religious questions, they courageously advanced so far as to probe the essential difference between doughnut and cruller, between biscuit, cracker and cookie, jam and marmalade, hominy grits and samp. A pleasant social atmosphere, however, was created by the introduction of a coffee house, a spot which they frequented regularly.

FROM DENBIGH.

A fool there was, and she bobbed her hair,
Even as you and I;
With a sigh and a smile and a whispered prayer,
A glance in the mirror of mute despair.
But she thought that a permanent wave would repair
All—even as you and I.

K. M. P.

Team Topics

The Fourth Team

WE were débutantes at hockey, and like all buds we wanted to make a hit; our only goal was a social one, we knew it and everybody else knew it and thought that we would be successes in the athletic whirl.

Bright sunny afternoons saw us chattering and gossiping on the hockey field where we came regularly to see one another. A great many people always wanted to come, but they finally narrowed it down to about eleven because some had bad hearts and we had to have that few on account of the other side. Our motto was, "A miss is as good as a mile," and we kept reminding ourselves of this whenever we got discouraged.

At the end of the season a dinner was given in our honor. It was all very elaborate; there were three menials, a first team butler, a second team maid, and a third team butler. The menu was carefully prepared beforehand and consisted of jelly-omelet, peas, and George Washington coffee; everyone was handsomely gowned and *in toto* it was a brilliant affair. There were some very inspiring speeches that evening about our past and about the splendid record we had maintained; that year we had managed to get through without winning a single game and the only unfortunate thing that had happened—we hardly spoke of it above a whisper—was that we had once disgraced ourselves by a tie because we'd got stuck with the ball.

Little did we think that such an evening was to close a chapter in our lives. The next year we all found ourselves on the third team whose original members had left to be married; *ipso facto, presto*, the fourth team moved up to third. We felt "on the shelf" and hoped marriage would come to us, but we seemed to have become wall flowers and we found no opening. Time has softened our bitterness, but we are still sensitive about our failure and the other day we were cut to the quick when we heard someone speak of our second year as "The Old Maids' Tragedy."

SERENA HAND.

1923

If "all the world's a stage" your success is assured. Even your promising début in May Day did not prepare us for your triumph in "He, the One Who Gets Slapped." Three years of friendship with you have proved that our attitude in regard to Sophomore Rules was justifiable, and we are grateful to you. We sympathize with some of your protests against over-organization, but we beg you not to abolish everything; leave us a few familiar land-marks to recognize when we come back to see you next year.

This Side of Dalton

THIS is the story of a failure which took place in the days when mind struggled with matter and they found that there was a great deal the matter with mind. It all happened inside of Dalton where Terror and Huff reign, and it is for those who only know the building from this side that we tell the Tale, forever a warning to those hapless ones who would penetrate its mysteries.

* * *

The Girl opened the door carelessly: she was unaffected and walked with a Simple Harmonic Motion. As she stepped inside a sudden movement of the ether made her notice a large Sine with a Co-sine right next to it: "Everybody must continue in a state of uniform motion in a straight line unless interrupted." The Girl felt frightened; some power stronger than her will was at work. All at once she began to move; hours later she was still moving. She became first tired and then exhausted, but on she went. The interruption came at last, for she came to an abrupt halt as she fell down an inclined plane. She put out her lever arm to steady herself and as she did so a tall man came up to her and said, "Please take this Quiz!" She remembered her Mother saying to her, "Every action produces an equal and opposite reaction," so she knocked him down and failed to take the Quiz. The man had a certain Mechanical Advantage over her and she felt that she was in his power, but she determined not to show her fear and began to conserve all her energy until the right moment should arrive. The Man looked at her and took her temperature, for he felt in a certain indefinable way that her Thermal Capacity was not normal. "You have lost a degree," he said; he looked worried and began to get his apparatus ready. First he weighed her in air and then he weighed her in water; he looked more worried than ever. "You have lost a great deal," he said gently.

The Girl looked at her watch; it had begun to go counter clock-wise and she could not read it. Even a little watch was not safe here! She suddenly caught sight of a Wheatstone Bridge. Release was in sight! She ran to it and jumped. Nature frustrated her, for the current was too strong and she was washed ashore by a sound wave. When she was herself again they forced a few calories of food down her throat by means of a tuning fork. Under constant pressure she began to expand; her resentment was reaching the fusion point. While the Man was looking the other way she seized a piece of sealing wax, and having charged it by rubbing it on her sleeve she touched his arm with the deadly weapon and instantly electrocuted him.

Free once more, she was on the point of leaving the building when a Lion of Force drove her into another room. Here she came face to face with Einstein. There was a certain magnetism about him and unwillingly the Girl felt herself impelled toward him. The great man looked at her. "My dear, it's all relative anyway," he said, "so why worry! Now go! You are here and now discharged." Without stopping to thank him, with an accelerated velocity the Girl ran off and shut the doors of Natural Science behind her forever.

SERENA HAND.

VERA, THE MEDIUM

OR

A HEART-THROBBING DRAMA OF GIRLHOOD

Reel I. THE BAT (IN THE BELFRY).

Scene. Batch's room. A dim light in the corner; clouds of incense. Jacobi enters and falls over a book as she tries to escape. Our Vera, Haworth, holds out alluring hands. Jacobi, against her will, sinks down beside her. Invoking her spirits, Haworth seeks to draw the Parade Song from her terror-stricken victim, who, unfortunately, does not know it.

Reel II. WAY DOWN STAIRS.

Scene I. Haworth's room, tastefully decorated with hand-painted gold-fish bowls. The light is faint. An eager group is sitting in a circle around a small table. A question is transmitted to the other world and the table suddenly begins to tear itself away from the petrified company. June screams and leaps upon the couch, which creaks protestingly. Gulie, Batch, and E. stick manfully by the table.

Scene II. A Pitch-black corridor. The table is bobbing madly downstairs followed by a weird, awe-struck crowd. The shrieks uttered by June, who has been resuscitated by curiosity, have collected throngs.

Scene III. The morning after, in the Mausoleum. Miss Adair mournfully looking at the ruins of what was once a small mahogany table. Her eyes light vengefully.

Scene IV. Luncheon the same day, in the Rock dining-room. A bell rings. Miss Adair rises and proclaims emphatically that hereafter communications with the spirit world shall not be conducted with the Mausoleum furniture.

Reel III. THE CAT AND THE CANARY.

Scene I. The Leuba Dining Room. Time, 8 P. M.

The Leuba family, minus Clarence, who is calling in the neighborhood, Miss Sabin, Gulie, and Our Medium are present. They are expectantly clasping hands around a massive oak table. Dr. Leuba looks doubting; Miss Sabin registers faith, Gulie hope, Mrs. Leuba charity, and Haworth, the focus of all eyes, fairly radiates complacency.

Scene II. Same scene. Time, 10 P. M.

The table as before; Mrs. Leuba yawns, Miss Sabin wonders, Gulie looks scared, and Dr. Leuba is triumphant. Her countenance darkened by overwhelming chagrin, Haworth slinks to the door.*

*We always thought Dr. Leuba showed a mean spirit in picking out such a big table. Haworth was such a little girl.

MARTHA TUCKER.

EARTH has not got a worse place anywhere,
Dull is she not of wit, who can pass Bi,
A subject awful in complexity,
The Bi Lab now is filled with maidens fair..
The beauty of the college, bowed with care.
Cats, lobsters, and rabbits, worms and amoebas lie
Open unto the nose and to the eye
All new unpickled in the fragrant air.
Ne'er will the instructor let me keep
In its first splendor what I draw so ill;
Ne'er saw I, never watched that microbe creep!
My pencil glideth at its own free will:..
Oh, soon my very classmates are asleep
And all the time the clock seems standing still.

M. V.

Dangerous Days

SPRING! Japanese cherry trees blooming by the Lib; May-Day poles on Merion green; Charlie-Horse all over the campus—this is Spring. Rancocas picnics where one paddles up a New Jersey stream in company with many shirt-sleeved men and shop-girls in middy-blouses, under every bush a picnic in full swing; trolley cars, ferries, and trains home—this is Spring. Senior singing on Taylor steps, evening raids on P. T.'s garden, where one stumbles over all the other people who have come to do the same thing; promiscuous picnics in all the hollows on campus—this is Spring. George's Ford; an unsteady trip to a far-away brook; swimming in ice-water and nothing else; seventeen punctures on the way home, and a cold the next day—this is Spring. An accentuated indisposition to attend lectures, resulting in over-cutting among Freshmen; tea-house hounds, hot on the trail of iced-tea and strawberry sundaes; suitors on Sunday with the usual young man's fancy—this is Spring. Seniors, making the best of the last few weeks of a misspent life; Juniors, electing each other for official positions; Sophomores as ever trying to exhibit a belated passion for their sister class; Freshmen under foot everywhere—this is Spring. War-worn editors, begging for contributions to the class-book; classes reuning under every tree with class competition still continuing, only now the criterion instead of athletic points is children; the lawn mower chugging on endlessly—this is Spring.

Perhaps you thought that Spring was restful; perhaps you imagined that it consisted of birds and breezes and all the things of which the poet sings. Gentle reader, think again.

EMILY ANDERSON.





Athletics, 1919-1920

All-Round Championship—Won by 1921

TENNIS

Won by 1923

Captain—J. PALACHE

Team

K. GARDNER
J. PALACHE

C. BAIRD
O. HOWARD
On Varsity—K. GARDNER

D. DESSAU

HOCKEY

Won by 1921

Captain—E. DONOHUE

Manager—M. TYLER

Team

E. ANDERSON
P. NORCROSS
A. NICOLL
E. FINCH

M. TYLER
M. KRECH
F. BLISS
H. GUTHRIE

R. NEEL
E. DONOHUE
G. RHOADS

On Varsity—A. NICOLL
H. GUTHRIE
E. DONOHUE

Substitutes—E. ANDERSON
M. TYLER
G. RHOADS

WATER POLO

Won by 1921

Captain—E. ANDERSON

Manager—F. BLISS

Team

O. HOWARD
E. HOBDY
A. NICOLL

E. ANDERSON
E. DONOHUE

A. DUNN
R. NEEL

On Varsity—E. ANDERSON

Substitutes—A. NICOLL

O. HOWARD

SWIMMING MEET

Won by 1921

Captain—R. NEEL

Manager—F. BLISS

Team

E. ANDERSON
F. BLISS
E. DONOHUE

E. HOBDY
O. HOWARD
R. NEEL

A. NICOLL
L. WYCKOFF

Third Place in Individual—Won by E. ANDERSON

APPARATUS MEET

Won by 1921

Captain—A. NICOLL

Team

F. BLISS
B. CLARKE

O. HOWARD
A. NICOLL

P. SMITH

BASKET-BALL

Won by 1920

Captain—F. BLISS

Manager—E. ANDERSON

Team

F. BLISS
B. CLARKE

O. HOWARD
A. NICOLL

P. SMITH

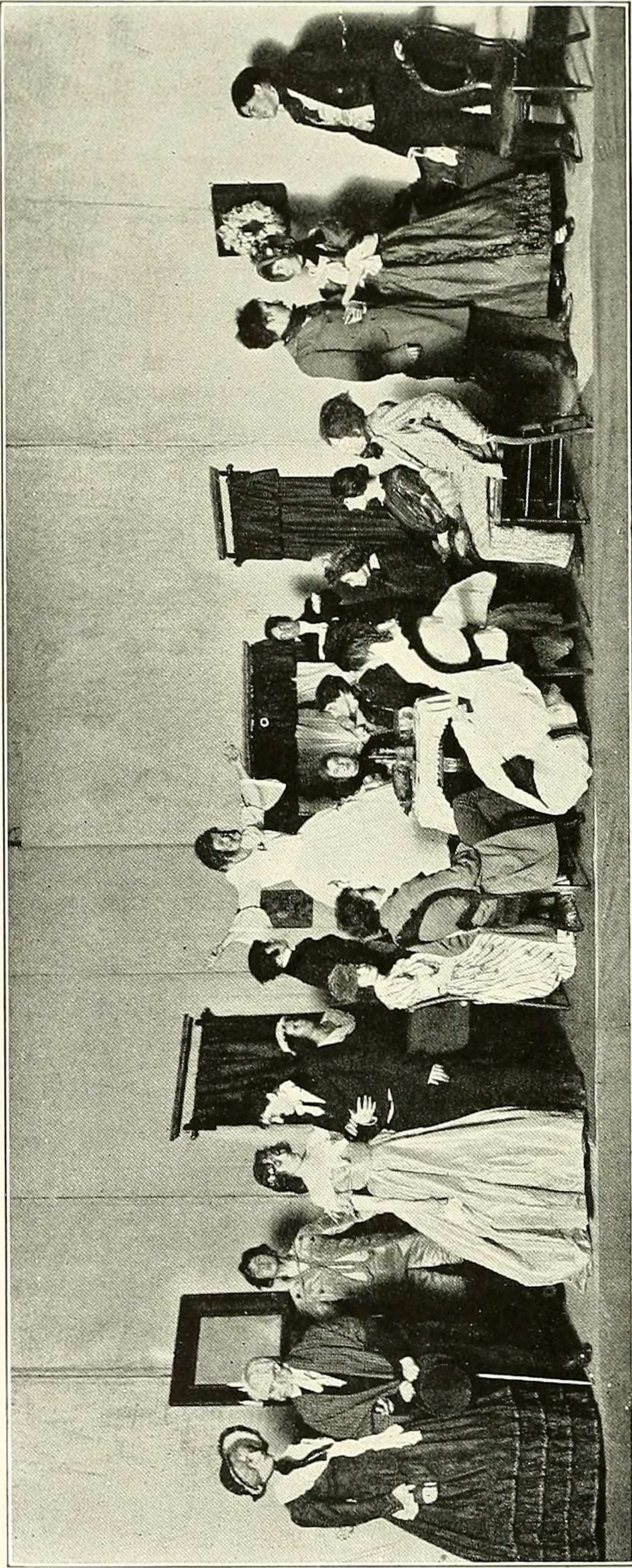
On Varsity—F. BLISS

A. NICOLL

Substitutes—O. HOWARD

P. SMITH

Junior Year



TRELAWNEY OF THE WELLS

Class Officers

President

MARGARET BAILEY SPEER

Vice-President and Treasurer

SERENA EVERETT HAND

Secretary

ALICE MARY NICOLL

SONG MISTRESS—Loretta May Grim.

UNDERGRADUATE ASSOCIATION—*Vice-President and Treasurer*, Margaret Tyler;
Secretary, Serena Everett Hand;
Advisory Board, Emily Tremaine Anderson.

SELF-GOVERNMENT ASSOCIATION—*Secretary*, Margaret Alice Kennard;
Executive Board, Katherine Lucretia Gardner,
Octavia Duvall Howard.

CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION—*Treasurer*, Margaret Bailey Speer (resigned), Elizabeth Belle Hobdy;
Members of Board, Marion Rawson (resigned), Margaret Alice Kennard, Prue Durant Smith.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION—*Junior Members*, Alice Mary Nicoll, Emily Tremaine Anderson, Frances McDowell Bliss.

THE COLLEGE NEWS—*Editors*, Frances McDowell Bliss, Barbara Clarke, Marie Farnsworth Willcox;
Business Board, Cornelia Marcia Baird, Mary Douglass Hay.

THE LANTERN—*Editors*, Vinton Liddell, Prue Durant Smith, Anne May Gabel;
Business Board, Ethel Blake Brown, Mildred Alice Voorhees.

A Lib Utopia

ON my fiftieth reunion, after visiting the recently completed Students' Building, I dropped in at the Lib to renew old times. As the heavy door swung open, my feet were suddenly knocked from under me, and I sat down heavily. Upon regaining consciousness I became aware of a huge face, like that on the funny pier at Atlantic City, gazing down at me from what used to be the top of the stairs, and from the mouth of this creature popped the form of one girl after another, who catapulted down a winding slide to the basement floor, where she came to a stop in a bowl-like structure. I determined to follow, no matter what the cost, although my skirt (they all wore knickers) somewhat hampered my motions. After climbing up a rope ladder at the foot with the help of an attendant in livery, I entered the sanctum long ago known as stacks. It might more properly be named "snacks", for this part of the library had been rented in 1950 by the famous catering firm of Knox, Donohue & Daughters, and the card catalogue had been transformed into an automat. The Reference Room was leased as the "Ratz Eric Salon". Here one could buy anything from a balloon to a ball-gown. These two business concerns had run the Book Shop out of existence.

The New Book Room was filled with tea tables, and each section between book-cases at that end was curtained off into an alcove for the use of suitors, the only regulation being that an official chaperon should dangle her legs from the stack gallery above.

Ascending by an escalator, I found the students playing cards at each of the two hundred little tables which filled the main room. From the chandelier hung a trapeze where Dr. Gray, still youthful, could exercise, his beard floating in the breeze. Dancers circled round to music radioed from the Surette-Alwyne Memorial Band. At the far end of the room a row of musical chairs played while one gazed at Mrs. Jarley's wax-works of Barty in his cell, P. T. in an Arabian bath-tub, etc.

Descending the winding staircase, I found Dr. Arlitt conducting a maze. I paid fifty cents to get in, but soon gave an attendant a dollar to get me out. Another dollar was parted with e'er I entered the Athletic Side Show where Miss Applebee was effecting remarkable psychological cures for the fat and thin by showing them their reflections in curved mirrors.

I left all these innovations with a feeling of longing for the old days, and I entered the Cloisters in the hope that here, at least, nothing would be changed. But as I opened the door a gong sounded, and from each of fifty diving boards attached to the wall of the Cloisters, a girl dived into the fountain, now greatly enlarged, for her daily bath.

GRACE RHOADS.

YEAR 1918-1922. SEMESTER BEGINNING October 4, ENDING June 8.

SEMESTER IN COLLEGE	NAME OF COURSE	HOURS PER Week	INSTRUCTOR'S SIGNATURE	MARKS	REMARKS
1	Introduction to Competitive Athletics and Eurhythmics.	10 count- ing as 2	C. M. K. A.	45 course re- peated in Senior Yr. C.	! * ?
2 and 3	Experimental Study of Elementary Principles of Dramatic Technique as seen in Mid-Victorian Period.	4 hours of lab. per week	H. J. S.	50 70	T. L. V. B.
1 2 3 4	Social Psychology of Class Relations. Private Reasons	Hours and hours	1919 1920 1921	H. P. (High Pressure)	Too Personal
3	Daily Schemes in connection with physical and social status of the upper classes in the year 1920-1921.	All	A. Scandall	Bloody	Censored
4	The Reformation and Its Probable Modern Results.	6 Hours per Reform	M. M. Carey M. B. Speer	H. C.	Our Own free will

Soul Symbolism

Marnie	Radium
Sunny	Silver and Gold
Loretta	Rosemont Chimes
Henrietta	White Oak Tree
Polly	Uranium
Evelyn	Tomato with perfume of a rose
Happy	A flower that a butterfly lights on
Audrey	Shelley's Sensitive Plant
Liz	A Lily
Lillian	A Pansy
Story	Chrysanthemum
Louise	Ivy
Rawson	Buckeye Tree
Rhett	Healing Flower
Missy	Wild Honeysuckle
Peggy	North Star
Ikey	Platinum
Virginia	Great Stone Face
Prue	Evergreen
Grace	Cauliflower
Dougie	California Orange
Barbara	Aluminum
Fung Kei	Mahogany
Ethel	Aurora
Orbie	Mercury
Orlie	Elm Tree
Anna	Quartz
Garrie	Alabaster
Rabbit	Poppie
Nett	Plume
Fink	Golden Iris
Pickle	Amaryllis growing in sand stone
Constance	Mecca
Tavy	Crocus
Batch	Beatrice
E	Pink Hyacinth
Gulie	Cherry Tree
Olive	Cowslip
Dot W.	Ash Tree
Reenie	Scintilla
Dot D.	Bronze covered with worn brass
Trina	Squirrel

Burge	Columbine—with the fruit of a Hazel-nut
Mecky	Date Tree
Anne	Pianoforte wire
Kay	Helium
Em	Sycamore
Marge	Wordsworth's Daffodils
Bun	Phosphorus
Bliss	Currant
Susie	Marigold—with the grace of a rose
Josie	Foxglove
Lib	Antonio
Min	Portia
Peek	The Noble Bison
Alice W.	Mayflower

EDITH HEALEA.

Kubla Can't

NEAR Bosphorus did P. T. now
 A stately harem home decree
 Where scholars without number ran
 For conclave undefiled by man
 Down by the sonless sea.
 So twice five miles of fertile ground
 With camel walks were circled round,
 And there were gardens bright with chandeliers,
 Where blossomed many a marron-bearing tree,
 And always Ada plates of fodder bears,
 Recalling sunny thoughts of Deanery.
 A maiden with a Beowulf
 In a vision once I saw;
 It was a fair Hoboken maid
 And on her Tamburlaine she played,
 Singing of 1908.
 Could I revive within me
 Her symphony and song,
 Such prizes it would win me
 That at Wallace' all day long,
 I would spend my money there
 For luscious cone and strawberry ice,
 And all who passed should see me there,
 Nor conscience cry, Beware! Beware!
 And bills should never come but twice.

VINTON LIDDELL.

1921

We knew the college took you in as a war measure, 1921, and so we tried to be patriotic. On the whole the task was an easy one. We don't have to applaud your athletic success; two all-round championships speak for that. As for your literary genius, it won the admiration of P. T., Robert Frost and ourselves. In dramatics you never had a real chance: for better, for worse, who can say? Your aggressive class spirit caused an equally violent reaction, and was responsible for what you term our Blue Law policy. You cramped our style, but you made college interesting.

We believed till we met you that a sense of humor was indispensable—and we still believe it. We might have appreciated you more, '21, had you appreciated yourselves less, but, nevertheless, we were almost as sad at your commencement as we are at our own.

Happiness and the Pursuit of Love or Omnia Vincit Amor

IT was eating time in the great hall—eating time with its bowls of cereal, with its bottles of milk; eating time with its cauldrons of tomato soup, and cups of steaming muggle; in short, it was eating time. Is *this* the dawn of love? you ask me. Wait and see; do not spoil the story.

“Bunny!” she murmured, “Bunny!” and erstwhile she would wring her hands as one bestrick and mutter into the telephone, “He cometh not!”

The love of Bunny and Jane was of that pure and almost divine type, only to be found in Pembroke West. Of this same type was that of Bobbie and Shef, Emily and Hill, Brushy and Jack.

But even superior to this was Ginny’s love for Bill Hart. They had never met. Years before she had seen his face painted on a poster. She had turned pale; fallen into a swoon. Her Hart had spoken.

In the room of the eternal triangle (frequently quadrangle) there is another group of revellers. But where is love? We look upon the walls and only female faces stare down at us. We look into the muggle can. No evidence there. We stand on our heads and look up the chimney. No masculine features strike our anxious gaze. Yet the desk is bestrewn with letters. Whence come they?

The minutes pass and keep passing. In Prue’s room big subjects are being discussed. We can tell that each here has known love in her own way—not in the way we mean, however, and into their private secrets we may not probe.

Let us look once more for true love. Missy and Peggy are eating out of their yellow bowls. They look innocent and pure. Has love come into their lives? No, only elephants. Do *you* never look back upon the time when you watched the Noah’s Ark animals walk two by two across the floor? Well, you skunk!

Old Taylor strikes twenty-five times, then half-strikes thirty-six more, then dolefully strikes out.

FROM PEMBROKE EAST.

College Rings

“Let’s get together, girls,” they said,
“And have a college ring.”
“Hurrah!” the undergraduate cried,
“That will be just the thing!
Then when we meet in ’83
I’ll know you’re you, and you I’m me.”

E. T. A.

Diggers in the Dark

YOU who know Mother Nature only in her more superficial aspects, listen to the tale of how her great secrets were revealed to one little maid. . . .

Tiny Betty in the fall of 1921 was enrolled in the Dalton kindergarten class, which was held on the very top floor of that great building. It seemed an ideal place to me as I chanced to visit it one day. I walked into the great room, and there at long tables sat the busy little bees at work. What rows of happy faces greeted me! The kiddies were all supplied with crayons and drawing-books, which were just too much fun. They fairly radiated delight as they sat there, and, under the teacher's guidance, sketched in all the little rivers in blue, mountains in red, and learned so many wonderful things about Nature that one could see that they were just bubbling over with love for her. Sometimes they had, so Betty told me, an educational movie—film fun, you know—and they did so enjoy dating the period of the big rocks shown on the screen by the costumes and hats of the sight-seers photographed in the same picture. It was all so simple and graphic.

For special treats the tiny tots were taken on splendid long automobile rides. I used to watch Betty set out in the afternoon, armed with her cunning hammer. Soon she would be joined by her play-mates, chattering and laughing like so many mag-pies. What a sight it was! What a scampering and clambering into the two big buses! Amid general uproar, off they went, all filled with the glad spirit of the occasion.

Or else Betty would join a good cross-country game of Hare and Hounds, or, Follow the Leader. She leapt across or into brooks, climbed over fences, scaled cliffs, raced across soap-stone dikes, and up terraces of re-excavation. Oh, it was glorious sport! Oh, the happy times of childhood!

* * * *

But now I must come to the sad part of my story. Poor little Betty! One tiny soul whom Mother Nature seemed to abandon and betray. As time went on her good, wise teacher left her—also a few of her class-mates. The simple automobile which once seemed so harmless became the instrument of maudlin joy-rides. She would disappear soon after lunch and not return for hours at a time. She no longer showed the same glad spirit, nor her beautiful love of nature. She tried to ferret out poor, dead creatures, and dug them up from their peaceful graves. Things went from bad to worse: one day Betty departed at daybreak, and was seen in a rowdy party going toward Camden. Hour after hour went by, and she

had not returned. Noon came; still no sign. I could stand it no longer. I determined to follow. After an endless ride under the scorching midday sun I reached a wretched hole called New Egypt, a few run-down shacks beside a railroad track. From somewhere came the sound of vulgar rag-time. I followed it, and soon came upon a disreputable bar-room. Something seemed to urge me on. The bar-keeper rolled a large, black cigar in his mouth, and was busy mixing drinks. I hesitated to go further, but the rag-time became louder, and I heard the sound of jazzing feet issuing from the next room. It was labelled "Dance Hall." I forced my way in.

How can I describe the scene which presented itself? A garish room with colored crepe-paper decorations. Here, swaying madly around in the intricacies of the most abandoned of dances, half-empty bottles in their hands, were Betty and her associates, while all the town louts loafed about ogling them. Oh, the horror of it! Oh, poor, erring Betty! What could I do? Gently I took her by the hand and led her out of that sweltering place into the pure air. She was incoherent and muttered, "Cretaceous fossils, cretaceous foss—! Oh, oh, oh!"

"So it has come to this?" I said.
I took her home and put her to bed.

KATHERINE PEEK.

Shrubs

Why can't they let the poor shrub be?
They snatch it up persistently;
Sometimes it's here, and sometimes there,
And sometimes 't isn't anywhere.
Today I found it quite forlorn
Crouching behind a wall of corn.

S. E. H.

A Vision of Judgment

Revealed to the Minor English class.

(Being a prose version of a well-known poem—supplemented by the notes of an equally well-known personage.)

IT was really most awfully dull. The little circle of “romantic poets” felt their heads nodding hopelessly in their hands. Wordsworth, who had one of his apoplectic headaches again, stroked his long white wings reflectively, and thought of France. It was indeed emotion recollected in tranquility. Only Lord Byron, who was afraid of getting fat, danced about in an eighteenth century manner.

Suddenly the gates burst asunder. Somebody seemed to be waiting to get in.

“Hope it’s a Young Ladies’ Boarding School,” cried Shelley, as though waking from a dream.

“Hope she’s pretty,” said Byron, poking playfully among Wordsworth’s ribs.

“Well, she won’t be,” answered Wordsworth crossly.

“She’ll be old and have swollen ankles.”

“Oh, mercy to myself, I cried,

If Lucy should be dead.”

he added irrelevantly, lapsing again into oblivion.

At this point the newcomer appeared.

“What a *very* strange coincidence,” said Wordsworth, looking rather startled.

The newcomer wore an academic robe, and swayed ever so slightly from side to side. Her hair was gray, parted in the middle, and from her general demeanor she might have been termed an English woman.

“Well,” said St. Peter, who walked behind, carrying the rusty keys, “here they are; but they don’t seem to know you.”

The newcomer put her hand to her head and patted her hair. Her feelings of disappointment were obviously too poignant to be expressed.

Byron, to whom courtesy was law, extended his hand, but though the newcomer forced a smile to her lips, she hid in a startled manner behind St. Peter’s skirts. (She had once known a lady who had been acquainted with Mr. Byron.)

Finally, after not a little hesitation, during which she seemed to find difficulty in putting her thoughts into words, she went up to Shelley, whose big eyes she found very charming.

“He must know me,” she said.

But Shelley had already lapsed into another transport.

“He *must* know me,” she whispered awefully, pulling Wordsworth by the sleeve. But he had begun to write a sonnet about a forsaken washerwoman, whose very wash-tub had deserted her.*

Suddenly there appeared another figure in the offing, carrying a suit-case.

“That,” said St. Peter, “is Southey on his way to hell. He is truly romantic, and is therefore about to flee.”

The newcomer brightened. “Perhaps he will take me along,” she said.

Something miraculous made Southey turn around as she uttered these words. (She had recently praised those works of his.)

“Come,” he called. And together they slipped out through the gates.

MILDRED VOORHEES.

* NOTE.—See Minor English Notes for the value of the Tub in poetry.

1924

We have always felt that you were quite able to take care of yourselves. We started to bring you up, but you rapidly became independent. You have been consistently good in everything that you have attempted, and you have attempted many things. Perhaps what we have said seems to lack affection, but Even Classes are notably undemonstrative. Your songs waking us to the first clear May Day in history are one of many pleasant memories. We leave you with great regret but with no fear for the future.

We Are '22

I MET a very old alum,
Forty years old, she said.
Her once-bobbed hair now long become
Clustered about her head.

She wore a dark blue hockey-skirt,
For she was wildly clad.
With hockey stick she was alert,
Her vigor made me glad.

Where are your classmates, old alum?
And what class may you be?
"What class? Why, '22! How dum!"
She wondering looked at me.

"And where are they, I pray you tell?"
"Why, '22 are we,
And some of us have married well
And some will never be.

"The first we lost was Evelyn;
A meet one was the day,
On which she took the horses in,
Which she had stol'n away.

"So now she is behind the bars,
And when the pool is dry
We show her apparatus stars,
My brother 'Gym' and I.

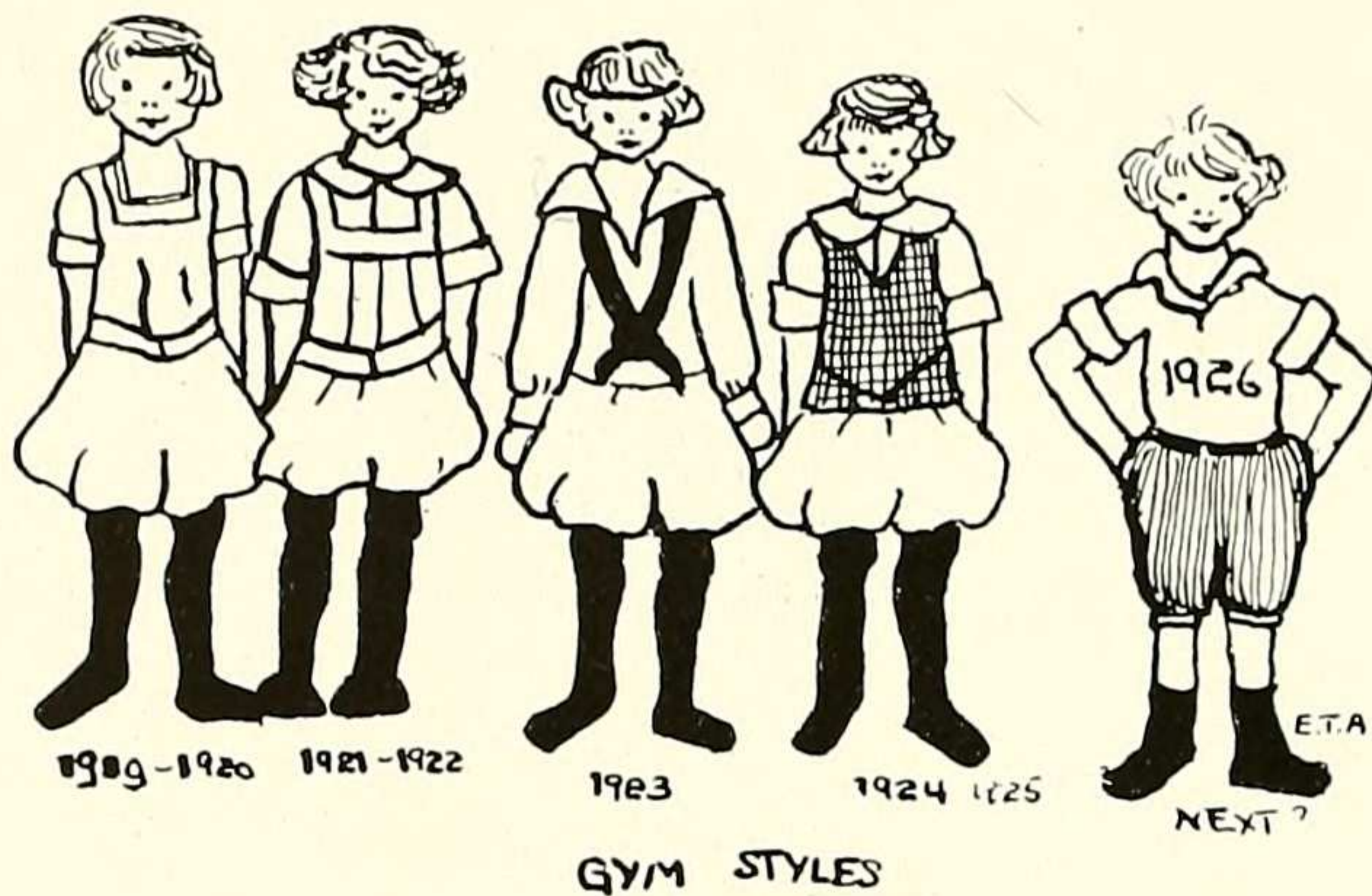
Our Marnie now does stockings knit
Until her eyes are dim,
Her one twin is a Sunny chit,
The other one is Grim."

"But they aren't here, they are not here,
Their spirits must be blue."
'Twas throwing words away, for still
The old alum would have her will,
And said, "We're '22."

MILDRED VOORHEES.



MIMMY AND MARNY



Athletics 1920-1921

All-round Championship won by 1921

HOCKEY

Won by 1921

Captain—E. DONOHUE

Manager—E. ANDERSON

Team

E. FINCH
 M. TYLER
 C. BAIRD
 A. NICOLL

M. KRECH
 B. CLARKE
 F. BLISS
 A. ORBISON

E. DONOHUE
 R. NEEL
 G. RHOADES

On Varsity

M. TYLER
 F. BLISS

A. NICOLL

M. KRECH
 E. DONOHUE

Substitute—G. RHOADS

WATER POLO

Won by 1921

Captain—F. BLISS

Manager—A. NICOLL

Team

P. SMITH
 E. HOBDY
 O. HOWARD

E. ANDERSON
 A. NICOLL

F. BLISS
 R. NEEL

On Varsity

E. ANDERSON

F. BLISS

A. NICOLL

Substitute—O. HOWARD

SWIMMING MEET

Won by 1921

Captain—F. BLISS

Manager—R. NEEL

Team

E. ANDERSON
F. BLISS
E. DONOHUE

O. HOWARD
A. NICOLL
R. NEEL

H. STEVENS
L. WYCKOFF
A. WOODRUFF

College Records Broken

68-foot swim on back—E. ANDERSON

Second Place in Individual—Won by E. ANDERSON

APPARATUS MEET

Won by 1921

Captain—A. NICOLL

Manager—M. VOORHEES

Team

F. BLISS
B. CLARKE
A. NICOLL

R. NEEL
A. ORBISON
E. ROGERS

H. STEVENS
K. STILES
M. VOORHEES

TENNIS

Won by 1923

Captain—K. GARDNER

Manager—O. HOWARD

Team

K. GARDNER
O. HOWARD

J. PALACHE
R. NEEL

K. STILES

On Varsity—K. GARDNER
O. HOWARD

BASKET-BALL

Won by 1921

Captain—F. BLISS

Manager—A. NICOLL

Team

F. BLISS
B. CLARKE

O. HOWARD
A. NICOLL

P. SMITH

On Varsity—A. NICOLL
F. BLISS
Substitute—B. CLARKE

Senior Year



ALL ENGLAND HOCKEY TEAM
VARSITY HOCKEY TEAM, 1921-1922

Class Officers

President

MARGARET TYLER

Vice-President and Treasurer

SERENA EVERETT HAND

Secretary

PRUE DURANT SMITH

SONG MISTRESS—Loretta May Grim.

Assistant, Elizabeth McGowan Hall.

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Vice-President, Jane Rust Burges.

SCIENCE CLUB—*President*, Evelyn Rogers;

Treasurer, Harriet Lyman Stevens.

SPANISH CLUB—*President*, Cornelia Marcia Baird.

ITALIAN CLUB—*President*, Mildred Alice Voorhees.

DEBATING CLUB—*President*, Orlie Anna Haggerty Pell.

GLEE CLUB—*President*, Loretta May Grim.

THE COLLEGE NEWS—*Editor-in-Chief*, Frances McDowell Bliss;

Editors, Barbara Clarke, Marie Farnsworth Willcox;

Business Board, Cornelia Marcia Baird (manager), Mary
Douglass Hay.

THE LANTERN—*Editor-in-Chief*, Prue Durant Smith;

Editors, Anne Gabel, Suzanne Katherine Aldrich;

Business Board, Ethel Blake Brown (manager), Mildred Alice
Voorhees, Eleanor Custis Bennett.



A Long Tale

“YOU’RE not attending,” said Cousin Alys severely. “What are you thinking of?”

“The past four years and what a long sad tale I have had,” said the tiger.

“It is a long tail, certainly, but why do you call it sad?”—and she kept puzzling about it while the tiger was speaking and muttering “hear, hear,” so that her idea of the tale was something like this:

When Tip walked
abroad we were
terribly awed; the
Seniors were ogres
we struggled to
please. Though
'20 was wise and
seemed old in our
eyes, we'd known
them as Juniors and
felt more at our ease.
The rule of the red never
went to our head; we'd
known them too long
to fear them at all.
Though up on the
pinnacle now, we
are cynical; even with
Marnie we feel very
small. We don't
like it at
all.

E. T. A.
E. J. P.
S. E. H.

Extra!

Extract from official Rules—revised April 21, 1922

1. Soup in all halls will be served at 6.30 P. M..
2. When meat is served by one maid the other maid will follow with vegetables.
3. Luncheon service will be the same as dinner: 1st, soup; 2d, luncheon dish; 3rd, dessert; 4th, coffee after the dessert is served.

MAIN LINE MISSES MAKE HISTORY DAINTY DENBIGHITES TRY OUT NEW SPORT FOOD MEAT ATTRACTS ATTENTION ORBISON CHAMPION

Piling up a score of 11 points, Miss Agnes Orbison, the pretty little Bryn Mawr miss, proved that the ingenious new feature in indoor sports recently introduced at the college will be most popular among the fair sex. Assembling at the dining-room door at 6.30 promptly, the Senior team, handsomely gowned, crashed through the ropes. They took their places at the appointed table as rapidly as possible but with that calm confidence indicative of a well-trained team. At the shrill blast of Starter Nicoll's whistle they plunged into their soup for the first heat. From the beginning Miss Orbison took the offensive; Miss Peek, overcome by hysteria, had to default in the event. No other casualties occurred, and the breathless side-lines saw Miss Orbison, at the last flying spoonful, proclaimed the victor. Miss Howard, a dark horse never before considered a serious competitor in gastronomic speed, came in second; to the surprise of all, this fair-haired lassie got down her soup in fine form.

The next event was called, and many damsels were entered for meat, potatoes, spinach and carrots, some even for all. Again Miss Orbison triumphed; she cut a splendid figure and was soon well down the course; Miss Finch and Miss Dom tied for second and Miss Cameron placed third.

The salad was the least popular event and the entries were unenthusiastic. It seemed as though the tide was turning against Miss Orbison for she trailed in second, Miss Pell being an easy first. The referees on investigation discovered that Miss Pell had fouled by not eating her cracker. The sturdy Main-liner was much distressed but was later completely exonerated as one of the colored officials had inadvertently secreted her cracker under a spare napkin.

The dessert event caused a furor owing to the strawberry sauce, and all the Seniors entered with renewed vigor. Miss Orbison not satisfied with her record-breaking time of 2 minutes, 25½ seconds went through the event a second time with no apparent effort. She was forthwith proclaimed individual champion with a score of 11 points. She was carried out on the shoulders of her jubilant teammates to the rousing strains of "Cheer on cheer, we know no fear," the historic battle-cry of the Dark Blue. Hearty congratulations were in order for this new Atalanta. All present felt the double significance of both the outcome of the meat, and of its import for the future of women's competitive athletics.

ALICE NICOLL.

KATHERINE PEEK.

“The Animals Come in Two by Two”

Scene: Pembroke Dining Room—Senior table.

Smell: Fish.

Time: 6.30.

(As door opens, enter the Friendly One, seats herself at head of table and greets all who come in with cheery smile and “Hullo, everybody”).

Five minutes elapse.

Enter Rawson and Missy from opposite sides of the room, smile sweetly upon one another and sit down side by side. Ditto Peggy and Happy, Ikey and Polly.

A desultory stream of Animals fills up the seats, Prue and Scribby separating reluctantly. Finally, Loretta and Sunny squabbling, and Marnie.

As doors shut, Rat and Ray in the forbidden middies slink into their seats, casting terrified glances at Peg.)

COURSE THE FIRST

COLD SOUP

RAWSON (*politely*).—I don't care for any.

MISSY.—Yes—no. I sink so. I don't care.

RAT (*vehemently*).—Ugh! (*Pushes it away.*)

DOT (*pounding the table*).—I want some attention, people. Remember, we're giving '23 a party tonight. You'll help make sandwiches?

AUDREY.—Oh, Dot, I don't see why you have to have it this week. Anyway, I hate sandwiches! (*Squirms.*)

MISSY.—Keep quiet. I want to hear what they are saying at the end of the table!

COURSE THE SECOND

BAKED POTATOES

STEW OR FISH

SPINACH

RAWSON.—I don't care for any, thank you!

MISSY.—Rawson, please——

(As the fragrant fish arrives the table very naturally turns to soles (souls). Edith presides.)

EVELYN.—Have you my soul yet?

EDITH (*gazes into space with rapt expression*).—Well, your soul is a tomato—with the smell of a rose.

EVELYN (*disappointed*).—Oh! What does that mean?

EDITH.—I've forgotten.

RAT (*Shrieking from end of table*).—What's mine?

EDITH (*promptly*).—An egg-shell—or a kangaroo.

(Bell rings.) Sunny mounts chair and begins with engaging smile and confidential

tone I have a lot to say today, so if you could all bear with me—— (*Fifteen announcements follow with continual promptings and corrections from her better thirds.*)

LORETTA (*at end of oration*).—That girl will kill me!

PRUE (*taking advantage of the silence*).—I am glad to see by the marks that the Seniors are keeping up a good standard, especially in Bi. This year we've simply got to be REAL Seniors!

SUNNY.—Let's sing "She Hit Him with a Shingle!"

(*Chorus of "Let's not" in undertones. Nevertheless they sing, Grace coming in strong on "You've been drinking." Feeble applause from 1924.*)

CHORUS.—1923 something appropriate!

(*Singing continues intermittently throughout meal.*)

CCOURSE THE THIRD

SALAD

RAWSON.—I don't care for any, etc.

(*Missy looks eloquent. Sunny holds up a flopping cracker. Giggles from Marnie.*)

LORETTA (*weakly*).—That girl will kill me!

AUDREY (*messing up her salad and wriggling*).—I don't see why they don't give us Russian dressing!

PEG.—Oh, Hap, doesn't this look like Foramniferous ooze?

CHORUS.—Shut up!!

COURSE THE FOURTH

WIGGLY JELLY with queer aroma and unspeakable sauce.

TAPES (*in unison, shoving back chairs and exiting*).—Can't stand this! Let's Milch!

MISSY (*disgusted*).—Well, you don't have to talk like that about it. (*Takes last gulp of water, and with "Come on, Peg," follows Rawson.*)

POLLY (*to Ikey*).—Don't you want to come skating?

IKEY.—Oh, I told Pickle I'd go with her! (*Exit, talking.*)

(*The remaining animals wander out half fed and growling. The curtain falls on the Big Three still sitting.*)

FROM THE TAPES.



1925

If your red seems a little pale, 1925, we realize that it is still too early to compare you with your vivid predecessor. We like your enthusiasm and feel that it will take you far—in what direction we are not quite sure. At any rate, we shall look for you on the front page of the *News*.

Editorial Episodes

OUR journalistic experiences while running the *News* have varied from finding out for one gentleman how many potential missionaries college contained to informing another what were the ideal qualities for the husband of a Bryn Mawr graduate. One episode promised to be exciting. We were called to the telephone.

"Is this the editor of the *College News*?" demanded a charming masculine voice. We admitted we were.

"Are you interested in kissing?" continued the voice suavely.

We were startled. Our editorial dignity was shaken. We hesitated between a haughty, "Sir, how dare you!" and a diplomatic "That depends." Diplomacy won—but we were doomed to disappointment. The charming voice belonged to a reporter who wished our opinion on a rather amatory article about kissing which had appeared in a western college paper.

The crowning blow to our editorial career came, however, one day in spring as we strolled eagerly in to lunch. Minnie, the earnest if inefficient telephone maid, rushed up and gave us a message received that morning.

"What?" we cried, aghast.

"Yes, Miss," she repeated, "the *College News* called up to find out who the editor was."

The blow was too much—we resigned the next day.

FRANCES BLISS.

What Elsie Has to Learn

Discovered.—Will and Elsie lingering over their second cups of coffee. A small pale child with a baffled expression is sitting listlessly on the floor.

Small Boy.—Ma! My nose!

Elsie (searching wildly for handkerchief).—Oh, Will, lend me yours!

Will.—Now, Elsie, how many times have I told you that wiping the nose is a conditioned reflex, *not* an instinct, and with the maturation of the nervous system an action pattern will develop which upon presentation of the correct stimulus will result in a discriminatory response—in this case, seeking out a handkerchief and applying it to the nose.

Elsie.—But, Will, this is no time—

Will.—Yes, there is something in what you say, but let us allow the boy to seek the desired object himself. In this way, training and adaptation developed in his own mind, so to say, will lead him to a type of action heretofore unacknowledged. As I see it, to give the fellow a handkerchief would give vent to a conflicting suppressed wish or action pattern which would, in a vicious circle, lead to a desire for a coupla handkerchiefs, which would utterly disintegrate the little chap.

(*Little Willie has resorted to his sleeve.*)

CATHERINE RHETT.

MERION CORPORATION

MERION HALL

BRYN MAWR

P.A.

PERSONNEL

J. BURGES
B. CLARKE
E. DONOHUE
D. FERGUSON
K. GARDNER
J. GOWING
S. HAND
M. D. HAY
F. K. LIU
M. MENG
J. PALACHE
K. STILES
A. WOODRUFF

DISCHARGED

U. BATCHELDER
E. BRUSH
E. BUMM
L. GRIM
H. GUTHRIE
J. SHEARER
C. SKINNER
E. TITCOMB
J. YEATMAN

REPORT FOR YEAR ENDING

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 8, 1922

The Corporation herewith presents its report:-

SALES DEPARTMENT- Travelling agent, E. Donohue of the Knox Co.

Owing to favorable business conditions WE have been able to open up new routes through the library, charging all the traffic will bear.

CORRESPONDENCE DEPARTMENT- Burges and Stiles.
Correspondence has been very heavy, in hopes of forming holding companies. BUSINESS IS PRESSING! Burges recommends along this line, reorganization of the system, entailing social engagements with unmarried members of the faculty.

STOCKS AND BONDS DEPARTMENT- Manager, M. Meng.
In spite of panic, stock still above par. High credit due to manager.

SOCIAL DEPARTMENT- Manager, K. Gardner.
Gardner keeps a good line of new youthful models; recommends social engagements with married members of the faculty.* By reorganization of the system along this line she hopes to get entire control of a classic firm on Roberts Road, and undercut the present partner.

PUBLICITY DEPARTMENT- Agent, S. Hand.
Information gotten on quotations from other companies. Has tried out sleeping conditions in other halls. Report unfavorable.†

WORKS COMMITTEE- Chairman, Palache.
Rivals Efficiency Department in efficiency. Has made interesting experiments in local sleeping conditions as to most favorable hours and places. Refuses to accept any positions of responsibility owing to absorbing interest in this investigation.

DIRTY WORKS COMMITTEE- Chairman, Fat.
In spite of her size we keep Fat on, because of her good nature and willingness.
With all her work she has time for recreation, which she

*cf Burges.

†Strictly confidential.

would rather spend on the clothes line than in the pool room.

CORPORATION COUNSEL—A. Woodruff.

Can argue any case, pro or con; has taken up the psychological aspect of law with her accustomed fervour.

EFFICIENCY EXPERT—B. Clarke.

GOWING AND FERGUSON.

Gowing has made a thorough survey of all branches of science in view to becoming the physician-in-chief of the company. Ferguson reports that in her pursuit of culture she has stumbled upon musical liabilities, but her credit still holds good.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE—F. K. Liu.

REPORT from member discharged with good recommendations:—

Guthrie—Preparing to form merger with promising business firm.

In closing we would say that since E. Brush and L. Grim have gone into separate partnerships we have gotten rid of all our watered stock and have pooled our interests.*

We append the following wire just received:

MERION CORPORATION

Bryn Mawr:

Congratulate you on promise shown by your product.
C. Skinner.

(Signed) David Belasco.

*See M. K. Applebee and Gymnasium Record of Fines.

How to De-Terman the Moron

1. COUNTING 10 BY FIVES. ("Now I want you to count to ten by fives. Like this: 5-10. Now you begin.")

Warning: On this test, no further help may be given; the question may be repeated if necessary.

Errors allowed: 1.

Time limit: 30 minutes.

2. PICTURES, INTERPRETATION. (2 of 3. What is this a picture of?)

(a) Louvre in Paris.....

(b) Reichstag in Germany.....

(c) Villa Nova in Italy.....

3. VISUAL IMAGERY.

Procedure: Can you imagine the face of a clock? (They usually can.)

When a professor is lecturing and you imagine it is 5 minutes past 11 (if they say that lectures don't begin until 10 minutes past the hour tell them to go to Major Economics any day in the week), well, suppose you were to change the hands of the clock so that the big hand is where the little hand is and the little hand is where the big hand is, what time would it be?

Response: 5 minutes of 1.

Next step: Why don't you change them then?.....

4. COMPARISONS AND DIFFERENCES.

(a) Cow, Dog, Horse.

This is an especially good test for Bryn Mawr students, as it is very difficult to tell the difference when they are served à la mode.

(b) Adam Smith, Mrs. Smith, Prue Smith.

Ans. Mrs. Smith's talk is an ordeal.

Adam Smith's talk is an ideal.

Prue Smith's talk is a great deal.

5. FABLES.

(a) One day I was walking down Merion Avenue and I saw the Apple going into Yarrow. Soon G. G. came storming up the path and she too went into Yarrow. And finally Dr. Draper walked up the front steps and disappeared inside. What lesson does this teach?.....

Ans. Birds of a feather flock together.

(b) Sarah Rivers was one day cooking tomato soup for Merion Hall lunch.

Soon the chef came and told her to put more pepper in it. Sarah showed her medal and refused. The chef was then very angry and seizing the medal threw it into the pot, thereby making the soup taste very badly. What lesson does this teach?.....

Ans. Too many cooks spoil the broth.

½ Credit: Don't meddle in other people's affairs.

6. PROBLEMS OF FACT.

(a) My neighbor has been having queer visitors; first Nancy Waterbury, then a doctor, then P. T. What do you think happened there?
.....

(b) Cecil, returning for a week-end, was walking around the campus. Suddenly she was very much frightened and ran to Miss Applebee, saying she had just seen hanging from the Gym..... What did she see?

EMILY ANDERSON.

To the Girls We Leave Behind Us

WE suggest:

1. That a set of tennis-balls be endowed for the Collins dog with an attendant to throw them for him.
2. That Cousin Alys rent her bonnet and use the proceeds to buy a new one.
3. That paper bags be supplied by Ada to carry off the surplus from P. T.'s reception's.
4. That the National Biscuit Co. substitute non-rustling paper in their cracker boxes so that those who wish to listen to twelve o'clock lectures may do so.
5. That the custom of sending flowers be abolished and packs of cards be used instead.
6. That the standard be raised by raising the marks.
7. That the level of general intelligence be Constant.

Graduating with Honors

Upper Ten

MAGNA CUM LAUDE

SYLVA THURLOW
MABEL ANNA MENG
MABEL STORY KIRKBRIDE
MARGARET BAILEY SPEER
OLIVE BEATRICE FLOYD
GERTRUDE PROKOSCH
ORLIE ANNA HAGGERTY PELL

CUM LAUDE

ELEANOR GABELL
CLARINDA KIRKHAM GARRISON
MARGARET CROSBY

VIRGINIA RANDOLPH GRACE
GRACE EVANS RHOADS
KATHERINE MARY PEEK
MALVINA DOROTHY GLASNER
LILLIAN WYCKOFF

ETHEL BLAKE BROWN
FRANCES LABEL
KATHERINE LUCRETIA GARDNER
JOSEPHINE McCULLOH FISHER
CONSTANCE GUYOT CAMERON

European Fellow: SYLVA THURLOW.

George W. Childs Essay Prize: MABEL STORY KIRKBRIDE.

Sunny Jim: MARGARET TYLER.



"SUNNY JIM"

The Interior

Scene: Sitting room in the Steadfast's home. There is a large table in the center of the room on which stands a lamp which casts a soft yellow light over the Standard Dictionary and the Encyclopedia Britannica, Who's Who, and The Book of Knowledge which are distributed about the table and on the bookshelves. The room is tastefully decorated and shows every sign of being that of a cultured family. As the curtain rises, Mr. Steadfast is disclosed sitting in an easy chair on one side of the table and Mrs. S. is in a low rocker darning stockings (evidently those of Baris and Meatrice, who are lying flat on the big bear rug—gazing into the glowing fire.)

Baris.—But, Father, what is the significance of a flag at half-mast?

Mt. S.—Come, come, Baris—Can't you remember? Your Mother gave you a complete history of the Flag-at-Half-Mast only last Tuesday.

Baris (hanging her head).—I know, I know, but I can't remember. Was it——?

Meatrice (interrupting—stuttering slightly in her eagerness).—St-t-tewpid! I know! (*She gives the life history of the Flag-at-Half-Mast.*)

Mr. S.—Baris, tell your mother what you know about the nature of a gold fish.

Baris.—A small carp (*Carassius auratus*) originally Chinese and naturally dull olive. Golden, silver, and other varieties obtained by breeding—domesticated throughout the world in aquaria.

Mr. S.—Good work, daughter! You are rapidly out-stripping Meatrice.

Mrs. S. (rising to the defence of her eldest).—Oh, I don't know. Meatrice, tell Father what you have learned about oatmeal. (*Aside to husband.*) I think, dear, that this was awfully cute of her. She looked it up all herself from pure interest. We are getting along, aren't we? (*He nods.*)

Meatrice.—Oatmeal is the meal of oats—which is made into porridge—sometimes called rolled oats, *avena sativa* being the Latin term.

Mrs. S.—Distinguish between rolled oats and wild oats.

Meatrice (without hesitation).—Rolled oats—not to be confused with wild oats, the latter being youthful follies and not to eat.

Mrs. S. (triumphantly).—So you see, Meatrice is keeping up. Baris, dear, get to your reading.

Baris (thoughtfully).—May I ask just one question before I go?

Mr. S.—Of course, dear. We are *always* ready to answer anything in our power.

Baris.—What is the thing to do when you find a greased pig in your bed-room?

Meatrice (scornfully).—S-silly! Why, kick the n-nasty thing out, of course, and then have your r-r-room fumigated before retiring. It's the only s-s-sanitary way!

Mr. and Mrs. S. (together).—Bravo, Meatrice dear! Now get to your reading, both of you!

Curtain.

ALICE NICOLL.

The Children's Hour

Between nine and ten in the evening,
When the bell rings in Taylor tower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear on the sidewalk behind me
The patter of little feet.
Strange figures go scuttling forward
And into the gym retreat.

From the doorway I see in the limelight,
Panting to do and to dare,
Cousin Alys, the inexhaustible Apple,
And Jane Smith on a regular tear.

A whisper and then a silence,
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take some exercise.

A sudden rush for a partner,
A sudden dash for the Vic.
To the sound of enticing music
They begin to wriggle and kick.

They drag me into a circle.
Of my comfort they know not nor care.
If I try to escape, they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere.

My arms they tear from the sockets,
My feet rarely touch the ground.
I pant and groan; still, though I moan,
The mad crowd shoves me round.

But though I rebel I'll remember,
Yes, forever and a day,
Cousin Alys twirling, her long skirt swirling,
And Hilda whooping away.

URSULA BATCHELDER.

Chapel Talks

SALAMAGUNDI went to chapel quite regularly. That is, he went four times a week.

Salamagundi went to chapel on Monday—

Eager to hear P. T. speak about local affairs. It was on Mondays that she spoke to him of his table manners—told him that academic Salamagundis do not rush through their meals, and, she concluded, as Salamagundi melted away into penitent tears, “The scandal of the way you eat your meals cries to Heaven.” It was on Mondays that she spoke to him about the yearly deficit, and told him that she could find no benefactor to pay for the food that had already been eaten.

Salamagundi went to chapel on Wednesday—

To hear about Pure Literature of the East and of the West; to hear about Economics and Politics; to watch his President lean over the platform and talk with characteristic intensity and zeal as she told him statistics of the Salamagundis married, dead or teachers. On Wednesdays he would decide that his life work lay in the teaching profession.

Salamagundi went to chapel on Thursday—

To hear which of his friends had the measles; to hear the newest infirmary regulations, and the most recent quarantine established. Thursday was the day when Salamagundi used to think that when he had finished his education he would be a great social worker.

Salamagundi went to chapel on Friday—

To hear about P. T.’s finger in Washington’s pie; to hear of her encounter with Sheiks (Salamagundi had read *The Sheik* in the Infirmary and was more surprised than pleased). On Friday Salamagundi was fired with a desire to be a diplomat or a wayfarer on the desert.

Sometimes Salamagundi would have surprises. Instead of hearing his President speak, her Cousin Alys would talk on “Our English Life,” or “Our Politics as Compared With Yours.” Occasionally one of his bolder Professors would explain the latest fluctuations in the Marking System.

Now this Salamagundi is old, and doubtless Bryn Mawr has forgotten him and his mates, but as the clock strikes nine, he can see again the high ceilings and the half-filled rows of chairs with the Royal Family and Staff occupying the two front rows left.

DOROTHY DESSAU.

Receptions

To a Senior Reception of Pete’s
The seniors all went for the eats.

This may seem very rude,
But the Deanery food
Is a change from tomatoes and beets.

E. T. A.

Johnny Draper

“What is Old Taylor ringin’ for?” asked the faculty one day.
“To call you out, to call you out,” did colored Nelson say.
“What makes you look so white, so white?” asked the faculty dismayed.
“I’m dreadin’ what I’ve got to watch,” the colored Nelson said.
For they’re ’angin’ Johnny Draper, you can ’ear the Dead March play.
The college is in ’ollow square, they’re ’angin’ ’im to-day.
They’ve taken off ’is Kappa Key and cut ’is ’air, they say,
And they’re ’angin’ Johnny Draper in the mornin’.

“’E’s drunk beer at Wisconsin,” the faculty all said.
“’E’s drunk ’is beer at ’Arvard too,” the Minor English said.
“’E’s drunk it at the graduate school,” said faculty once more.
“’E’s drinkin’ bitter beer alone,” the Minor English swore.
They are ’angin’ Johnny Draper, Bliss is marchin’ ’im around,
Susie’s ’altd Johnny Draper by ’is coffin on the ground,
And ’e’ll swing in ’arf a minute for a snooty ’Arvard ’ound,
Oh, they’re ’angin’ Johnny Draper in the mornin’.

“What’s that so black agin the sun?” asked the faculty, afraid.
“It’s Johnny in ’is long black coat,” the Minor English said.
“What’s that, that flutters over’ead?” asked the faculty again.
“It’s Johnny’s ’at a-fallin’ off,” said Minor English then.
For we’re done with Johnny Draper. Oh, let the one-step play!
The rest are in their classes, Minor English cuts to-day.
Even gentle Susie shouts, she’ll want ’er muggle right away.
After ’hangin’ Johnny Draper in the mornin’.

ALICE NICOLL.

Cousin Alice to Pem Senior:

Miss Thomas and I think that the Senior banner is really too shabby for visitors. Won’t you please take it down from Pembroke?

The Ten Commandments

FROM PRESIDENT THOMAS TO PRESIDENT PARK

- I. Thou art the President of Bryn Mawr College, who wast brought out of the halls of Radcliffe into the house of bondage.
- II. There shall be no other authority before thee; for she who administers governs.
- III. Thou shalt not take the name of thy predecessor in vain, or remove the graven images from Taylor; for a year hence thy predecessor will return to roost in the Deanery, surrounded by four or five fellows.
- IV. Remember the week-ends; count them carefully. Six days shalt thou labor (twelve hours counting as two) and do all that thou hast to do, but the seventh day belongs to "Our Gracious Inspiration." In it thou shalt browse in the Lib; thou and thy room-mates, thy wardens, thy bell-maids, and the chef that is within thy gates.
- V. Honour Mr. Foley and the business office. Before them only shalt thou bow down.
- VI. Thy students shalt not neglect the daily tub.
- VII. Thy students shalt not come out.
- VIII. Thy students and fellows shall all try for sofas.
- IX. Thou shalt not bear false exchange cards for thy neighbour.
- X. Thou shalt not covet thy predecessor's house. Thou shalt not covet thy predecessor's Cousin Alys, nor Ada, nor the chauffeur, nor the Franklin, nor the matrons that are on her table.

URSULA BATCHELDER.

Confidential Guide

EYE AND EAR ENTERTAINMENT.

Freshman Show—Reviewed in this issue.

Banner Show—*The Dilemmas of Dorothy*.

A jazz version of the *Wizard of Oz*. Chapel talks set to music.

Senior Reception—*The Merit Owl*.

Maeterlinck Medley with coarse reproduction of stock characters. Rough stuff!

COMEDY AND THINGS LIKE THAT.

Rosemary.

A slight Mid-Victorian Comedy featuring Cornelia Skinner and a lot of dilapidated scenery.

Trelawney of the Wells.

A Mid-Victorian Tragi-Comedy with tremendous variety of character parts. All Star Cast.

MORE OR LESS SERIOUS.

The Lady from the Sea.

A brave attempt to get away from the Mid-Victorian in one of Ibsen's poorer plays.

Now with Varsity Hockey condole
When an English got hurt in a hole
And her team thought it best
To give her a rest
They put her in front of the goal.

E. T. A.

Oral Song

Owing to a childish desire to see our names in print we publish the following with the kind permission of 1923.

With orals this college D. T. riorates.
Won't some Jay send in a P. T. tion.
Not to have us write papers in Sanskrit and Russian
But Stories of sweet June Kirkbrides?
The Batchelder and his Yeatmen
Neel in the Gabel Hall.
The Kirkbride had Stiles, but she Woodruff her hair.
Her voice was Gulie Melton.

The Cooke who had done the Carter Brown
Cried, "Hay, Gardner! Let the Apple-bee."
"I don't give A. Dom, for I'm Gowing," Ecroyd,
"So Palache the Pickle to me."
Miss Crosby and her Rawson were there.
He was Grim and Dessau-late.
He Kennard-ly walk, Voorhees in de-Speer.
Oh, Pell! but he Surette a lot.

Down Happy Rhoads to Bliss they Marjed.
The groom threw the Clarke A. Nicoll.
He Tucker where Sonny Fountains Floyd,
And she soon learned that all Meng are Fink-le.
When the office has Rhett this they may be surprised,
But you cannot make Em Care-a Thomas.
So Serenely Hand your papers in,
And do not let Katherine Peek.

The Dying Fire

Scene: Padded cell on the fourth floor of Merion, hired for eleventh-hour activities.

THE last night: three typewriters banging at unequal speeds; editors counting and recounting their articles as though they were telling their beads.

Batch.—I tell you I think this article of mine will do!

Vint.—I don't think it's good at all, but I do think mine ——

Reenie.—Do you think we ought to keep rejected articles?

Em.—But we haven't rejected any, you know!

Chorus.—We rejected mine!

Grace.—We aren't getting anywhere; let's get down to work!

Vint.—I don't think this sentence is very clear; I think you ought to put in "it" instead of just "doubt."

Em.—I think we're getting entirely too critical!

Peekie (with a whoofle).—I think this is simply screaming!

Chorus (hopefully).—It is going to be funny, don't you *really* think so?

Grace.—We mustn't *say* that though!

The typewriters click on into the night. Humour dies; the editors look worn; hope flickers out, their production may be a failure.

Reenie.—Em, write some more limericks! You know '20 had ninety articles.

Em.—I really think we ought to have something about music.

Reenie.—I've lost my little black note-book with everything in it. What could I have done with it?

(Enter Nighthawk.)

Nighthawk.—Is this a meeting?

Six glances.

(Exit Nighthawk.)

Peekie.—What was that idea I told you about yesterday?

Batch.—All I can say is I hope this book doesn't come out before I leave college.

Em (blackly).—Our wit is really very primitive!

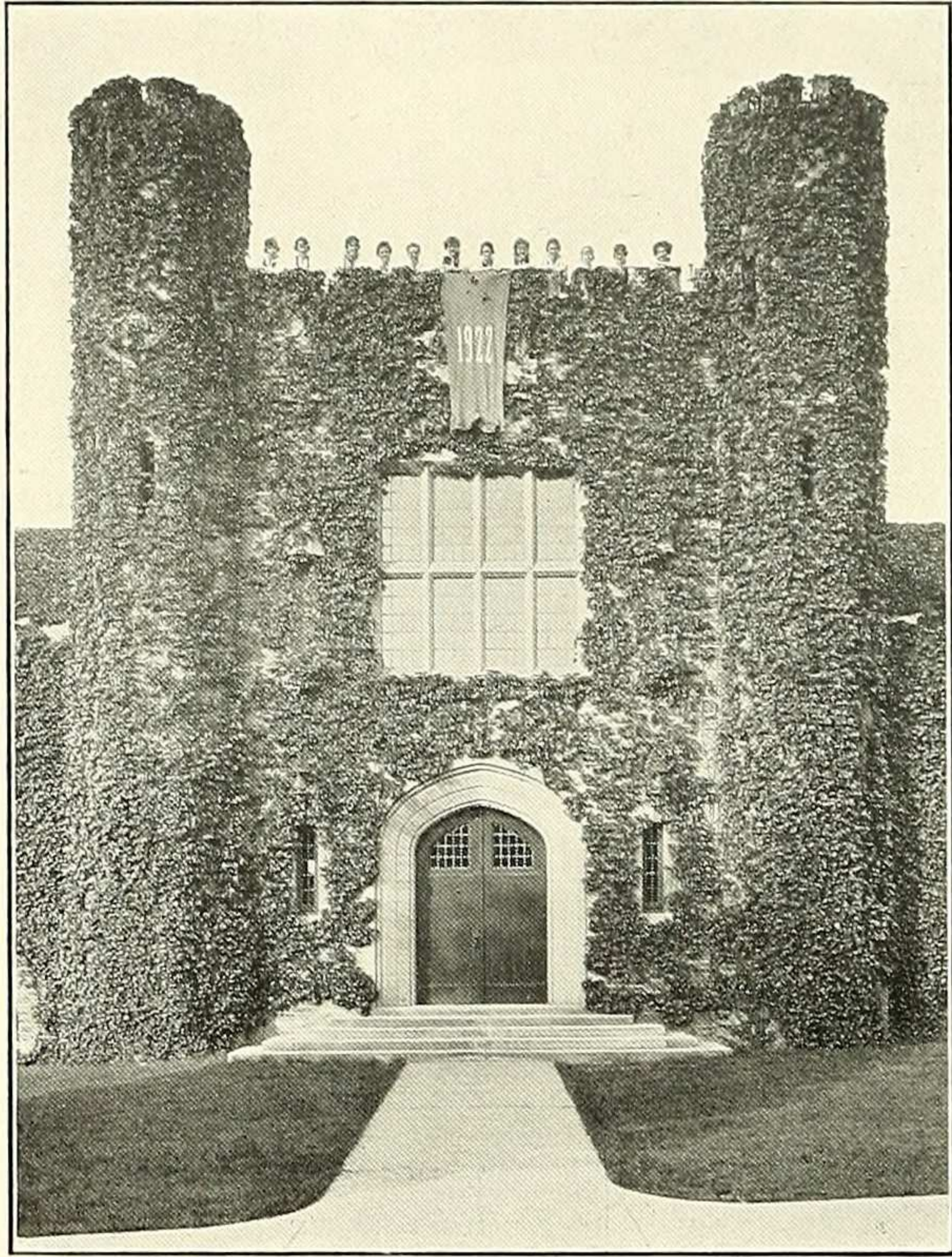
Chorus.—Well, you know "there's nobody with any ability on the Board."

* * * * *

With this the fire died.

"We rolled our "r's" for Mr. King,
We rolled our hoops on the first of spring,
We rolled our eyes at the crescent moon,
We can "roll our own" on the 9th of June.

E. T. A.





Athletics 1921-1922

All-Round Championship Won by 192-
HOCKEY
Won by 1922

Captain—E. DONOHUE (resigned)
E. ANDERSON

Manager—M. TYLER
E. DONOHUE

Team

E. ROGERS
P. SMITH
E. FINCH
M. TYLER

E. ANDERSON
F. BLISS
B. CLARKE
A. NICOLL

O. HOWARD
R. NEEL
G. RHOADS

Varsity Captain—E. DONOHUE (resigned)
E. ANDERSON

On Varsity—M. TYLER
E. ANDERSON
F. BLISS
B. CLARKE

A. NICOLL
R. NEEL
G. RHOADS



WATER POLO

Won by 1922

Captain—E. ANDERSON

Manager—F. BLISS

Team

P. SMITH
E. HOB DY
A. NICOLL

E. ANDERSON
O. HOWARD

F. BLISS
M. KENNARD

Varsity Captain—W. ANDERSON
(Further statistics not available.)

APPARATUS MEET

Won by 1922

Captain—E. ROGERS

Manager—M. VOORHEES

Team

E. ANDERSON
F. BLISS
B. CLARKE

R. NEEL
A. NICOLL
E. ROGERS

H. STEVENS
K. STILES
M. VOORHEES

First Place in Individual—Won by R. NEEL
Second Place in Individual—Won by A. NICOLL



TENNIS
 Won by 1922

Captain—O. HOWARD

Manager—K. GARDNER

Team

K. GARDNER
 O. HOWARD

E. ANDERSON
 R. NEEL

P. SMITH

Varsity Captain—K. GARDNER
 (Further statistics not available.)

SWIMMING MEET
 Won by 1925

Captain—R. NEEL

Manager—H. STEVENS

Team

E. ANDERSON
 F. BLISS
 O. HOWARD

R. NEEL
 A. NICOLL

H. STEVENS
 L. WYCKOFF

First Place in Individual—Won by E. ANDERSON

TRACK MEET
 Won by 1925

Captain—H. STEVENS

Manager—R. NEEL

Team

A. NICOLL
 R. NEEL

G. PROKOSCH
 H. STEVENS

Third Place in Individual—Won by A. NICOLL



BASKET-BALL

Captain—F. BLISS (resigned)
A. NICOLL

Manager—F. BLISS

Team

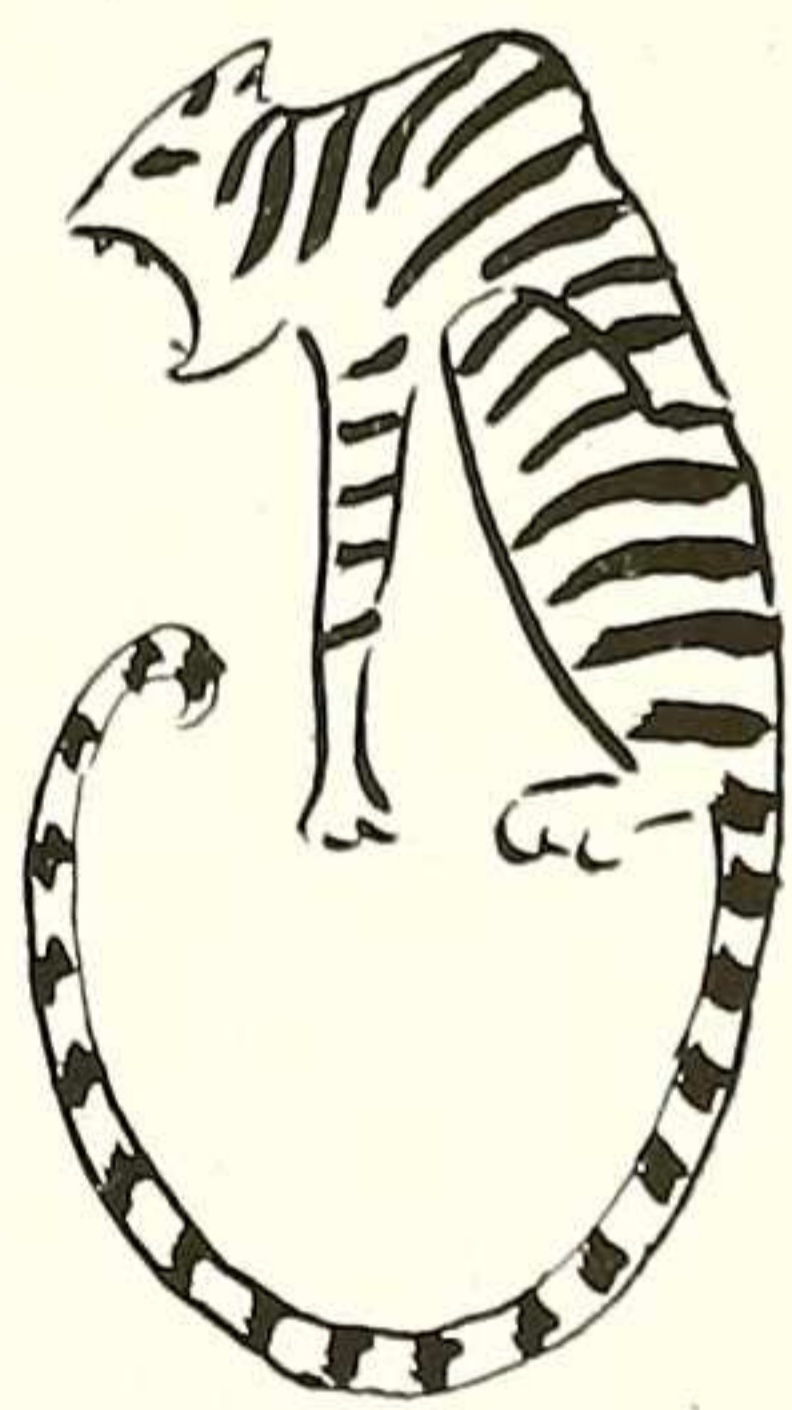
E. ANDERSON
F. BLISS

B. CLARKE
A. NICOLL

P. SMITH

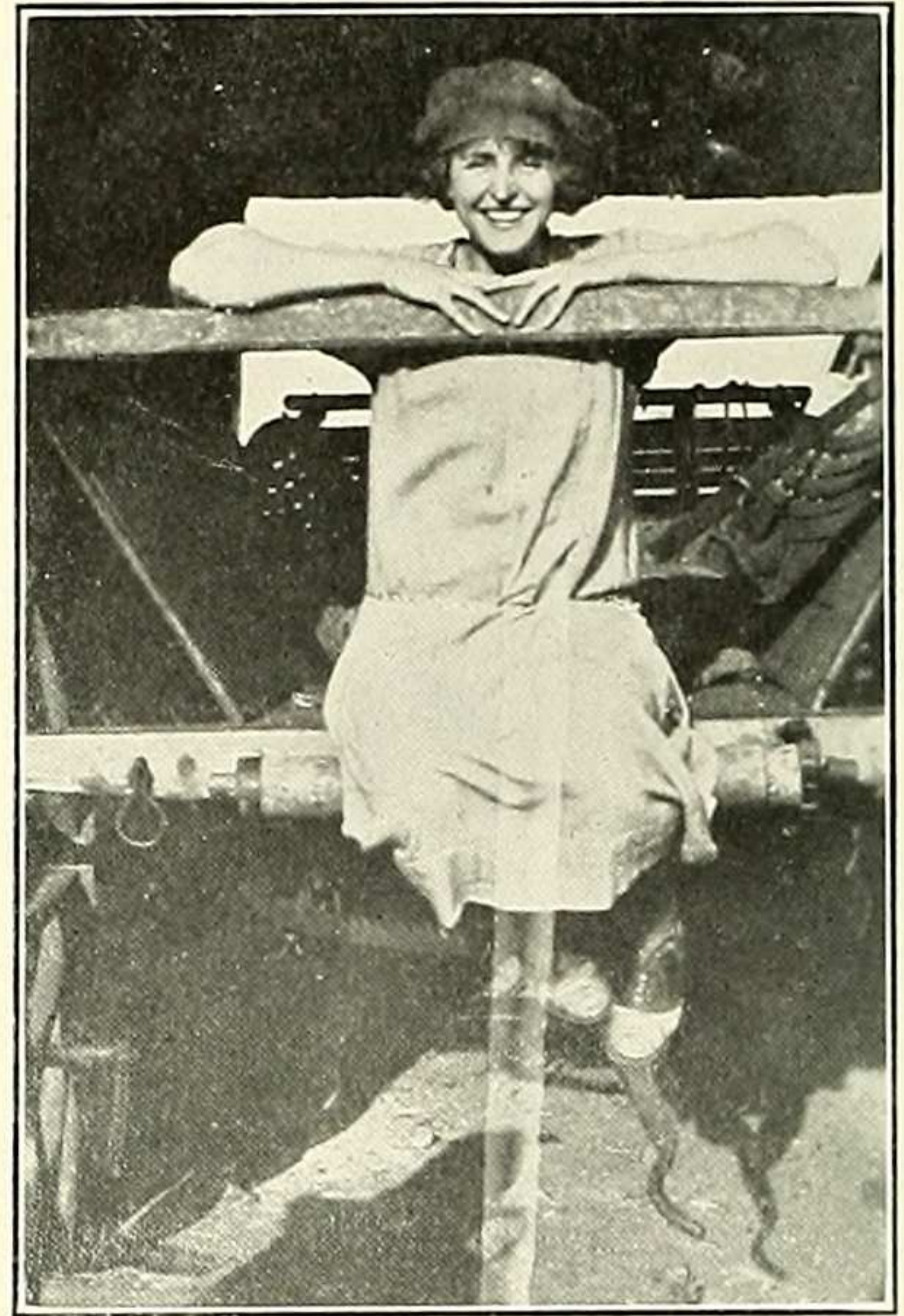
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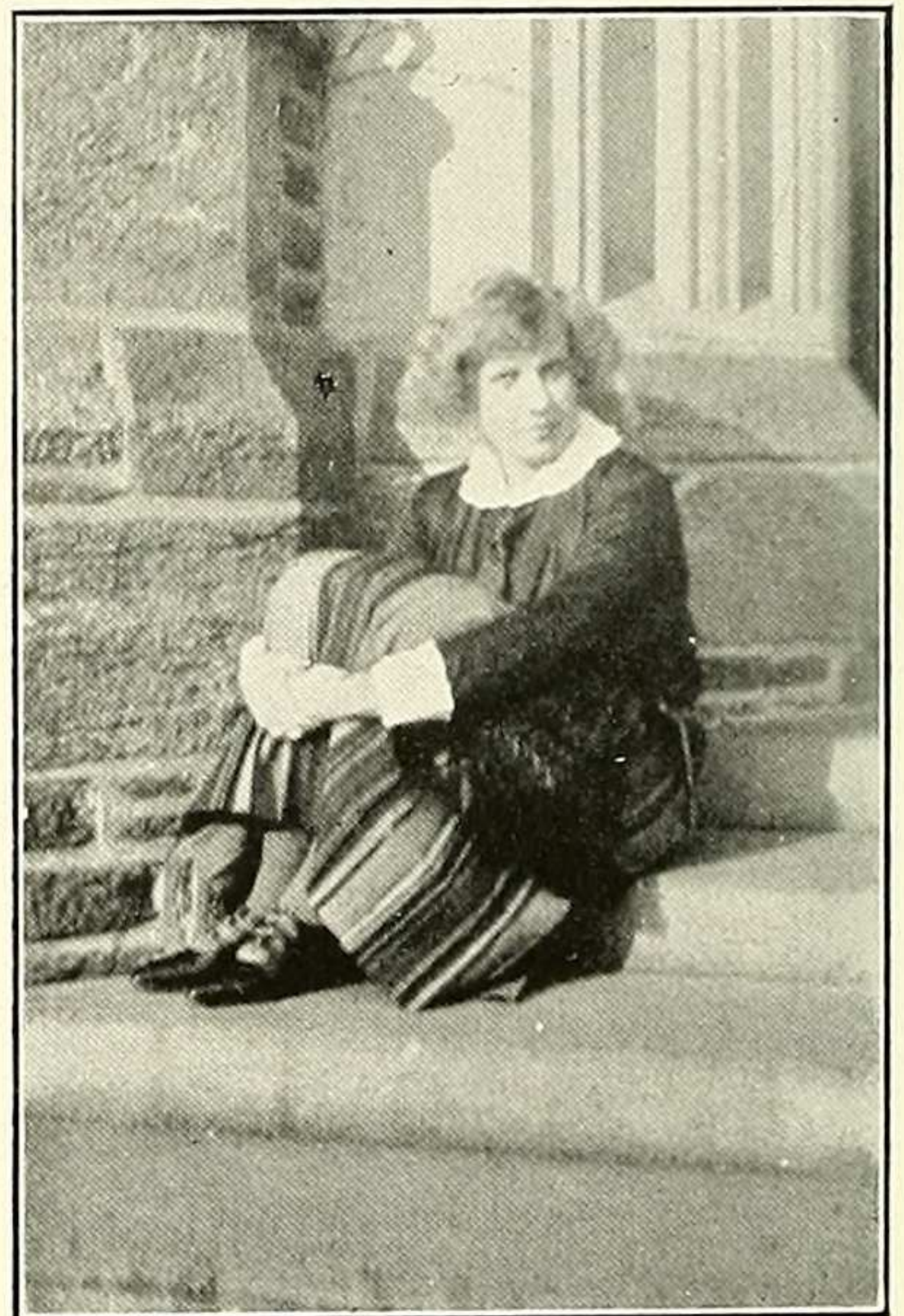
SUZANNE ALDRICH



EMILY ANDERSON



CORNELIA BAIRD



URSULA BATCHELDER



CUSTIS BENNETT



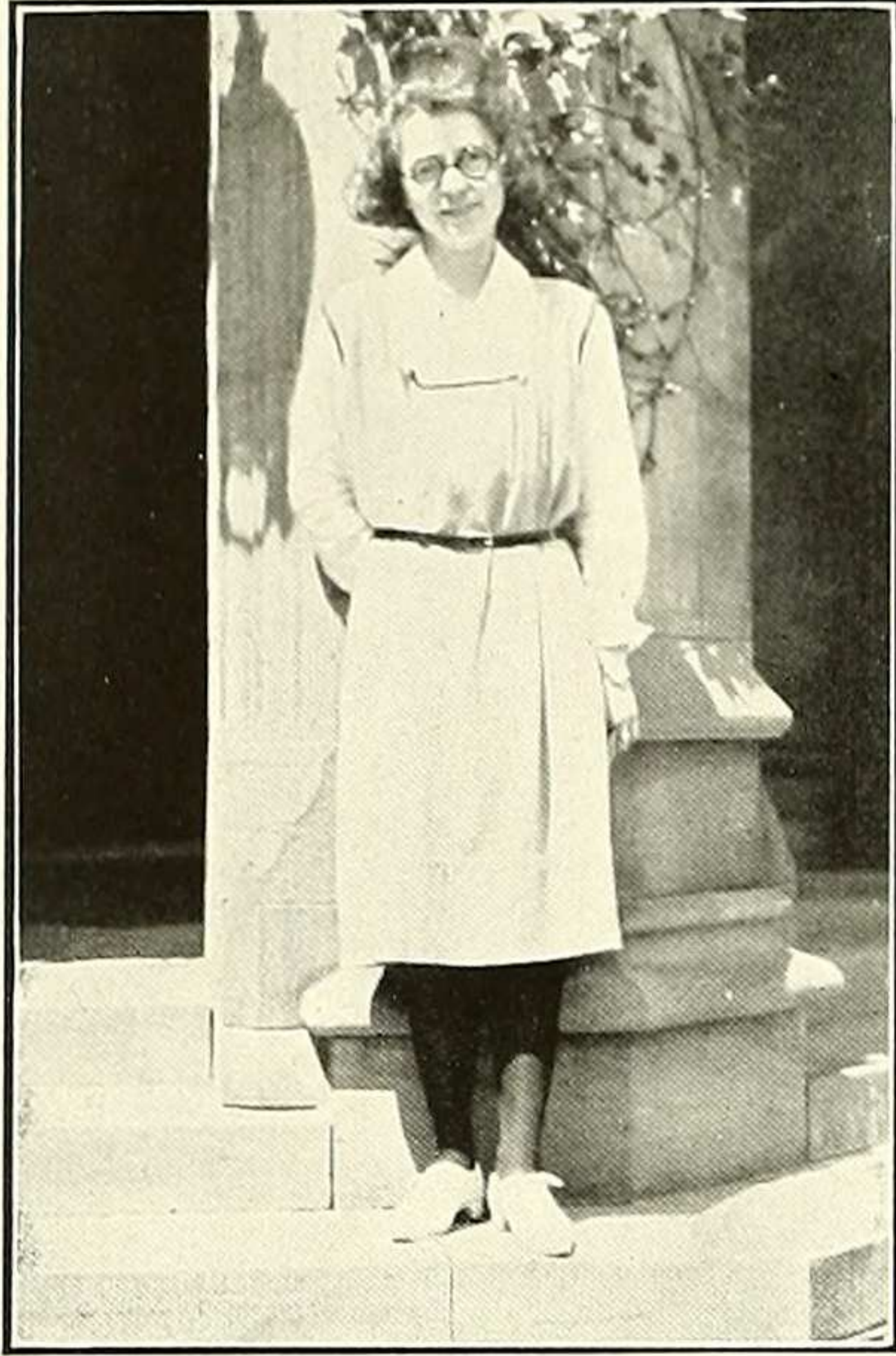
FRANCES BLISS



ETHEL BROWN



JANE BURGESS



CONSTANCE CAMERON



BARBARA CLARKE



DOROTHEA COOKE



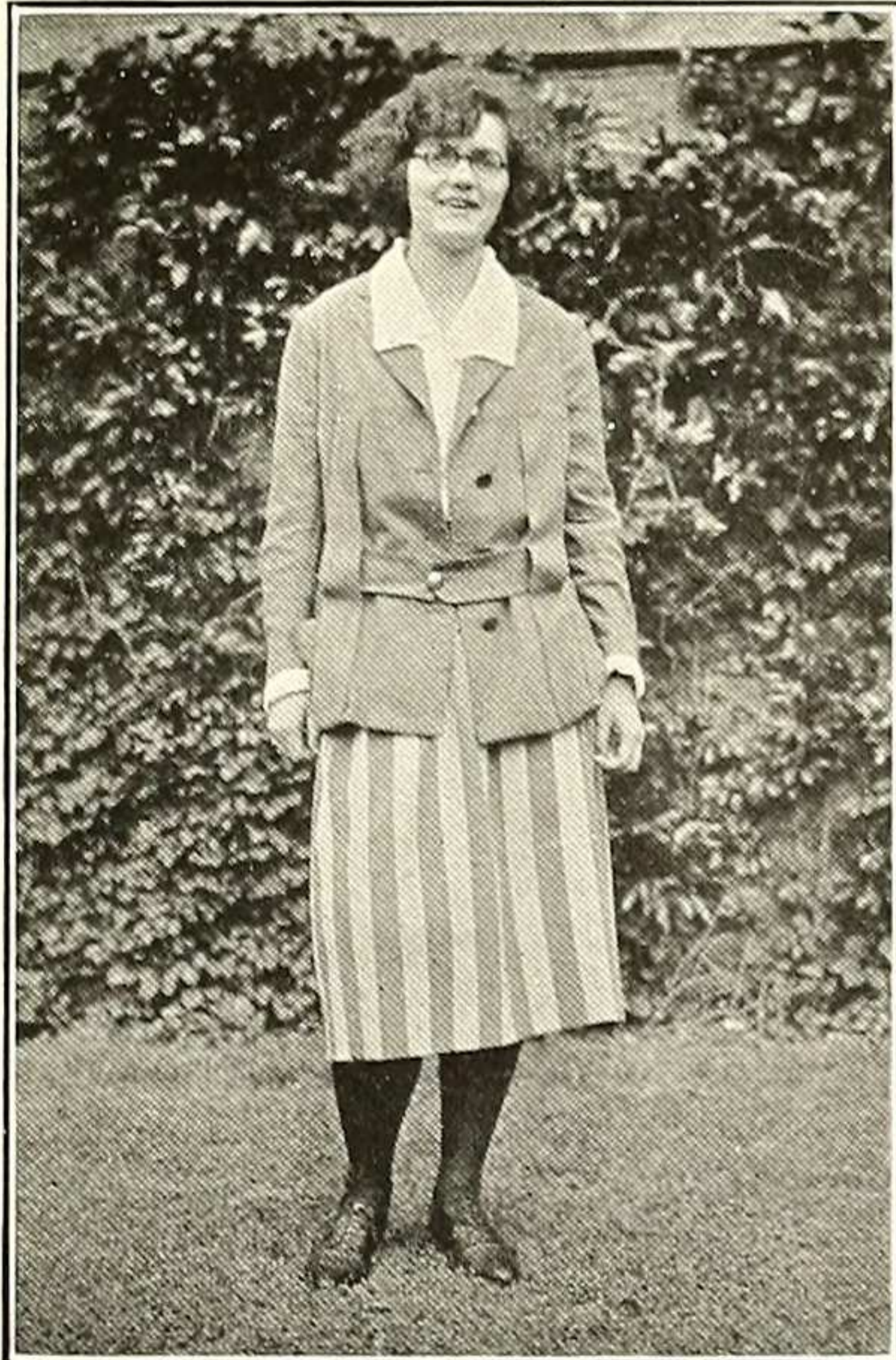
ISABEL COLEMAN



MARGAPET CROSBY



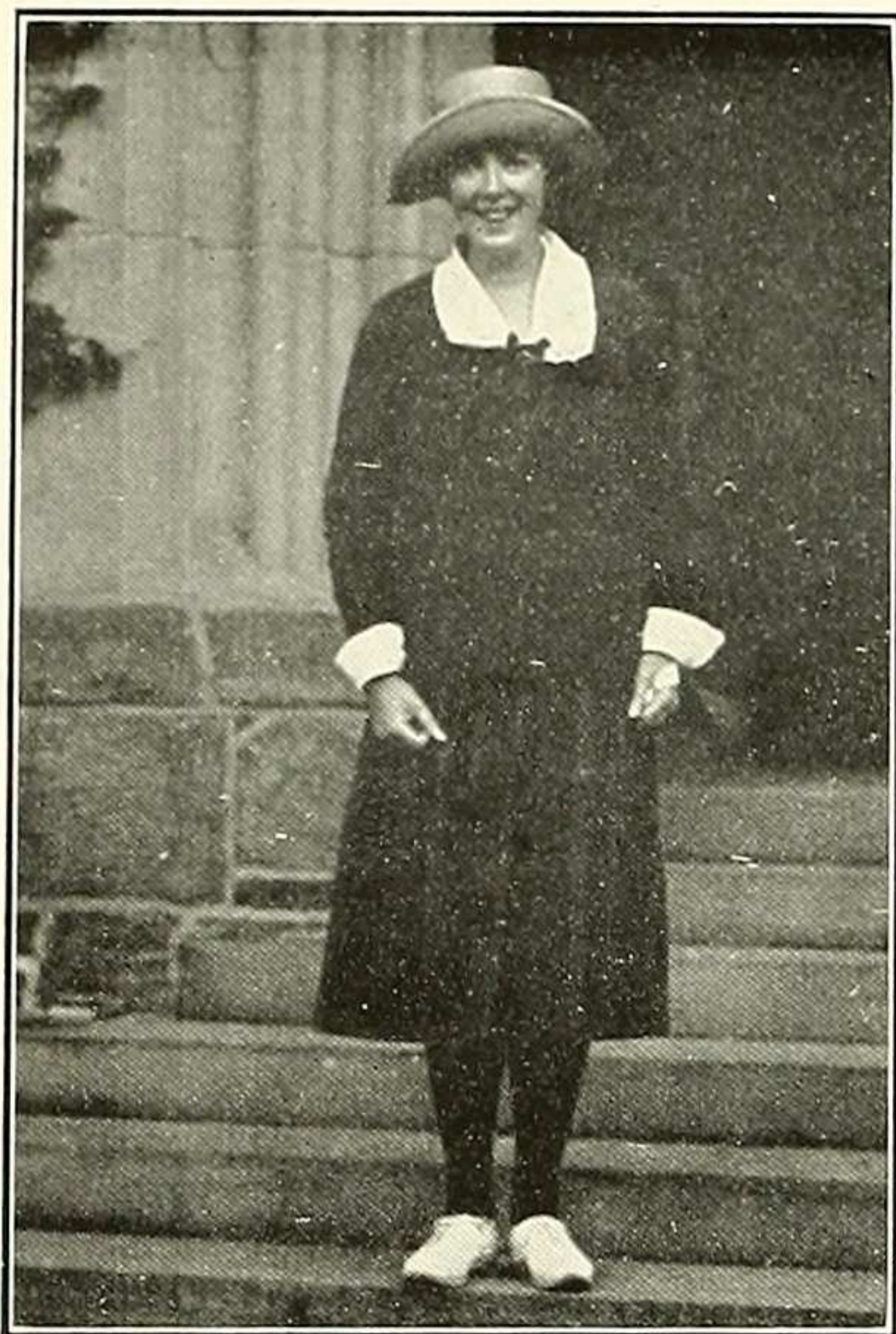
DOROTHY DESSAU



ANNA DOM



ELIZABETH DONOHUE



MARY ECROYD



DOROTHY FERGUSON



EDITH FINCH



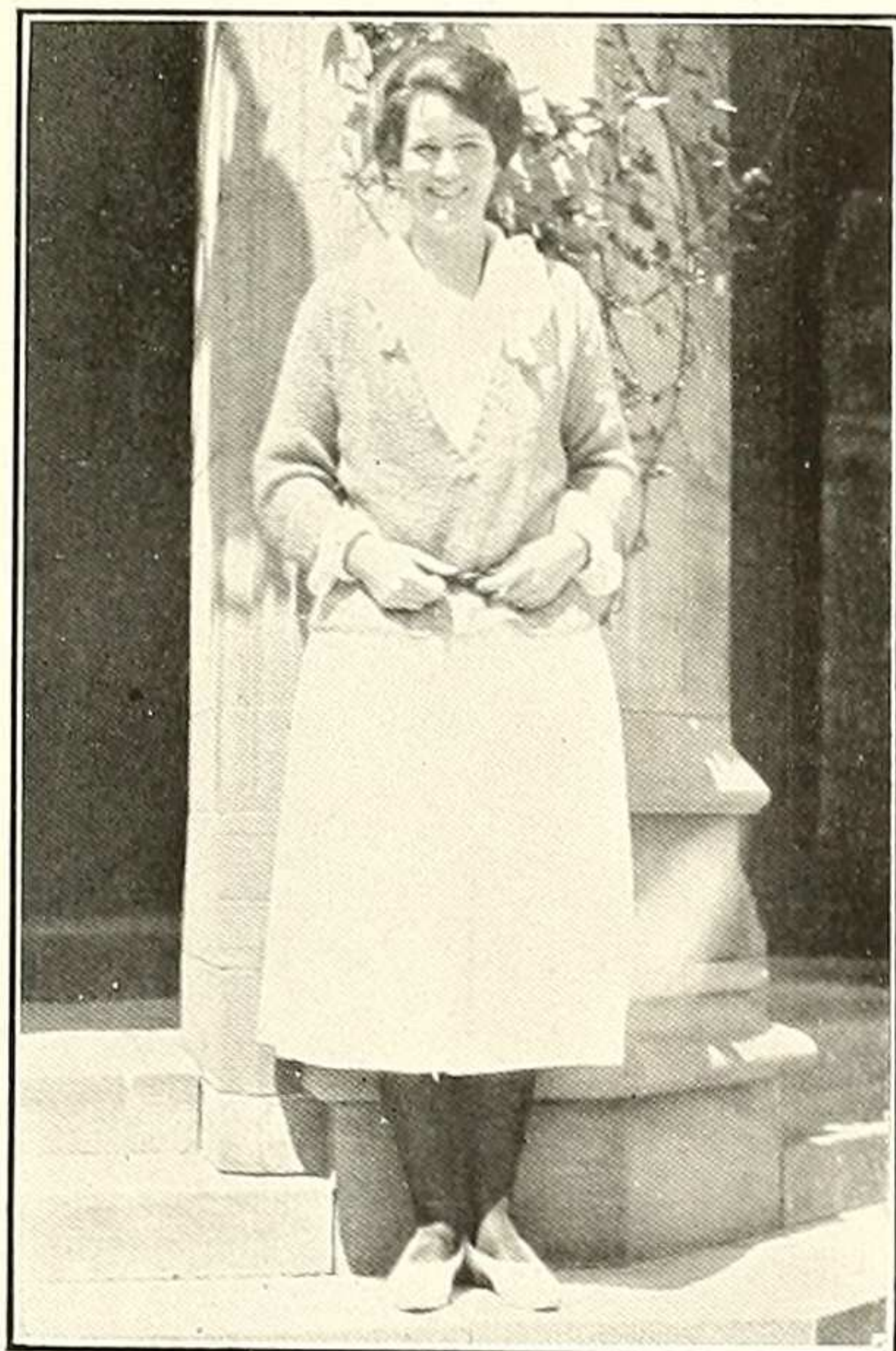
JOSEPHINE FISHER



OLIVE FLOYD



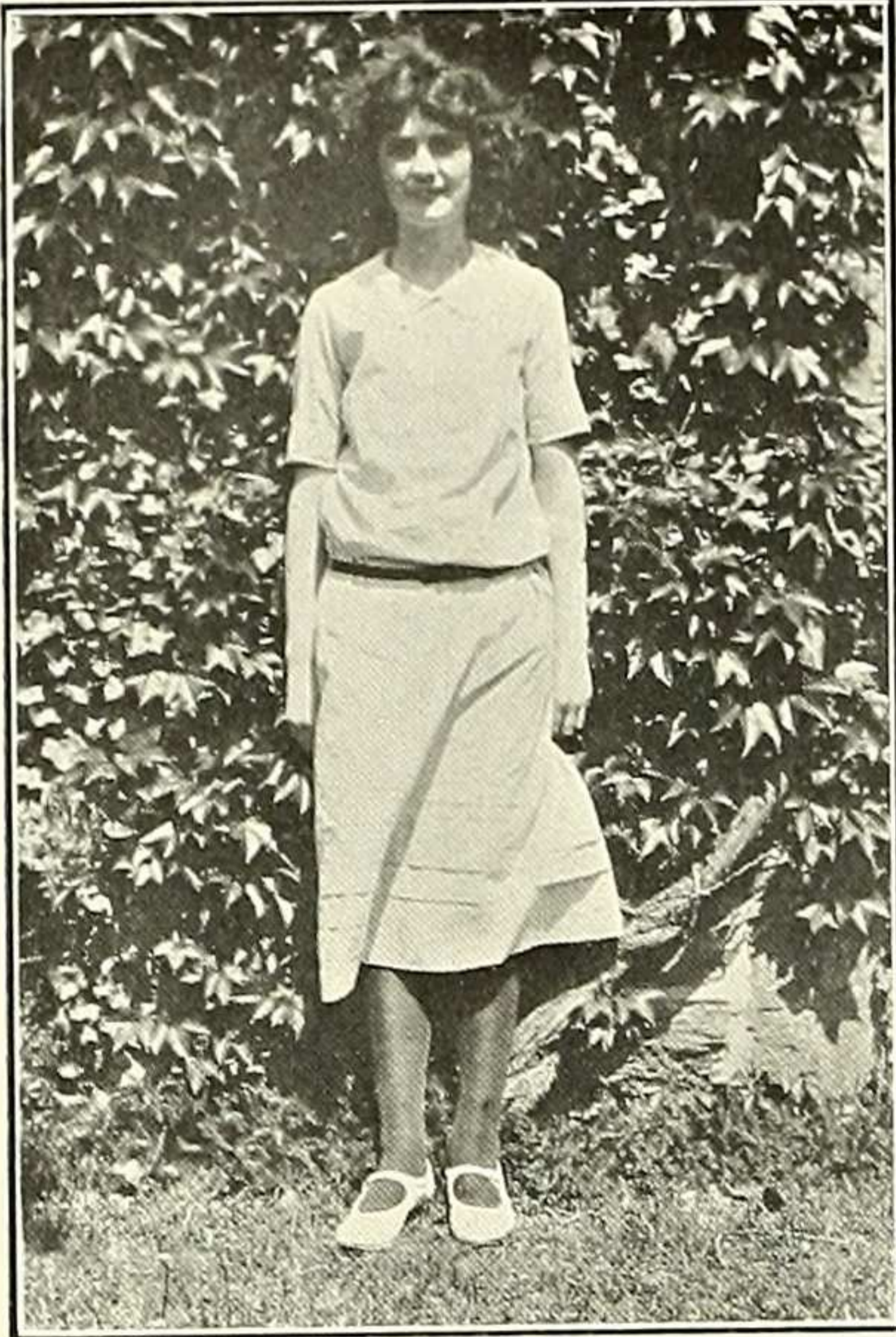
AUDREY FOUNTAIN



ANNE GABEL



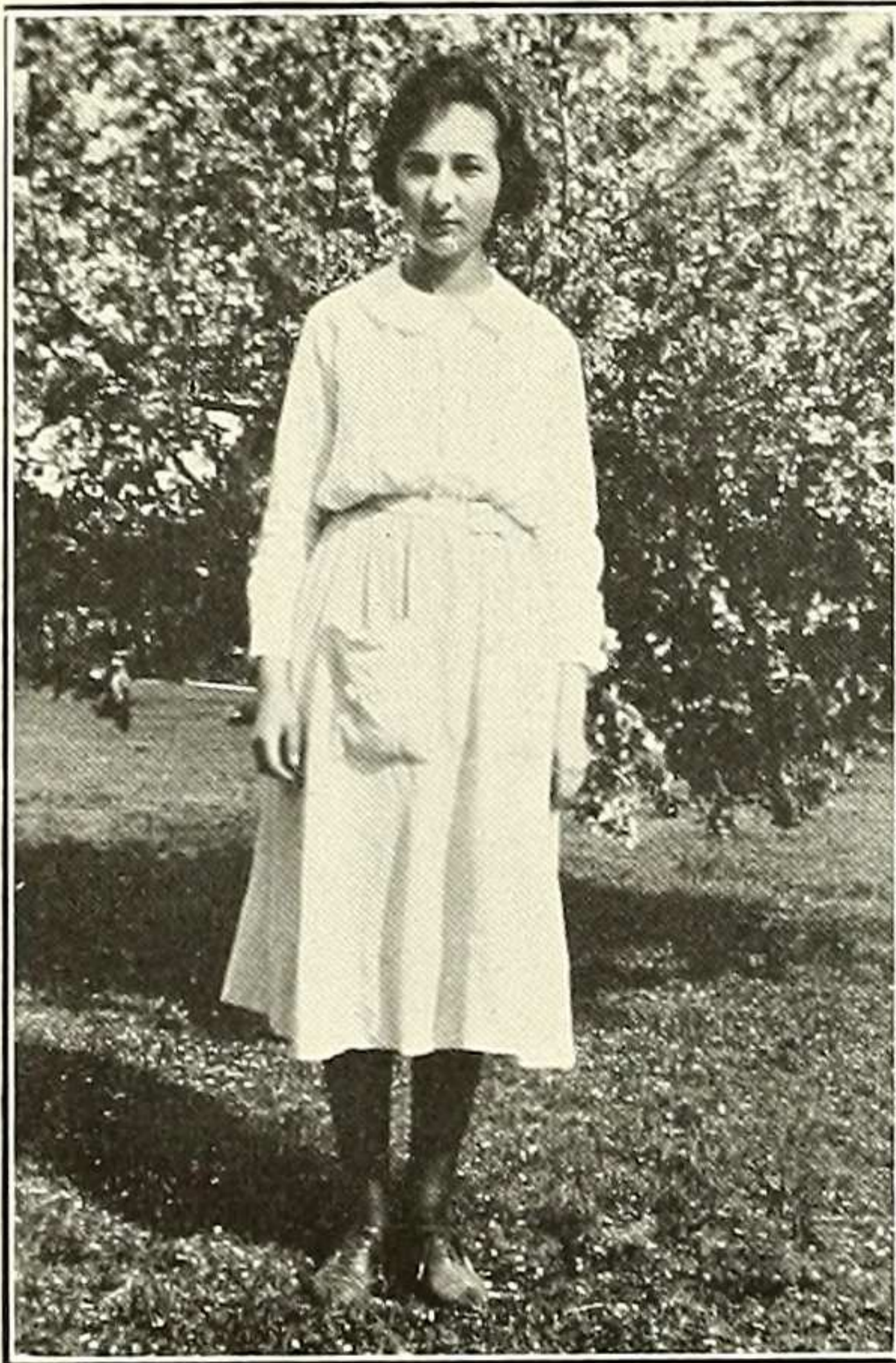
ELEANOR GABELL



KATHERINE GARDNER



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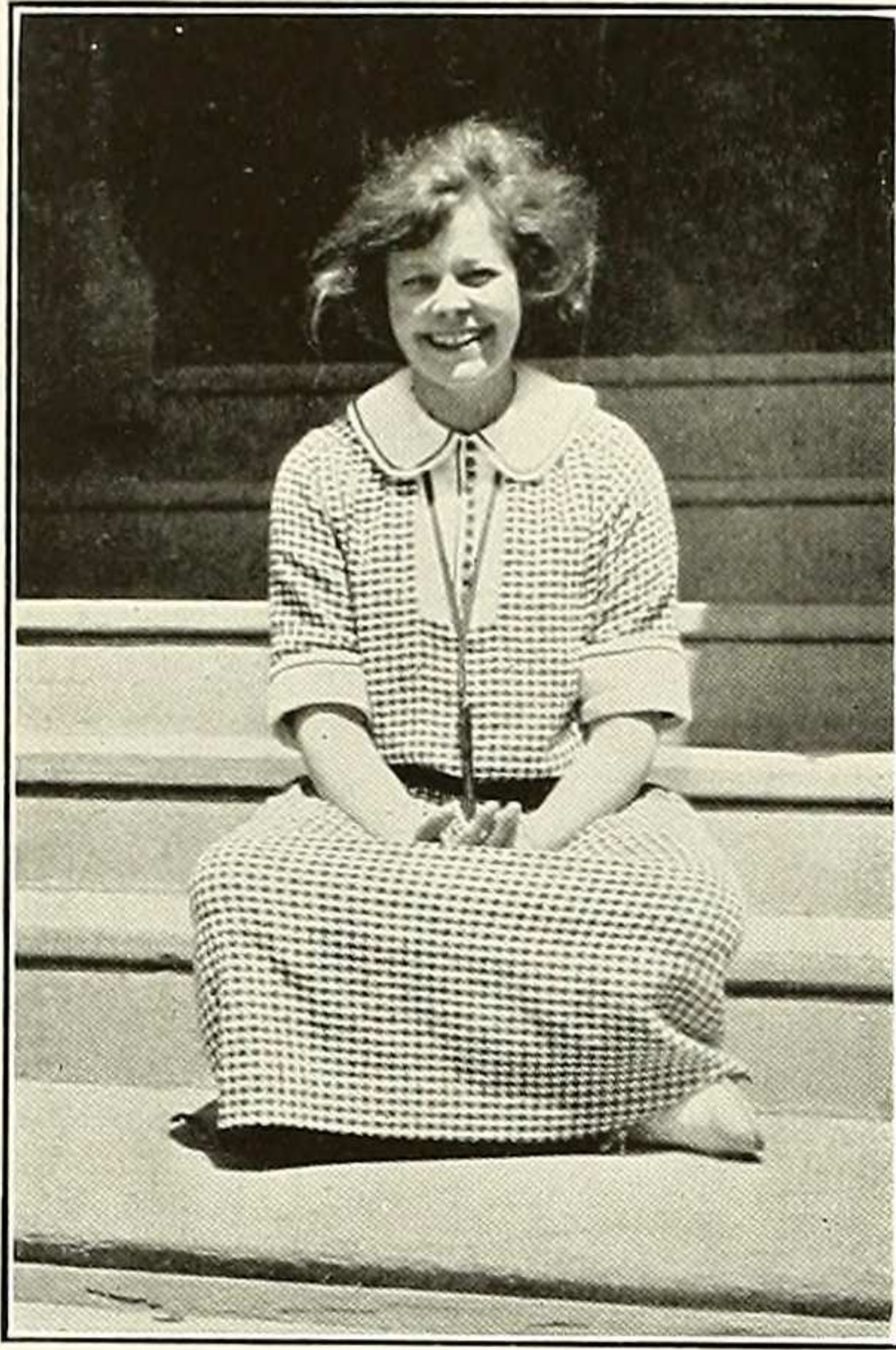
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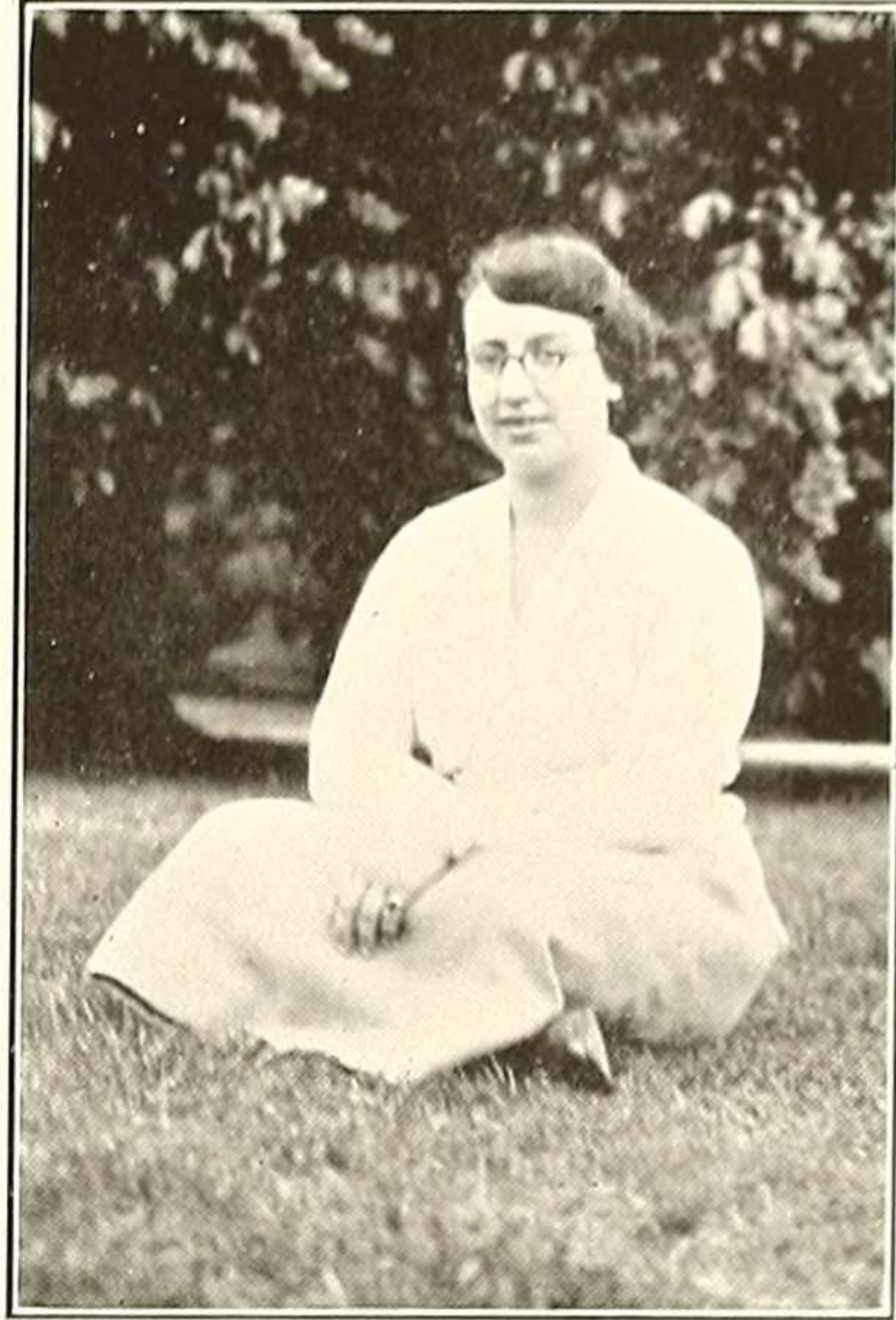
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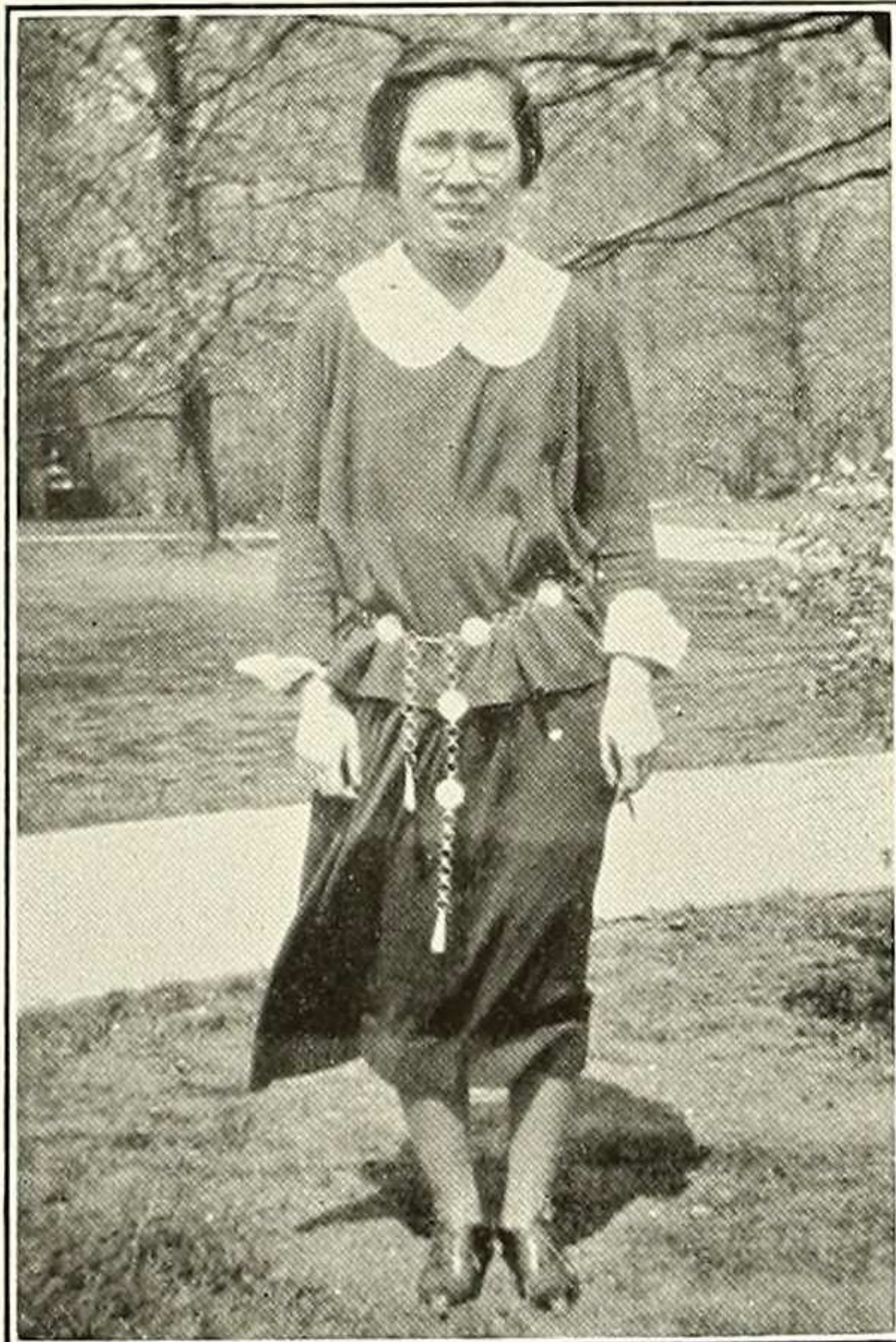
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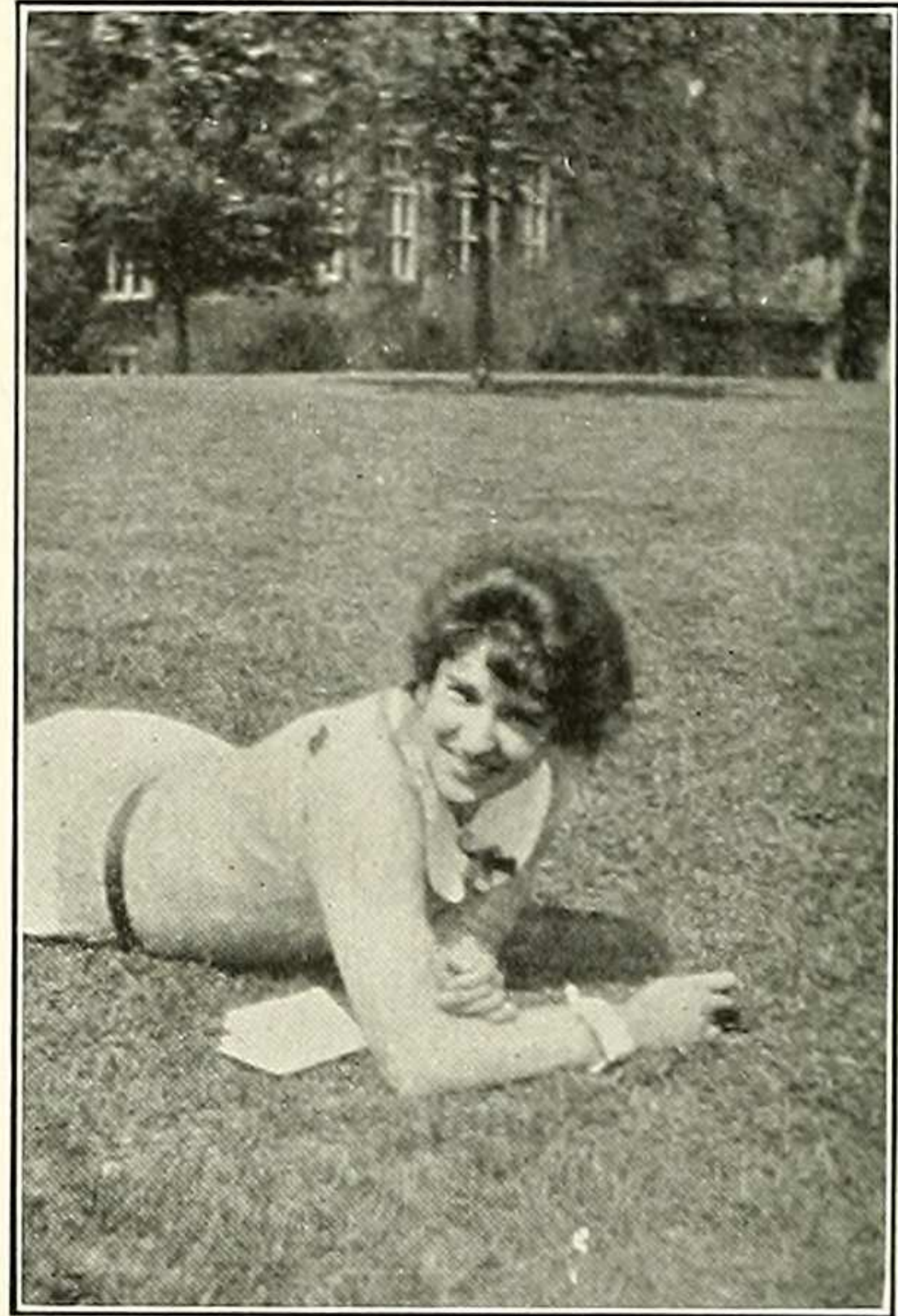
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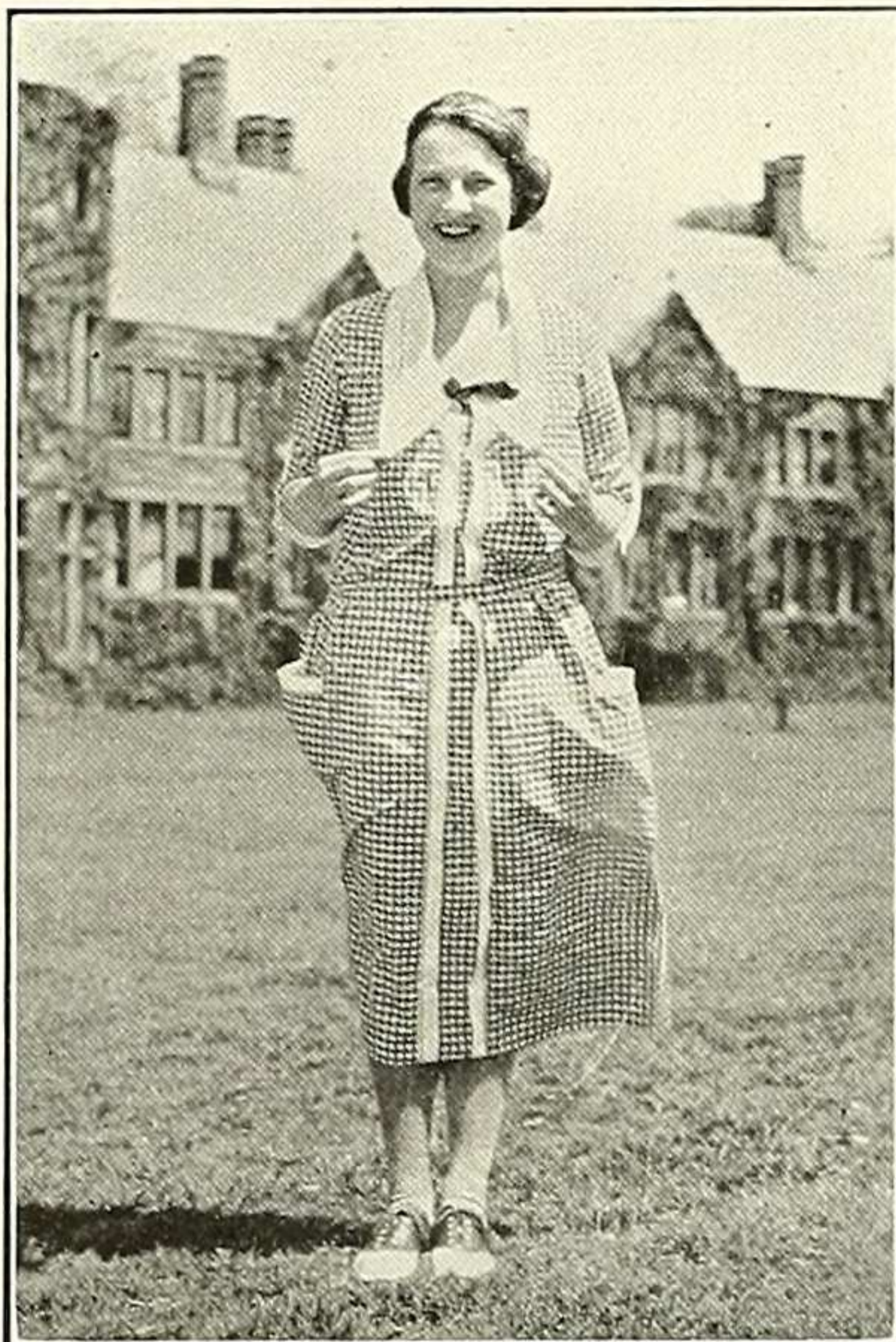
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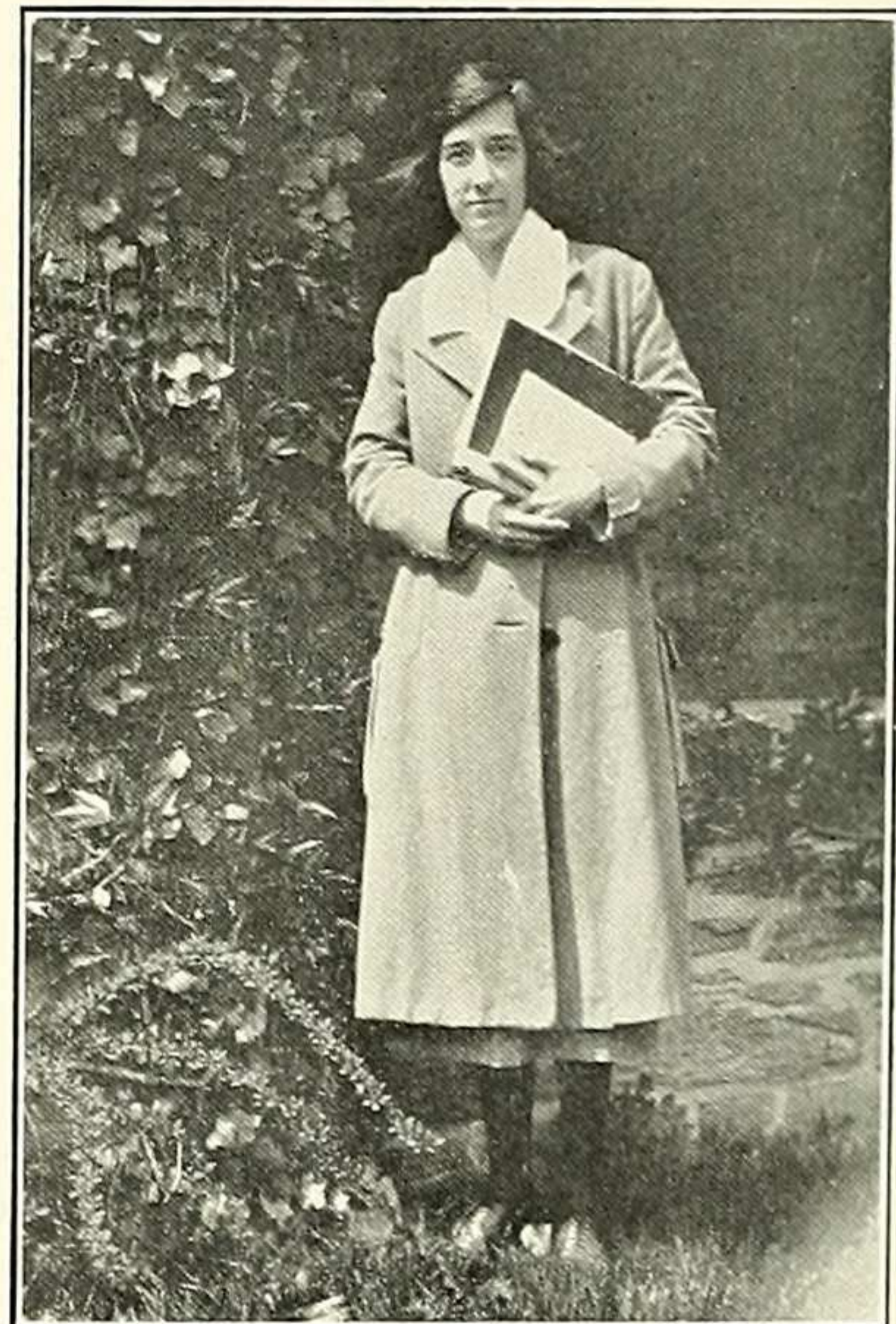
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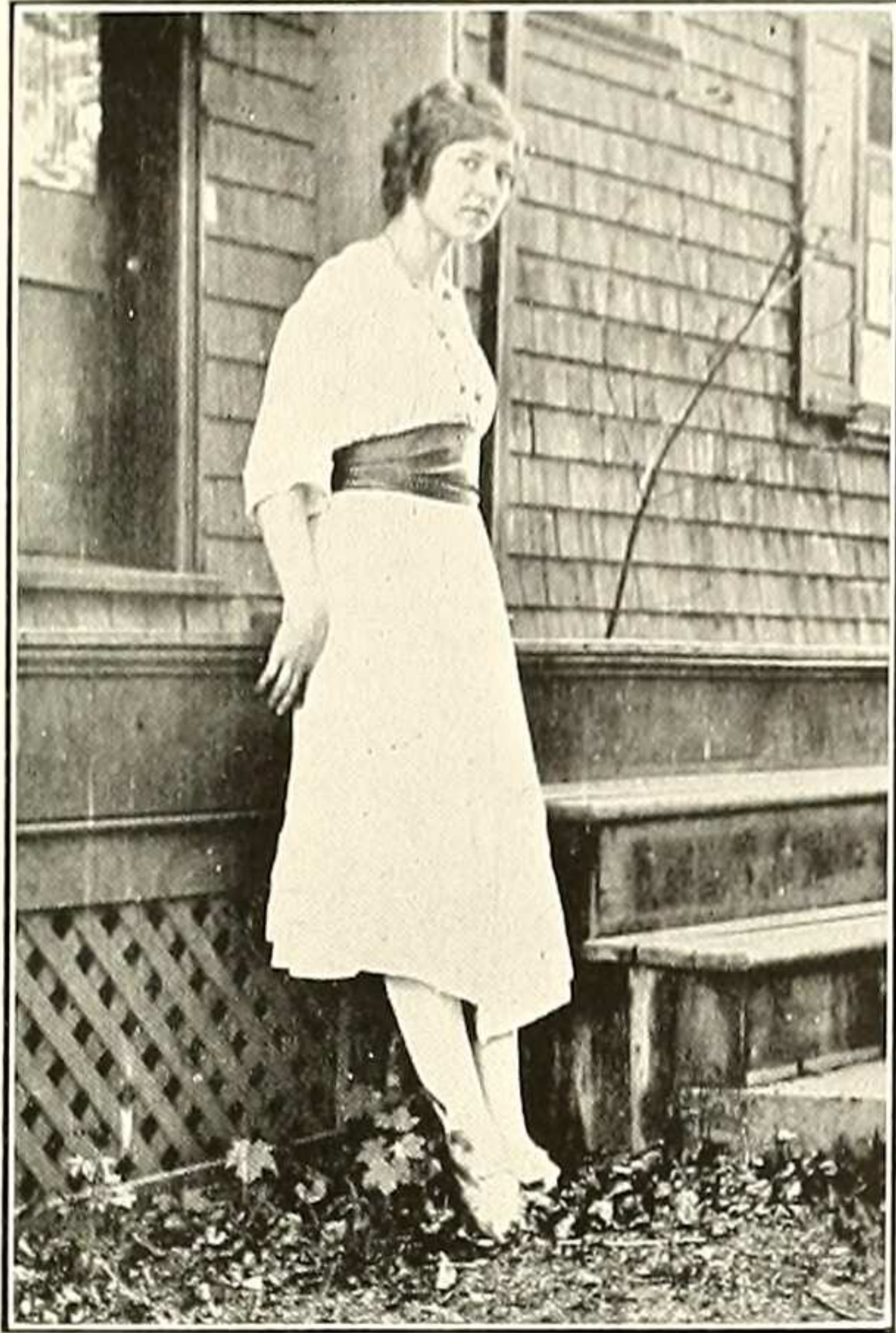
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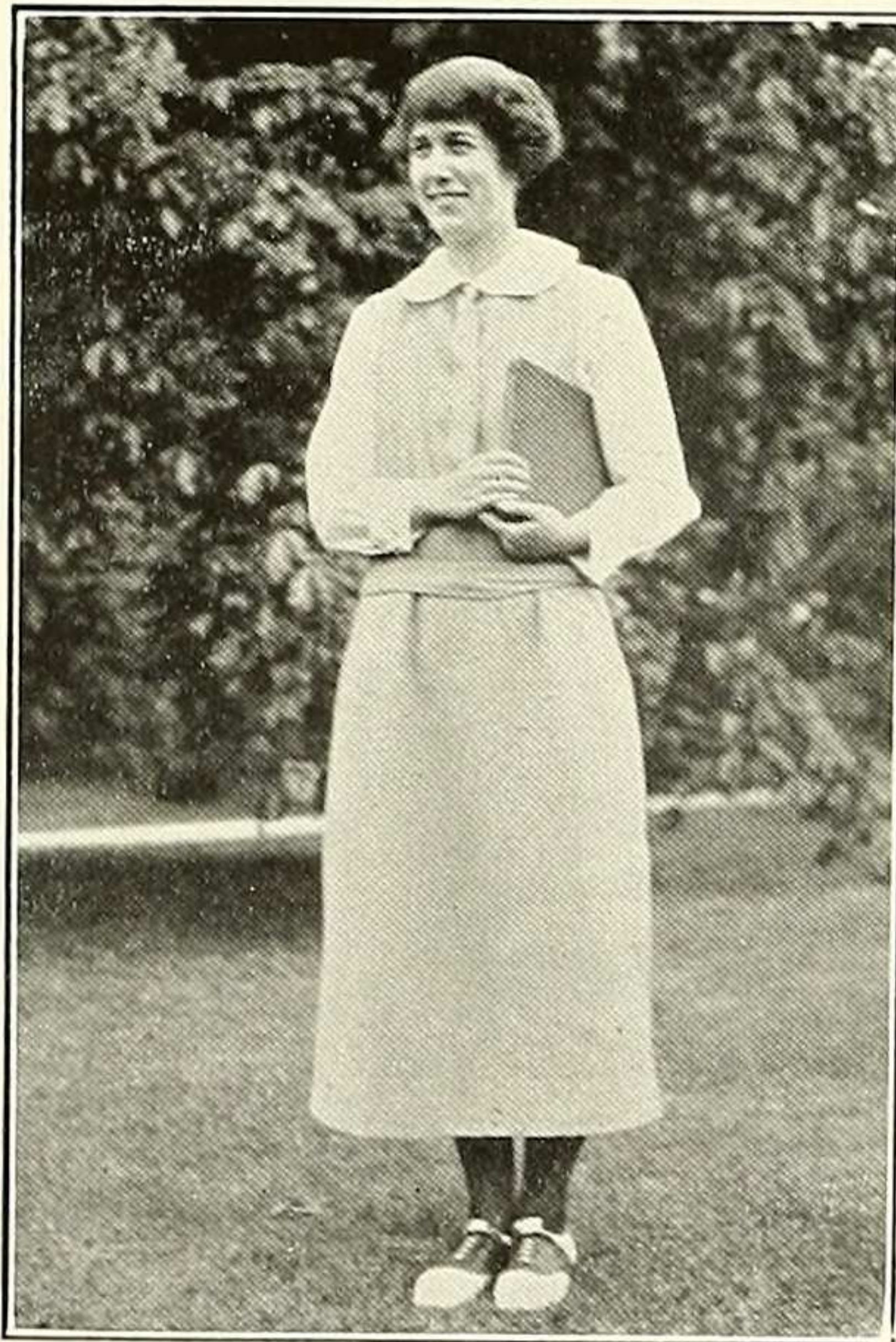
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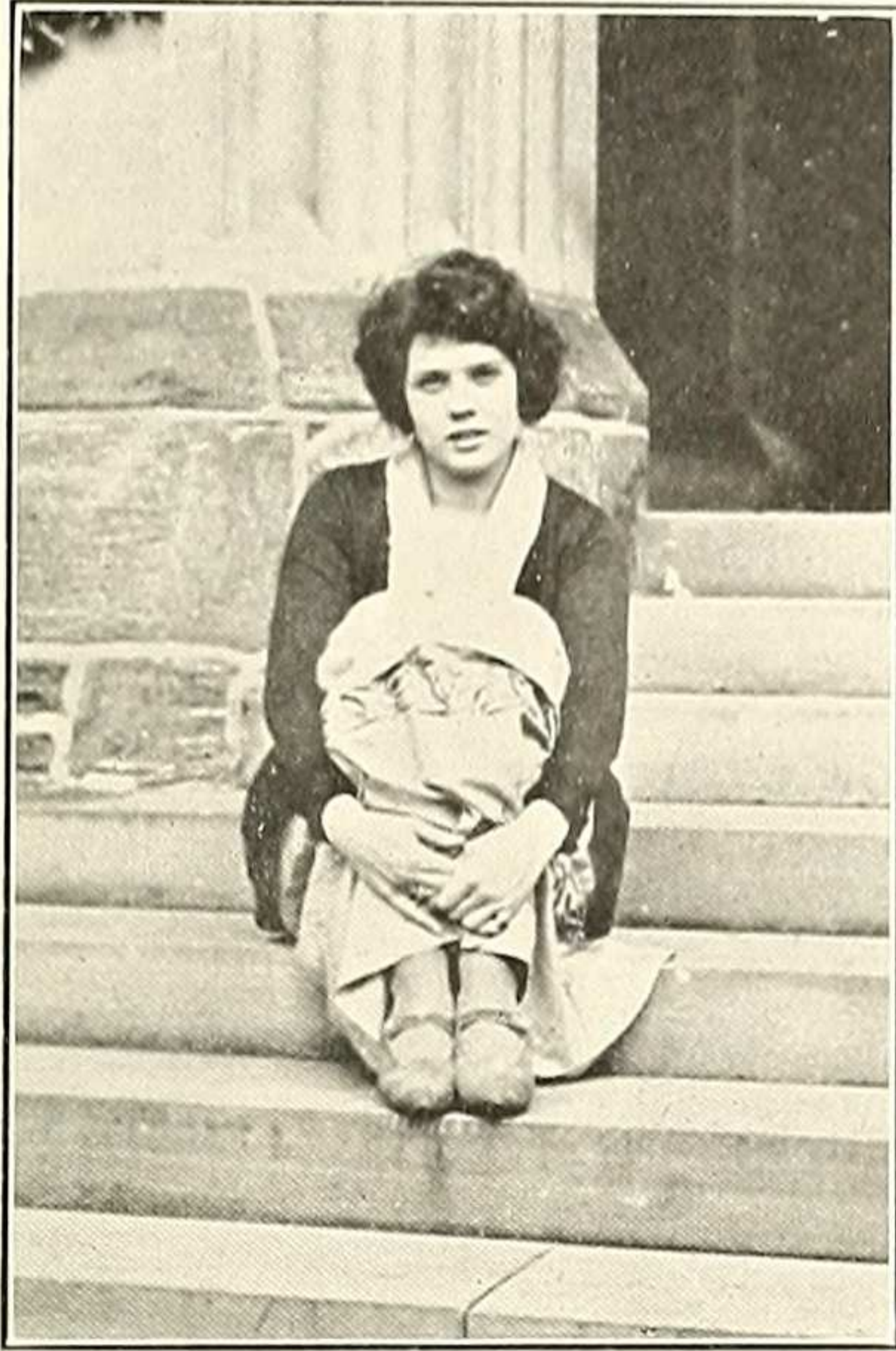
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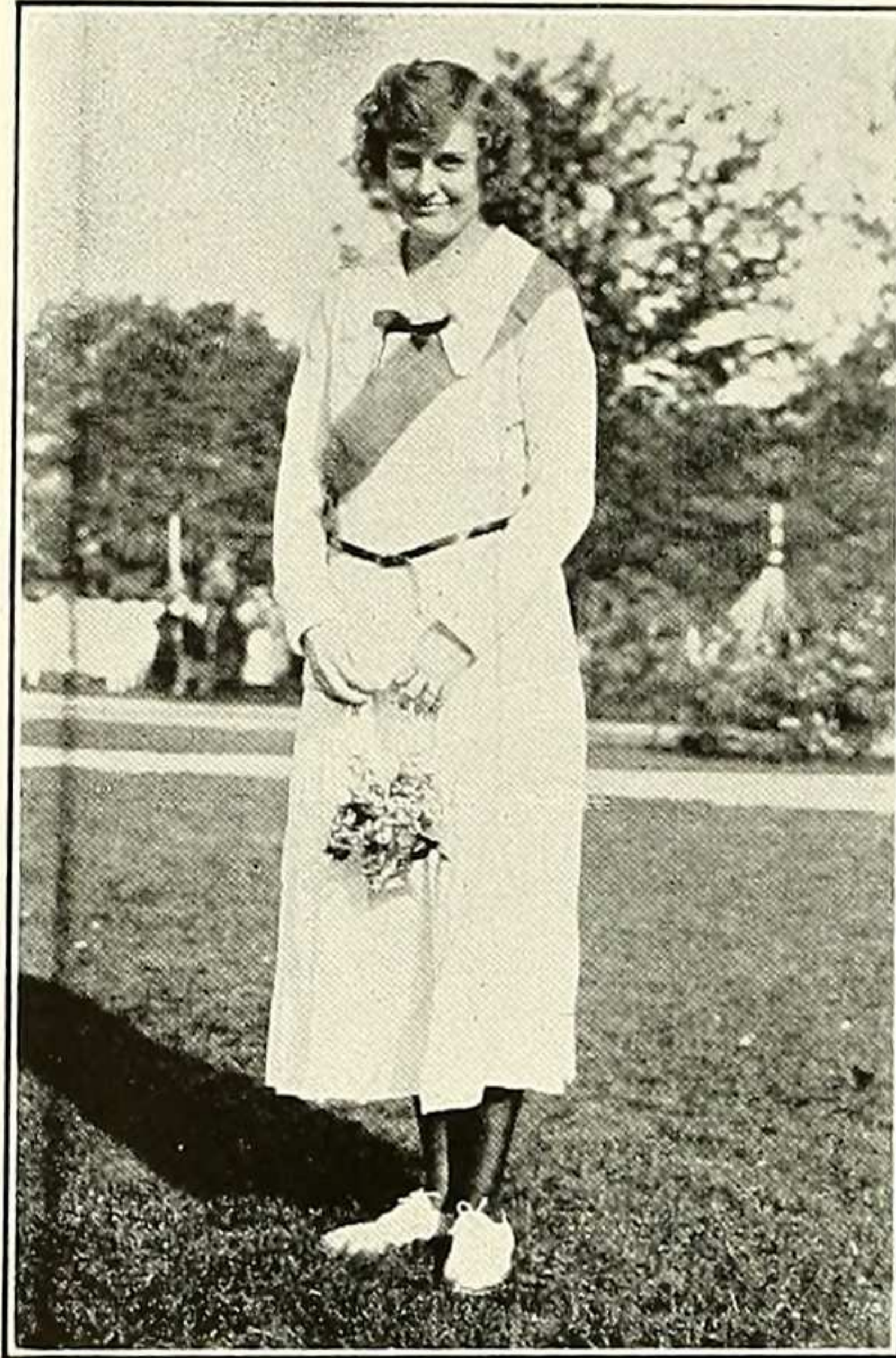
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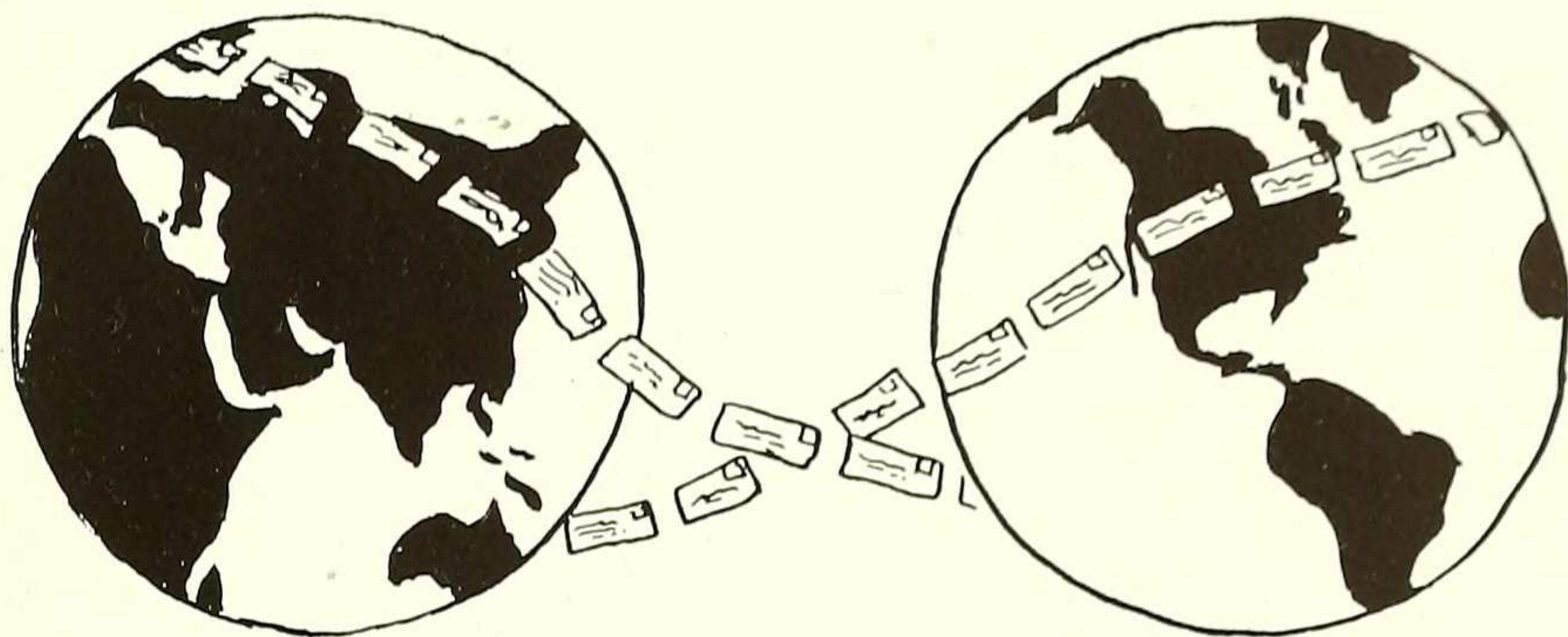
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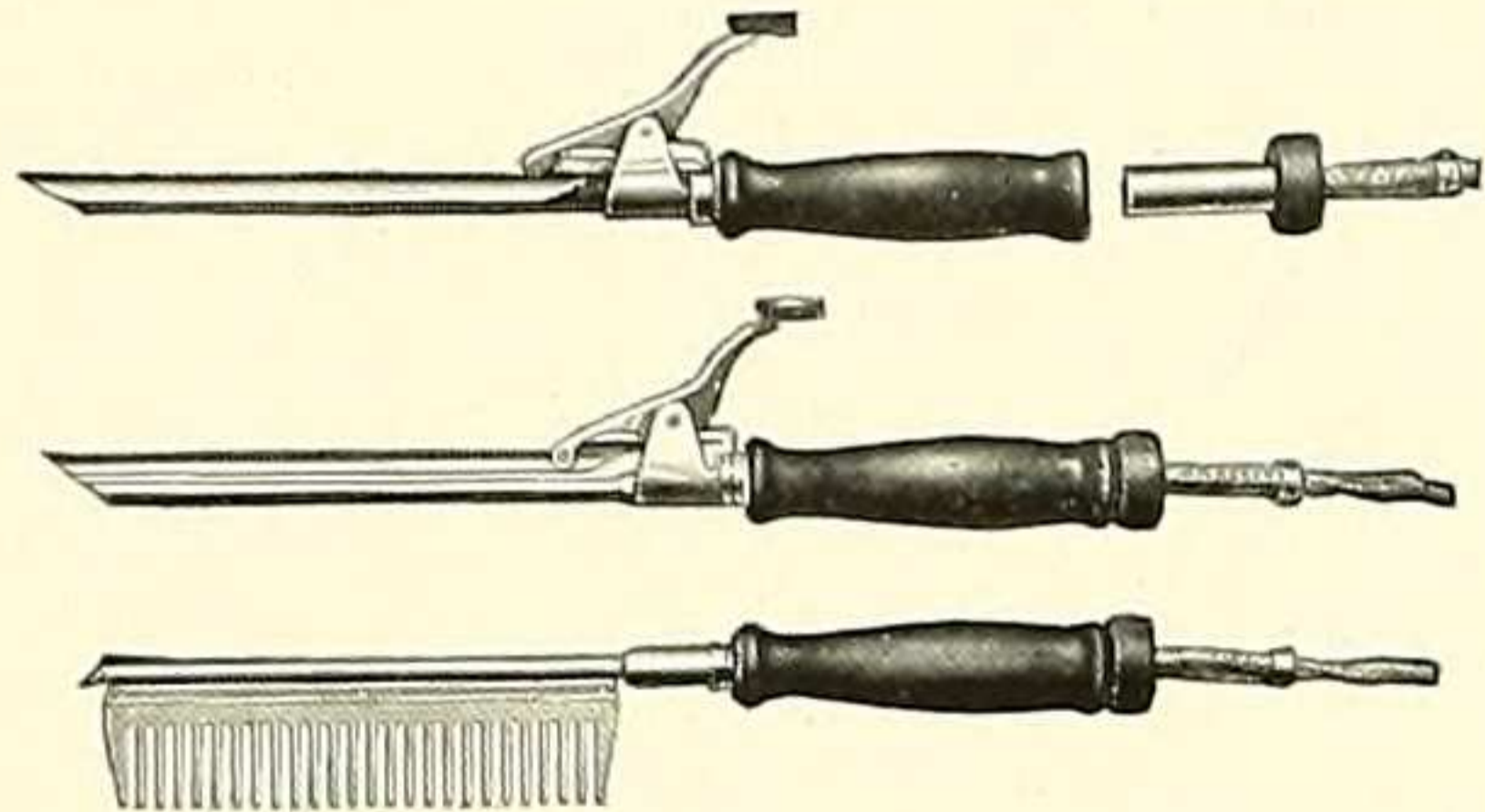
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