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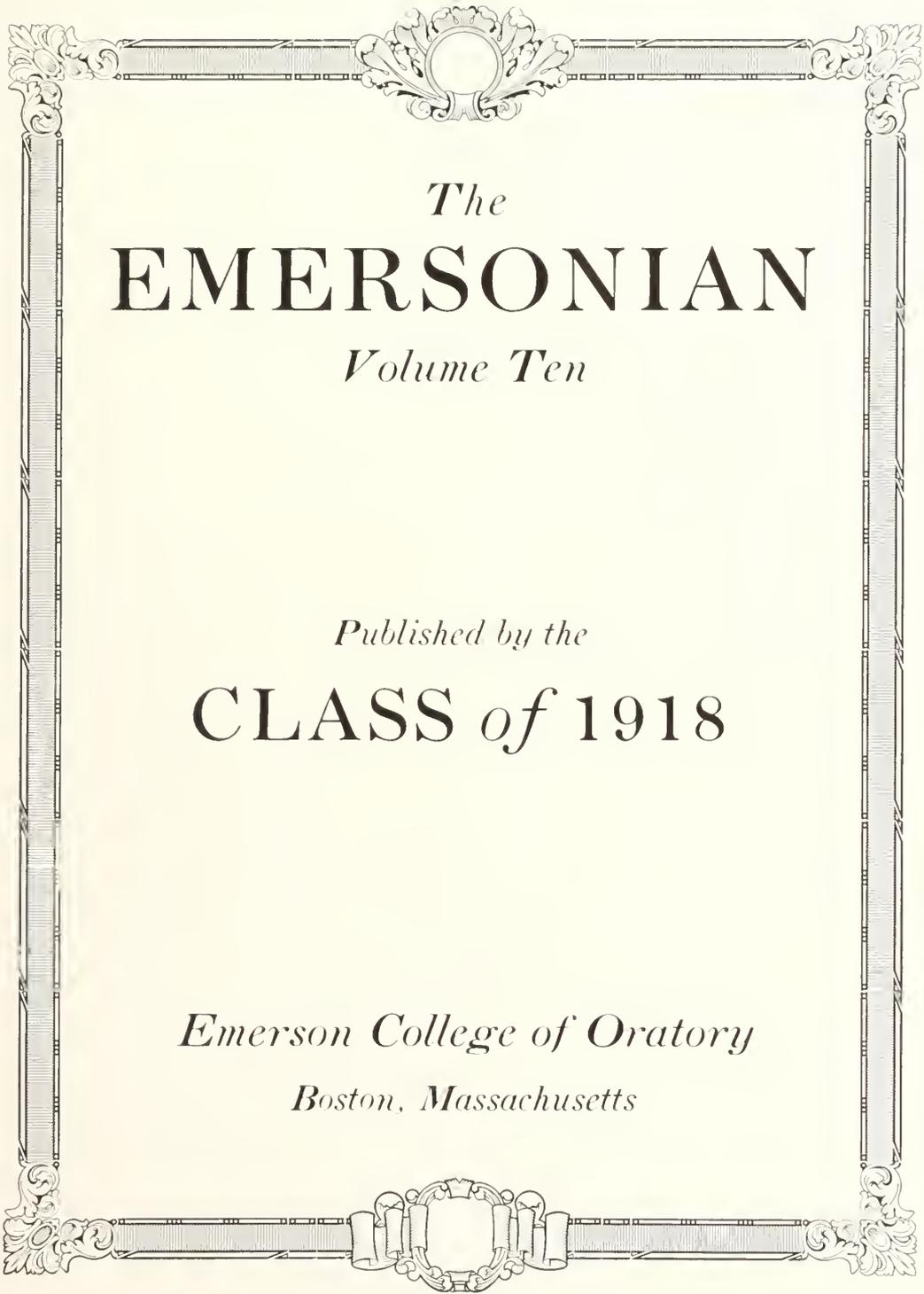
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HARRIGAN PRESS, INC.
WORCESTER, MASS.



The
EMERSONIAN

Volume Ten

Published by the
CLASS of 1918

Emerson College of Oratory
Boston, Massachusetts

We dedicate this book, the last will
and testament of our E. C. O. ex-
istence, to him who has fought our
moral inadequacies at home and our
enemies overseas,

William Holward Kenney



Photograph by Louis Fabian Bachrach

WILLIAM HOWLAND KENNEY



EMERSONIAN BOARD

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Foreword

We've labored long---
We've labored hard---
We've also labored fast;
Now we can sleep
Now we can eat
The danger zone is past.

So when you see
Our frail attempts
Just think of us at rest
And say with smiles
Benign and sweet
"Poor things! They did their best."



HENRY LAWRENCE SOUTHWICK
President

"A man's sole value to the world is his influence in what he affirms and does."



HARRY SEYMOUR ROSS
Dean

"The spirit of knowledge is helpfulness."



CHARLES WINSLOW KIDDER

Registrar; Vocal Physiology; Acoustics

"The voice is naturally the reporter of the individual."



WALTER BRADLEY TRIPP

History of the Drama; Impersonation;
Dramatic Interpretation

"You must believe what you say in order to carry permanent conviction."



E. CHARLTON BLACK

English Literature

"The great interpreter is one who is as greatly versed in scientific principles as in the emotions."



WILLIAM G. WARD

Logic; Debate; Psychology; English Literature

"Don't boast of greatness, but defend your rights."



SILAS A. ALDEN

Applied Anatomy; Hygiene; Physical
Training

"We are the sum of our endeavors."



ROBERT BURNHAM

Make-up; Interpretation

*"Get into your character before you speak
your first word."*



PRISCILLA C. PUFFER

Gesture; Elocution

"The criterion of good taste is necessity."



JESSIE ELDRIDGE SOUTHWICK

Voice Culture; Ethics; Shakespeare

"Don't go spoiling God's universe because of something you will forget tomorrow."



ELVIE BURNETT WILLARD

Story-Telling; Repertoire

*"What you do speaks so much louder than
what you say, that I cannot hear what
you say."*



AGNES KNOX BLACK

Literary Interpretation

"There is no monotony in true art."



MAUD GATCHELL HICKS

Dramatic Art and Pantomime

"Character building is culminative."



HARRIET C. SLEIGHT

Physiology; Anatomy; Interpretation

"Success is the hardest experience to live through."



LILIA E. SMITH

Pedagogy; History of Education; School
Management

*"Your four years are just the first time around
the spiral of your evolution."*



GERTRUDE McQUESTEN

Articulation; Technique of the Voice

"Mental vision has exterior expression."



ELSIE RIDDELL

Gymnasium; Dancing; Fencing

*"Imagination is the central scheme of our
daily activities."*



MARGARET JOSEPHINE PENICK

Elocution; Recitals

"Development of self for the service of others."



S E N I O R S

Senior Officers

MARGUERITE FOX	<i>President</i>
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Class Flower

JONQUIL

Class Colors

GREEN AND GOLD

Class Yell

To wit to-wooo-ooo,
 To wit to-wooo-ooo,
 We're all for you-ooo,
 Who-ooo?
 Seniors!

Seniors



When you're writing out a "Blue Book"
These important facts you jot—
The History of the play
And the Sources of the Plot.
You analyze the Time
Each character you spot
To do this with the Senior Class
Is part now, of my lot.

When we entered dear old E. C. O.
In year 1914,
We were really more impossible
Than any fairy lore.
But now to look at us—
We are very wise—and more!
Such a class at Emerson
There never was before.

But attempting to describe
The bright futures of us all,
Would be a task the gravest
Of grave prophets to appall.
Some of our number may be stars
In limousines to loll;
And some in preparation school
Keep guard along the hall.

Our talents are so numerous
No one could safely say
"So-and-so will do this or that,"
Or "She'll go in such a way."
But there's one thing we all want to do
And for that we'll always pray
We're coming back to E. C. O.
Some not far distant day.



C. K. McC., '18.



ELIZABETH H. ALDERDICE

302 Schermerhorn Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

She talks about Omar in most learned fashion;
On our poor dull minds she should have compassion.



JANE D. BEYNON

76 Custer Street, Wilkes-Barre, Penn.

She's not a clairvoyant, but the truth you will know
If to our Jane right frankly you go.



MARGUERITE E. BRODEUR

16 Wait Street, Roxbury, Mass.

When you hear Marg's work (unless you do err),
You'll admit that "high art" is not too high for her.



WILLIAM R. BYER

259 Fair Street, Kingston, N. Y.

Boston billboards blaze with the name "William Byer";
Sothorn is great, but Bill's work will be higher.



ETHEL MARION CAINE

Kings Cove, North Weymouth, Mass.

She's the lightest of dancers of all we have met,
But her brain is not light like her heels, you can bet.



HELEN W. CARTER

128 School Street, Carthage, N. Y.

The girl who can *smile* (she'll mob me, I fear,)
To bring, never failing, the best of good cheer.



ANNABEL CONOVER

Harrisonville, New Jersey

At every meeting one likes her the more;
She's a girl, you can wager, who's worth working
for.



ELIZABETH M. DARNELL

Waynetown, Indiana

Although in the "Lib'ry" Betty is quite severe,
We all (Bernard, too!) declare she's a dear.



BERNICE H. DUGGAN

1105 W. French Place, San Antonio, Texas

There are corking ideas in Bernice's head,
And when she expounds them—there's naught else
to be said.



INA L. DUVAL

69 Central Square, Leominster, Mass.

Her voice is the joy of her teachers, and pride;
To read Browning like Ina so much have I sighed.



HELEN GOULD EADS

416 Pereida, San Antonio, Texas

A temper unruffled and even has she,
But a mighty good sport as is easy to see.



ANNE FLOYD EAST

Willoughby Beach, Virginia

Anne is an altruist, a *real* one, and so
When you have troubles to Anne you must go.



FLORENCE MAY ELLIOT

Pikeville, Kentucky

She's away a great deal, but when she is here
We notice quite easily that she's a dear



HARRIET E. FANCHER

30 Stuyvesant, Binghamton, N. Y.

Our Harry is dainty and small and petite
From her dear little curl to the soles of her feet.



HELEN GRACE FORD

Sackville, New Brunswick, Canada

"A Blue-Book, dear Fordie, and my life you will
save!"
But Fordie's good nature will last to the grave.



ANNE GILES FOWLER

Keene, New Hampshire

Anne is the baby of our Senior class;
But in work—well, believe it—she gets more than
a “pass.”



MARGUERITE A. FOX

80 Rumford Avenue, Mansfield, Mass.

Though our President's shoulders are not very
broad,
She surely does guide us along the right road.



RENA M. GATES

99 East Main Street, Johnstown, N. Y.

Talk of Pavlowa, Irene Castle and such,
They cannot come up to Rena—not much!



FAY S. GOODFELLOW

83 North Union Street, Lambertville, N. J.

To hear Faysie practise 'tis certain you'd swear
'Twas none else but a man who was talking in there.



CATHERINE M. GREEN

Chelmsford, Massachusetts

She does the right thing at just the right minute;
She plunges right in and works to the limit.



HELEN V. GUILD

Derry, New Hampshire

Comedy is surely this girl's middle name,
But there's a lot more than that to her, just the
same.



CONSTANCE F. HASTINGS

9 Summit Avenue, Somerville, Mass.

Connie speaks with an accent exact and precise,
But she surely has "pep" and is most awfully nice.



MARY HELEN HYNES

Washington, Georgia

For men's parts in scenes Mary Helen does fall;
If she's in many more, there'll be no Mary at all.



ELEANOR W. JACK

109 Park Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

She's got Webster beaten when it comes to long
words,
And a voice that turns green with envy the birds.



SAMUEL S. KERN

985 Glenmore Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Sam is dramatic in all parts he acts;
In perfect abandonment nothing he lacks.



RUTH LEVIN

36 Waveway Avenue, Winthrop, Mass.

She smiles, and one feels one's lips widen, too,
When Ruth is around one couldn't feel blue.



MRS. KATHRYN MAXHAM

28 Westland Avenue, Boston, Mass.

A wonderful hostess and dear friend is she,
And one never can leave without six cups of tea!



LORETTA McCARTHY

7 Goodwin Avenue, Glens Falls, N. Y.

When I say she's a peach, it is surely no story,
For purest good nature there's no one like Lorrie.



CATHARINE K. McCORMICK

298 Dufferin Avenue, London, Ontario, Can.

Kay declares that she is devoted to Art,
But alas! it is purely—affair of the heart.



EDITH M. MacCULLEY

24 Balltown Road, Schenectady, N. Y.

Ede is surely a marvel, a wonder at bluff,
But you'd know just to see her that she's the right
stuff.



EVELYN L. MACNEILL

Thorndyke Hotel, Dartmouth, N. S., Canada

To be at rehearsals on time is too rare,
But Ev. is *on time*—she's a wonder, so there.



SELINA MACE

Keeseville, New York

Very demure and submissive, you'd say?
But believe it, there's no lack of life, anyway.



RENA G. MACOMBER

150 Hammond Street, Waltham, Mass.

To just *look* at Rena you'd know she's a poet;
E'en the highest of marks—she'll be able to toe it.



HAZEL M. MANLEY

138 Crescent Street, Waltham, Mass.

To have a motherly eye on us all she seems.
We're so harum-scarum, yet still she beams.



EDNA M. MENDENHALL

Benton, Pennsylvania

She just couldn't be mean if she tried all night.
Everyone in the school thinks Edna's all right.



DOROTHY B. MITCHELL

10 Prospect Avenue, Yonkers, N. Y.

Of friends and admirers she has a great lot,
And everyone says, "You must hand it to Dot."



MARGARET E. NEWELL

1315 Park Avenue, Richmond, Va.

Peg never hurries in work or in game,
But she'll get there unquestionably just the same.



GRACE B. O'LEARY

294 Elm Street, Holyoke, Mass.

Her eye has a twinkle, 'tis brim full of fun;
She's a limited copy-edition of one.



NORMA OLSON

906 Benton Street, Port Townsend, Wash.

A dancer so graceful and stately is she,
'Tis a sight well worth while our Norma to see.



MARGARET G. PINKERTON

633 Moss Avenue, Peoria, Ill.

Now Pinkie's not Irish, but you'd swear she was it,
For her brogue is pure Irish and so is her wit.



CHRISTINE M. PUNNETT

Pittsford, New York

The shiniest eyes and the merriest smile;
We won't forget Bunny for a very long while.



MELBA R. RHODES

Cloverhurst, Athens, Georgia

If you want to laugh till your side's sore some day,
Have her read "Uncle Remus" in her real Southern
way.



MARGUERITE M. RUGGLES

Hardwick, Massachusetts

In all E. C. O. there is none who's more sweet,
More helpful, more jolly than our Marguerite.



ELIZABETH H. TACK

16 Bartle Avenue, Newark, N. Y.

Whatever she's into, one knows will go through;
She knows what she wills—what she wills she
will do.



HAZEL A. TANNER

Morgantown, Kentucky

She's a real humorist with the jolliest manner;
There's no one quite like her—our own Hazel
Tanner.



GRACE J. TOMB

Jersey Shore, Pennsylvania

Here is a girl whose work really gets done,
But she's not a "Blue Stocking"—she's just heaps
of fun.



RUBY M. WALTER

Waldoboro, Maine

A ruby's a gem—it applies in this case,
But our Senior Ru'by no one can replace.



BARBARA WELLINGTON

81 Church Street, Newton, Mass.

"Sky-rocket Bab" is a whizzer at things;
We'll not see her for dust when her genius takes
wings.



MARJORIE E. WILL

309 Army Boulevard, San Antonio, Texas

She's very dark—dark hair and dark eyes,
But her heart is pure gold—"extra large" is its
size.



NEVA M. WRIGHT

Johnson City, New York

Her eyes seem to come from the far land of
dreams,
Filled with the brightest of bright sunbeams.



GRACE A. ZERWEKH

936 Garden Street, Peoria, Ill.

Who could help liking a girl like our Grace,
Kindness and sweetness just beam in her face.



MARGARET V. ZINK

Christiansburg, Virginia

The price of metals is soaring each day,
The value of "Zinkie" is more'n we can say.

ELLEN LOMBARD

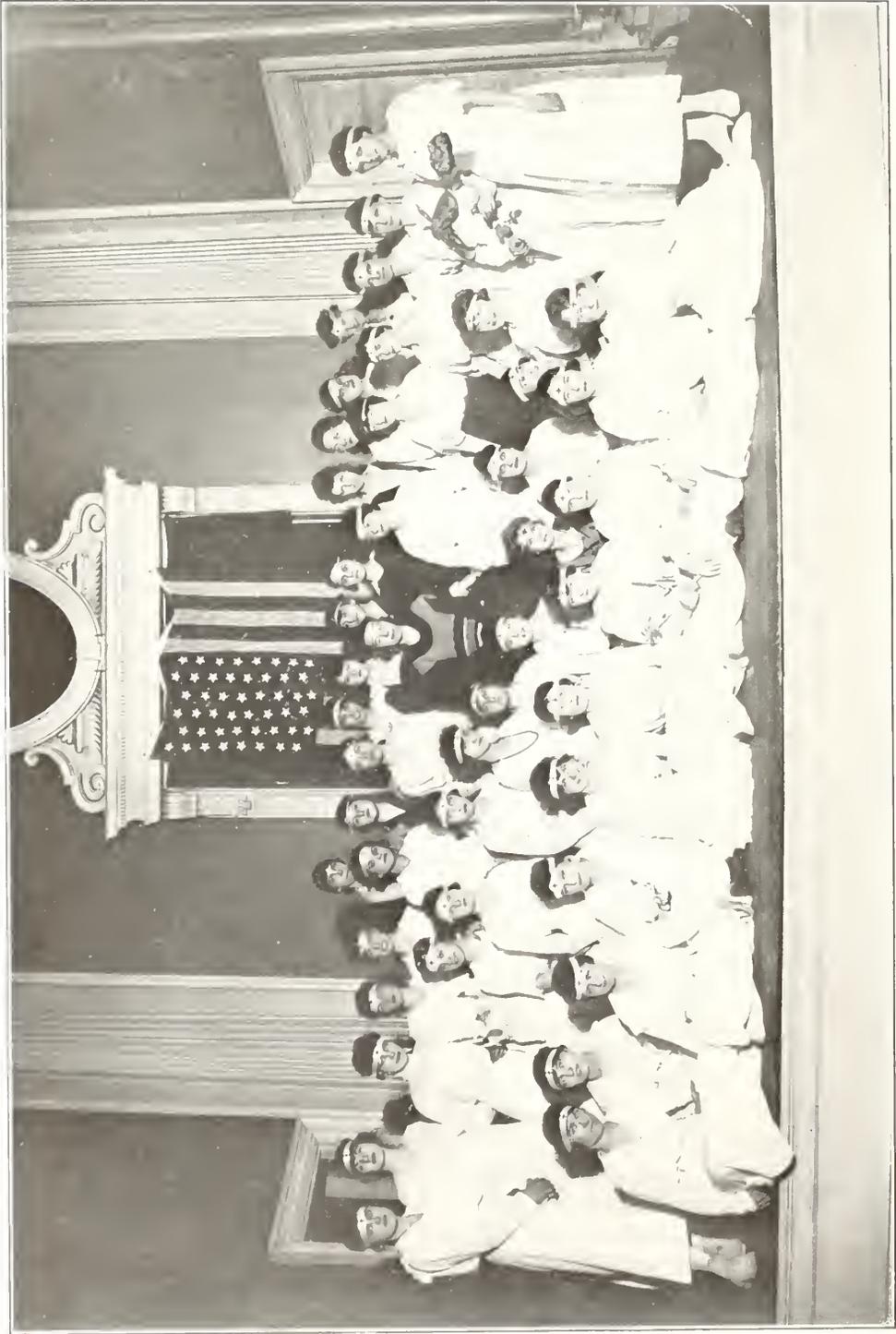
Colebrook, New Hampshire

You'd not think of Ellen as "Little Bo Peep,"
But since being with "Shepherds" she could surely
train sheep.

IZER H. WHITING

Pittsfield, Maine

She might be naturally, shockingly gay,
But you see she's the "Pres. of Y. W. C. A."



JUNIOR CLASS—1919



Junior

Officers

MADLINE MacNAMARA	<i>President</i>
MABELLE THRESHER	<i>Vice-President</i>
FLORENCE CUTTING	<i>Secretary</i>
MARJORIE STACKHOUSE	<i>Treasurer</i>

Junior Class Prophecy

BOSTON, MASS., June 22, 1922.

DEAR BETTY:

Doubtless you are expecting to hear from me about our reunion, and therefore I will not discuss other matters, but will simply tell you what the other girls have been engaged in since graduation. It was a great pleasure to return to our Alma Mater, and I was directed to a spacious campus situated near the southern boundary of the city. As I followed the serpentine path which led to the building, I met Frances, who greeted me with the old salutation, "Hello, lover!" She said she had seen Elaine in the Pittsburgh Depot, searching for her bag, and though Frances offered to loan her sufficient cash to go to Boston, she replied, "Neither a lender nor a borrower be; the friends thou hast, and their affection tried, grapple them to thy breast with hooks of steel." As we stood conversing, Sallie Lewis tip-toed up to us and gave me a nudge to keep still, while she blindfolded Frances and demanded that she guess the name of the intruder. Frances guessed in turn that it was Beulah, then Caroline, no it was Bess! But when Sallie told her it was Sallie Lewis, Frances wondered at the express trains that Alaska must have! Sue Phillips and Mabel came along arm in arm, laughing, when Mina's high soprano startled them by the remark, "Oh, Mabel and Sue!" And the three linked arms and proceeded to the building. Dinner was served at twelve o'clock in the spacious dining room, and at the table, among others sat Ruth Hubbs and Mike Levy. They could not spend much time with us as they were to assist John McCormack at the Opera House that evening, and they presented Helen and myself with two complimentary tickets to the entertainment. Lillian Lewis is now an Episcopal Rector at Gardner, Mass., having joined the Episcopal Church because she had done those things she ought not to have done, and left undone those things that should be done. Sylvia arrived here in a Packard touring car, and the second divine Sarah gave us her autograph. Blanche and Louise have found Gesture and Physical Culture the essential in Motion Pictures. Florence Cutting has recently returned from France, where she has been driving an ambulance for Uncle Sam, and wore her coveted Le Croix de Guerre during the reunion. Grace Pitman owns the largest Moving Van in New York State. Grace knows how to sympathize with persons desiring a change of residence, for you remember, she moved five times during her Junior Year. Pity is akin to love. Helen is sailing on to the road of fame; "Sail on! Sail on!" And Helen Sayles. Fanny Clapp has been successfully directing the Symphony Orchestra since Dr. Muck's interment. It took our own Fanny to lift the cloud of depression from the minds of Boston music lovers. Ruth Kelly is now the President of the Republic of Russia, has joined the Bolshevik, and is being roundly criticised for lecturing at Russian Chautauquas on Socialism during her term of office. Bertha and Frisky are writing a play soon to be staged in Boston, entitled "Two Queens of Hearts." Bertha has not struck the Jack

yet! Beulah Folmsbee is prosecuting a public reader for infringing on her copyright by staging one of her plays. Madeline, Jeanette, Lena, Lucile, Joe, Mrs. Perkins, Helen Lynch, and Imogene are running a large orphanage, and are now raising subscriptions through the Principles of Oratory and Extemporaneous Speaking. Mary Mahon is the first woman Senator in Washington, and is advocating a law to compel every old bachelor to pay a fabulous income tax for the benefit of unmarried women. Madeline McNamara is Governor of the State of New York and has influenced the legislature to pass a bill providing for the closing of all confectionery stores.

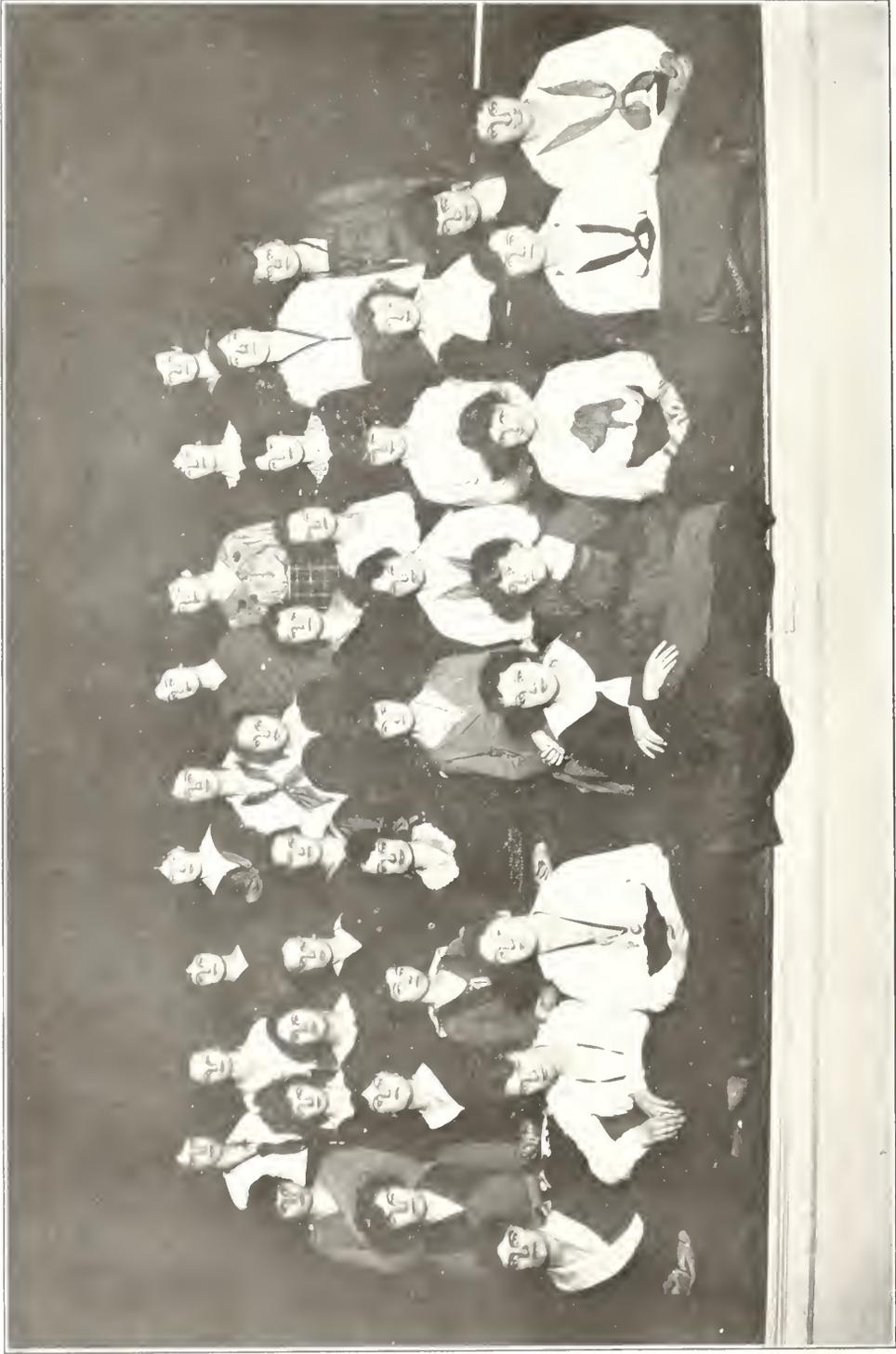
“When you think it over,” said Billy, “Professor Tripp was not far wrong when he said, four years ago, in the Dramatic Training Class, that the Junior Class was demoralized by three M’s—Mumps, Measles, and Marriage. Medical aid has cured the first two named evils, but no one dares to interfere with Cupid. All the girls wish to be remembered to you and hope you will be with us at the next class reunion. As ever,

R. S., '19.



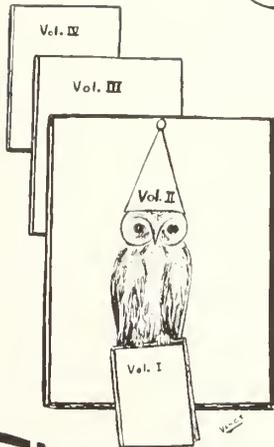
<i>Name</i>	<i>Greatest Success</i>	<i>Pet Folly</i>	<i>Redeeming Virtue</i>
Mildred Alhstrom	Hearts ease	Over-conscientiousness	Affability
Helen Aurand	Petruchio	Voice	Sweet Smile
Louise Caldwell	Quality Street	Southern Drawl	Executive Ability
Cally Callaway	Capt. O'Hara	Measles	Unruffled Temper
Fanny Clapp	Music	Men	Affection
Joseph Connor	Magazine	Blarney	Sympathy
Florence Cutting	Teaching	Ministers	Promptness
Helen Darrow	Mice and Men	?	Conversation
William Downs	His Work	Girls	Impartiality
Ethel May Duncan	Story-telling	? Slang ?	Earnestness
Marjorie Durling	Petruchio	Traveling	Originality
Elizabeth Field	Story Recital	Her Smile	Fair-mindedness
Beulah Folmsbee	Hermelinde	Mrs. Hicks	Reliability
Sylvia Folsom	Nance Oldfield	Sarcasm	Quick-wittedness
Helene Fry	Lady Carlisle	Eyes	Class-spirit
Isabel Goheen	Good-nature	Size	Cuteness
Mary Griffin	"Carry On" Southern Club Stunt	Entertaining "Sojer Boys"	Irresistible Humor
Mary L. Griffiths	Chapel Attendance	Over-seriousness	Agreeableness
Mina Harrison	Capt. Lovell	Over-work	Helping Others
Fern Helscher	Joanna	Sharp Tongue	Ability to laugh at herself
Imogene Hogle	Original Oratory	Arguing	Brains
Blanche Howard	Embury	Love	Capability
Oahlee Hubbard	Sir Harry	Work	Her Conscience
Ruth Hubbs	Family Pressure	"Sleep-walking"	Laugh
Lucille Husting	Mme. Butterfly	Missing Rehearsals	Soft Voice
Josephine Johnson	Grumio	Determination	Lunches
Bertha Kaufman	Dramatic Work	Her Curls	Vivacity
Ruth Kelly	Heartease	Evelyn	Earnestness
Caroline Lander	Hospitality	Chapel	Always There

<i>Name</i>	<i>Greatest Success</i>	<i>Pet Folly</i>	<i>Redeeming Virtue</i>
Olive Lafevre	Debate	Pantomime	Willingness
Dorothy Levy	Impersonations	Grin	Being a Good Pal
Sara Lewis	At the Sign of the Cleft Heart	Good-nature	Sincerity
Lillian Lewis	Heartsease	Shyness	Graciousness
Hilda Loersch	Leadership	Book-store	Poise
Helen Lynch	Character Work	"The" Man	Irish Humor
Sara Mae McKenna	Dialect Work	Twinkle in her eye	Agreeableness
Madeline McNamara	Friendship	Reducing	Enthusiasm
Mary Mahon	'Lord Capulet!'	Louise Powers	Daintiness
Blanche Okman	Three and an Extra	Rehearsals	Firmness
Susan Phillips	'Peggy" in Mice and Men	Over-seriousness	Patriotism
Grace Pittman	Humorous Readings	Measles	Darky Stories
Louise Powers	Her First Appearance	Mary Mahon	Giggle
Elaine Riche	Junior Recital	Visiting School	Work
Mary Roberts	Junior Stunt	Matrimony	Vivacity
Frances Russey	Office-holding	Crutches	Popularity
Helen Sayles	The Happy Prince	Slowness	Sweetness
Marjorie Stackhouse	"Two Virtues"	Collecting Dues	Lovableness
Ruth Stokes	Debate	Auctioneering	Strength of Character
Louise Tager	Chivey	Talking	Adaptability
Beatrice Talmas	Dramatics	Men	Cleverness
Mabelle Thresher	Simeon	Dimples	Cheerfulness
Esther Van Alstyne	Character Work	Engaged!	Sweetness
Carolyn Vance	Painting	Southern Club Lunches	Sunshine
Jeannette Warshavsky	The King	Managing	Executive Ability
Lena May Williams	Tybalt	Arguing	Ability
Bess Wilt	Making Friends	Her Poodle	Comradship
Alma Wright	Dancing	Dutch Cut	Jolliness
Lucille Withers	Pantomime	Drawl	Perseverance



SOPHOMORE CLASS—1920

1920



SOPHOMORE

Officers

ELEANOR EAST	<i>President</i>
ETHEL BERNER	<i>Vice-President</i>
CATHERINE PERRY	<i>Secretary</i>
VIRGINIA SHERMAN	<i>Treasurer</i>

Sophomores

*This trembling mortal, gentle sir,
Is a young Freshman green and mild;
She dare not speak, she dare not stir—
Her air is timid and yet wild.*

*And that young goddess with an air
Of dignity and graceful ease,
The facile word and "savoir faire"
Oh, she's a Junior, if you please.*

*That dark grave shape that noze floats by,
Intent on wisdom, grim, severe,
A Senior she whose learned eye
Explores those regions far from here.*

*Oh that—the one with manner gay
Who hastens here and there all o'er
Who thinks of "Ego" all the day—
You've guessed it—she's a Sophomore!*

Song of a Soph

To have a voice of purest gold,
To speak of wondrous tales untold,
 'Twas my ambition,
To Emerson a "Soph" I come,
I learn a fact that makes me glum,
 Pantomime is tradition.

And so I toil and work apace
To "make my hand a second face,"
 'Tis very trying.
But as I struggle madly on
A new strange light begins to dawn,
 No use denying.

Each day I work with Mrs. Hicks
I am in slightly lesser fix;
 I am improving.
I register distress and love,
I look below, beside, above,
 It is quite moving.

"A horrid sight," is the command;
"Attack above—yes, raise your hand,
 Now, strike it!"
Oh, it is wondrous—pantomime,
I want to do it all the time;
 Oh! I like it.



FRESHMAN CLASS—1921



Officers

WILDA BLOUNT	<i>President</i>
MARION HAWTHORNE	<i>Vice-President</i>
_____	<i>Secretary</i>
HUEY GEIGER	<i>Treasurer</i>

The Green Little Tad

(Apologies to Robert Service)

- "Where are you going, you Green Little Tad,
On this glittering morn in September?"
"I'm entering Emerson College, Dad,
It starts today, remember."
"But you're only a girl, you Green Little Tad,
And why do you want to go?"
"I long for a silver voice, dear Dad,
That is sweet and strong, you know."

"So you're going to Boston, you Green Little Tad?
And you surely look first rate."
"I'll write you all about it, Dad,
Are you sure my hat's on straight?"
"God bless and keep you, you Green Little Tad,
You're all of my pride and joy."
"Cheer up. I'll fight the fight, dear Dad,
As though I were a boy."

"Why aren't you homesick, you Green Little Tad,
You 'love the school,' you say,
And 'the girls are dears'. I'm awfully glad,
And 'the days just fly away',
They're filled with laughter and work and wit,
And you'd 'sit up half the night
To learn a reading bit by bit',
I guess you've started right."

"As I expected, you Green Little Tad,
You're 'broke' again today.
You made my pocketbook look sad,
'A check, please, right away',
But here you say you're gaining ground
That's worth the price I've paid;
Your health is fine—you're plump and round,
Well done, my pretty maid."

*"Is it really the truth, you Green Little Tad,
Vacation's come at last,
And you'll soon be home with your lonesome Dad?
For your Freshman year is past,
And you're starting tonight, you Green Little Tad,
Your face turned toward the West,
I love you well, my little Nell,
For my girl is one of the best."*

*"Oh I've lived for you, you Green Little Tad,
And I've dreamed of you as you are:
An unspoiled child with a heart that smiled
And a temper none could mar,
So train your vocal chords, my dear,
To speak the good and true,
And Emerson will whisper love—
'My child, I'm proud of you'."*

G. McG., '21.





OFFICERS OF STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION—1917-1918

Students' Association

BARBARA WELLINGTON	<i>President</i>
CATHARINE McCORMICK	<i>Vice-President</i>
EDITH MACCULLEY	<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>

Student Council

<i>Freshman</i>	<i>Junior</i>
WILDA BLOUNT	MADELINE MACNAMARA
GRETCHEN DILLENBACH	HILDA LOERSCH
JESSIE SOUTHWICK	RUTH HUBBS
<i>Sophomore</i>	<i>Senior</i>
ELEANOR EAST	MARGUERITE FOX
AGNES MAHONEY	FAY GOODFELLOW
JUSTINA WILLIAMS	MARY HELEN HYNES

This is the tenth year that the Student Association has been an organization in Emerson College, and we feel that it has been one which has held innumerable opportunities for us all.

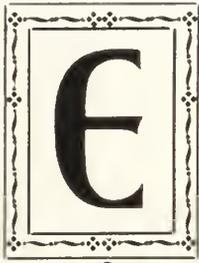
First of all the Liberty Bond idea came to us. E. C. O., not to be outdone by anybody, must needs purchase one. So a Liberty Bond was obtained and donated to the Emerson College endowment fund.

Then came the campaign for the Students' Friendship War Fund. The intimation that the help—moral and financial—of everyone was needed in this brought a noble response, for Emerson indeed went "over the top"—even beyond the wildest hopes and expectations. We subscribed for the help of prisoners of war, to our Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. workers, the sum of twenty-four hundred dollars.

Encouraged by the success of both these undertakings, the Association disposed of a large number of Smileage Books. Well, a Smileage campaign necessarily produces smiles, and smiles make happiness, and when we are happy, somehow we always want to sing. At any rate, the Association has collected a number of Emerson College songs which are published and on sale at the Book Store. Altogether it has been, we feel, a very wonderful and successful year.



EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE BOARD



Emerson College Magazine



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THE EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE has been an important factor in E. C. O. life for over twenty-five years. This year, through the splendid efforts of our business manager, Mr. Joseph Connor, who left us to join the colors before the Second Semester began, the magazine had a particularly encouraging financial start. It is hoped that the interest in E. C. O. of the outgoing students will not die with graduation and that they will care to keep in touch with school life through subscription to the magazine.



CABINET OF YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

Young Woman's Christian Association

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Friday afternoon, Y. W. C. A. afternoon, is known as "The Quiet Hour at Emerson," when, in the rush of a busy week, the girls may pause for an hour and meet together as a body with one spirit. There have been many interesting speakers to guide and inspire; among them have been:

MR. WILLIAM LOCKE—"Our Immigrant Neighbors and the Student's Opportunity for Self-Expression."

DR. MARY EMERSON

MISS FAIRBANKS—"The Life and Customs of the People of India."

MISS DOROTHEA SHUTE—"Social Service Work."

DR. DE BLOIS—"Self and Selfhood."

MRS. JESSIE E. SOUTHWICK

MRS. AGNES K. BLACK

MRS. MARY P. CONVERSE—"War Prisoners' Relief."

MISS HOYT—"Today's Responsibility."

There have been several enthusiastic student meetings. Ruth Stokes told of her life in India, and Frieda Viljoen brought to us a message of present day sacrifice, and a glimpse of her South African life. A Silver Bay Rally was held, at which Miss Jessie Dodge White, our acting Metropolitan Secretary, and Anne G. Fowler, our delegate to Silver Bay, spoke of treasures from Silver Bay.

The year has been a year of action, and the Y. W. C. A. has tried to fulfill its ideal of service in every way. Under its leadership the Student Friendship War Fund Campaign was launched at Emerson, and nearly \$2500 was raised by pledges from the student body.

A large supply of clothing was collected and sent to the aid of the suffering Roumanians.

Volunteer workers at the Settlement House and readers for charitable organizations have been furnished by the Social Service Committee.

Our association was an active participant in organizing the Church of the Messiah on St. Stephen Street as a Student Church. Non-sectarian services are held every Sunday afternoon and such well known speakers as Dr. Raymond Calkins, Dr. Samuel Crothers and Mr. Francis B. Sayre are secured.

The play, "Hermelinde," by Beulah K. Folmsbee, 1919, was given in conjunction with the plays of B. U. and N. E. Conservatory of Music as Emerson's share in raising money for the maintenance of Y. W. C. A. headquarters at 500 Boylston Street, where Miss White most cordially welcomes all students.

Under the leadership of the Y. W. C. A., Miss Kyle Adams and Mrs. Francis B. Sayre explained the formation of student classes for the discussion of Problems of World Democracy, and a committee was chosen from the entire student body to lay plans for the formation of these classes for next year.

A welcome tea and reception was given to the new students in October. Several informal teas have been held, and the "fireside socials" and "cabinet suppers" at the Y. W. C. A. headquarters are among the happy memories of the year.

We are most grateful to each one who has helped to make the association meetings a success, and we feel that each has received more than she gave. "Give to the world the best you have, and the best will come back to you."





Dramatic Club

HENRY LAWRENCE SOUTHWICK *President*
FRANCES RUSSEY, '19 *Secretary-Treasurer*

Executive Board

HENRY LAWRENCE SOUTHWICK
MAUD GATCHELL HICKS
WALTER BRADLEY TRIPP
FAY SCARLETT GOODFELLOW, '18
JOSEPH E. CONNOR, '19

The aim of the Emerson College Dramatic Club is to create higher artistic standards for school and college dramatic production and to place an added emphasis upon the educational value of Dramatic Study.

The Club is composed of ten active members from the three upper classes, and honorary members from the Faculty. The plays which the Club has produced are "Rosemary," "When Knighthood Was in Flower," a group of one-act plays consisting of "Rosalind," "Chatterton" and "Hyacinth Halvey," and the play "As You Like It."



SOUTHERN CLUB

Southern Club

Colors—BLUE AND GRAY

Flower—MAGNOLIA

MARY HELEN HYNES	<i>President</i>
ELEANOR EAST	<i>Vice-President</i>
MARY GRIFFIN	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
MARJORIE WILL	<i>Reporter</i>

Honorary Members

Harry Seymour Ross Hester Deasy

Active Members

1918

Bernice Duggan	Helen Eads
Anne Floyd East	Margaret E. Newell
Melba Rhodes	Hazel Tanner
Mae Elliot	Margaret Zink

1919

Caroline Lander	Sara Mae McKenna
Grace L. Pittman	Helen Sayles
Mildred Seals	Carolyn Vance
Jeannette Warshavsky	Lucile Withers

1920

Lucile Morris	Muriel Philips
Evelyn Stephens	

1921

Wilda Blount	Asenath Crocker
Sara Jane Hardy	

In Facultate

Josephine Penick

In 1913 the club was organized by the students from the southern states for the purpose of helping one another meet the problems of a new environment. Each year an original play or pantomime is produced.



CANADIAN CLUB STUNT

THE CANADIAN CLUB
OF
EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY
PRESENTS ON
FEBRUARY 28, 1918

Victoria Does Her Bit
(A WAR PLAY MINUS SOBS)

BY CATHARINE K. McCORMICK

C A S T

(In order of appearance)

SENATOR WARE, representing Canadian munition plants	Miss Blandford
VICTORIA WARE, his Grandniece and Ward	Miss Ford
JENKINS, who has been in Senator Ware's employ for——?	Miss Porter
CAPT. DONALD ANDERSON, who really loves Victoria	Miss MacNeill
COL. LEWIS, whose bark is worse than his bite	Miss McCormick
MAJOR PENNELEY, schoolmate of Col. Lewis	Mr. Welsh
MORRIS, Orderly to Col. Lewis	Miss Laymon
CAPT. FREDERICK SINGER, who saves a situation	Miss Atkinson
LT. JOHN BOSE, a German born "English Officer"	Miss Brodeur
MYERS, apparently from a New York newspaper	Miss Blandford

SCENE I. Senator Ware's home, in Sussex, England.

Time: Early afternoon in June, 1916.

SCENE II. A Camp behind the lines, "Somewhere in France."

Time: Three days later, early afternoon.



MENORAH SOCIETY



Menorah Society

JEANNETTE WARSHAVSKY *President*
RUTH LEVIN *Vice-President*
ESTHER COHEN *Secretary-Treasurer*

Members

Mary Borax	Blanche Oakman
Rebecca Berkowitz	Alice Cohn
Beatrice Gutton	Ida Singer
Bertha Rosnosky	Ida Minovitch
Louise Tager	Bertha Kaufman

Samuel Kern

In October, 1913, the Jewish students of Emerson College organized themselves into a Menorah Society. This is a movement of students in American colleges and universities to promote a knowledge of Jewish history and culture and modern Jewish life and ideals.



Literary

GBW.15

The Summer

Ever when it comes June and the soft chill breezes blow from the ocean across the sun soaked sands, and the clouds run dazzling races with the sea gulls—when those spring days come 'round again, Jean Loreáu will remember the calm strength of a brave boy officer on the wind swept beach, close bordering the convent school of St. Ann.

Graduation day had been very different from those of other years. A silent number of slender girls, wide-eyed and smileless, filed out through the long corridor, and over the green lawn to the little stone chapel. A short mass, a fervent prayer, and the mechanical distribution of certificates ended the school life at the convent. On the following day a train of wounded soldiers, nurses and white cots would transform St. Ann into a hospital.

For Jean, the day had a profound meaning. She felt strangely alive and restless. It seemed an eternity before everything was over. She ran breathlessly up the stairs to her room; threw her honor parchment into her open trunk; pulled down the lid; locked it; and, catching up a blue jacket, fled down stairs, across the back garden, and thru the wide gate to the western beach.

Jean found André waiting for her in the little sheltered cove. She crept up behind whole being ached with a tenderness for the ivy covered walls and gray columns. A shadowy lot of moving figures hurried nervously from the chapel, girls in their teens and early twenties, the unclaimed contemporaries of a buried generation.

Jean found André waiting for her in the little sheltered cove. She crept up behind and put both her arms about his neck.

“Hello André!”

Joy leaped to his eyes.

“Jean!”

They were suddenly overawed by a strange, delicious shyness. They looked at each other gravely like two children at a party, dumb, exquisitely thrilled.

It was nine months ago that they had said a half tearful, half laughing goodbye to each other, on the sunny platform at ———. André had been in training and at the front since the outbreak in August. Jean had not seen him since. He had come for her that she might return to Paris with him, where his company, with a throng of others, left again for the front, at 9 o'clock.

“I have just today you know dear. It's all they'd give me. We've been transferred for a warm old drive at Marne, else I wouldn't have been able to come.”

“Just today!” She looked up and met his eyes, stared, and could not look away. The dumb, dazed look that she saw, she had seen before in the eyes of very young soldiers, mute young eyes that contained the unutterable secrets of the battlefield, but revealed none.

“Our train leaves at four, Jean. Let's be happy till then. God! what a day! See that flock of gulls? Let's race 'em!” and with a delightful sense of recklessness

they ran along with the winds, shouted to the surf, and laughed with all the ecstasy of their sudden energy.

"See those white clouds, André! Wish we were sailing on them! O André!" and panting, they ran a race back to the little shelter, falling face downward in the white sand.

André's eyes, full of an uncomplaining and uncomprehending agony, sought Jean's.

"Funny how the end of everything is really the starting of things—the beginning. Here I am, enjoying these hours with you, dear! Perhaps—well—you know a life at Marne won't be worth much, Jean."

The girl looked dumbly back with a feeling of desolation growing within her, as vast as the gray expanse lapping beside them. It seemed to her that André was groping silently for an explanation, an inspiration deeper than he had known before, a something that would make it all right, this gigantic twentieth century work of killing.

Jean strangled a fierce tide of feeling, and pressed the crucifix on her bosom, deep in the white of her waist. He had to go back tomorrow—and he hated it so—they all did—the best of them. She saw through the superb pitiful bluff. She knew, but she would not let André see that she knew.

* * * * *

They went up to Paris by train. The flying landscape was unheeded. Intensely conscious of each other, they had that mysterious sensation of re-creation, of a great rapture brooding close about them, in the sunset, of which they were a part—a sense of enchantment that children are conscious of, or lovers, or those in dreams.

* * * * *

The moon was up, riding clear and golden in a sky pitted with stars. The vast platform was crowded with men in uniform. There was a stamping of many feet, and above the roar and confusion in the station, rose the voices of multitudes of women and children, talking, half sobbing, and inwardly calling, as they clung to their loved ones.

Jean and André looked about them with an unseeing, bewildered gaze that kept reverting to each other. There came a shrill whistle, a thunder of an oncoming train, and an acrid rush of smoke. A spasmodic gasp ran through the crowd, and Jean saw that the last moment had arrived. Clinging to her young lover, she summoned all the strength of her woman's soul, and looked bravely into his numb, strange face.

"Goodbye André. I shall pray for you, and love you, always. And perhaps—it is just the beginning—perhaps—"

The band with a mighty impetus pealed forth the "Marsellaise."

"My Jean—goodbye." André set his quivering mouth, hesitated, yielded to one clinging embrace, and rushed forward with the rest. The whistle shrieked; guards slammed the doors; and the train moved on.

"To arms, to arms, ye brave;

Th' avenging sword unsheathe!"

Crowds cheered. Cries echoed far into the night. High in the heavens a new moon seemed riveted to a cathedral spire, shedding its halo of white light over Paris.

* * * * *

R. G. M., '18.

How the Library Got its Books

In the high and far off times the Library, O Best Beloved, had no Books. He had only a lot of mouths that ran 'round the inside of him, one on top of the other, and this Library was full of satiable curiosity, and that means he asked ever so many questions. And he lived in Emerson, and he filled all Emerson with his satiable curiosity. He asked his tall aunt, the Zeta, why her children knew so much, and his tall aunt, the Zeta, spanked him, and gave him some more mouths, and stopped up some that he had with Books. He asked his small uncle, the Southernclubo, why he drawled so, and his small uncle, the Southernclubo, spanked him, and stopped part of his mouths with more Books. He asked his friends, the Canadianclub girls, why they were so cold, and the Canadianclub girls spanked him, and stopped up more of his mouths with more books. He asked his Deanish Godfather why he never got mad, and his Deanish Godfather got mad, and spanked him, and filled up a whole lot of his mouths with Books. But the Library was still full of satiable curiosity, and with the mouths he had left, he asked questions about everything he saw, or heard, or felt, or smelt. He asked all the Organizationpeople and all the Teacherpeople, and all the Studentpeople, and they all spanked him and filled up still more of his mouths with Books, green books, blue books, red books, black books, and still he was full of satiable curiosity.

One fine morning, in one fine year, this satiable Library asked a new, fine question that he had never asked before. He asked, "Why doesn't the faculty come to chapel?" Then everybody said, "Hush!" in a dreadful tone, and they spanked him immediately and directly without stopping for a long time.

Now you must know and understand, O Best Beloved, that the Library had never seen the Facultyinchapel; it was all his satiable curiosity.

Then the Womby-bomby Prexy heard the question the Library's satiable curiosity had led him to ask, and it made the Womby-bomby Prexy angry, and he shook the Library and shook him for a long time, and then stood him in a corner, and filled all his mouths with Books, so that even with all his satiable curiosity he could never ask any more questions.

The Womby-bomby Prexy felt this wasn't enough punishment, O Best Beloved, so he told the Library it must stand right where it was for ever and ever, and answer other people's questions, and that's the way, O Best Beloved, the Library got its books.

F. R., '19.

How to be a Poet

Before reaching the age of sixteen it is perhaps wise to plan on what one intends to make a Life Work. A most popular form of activity, and one to which the capital letter may rightly be applied, is the Writing of Poetry. This manner of earning fame—and equally elusive bread and water (I refer to the terms of bread and water exclusive of their uses in—er—institutions of detention and a subject of interest to fat folks) is one which can be acquired with little time or thought. Thought is very unnecessary. All that is essential in that line is a little care in the selection of “Atmosphere” and “Temperament.” The best way to obtain this foundation of poetic life, is to live for a short time in a col-webby garret accompanied by a fat manuscript, a slender diet and a romantic rat. If the inspiration does not come under such favorable circumstances it is well to try slumbering under a wide expanse of sky. In this way one cannot help but be *surrounded* by Atmosphere—in fact one may need a blanket or so to keep from absorbing too *much* Atmosphere!

The next step is more difficult, for the term Temperament is one of divers pronunciations. Usually, however, the accent is on the first two syllables—although some people pronounce it “harmless.” But to the Poet this wonderful word is fraught with meaning. To begin with one must have an “affair”—not a business affair nor a social affair, nor even an official affair, but just one of those affairs where people glance insinuatingly out of the corner of one eye and say “oohh”! You know the kind. But in order to have a really truly honest-to-goodness affair the Poet must have his name coupled either with that of Mlle. Sprite Le Hoppe of the Flossy Ruffles Co., or the beautiful and Noble Lady Lotta Munnie, who already owns a husband and a staggering bank account. Publicity agents will pounce upon this sort of thing, and then all the inspired one needs is to spring a Poem upon them. The world replies, “Ah! such a noble soul must not be hampered.” It is really an achievement which is very pleasant and simple—particularly the latter. As a slight help and guide (ahem!) to the youthful and eagerly inquiring mind, I take the liberty of giving an example of the most æsthetic and popular verse form.

Darkness—and a radiance of sound;
A glowing cry—a mountain peak reclining;
Afar she looked,—a most luxurious fragrance;
A Thunder crash—the breeze thro’ pine trees pining.

This perfect example of the workings of a Poetic mind, clearly shows the wide field offered to the rampant brain cell of aspiring youth.

C. K. M.

Three Days in Spring

It is a dark and dreary day;
I sit at home alone,
And wonder if there is a way
By which they can atone
For all the crimes that have been done,
For all the deeds so black.
There is a cloud that screens the sun—
Are we to draw it back?

The wind doth cry with pain and fear,
But ever stronger, fiercer blows.
I see a charger dance and rear;
The rider brave it throws.
I feel the rush and surge of fight;
The shock of heavy guns.
Can youth by strength of might and right
Put down the frightful Huns?

The air is sweet; the birds all sing;
The tulip lifts its head.
Great peace the day does surely bring
To living and to dead.
The world is joyous; sorrow dim;
The battle heat is o'er.
Oh shall we keep our hearts from Him
Who opens wide the Door?

E. F., '19.

Dreams

A thousand fairy shapes are drifting,
Ever changing, ever shifting,
And of every hue;
Till in one bright vision meeting
Beauty of the dream completing
They make you.

C. K. M., '18.

The Little White House and Me

Your country called, and you heard, dear,
You had to go, you see,
But you left an aching void, dear,
In the little white house—and me.

The little white house of our dreams, dear,
Our dreams of the days to be,
When the end of the day would find you
In the little white house with me.

Just we together so safe, dear,
So happy, so blithe, so free,
So full of our hopes and love, dear,
In that little white house—you and me.

And when you are out on the field, dear,
And fighting and doing your best,
And things look sort o' black, dear,
And you're gritting your teeth in the test,

Just think of the candle alight, dear,
And think of the days to be,
When wars are done, and you're at home,
In that little white house, with me.

H. G., '21.

Nature's Message

When we go forth in forests ages old
We feel a solemn thrill of awe and love;
As branches whisper secrets yet untold
Our human hearts reach up to God above.

Soft laps the lake as on her breast we glide,
Gently the breezes blow all care away;
Slowly our souls reach out to Him on high,
Filled with new hope we greet the coming day.
B. W., '18.

Student Boston

AN APPRECIATION

Boston in springtime! "Our Boston," stretching from the Fens over to Huntington Avenue, and from the Opera House down to Copley Square. All the city is ours,—ours to explore, to enjoy, to love, but to those few blocks of student Boston we are the heirs apparent, they are our kingdom, ours by the divine right of youth, and courage and aspiration. Thru fall and winter we acknowledge our domain, but, when spring comes, we glory in it; with the conscious joy of possession we exult in every added beauty, and nothing is without its share of grace.

Even such things as early morning rehearsals, those irritating, sleep-stealing morning rehearsals, store up golden memories for us, memories of April mornings with a young breeze blowing gaily from the sea, and the sky as blue as a harebell. Day brings the black door of each successive red-bricked house brightly to attention, with its brass knocker glistening in the sunlight. Everything seems new and clean—that busy housemaid, the Wind, must have swept the streets over night. The flowers in the florists' shops are more beautiful, more gaily colored, more eager, than yesterday. They seem to lift their heads and say, "We know! We live indoors but we know, we know. It is Spring!" All down that sun-flooded street it is Spring! The lazy cooing pigeons know it, and the twittering sparrows too. Light hearted clouds dance across the far blue dome of sky, and the sun strikes golden shafts from that steeple beckoning just beyond Copley Square. O early rehearsals! Bugbears of existence! At least you brought us out to say "Good morning" to the spring!

Even rainy mornings have a glamour about them that nothing less than youth and springtime could effect. The pavements shine and glisten, the air carries an after thot of fragrance, and we are unmindful of the lowering sky. The dripping, moth-eaten cabby at the corner, perched on his box, looks like nothing more than one of those discomfited pigeons on the eaves. And we, clad in raincoats, scornful of umbrellas, twitter past him like a flock of saucy sparrows, welcoming the cloud kiss of spring on our faces.

All thru these days in the class-room, Spring calls at the open windows drawing our eyes out over the red-chimneyed roofs, tempting us to gypsy with the vagrant wind. Unconsciously, we quote half-forgotten snatches of poetry, romance is a part of life, all the fairy tales are true today! And entering the Public Library we step gaily, daringly across those signs of the zodiac in the marble floor, half believing that our pressure upon them may determine the fate they write for us in the stars. The sweep of marble stairs invites us up past the crouching lions, past those windows beckoning to the quiet courtyard, past the cool fair beauty of the Puvis de Chavannes murals, thru the receiving room with its gloomy mystery of Sir Galahad, and on to all the printed wonder of all the years.

In the afternoon, with a delicious sense of freedom, we saunter back up Huntington Avenue toward the setting sun, loitering on the railroad bridge where great white clouds of smoke swirl up and envelop us, where out over innumerable tracks and freight cars, past the great Edison electric clock, we have the suffusing glory of the brilliant western sky. Then on up the avenue, past the hat shops already blooming in gayest spring profusion, to the Christian Science Park, where last fall the eucalyptus cast fairy shadows across the sunken lawn, and scarlet roses bloomed long after the poplar leaves had fallen. The park seems to be stirring, awakening, Spring is whispering in its ear.

We come at last to that narrow, crooked, back street on which we live—all those back streets are alluringly narrow and crooked—and we follow the turn past Symphony Hall, where spring means “Pops” and delicious evenings spent in the second balcony for the extravagance of a quarter. The street twists whimsically on to the little church at the corner with its cross reaching eagerly into the sky, and its great arched window full of soft, gray, coral-throated pigeons. We are very familiar with its picturesque, comforting outside and our imaginations conjure up, behind those heavy doors, vistas of long cool aisles stretching thru the years toward something quiet and holy. The season interprets to us our own emotions. There is a revealing haze of beauty all over the buildings. We pass the Students’ Union, more appreciative of its choice books, its beautiful pictures, its exquisite colorings, summing up, symbolizing, all that is best and most beautiful in the student life at its doors. We see no longer the bare brick walls of the Opera House, instead we have visions of the Russian Ballet and memories of the golden-throated Galli-Curci.

The street turns gaily to the Fenway, and we wander along its questing paths to where the water is glinted over with the golden coinage of departing day. The ducks discourse gutturally upon the spring styles and with pardonable pride spread their wings to display that one brilliant blue feather beneath. A saucy grackle hops noisily from water’s edge to bush, his glossy blackness gleaming to royal purple at the throat. He is the first of the spring house-hunters, and has the sweep of the Fens from which to choose his home. The forsythia bushes in sudden yellow beauty lure the path to that calm view across the water, that glimpse of stately marble columns and virgin whiteness, the Boston Art Gallery. . . . Surely we are in Greece, in the days that were, and Aphrodite has risen again from the sea!

Then in a half dream, while the forsythias bend in breathless wonder, we learn the secret—all the world is spring and we, because we aspire, are part of it! Not only in the days of old, but now, today, in the heart of the Fens, in the heart of youth, beauty rears her temple. So our kingdom can never grow old, nor dreary, nor faded; it will never lose that rose flush it wears today. And in the years to come, as we look back along the path of memory, we shall know it for the kingdom of Spring itself, whose inhabitants are forever young.

I. H., '19.

Yesterday's Children

BEULAH K. FOLMSBEE

Emerson College of Oratory

Boston, Mass.

CHARACTERS OF PRESENT DAY

RICHARD NEVILLE, Guardian of Judith JUDITH NEVILLE, His Grandniece
ZACK, an Old Family Servant

CHARACTERS OF THE DREAM

FIRST EPISODE—1850

Richard Neville
Phillip Neville, his Brother
William Greyson
Betsy Buell
Sofie Ames
Ann Gordon
Mandy, old Negro Mammy
Old Mose, the Fiddler

SECOND EPISODE—1860

Richard Neville, Soldier in Gray
William Greyson, Soldier in Gray
Zack
Betsy Buell

THIRD EPISODE—1862

William Greyson
Betsy Buell

FOURTH EPISODE—1916

Richard Neville
Spirit of Betsy Buell

(In order to insure smoothness of action, the characters of all, except the second and third episodes, and the Richard Neville of the Fourth episode, should be represented by different actors.)

STAGE SETTING

The stage is set to represent a living room, having a fire-place, a large arm-chair near it—table in back of chair to right. These are grouped at right of stage. The room is in darkness except for the light afforded by the fire-place. The left stage corner is set with palms and flowers, and a rustic bench. This setting is shut off from the room by a curtain which does not raise until the beginning of the dream. In the original production, a light blue background against which the flowers and palms are banked, and blue lights, helped to sustain the illusion of a dream garden.

The old man remains on the stage throughout the entire play and is responsive to the action of the dream characters.

(Enter R. Neville, excitedly pounding his cane and half leaning for support upon Zack—he is storming away at no one in particular.)

NEVILLE: No, no, it shall never be—never so long as I am alive to prevent it. My niece, Judith, shall never wed a Greyson!

ZACK: There, there sah, don't excite yo'sef sah.

NEVILLE: Don't excite myself—Zack, you're an old fool.

ZACK: Yes sah.

NEVILLE (*whom Zack is leading toward a chair*): It's Miss Judith that's excited me—unnerved me quite.

ZACKS Hyah sah, make yo'sef easy befo' the fiah, sah. (*The old man sits with great effort before the fire. Zack stirs the fire.*) There sah, that's bettah, sah. (*Zack uses bellows.*)

NEVILLE: Judith wed the grandson of the man who broke my Betty's heart and wrecked my life. Great God! That wasn't enough, but now after all these years a grandson of his would rob me of the one comfort that is left me in my old age—no, no, I'll not hear of it! No blood of *his* shall ever flow with blood of *hers*.

ZACK (*coming to center*): Will you have yo' eggnog now, sah?

NEVILLE: Eggnog? NO! —(*Zack starts to go*)—Yes, Zack, I—I'm very tired. (*Sinks back in chair.*)

ZACK: An' the candles, sah? It's growin' dusk.

NEVILLE: No. Zack. The fire gives light enough. Bring the nog in hot.

ZACK: Yes sah, in one moment sah. (*Exit R.*)

NEVILLE: William Greyson, *his* grandson, wed Judith Neville, my Betsy's granddaughter, never! I am an old man now; soon I'll join thee Betty—but first I must guide my little girl beyond this danger.

(*Re-enter Zack with tray.*)

ZACK: Yo' nog, sah, steamin' hot.

NEVILLE: Place it on the table, Zack.

(*Zack goes to table—places tray on it, shakes head hopelessly, then returns to center.*)

ZACK: Will you have another log on the fiah sah?

NEVILLE: No thank you, Zack. (*Stretches hands over fire.*) The nights are getting cooler, and it feels good to sit by the open fire.

ZACK (*much pleased*): Yes, sah, I thought you'd like it sah. If there ain' nothin' mo' sah—

NEVILLE: That's all tonight Zack. Tell Miss Judith I'm here.

ZACK: Yes sah, I'll tell huh sah. (*Starts to go, then looks back undecidedly—returns to center.*) Liza say as how Miss Judith'll be the belle o' the ball sah, an' 'taint no wonder Mars' Greyson—

NEVILLE: That name again! You know Zack, what wretchedness that name has brought. YOU can understand.

ZACK: Yes sah, ol' Zack 'members.

NEVILLE: You are all that is left to me of the old days. You can see how impossible this marriage is.

ZACK: But Miss Judith, sah—

NEVILLE: Miss Judith loves ME too, and now that I have told her all the wretched story—I haven't wanted to harm him—God knows it isn't revenge I seek—Zack I want to protect my little girl.

ZACK: But, Mars' Dick, it is a pity sah, yes sah, it sure is too bad sah—he do seem lak a nice young chap, sah—

NEVILLE: That's just it—*seems* like a nice young chap—so did his grandfather before him and he was a sneaking, cowardly liar! Oh Zack, I thought you would understand.

ZACK: I don't understan' nuthin', Mars' Dick, 'ceptin' the light what comes in Miss Judith's eyes sometimes, jes' like the light what used ter come in Miss Betty's eyes, sah—hit do seem like yesterday when I come and tell Miss Betty you is waitin' in the garden fo' huh—

NEVILLE: Yesterday—and that was more than fifty years ago.

ZACK: Yes sah, Mis' Betsy have been *daid* fo' more than thirty yeahs, but I can see the moonlight all shinin' in her hair sah, an' huh eyes all wide like big purple flowers, and she pull my haid down an' whisper, her voice all trembly like, "Zack, I love him," an' I grin an' tease huh, sayin' "How 'bout Mars' Phillip, Missie?" and she say, "Oh, I love Mars' Philip, Zack, but only 'cause he's Mars' Richard's brother, an' then she make a little face at me an' fly away ter de garden where you is waitin' fo' huh.

(The old man is filled with emotion as the picture all comes back to him.)

An' nex' day you went away ter the wo', but she say she gwine ter marry you when you come back. Mars' Phillip, he's too young fer to go to de wo', so he's takin' care o' Mis' Betsy, an' often they sit in the garden together—she talkin' always of you. By an' by yo' letters don't come no mo', an' she ain' never like huhsef—nen one day Mars' Greyson come home, an' he say,—you know what he say—

NEVILLE (*bitterly*): Yes, and all the time the Yanks were holding me prisoner of war.

ZACK: Yes sah, an' nen when they can make huh b'lieve you'll *never* come back no mo', she marry Mars' Phillip, but all the time huh heart is daid.

NEVILLE (*breaking down*): Yes, Zack, I thank God each day that she did not link her name with Greyson's.

ZACK: Yes sah—

NEVILLE: We've lived it over too many times, Zack, you and I—

ZACK: Yes sah, the mistakes of YESTERDAY'S CHILDREN sho 'nuff shader the paths of terday.

NEVILLE (*breaking away from the reminiscient mood*): No—no! I'd rather see my little Judith dead than have her marry a Greyson—

ZACK (*listening*): Don't say it sah (*runs to center entrance and looks out.*) She's comin', Mars' Dick. (*Zack goes to the table, and as Judith appears in doorway, he is saying*) You' egg nog is getting cold, sah.

NEVILLE: I cannot drink it now, Zack.

(Zack takes up tray and exits to R. Judith comes slowly to center, Neville seeing her, holds out his arms, she drops upon her knees beside him and he folds her close.)

JUDITH: Uncle Richard, forgive me—*(she bursts into tears)*.

NEVILLE: My own little Judith—all that is left to me in this world—there—there child—*(he fondles and soothes her—brushes her hair from her forehead, and looks lovingly into her eyes)*. Judith, you are like your mother, yes and like HER.

JUDITH: My mother! I wish I could have seen her—sometimes I want her so—often at night I look up at the stars and wonder if she wants ME. *(Rises and goes down stage center, and lifts her arms)* Oh, mother, I need you now!

NEVILLE *(tenderly)*: Can't you trust your old uncle, Judith?

JUDITH *(goes back to old man, stands at left back of chair with arms about his shoulders)*: Trust you, uncle, of course I trust you. Haven't you been father, mother, *all* to me? But I love and trust William too—

NEVILLE: No, no, Judith. Trust him not—'tis bad blood flows in his veins—promise me, Judith—

JUDITH: You know if I promise it will break my heart.

NEVILLE: You are young, dear heart. You will forget.

JUDITH *(goes up stage, left)*: Never, Uncle Richard, never! *(Returns to center, looking at him.)* Have YOU forgotten?

NEVILLE *(lost in retrospection)*: Forgotten—nay, I shall remember always. Zack is right—the mistakes of YESTERDAY'S CHILDREN still shadow the paths of today.

JUDITH *(going to him, places hand on his shoulder)*: You see, uncle, you won't ask me to promise—

NEVILLE *(catching last words)*: Yes, yes, I do ask you. You will see him tonight?

JUDITH *(shyly)*: I—I am to tell him tonight—

NEVILLE *(half rising)*: No, no, it shall not be. *(He is growing greatly agitated.)* Not tonight—promise me at least you will not answer him tonight? *(Door bell rings.)*

JUDITH: I promise for tonight.

(The old man leans back in his chair. Enter Zack. Judith runs to him and he pantomimes for her to go, then exits. Judith returns to old man and kisses him on forehead.)

NEVILLE: Remember your promise, child.

(Judith exits, center. Neville discovers a flower on the floor—pulls it toward him with cane—business ad lib—picks up flower and inhales its perfume.)

HER favorite flower. *(Leans back in chair and lifts it to his lips)*. Ah, little Betsy, I can see you now as on that May-day years ago, when I crowned you with a wreath of these. Soon, Betsy, soon. *(He sleeps and dreams the four following episodes.)*

EPISODE I.

(When the old man has fallen asleep, laughter and shouting is heard off the stage and as the curtain which conceals the garden rises, six children are revealed, who will rush out laughing and talking. There are three boys and three girls. Among them are Betsy, William, Richard and Phillip. The boys carry a Maypole which they place in a corner, and Betsy has a long string of flowers which she twines about the seat. Richard Neville stands shyly beside her.)

SOPHIE AMES (*holding the crown*): Who's going to be the May Queen?

ANN GORDON: We haven't chosen yet—I know who I wish it would be—(*looks toward Betsy and Richard*).

SOPHIE: Let's have the girls choose the Queen, and the boys choose the one to crown her.

ALL: Yes, yes, let's do that.

RICHARD (*coming to center*): Oh, that isn't the way to do—all of us choose for both of them.

WILLIAM (*meaningly*): You do not—you never do—you do just like she said. You don't need to think you know everything, Richard Neville.

RICHARD: Well Betsy, that's the way we've always done, isn't it?
(*Betsy starts to answer and William interrupts.*)

WILLIAM: Sissy, Sissy! Have to go and ask a girl how to do it.

RICHARD: You keep still, William Greyson, or I'll—

WILLIAM: Aw, you won't either! Nobody is afraid of a sissy anyway and you—

RICHARD (*starts after him and begins to hit him*): Will you take it back? Will you?

WILLIAM: NO! You're a — Oh help me somebody! You stop it Richard Neville—

RICHARD: Not till you take it back

ANN GORDON: Hit him back, why don't you, William?

PHILLIP: Make him take it back, Dick.

(*They continue to fight amid the screams of the little girls, and the old mammy enters.*)

MAMMY: Fo' de Lord's sakes, what's doin' heah?

(*She comes to center, shoving the children out of her way.*)

BETSY: Oh, Mammy make them stop, they're going to hurt each other.

MAMMY (*starting toward them*): Hyah! Yo' stops dis instants! Ain' yo' 'shamed o' yo'sefs, fightin' at a party.

(*William slides across to right.*)

RICHARD: He called me a sissy, Mammy, and he's got to take it back or—(*he starts again toward William—Mammy steps in between and grabs both by the ear*).

MAMMY: Hyah, now, ef you all does one little bit mo' fightin' I'se gwan to ! ox bof you ears an' sen' you home.

RICHARD: Make him take it back then, Mammy.

MAMMY: You, Willum Greyson, yo done call him a sissy? Then you take it back an' shake han's.

WILLIAM: I—I take it back. *(They shake hands, William's face expressive of what he would like to do if he could.)*

MAMMY: Dar! Now yo' all come an' say ter me who you wants fo' queen.

(She sits on the seat and they all crowd around her and whisper a name to her. She nods her head wisely each time and then grins with satisfaction.)

Now ain' that nice? Every last'n one of yo' done said Mis' Betsy 'ceptin' jes herself.

(They all crowd around Betsy, who throws her arms about Mammy in her joy.)

Dar, now Honey, you jes say who you want fo' to crown you, and we'll begin.

BETSY *(looking shyly around)*: I—I choose Richard. *(They all clap and laugh excitedly except William who darts a jealous look at Richard and Betsy.)*

MAMMY: Now then all ready. *(Sophie gives the crown to Richard. He leads her to the seat while the others join hands singing, "Betsy's the Queen and Richard crowns her." William sulks at first but a look from Mammy suffices to make him join in with the others. As Betsy sits, Richard places the crown upon her head and kneels at her feet. While the children are singing Old Mose enters with his fiddle and begins to tune up. The children form in a double column in front of the seat. Richard winds the flowers that were on the seat about Betsy, and then leads her between the columns to the head of the line. Mammy follows and as the children spread out in a circle, she places the Maypole in the center and then backs out to watch the dance. Throughout the entire dance the children should keep up their laughing and singing with whatever tune the old musician plays. At the conclusion of the dance the children again form a double line and an arch with their arms, each couple running through until all have made the exit, Mammy following with the pole and last of all the old musician. They all exeunt at Center.)*

Enter ZACK R. *(As the music and sounds of children die away, Zack enters with quiet step, sees the old man sleeping, busies himself quietly about the fire.)* Po' Mars' Dick. He look so happy in his sleep, like he might be dreaming he was back in the old days with Mis' Betty—I won't disturb him, no sah, no sah. *(Exit R.)*

EPISODE II.

(Enter Richard Neville (C.) carrying flowers. He is in his Southern uniform. It is the night previous to his leaving for the front.)

RICHARD: Ah, Betsy, Betsy Buell! The hour is past, and you are not here—the same little tease, but an adorable one. Be quiet thumping heart of mine or I shall not be able to speak. *(Enter Zack as he looked in 1860.)* Hello Zack, where are you going?

ZACK: I—I'se gwine over to Liza's cabin, Mars' Dick.

RICHARD: Well, before you go, tell Miss Betsy I am here.

ZACK: Yes sah, Mars' Dick, I'll tell huh, sah. *(Exits C.)*

RICHARD: She will not fail me. She knows what this night means to me. Tomorrow I leave for the front, but if I take her promise with me—

(Enter Betsy, C. from R.)

BETSY: Who wanders through my garden, chanting pretty speeches, and making love to the flowers?

RICHARD (*catching her mood*): One who fain would make love to the Queen of them all. (*He bows gallantly and hands flowers to her. She sits, he remains standing at C.*)

BETSY: Nay, sir, everyone knows 'tis but a buzzing bee that carries about such honeyed phrases.

RICHARD: Yet it is the bee that pierces to the heart of the flower. Ah, Betsy. Your teasing words are like a garden wall—hiding the flowers beyond. Do you remember years ago in this dear old garden—

BETSY: How you and William quarreled about the choosing of the Queen—

RICHARD: Yes—and Mammy came and made us shake hands, and then we chose you Queen.

BETSY: And here upon this very seat you crowned me Queen of May.

RICHARD: MY Queen of May.

BETSY: And kneeling at my feet you vowed—

RICHARD: Then as now, a life's allegiance. (*Kneels and kisses her hand.*) Look with favor upon your humble subject, gracious majesty—(*seriously*) you know my heart dear Betty, I love you—love you. Speak the words I wait to hear.

BETSY (*with hand on his shoulder*): Arise, my Richard of the lion-heart, your Queen rewards you.

RICHARD: Betty! (*As Richard embraces her the Old Man murmurs tenderly in his sleep*) "Betty, my beloved Betty."

RICHARD (*still holding Betsy in his arms*): The perfume of Japonicas yet lingers in your hair. The teardrops on your cheeks glisten in the moonlight like stars to guide me on my way.

BETSY: Oh Richard! If this should be farewell indeed—if you should fall—(*buries her head on his shoulder*).

RICHARD: Your love will guard me and bring me back, and the memory of this hour—

BETSY (*lifting her head and speaking with pathetic courage*): Shall live forever.

RICHARD: Forever! (*He kisses her, and the Old Man reiterates*) Live forever.

RICHARD: Betty, I have a fancy to see you crowned again my queen. The night's dew on the japonicas will bejewel a circle fitting for your fair brow.

BETSY: Come then, King Richard, the japonicas are yonder. (*They exeunt, left, and Grayson enters, center, and looks after them.*)

GREYSON: Yes, 'twas here he crowned her queen and ever since nothing but success and happiness have followed him. All my attempts to win her favor have failed; he always comes between us. And now he goes to the war upheld by her promise. Lucky Richard! "All is fair in love and war" and I may yet—who knows? (*He follows after them and exits left.*)

(*A clock strikes ten and the old man moves about in the chair. When he is again settled and the clock has finished striking, the third episode takes place.*)

EPISODE III.
(TWO YEARS LATER)

Enter BETSY: Dear little garden, it is May again and you look as you did on that May-day years ago. The japonicas are heavy with the dew as they were on that last night—the air is laden with memories (*sinks upon seat*.) Oh Richard, Richard! If I could know that you were safe—or if—but no, I must not think of that. You will come back—you said my love would guard you—

(*Enter GREYSON. She is startled and steps quickly to left—sees gray uniform and thinks it is Richard*): Richard—no, no, of course—William—

GREYSON: Miss Betsy, I have frightened you—

BETSY (*crossing to center*): No, no, it is nothing—in the twilight—that gray uniform—for a moment I thought—(*gains a little control*). Yes, you frightened me a little.

GREYSON (*leading her to seat*): You are ill. Sit down here, I'll go and get—

BETSY: No, no, I really do not need anything—

GREYSON: Are you quite sure?

BETSY: Quite—it was only for a moment.

GREYSON (*rather bitterly*): I think I understand.

BETSY: You have just returned, William?

GREYSON: Yes. I came straight to you—(*sits beside her*).

BETSY (*eagerly*): Then you have a message for me from Richard—tell me—he is—

GREYSON (*with great show of surprise*): From Richard? Betsy, you have not heard—you do not know—am I the one to bring the news?

BETSY (*anxiously*): Tell me quickly.

GREYSON: Can you bear it, Betsy?

BETSY: Yes, yes, tell me—Richard—

GREYSON: Was killed more than two months ago. (*Long pause.*)

BETSY: Dead, dead! And all things in the garden seemed whispering he lives, he lives! (*She buries her face in her arms and weeps. Greyson watches her closely. Finally she lifts her head and speaks with pathetic courage.*) Tell me about it, William. 'Tis a glorious thing to die for one's country, isn't it William? Tell me all about it.

GREYSON (*rising, goes to center and speaks with mock pity*): Betsy, I—I cannot.

BETSY: I want to know—see, I am quite calm. Tell me.

GREYSON: It grieves me to wound you so.

BETSY (*very calmly*): Tell me.

GREYSON (*coming to seat and sitting beside Betsy*): If you will. 'Twas not in battle that Richard was killed—

BETSY (*with great surprise*): Not in battle?

GREYSON: He died a traitor's death! He was shot by an officer of his own regiment. (*Old Man cries out in sleep*) "No, no! 'Tis false, oh God, 'tis false!"

BETSY (*rising in great distress*): It cannot be! Why do you torture me with such a tale?
GREYSON (*rising and following her*): Torture you? You whom I would shield from all suffering. I would gladly have spared you this pain. I came here tonight to beg the right I could not ask for while he lived. You know I love you—Betsy, let me stand between you and this disgrace?
BETSY (*not heeding his words*): A traitor? It is not true! Richard of the lion-heart a traitor—it is not true!
GREYSON: Betty—
BETSY: Go, go, leave me alone—
GREYSON: Betty, forget his cowardice—think only of my love. I dedicate my life to you—
BETSY: *Your* life? *Your* love? Was it to make light of my unhappiness that you came here?
GREYSON (*sneering at Richard*): I came to show you that there is one who knows how to prize your love—one who would not so soon forget—one who can sympathize—
BETSY: Leave me—leave me—alone. I do not need your sympathy.
GREYSON: Betsy, you shall hear me!
BETSY: GO! And never speak of this again.
GREYSON: I will go—(*aside*) he still stands between us as he always has—curse him. Betty?
BETSY (*deadly calm*): Go! (*Exit Greyson, center.*)
BETSY (*dropping upon seat*): Richard, Richard! Can this be true? Oh God! I cannot bear it. (*Breaks down completely and sobs. After a pause she lifts her head, then rises and gazes about the garden as if dazed.*) Alone, alone! Night in the garden and night within my heart forever. I'll weave another wreath and bejewel the fair japonica with my tears and then, little garden, farewell—I can never come again, farewell. (*The Old Man is sobbing bitterly in his sleep and as Betsy exits at center, from the distant cotton field comes the low negro song, the chorus of "My Old Kentucky Home."* When this has been sung once or twice the curtain of the Dream Garden falls.)

EPISODE IV.

(*The Spirit of Betsy enters at center and smiles with divine compassion upon the Old Man. The Old Man holds out his arms to her and speaks, his voice trembling now with gladness.*)

NEVILLE: Betsy, you have come—

SPIRIT: My Richard of the lion-heart, thy soul cried out to me and I have come, as I have often longed to come thro' all the years. Out of the past there gleams a light to illumine all the way. Do not shadow the last hours of thy earthly journey with the mistakes of YESTERDAY'S CHILDREN. Listen not for echoes that long

since should have ceased. Thy life has been as drift-wood upon a lonely shore. Thou canst not condemn these two young lives to such a fate. Thou wilt find no rest with the burden of thy Judith's tears upon thy soul. Embitter not her heart—

NEVILLE: No, no, not that!

SPIRIT: But let her memory of thee be as sweet as the fragrant japonica thy fingers now enfold. Its perfume is pleading for their happiness—the happiness it crowned for us so many years ago.

NEVILLE: Yes, yes, crowned our happiness.

SPIRIT: I await thy coming Richard, in a garden radiant with light; no yesterdays can cast their shadows there; it is filled with peace and love, and this is for all eternity! *(She begins to fade from view.)* And thou art coming soon Richard, soon—soon—soon. *(As she exits at center Judith enters, and the old man rising in ecstasy totters toward the fading figure only to clasp Judith in his arms. He is still believing it to be Betsy. He folds Judith close in his arms.)*

NEVILLE: Betty, my beloved Betty—yes, yes I am coming—

JUDITH *(alarmed at the expression on his face)*: Uncle Richard! What is it?

NEVILLE *(awakened and is unable to understand)*: You, child? Why I thought—it must have been a dream, a dream—

JUDITH *(leading him to a chair, and full of remorse that she had left him there so long alone)*: Uncle, you should not sit up so late alone—Let me call Zack. *(Exit right.)*

NEVILLE *(leaning back in chair, his face divinely radiant)*: Betty, thou art right—I am coming—very—soon.

(Enter Judith, she kneels at the Old Man's side.)

JUDITH: Are you quite awake now, uncle?

NEVILLE *(placing hand upon her head)*: Awake? O, Betty, I thank thee, I thank thee. Awake? Yes, child, I see all clearly now. *(Zack enters from right and stands watching them with tender eyes.)* The mists of the past no longer blind the way, and the mistakes of YESTERDAY'S CHILDREN SHALL NOT SHADOW THE PATHS OF TODAY. Betty, I come, I come—*(he dies with an expression of perfect peace and happiness).*

JUDITH: Uncle Richard! *(Throws herself upon him and weeps bitterly.)*

ZACK *(with bowed head and folded hands)*: Mars' Dick have found Mis' Betty.

(Slow Curtain.)

THE END.

Emerson

You hear much of Emerson, of the Emerson spirit, of our motto, "Expression necessary to Evolution," of the development of self for the service of others. Soon you will be praying to the God of proportion to give you a dynamic purchase on your dominant centers. Many a time in your four years here will you ring out E-M-E-R-S-O-N, and in proportion as you say it, act it, live it, will it grow in significance, and you in development. To those who know best and love most Emerson, even the word has a sacred sweetness, and each letter seems to have a peculiar significance:—

E stands for E v e r y b o d y.

M stands for M u s t e r e d.

E stands for E n e r g i z e d.

R stands for R a d i a t i n g.

S stands for S a c r i f i c i n g.

O stands for O u r s e l v e s.

N stands for N o w.

E M E R S O N—Everybody mustered, energized, radiating, sacrificing, ourselves, now.

M. J. P.

The Blind Man

I saw a blind man walk along the street today,
A cane he used which pointed out the way,
And kept his pathway clear.

Caressingly he touched the wall, and seemed to smile
As if a comforter had come the while,
And kept his vision clear.

Or gaily thumped his cane along the crowded street
As if he music heard, and found it sweet,
And with it all was glad.

And as I watched him walking briskly 'neath the trees,
A prayer I said to One above who sees,
And with the prayer was glad.

Help me forget the things Thou sende'h not to me,
My blessings know, and for them thankful be,
And with it all be glad.

H. G., '21.

Good Ol' Dean

We shan't forget the nights
When we dropped behind our fights
With a heartache where our courage should a' been.

We were cursin' mad, that's worst,
An' the man who helped us first
Was our kindly, patient, pluggin' Good Ol' Dean.

'E's lifted up our hearts,
An' 'e's made us play our parts,
An' 'e made us all ashamed o' bein' mean;
'E was kind to good an' bad,
An' of all the friends we've 'ad,
We're gratefulest fur you, our Good Ol' Dean.

Yes—Dean—Dean—Dean—
You unassumin' helper—Good Ol' Dean.
Though we've bothered you and tried you,
By the livin' Gawd that made you,
You're a better man than any, Good Ol' Dean.

F. R., '19.

A Senior's U'Euoi

When each Senior's last lesson is finished,
And each Senior has acted her part,
When the play of college is ended,
And life's play is beginning to start;
We shall teach, ah faith, we shall try it,
If only a year or two,
Till the chosen of all good mankind
Shall set us to work anew.

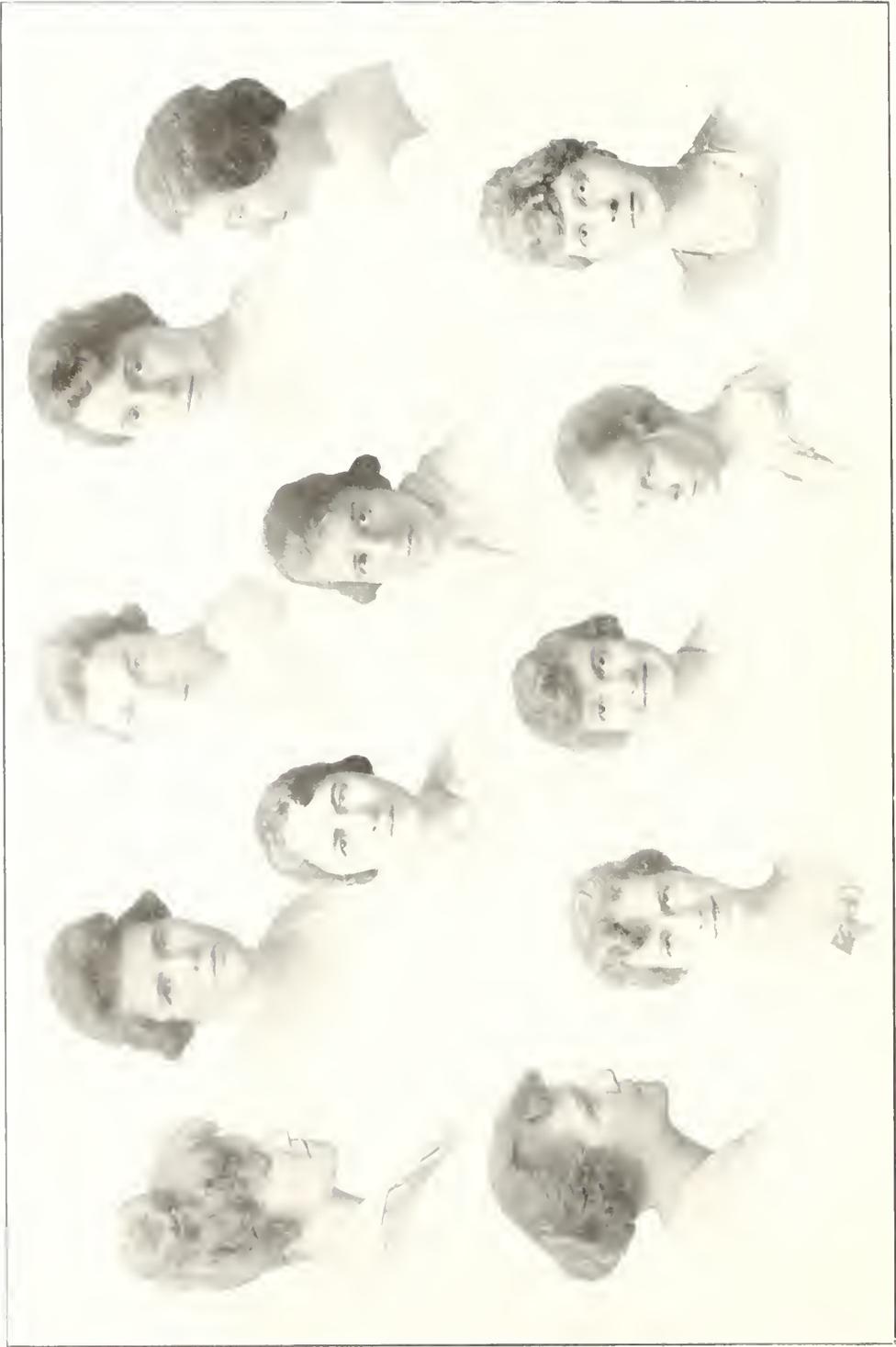
At school we learned from our teachers
Many things which seemed hard to do,
But they worked and toiled to help us
Express what was right and true,
They gave us the life and the spirit
Which strengthened, inspired and was just,
And we in our turn are trying
To serve to the best of our trust.

And only our conscience will tell us,
And only results will proclaim,
And not one shall stop or falter
For any sort of a blame;
But each shall be kind and be helpful,
And each in her own sweet way
Shall teach the thing which she loves best
For the love of the art and not pay.

M. R., '18.



SUNNY
MAY



KAPPA GAMMA CHI

Super Green 200



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Founded at Ohio Wesleyan University 1890

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Chapter House - 55 St. Stephen Street



ZETA PHI ETA



Zeta Phi Eta

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Bernice Hardy Duggan	Eleanor Wade Jack
Rena Madalene Gates	Norma Olson
Fay Scarlett Goodfellow	Christine Mary Punnett
M. Catherine Green	Margaret Gail Pinkerton

Barbara Wellington

1919

Callie Calloway	Beulah K. Folmsbee
Mildred Ahlstrom	Sylvia Folsom

1920

Eleanor Paul East	Rosemary Barbara Hilton
Chapter House	Hotel Hemenway



PHI MU GAMMA



Phi Mu Gamma

IOTA CHAPTER

Founded October 17, 1898, at Hollins, Virginia

Colors—BLUE AND BLACK

Jewel—PEARL

Flowers—SWEETHEART ROSES AND FORGET-ME-NOTS

Active Chapter Roll

ALPHA—Hollins Va., Hollins College.

IOTA—Boston, Mass., Emerson College.

DELTA—New York City, Misses Graham.

KAPPA—Cleveland, Tenn., Century College.

ZETA—New York City, New York City.

RHO—Middlebury, Vt., Middlebury College.

Alumnae Chapters

ALPHA—Norfolk and Portsmouth, Va.

DELTA—Gainsville, Ga.

BETA—Atlanta, Ga.

EPSILON—Richmond, Va.

GAMMA—Muskogee, Okla.

ZETA—Shreveport, La.

Honorary Members

Miss Edith Wright

Mr. Walter B. Tripp

Mrs. F. H. Whitney

Mrs. E. Charlton Black

Dr. E. Charlton Black

Mrs. Edward Hicks

Pres. H. L. Southwick

Alumnae Members in Urbe

Miss Harriet Sleight

Mrs. Reardon Tree

Miss Bertha MacDonough

Miss Maud G. Kent

Mrs. Robbins

Mrs. T. Purrington

Miss Lillian Hartegan

Mrs. Arthur Scott

Miss Gladys Hunt

Miss Maude Fiske

Miss Grace Feltrich

Miss Anne W. Vail

Mrs. Randolph Tucker

Miss Beatrice Perry

Miss Mary Winn

Mrs. Francis Boyd

Miss Evelyn Hegeman

Miss Ramona Gwin

Active Members in Urbe

1918

Ethel Caine

Helen W. Carter

Helen Hynes

Ellen Lombard

Edith MacCulley

Catharine McCormick

Helen Ford

Margaret Newell

Harriet Fancher

1919

Sara E. Lewis

Mary Roberts

Madeline MacNamara

Imogene Hogle

Marjorie Stackhouse

Mary Griffin

Ruth McCleary Hubbs

1920

Justina Williams

Agnes Sickles

Chapter House

50 St. Stephen's Street

Matron, Mrs. M. D. Davis



PHI ALPHA TAU



Phi Alpha Tau

ALPHA CHAPTER

Founded at Emerson College of Oratory 1902

Chapter Roll

ALPHA—Emerson College of Oratory, Boston, Mass.
GAMMA—University of Nebraska, Lincoln, Neb.
ZETA—Carroll College, Waukesha, Wis.
THETA—Northwestern College, Naperville, Ill.
IOTA—University of Kansas, Lawrence, Kan.
KAPPA—Syracuse University, Syracuse, N. Y.
LAMBDA—University of Texas, Austin, Texas.
MU—University of Oklahoma, Norma, Okla.
NU—Pacific University, Forest Grove, Oregon.
OMICRON—State Agricultural College, Manhattan, Kan.
PI—University of Arkansas, Fayetteville, Ark.

Honorary Members

E. Charlton Black, A.M., LL.D.

Richard Burtor, Ph.D.

Active Members

Robert Burnham

Samuel Kern

William R. Byer

Henry L. Southwick

William Downs

Walter B. Tripp

William G. Ward

THE DRAMA



G. B. W. 15

Taken from drawing by J. A. H. 1910



photo by Kelly
Fairfield & Kelly
184 Boylston St.
BOSTON.

The Senior Class ... Oratory... Jan. 23, 1918.

THE SILENT WOMAN

EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY
 Ninth Annual Production From the Elizabethan Drama
 THE SENIOR CLASS OF 1918

PRESENTS

The Silent Woman

BY BEN JONSON

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

PROLOGUE		Miss Darnell	
MOROSE, a Gentleman that loves no noise		Miss Will	
SIR DAUPHINE EUGENIE, a Knight, his Nephew		Miss McCormick	
NED CLERIMONT, a Gentleman, his Friend		Miss Tanner	
TRUEWITT, another Friend		Miss Beynon	
SIR JOHN DAW, a Knight		Miss Newell	
SIR AMOROUS LA-FOOLE, a Knight also		Miss Punnett	
THOMAS OTTER, a Land and Sea Captain		Miss Duggan	
CUTBEARD, a Barber		Miss Guild	
MUTE, one of Morose's Servants		Miss Tomb	
PARSON		Miss Wellington	
PAGE to Clerimont		Miss Pinkerton	
EPICÆNE, supposed the Silent Woman		Mr. Kern	
LADY HAUGHTY	}	Ladies Collegiates	Miss Macomber
LADY CENTAURE			Miss MacCulley
MISTRESS DOL MAVIS			Miss Zerwehk
MISTRESS OTTER, the Captain's Wife		Miss Mendenhall	

SCENE: London

FORMER REVIVALS

- 1910 "The Marriage of Wit and Science."
- 1911 Jonson. "Every Man in His Humour."
- 1912 Jonson. "The Silent Woman."
- 1913 Chapman. "All Fools."
- 1914 Shakespeare. "The Merry Wives of Windsor."
- 1915 Beaumont and Fletcher. "The Knight of the Burning Pestle."
- 1916 Shakespeare. "The Comedy of Errors."
- 1917 Shakespeare. "King Henry the Fourth." (Part I.)

Produced under the direction of PROF. WALTER BRADLEY TRIPP

THE CLASS OF 1919 PRESENTS

Waterloo

BY SIR CONAN DOYLE

November 22, 1917

CAST

NORAH BREWSTER	Mary Roberts
SERGEANT McDONALD, R. A.	Francis McCabe
COLONEL MIDWINTER, Royal Scots Guard	William Downs
CORPORAL GREGORY BREWSTER	Joseph Connor

SCENE

Corporal Brewster's Cottage in Woolwich England, June, 1881

PLAYS PRESENTED BY CLASS OF 1919

JUNIOR WEEK—FEBRUARY 16 TO FEBRUARY 23, 1918

Family Pressure

(One-Act Farce)

BY RUTH McCLEARY HUBBS

CAST OF CHARACTERS

JAMES DARWIN PENDLETON	William Byer
ARABELLA PRATT PENDLETON, his wife	Fern Helcher
CAPT. URBAN PENDLETON, his father	Dorothy Levy
MRS. ALMEDA PENDLETON, the mother	Ruth M. Hubbs
SILAS KLINE, servant	Helen Lynch

SCENE I. Late afternoon.

SCENE II. Early next morning.

Setting: Living-room summer cottage of James Pendleton and his bride.

The Silver Lining

BY CONSTANCE MACKAY

CHARACTERS

FANNY BURNEY	Ruth Kelly
RICHARD BURNEY	Mabel Thresher
CEPHAS	Mina Harrison



FAMILY PRESSURE

THE CLASS OF 1920

PRESENTS IN PANTOMIME

The Crown of Manhood

BY CATHERINE CROSWELL PERRY

December 13, 1917

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

In the order of their appearance

LOVE	Ruth Woodcock
INNOCENCE	Ella Marie Williams
LIBERTY	Rosemary Hilton
PEACE	Emmelyn Huff
HOPE	Lucille Morris
YOUTH	Justina Williams
JOY	Ethel Berner
SERVICE	Agnes Mahoney
WISDOM	Ruth Parker
GOODNESS	Margaret Strunk
MERCY	Marguerite Porter
PATIENCE	Phyllis Dennison
MEMORY	Maud Taylor
REASON	Winifred Osborne
OCCUPATION	Naomi Williams
PLEASURE	Pearl Atkinson
VANITY	Pansy Wood
INDOLENCE	Miriam Kempton
WEALTH	Evelyn Stephens
GREED	Bernice Caswell
CHEAT	Virginia Sherman
WAITERS	Edna Culp Lucie Knowles Esther Cohn
GOSSIP	Maud Rankeillor
TYRANNY	Leila Watson
FORBEARANCE	Sara Hathaway
COURAGE	Bertha Rosnosky
FATH	Helen Reardon

Episode I. The Garden of Love.

Episode II. The Hall of Illusion.

Episode III. The Garden of Love.



The Sophomore Class of Emerson College of Oratory..... Dec. 13, 1917.

Photo by Kellie
Fairfield & Kellie
164 Boylston St.
Boston

"THE CROWN OF MANHOOD"

The Two Virtues

The Iota Chapter of Phi Mu Gamma Sorority presented "The Two Virtues," by Alfred Sutro in Whitney Hall, Brookline, Saturday evening, March 23, 1918. This is the sixteenth production by Phi Mu Gamma for its Scholarship Fund.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

JEFFERY PANTON	Catherine McCormick
CLAUDE JERVOISE	Mary E. Griffin
MRS. GUILDFORD	Marjorie Stackhouse
LADY MILLIGAN	Edith MacCulley
MRS. JERVOISE	Ellen Lombard
ALICE EXERN	Ethel M. Caine
BAYLIS	Helen Ford
MARY	Imogene Hogle

- ACT I. Jeffery Panton's Library, Campden Hill, London.
 ACT II. Mrs. Guildford's Drawing Room, Chelsea.
 ACT III. Panton's Library, as in Act I.
 ACT IV. Freda's Sitting Room, as in Act II.

Produced under the personal direction of Walter Bradley Tripp.

PLAYS PRESENTED BY PHI MU GAMMA

1903 Tom Pinch	<i>Dickens</i>	1911 Bachelor's Romance	<i>Morton</i>
1904 Adventures of Lady Ursula	<i>Hope</i>	1912 Friend Hannah	<i>Kester</i>
1905 Bachelor's Romance	<i>Morton</i>	1913 Tom Pinch	<i>Dickens</i>
1906 Heart's Ease	<i>Klein and Clark</i>	1914 Virginia Courtship	<i>Presbrey</i>
1907 Rosemary	<i>Parker and Carson</i>	1915 His Excellency the Governor	<i>Marshall</i>
1908 Captain Letterblair	<i>Merington</i>	1916 The Admirable Crüchton	<i>Barrie</i>
1909 Sweet Nell of Old Drury	<i>Kester</i>	1917 Captain Letterblair	<i>Merington</i>
1910 Mice and Men	<i>Ryley</i>	1918 The Two Virtues	<i>Sutro</i>



THE TWO VIRTUES

EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY

Founder's Day

December 8, 1917

AT

JACOB SLEEPER HALL, BOSTON UNIVERSITY

CHARLES WESLEY EMERSON: An appreciation

Walter Bradley Tripp

SONG I Hear a Thrush at Eve Cadman

Helen Wentworth Carter

READING The Adoption of Claudia (From The Prince Chap) . . . Edward Peple

Elvie Burnett Willard

SONG Farewell to Summer Noel Johnson

Luta L. Laymon

DANCING

- | | | |
|-------------------------------------|---|-------------------------|
| A. Minuet | } | Neva Marie Wright |
| | | Margaret Virginia Zink |
| | | Christine Mary Punnett |
| B. Russian Dance | } | Fay Scarlett Goodfellow |
| C. Cossack Courting Dance | | Margaret Gail Pinkerton |
| D. Old Roman Dance | } | Imogene Hogel |
| | | Ethel M. Caine |
| | | Almeda R. Haile |

"HERITAGE" An Original Play by Joseph Gifford (Class of 1918)

CAST OF CHARACTERS

- | | |
|-------------------|----------------|
| Mrs. Warren | Grace O'Leary |
| James Warren, Jr. | Samuel Kern |
| Richard Warren | Francis McCabe |
| Sterling | Bernard Rogers |
| Jane | Marguerite Fox |
| First Officer | Bernard Rogers |
| Second Officer | Charles Welch |

Scene laid in drawing room of Warren home. Time—Present.

Miss MARION CRONE HURLEY at the Piano

Song Recital

BY

LUTA L. LAYMON

Of London, Ontario, Canada

- I. (a) O cessate die Piagarmi *Scarlatti*
(b) Amarilli *Caccini*
- II. My Heart At Thy Sweet Voice *Saint Saens*
- III. (a) When Your Dear Hands *Frank LaForge*
(b) Blackbird's Song *Cyril Scott*
(c) One Golden Day *Fay Foster*
- IV. The Cry of Rachel *Mary Turner Salter*
- V. (a) Soldier of My Heart *Herbert Oliver*
(b) When The Boys Come Home *Oley Speaks*

Mr. William Zuech, Accompanist

THE SOUTHERN CLUB
OF
EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY
PRESENTS

Carry On

BY MARY GRIFFIN
November 15, 1917

CAST OF CHARACTERS

PROLOGUE

RICHARD CALHOUN	Jeanette Warshavsky
JOHN	Fern Helscher
BOB	Helen Sayles
PRISCILLA, daughter to Governor Vane	Mary Helen Hynes
MARY	Wilda Blount
MRS. VANE	Sara Jane Hardy
GOVERNOR VANE	Hazel Tanner
ROSE	Mildred Seals
JANE	Helen Crocker
TOM	Sarah Mae McKenna
GEORGE	Muriel Phillips
STRATTON	Margaret Washburn
MILFORD	Edith Sullivan
OFFICER	Evelyn Stevens

ACT I

MAMMY	Anne East
JOHN FISKE	Helen Eades
BETTY, sister to Priscilla	Wilda Blount
PRISCILLA CALHOUN	Elinor East
FIRST OFFICER	Lucile Withers
SECOND OFFICER	Helen Sayles
SOLDIERS	Helen Hynes, Hazel Tanner
PICKANINNIES	Misses Rhodes, Lander, Snyder, Pittman

ACT II

EPH	Melba Rhodes
RAND CHURCHILL	Beth Elliott
JOHN FISKE	Margaret Newell
PRISCILLA, granddaughter to John Fiske	Lucile Morris
KENDALL	Marjorie Will
JOSEPHINE	Bernice Duggan
OFFICERS	Hazel Tanner, Lucile Withers

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

PROLOGUE

Time 1776. Scene laid in Public Hall in Petersburg, Virginia.

ACT I

Time 1863. Scene laid in drawing room of Calhoun homestead, Petersburg, Virginia.

ACT II

Time 1917. Scene same as Act I.

EMERSON COLLEGE
To Our Dean Ross
April 5, 1918

1. SONG—"To Dean Ross" Senior Class
2. KIPLING SONGS Luta Laymon
3. PLAY—"Poor Dear Mama" *Kipling*

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Miss Minnie Threegan	Imogene Hogle, '19
Miss Emma Deercourt	Jerry McGaughan, '21
Captain Gadby	Grace O'Leary, '18
Poor Dear Mama	Evelyn Stevens, '20
Bearer	Liela Watson, '20

4. SONG—"Long Live Dean Ross" Junior Class

PROGRAM FOR FRESHMAN STUNT

The Freshman Revue

BY CLARA HUEY GEIGER

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

FRESHMEN

- | | |
|----------------------|--------------------|
| 1. Marion Hawthorne | 5. Ruth Clements |
| 2. Marion Thomas | 6. Elvira Dean |
| 3. Lora Stoddard | 7. Helen Coventry |
| 4. Rebecca Berkowitz | 8. Frances Collins |

COCOONS

- | | |
|------------------------|-------------------|
| 1. Marion Hawthorne | 5. Solveg Winslow |
| 2. Marie Williams | 6. Ann O'Connell |
| 3. Frances Collins | 7. Lillian Larson |
| 4. Gretchen Dillonbeck | 8. Grace Sickles |

Helen Gad

GREEK DANCERS

- | | |
|---------------------|-------------------|
| 1. Jessie Southwick | 3. Kathryn Capron |
| 2. Wilda Blount | 4. Helena Collins |

EXPRESSIVE VOICE GIRLS

- | | |
|------------------|------------------------|
| 1. Abbie Casey | 3. Geraldine McCaughan |
| 2. Gladys Teahan | 4. Ruth Clements |

Giant: Ethel Kelley

Doctor: Ethel Kelley

Santa Claus: Gwen Rifenberg

Dean Ross: Margarit Scheetz

Commencement Program

DEBATE

Resolved: That a Professor should be free to proclaim truth, as he sees it, unfettered by the prevailing opinions of the Governing Board of an institution.

AFFIRMATIVE

Marguerite Fox
Izer Whiting

NEGATIVE

Constance Hastings
Catharine McCormick

PHYSICAL CULTURE DRILL

Jane Beynon
Marguerite Brodeur
Annabel Conover
Elizabeth Darnell
Bernice Duggan
Ina Duval
Anne East

Catherine Green
Eleanor Jack
Selina Mace
Edna Mendenhall
Grace O'Leary
Elizabeth Tack
Ruby Walter

PANTOMIME

The Magic Weather Vane

An Idle Fancy

BY MAUD GATCHELL HICKS

THE FARMER	Jane Beynon
HIS WIFE	Ruby Walter
HIS DAUGHTER	Ethel Caine
A FARM HAND	Elizabeth Alderdice
THE HOUSE MAID	Selina Mace
A MILK MAID	Loretta McCarthy
A BOATMAN } A BOY }	Grace Tomb
THE BURGOMASTER	Eleanor Jack
HIS WIFE	Hazel Manley
A PEDDLER	Margaret Newell
THE MAGIC WEATHER VANE	Christine Punnett
NORTH WIND	Barbara Wellington
EAST WIND	Neva Wright
SOUTH WIND	Norma Olson
WEST WIND	Margaret Pinkerton
RAIN-DROPS . . . Misses Zink, Rhodes, Gates, Lombard, Zerwekh	
LEAVES Misses Zink, Zerwekh, Lombard Gates	
BUTTER MARKET WOMEN . . . Misses Conover, Tanner, Fowler, Zink Manley, Rhodes	

SCENE: A Dutch Garden.

Dances arranged by Miss Elsie Rutherford Riddell.

Music from Mendelssohn, arranged by Mrs. Charlotte Whinnery Morrison.
Pianist,

ARGUMENT

The chimes of Middleburgh arouse the sleepy farmhand; he unlocks the gate and sounds the house bell. It is a morning of variable winds. The West and North Winds bluster about the garden. The House Maid scrubs down the steps and sidewalk. She discovers a stork up the housetop, and according to the superstitions of the Netherlands, she is convinced that something unusual is about to happen. She tells the Milk Maid and they gossip together about it. Accompanied by the South Wind, the farmer's daughter gathers flowers which she sells to the boatman. A peddler enters with the magic vane. The farmer's wife is superstitious and fears to purchase a vane that can command the winds, but the farmer yields to the pleadings of his daughter, and buys it. The butter-market women stop to see it installed upon the garden wall. The mischievous vane makes his installation difficult. When at last he is secured, the delighted peasants dance. The vane commands first the west, and then the east winds to blow, and snarl the yarn of the farmer's wife. On their way to market the women spread the news about the magic vane, and a boy enters to say that the Burgomaster and his wife are coming to see it. Presently they arrive. The Burgomaster scoffs at the idea of magic and doubts the vane's ability to change the gentle south wind that is blowing. The vane, angered, commands the north and east winds; a storm breaks and the Burgomaster and his wife seek shelter in the cottage leaving the rain drops to dance in the garden. As the storm passes, the Burgomaster and his wife seek shelter in the garden, leaving the rain drops to dance in the garden. As the storm passes the Burgomaster and his wife depart. The vane, still revengeful, causes them great discomfort. As night falls, the storm subsides and the winds possess the garden. The farmer's daughter, sleeping, dreams that the south wind calls her into the garden. She dreams that she climbs upon the wall and prevails upon the vane to come down into the garden with her. Then she hides him where the Burgomaster may not find him. The winds and leaves dance together. As the dawn breaks, the little maid enters, puzzled by her dream, but relieved and happy to find the vane is still upon the wall.

Hamander Walk

Tuesday, May 7, 1918

CAST

PROLOGUE	Grace A. Zerwekh
JOHN SAYLE, 10th Baron Otford	Edith M. MacCulley
LT. THE HON. JOHN SAYLE, R. N.	Fay S. Goodfellow
ADMIRAL SIR PETER ANTROBUS	Marjorie E. Will
JEROME BROOKE-HOSKYN, ESQ.	Helen V. Guild
REV. JACOB STERNROYD, D. D., F. S. A.	Evelyn MacNeill
MR. BASIL PRINGLE	Helen W. Carter
JIM	Helen G. Ford
THE MUFFIN MAN	Elizabeth Tack
THE LAMPLIGHTER	Grace Tomb
THE EYESORE	Annabel Conover
MME. LUCIE LACHENAIS	Rena G. Macomber
Mlle. MARJOLAINE LACHENAIS	Harriet E. Fancher
MRS. PAMELA POSKETT	Ruth A. Levin
MISS RUTH PENNYMINT	Dorothy B. Mitchell
BARBARA PENNYMINT	Marguerite Ruggles

RECITAL

Monday Afternoon, May 6, 1918

1. IN LILAC TIME	<i>Jane Cowles</i>
Helen Hynes	
2. WEE WILLIE WINKIE	<i>Kipling</i>
Anne Fowler	
3. THE MUSIC MASTER	<i>Klein</i>
Samuel Kern	
4. IN A BALCONY	<i>Browning</i>
Marguerite Brodeur	
5. YOU NEVER CAN TELL	<i>Shaw</i>
Bernice Duggan	
6. BARBARA FRIETCHIE	<i>Clyde Fitch</i>
Elizabeth Darnell	

RECITAL

Wednesday Afternoon, May 8, 1918

- | | |
|---|-----------------|
| 1. THE FALCON | <i>Tennyson</i> |
| Edna Mendenhall | |
| 2. DISRAELI | <i>Parler</i> |
| Anne East | |
| 3. A MAKER OF DREAMS | <i>Oliphant</i> |
| William Byer | |
| 4. THE DAWN OF A TOMORROW | <i>Burnett</i> |
| Catherine Green | |
| 5. MAN'S PLACE | <i>Abbott</i> |
| Ina Duval | |
| 6. CYRANO DE BERGERAC (Act V) | <i>Rostand</i> |
| Grace O'Leary | |

COMMENCEMENT

GRANTING OF DIPLOMAS

COMMENCEMENT SPEAKER Payson Smith, LL.D.

Commissioner of Education of Massachusetts

JOKE'S



AMD

Miss Riddell examining a would-be athlete-ess: "You have strongly developed biceps. Have you had physical training?"

"Yes. I've had voice exercises."

Canadian Girl to wondering Southerner: "Oh yes! we always wear red flannel in cold weather!"

Southerner (wide eyed): "But doesn't it look queer under Georgette blouses?"

A Very Busy Person sits at the Book Store Table. Her brow is lined with intense thought as she tries to rise above the surrounding babble of conversation. Suddenly a student, whose tongue seems suspended at its most central point, addresses her.

Gaddabout Student: "You here still! I guess you must be camping here."

Very Busy Person (with despairing sarcasm): "Yes. It is a *concentration* camp."

"The Man Who Stayed at Home" sat in the "Thirteenth Chair." "'O Boy,'" he called, 'you will render me a great "Service" if you "Come Out of the Kitchen.'" "The Man Who Came Back" sighed as he answered. 'For the "Love o' Mike" how I "Miss Springtime." All that consoles me is that I have "A Kiss for Cinderella," the "Country Cousin," whom I met in "Lilac Time.'" Just then the "Riviera Girl" entered. 'I have been feeding "Mother Carey's Chickens," now the "Old Lady Shows Her Medals," the "Very Idea!"'

'"Leave it to Jane,"' said the "Gay Lord Quex," gazing out of the window with the "Eyes of Youth" at the "Passing Show." 'Look at "The Rainbow Girl!"'

'Well,' said "De Luxe Annie" fingering her "Tiger Rose" corsage, 'if you want "Nothing But the Truth," I've been with "Peter Ibbetson" visiting "Lord and Lady Algy" and after picking up "Odds and Ends" I have reached the conclusion that they have made a "Mèsalliance."'

Fascinating Officer to Patriotic Knitter: "What are the colors you are putting in those socks?"

P. K.: "Oh, I always like to put stripes of the boys' colleges in their socks. What college did you attend?"

F. O.: "Oh, I graduated from the school of Hard Knocks."

P. K.: "Then your colors are black and blue."

Mrs. Puffer (calling roll in Gesture Class): "Miss MacNeill."

Miss M. (gazing ecstatically at a picture from Overseas): "Hello!"

REHEARSALS

If there is one thing that's worse than another,
A thing that can scarcely be borne,
It's attending rehearsals, rehearsals
At seven o'clock in the morn.

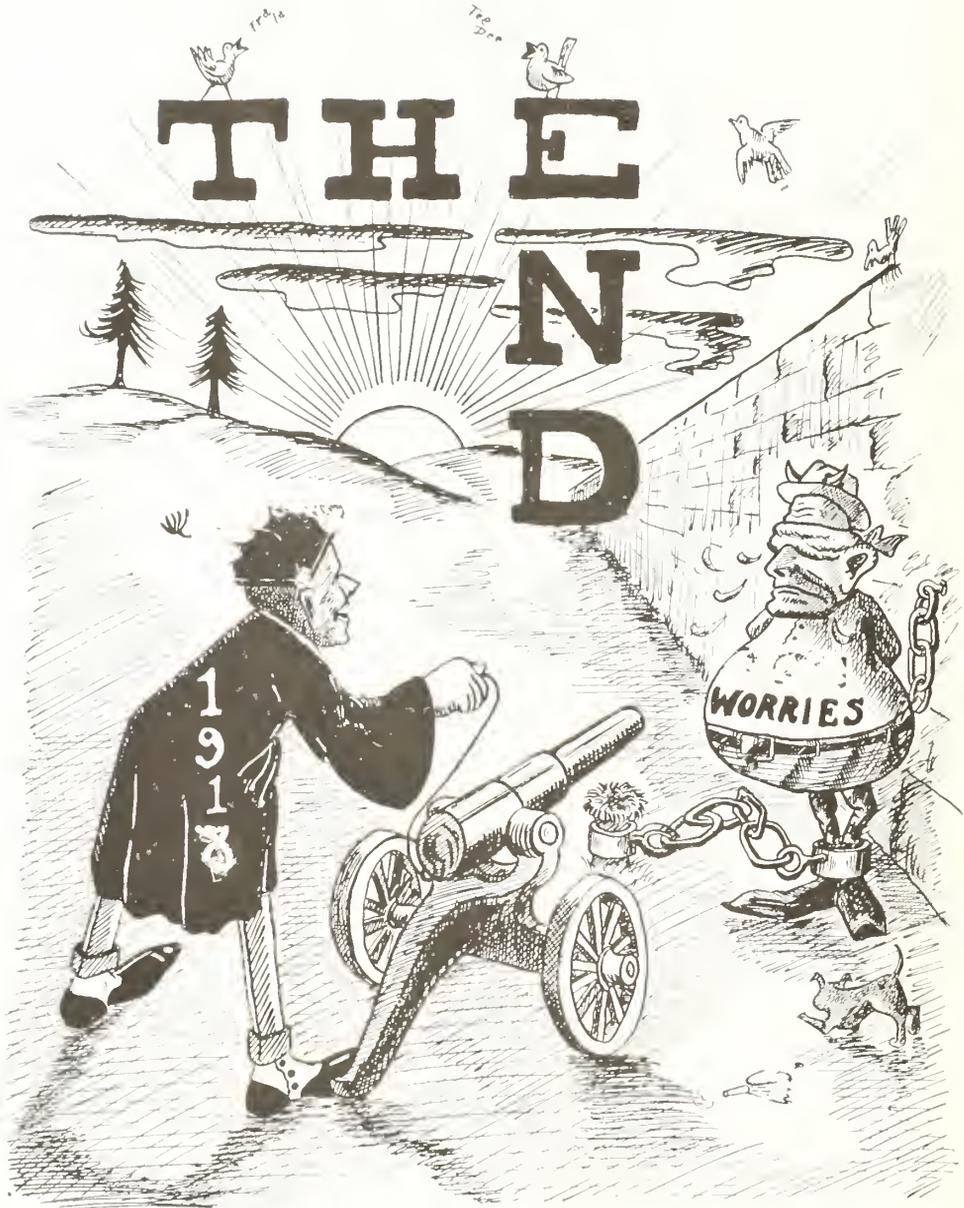
They haunt me without any ceasing;
I'm rushing from morning till night
Attending rehearsals, rehearsals,
'Tis truly a pitiful plight.

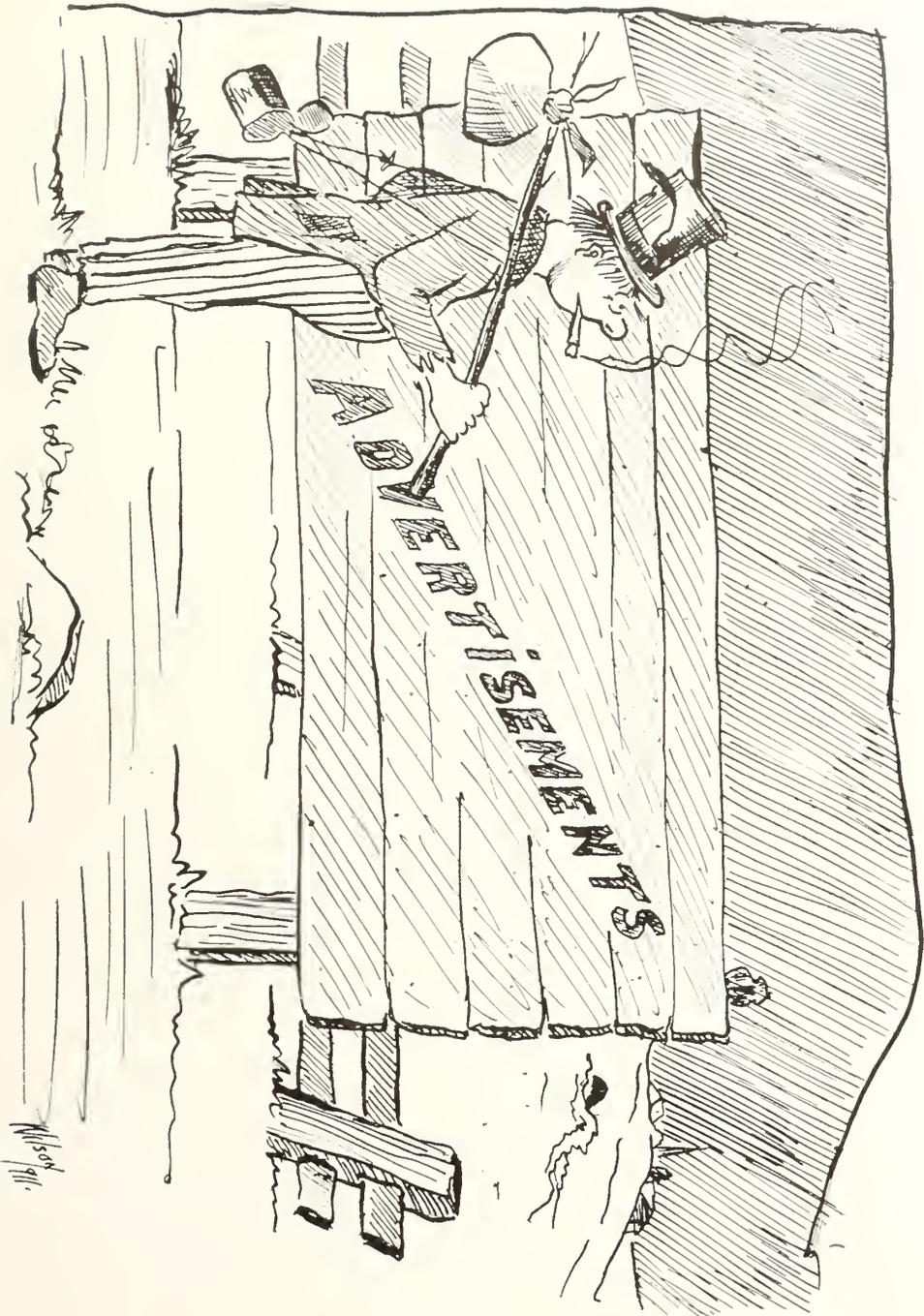
My life is a series of scene work,
And 'twill be to the time of my death
Attending rehearsals, rehearsals
Until I collapse to catch breath.

And then when I lie in my coffin,
One will say, "There's rehearsals at four,"
I'll trot to rehearsals, rehearsals,
For I must go on living some more.

C. K. M.

THE END





W. H. Wilson
1911



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about our modern printing plant and
the satisfactory manner in which we ex-
ecute our work: as a matter of fact for
twenty years we have been termed the
home of good printing*



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Austin and High Sts., Worcester, Mass.

