

Emersonian



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2016

1914

ABBOT MEMORIAL LIBRARY
EMERSON COLLEGE

The Emersonian

VOLUME VII

PUBLISHED BY

THE STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION

EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS



ALLAN A. STOCKDALE

To Our Chaplain

As a token of our love, as an appreciation and remembrance of the untiring services of one whose life among us was a manifestation of the Spirit of Love—we dedicate this volume to

Allan A. Stockdale

EDITORS

The Emersonian Board

Editor-in-Chief

JUDITH HAMPTON LYNDON

Associate Editor-in-Chief

BELLE McMICHAEL

Associate Editors

JEAN EDITH WEST

LAURA BLANCHE CURTIS

MARGARET A. STRICKLAND

BEULAH BACHELOR

EDITH GOODRICH

MARY ISABEL TOBIN

ELEANOR JACK

NETTIE MYRA HUTCHINS

Art Editors

GLADYSMAE WATERHOUSE

PERCY E. ALEXANDER

Business Manager

ARTHUR F. WINSLOW

Assistant Business Manager

ALBERT R. LOVEJOY



EMERSONIAN BOARD

Index

	PAGE
ADVERTISEMENTS	118
COMMENCEMENT PROGRAMME	87
CLASSES	58-77
CLUBS	100-103
DEDICATION	5
DRAMATICS	88-95
EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE BOARD	97
JUNIOR WEEK	62-63
LITERATURE	78-87
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FOURTEEN	30-57
OFFICERS OF THE COLLEGE AND FACULTY	9-29
SOCIETIES	104-113
STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION	96
Y. W. C. A.	98
Y'S AND OTHER Y'S	114

To Our Teachers

whose loving sympathy, untiring devotion and beautiful personalities have ever been our inspiration and guide. . . . They have discovered our latent powers and helped them to find expression, have been patient with our errors, understood our difficulties, sympathized with our struggles and gloried in our successes. . . . In all our days together, the encouraging words, the high ideals manifested in their life and work, the confidence we have felt in their helpful presence will ever be remembered and whatever of service and success may be ours in life will be largely due to the untiring interest and loving co-operation of our friends, the teachers of Emerson.



HENRY LAWRENCE SOUTHWICK
PRESIDENT



HARRY SEYMOUR ROSS
DEAN



WILLIAM HOWLAND KENNEY
TECHNIQUE OF THE VOICE



CHARLES WINSLOW KIDDER
VOCAL PHYSIOLOGY; HYGIENE OF THE VOICE; ACOUSTICS



WALTER BRADLEY TRIPP

DRAMATIC INTERPRETATION; HISTORY OF THE DRAMA; IMPERSONATION



WILLIAM G. WARD, A. M.
ENGLISH LITERATURE; PSYCHOLOGY



EBEN CHARLTON BLACK, A. M., LL. D.
POETICS; ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LITERATURE



SILAS A. ALDEN, M. D.
APPLIED ANATOMY; HYGIENE; PHYSICAL TRAINING



PRISCILLA C. PUFFER
GESTURE: ELOCUTION



ELSIE R. RIDDELL
GYMNASTICS; FENCING; AESTHETIC DANCING



JESSIE ELDRIDGE SOUTHWICK
VOICE CULTURE; GOETHE'S FAUST; SHAKESPEARE



HARRIET C. SLEIGHT
ANATOMY; PHYSIOLOGY; HYGIENE



LILLA ESTELLE SMITH
HISTORY OF EDUCATION; PEDAGOGY; SCHOOL MANAGEMENT



ELVIE BURNETT WILLARD
LYCEUM AND CONCERT READING; INSTRUCTOR IN REPERTOIRE



FOSS LAMPRELL WHITNEY
PERSONAL CRITICISM: EVOLUTION OF EXPRESSION



GERTRUDE McQUESTEN
TECHNIQUE OF THE VOICE; ARTICULATION



GERTRUDE M. CHAMBERLIN
BROWNING AND TENNYSON



MAUD GATCHELL HICKS
DRAMATIC LITERATURE AND INTERPRETATION



AGNES KNOX BLACK

LITERARY INTERPRETATION; ANALYSIS; READING AS A FINE ART



ROBERT HOWES BURNHAM
DRAMATIC TRAINING; MAKE-UP



SENIORS

Senior Officers

MILDRED E. JOHNSON	<i>President</i>
MATTIE RISELEY	<i>Vice-President</i>
SADIE O'CONNELL	<i>Treasurer</i>
LAURA CURTIS	<i>Secretary</i>

CLASS FLOWER

Jonquil

CLASS COLORS

Green and Gold

CLASS CHEER

Hio Hio Hio Ha!
Rickaraeka Rickaraeka Rickarack Rah!
Boomolaeka Boomalaeka Lis Boom Bah!
Seniors Seniors!
Rah Rah Rah!

Seniors

Seniors Ho! This is truly a class meeting. They have met on these pages as a final reunion. Three years ago this class was brought forth, conceived in the work of Oratory, and dedicated to the proposition, "Evolution Necessary to Expression." They have met within these common covers to show how consecrated they have been to the work and how loyal they have been to Emerson College. The other classes will note and long remember what they did here. As Recruits their misdemeanors in the study of Expression were numerous but now that they are Senior Privates in the work they are ready to march forward carrying the banner of Emerson wherever they go. Now they are about to engage with the advancement of high ideals into the world testing whether any class so conceived and so dedicated can long endure. They will speed the work that their success may be great in that cause for which they have given the last full measure of devotion



MILDRED ELEANOR JOHNSON, KFX
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Students' Council, '13, '14
President Class, '13, '14

So sweet and gentle, kind and good
We love you, Mildred, as we should.
And Oh! we hate to say adieu,
Because that means we're leaving you.

MARGARET ELIZABETH SULLIVAN,
Kingston, New York

There was never a poem by Riley
If it was sad, or if it was smiley,
But Beth had read for some of us here
So well, we wish that Riley were near.



MOLLIE CAROLINE CHASE,
Tilton, New Hampshire

Here's a girl who's learned, quite
A literary epicure,
On any author shedding light;
Of her advancement we are sure.

WILLIE LEONORA FERGUSON.

Russellville, Arkansas

Oh, Arkansas, Fair Arkansas
Are all thy maids as quiet as she?
She bode among us like the rose
In unassuming modesty.



ELIZABETH PUTNAM MOIR.

Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada

Magazine Reporter, '14

Our class this maiden did select,
She came across the border;
And as for good "Scotch Dialect"
She established a new order



FRANCES FOLSOM SIMONS.

Ariel, Pennsylvania

Frankie Simons here's to you,
Your head is level, your heart true blue;
In college days and those to come
Beth can be glad she was your chum.



OCTA L. BASSETT,

Buffalo, New York

A faithful Y. W. worker
Is found in our Emerson band;
The Emersonian principles
She'll carry throughout the land.

MARY VIOLET LANGFORD,

Minneapolis, Minnesota

Full of life, and brimming over,
On life's sea a happy rover,
With cargo made of Hope and Cheer
She skims full sail throughout the year.



FLORENCE BEAN, ZΦH

Pocatello, Idaho

Stunt Committee, '12
Students' Council, '14

Just see that thoughtful frown,
Some new thought she'll propound;
There's a place that she loves best
"A little grey home in the West."

M. RUTH TIMMERMAN.

Ames, New York

Stunt Committee, '13. Sergeant-at-arms

The "man" she adds to "Timmer"
Was not the man to win her;
But some man did, and we can tell
That he is wise, for he's chosen well.



MARION JEANNETTE MENTZINGER,

Brooklyn, New York

So full of spirits and of fun
A jolly miss was Marion.
Ready for a good time ever,
Was she ever weary? Never!!



DORIS CUSHING SPARRELL. ΦΜΓ

Everett, Massachusetts

"D" stands for Doris who's dainty 'tis true,
"S" stands for Sparrell and slender too,
"D" stands for dancing in which she has art,
"S" for the shaft "Cupid" sent to her heart.



LUCILE DE NEVERS REYNOLDS,
Assonet, Massachusetts

"Woman, queen of the household,"
A motto of world wide range,
This principle "Peggie" will uphold
In spite of the modern change.

MATTIE FAITH LYON,
Wyalusing, Pennsylvania

Chairman Silver Box Committee, '13
Y. W. C. A. Treasurer, '14

Thy name sounds fierce and very bold,
But you are different, so we're told,
Ah! would that all but only knew
The quiet spirit that's in you.



HELEN R. SCHROEDER,
St. Paul, Minnesota

Helen Schroeder is her name,
In Dramatic Art she won her fame;
She did "Araminta" so suggestively
That we learn from her true comedy.

MARIE REEDS TOWNE,
Los Angeles, California

The future's mystic veil she lifts,
The golden sands of Fate she sifts;
A prophet generous, kind and true,
Mrs. Towne, we wish the best to you.



DOROTHEA DEMING, ΦΜΓ
Wethersfield, Connecticut

Chairman Social Committee, Y. W. Cabinet, '15

"D" stands for dainty and dutiful Dot,
Whenever she's wanted she's right on the spot.
If you would know her you seek and you find
A girl with principles and lofty mind.

MARY ISABEL TOBIN,
Lawrence, Massachusetts

Stunt Committee, '13
Magazine Reporter, '13

A black-eyed, witty lass,
No point her mind can pass.
Altho' to write she's just begun,
She'll rank with Kipling ere she's done.





MARY MORGAN BROWN,

Uniontown, Alabama

Commencement Committee, '14

Do you all know our Mary?
She graces the corridors daily,
With manner so kind,
You always will find
A friend in Southern Mary.



PEARL WILLIAMS FISHEL,

Vaughan, North Carolina

Little Pippa passes our way,
It's the girl Pearl Fishel,
For her manner blithe and gay
Here's good luck by the bushel.



FLORENCE CHURCHILL STILES, KFX

Freeport, Long Island, New York

Class Secretary, '13
Vice-President Y. W. C. A., '13
Junior Week Committee, '13

If you want someone dependable,
This girl is most commendable,
She's kind and true, she's great and strong,
She's just the one to right the wrong.

HAZEL ALEXANDER TANNER

Morgantown, Kentucky

If you want to hear a funny tale,
Go look up Hazel, she'll never fail.
In pretty Southern speech she'll dwell
On old Kentucky which she loves well.



HAZEL ALTA JONES,

Townshend, Vermont

From green Vermont, our Hazel hails,
And "Vermont" always starts her tales;
But then she's good, and generous too,
And grants that "other states will do."

ADELAIDE V. IGO,

New Boston, New Hampshire

Abandon with Adelaide is an art,
She throws herself into the part,
And then the act begins to whirl,
Spun madly 'round by one small girl.





IDA MAE SOMERS,

Altoona, Kansas

She shows her powers in tragedies,
In humor she is still at ease,
She came to us late but we have found
In spirits rich she doth abound.

MARGARET ALICE STRICKLAND,
Randolph, Massachusetts

Stunt Committee, '13, '14

The Lyric and the Lofty find
In Margaret a reader kind,
Who sings them sweetly, and so well
That she gives all they meant to tell.



SARA ELIZA DAHL,

Bucyrus, North Dakota

The star debater of our class
Is this demure looking lass;
She glories in the "cons" and "pros"
And all about debate she knows.

MAUDE LEONORE RELYEA,

Toronto, Ontario

She is petite and very neat,
And all she says is ever sweet;
But oh! she is so debonair,
With eyes so deep and brown—Beware!



ISABEL BURTON,

Spaur, Florida

Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '14

There hails a lass from Florida,
Well represents her land;
With a benign and friendly way
She makes you understand.

JUDITH HAMPTON LYNDON,

Washington, Georgia

Stunt Committee, '12, '14
Prom. Committee, '13
Editor-in-Chief of Emersonian, '14
President Southern Club, '14

Three cheers for dear old Dixie, and Dixie's
charming belle,
With languid grace and kindness; a girl we
all love well.
In Dramatic Art convincing, in recitals she
has style;
One girl in many—Judith—to know her quite
worth while.





STASIA J. SCRIBNER, KFX

Bangor, Maine

Stunt Committee, '12

When you want a thing most plainly said,
When you want a nail hit square on the head,
Stasia Scribner will do it up brown;
For this she was famous in Boston town.

KATHLENE MACDONALD MACKEY,
McLellan's Brook, Nova Scotia, Canada

She represents "the real MacKay"
Often quoted in history,
With principles strong and standards high,
The secret of her power's a mystery.



META EVELYN BENNETT,

Wrentham, Massachusetts

Chairman Stunt Committee, '14
Class Poet, '14

A Wellesley graduate graces our ranks,
In the field of literature her pen plays pranks.
To interpret music is another art
In which our Meta plays a part.

RUTH MADELEINE LARRANT, KFX
Saratoga Springs, New York

She's never ruffled altho' she's "Mad."
Her smile has often made us glad,
She has wondrous hair, her manner's sweet,
To know "Mad" Tarrant sure is a "treat."



JEAN EDITH WEST, ZFH
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Magazine Reporter, '13, '14
Junior Marshal, '13
Year Book Board, '14
Vice-President Y. W., '14
Stunt Committee, '14

The girl who made Milwaukee famous,
So Bob Burns sang her praise to save us
Of all the winds we choose the "West,"
'Tis there lives Jean we love the best.

MELROSE J. JONES,
Cottonwood, Texas

Oh, a laugh is ever near
The corners of her mouth,
And we like the jolly cheer
Of this maiden from the South.





KATURAH G. STOKES, KFX
Moorestown, New Jersey

Katurah was a villain base,
In Phi Mu Gamma play,
But that was only acting
For we know her every day.



EMMA BELLE GALLAGHER, KFX
Hartington, Nebraska

You know there are some people in the class
Whom just to meet with cheers you as you pass,
So was it with this girl. Her cheerful ways
Helped and gladdened all our college days.



ETHEL IOLA BEARD,
Des Moines, Iowa

We can surely say "I-ow-a" much
For her gracious manner and artistic touch,
Her gentle way we all admire,
And maidenly qualities much desire.

MARGARET BROWN CONWAY, ΦΜΓ
Danville, Virginia

Your Kath'rine was an awful Shrew,
And oh, so different from you,
But we are glad that this was so,
For who likes shrews save Petruchio?



FERN STEVENSON, ΚΓΧ
Vassar, Michigan

Stunt Committee, '12
Students' Council, '12
Prom. Committee, '13
Stunt Committee, '14

Fern the fair, and Fern the true,
This tribute we must pay to you,
That "Every woman" would like to know
Your perfectly charming Romeo!

THERESA SAIDEE COGSWELL, ΖΦΗ
Pomona, California

A brainy miss of wonderful port,
And aggressive with capital A;
She treads the boards like a Sarah B.,
Oh, wonderful Thespian gay!





MARIE VIVIAN DIETRICH,

Lookout Mt., Tennessee

The South and its pride are still upheld
By this vivacious maid;
She trips the light fantastic well,
We're glad she northward strayed.

STANLEY NEWTON.

Hector, Arkansas

Treasurer Southern Club, '14

Ohio is a dandy state
And all its sons are very great;
Humor seems to be their line,
And your humor was ever fine.



ANNA LEAH THORNTON,

Owensboro, Kentucky

The pretty "Hello Hon" she draws
Up and down our college halls,
Cheers us as she passes by,
Suggesting southern melody.

MINNIE K. HENDERSON,

Rockford, Illinois

An influence you nobly spread
Among the girls at College,
And it's because you're widely read
And give experienced knowledge.



MATTIE RISELEY, $\Delta\Delta\Phi$

Kingston, New York

Stunt Committee, '12
Vice-President Class '13, '14
Y. W. Cabinet, '13
Junior Prom. Committee, '13
Chairman Executive Committee, '14

Mat is not a suffragette,
This fact we very much regret:
But her fraternity pin denotes
"She should worry" about the votes.

BEULAH BACHELOR, $\Delta\Delta\Phi$

Camden, New York

Year Book Board, '14

Here's to Beulah the Bachelor belle
Whenever she comes you can always tell.
Her manner is open, frank and true,
A passport every everyone envies you.





JENNIE E. WINDSOR, ZPH
Bathurst, New Brunswick, Canada

Students' Council, '14

With eyes of blue, and manners airy,
She is, forsooth, a gentle fairy.
A pretty miss with loving heart,
Oh, how can we from Jennie part!

ELSIE MAE GORDON,
Anderson, Indiana

Students' Council, '13
Chairman Prom. Committee, '13
President Students' Association, '14
Class Poet, '13

From Indiana breezes often blow,
And there's a certain one in E. C. O.,
Whom Fortune favors, Elsie Mae's her name;
A girl of talent, leadership and fame.



FRIEDA MICHEL,

Peoria, Illinois

Her cheerful greetings endeared this lass
To every member of the class.
Dramatic art showed her invention,
She brought us word from the big convention,
And then she rose to heights sublime
In the leading rôle of "Pantomime."



SADIE AGNES O'CONNELL,
Milford, Massachusetts

Treasurer Class, '13, '14

Few there are who could compare
With our class treasurer.
In recitals too she is right there,
We set much store by her.



BESSIE BELLE McMICHAEL,
Pillsbury, North Dakota

Editor-in-Chief Magazine, '14
Assistant Editor Emersonian, '14

Do you want to know a kind true heart,
A girl who plays a "steady" part
With a working standard hard to excel?
We take our hats off to our "Belle."



BERTHA McDONOUGH, ΦΜΓ
Dorchester, Massachusetts

Cheer Leader, '13, '14

Oh, the Fountain of Youth at last is found,
Not up in Heaven, nor underground,
But in Bertha McDonough, who they say
Personifies Youth day after day.





ELIZABETH MAY DAVIS.

Ruston, Louisiana

Secretary Southern Club, '14

A daughter of the South we've here,
A stately queen as she draws near.
She's going home to start to teach
All Dixie to reform its speech.

LOUISE WEST, ZΦH

Jacksonville, Alabama

Magazine Reporter, '14
Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '14

The search for the Blue Bird
Is a very hard quest,
But the one who's the winner
Is our Louise West.



VIRGINIA BERAUD, ZΦH

Houston, Texas

Junior Week Committee '13
Stunt Committee, '14
Assistant Editor, Magazine, '14

To say that her hair is curly and her eyes a
pretty blue
That her features all are handsome, that alone
will never do.
Interpreting great playwrights is Virginia's
great delight.
On Shakespeare and Bernard Shaw she
furnishes new light.

RUBY SHELTON LOUGHRAN, ZΦH
Los Angeles, California

Commencement Committee, '14

You brought the sunshine with you
When you came from out the West,
A distinctive place we give you.
For with many gifts you're blest.



ROMAINE BEACH CARPENTER,
Brooklyn, New York

We are glad to greet a heart sincere
To dwell with us throughout the year;
We like you and in days to come
We hope you'll remember Emerson.

ALICE MAY KEITH,
Lawrenceville, Georgia

"Dancing's not dancing!"
So some people say.
"It's just doing stunts!"
Declares Alice May.





HILDA M. HARRIS.

Newfield, New Jersey

President Y. W. C. A., '14
Year Book Board, '14

Yes, Hilda, your well-meaning way
Has been a joy in Emerson,
Your work in Y. W. C. A.
Has been helpful to everyone.

SUE WINGFIELD RIDDICK, ΦMF
Suffolk, Virginia

A bright-eyed miss with sunny hair,
A smiling face and breezy air,
Who scatters sunshine in her way
And thus makes glad the livelong day.



LAURA BLANCHE CURTIS, ZΦH
Hartland, New Brunswick, Canada

Vice-President Canadian Club, '13
Secretary Class, '13
Stunt Committee, '14
Junior Week Committee, '13
Year Book Board, '14

She's true to her northern country,
She's true to E. C. O.
She's the dialect lass,
With her stories in class;
A girl we are all glad to know.

EDNA MILDRED MIX,

Oberlin, Kansas

Recitals a joy to this calm miss,
Dramatic art, a haven of bliss;
Oh! Edna, we shall hope to hear
That you, as a star, will soon appear.



FRANCES MARION JOHN, ZΦH

Newtown, Pennsylvania

Junior Week Committee, '13

Chairman Y. W. C. A. Interscholastic Committee, '14

So sweet, demure, with "Thou" and "Thee"
She is as dear as she can be;
A Friend in life and manners too —
I wish there were more Friends, don't you?



FLORENCE LUKEUS NEWBOLD, ΦMF

Lancaster, Pennsylvania

Florence, we love that little curl,
Adorning the neck of a certain girl,
And sometime, though you are quite tall,
You will be looking for it—there! that's all.



LUCY ROBERTS, ΦΜΦ

Lavonia, Georgia

The South breeds daughters fair, 'tis true;
Thus lovely Lucy came;
If you would know what she can do
Remember her "Colonel" fame.

DOROTHY MELLEN WOLDSTAD,
Brockton, Massachusetts

A dear Dutch doll was Dorothy
In the early days of our history;
With earnest work she made her place,
Shall we ever forget that sunny face?



GERTRUDE CRAIG CHAPMAN, ΔΔΦ
Franklin, Massachusetts

A Titian-haired goddess with merry ways;
Who charms all about her wherever she strays,
In memory she'll ever be
Our Champion of Democracy.

ZINITA BARBARA GRAF, ZΦH

Fayette, Iowa

A beautiful girl with a sweet quiet air,
Whom we knew but one brief year.
Iowa town assume renown
For this girl, and repeat next year.



MARION GRANT, ZΦH

Colville, Washington

From far in the West this Marion came,
In an Eastern College to make a name;
And she has succeeded, all agree,
For now she is known as "Prince Charlie!"

ALICE FRANCES BROWN,

Tilton, New Hampshire

Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '14

Wide awake, a girl of will,
Showed wisdom in her choosin'
She never found her place until
She lost herself as "Susan."





HELEN LOUISE McCLANAHAN,
Kirkwood, Illinois

"Ha Banished." This ne'er can be
For one so talented as she,
True success she is sure to meet
And set a standard hard to beat.

ARTHUR F. WINSLOW, ΦAT
West Duxbury, Massachusetts

Class Treasurer, '12
Business Manager Year Book, '14
Class Orator, '14

Smiling, all our cares he bore,
For thanks we only gave him more,
Many the schemes this one could plan,
To see him "To behold a man."



ETHEL VIENNA BAILEY,
Malden, Massachusetts

Class Secretary, '14
Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '14

What a pretty "Tale" she told us
Once upon a time;
In the hidden thoughts of Browning,
She makes a new light shine.

ALICE LORRAINE BAILEY,

Calais, Maine

In the realm of English literature
Lorraine is a modern star,
She revels in Shakespeare, Johnson and Burns,
Nor Dickens does she bar.



Class Song

Oh, Emerson, a rousing cheer
We give thy glorious name.
Oh, Seniors, ring out loud and clear
Thy tribute to her fame.
Then Seniors, sing!
Let echoes ring!
Till walls can scarcely hold
The volumes of our praise of thee
In mighty accents bold;
And our great loyal love for thee
To all the world is told.



A Just So Story

(AFTER KIPLING)

In the high and far off Times, O Best Beloved (but not so very high or so very far off), there lived in many parts of the United States many nameless Individuals who felt within themselves a longing for Higher Education. And so, O Best Beloved, these nameless Individuals besought their dear families to allow them to go and seek their Education.

So one fine morning in the Procession of the Equinoxes, and I think, O Best Beloved, that it was in the year 1912, the dear families of all these nameless Individuals gave them large amounts of advice and sent them away from Home. Weeping much, the nameless Individuals arrived in the beautiful benign bean city of Boston, on the banks of the chilly Charles River, and they looked around for a place to obtain the Best Higher Education. By and by, O Best Beloved, to the Expressive Educational Emerson, and here they decided was the Place they had been looking for. "Here we are," shouted all the nameless Individuals, in a loud and at that time, O Best Beloved, very unexpressive voice, "we have come to Expressive Educational Emerson to get our Higher Education."

Now you will know and understand, O Best Beloved, that up to that very week, day, hour and minute these had been nameless Individuals, but now the other attendants at Educational Expressive Emerson attached to them the opprobrious epithet of Fond Fanciful Foolish Freshmen. And the other attendants did scoff at these Fond Fanciful Foolish Freshmen, and caused confusion to come upon them. Which act, O Best Beloved, you understand was exceeding cruel.

But the Fond Foolish Fanciful Freshmen were not easily frightened, and they worked with exceeding great diligence, at Expressive Educational Emerson which is in the beautiful benign bean city of Boston on the banks of the chilly Charles River. Much time did they put in learning to hum a correct M, or buzz a correct Z, or articulate a correct A, and all the time you know and understand, O Best Beloved, these Fond Foolish Fanciful Freshmen were beginning to be educated. So well did they evolve, express

and expand, that often the Kindly Knowing Kapable Pedagogues would praise them, thus giving them great Joy.

By and by, O Best Beloved, when the Fond Fanciful Foolish Freshmen had struggled sorely through much, and found out how little they knew, then did come in the Procession of the Equinoxes the merry, mystical month of May, and then did all the Fond Foolish Fanciful Freshmen, weeping copiously, depart from Educational Expressive Emerson, in the beautiful, benign bean city of Boston, on the banks of the chilly Charles River, and go home to all their dear families, in many parts of the United States.

All that summer did those Foolish Fond Fanciful Freshmen so orate, hum and expound, that all their dear families in many parts of the United States became exceeding worried. "Go again," said all the dear families in many parts of the United States to the Fond Foolish Fanciful Freshmen, "go again to Educational Expressive Emerson and learn how to do these things better, for of this way are we tired."

So in the fall of the Equinoxes of 1913 did these Fond Foolish Fanciful Freshmen receive more advice, and return to the beautiful benign bean city of Boston, on the banks of the chilly Charles River, and when they had come again to the Expressive Educational Emerson they said to the other attendants of whom, O Best Beloved, you must understand they were no longer afraid, "Call us no longer Fond Foolish Fanciful Freshmen; we wish now to be called Jolly Jumping Juniors." And so, O Best Beloved, they were known by that very name.

That very fall these Jolly Jumping Juniors made themselves famous in Expressive Educational Emerson by giving a Dance, about which Dance, O Best Beloved, you will know and understand that the less said the better. Many things did these Jolly Jumping Juniors do, under the leadership of one Jean McDonald, who kept them all busy at sundry tasks. They would sell Sandwiches at the noon hour, and express their well learned pantomimic "kid joy" at the money netted thereby. They would learn diligently the class yells as taught them by one

Ruth Southwick, or the class songs as played for them by one Irene Dickson. Madly, O Best Beloved, did they pursue one Albert Smith, imploring him to accept their class dues, which he did reluctantly. Even did these Jolly Jumping Juniors give a Vaudeville Show, to which many of the other admiring attendants of Expressive Educational Emerson did come, and at which much hitherto unsuspected talent was brought to light. Along in the same Procession of the Equinoxes, O Best Beloved, did come a Junior Week, during which time they did much distinguish themselves.

All the other attendants at Expressive Educational Emerson, and even some-

times the Kindly Knowing Kapable Pedagogues would say, "What wonderful Jolly Jumping Juniors they are." Which statement, O Best Beloved, you know to be correct.

Thus did the year go by, and the Jolly Jumping Juniors were being more highly educated all the time at the Expressive Educational Emerson in the beautiful benign bean city of Boston on the banks of the chilly Charles River.

But whether these Jolly Jumping Juniors ever became Serious Sedentary Studios Seniors I cannot tell. However, you, O Best Beloved, will know and understand.

Junior Alphabet

A is for Action, for as you all know
The pace that the Juniors set is really
not slow.

B is for Bradford so stately and tall,
And also for Bradley the smallest of all.

C is for Conat and Chandler and Cole,
Good Juniors all three, both body and
soul.

D is for Dickson, from far Texas State,
She's known for her music, which surely
is great.

E is for Evans, a maiden demure,
And for Emerson, too, the reason we're
here.

F begins Farwell, Flanders, Frazine,
And many others, whom I've not room
to put in.

G is for Gildersleeve, her first name is
Amy,

And also for Greenwald, Margaret A.

H is for Heinline, she comes from the West,
As well as for Henry, noted for absence.

I is for interpretation for which we all
strive,

We shall keep on striving while we're alive.

J is for Jetté "Georgie" *petite* (pro-
nounced to rhyme with sweet)

And for Carolyn Jones, whose smile is
so sweet.

L begins Lovejoy, Albert Russell in full.
He's "there" with the ladies, who all
hope for a "pull."

M stands for McDonald, Miller and Mace,
And for others we'd mention if we only
had space.

N stands for *nothing*: for the sake of a pun
We'll say it's for nothing this class hasn't
done.

O is for Oratory at Emerson College,
We absorb it along with the rest of the
knowledge.

P is for Beatrice Eleanor Perry,
And also for Privett, a southerner cheery.

R is for Root, a good friend to each one.
She's always on hand and ready for fun.

S stands for Mr., and Miss Smith and
Miss Snyder,
With the Misses Southwick and Sturde-
vant along beside her.

U is for Utterance grand and sublime
Over which we are waltzing most of the
time.

V is for Marion whose last name is Vin-
cent,

Time we're talking with her is not mis-
spent.

W is for Williamson from the far western
coast,

And for other sweet maids of whom we
may boast,

X is Xcellent training we get,
Our good times as Juniors we cannot
forget.

Y is for You who these verses will read,
Please criticize gently, they need it indeed.

Z is the last, a very hard letter,
As we think of nothing it starts for, to
leave it out will be better.

Junior Week

Tuesday Morning. A pleasant introduction to Junior Week was the hand-painted programs by Miss Waterhouse. The Juniors marched into Chapel headed by President Jean MacDonald. The girls in white and *all the men in blue*. The President distributed the class flower, Jack Rose, to every member, after which the class gathered on the platform. Miss MacDonald gave a short speech of welcome to everyone and an invitation to partake of the various entertainments of Junior Week. The class sang some very catchy original songs, and were greeted by some fine cheers by the student body. The week opened with most successful exercises.

Wednesday morning. The Physical Culture Drill with Miss Goodrich's clever poem for the harmonizing movements, was a great success. The work of the girls revealed hard practice and earnest thought on the Emerson Exercises. Miss Farwell led in an easy, graceful manner the Misses MacDonald, Goodrich, White, Jetté, Fisher, Bigler, Benjamin, Evans and Frazine, who certainly deserve great credit for this exhibition.

Thursday Morning. After some excellent vaudeville by Misses Goodrich, Bradley, MacGill, Gildersleeve, and Marrinan, the "Emerson Sisters" entertained. With their tall red dunce caps, white gowns and red band boxes they proceeded to assassinate our sacred rules of expression. The manner in which "the sisters" "let go" and the farcical "turns" pleased the audience. The Post Grads showed their appreciation by giving the "actors" a shower of variegated paper ribbons. Under Miss Bradford's leadership the Misses Sprague, Smith, Southwick, Bradley, Marrinan, Sturdivant, and Waterhouse, made very interesting "Emerson Sisters."

Thursday Evening. How did the little Junior Class do it! Copley-Plaza ball room, distinguished patronage, fine music, great "cats," exquisite gowns, good dancing, no tango, characterized the very successful Junior "Prom." The dance was a brilliant affair and a most satisfactory party to students and faculty.

Friday Morning. Second Annual Farce of the Emerson Co-ed Society. "Thirty Minutes for Refreshments," with an all star cast. The men certainly did justice to a screamingly funny farce. All of the parts were well taken in this most amusing incident of Junior Week.

Friday Evening. The Juniors attended the Phi Mu Gamma Play in a body. The acting of the sorority girls was of a high standard. "A Virginia Courtship" was produced in a manner that showed good training and conscientious work. The Phi Muses are to be congratulated for their excellent production.

Saturday Morning. President Southwick brought the exercises of the week to a close with an informal talk to the students. The P. G.s again showered the Juniors with paper ribbons, this time from the recesses of the balcony. Some good songs and hearty cheers brought the week to a close as far as the student body was concerned. The Juniors appreciate the good will and hearty fellowship evidenced by the other classes during the process of Junior Week.

Saturday Night.—The Junior Banquet took place at the Hotel Hemenway. President MacDonald presided, with Mr. Kidder as toastmaster. The dinner was prepared with great skill, and the class partook of the feast with no less amount of dexterity. Everyone seemed to have a good time. Mr. Kidder made an ideal toastmaster, and indulged in everything from "stump the leader" up to a good story. Speeches were made by Misses MacDonald, Meredith, and Jetté, and Messrs. Lovejoy, Flanders, and Smith. A most successful banquet finally closed a very successful Junior Week. The committee in charge of the week, Misses Meredith, White, Miller, Hainline, and MacDonald, and Mr. Lovejoy, deserve great credit for their good work. Miss Meredith is worthy of special praise for her faithful services as chairman of the committee. The Class of 1915 is heartily congratulated and greatly pleased.

Clippings from a 1934 Newspaper

Read at 1915 Banquet

EMERSON COLLEGE NEWS

We regret to say that three valuable members of the Faculty have resigned their places to the younger generation. From hundreds of applicants have been chosen the following:

Miss Emily Brown to succeed Walter B. Tripp;

Miss Carolyn Jones to succeed Miss Sleight who will shortly return from her honeymoon in Europe;

The Misses Jetté and MacDonald, the learned and graceful spinsters, to direct the work of the Aesthetic Dancing and Gymnasium classes during Miss Riddell's leave of absence.

TAX COLLECTOR IS KEPT BUSY

Our capable City Treasurer, Mr. Albert F. Smith, is now pursuing his duty of extracting money from the common people. Mr. Smith received his training in the art of relieving humanity of "the root of all evil" while a Junior at Emerson College.

The Misses Helen Baxter and Ruth Southwick are serving on the Board of International Dance Censorship. In a recent interview Miss Southwick stated some of her principles. She absolutely will not tolerate the Dynamic Slide or the Aesthetic Dip—and will lay down strict rules as to Realistic and Suggestive holds. All couples must observe the Royal Margin.

Albert Russell Lovejoy has been for several years playing leading Shakespearean and classic rôles, but has been forced to retire because of ill health. We learn that recently he has taken a new attack on life and is enjoying the task of longshoreman. He is, however, still a woman hater.

Miss Louise Mace has for the past five years been engaged in medical research. She has made many startling discoveries on the precipitation of the postal system.

Miss May Miller has given up most of her public platform work "above board," and has undertaken platform "Carpentering," finding a little time for her old favorites, the "Arthurian" Legends.

All of Illinois' smart set are most upset! We hear that Louise Hainline Clark is in Reno awaiting the decision of the divorce court. The grounds for her divorce are that Mr. Clark is unconventional.

Within the last week the daring shoplifter, Verda Snyder, the clever fire-bug, Betty Perry, and two adepts in second story work, the Misses Sprague and Cole, have been captured after a long chase in the Blue Hills.

Among the attractions at the theatres this week are a revival of "Peter Pan" with Marion Vincent in the title rôle; Miss Marguerite Grunewald who succeeded Eva Tanguay as headliner at Keith's; Miss Minnie Frazine, the distinguished Photo Play actress, in a thrilling drama, "The Pitfalls of Brookline."

Our Suffragette sisters in London hail Miss Edna Fisher as Mrs. Pankhurst's successor.

Miss Fisher is generally known as quite dangerously militant, and will no doubt prove to be a leader with initiative principles.

Two desperate female bandits are being hunted by the police in every state of the Union. Recently they held up the Puget Sound Express. Their legal names are Evelyn Benjamin and Genevieve MacGill.

One woman has at last attained her rightful sphere. After a grand scramble the Poet Laureate of England has been awarded to Miss Edyth Goodrich. For many years this talented poetess has been writing under the *nom de plume* of "Sigh."

In company with Miss Gertrude Chamberlain, Miss Helene Henry will visit Oxford this year. Miss Henry, who is a famous scholar, has obtained a traveling scholarship. She plans to spend a number of weeks in England. During her stay she will live near Addison's Walk.

We have heard that Miss Gertrude Morrison has started an anti-giggling campaign. Miss Morrison has spent twenty years in moderating her own giggle and will be an able leader.

Our Squedunk correspondent informs us that Miss Lois Perkins has been appointed postmistress in that thriving village "behind the beyond."

Sniggle's department store wishes to announce to its many patrons that it has obtained the services of Mrs. Alice White Williams at its chewing gum counter. Mrs. Williams is an expert demonstrator and the firm expects to increase its sales in this useful article.

Miss Gladysmae Waterhouse will paint billboard advertisements at reasonable prices. Kewpies in all shapes and sizes at a big reduction this week. Adv.

Miss Irene Dickson will be heard at Symphony this week. She will play popular medleys of all the latest ragtime airs. Adv.

At the Opera House next week, Bert Williams's successor, Mr. E. F. Flanders, Jr., supported by a powerful and beauteous chorus, in "The Follies of 1934." Adv.

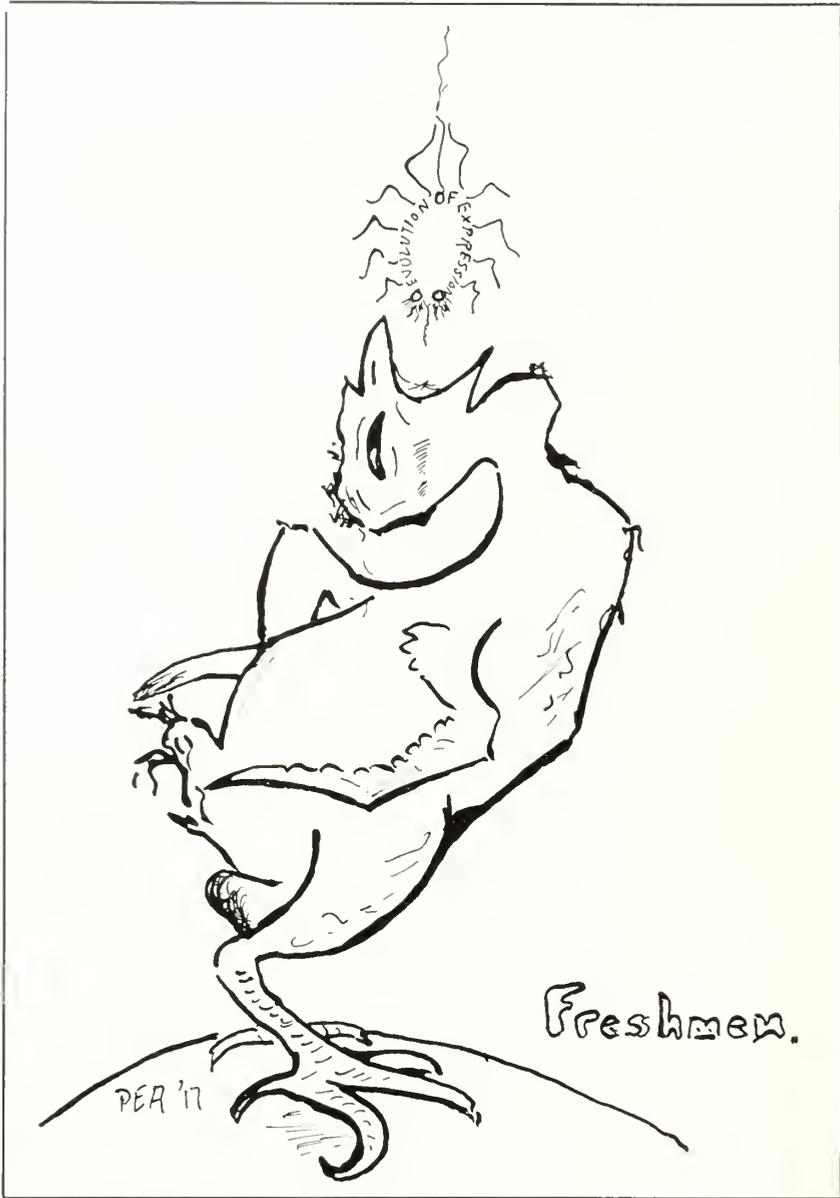
Westbrook's Famous Ten-ring Circus is with us once more. The management assures us that the features this year will far surpass any ever before seen. One of the special features is the bareback riding of Miss Alicia Evans. The dainty little tight-rope walker, Miss Vera Bradford, will balance herself in mid-air and cook an egg to order of any one in the audience.

Miss Grace Bigler has recently opened a beauty parlor on Salem Street.

Students of Oratory applying to Hayden Costume Company for furnishings, please address Miss Marguerite Seibel.

Miss Becky Farwell is introducing a new version of harmonizing exercises at the Hoffman and Sprague Gymnasium.

As we go to press we find a number of local items that will be published in the next issue of the Emerson College Number.



Freshmen Officers

Freda L. Walker	President
Stella Rothwell	Vice-President
Elizabeth H. Jack	Treasurer
Rhea M. Olin	Secretary

CLASS FLOWER—Yellow rose

CLASS COLORS—Gold and white

CLASS YELL—Fre-sh, fre-sh fre-sh

May be so, and may be no
But we are the freshmen
of E. C. O.



Mother Goose Rhymes

Sing a song of sixpence,
Pocket full of rye,
Fifty faithful Freshmen,
Resolved to do or die.

CLASS OFFICERS

"Who leads the Freshmen?"
"I," said Miss Walker,
"I," the great talker,
"I lead the Freshmen."

"Who'll take her place?"
"I," said Miss Rothwell,
"You never can tell,
"I'll take her place."

"Who takes the money?"
"I," said Miss Tack,
"I, in my sack,
"I take the money."

"Who marshals the forces?"
"I," said Alexander,
"I'm the commander,
"I marshal the forces."

AT EMERSON WE LEARN

To purchase perfect, pedagogic poise,
To free the frame from fearful, fatal friction,
To slowly, surely strengthen sluggish senters,
To dextrously deliver dainty diction,
Expressively, in short,
To Evolute!

Freshies gave a little stunt,
Quite a while ago,
To faculty and schoolmates,
Sitting in a row.

Mildred wrote it for them,
Others fell in line;
So faculty and schoolmates
Looked for something fine.

Freshies pretty nervous,
Cheeks were all aglow,
But faculty and schoolmates
Said 'twas quite a show.

"Oh, mother, may I learn how to rag?"
"No, my darling Gladys!"
"Oh, mother, please, if we don't squeeze,
"I don't see where the bad is."

Young Mr. Hubbard went to the cupboard,
We mean, he got up to recite;
He delivered "The Bells" with such fearful knells
That his classmates all roared with delight.

A dillar, a dollar,
A ten o'clock scholar,
Many such Freshmen you'll find,
Alack and alas!
For the sake of the class,
Why don't you get there at nine?

Mother Goose Rhymes

The rubber neck wagon ealled at two,
The Freshmen were all in line:
They sat side by side on that memorable ride
And said that the views were just fine.

“Little Miss Carey, quite contrary,
“How does your garden grow?”
“Prie and Pinsky, Pierson too,
“Sweet peas all in a row.”

Higgledy, piggedly, my black hen!
Harriet Carter is laughing again.
Sometimes at something, sometimes at nothing,
Giggledy, giggledy, hear her again!

There is a child in our class,
And he is wondrous wise,
His literary prodigies
Have made us ope our eyes.
But precocity is dangerous,
As you will all agree,
Be careful, Smith, and do not lose
Your equanimity.

Little Miss Gore
Sought the radiant core,
And didn't know where to find it;
Now in her voice
She doth rejoice,
For the dominant center's behind it.

Goosey, goosey, gander,
Perey Alexander,
From this girl to that girl,
His affections lightly wander.

Hi, diddle, diddle,
A drum and a fiddle,
Très Moutarde is the tune;
Whether ragging or not
She cares not a jot—
Delaney is fond of a spoon!

Fee, fi, fo, fum!
Out of the North the wild news kum!
Open throat, think, mold and hum,
Kenney will fix you before he's done.

Hypatia was a lady
Who lived in ancient time,
Professor Tripp she hypnotized,
He thinks she's quite sublime.
But the Freshmen! woe! the Freshmen!
To think they all may flunk,
Because they overlooked *her*,
And much preferred the monk.

Beth, Beth, our treasurer,
Carries a book right 'round with her,
In vain, in vain, sings this refrain,
“A quarter, please, for dues again.”

Post GRADUATES



Post Graduate Officers

AMELIA MYRL GREEN *President*
ROSE JOHNSON WILLIS *Vice-President*
LILLIAN MARIE BROWN *Secretary*
MYRTIE MAE HUTCHINSON *Treasurer*

CLASS FLOWER
Carnation

CLASS COLORS
Red and White

CLASS YELL
Chic-a-chac-a-chee
Chic-a-chac-a-cho

1-9-1-3

E-C-O.

[68]

To the Graduate Class

Time has at last reached its climax
And out from the garden you go—
To plant in the highways and byways
New seeds that you've gathered to sow.
Just plants you have been in the past years;
Plants tended with infinite care,
Protected through sunshine and shadow—
Alike both the common and rare.

But Time has now made *you* the gardeners
And sends you throughout all the land
To cultivate flowers where 'tis fertile
Or where 'tis all barren with sand.
You'll prop up each weak little floweret,
Build a trellis for each little vine,
Prune the strong hardy plants where 'tis needed,
Wat'ring each from the soul's spring divine.



LILLIAN M. AUNE, ΔΔΦ

Cameron, Wisconsin

Stunt Committee, '12

Some people say that to get there you must work long and patiently, but just watch Lillian stir us to the depths under the inspiration of the moment.

INEZ WASHBURNE BASSETT,

Middleboro, Massachusetts

Faithful, diligent and patient, she is the one who when rehearsals are called is always there and ready thereby deserving a mark of distinction.



ELIZABETH LORRAINE BEATTY, KΧΓ

Rochester, New York

Endeared to all the class by the sterling qualities that are combined in her charming personality.

LAURA ELIZABETH BELL, ZΦH
Enosburg Falls, Vermont

Stunt Committee, '12, '13
Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '11, '12, '13
Student Council, '11, '12, '13, '14
President of Class, '12

When Mrs. Whitney begins her public career on the platform, Bessie will take charge of her Ethics class, for expounding moral laws is her chief delight.



MARY FRANCESCA BLANCHET,
Manchester, New Hampshire

Chairman of Finance Committee, '14

If in the annals of history one point of the Emerson Theory of Evolution is lost sight of, go to Mary.

LILLIAN MARIE BROWN,
Springfield, Massachusetts

Class Secretary, '14

Since "Brownie" played her title rôle we have a new Falstaff toward which to aspire. Comedy is her forte.





MARY A. CODY,

Cambridge, Massachusetts

Junior Marshal, '12
Vice-President Class, '12
President Canadian Club, '14

"Yes, Cody, that's your cue."

DOCTA DODD,

Vaughn, Washington

Stunt Committee, '12
Junior Prom. Committee, '12
Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '13
Students' Council, '13
Magazine Reporter, '14

Could we have seen the end from the beginning
'twould have been to stand in wonder, but is
she not a minister's daughter?



EVA ELEANOR FELKER,

Burlington, Iowa

Pretty, petite, pleasant, prepared to promptly
give points on all plays.

CAROLINE WOOD FERRIS,
Los Angeles, California

She may have height, but she also has a soul
that measures up to every inch of it.



AMELIA MYRL GREEN,
St. John, New Brunswick, Canada

Class President, '13
Class President, '14

"Never was known to find fault," and life is
too short for her to express all she feels, she
"just hasn't time."

FLORENCE SOUTHWARD HINCKLEY, ZΦH
Everett, Massachusetts

Junior Prom. Committee, '12

Plainest facts reveal tender romance when
read with stately grace by Florence.





MYRTLE HUTCHINSON, ZPH

Melrose, Massachusetts

Class Treasurer, '14

Lovely: used in its truest sense when applied to this girl, and have you seen her in Dramatic Art this year?

AMY L. LA VIGNE.

Rochester, New York

We wonder how long "Al" will have to spend his good "dosh" to send special deliveries to Amy, but after all, she's well worth it.



IDA MATILDA LESLIE.

Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada

The trivial incidents of ordinary school life do not interfere in her serene existence where "points" are not "points" unless gathered together and hurled with force in the rebuttal of a debate.

LENELLA BAKER MCKOWN,
Boothbay Harbor, Maine

Magazine Reporter, '12

Lenella, the night of the Post Graduate commencement play in which she lived her "many parts." "Now, what state of soul next, and what costume?"



JESSIE MCKENZIE MATHESON,
Plainfield, Nova Scotia, Canada

President Y. W. C. A., '13
Vice-President Canadian Club '12
Secretary and Treasurer Y. W. C. A., '12
Class Secretary, '12

Go to Jean when feeling blue, and you are soon laughing at her Scotch wit and humor.

OLIVE OLGA NEWTON, ZΦH
Athol, Massachusetts

Unless telegraph fees are reduced—well, we'll let the matter drop, for who could resist her charms?





JOHN JAMES ROY, ΦAT

Utica, New York

Chairman Stunt Committee, '12, '13
Business Manager of Magazine, '12
Editor-in-Chief of Magazine, '13
Commencement Committee, '14

A man who knows how to get what he wants.



ESTHER SMART,

Ontario, California

She is ever ready to help, a willing worker and a true friend.



ELLENE M. SULLIVAN,

St. Erie, Pennsylvania

High ambitions and work worthy of such.

JOSEPHINE WOOD WHITAKER
Arlington, Massachusetts

Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '14
Treasurer of the Boston E. C. O. Club, '14

We will always remember the cheerful smile
and unassuming manner of this gracious lady.



ROSE WILLIS, ZΦH
Norfolk, Virginia

Vice-President Post Graduate Class, '14

She excels in dramatics, carries us to heights
sublime in recitals, and then her comedy! She
possesses a subtle influence for good; a girl we
love.

HELEN E. LEAVITT, ΔΔΦ
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Helen is our versatile member. She does many
things—and all of them well.





The Love-Song of Orpheus

(ARRANGED FOR HARMONIZING MOVEMENTS)

As the last, sweet, lingering note was drawn
From the lyre of Orpheus, he impatiently flung
To one side the beautiful thing that lived
And throbbed at his touch, and leaning his head
On his hand, gazed wearily into the water
That ran at his feet. At his side Euridice sat
And was sad at the sight of his grief.

“What has happened, my Orpheus?” she questioned at length.
And he answered: “The lark will not list to my song!
I have sung till the gods themselves have come down
From the Mountain Olympus and have sat at my feet,
But the lark ever sings her own song
And will not listen to mine!”

But Euridice

Laughed, and softly she whispered to him,
“Oh, Orpheus, vainest of mortals! The lark
Singeth not for the praises of gods or of men—”
And she smiled in his face; but he understood not
What she said, but continued to mourn, because one
Of the least of Jove’s children hearkened not to his song.

Thus time passed away till at length the silk thread
Of Euridice’s life was cut by the Fates
And she left him. Then Orpheus knew how he loved
Her, and he cried in his heart, “Euridice! Why

Hast thou gone and left me alone in the world?
Oh, ye gods, give her back to me now, for I need her.”
Thus wandered the lonely Orpheus, weeping
And sighing with sorrow, till even the beasts
Of the forest were moved by his tears and prayed with him.

Then the gods were so touched by his grief that they granted
His prayer, and Orpheus went down to the kingdom
Of Pluto, where dwell the shades of the lost ones.
And they brought Euridice to him and told him
To lead her away, but not to look into
Her face till they had passed the portals of Hades.

Then Orpheus, taking her hand, joyfully
Guided her footsteps, ever turning away
His face, lest he be tempted to look on her.
But just at the gates of the world, the injunction
Forgotten, he turned and held out his arms
To receive her. But she shrank from his clasp and fled from him
With a long, low cry of reproach. Then Orpheus
Saw his mistake, and attempted to follow,
But hideous shapes rose to threaten his progress
And drove him back through the gates and closed
Them upon him. Thus Orpheus lost his Euridice.

All prayers unavailing, day after day
He wandered the woods, neither sleeping nor eating.
The beasts of the field came, trying to share in his
Sorrow, but he regarded them not
But wandered or sat, ever silent and speechless.

One day as Apollo was guiding his steeds
Toward the westward gates of the heavens, Orpheus
Fingered his lyre, and memories crowded
Upon him. Sweeping the strings he drew strains
Of such ravishing sweetness, that even the winds
In the trees were hush'd to hear him the better.
All of his longing, his love, and his grief he poured
Into his song: singing not for the praise
Of the gods, who were weeping to hear him, or draw tears
From the rocks that lay at his feet, but only
To her whom he loved, to tell her of his mourning.
And as the last note, like a quivering drop
Of celestial sorrow, had faded away,
A lark dropped down at his feet and lay there
Panting and sighing. But Orpheus saw not
The bird, nor knew of his triumph, for his fingers
Relinquished the lyre, and with the song
On his lips, he went to her who was waiting.

LORRAINE BAILEY, '14.

How to Prepare a Speech in Class

1st. A good sitting position is the first essential. This, if the chair is not one of those requiring the dangling of the feet in mid-air, is acquired while the roll is being called.

After an easy position is effected by a firm pressure of the feet against the chair in front—there must *always* be a chair in front—perfect quiet must be kept until one's own name has been called—then get busy right away upon the speech proper.

Ask Neighbor Right if she has any new or startling idea for a speech. If she has she will probably keep it, so your next move is to ply the question to Neighbor Left—all the while, of course, taking into consideration that the roll call will soon be completed.

Almost without exception, Neighbor Left will be a new girl unfamiliar with startling ideas or otherwise upon the art of speech making.

The next step is a very delicate one. Give your right foot—the left foot can be used, but the right one brings a quicker response—a decided shove forward, whereupon, the girl in front will answer your wireless message by saying she never made a speech in her life and is scared pink over the mere thought of ever having to write one.

There are but two more chances left now. Gaze wildly in search of a most intimate friend who *always* has her lesson. You will find that she does not take Original Oratory. Now, by the power of the law of association, of which you have heard so much, endeavor to remember a speech heard at some previous time. If you succeed in formulating a neat, right-to-the-point speech, you will not be called upon to use it that day.

A. B., '13.

Optimism

You cannot hope when lingering on the way,
To reach the heights ahead of all the rest;
Arise and greet the coming of the day
And strive each day to do your very best.

If you miss the nearest path that leads to fame,
Be not discouraged, you are not alone;
Many more than you have done the same;
Try again but do not grieve and moan.

Be cheerful if the way is dark and drear,
Be tireless in your effort to attain
Your high ideal; it may be very near;
Do not despair—it only adds to pain.

G. F. P., '17.

A Cure for the Blues

If you're feelin' sort o' blue,
And you don't know what to do
 With yourself,
Did you ever try awhile,
Bringing out a radiant smile
 In some other?

If *yourself* you but forget,
And a happiness beget
 In another,
You will find your blues have fled,
That a happiness instead
 Dwells within.

So don't mope, and fret, and fume
When things seem out of tune
 Everywhere,
Just put on a look that's bright
And the old cares from your sight
 Disappear.

D. D., '13.

Be Strong, Be Brave, Be True

Be strong, O Heart, by bitter cares opprest;
Be strong, when trials burn deep within thy
 breast.

Be strong, when every path seems drear
With dire and black forebodings lurking near;
When every fiber writhes and twists in pain
As mem'ries of the past torment the brain.
But be not downed by morbid discontent
Which thro' the veins a poison slow hath sent,
For after darkest night comes brightest day.
And so, be strong, let come whatever may.

Be brave, O Heart, for God in love doth rule;
Be brave, for we are only in life's school.
Be brave, for we can never guess what joy
The morrow holds, when cares no more annoy.
When one doth do from day to day his best,
His duty then is done—God does the rest.
Wage hard the war against life's sordid ills,
Tis not the fight but "just adrift" that kills.
Thy will in weakness never cast aside,
And so, be brave, whatever may betide.

Be true, O Heart, to all that's best in you;
Be true, and start each day with strength anew.
Be true, for when one truly strives to win
The fight for *right*, the doors will ope for him,
And he will enter into realms of light
That soon will make his tarnished soul grow
 bright;

And things that once did seem so dark and cold
Have but to life's experience added gold.
Thus goes the world: each day doth follow night.
And so, be true, and strive with all thy might.

D. D., '13.

A True Story

It was in July a few years ago and the city was sweltering through a spell of torrid weather. Only those sought the street who were compelled by circumstance. This condition had existed several days, so it was not unusual to see the broad avenue of the business district deserted. But the appearance presented by the little blind alley directly back of this district, in which most of Boston's Chinese element lived, was extraordinary. The few days previous had seen this place teeming with long-queued folk. The Boston police had learned that absence of signs of life in this place was of evil portent. So this condition of affairs had a direct connection with the fact that in the ward room of Station 7, a detail of eighteen extra policemen lounged, smoked and argued. But their presence was generally unknown, even to the emissaries of the press.

About four o'clock passersby on lower Washington Street were a little amused at seeing a slim Chinaman clad in silken jacket and queer slippers which threatened every minute to desert him, fleeing from the direction of Harrison Avenue and a little later rush up the steps of Station 7.

He rushed in, grasped the rail in front of the sergeant's desk and in a frightened and breathless voice gasped, "Muehee killee, muehee killee Sarg." continuing in Chinese. But already the desk bell buzzed. The sergeant reached over the rail and grasped the Chinaman with one hand, reaching for the telephone at the same time with the other. A voice came over the wires: "Garrett talkin', sir. It's breakin' get 'em here quick! Mack an' me'll be in the alley."

The riot call was given, the door suddenly opened and an army of blue-coats rushed out and over the same route by which the Chinaman had come. As they reached Beach Street, a shot was heard. This seemed to be the signal and was followed by a rattle of revolvers, shrieks and a panic of traffic in the side streets.

At the shock of the first shot, the blue-coats rushed on and into the alley, clubbing their way and searching the mob of Chinamen for strangers, whom they swept before them. Mack was wrestling with a young Chinaman endeavoring to overpower him. To the young fellow's wrist was strapped a revolver, hot from the fray. Mack grabbed him by the collar and dragged him to where he had seen Garrett fall from a shot aimed by the Chinaman. He called to Garrett but there was no response. The bravery of the young officer had carried him into the thickest of the scene and he lay there with a bullet hole in his temple.

In the meantime the patrol had arrived and a dozen Chinamen were quickly loaded into it. Mack threw the limp body of the Chinaman down on the ground, swung Garrett to his shoulder, and again grabbing the Chinaman by the collar, dragged and carried them, emerging from the alley just in time to intercept the ambulance as it dashed upon the scene. The police, after a fierce struggle, quelled the riot, but not until several had been killed and wounded.

The patrol was hurried to Station 7 and the ambulance to the relief hospital. With a moment's investigation of Garrett, the physician pronounced him dead and turned his attention to the young Chinaman, who in spite of a gash on his forehead was smiling amiably and possessed the appearance of anything but a murderer. His face was attractive and bright and one could not but be drawn to him as he gazed about him in an interested manner, watching eagerly every movement that went forward. His face was that of a mere boy and more than one expressed sympathy and pity for the young lad who in some way had become the leader of a band of murderers. His name, I learned, was Ah Sing.

* * * *

A year later my friend Hughes and I were seated at a table in the club room, smoking and talking.

"So you visited the State Prison to-day," remarked my friend Hughes.

"Yes," I replied, "and sat in the electric chair just to see if I could imagine the sensation a poor fellow would have who was about to breathe his last. It's a harmless looking thing, isn't it?"

"Quite so," he answered, "but I can tell you an incident connected with that place that may stimulate your imagination somewhat.

"You probably remember the Chinese riot which occurred a year or so ago and knew of the three men of the gang who were sentenced to death." Well, being a member of the press I was attendant at the trials and their development. In these trials, for the first time, the organizations known as the Sep Hong Tong and the Ong Lee Tong were brought before the notice of the Boston public. One of the three convicted of murder in the first degree was an interesting chap of about nineteen years whom I could but watch closely as did many at the trials.

"In court he presented a somewhat pitiful appearance. His shaven skull displayed long white scars from wounds received in the Tong war. But there was not the vicious look of a murderer upon his face. It was bright and intelligent looking; his eyes and skin were clear and the manner imputed to him was not one of dignity merely, but sanctity. His companions were an opium-depraved laundryman and a fat merchant. The boy, whose name was Ah Sing, was without relatives it was learned and a member of the Sep Hong Tong, while his companions were of the Ong Lee Tong and should have been, even in their cage, deadly enemies of the boy.

"If they were, it seemed to be of little interest to Ah Sing. His keepers declared him to be a model prisoner and even sang his praises to the newspaper men. He wore always a smile at the dull proceedings of the court and even when the prosecuting officer called down the bitterest wrath upon him, he would only smile and shake his head a little eagerly. As he stood before the bar, he seemed interested more as an observer than one accused. Thus it was that this boy won our sympathies and we could not but feel that he was somehow a victim of circumstances.

"The facts learned from his testimony were not surprising to us in a measure. The two Tongs that waged this war were secret factions, old in the history of the race and terrible in their enmity toward one another. To be a member of one of these societies, a Chinaman must be fearless, binding himself to the rules with the strictest vows of obedience. He in his ancestry worship believes that the past generations of his household look down upon him and that dire calamity is due, should he fail to uphold his vows. He bows before the shrine of his father and in filial obedience pledges all he has to the cause of the Tong. If he is called upon at any time to give a son to the cause, the sacrifice is made.

"Ah Sing had left his home under these conditions, his father having been bound through life to the Sep Hong Tong. The son had been sent to this country to lead his Tong in their attack upon the other. The boy told how his father had explained to him that he was a merchant and was sending him here for the furtherance of his interests, and how he had come eagerly, with bright prospects and anticipation for what he might become in the wonderful America about which he had heard so much.

"When he discovered the real cause of his coming, true to the promises made to his father, he had entered into the undertaking with a loyalty and bravery worthy of his race, and was now ready to die for the same. He was a murderer, not by choice, but by circumstance.

"When the foreman of the jury pronounced him guilty and the clerk asked him if he understood he nodded and awarded both a smile. His own sentence seemed to arouse in him no emotion, but a look of unutterable scorn crossed his features when the fat merchant collapsed as his sentence was pronounced. His composure and smile returned, however, as he was led from the room.

"As a reporter I was present at the electrocution. A gloomy dank fog had wrapped Boston in its folds and it was a somber company, made up of twelve witnesses of the execution, that filed through the murky dawn, down the narrow cement walk that leads from the prison along the stone wall to the room of execution. The huge lock was turned, the heavy door swung open and we were

marshaled into the dead silence of the death chamber. No word was spoken. The warden addressed the witnesses with the formality of the law.

"In a trance we passed through the first two executions—our thoughts being centered upon the boy and wondering how this puzzling bit of humanity would receive the death which seemed so unjust and terrible for him.

"Ah Sing sat in his cell all the while, playing a game of solitaire and still wearing his happy and interested smile. When his cell was unlocked, he stepped out bravely, almost eagerly, and glanced about him at the warden, witnesses and apparently at everything in the chamber. There was not a tremor in his body as the death march was begun and when the warden read his final doom, he only nodded as he had so many times before.

"He was led to the chair. He stepped into place and sat down as if preparing for some pleasant surprise. He glanced at the walls of the room as if inspecting the workmanship of the building. He looked at the ceiling. He scanned the floor. He smiled as he gazed intently into the corner where the witnesses sat. The room was dark save for the solitary light directly over the chair. He adjusted his feet and ankles into their place and offered assistance in the fastening of the straps. He placed his arms upon those of the chair and inspected the clasps closely, much as a child does a new found toy. He broke into a soft laugh when the electricians adjusted the remaining straps and threw a half dozen clamps into place which were quickly snapped.

"These straps and clamps gleaming under the glare of the light like tentacles ready to clasp the victim, seemed to hold no terror for him. Seated six abreast, the witnesses shuffled their feet uneasily. They could not discern each others' faces. The helmet was dropped over his face which was last lighted with that imperturbable smile. The stillness was terrifying. The warden raised his hand. The electrician saw the sign. He grasped the lever. With an accurate and powerful stroke he shoved it into place. The boy's body stiffened quickly, causing the straps to creak and the clamps to rattle. But it relaxed in-

stantly for the first current had done its work.

"And that chair," concluded Hughes, "is the one in which you sat this afternoon."

"Yes," I replied, "and I followed the incidents of the trial in the newspapers, being particularly interested in this Ah Sing, but I have another chapter to add to this strange coincidence if you will permit."

Hughes watched me with a puzzled expression as I drew a letter from my pocket.

"Pardon me," I said, "for reading a personal letter, but I am sure a portion of this will interest you deeply. It is a letter I received this week from a young missionary in China, a dear friend of mine and one who is heart and soul in her work at the missions. Her letters are always interesting, some descriptive of the country and others telling of her work in the boys' school. I will not burden you with all of it.

"'And what is so rare as a day in June?' Really I am homesick and but for the exquisite beauty of this place I feel I should literally turn my back on the 'heathen' and take the first boat that leaves port. A wonderful picture greets my eye as I sit and gaze out into the court. Dame Nature has decked it with her gayest tints of poppy red and yellow and on every bamboo trellis, or screen, age old and prolific ramblers twine in profusion, their color lending striking contrast to the delicate hues of the poppy beds. A continuous bank of flags about the four walls gives the least impression of substantiality to the coloring of the court. The air is fragrantly balmy, and the sun, a few hours risen, has dispelled the chill of a dewy dawn. In fact all life is gay and I would be, but for the fact that this day brings back all too vividly the likeness of another almost two years ago, whose events I can never recall without an intangible sadness.

"You would hardly remember my writing to you of it, and the departure of one of my dear boys for New York. I had thought sometimes to ask you to hunt him up during one of your visits down there. For I grew so fond of this boy with his sunny disposition and winning ways. He was a great help to me

in my work—although he was not wholly a convert. I was a frequent visitor at his home for his parents liked me. Ah Sing told me many times that if I could interest his father in the missions he would come too. I worked long and earnestly with both, and they were just on the point of accepting our faith. Then came that day that took my little Ah Sing. As I sit in my court now writing this, the balmy air and faint odor of poppy beds recalls vividly the events of that summer's day.

“First Ah Sing came himself to tell me that he must leave that day for the wonderful America to take charge of his father's interests as a merchant. I went with him to his home. The father seemed very sad, as he explained that his interests in America depended upon the speedy arrival of his son. Though I questioned him closely, I could get no further information from him. There seemed some mystery, which I could not even guess at. As I sat talking to the sad little mother, I could see in the little court the youth, who was kneeling reverently before the shrine of his forefathers. When he finished this exercise of veneration, he arose and waited. The father entered, and spoke to his son in solemn and subdued tones.

“Lesser son of the house of Poh Yang, in the West continent forget not that thou art a holy man. Sao Tze, celestial prince of the Strong Principle, long gone before, has given the lesson to our illustrious house, Ize Moh gave the demonstration. Heaven and Earth ex-

hibit no benevolence; to them ten thousand things are as straw dogs. The name that can be named is not the eternal name; the reason that can be reasoned is not the eternal reason. The unnamable is of Heaven and Earth, the beginning. Wherefore, the holy man is like to an unfathomable vessel into which flows all the namable, the vessel remaining empty. He who sustains and disciplines his soul, embraces Reason, the Unnamable, and cannot be deranged.”

“When he had finished Ah Sing stood awhile in meditation, thinking no doubt of the spirit of Gze Moh, who four hundred years before had opened both arteries before the Empress, when he had failed to check the advance of the Manchus, bearing down upon the capitol.

“He bade me farewell, left the court and entered his ricksha which was waiting in the highway. This was the last time I saw little Ah Sing. A day later he was sailing on the steamer *Empress*, to make his home in Boston.

“I have told you this much, thinking that since you are interested in the mission work there, that you might find him in one of the schools. Our parting was sudden, and I have always felt the presence of some mystery—especially as I can get no news of him from his parents. He is such a bright, happy boy and an earnest worker—and could help you in the mission work. Will you write me if you know anything of him?”

“I'll not read further, but tell me, Hughes—how am I to answer that?”

E. M. G., '14.



Commencement Program

Baccalaureate Sermon

REV. ASHER ANDERSON

Debate

Resolved. That the present unrest of woman will prove a detriment to the race.

MISS SARA DAHL
MISS HILDA HARRIS

MISS ALICE MAY KENT
MISS MARGARET STRICKLAND

Physical Culture

MISS L. BAILEY	MRS. LANGFORD
MISS BASSETT	MISS WOLDSTAD
MISS BURTON	MISS STEVENSON
MISS CHASE	MISS LOUGHRAN
MISS CONWAY	MISS SCHROEDER
MISS WINDSOR	MISS SIMONS
MISS TIMMERMAN	MISS ELLENE SULLIVAN
MISS L. WEST	MISS ELIZ. SULLIVAN
MISS DEMING	MISS McMICHAEL
MISS HENDERSON	MISS TARRANT
	MISS H. JONES

DUNCAN	MISS CURTIS
OLD ENOCH	MISS MACKAY
MALCOLM	MISS SCRIBNER
DONALD	MISS JONES
CAMERON	MISS MENTZINGER
HAMISH, a grave-digger	MISS FERGUSON
JOE	MISS BEAN
SERGEANT	MISS NEWBOLD
CORPORAL	MISS LYON
LADY CLANMORRIS	MISS JOHN
LADY MURRAY	MISS TOWNE
MARY, a beggar-maid	MISS RISELEY
JESSIE	MISS MOIR

Clansmen and Clanswomen, Pipers, Drummers
English Soldiers, Etc.
Scene: Scotland. Period: 1746-9

Pantomime

"THE MAGIC WEATHER VANE"

An Idle Fancy

BY MAUD GATCHELL HICKS

Cast

A FARMER	MISS TANNER
HIS WIFE	MISS THORNTON
HIS DAUGHTER	MISS ALICE BROWN
A HOUSE MAID	MISS BATCHELOR
A FARM HAND	MISS TOBIN
THE BURGOMASTER	MISS MIX
A BOATMAN	MISS MENTZINGER
THE NORTH WIND	MISS CHAPMAN
THE EAST WIND	MISS ETHEL BAILEY
THE SOUTH WIND	MISS SPARRELL
THE WEST WIND	MISS DIETRICH
THE MAGIC WEATHER VANE	MISS MICHEL

Peasants, Rain-drops, Leaves

Scene: A Dutch Garden

Dances arranged by Miss Elsie Riddell

Music from Mendelssohn, arranged by Miss Charlotte Whimney

Senior Recitals

MISS BERARD	MISS McMICHAEL
MISS GALLAGHER	MISS STEVENSON
MISS LYNDON	MISS DAVIS
MISS SOMERS	MISS GRAF
MISS TIMMERMAN	MR. ROY
MISS MARY BROWN	MISS TARRANT
MISS BENNETT	MISS LOUISE WEST

Senior Play

"FOR BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE"

Adapted from the French of Francois Coppee

By J. L. C. CLARKE

Cast

CHARLES EDWARD, the Young Pretender	MISS GRANT
LORD CLANMORRIS	MISS LAVIGNE
GORDON MACLAREN	MISS STILES
MAC DUFF	MISS LYON
MARQUIS D'EPERON	MISS STOKES
ANGUS, a blind patriot	MISS COGSWELL

Class Day Exercises

MISS MILDRED JOHNSON, Salutatorian

MR. ARTHUR WINSLOW, Orator

MISS META BENNETT, Poet

MISS JEAN WEST, Historian

Post Graduates

Readers

MISS FERRIS	MISS GREEN
MISS HINCKLEY	MISS HUTCHINSON
MISS MATHESON	MISS NEWTON

Graduate Play

"THE WINTER'S TALE"

By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Cast

LEONTES, King of Sicilia	MISS WILLIS
MAMILIUS, his son	MISS FELKER
CAMILLO	MISS SMART
ANTIGONUS	MISS MATHESON
CLEOMENES	MISS TOWNE
DION	MISS LANGFORD
PHOCLAN	MISS MCKOWN
POLIXENES, King of Bohemia	MISS HUTCHINSON
FLORIZEL, his son	MISS NEWTON
ARCHIDAMUS, a Bohemian Lord	MISS BLANCHET
A MARINER	MISS WHITAKER
AN OLD SHEPHERD	MISS BROWN
A CLOWN, his son	MISS BASSETT
AUTOLYCUS, a rogue	MISS DODD
A GOALER	MISS WHITAKER
HERMIONE, Queen to Leontes	MISS AUNE
PERDITA, daughter to Leontes and Hermione	MISS GREEN
PAULINA, wife to Antimonus	MISS LESLIE
EMILIA, a lady attending on the Queen	MISS SULLIVAN
MOPSA	MISS HINCKLEY
DORCAS	MRS. LANGFORD
LAMIA, a lady-in-waiting	MISS SULLIVAN

Lords, Ladies, Gentlemen and Attendance
Shepherds and Shepherdesses
Scene: Sometimes in Sicilia, sometimes in Bohemia

Cake Mixture—A Sure Cure for the Blues

First brush away all your tears, and put on a great deal of courage. Then take a deep bowl wherein all the necessary ingredients may be mixed. It must be endowed with a large amount of receptiveness. Be sure that it is perfectly clean. If there are any hard, gloomy pieces clinging to the corners and edges, they are apt to give a bitter flavor, and spoil the entire affair. Use some boiling hot water and a little Dutch Cleanser, which will quickly dissolve them into insignificance. Dry thoroughly and let no drop remain which in any way resembles a tear, for that may prove suggestive. Have ready a big spoon, the handle of which should be made of backbone because it is less apt to bend and go to pieces under the process of stirring. You must have in mind a great purpose. Then put in a pound of the funniest events that ever happened in your life. This will surely draw laughter and produce a sweet forgetfulness of all imaginary troubles. This will also create

a pleasant and companionable atmosphere for the parts which follow. Then add several pounds of work and use the spoon with energy, then add a cupful of hope which tends to make it light and flaky. Stir well. Add a little grit, in order to keep a certain firmness of purpose with which you started out. Add another pound of work. If it is getting too heavy to stir, put in an ounce of enthusiasm. This will have a wonderful effect, but it must be stirred in only one direction. Put in a spoonful of persistence, as this will make it very smooth, then a cupful of tears for others' woes. Beware that they are not for your own, or they will give a briny taste. This must be followed by a quart of neighborly acts, and real smiley-smiles. The latter are very inexpensive. A teaspoon of large-heartedness will have an expanding effect. Season with plenty of common sense, and hustle it into the sunshine to bake. Serve with graciousness.

Opportunity

I strolled along a thoroughfare,
Opportunity was there,
I heeded not her bawling.

Later I strolled in solitude,
Opportunity afar viewed
My failure, it was galling.

Later in years I took a chance,
Opportunity from my trance
Had wakened me to my calling.

Now I'm happiest in the land,
Opportunity took my hand,
And we gave Sloth a mauling.

G. F. P., '17.



Dramatic Index

Dramatic Productions, 1913-1914

GRADUATE CLASS

COMEDY AND TRAGEDY	HOLLY TREE INN
KATHLENE N'HOULIHAN	AT THE BARRICADE
A GAME OF COMEDY	THE FALCON
THE ROMANCERS	

SENIOR CLASS

PYGMALION AND GALATEA	THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL
GRINGOIRE	SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER
THE HUNCHBACK	THE SHADOW OF THE GLEN
KING RENE'S DAUGHTER	A SET OF TURQUOISE
DAVID GARRICK	IN HONOR BOUND
NANCE OLDFIELD	THE BIRTHRIGHT

Senior "Stunt" Program

"IN DEANI PURGATORIO"

Adapted from "The Divine Comedy of 1914"

Characters in Order of Their Appearance

DEAN ROSS	MR. WINSLOW	MISS SLEIGHT	MISS CURTIS
MRS. ROGERS	MISS BAILEY	SKELETON	MR. NEWTON
SHADES			MISS BASSETT
MR. KIDDER	MISS McMICHAEL	STUDENTS	MISS BROWN
	MISS RISELEY		MISS MOIR
FRESHMEN, Violators of Art	MISS WEST	MISS CHAMBERLAIN	MISS BEARD
	MISS BEARD		MISS REYNOLDS
	MISS CHASE		MISS TOBIN
	MISS BROWN		MISS WOLDSTAD
HOBBLE SKIRTERS	MISS THORNTON		MISS MOIR
	MISS TANNER	SENIORS	MISS McCLANAHAN
	MISS CONWAY		MISS BASSETT
EATERS	MISS GRANT		MISS BROWN
TEMPTER	MISS SULLIVAN		MISS FISHEL
PROFESSOR TRIPP	MISS LYON		MISS GRAF
MRS. BLACK	MISS HENDERSON		MISS DAHL
SIT DOWNITES	MISS HARRISON		MISS BAILEY
	MISS LANGFORD		MISS JONES
	MISS BURTON	MISS JOHANSEN	MISS SOMERS
GIGGLERS	MISS WINDSOR	COLOSSAL	MISS McDONOUGH
MRS. HICKS	MISS SMART	MELODRAMATIC	MISS DIETRICH
MR. KENNEY	MISS STRICKLAND	REALISTIC	MISS TARRANT
	MISS STILES	SUGGESTIVE	MISS SPARREL
DANCERS	MISS RIDDICK	EMERSONIA	MISS NEWBOLD
MRS. PUFFER	MISS DEMING	DR. WARD	MISS MICHAEL
	MISS SIMONS		

Scene: Purgatory Chambers

Act I. [Circle 5. Act II. Same. Act III. Same.



Junior "Stunt" Program
"A STORY OF PLYMOUTH TOWN"
 A Pantomime in Three Parts, by ALBERT LOVELOY

Cast of Characters

SETTLERS

WILLIAM LATHAM
 SOLOMON PROWER
 PEGEGINE WHITE
 JOSEPH ROGERS
 GYLES FULLER
 SAMUEL EATON
 MARY ALLERTON
 Mrs. ALLERTON
 ALICE PROWER
 CONSTANCE FULLER
 PRISCILLA MULLINS
 ELIZABETH TILLEY
 REMEMBER ALLERTON

GERTRUDE MORRISON
 JEAN MACDONALD
 C. EVELYN BENJAMIN
 ALICE M. EVANS
 MARGARET L. HAINSLINE
 ALICE M. CONANT
 ALICE F. WHITE
 MARION VINCENT
 JENNIE P. SMITH
 ELIZABETH STURDIVANT
 GRACE BIGLER
 GLADYSMAE WATERHOUSE
 VERDA A. SNYDER

INDIANS

CHIEF CANONIGUS
 ANATOGA
 SHAWANEE
 CUCHANA
 MURWANDA
 CORBTANT
 MIAMI

NELLIE MARRINAN
 MAY MILLER
 LOUISE ALICE
 VERA BRADFORD
 MARQUERITE SEIBEL
 EDITH GOODRICH
 HELEN R. BAXTER

Time: November, 1621. Place, Plymouth, Massachusetts.

PART I. In the Settlement. Morning.

PART II. In the Indian Camp. Afternoon.

PART III. In the Settlement. Evening.



The Class of 1917

"EXPRESSION NECESSARY TO EVOLUTION"

A Phantasy in Two Parts

By MILDRED SOUTHWICK

Characters in Order of Their Appearance

ENEMIES OF QUEEN EMERSON

CONCEIT	PERCY ALEXANDER
AWKWARDNESS	CHARLES VENICK
POOR MEMORY	LEODA MCALEER
INDIFFERENCE	CATHERINE TULL
JEALOUSY	FRED W. HUBBARD

DETERMINATION, friend to Queen Emerson	MILDRED CARY
QUEEN EMERSON	HELEN BARTEL
FATHER TIME	HAZEL WATSON
EVOLUTION, Father Time's Son	MILDRED SOUTHWICK
EXPRESSION, Queen Emerson's daughter	STELLA ROTHWELL

FRIENDS TO QUEEN EMERSON

ATTENTION	BESSIE PINSKY
PHYSICAL CULTURE	DOROTHY CANAGA
STUDY	RHEA OLIN
CO-OPERATION	ANN MINAHAN

Scene: The Field of Emerson Endeavor



The Graduate Class of 1914

PRESENTS

"THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR"

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

The Persons of the Play

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF	MISS BROWN
FENTON, a gentleman	MISS RAE
SHALLOW, a country justice	MISS AUNE
SLENDER, cousin to Shallow	MISS WILLIS
FORD (gentlemen of Windsor)	MISS HUTCHINSON
PAGE (gentlemen of Windsor)	MISS MCKOWN
SIR HUGH EVANS, a Welsh parson	MISS MATHESON
DOCTOR CAIUS, a French physician	MISS GREEN
HOST OF THE GARTER INN	MISS LESLIE
BARDOLPH (Followers of Falstaff)	MISS DODD
PISTOL (Followers of Falstaff)	MISS FERRIS
NYM (Followers of Falstaff)	MISS CODY
ROBIN, page to Falstaff	MISS FELKER
SIMPLE, servant to Slender	MISS BASSETT
RUBGY, servant to Doctor Caius	MRS. BLANCHET
MISTRESS FORD	MISS BELL
MISTRESS PAGE	MISS NEWTON
ANNE PAGE, her daughter	MISS HINCKLEY
MISTRESS QUICKLY	MISS WHITAKER
FAIRIES	MISSSES BAILEY, BIGLEY, BROWN, COXANT, FARWELL

Scene: Windsor and the neighborhood

Revivals of the Early English Drama by the Graduate Classes of the
Emerson College of Oratory

- 1910 "The Marriage of Wit and Science"
- 1911 "Every Man in His Humour," by Ben Jonson
- 1912 "The Silent Woman," by Ben Jonson
- 1913 "All Fools," by George Chapman
- 1914 "The Merry Wives of Windsor," by William Shakespeare

Produced under the auspices of the Southwick Literary Society by
Mr. Walter Bradley Tripp

The Emerson "Co-ed Society"

PRESENTS ITS

Second Annual Farce

"THIRTY MINUTES FOR REFRESHMENTS"

IN ONE ACT

Cast of Characters

JOHN DOWNLEY, a bachelor	MR. LOVEJOY
CLARENCE FITTS, his colored servant	MR. FLANDERS
JOHN FOXTON, a young married gentleman	MR. WINSLOW
MAJOR PEPPER, U. S. A.	MR. SMITH
MRS. FOXTON	MR. ALEXANDER
MISS ARABELLA PEPPER, a maiden lady	MR. NEWTON
Polly, waiting maid at Highland Station	MR. HUBBARD

Scene: Private room in the refreshment department of Highland Station



PHI MU GAMMA PLAY

Iota Chapter, Phi Mu Gamma Sorority

PRESENTS

"A VIRGINIA COURTSHIP"

For a Graduate Scholarship

Characters

MAJOR FAIRFAX of "Fairfax," Va.	LUCY ROBERTS
CAPTAIN FAIRFAX, his son	BERTHA McDONOUGH
NEVILLE, his adopted son	KATHARIN STOKES
BERKELEY, a young blood	MARGARET CONWAY
SQUIRE FENWICK, a lover	FLORENCE NEWBOLD
KENDALL, the overseer	MARION VINCENT
NEAL, master of the hound's	MOLLY SAYRE
SAM	SUE RIDDICK
MADAME ROBERT	JANE RAE
PRUDENCE ROBERT, her daughter	EMILY BROWN
BETTY FAIRFAX	DOROTHEA DEMING
Laura Fenwick, niece to Squire Fenwick	GLADYS HUNT
MARIE	ESTELLE VAN HOESEN

Act I. "The Oaks." A morning in 1815

Act II. "Fairfax." The next morning.

Act III. Lovers' Gate.



Students' Association

ELSIE MAE GORDON	<i>President</i>
MARGUERITE GRUNEWALD	<i>Vice-President</i>
MINNIE FRAZINE	<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>
MILDRED JOHNSON, '14	JEAN McDONALD,
JENNIE WINDSOR, '14	HELEN REED, '16
FLORENCE BEAN, '14	FREDA WALKER, '16
MINNIE FRAZINE, '15	ETHEL DELANEY, '16
MARGUERITE GRUNEWALD, '15	AMELIA GREEN, '13
GLADYSMAE WATERHOUSE, '15	

In April, 1908, the students of Emerson College organized themselves into a Students' Association, the object being to unify the student body, and in a way to make the true Emerson Spirit more keenly felt among the students, and to further the interests of the college.

The Association is officered by a president, a vice-president, secretary-treasurer, and the students' council. This council consists of three officers of the Association as officer *ex-officio*, and twelve other members—three from each class. Regular monthly meetings are held by the council and here plans are discussed

and recommended that help the student body as a whole, and also the Alma Mater. This year the council has been busily engaged in paying off old debts of the Association, amounting to nearly three hundred dollars. This work, however, is near completion.

The Emerson College Magazine, which is published once a month throughout the year, is under the control of the Association which has also had charge of the College Year Book, The Emersonian, during the last four years.

It is the great unifying element of all the student body.



MAGAZINE BOARD

Emerson College Magazine

Editorial Staff

BELLE McMICHAEL	<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>
VIRGINIA BERAUD	<i>Associate Editor</i>
DOCIA DODD	<i>Post Graduate News</i>
JEAN WEST	<i>Senior News</i>
EDITH GOODRICH	<i>Junior News</i>
PERCY ALEXANDER	<i>Freshman News</i>
ALBERT F. SMITH	<i>Business Manager</i>

Emerson College Magazine, under the direction of the Students' Association, is a true exponent of Emerson. It imbues the Emerson atmosphere and sends it to all parts of the country to the alumni and colleges interested in oratory. The magazine serves as a connecting link between the graduates and their Alma Mater. It is the medium by which they may keep in touch with the college and the college may keep in touch with them.

Within its pages are found articles pertaining to the technique of the work, contributed by persons of professional note and experience; cuttings appropriate for platform readings chosen from worthy literature; selected poems; and college and alumni news. It is the aim of the magazine to bring to each subscriber something of value in relation to this chosen work of oratory.



Young Women's Christian Association

"Come Ye Apart and Rest Awhile"

OFFICERS AND CABINET

HILDA M. HARRIS *President*
 JEAN EDITH WEST *Vice-President*
 EVELYN BENJAMIN *Secretary*
 MATTIE F. LYON *Treasurer*

Chairman Devotional Committee	DOCIA DODD
Chairman Extension Committee	MATTIE RISELEY
Chairman Music Committee	ALICE F. BROWN
Chairman Silver Bay Committee	MARIAN VINCENT
Chairman Association News Committee	LOUISE WEST
Chairman Social Committee	DOROTHEA DEMING
Chairman Intercollegiate Committee	MARIAN JOHN
Chairman Bible Committee	ETHEL V. BAILEY
Chairman Missionary Committee	ISABEL BURTON
Chairman Room Committee	JOSEPHINE WHITAKER
Chairman Visiting Committee	GLADYSMAE WATERHOUSE

Y. W. C. A.

The Quiet Hour at Emerson

SPEAKERS AND SUBJECTS

Friday, Sept. 26	Welcome Meeting. "The Y. W. C. A. in Emerson College."	
Friday, Oct. 3	"The Ethics of Jesus"	MRS. JESSIE E. SOUTHWICK
Friday, Oct. 10	"Social Settlement Work in the North End"	WILLIAM W. LOCKE
Friday, Oct. 17	Rally Meeting	
Friday, Oct. 24	"The Unseen Realities"	REV. A. A. STOCKDALE
Friday, Oct. 31	"The Student Volunteer Rally at Kansas City"	KATHERINE DUFFIELD
Friday, Nov. 7	"Personality"	Wm. GRAY
Friday, Nov. 14	"The Parable of the Talents"	MISS THOMPSON, Supt. City Association
Friday, Nov. 21	"The Joys of Christ"	CARL F. BADER
Friday, Dec. 5	"The Y. W. C. A. Work at Large"	HARRIET BROAD, Secretary City Association
Friday, Dec. 12	"What the Student Volunteer Convention Will Mean"	KATY BOYD GEORGE
Friday, Jan. 9	"The Christian Life"	BENJAMIN D. SCOTT
Friday, Jan. 16	Report from Kansas City Convention	FRIEDA MICHEL
Friday, Jan. 23	"The Parable of the Sower"	MRS. JESSIE ELDRIDGE SOUTHWICK
Friday, Jan. 30	"The Little Child in the Midst of Them"	HELEN L. CALDER
Friday, Feb. 6	The Girls' Meeting	
Friday, Feb. 13		MRS. AGNES KNOX BLACK
Friday, Feb. 20	"The Work of the Frances E. Willard Settlement"	MISS HILL
Friday, Mar. 6	"The Essential Thing"	MARY L. CORBETT
Friday, Mar. 13		MISS MARGARET LOTHURP, Leland Stanford University
Friday, Mar. 20	"Who Is a True Christian?"	REV. RAYMOND CALKINS
Friday, Mar. 27	Silver Bay Meeting	

SOCIAL EVENTS

Sept. 22	Y. W. C. A. "Tea"
Oct. 31	Y. W. C. A. Reception to Students and Faculty
Dec. 5	Entertainment of Boston University Delegates to Kansas City
Mar. 25	"Country Fair"
Apr. 3	Intercollegiate Tea

Y. W. C. A. SOCIAL SERVICE

Many think that the splendid ideals received by the students at Emerson radiate only within the four walls of Huntington Chambers, but they extend far beyond. One ray shines particularly bright in the social work of the students at the Civic Service House. The Emerson training especially fits the student to organize and direct classes in social work. On every Friday and Sunday evening at the Civic Service House classes in Debate, Articulation, Dramatics, Public Speaking, and Psychology are held under the direction of Emerson students. It is a joy to watch the growing appreciation and satisfactory results in the classes. On the last Sunday evening of each month the Emersonians give their time and talent for an entertainment which is enjoyed by all.

May more students come to realize that the doors of the Civic Service House are doors of opportunity for them. The watchword of Walt Whitman will apply in this work:

"The gift is to the giver and comes back most to him."

MATTIE RISELEY,
Chairman Extension Committee Y. W. C. A.

Canadian Club

Officers

MARY CODY	<i>President</i>
JESSIE HAZARD	<i>Vice-President</i>
PERCY ALEXANDER	<i>Secretary</i>
FRANCES BRADLEY	<i>Treasurer</i>
ELIZABETH MOIR	<i>Reporter</i>

Members, 1914

FRANCES BRADLEY
MAUD RELYEA
JENNIE WINDSOR
KATHERINE MCKAY
ELIZABETH MOIR
LAURA CURTIS

Members, 1915

JESSIE McALONEY

Members, 1916

JESSIE HAZARD
PERCY ALEXANDER

Post Graduates

MARY CODY JEAN MATHESON IDA LESLIE AMELIA GREEN

In Facultate

AGNES KNOX BLACK ELSIE RIDDELL MRS. HARRY SEYMOUR ROSS

The Canadian Club though small in numbers has been by no means inactive during the winter months. Following the precedent installed last year it has again been actively affiliated with the Woman's Auxiliary of the Boston Canadian Club.

The members of the Club have been the guests on several occasions of the Canadian Club of Harvard at the latter's club rooms in Cambridge. In March an intercollegiate tea was given at the Copley-Plaza Hotel with Mrs. Charlton

Black and Mrs. Harry Seymour Ross as hostesses, when the two clubs enjoyed a social afternoon. An evening's entertainment was furnished in February by the Club at the rooms of the Woman's Auxiliary of the City Club.

The graduation this year will leave but three active members to welcome another year's re-enforcement; we trust, however, that this re-enforcement will be strong, and in proportion to the spirit of those who are leaving us.



The Southern Club of Emerson

Officers

JUDITH LYNDON	<i>President</i>
LUCY ROBERTS	<i>Vice-President</i>
ELIZABETH MAY DAVIS	<i>Secretary</i>
STANLEY NEWTON	<i>Treasurer</i>

Members

VIRGINIA BERAUD, Texas	JUDITH LYNDON, Georgia
MARY BROWN, Alabama	STANLEY NEWTON, Arkansas
EMILY BROWN, North Carolina	OLIVIA PRIVETT, Alabama
ISABEL BURTON, Florida	SUE RIDDICK, Virginia
MARGARET CONWAY, Virginia	LUCY ROBERTS, Georgia
ELIZABETH MAY DAVIS, Louisiana	EVELYN SLOANE, Florida
ETHEL DELANEY, Tennessee	JENNIE P. SMITH, South Carolina
IRENE DICKSON, Texas	VERDA SNYDER, Maryland
VIVIAN DIETRICH, Tennessee	ELIZABETH STURDIVANT, New Mexico
MAY ELLIOT, Kentucky	HAZEL TANNER, Kentucky
LEONORA FERGUSON, Arkansas	LEAH THORNTON, Kentucky
PEARL FISHEL, Virginia	CATHERINE TULL, Maryland
MELROSE JONES, Texas	LOUISE WEST, Alabama
ALICE KENT, Georgia	ROSE WILLIS, Virginia

R. H. DAVIS, Maryland





Delta Delta Phi

Founded in 1901

Colors—Black, White and Gold

Flower—Marguerite

Chapter Roll

Alpha	New York Froebel Normal
Beta	Chicago Kindergarten College
Gamma	Emerson College of Oratory

Honorary Members

HENRY LAWRENCE SOUTHWICK	MRS. CHARLES W. KIDDER
WALTER BRADLEY TRIPP	WILLIAM G. WARD
CHARLES WINSLOW KIDDER	MRS. WILLIAM G. WARD
HARRIET C. SLEIGHT	

Associate Member

MRS. JESSIE ELDRIDGE SOUTHWICK

Active Members

1913	
HELEN LEAVITT	LILLIAN AUNE
1914	
BEULAH BATCHELOR	MATTIE RISELEY
GERTRUDE CHAPMAN	
1915	
HELEN BAXTER	LOIS PERKINS
JULIE OWEN	RUTH SOUTHWICK
1917	
MILDRED CARY	KATHARINE TULL
MILDRED SOUTHWICK	MARGARET EMERSON

Δ Δ Φ





Kappa Gamma Chi

Charter granted 1902

Colors—Green and White

Flower—Lily-of-the-Valley

Honorary Members

MRS. WILLIAM HOWLAND KENNEY

MISS LILIA ESTELLE SMITH

MRS. HARRY SEYMOUR ROSS

MRS. EDWIN MORSE WHITNEY

Active Members

1914

MILDRED JOHNSON

FLORENCE STILES

MADELEINE TARRANT

FERN STEVENSON

ELIZABETH BEATTIE

ANASTASIA SCRIBNER

EMMA BELLE GALLAGHER

1915

MARGUERITE GRUNEWALD

ELIZABETH STURDIVANT

GENEVIEVE MACGILL

GEORGETTE JETTE

MAY MILLER

ALICE EVANS

FRANCES BRADLEY

LAURA MEREDITH

LOUISE HAINLINE

MINNIE FRAZINE

1917

ELIZABETH TACK

DOROTHY CANAGA

LEOTA MACALEER

ANNE MINAHAN

REA OLIN

MARION WELLS

Kappa Gamma Chi was founded in 1892. At the time of its organization there were several chapters in the large colleges, but when sororities were abolished, they were discontinued. The Gamma Chapter has a strong and enthusiastic alumnae, which expects and demands the highest and best standards for its active members. We feel this re-

sponsibility has been potent in making the society count as a valuable asset to the school.

At Emerson, the Kappas have endeavored to be an active force for the welfare of every member, thus creating a unit of strength in the upbuilding of our college.





Phi Mu Gamma



Iota Chapter

Founded October 17, 1898, at Hollins, Va.

Colors—Turquoise Blue and Black. Flowers—Pink Rosebuds and Forget-Me-Nots. Jewel—Pearl

Active Chapters

Hollins Institute, Hollins, Va.	Judson College, Marion, Ala.
Brenau College, Gainesville, Ga.	Emerson College of Oratory, Boston, Mass.
Miss Graham's School, New York, N. Y.	Centenary College, Rome, Ga.
Veltin School, New York, N. Y.	Woman's College, Montgomery, Ala.
Newcomb College, New Orleans, La.	New England Conservatory, Boston, Mass.
	Woman's College, Columbia, Mo.

Alumnae Chapters

Alpha—Birmingham, Ala.	Epsilon—Valdosta, Ga.	Theta—Fort Worth, Tex.
Beta—Occola, Fla.	Zeta—Shreveport, La.	Iota—Gainesville, Ga.
Gamma—New York City	Eta—Central Alabama	Kappa—Atlanta, Ga.
Delta—Hattiesburg, Miss.		Lambda—New Orleans, La.

Chapter House, 43 St. Stephen Street

Active Members

1912

JANE RAE

1914

RATURAH STOKES	DORIS SPARRELL	DOROTHEA DEMING	SUE RIDDICK
BERTHA McDONOUGH	MARGARET CONWAY	FLORENCE NEWBOLD	

1915

CAROLYN JONES	EMILY BROWN	BEATRICE PERRY	MARION VINCENT
---------------	-------------	----------------	----------------

1917

GLADYS HUNT	ESTELLE VAN HOESAN	MOLLY SAYER	ANNE VAIL
-------------	--------------------	-------------	-----------

Members—Honorary

MISS H. C. SLEIGHT	MRS. E. C. BLACK	MRS. M. G. HICKS
MRS. F. L. WHITNEY	MR. W. B. TRIPP	PRES. H. L. SOUTHWICK

IN URBE

BERTHA WHITMORE	MRS. M. G. KENT	JESSIE ARGUELLE
EDITH WRIGHT	MRS. OSCAR THORPE	MR. EDWARD HICKS
	MRS. JOHN PROUTY	

In 1907 the local Alpha Tau Lambda joined a national sorority and Iota Chapter of the Phi Mu Gamma became established. It has grown stronger and more firmly established each year.

At the annual convolve held at New York City, five of our members were guests.

Each chapter of the Phi Mu Gamma is required to do some philanthropic work. Iota

maintains a Post Graduate Scholarship Fund, and for this cause a play is given annually.

The weekly meetings and social functions make the path of duty a little easier to tread but the true aim of every Phi Mu Gamma is to live up to her sorority's ideals and thus make the Chapter a moral and intellectual force in our College.

Φ Μ Γ





Zeta Phi Eta

Colors—Rose and White

Flower—La France Rose

Chapter Roll

Alpha Emerson College of Oratory, Boston
Beta Cummoek School, Chicago

Honorary Members

HENRY LAWRENCE SOUTHWICK	WALTER BRADLEY TRIPP	ALLEN A. STOCKDALE
ELLA G. STOCKDALE	BERTEL GLIDDEN WILLARD	
EDWARD PHILLIP HICKS	MARY ELIZABETH GATCHELL	ELIZABETH M. BARNES

Associate Members

MAUD GATCHELL HICKS	GERTRUDE T. McQUESTEN
ELVIE BURNETT WILLARD	ELSIE R. RIDDELL GERTRUDE CHAMBERLAIN

Active Members

1913

ROSE J. WILLIS	L. ELIZABETH BELL
MYRTIE MAY HUTCHINSON	O. OLGA NEWTON FLORENCE S. HINCKLEY

1914

M. FLORENCE BEAN	MARION GRANT	LOUISE WEST	JENNIE E. WINDSOR
THERESE Z. COGSWELL	VIRGINIA BERAUD	MARION JOHN	
JEAN E. WEST	LAURA B. CURTIS	ZINITA B. GRAF	RUBY LOUGHRAN

1915

C. JEAN MACDONALD	REBECCA C. FARWELL
ALICE WHITE	EDITH GOODRICH MARGUERITE SIEBEL

1917

ELEANOR JACK	ETTA B. GORE
STELLA ROTHWELL	DOROTHY HOPKINS HELEN BARTEL

Chapter House

HOTEL HEMENWAY

Remembering that Loyalty to a Cause is the fire by which an individual or an organization is strengthened, Zeta Phi Eta has endeavored always to hold the greater cause of Emerson as the object of her loyalty. The Sorority has striven, by upholding a high standard of scholarship, by promoting a greater interest and excellence in Dramatic Art, and by exemplifying in all places the true spirit of Emerson, to strengthen each individual within her number

and thereby fulfill her cause of greater loyalty. As a permanent step toward this goal Zeta Phi Eta has given each year to the support of a special case in the Emerson College Library. In 1913 nine valuable books were added to this collection, chosen with great care and wisdom by Professor Walter B. Tripp of the College faculty.

Zeta Phi Eta takes pleasure and pride in this work for her Alma Mater.





Phi Alpha Tau

ALPHA CHAPTER

Founded at Emerson College of Oratory, 1902

Chapter Roll

Alpha	Emerson College, Boston, Mass.
Beta	University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.
Gamma	University of Nebraska, Lincoln, Neb.
Delta	Leland Stanford University, Berkeley, Cal.
Epsilon	University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, Minn.

Officers of Alpha Chapter

JOHN J. ROY	<i>President</i>
STEPHEN C. LANG	<i>Vice-President</i>
ALBERT R. LOVEJOY	<i>Secretary</i>
ALBERT F. SMITH	<i>Treasurer</i>

Active Members

ROBERT H. BURNHAM	ALBERT F. SMITH
STEPHEN C. LANG	HENRY L. SOUTHWICK
ALBERT R. LOVEJOY	WALTER B. TRIPP
JOHN J. ROY	WILLIAM G. WARD
ARTHUR F. WINSLOW	

Honorary Members

E. CHARLTON BLACK, A. M., LL. D.	CHARLES T. GRILLEY
RICHARD BURTON, PH. D.	EDWIN WHITNEY
ALLAN A. STOCKDALE	



Lines Written in Class

He stepped before the class,
With his sturdy frame and tread,
And with a slight acknowledgment
Inhaled at length and said:
 "Who wants to work?"
Twenty students made reply;
Twenty voices answered "I,"
'Twould gladden any teacher's eye
 To see none shirk.

Up rose a slender maid
With weak voice and forlorn;
"Alright— are you afraid?"
The "kind" professor stormed;
 "Hum me an M—!"
Lifted she her chest with vim,
Steadily she looked at him,
But with tone both weak and thin
 She hummed an M.

"You're blowing it," he said,
'Now take a good long breath,
Hold up your chest and head,
Go at it like grim death;
 Now—hum—again!"
Determination seized her soul,
For elocution was her goal;
With her now enlivened "whole"
 She hummed again.

'Twas interesting quite;
With open throats and O's
He led them toward the "light"
And overcame their woes
 In Vocal Tech.
So throughout the years to come
We will hear their voices hum
And remember all the fun
 In Vocal Tech.

"Now make a big round O,"
There came a feeble sound,
Professor's eye did glow;
Frantic he glanced around;
 "O!—make it buzz.
O-O O-O-O-O-O—"
In and out his arm did go
While the victim sang "O-O"
 And made it buzz.

"You're warming up now fine,
Just change the register;
This factor keep in mind,
From here, through here— to here,
 Now—open throat."
How the teacher stepped about,
How his arm flew in and out
Thus assisting her to shout
 With open throat.

"Now let us all have a line,
Start with a good attack,
Don't hurry, take your time;
Don't let the tone drop back,
 Prolong your vowels."
Professor's collar wilted down
The while he paced the room around
And urged her with his ow-oon-ow-oon
 Prolong her vowels.

L'envoi

When earth's last tax is collected,
 And the land is rolling in gold,
And the last collector has perished,
 And the richest home has been sold,
We shall curse, and faith we shall mean it,
 Perhaps shed a sad tear or two,
For the master who levies taxes
 Has set on our income too.

And only the poor shall be happy.
 They shall sit back and gloat for a while;
They shall come up with glee to three thousand
 And then sit back with a smile,
For they are exempt from taxation,
 They are ranked with the poor, that is all;
They work for a year for three thousand
 And never grow tired at all.

And only the wealthy can curse them,
 And only the wealthy can blame;
The rich shall maintain creation
 Since they have won in life's game.
They moan in sheer desperation,
 But each in his separate star
Pays over the fee which is taxed him,
 For the God of Things as They Are.

The Freshman's Soliloquy

(WITH APOLOGIES TO SHAKESPEARE)

To work or not to work: that is the question;
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to rest
In peace on withered laurels,
Or to take a chance against a sea of studies,
Or by the venture fail them; to fail; to flunk
No more: And in the flunking we say we end
 the battle
And the thousand natural shocks that we are
 heir to.
'Tis an ending greatly to be feared, to fail, to
 flunk;
To flunk: perchance get bounced: aye there's
 the rub;
For in that bounce what jolts may come
After we have struggled from these learned halls,
Must give us pause: There's the outcome
That makes the exit of so rough a path,
For who would bear the whips and taunts of
 time,
The scholar's jeers; the proud man's criticism,

The pangs of bygone joys, the law displayed,
The insolence of friends, the grating scorn
Which the unworthy take, when we ourselves
 might our own laurels make
With but a struggle? Who would insults bear,
To moan and wait under a heavy stress,
But for the fear of something later on,
The undiscovered future whose realm no palmist
 can read,
Puzzles the will and makes us win our laurels
 now
Than fight for others that we know not of.
Thus conscience doth make cowards of us all
And thus the native love of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And misfortunes of great pitch and moment
In this regard their currents turn away
And lose the name of action. Soft you now,
The Dean appears!
Sir, in thy orisons be all our sins remembered.

The Last Day

(APOLOGIES TO KIPLING)

"What are the Seniors bawling for?"

Said Freshie-all-Dismayed;

"They're leaving school, they're leaving school!"

The Knowing Teacher said,

"What makes you roll your eyes so wild?"

Said Freshie-all-Dismayed;

"I'm dreading what I've got to watch!"

The Knowing Teacher said,

They are drooping in the class rooms—I can
hardly pass them by—

And they're hanging out the windows and weep-
ing fit to die.

They've taken all their suit cases and sent their
trunks away,

And they're leaving poor old Boston in the
morning.

"What makes them all rush into Hood's?"

Said Freshie-all-Dismayed;

"To get a emmler for keepsakes!"

The Knowing Teacher said,

"What makes the front rank girl fall down?"

Said Freshie-all-Dismayed;

"She's bitten one, she's bitten one!"

The Watching Teacher said,

"They're leaving good old Boston, but before
they go away

They're visiting their favorite haunts all the
blessed day;

They've visited the Art Museum, and stolen bits
of clay,

And they'll be tearing for the station in the
morning."

"They've always seemed so dignified,"

Said Freshie-all-Dismayed;

"Ah! those were happy days for me!"

The Pensive Teacher said,

"I've heard them read a score of times,"

Said Freshie-all-Dismayed;

"They're speeding far away to-night!"

The Knowing Teacher said,

For they're done with dear old Boston you can
hear the faintest say,

And ding-dong from the engines are calling them
away.

Ho! the bravest one is quaking and they'll feel
no cheer to-day,

But E. C. O. will get them in the Autumn.

Chop Suey

Evie took a walk one day,

(Evie who?—Evie Luton.)

And she met upon her way

Mee-miself—(now the solution)

Mee-miself to her did say,

For glory to our nation!

"Pray share with me a single ray

From your store of Animation."

But stubborn Evie merely smiled,

(Alas, she is more kind than clever!)

And fluttered over hills away;

So all that Mee-miself could say

Was, "Land o' Gohsen! Well, I never!"

There once was a Senior named Sadie

Who apparently was a nice lady.

Her voice, it was sound

And were you around,

She'd hollar,

"A dollar!" would Sadie.

Girls visiting cooking classes should wear
diamond rings on left hand to show they are
in earnest. See Bennet and Tanner for partic-
ulars.

"Actions speak louder than words"—See
McDonough and Stokes on Gym floor when
silence has been ordered.

There was a man named Newton

And he was high falutin'.

"Votes for Women" to him

Was a rash, silly whim;

So he told this in class

And each maiden, alas!

Rose up and most "finished" poor Newton.

There was a young maiden named Dot,

Who was so exceedingly short

When she reached for a strap

She instead found the lap

Of a smart college chap!

Oh, shame on you, Dorothy Dot!

Chappie took first prize in the loud waist
contest—Scribner was close second.

Mrs. Henderson - champion of Normal Class.

Experience speaks:—When ordered off Gym
floor, go at once, nor make further mention of
the fact.





EMERSON SCHOOL OF ORATORY

HENRY LAWRENCE SOUTHWICK, President

THE EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY, of Boston, is chartered by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and has a larger number of teachers and pupils than any similar institution in the United States. It teaches oratory as an art resting upon absolute laws of nature, explained and illustrated by exact rules of science, and gives a thorough training in all the principles upon which this art is based.

The complete course qualifies students to become professors and teachers of elocution and oratory in institutions of learning, as well as to become public readers. Seventy graduates were placed last year in colleges, normal and high schools, academies and seminaries, and more than fifty were working under various entertainment and platform bureaus.

A complete system of Physical Training and Voice Culture, a new method of Analysis, Natural Rendering, Gesture, and the principles of the new Philosophy of Expression are thoroughly taught.

THE LARGEST SCHOOL OF ORATORY IN AMERICA SUMMER AND EVENING SESSIONS

First Semester opens in September

Second Semester opens in January

THOROUGH COURSES IN

English Literature, Pedagogy, Rhetoric, Dramatic Art, Anatomy, Physiology, and Physical Culture, Lectures, Readings and Recitals.

. . . . Scientific and Practical Work in every Department

INSTRUCTORS AND LECTURERS

Henry L. Southwick, President
Harry S. Ross, Dean
William G. Ward, A. M.
Eben Charlton Black, A. M., LL. D.
Edward Howard Griggs, A. M.
Leon H. Vincent
Earl Barnes
Walter B. Tripp
Charles W. Kidder
Silas A. Alden, M. D.
William H. Kenny
Lilia E. Smith

Foss Lamprell Whitney
Maude Gatchell Hicks
Agnes Knox Black
A. Foxtan Ferguson
Gertrude Chamberlain
Gertrude McQuesten
Elvie Burnett Willard
Harriet C. Sleight
Robert H. Burnham
Priscilla H. Puffer
Jessie E. Southwick
Elsie R. Riddell
Charles Follen Adams

FOR CATALOGUE AND FURTHER INFORMATION ADDRESS

HARRY SEYMOUR ROSS, Dean
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

HUNTINGTON CHAMBERS
HUNTINGTON AVENUE

New England's Greatest Store

The Store of Greatest Stocks

The Store of Best Service

The Store of Correct Styles

The Store of Strongest Values

THESE are facts well known to all. They are facts in which we are justified in taking pride, as they reflect the confidence reposed in this house by the people throughout New England. They are facts which mean much to everyone who has purchasing to do at any time, as they give assurance of most satisfactory qualities and varieties from which to select—and make possible very important price-advantages for the buyer.

We guarantee the price of everything we sell to be as low as, or lower than, the same article can be bought in New England

Jordan Marsh Company

The House of Progress

Two Great Buildings — 169 Separate Selling Sections

The Fisk Teachers' Agencies

EVERETT O. FISK & CO.

PROPRIETORS

Send to any of the following addresses
for AGENCY MANUAL Free

2a Park Street, Boston, Mass.
156 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
1847 U Street, Washington, D. C.
28 E. Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.
317 Masonic Temple, Denver, Col.
316 Journal Building, Portland, Ore.
2161 Shattuck Avenue, Berkeley, Cal.
343 Douglas Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

H. S. WILBUR

J. W. M. VINE

Hayden Costume Co.

MANUFACTURERS and DEALERS IN

THEATRICAL GOODS

Costumes for the Professional and Amateur Stage
Operas, Carnivals, Masquerades, etc.

243 TREMONT STREET
(NEAR ELIOT STREET)

BOSTON, MASS.
TELEPHONE OXFORD 1126-1

DISCOUNT TO EMERSON STUDENTS

Why pay \$4 and \$5 for your shoes and slippers
when you can buy the same quality, style and
finish for \$2, \$2.50 and \$2.75

. . . . Try us and be convinced



SATIN EVENING SLIPPERS

in all colors to harmonize with every costume.
Silk stockings to match at 45 cents the pair.
You cannot equal these prices elsewhere and
with our goods

WEBER'S SHOE PARLOR

564 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON

Opposite Adams House

Second Floor

THE BRIDGE Teachers' Agency

C. A. SCOTT & CO.
PROPRIETORS

73 TREMONT STREET (ROOM 442)
BOSTON, MASS.

College, Academic and High
School Work a Specialty

SEND FOR AGENCY MANUAL

MARCEAU STUDIO

SPECIAL RATES TO
EMERSON STUDENTS

160 TREMONT STREET . : . BOSTON, MASS.

Slattery Wig Company

Theatrical Wig Makers Street

226 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.
Opposite Maiestic Theatre

A full line of Theatrical Wigs, Beards, Grease
Paint, Etc., always on hand

Wigs, Beards and Masks to Rent. Tel. 2382-J Oxford

TELEPHONE B. B. 1788-W 30 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

LANDERS' New Lunch and Coffee House

20 Huntington Avenue

— — OTHER BRANCHES — —

16a Huntington Avenue

196 Dartmouth Street

329 Massachusetts Avenue

Dairy Lunch, 336 Mass. Ave.

B O S T O N , M A S S .

T. J. SOUTHWELL

LADIES' FURNISHINGS

SMALL WARES, STATIONERY

CIRCULATING LIBRARY

LAUNDRY

66 Huntington Avenue . : . Boston, Mass.

ALL THAT'S BEST IN PRINTING—

THIS PROGRAM WAS PRINTED BY
POOLE PRINTING COMPANY

251 CAUSEWAY STREET BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

KEANY SQUARE BUILDING

NEAR NORTH STATION

TELEPHONE RICHMOND 2980

KOGA SPA
Ice Cream Parlor

Home-made Candies and
a Select Line of Fruit

First-Class SODAS a specialty
We cater to parties

65 HUNTINGTON AVENUE, BOSTON
TELEPHONE BACK BAY 24715

Madam Gillespie

Specialist for **Diseases of the Scalp**, formerly
of the Copley, 18 Huntington Avenue, has
opened an office at **Huntington Chambers,**
30 Huntington Avenue, where she treats
all run-down, congested conditions of
the Head, Face and Neck. Con-
sultation and examination free.

All Branches Taught in the Gillespie Method



M. T. BIRD & CO.

Fine Stationery and Engraving House

5 and 7 West Street
BOSTON

FINE STATIONERY
Stamped with Official Fraternity Dies
. . . and College Seals . . .

INVITATIONS
. . . For Class Day Spreads . . .

DANCE PROGRAMS and FAVORS
VISITING CARDS
. . . Correct Styles and Shapes . . .

SELECT UNUSUAL
GIFTS AT

STOWELL'S

You are invited to inspect our interesting display
of merchandise suitable for Wedding, Birthday
or Complimentary Gifts, and mention especially

DIAMONDS AND PEARLS
GOLD JEWELRY
STERLING SILVERWARE
CLIPPING DISH ACCESSORIES

CHOICE IMPORTED CHINA
UMBRELLAS AND LEATHER GOODS
CLOCKS AND BRONZES
CUT GLASS

Also American and Abalone Pearl Jewelry, of which we make a specialty

WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF CLASS PINS. DESIGNS
AND ESTIMATES FURNISHED UPON REQUEST

*Makers
and Finders of
the Unusual*

A. Stowell & Co. Inc.
24 WINTER STREET, BOSTON
Jewelers for 92 years

*Essentially a
Boston
Institution*

THE UTILITIES SHOP, CO-OPERATIVE

STATIONERY and PERIODICALS
CIRCULATING LIBRARY

Toilet Goods, Notions and Smallwares
Dressmakers' Supplies
High-Class Laundry
Glove Cleaning

PURCHASING AGENCY

116 Huntington Avenue Boston, Mass.
(Opposite Mechanics Building)
TELEPHONE BACK BAY 21882

THE TEACHERS EXCHANGE

OF BOSTON 120 BOYLSTON ST.
RECOMMENDS TEACHERS, TUTORS AND SCHOOLS

A CARD

JOHN H. DANIELS & SON
PUBLISHERS
OF CHRISTMAS AND
PRIVATE GREETING
..... CARDS

232 SUMMER STREET ∴ BOSTON, MASS.



57-61 FRANKLIN STREET

Social Stationery

THE CORRECT FORMS OF
ENGRAVING
FOR ALL OCCASIONS

Wedding Invitations Announcements
Reception and Visiting Cards
Monogram Stationery
Dance Orders
Programs

High grade work designed and engraved in our
own workrooms. Everything in Stationery
Supplies for the student

ESTABLISHED 1892

TELEPHONES { B. B. 1662
 { B. B. 2426

CAPLAN
Florist

144 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE, BOSTON

If this "ad" brings results we shall
use this medium in the future

Emerson Students Ask for Discount

Winship

We have Unequaled
Facilities for Placing
Teachers in all parts
of the country. . . .

Teachers'

Agency

ALVIN F. PEASE
Manager

6 BEACON STREET, BOSTON

Long Distance Telephone

NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

GEORGE W. CHADWICK

DIRECTOR

HUNTINGTON AVENUE, BOSTON

CLASS OR PRIVATE INSTRUCTION

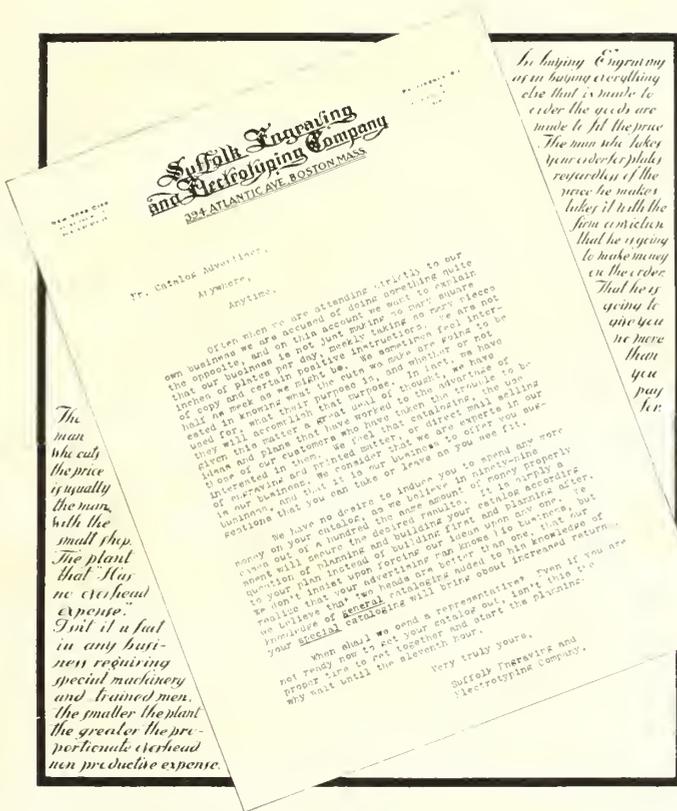
PIANOFORTE, Organ, Orchestral Instruments and Vocal Courses are supplemented by courses in Composition, Harmony, History of Music, Theory, Solfeggio, Literature, Diction, Choir Training, Ensemble, Wood-wind Ensemble, and String Quartet. The Normal Department trains for intelligent and practical teaching.

LANGUAGES: French, Italian, German and Spanish.

THE FREE privileges of lectures, concerts, and recitals, the opportunities of ensemble practice, and appearing before audiences with a full orchestra, and the daily associations are invaluable advantages to the music student.

PUPILS RECEIVED FOR A SINGLE SUBJECT AS WELL AS FOR FULL COURSES

FOR PARTICULARS AND YEAR BOOK, APPLY TO
RALPH L. FLANDERS, *Manager*



A Family of Printers for Over
 One Hundred Years

THOMAS TODD CO.

:: PRINTERS ::

Established 1864

Tel. Haymarket 601

14 BEACON STREET
 BOSTON, MASS.

Rose Tea Room

HUNTINGTON CHAMBERS

30 HUNTINGTON AVENUE

Room 202

GYMNASIUM SHOES

Invigorating exercises call for footwear that gives freedom of movement to the entire body. If the shoe is fitted at our store its perfect comfort is assured

THAYER, McNEIL CO.

47 Temple Place

15 West Street



“ALL WORKS OF TASTE must bear a price in proportion to the skill, time, expense, and risk attending their invention and manufacture. Those things called dear are, when justly estimated, the cheapest. They are attended with much less profit to the artist than those which everybody calls cheap. A disposition for cheapness and not for excellence of workmanship is the most frequent and certain cause of the decay and destruction of arts and manufactures.”

—RUSKIN

CHAMPLAIN STUDIOS

161 TREMONT STREET ./. BOSTON, MASS.

NEW ENGLAND'S LEADING PHOTOGRAPHERS

Class Photographers for More Than
One Hundred Schools and Colleges

Class Photographers for Emerson College 1911-12-13-14

